



A BROWN-STUDY.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1881.

No. 10.

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A BROWN-STUDY.

MOTHER said: "That's all, dear. Now run outdoors and play."

Father said the same;

And so I came.

But, somehow, they forget that I'm growing every day.

A girl can't *always* frolic. Why, lambs are sometimes still,
Though whenever they feel like it, they caper with a will.
And birds may stop their singing while their hearts are full of song.
I've seen them look so solemn! And when the day is long
They often hide among the boughs and think,—I'm sure they do;
I've peered between the twitching leaves, and seen them at it, too!

But if a girl stands still and thinks, the people always say:
"As you've nothing else to do, dear, why don't you go and play?"

Well, all I know is this: It's nice
To jump the rope, and skip and swing, or skate on winter ice;
It's nice to romp with other girls and laugh as loud as they,—
But not to-day.

Dear me! How sweet and bright it is, this lovely, lovely Earth!
And not a thing upon it dreams how much it's really worth.
Except the folks. They calculate and set themselves quite high;
Oh, my!

You dear, good sky, to bend so soft and kind above us all!
(It's queer to think this great wide world is nothing but a ball
Rolling, they say, through space;—
How *does* it keep its place?

None of my business, I suppose.)—I wonder if the brook
Is full to-day. It's early yet;—I think I'll go and look.

FROM SANDY HOOK TO THE LIGHT-SHIP.

BY JOHN V. SEARS.

"SEE here, Mother; here's a dandelion, as bright as gold! Spring is here at last, and I'll have to be making garden in a day or two."

"Yes, David; spring has come, and I suppose we must get about our work pretty soon."

Mrs. Throckmorton had opened the sitting-room window to talk with David, and, as the warm sun streamed in, and a soft air stirred the sweet-brier which he was fastening against the side of the cottage, it seemed as though spring was not coming, but going, and that summer must be near at hand. But there was little summer in her eyes.



SMALLEY, WITH A LITTLE BOAT, MEETS THE GUEST FROM TOWN.

"You don't seem to feel very glad, Mother; I thought you'd be real pleased to see the first dandelion."

"Oh, I am, of course. It is always nice to see things growing, and the flowers coming out again; but it just reminds me that I must be writing to Mr. Wilson."

"What about? They'll not want to come down these two months yet."

"They want Remsen to come down as soon as the weather's mild enough."

"Remsen alone?"

"Yes, I suppose so. You know he's delicate, and they want him to live 'longshore awhile."

"He eats too much, and makes himself sick; that's all the 'delicate' he is."

"Hush, my son; the doctor says he needs a change."

"Yes, he does need a change; any change would be for the better; but I wish he would n't come here for it."

"David! David! you must n't talk so! I dare say he's a good boy enough, only he's been too much petted at home."

"Rem Wilson is not a good boy; he's mean, selfish, conceited, and overbearing; that's what he is; and I know he does n't tell the truth, either."

"My dear son, don't say such things, even if you think them."

"Well, Mother, I never do, only to you; but it's a fact, and I don't like him."

"I know it, and I'm very sorry; but it can't be helped now. I've promised to take him, and besides, they pay well, and we need the money."

The Throckmortons lived near the mouth of the Shrewsbury River, and at that time—many years ago—the old Shrewsbury inlet was open, making a navigable water-way between the river and the sea. A steam-boat plied every day between the river and New York, running through the inlet at high tide, as at low water the sand was nearly bare. In about a week after the finding of the dandelion, the steam-boat brought down Rem Wilson and his trunk, and Smalley was sent

to the Ocean House landing with a little boat to bring the guest home. Smalley was a young colored retainer of the Throckmortons, about the same age as David,—thirteen or fourteen years. His real name was Charles Peck, but he was so little that the boys called him "Small Measure," and this title degenerated in time to "Smalley," or "Smalls."

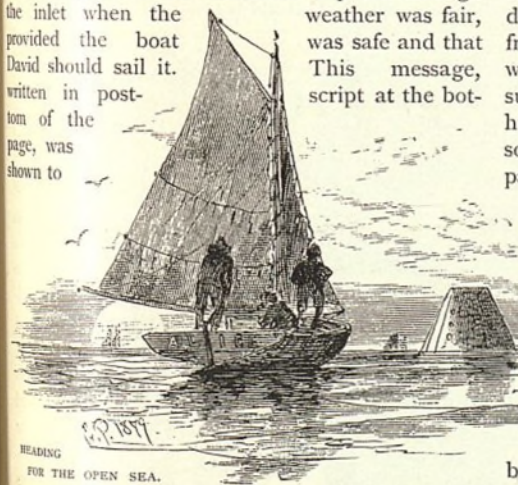
David did not go to meet Remsen, as he was busy in the garden, and this work pressed so hard that for some time the boys saw very little of each other. Remsen tried his hand at digging and planting for a day or two, but he soon tired of it and wandered off 'longshore. He wearied of the

shore, too, presently, and began to tease David to go out sailing or fishing. David refused, on account of his work; but his mother intervened and asked him to go.

"It is dull here for Remsen," she said, "and we must try to entertain him; besides, his mother has written especially to request that we shall not cross him in anything more than we can help. The doctor says it is bad for his nerves."

David owned a seine-skiff, eighteen feet long and pulling four sweeps. She had a center-board, was rigged with mainsail and jib, and was a good sailer with any wind. This boat, called the "Alice," was overhauled, and put in good trim, and, on a pleasant afternoon, Remsen was taken for a sail. He was satisfied for a while, tacking about the river, but presently he wanted to run out through the inlet and take a good long stretch on the ocean, where they would n't have to jibe every five minutes. David said no; it was too late in the day, and, further, he never went outside without letting his mother know. Remsen jeered at him for being a baby, tied to his mother's apron-string, and sharp words followed, of course, so the excursion was not a pleasant one, after all.

Remsen appealed to Mrs. Throckmorton for permission to go out on the sea, but she, too, decidedly said no. He persisted in teasing for two or three days, and she finally resolved to refer the matter to his father. On the following Monday, Remsen walked over to Port Washington, and returned with an open letter in his hand, declaring his father consented to an occasional trip out through the inlet when the weather was fair, was safe and that David should sail it. This message, written in postscript at the bottom of the page, was shown to



HEADING
FOR THE OPEN SEA.

Mrs. Throckmorton. She read the paragraph with a good deal of surprise, as, from the explanations she had made in her letter to Mr. Wilson, she expected Remsen's request would not be granted at all, or, at least, not so readily. As she re-

marked, however, there could be no gainsaying black and white, so the boy carried his point.

There was no peace in the house thereafter until the arrangements for the expedition were all made, and the tide served right for an early start, and the



MAKING READY FOR THE CRUISE.

weather promised to be fair all day. The settlement of these various conditions occupied several days, and, during the time, Remsen continued to fret and worry until the family were glad enough when a morning came that David thought would suit their purpose. A very early breakfast was hurried through; a pair of plump roasted chickens, some beef sandwiches, and a basket of goodies were packed away in the stern locker of the boat; the fishing-lines and a "blickie" of soft clams for bait stowed in the forward locker, a comfortable armful of oil-skins and wraps was bundled under the thwarts, and before sunrise, the three boys, Remsen, David, and Smalley, started to spend the day on the sea.

They had some crooked work to get out of the river, with light airs baffling about the Navesink Highlands, but, after clearing Sandy Hook, they found a steady breeze from the south-west, balmy and pleasant as a breath of midsummer. Remsen thought he would like to see how Long Branch looked from the sea, so they made their jib, hauled the sheets close, and stood down the shore about six miles,

until they ran past the town. Then they put about, lifted the center-board, and squared away for a race before the wind. There were a good



"SWOOPING ALONG, OVER THE LOW, BROAD BILLOWS."

many coasters and small craft going up to New York with all the canvas spread they could carry, but the "Alice" passed them all, swooping along over the low, broad billows like an osprey in its flight. The boys enjoyed this fun heartily, and shouted in high glee whenever they shot ahead of a sloop or schooner on their course. The whole morning was spent in giving chase to one vessel after another, and at noon they found themselves well up toward Romer's Shoals. Then they dropped the jib, slacked the peak, and laid the "Alice" to for dinner. The center-board was laid athwartships for a table, the provisions were unpacked and spread out in tempting array, jack-knives and jaws were plied with industry, and the chickens and crullers disappeared with amazing speed.

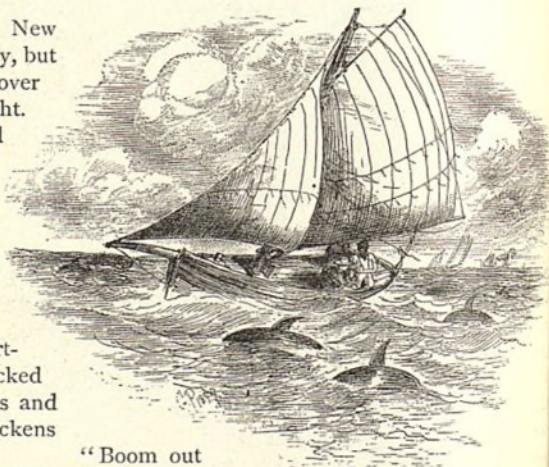
After dinner, they put off shore about eight miles to the fishing grounds, and tried their luck for cod-fish. They did not catch anything for a long time, and Remsen got tired of waiting for fish that did not come. Just as they were about to give it up,

Smalley got a bite, and, in the course of an hour or so, they caught several fine cod. When Remsen had pulled up his second fish, David decided it was time to start for home. The sun was yet high, and Remsen wanted very much to "catch just one more," so they waited another half-hour and then

sail was made again. As they got under way, Smalley discovered a school of porpoises, the first of the season, just off their starboard bow. David started the sheet a little, and the "Alice" glided quietly in among them, without disturbing them in the least. They rolled lazily over in the sea, and grunted and snorted like a drove of pigs, playing around the bows of the boat, so close that the boys could almost reach out and touch them. Even David had never before enjoyed an opportunity to become so intimately acquainted with porpoises, and the boat was allowed to drift along with the school, while the boys leaned over the side and watched the motions of the clumsy creatures with intense interest. Finally, Smalls straightened himself up, and, taking a look about, exclaimed in surprise:

"Hi, Marse Dave, if dere aint de big light!"

Dave sprang to his feet and there, sure enough, was the great light-house on Sandy Hook, square on their weather beam. The "Alice" had drifted into the ship-channel, and the wind and tide together had carried her along much more rapidly than her crew realized, busy as they were in studying natural history.



"Boom out that jib!"

cried Dave, as he jumped aft, cast off the sheet, and put the "Alice" before the wind.

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked Rem-

THE PORPOISES PLAYED AROUND THE BOAT.

sen, surprised by the sudden activity of his companions. "Are n't we going home?"

"If we can get there!" answered Dave.



AT DINNER OFF
ROMER'S SHOALS.

"We've missed the inlet, fooling around with those plaguy porpoises; can't make it with wind dead against us, and now we must push for inside the Hook, and then work our way home as best we can."

They ran on at a lively gait for a mile or two, but then the wind began to fall as the sun sank behind the Highlands, and an anxious shade came into David's frank face.

"Here, Rem," he said, "you take the tiller, while I go forward and look for the black buoy."

As he stepped upon the forward locker, he could see the buoy which marks the point of Sandy Hook, about half a mile ahead, and, noting that it stood straight in the water, he knew that the flood was full, and in a few minutes the ebb tide would set in. The boat still rippled along fairly well, but the boom swung ominously to and fro as the wind came in light puffs, each fainter than the last. If the breeze would only hold a few minutes to carry them inside the buoy, they would be all right. It might take them some hours after that to reach home, but they'd get there safe and sound before midnight. David watched the sail and the buoy with the closest attention. The black cylinder drew near and nearer, and his hopes rose every moment. He was actually counting the rivets on the side of the buoy next the sun, when a long, crooked line of

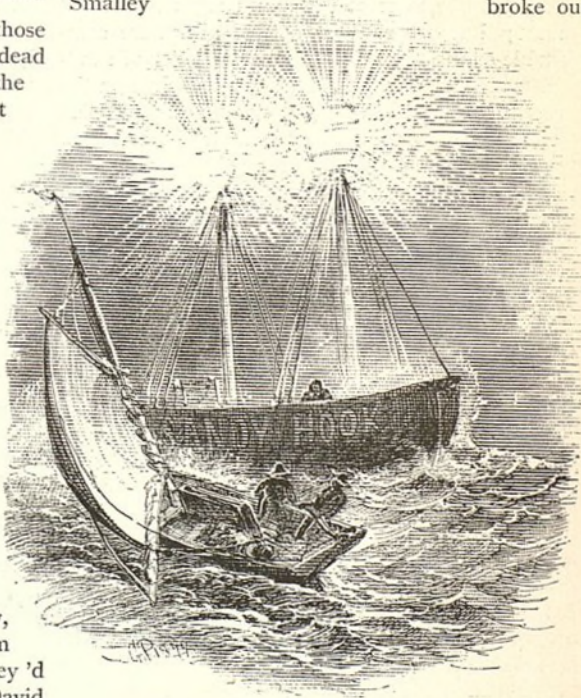
dirty-white foam came dancing by, on the surface of the sea. At the same instant, the wind died out with a long sigh, and a flat calm fell upon the water. The boat lost way, and her head swung slowly round and pointed toward the open ocean. The tide had turned.

"Out sweeps!" cried David, dropping the jib and letting the mainsail run down at the same time. "Take an oar, Rem. I'll pull against you and Smalley. Give way for your lives, fellows! Bend to it now, smartly!"

The boys pulled with a will, and once more the boat began to crawl up toward the black buoy. The tide was beginning to run strong, however, and it required their utmost exertions to force the heavy boat against it. She moved slower and slower as she neared the goal, and David had to urge the others by voice and example at every stroke. Just as he was thinking, "We shall make it, after all," Remsen threw up his oar, exclaiming:

"I can't pull this thing; it hurts my hands."

David's eighteen-foot sweep gave the boat a sheer, the rushing current caught her under the counter, and in an instant she was whirling out to sea ten miles an hour. Smalley broke out



THE LIGHT-SHIP, OFF SANDY HOOK.

in loud reproach and lamentation, but "Marse Dave" had nothing to say. He could not trust himself to speak, and so, wisely, kept silent, vig-

ously setting about stowing the sails and making everything snug aboard.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Remsen.

"Nothing."

"Where are we going?"

"Nowhere."

"Come, you're not going to stay here all night! Let's be going home."

"All night it is! No home for us till to-morrow morning!"

When Remsen fairly understood that they must stay out all night on the ocean in an open boat, he was frightened out of his wits. He wanted to get out the sweeps again, and try once more to pass the black buoy, promising to pull twice as hard as before; but David said:

"Too late! the tide rips through there now like a mill-race! Twenty men could n't stem it!"

As the "Alice" drifted out with the ebb, the twilight deepened into darkness, the land disappeared, the stars shone in the sky wonderfully near and bright, and the awful solemnity of solitude on the sea encompassed the benighted young voyagers. David was very anxious about his mother, and he also had some fears of the storm signs noticed at sunset; but otherwise he and Smalls were comfortable enough, making a hearty supper of sandwiches and crullers, and stowing themselves on the thwarts, afterward, wrapped up for a nap. But Remsen was too miserable to either eat or sleep. He fretted and moaned incessantly,—was so unreasonable, pettish, and absurd that the others lost all patience, and finally paid no more attention to his complaints.

During the evening, the wind rose again, and, backing round to the south-east, began to blow quite heavily. This wind against tide made an ugly, chopping sea, which pitched the "Alice" about with a sharp, jerking motion, exceedingly trying to any one unaccustomed to the water. The two 'longshore boys did not mind it, but the city-bred youth was made deathly sick. He had made so much ado before, that no notice was taken of him for a long time, and he lay neglected on the stern-sheets, tumbled about from side to side, as the boat tossed and twisted in the sea; sick, bruised, frightened, thinking he surely should die—the most forlorn and wretched object imaginable. After a time, David discovered that the limp heap on the locker, wet, draggled, and half unconscious, was really Rem Wilson in distress, and he accordingly bestirred himself to extend help. But it was very difficult to do anything for the patient. He slid off the locker and rolled around in the bottom of the boat, too dolefully sick to know or to care what was going on about him. David was troubled,

and knew not what to do, until, after a while, Smalley had a bright idea, as, indeed, he often had.

"Derè's de light-ship off to wind'ard," said that diminutive person; "let's get 'em to take him aboard and put him to bed."

Accordingly, they made sail on the "Alice," trimmed her flat, and ran down to the two great globes of fire that showed where the beacon-boat lay.

"Light-ship, ahoy!" hailed David, as they drew alongside.

"Ay, ay!" answered a gruff voice.

"If Ned Osborne is there, tell him Dave Throckmorton wants to come on board."

Ned Osborne, the light-keeper, answered in person, and, on David's explaining matters, he rigged a whip used for taking in stores, and presently had the sick boy safely slung from the boat to the deck of the ship. Rem was then carried below and put in a berth, where he was taken care of as best he could be under the circumstances. The boat was made fast, and the two other boys were also given berths aboard the ship.

Next morning, Dave was astir before daylight, and, finding the invalid unfit to be moved, he decided to put off without him, as the wind was rising and the storm threatened to grow more violent. The cod-fish were brought aboard from the "Alice," a breakfast of fish, potatoes, and hard-tack was shared with the watch on deck, and then the seine-skiff was headed for home, under double-reefed mainsail. The breeze was very stiff, and the boat fairly flew through the water, making the seven miles between the light-ship and Sandy Hook in half an hour.

It was still early when the two boys reached the house, and they found that Mrs. Throckmorton had been waiting for them all night, walking the floor most of the time in restless anxiety.

"I should n't have felt so bad about it," she said, "but you were hardly out of sight when neighbor Simmons came in with this letter he had brought over from Port Washington the night before. It is from Mr. Wilson, and he very decidedly forbids Remsen's going outside the Hook before settled summer weather. I can't understand why his letter to Remsen and this one to me should be so different."

"I can," said Dave; "Rem wrote that post-script himself."

"Dear! dear! do you really think so?"

"I thought so from the first, and now I feel sure of it."

"Well, I look for his father this afternoon or to-morrow, and then we'll know. I wrote him again by the first mail yesterday."

Mr. Wilson arrived toward evening, as expected,

and was very much alarmed and distressed to find his boy was off on the light-ship. By that time the storm had set in furiously, and there was nothing to be done but wait for better weather. When asked as to the postscript, he merely shook his head and walked quickly away; so there was very little said about it. A terrific tempest raged on land and sea for three days and nights, flinging many a wreck upon the coast, and causing sad destruction of property on shore, beside. Mr. Wilson chartered a sloop at Port Washington to go off to the light-ship; but it was late on the fourth day before they could venture to go out. Just as they were getting under way, Smalley dis-

covered a sail coming up the river, which he declared was Ned Osborne's cutter.

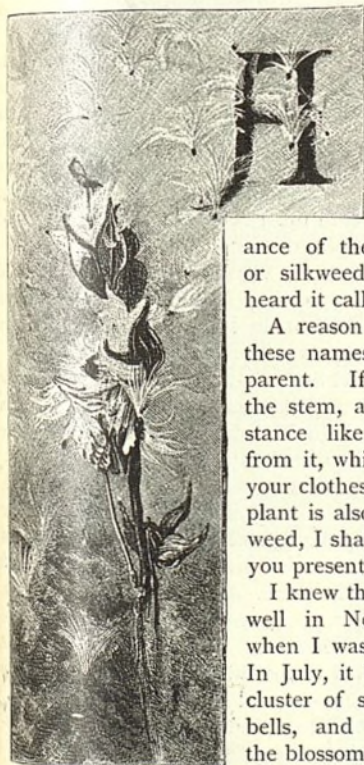
As the craft drew near, it proved to be Ned Osborne, indeed, bringing the sick boy home. The agonies he suffered on the light-ship, his terrible experience during the storm, and the shame and contrition he felt on coming back, worked a wonderful change in Rem Wilson. He looked like the ghost of his former self as they carried him into the house.

"This will be a lesson for him that he'll never forget," said David.

And he never did, being a different and a better boy from that day forth.

MILKWEED PLAYTHINGS.

BY EMMA M. DAVIS.



ance of the milkweed, or silkweed, as I have heard it called.

A reason for each of these names is very apparent. If you break the stem, a sticky substance like milk runs from it, which will stain your clothes. Why the plant is also called silkweed, I shall explain to you presently.

I knew this weed very well in New England when I was a little girl. In July, it hangs out a cluster of small purple bells, and later, after the blossoms have gone, very large seed-pods are formed, which grow to be several inches long, and are pointed at the end opposite the stem. If these pods were left on the plant until the seeds were fully ripened, they would split open themselves, and gradually the seeds would fly out, carrying with them enough of these silken threads, as fine

as a spider's web, to float them on the wind for miles away, perhaps. You must have seen them many a time. The silk radiates in every direction from the central seed, making a gauzy, filmy sphere, with a small, dark center. The seeds cluster about the opening of the pod, until the wind picks them out and carries them abroad, but if you pick some of the pods when green, and put them in a vase where they are not disturbed, the pod will open part way, like an oyster-shell, and the fine silken threads, folded and packed so closely in the center, will fly apart and get out, in some way, so that after a while the pod will be covered with a cloud of white. This is very beautiful, and, if it stands in a corner out of the way of sudden breezes, it will be likely to remain so all winter. You now see why it is called silkweed.

My sister and I yearly collected several of these silkweeds for our play-house by the stone-wall, where we kept our bits of broken china, and transformed the pods into domestic animals. Often, a pod would be well shaped for a chicken, requiring only feathers to be stuck into the pointed tail, and the stem to be broken off short at the other end and sharpened to represent the bill. Two sticks put in served for legs, so that it would rest on these and on the point of the tail. When we played that Thanksgiving Day had come, and wanted chickens for dinner, we had only to pull out the tail-feathers of a pair of "fowls," and, of course, take off their legs; and, when they were ready for the table, instead of carving, we split open the pods, as you do those of the pea or bean, and behold!

there was the most tempting-looking "white" and "dark" meat within. The white meat was fibrous, like silk, and lay in the center; over it were flat brown seeds, overlapping one another like the shingles on a house-roof, and making our "dark meat."

We not only transformed these pods into poultry, but also into quadrupeds of all sorts. Put in four

legs, a pair of horns, and a tail, and you have your cow, and one, too, which really gives milk! Leave off the horns, take a bit of your own hair to use for a tail, and you have a horse.

But these are only a few hints, and I will let you experiment for yourself this season, and find out what you can do beyond this, in making animals and other figures.

UNDER A FLY-WHEEL.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. Every one in the factory was at work. The clicking and rattling of the lighter machinery, the groaning of heavily laden shafts, the oily thud of hundreds of cogs, mingled in busy din. The huge engine sighed as, with its brawny arm of polished steel, it impelled the main shaft to turn the wheels of the factory.

Tom worked by the door, near the engine-room. He could, therefore, easily see the engine and all its surroundings. The interest of its rapid, ceaseless motion partly reconciled him to the fact that, while most boys of thirteen were enjoying full liberty outside, he was shut up within doors.

This morning, more than usually, he had been watching the forbidden splendors of the engine-room, for the engineer allowed no one in his sanctum. The great machine fascinated Tom with its easy grace of movement. His eyes dwelt long on the neat finish of the hexagonal bolt-heads that gleamed about the cylinder. He tried to tell, from his position, how full the glass oil-cups were, as they flashed to and fro on the polished arm; and then his eyes rested on the fly-wheel that revolved so gracefully in its narrow prison. Only one-half of the wheel could he see at once, the other half being below the floor, almost filling a narrow, rock-lined cavity called the "pit."

As Tom watched the whirling spokes, it seemed as if the mass of iron stood still, so swift was its motion. He remembered that once the engineer, seeing his interest in the machinery, had invited him in, and that he had stood leaning over the frail wooden guard, his face so close to the fly-wheel that the wind from its surface blew back his hair, while he looked down into the pit with wonder and dread. He remembered asking the engineer if he supposed any one could climb down there while the engine was in motion. The answer had

come: "There is n't a man in the factory that has nerve enough, even if there were room,"—the space between the wheel and the wall being hardly a foot and a half in width.

The boy's eyes next wandered from the object of his thoughts, and rested on the bright brass domes of the force-pumps that occupied a brick "settle" on one side of the room; and then up to the maze of pipes that crossed and recrossed above the toiling machinery.

Suddenly, glancing down, he saw a little child standing beneath the guard, close to the great fly-wheel.

The engineer was nowhere in sight, and little May was his only child. Tom's heart gave a great leap. In an instant, he had scrambled down from his perch, and was in the engine-room.

As he passed the door-way he was just in time to see the child toddle forward and fall into the pit! With an awful shudder, he waited to see the monster wheel spurn the baby-girl from its cruel sides; but no such sight came.

He dashed forward and looked into the pit. She sat on the hard, rocky bottom, sobbing softly to herself. The fall had not harmed her, yet she was still in great danger. Any attempt to move from her position would give the relentless wheel another chance.

Tom slipped out of his brown "jumper," tore off his light shoes, and stood inside the guard. One eager look in the direction of the iron door through which the engineer would come, and then he began the descent. The great mass of iron whirled dizzily close to his eyes; the inclined plane down which he was slowly sliding was covered deep with dust mingled with oil; the thick, oily, damp air, fanned by the heavy breeze from the wheel, almost took his breath away. Where the curve of the wheel was nearest, it almost brushed his clothes.

With his back pressed tight against the rocks, he slid down until his feet struck the bottom. And now came the worst part of the ordeal—the ponderous wheel, sweeping in giddy curves above him, so affected his nerves that his strength began to fail. There was one space where the wheel curved away from a corner, so he dropped on his knees there and for an instant shut his aching eyes.

The child was in the other corner of the pit, sitting in an open space similar to that in which Tom knelt. As he looked past the terrible barrier, she made a movement as if to stand up. That brought back Tom's fleeing senses. If she should

her face again with her little hands and sobbed harder than ever. Tom crept on until he came so near to the child that he could lay hold of her dress; then he stopped. A strange, dizzy blur kept throwing a veil over his eyes, and he tried in vain to overcome a longing for sleep. He could feel the ceaseless whirl of the great wheel, and it made him almost wild. Curious vagaries and half-delirious fancies danced through his head. With an effort he threw them off, and, raising his face from the rocky couch, called for help.

Instantly, a dozen mocking voices from the sides of the pit flung back the cry into his very ears.



"THE CEASELESS WHIRL OF THE GREAT WHEEL ABOVE HIM MADE HIM ALMOST WILD."

stand up, the wheel would strike her. Lying carefully flat upon the bottom of the pit, he began slowly and cautiously to work his way beneath the mass of flying iron. He could feel the awful wind raising his hair as he crept along. Nearer and nearer he came to the child and nearer to the curve of the wheel. As he passed beneath it, an incautious movement and a sudden "burn" on his shoulder showed that he had touched it.

The little one had not seen him at all yet, as she had been sitting and rubbing her eyes, but she looked up now, and seeing the pale face streaked with oil and dust coming toward her, she covered

But the wheel caught the cry, and whirled it away, up into the engine-room, in distorted echoes. He called again, and the sounds seemed less terrible. The little girl tried to get up, but he held to her white dress and soothed her the best he could.

A moment later, he distinctly heard footsteps in the engine-room, then he felt that some one was looking into the pit, and then the clattering of the piston in the empty cylinder showed that the engine was soon to stop.

Less swiftly, and at last slowly and more slowly, whirled Tom's massive jailer; fainter and fainter came the clatter of the piston, until both ceased,

and the engineer, with great beads of perspiration on his white forehead, swung himself between the harmless spokes of the fly-wheel and got down close to the two prisoners.

"Is she hurt, Tom?" he gasped.

"No, sir," said Tom, faintly. "If you'd only stop the fly-wheel, I'd lift her out."

"It is stopped, my lad—it's your dizzy head that deceives you. Let me take my little May."

The engineer reached down and lifted his darling up from the dust, and, holding her fast on one arm, climbed out.

Tom lay still. He did not seem to care, since the little one was safe and the fly-wheel had stopped. He felt a fearful weariness stealing over him. He would like to sleep a year.

The engineer was by his side a moment later, asking if he was hurt.

"No, sir, I think not;—only a little tired," said Tom, and slowly and wearily his eyes closed.

Without another word, the strong man lifted him up from the rocky floor and its foul air, and, climbing again by the spokes of the fly-wheel, bore the boy out of his dungeon. The air from the open window soon cleared the "sleepiness" away, and he was able to tell the whole story. The engineer grasped his hand, but he could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.

Many were the words of praise from the sturdy workmen that crowded in from the "steel works" to see why the engine had stopped. Tom was the hero of the day.

When the superintendent heard of it, he sent for a hack and had Tom taken home in style, with a comfortable little present in his pocket, and the permission to be out until he should feel all right again. It took about a week to clear the dizzy feeling entirely away, and at the end of that time he was working at his machine just as if he had never been under a fly-wheel.



THERE was an old woman who lived by the sea,
And she was as merry as merry could be.
She did nothing but carol from morning till night,
And sometimes she caroled by candle-light.
She caroled in time and she caroled in tune,
But none cared to hear save the man in the moon.



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CAMPS.

(A Summer Game for Parlor, Picnic, or Lawn.)

ADAPTED BY G. B. BARTLETT.



HIS fascinating game, which can be played by little children with great pleasure and profit, has capabilities well worthy of close attention from the wisest and keenest wits. It is a descendant of the old-fashioned Twenty-Question amusement, and was designed to do away with the objectionable points of it, and to introduce, at the same time, the interest of movement, which it lacked. All players of "Twenty Questions" will admit that it often becomes dull through long delay in asking and answering questions, the sub-

stidies of which seldom fail to provoke tedious argument, sometimes ending in disagreeable disputes. The rules of this game wholly prevent delay or argument, and every player is kept busy all the time, instead of impatiently waiting for his turn to play.

Six players are required for the game, but the more the better, as the number of camps is only limited by the size of the play-ground, and the number of contestants in each camp can vary from two to twenty.

The best arrangement of rooms for this game, when played in-doors, is to find two rooms connected by a small hall, as it is better to have the camps out of ear-shot of each other.

In mild weather, "Camps" makes an excellent outdoor game for country or sea-side, and picnic parties may be specially arranged for the purpose. These may be made picturesque by providing the different camps with bright flags, bearing some appropriate number or device, to designate each camp, and these the victors proudly wave in token of triumph. The ambassadors also must be provided with white flags of truce, and the generals, or commanders, may wear bright scarfs, or rosettes, as badges of office. Lawntents may also be utilized as head-quarters, and these, with gay streamers and banners, will add liveliness to the effect.

To begin the game, all meet and choose one general for each side. These two are to serve as umpires, for the immediate settlement of all disputed questions; and they, also, are to send out such ambassadors as they think best, and to assume the whole management of their respective sides. They draw lots for the first choice of camps and followers, and each chooses, in turn, one person, until all the players are divided. The companies then march, with uplifted flags, to take possession of their respective camps, when all sit in compact groups around the generals.

Each side, or rival camp, then sends out an ambassador with a flag of truce; these two persons meet midway between the two camps, which should be as far apart as possible, as it is important that the conversation should not be heard by the groups. These ambassadors choose some object which can be definitely described, no matter how remote or obscure, from fact, history, or legend. As soon as the object is agreed upon, each ambassador repairs to the camp opposed to the one from which he was sent, and announces, in a loud voice, the kingdom to which the object belongs, either animal, mineral, or vegetable; or, if composed of parts of these, he mentions that fact. He must then answer, with perfect clearness, all questions, as nearly as he can in their order, and as rapidly as possible, making no puns, equivocations, or unnecessary delays, which is pretty hard to do satisfactorily, as a deluge of questions is poured upon him from the excited players in wild confusion. The camp which first guesses the correct word claims as a prisoner the ambassador from whom it was guessed, and also recalls the one sent out from it.

The word chosen must have a definite designation; as, for instance, the *first* bean planted by Jack for his bean-stalk, the *left* ear of the Trojan horse, or the last or middle word in the Magna Charta, etc.

New ambassadors are sent forth with varying success, and as soon as one camp captures a prisoner, its triumph is announced by loud clapping of hands and by waving of flags. Sometimes these sounds of victory arise almost simultaneously from both camps, in which case the question of precedence becomes a difficult one for the leaders to settle; and, to avoid dispute, when the matter is in doubt, the decision may be made by drawing lots.

In a very large company, it is better to have an even number of camps, to arrange them in line opposite each other, and to have major-generals in command of the lines of camps, one on each side, the lines playing against each other. The heads of each line of camps work under the major-general of their own side, who may send reinforcements from one camp to another that is weakened by loss of ambassadors. In these great games, it is best to play against time, and to consider as victorious the side that has the most men at the expiration of an hour, or whatever time may be fixed by the major-generals for the duration of the contest.

In a small game of only two camps, the victory rests with the camp which has taken all the players, excepting the leader, from the opposing camp. It often happens that a camp is reduced to but two

players, and, since one must go as an ambassador, only one remains to guess the word; but, if he is skillful, his camp slowly grows, until, one by one, he succeeds in winning at the last by capturing all his adversaries.

Now and then, among older and more practiced players, it may be found an interesting variation to prohibit the asking of any question that can not be answered by saying only "yes" or "no."

The most out-of-the-way and curious objects are often guessed by experienced players in a few moments, and, as both sides are always kept actively at work, the fun never flags, for the prisoners are welcomed with the wildest enthusiasm by the conquerors. Captured ambassadors must give their best efforts to their conquerors, so that party strife may be prevented and harmony may prevail.



A RUSSIAN HARVEST SCENE.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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SLUMBER SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

IN the wingèd cradle of sleep I lay
 My darling gently down;
 Kissed and closed are his eyes of gray,
 Under his curls' bright crown.

Where, oh where, will he fly and float,
 In the wingèd cradle of sleep?
 Whom will he meet in the worlds remote,
 While he slumbers soft and deep?

Warm and sweet as a white blush rose,
 His small hand lies in mine,

But I can not follow him where he goes,
 And he gives no word nor sign.

Keep him safe, ye heavenly powers,
 In dream-land vast and dim!
 Let no ill, through the night's long hours,
 Come nigh to trouble him.

Give him back, when the dawn shall break,
 With his matchless baby charms.
 With his love and his beauty all awake,
 Into my happy arms!

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF AN ANGORA CAT.

BY ANNA T. RANDALL-DIEHL.

I AM over on the next page.

Do you know what I am? Cover up my head and I know you will say I am a dog, with long, shaggy hair, just because I hate dogs! Cover up all but my head, and you will say I am a cat.

Would you like to hear my story?

When I was a wee white kitten, away off in the interior of Asia, a gentleman came and told my mother that he wanted two of her little ones to carry to America, a country quite on the other side of the world. My mother was at first very unwilling to part with us, but the gentleman soon won her over by telling how pretty we were, how long was our soft, white fur, and how we should be admired by everybody in that far-off land.

I wanted my mother to say yes, for I longed to see the world, and to go to a place where I should have so much attention paid me. I was only a kitten then, and I trust all my vanity has disappeared with my youth.

At last my mother consented, and after giving us much good advice about keeping our eyes and ears open, and making us promise to be kind and loving to each other, and never, never to forget her, she mewed an affectionate farewell.

In honor of our dear native home, Angora, the kind gentleman gave me the name of Angie, and called my companion Gora.

How do you think we traveled? We were

placed in a basket, which was slung upon the side of a camel. The camel is a queer creature. He goes jolting forward and backward, and whoever rides upon his back goes up and down, up and down, until he is shaken almost into jelly. Somebody has called the camel "the ship of the desert," because he carries the treasures over the sandy waste; but Gora and I thought he was rightly named from another cause, for we were as sea-sick as afterward we became upon the ocean. Having crossed the desert and arrived at the coast, we were placed in a box on shipboard, where we had a little more room, but still we were not very comfortable.

Our companions on the voyage were several hundred cashmere goats, only interesting to us because they, too, were brought from our old home, Angora. They were always hooking and kicking each other, and when they organized a concert, their music was hideous.

Week after week passed, and many and many a time I wished myself safely back within reach of my mother's paw. Gora would often look at me pitifully, and then burst into a prolonged mew. That went to my heart like a dagger; for when I had begged our mother to let us go, poor Gora had set up her voice against it. At last we landed in California, and our life in the new world began.

For several months we lived in the city of San Francisco. It all seemed new and strange, yet

we were glad of at least one thing: while the people talked so queerly that we could not understand a word, the cats, dogs, horses, and mules of America used the very same language that those of Asia use. It is strange that cats should have an advantage over men, but they seem to, in speech. My master studied a great many languages,—he had to have a different one for nearly every land he visited,—but we cats have a universal tongue the wide world over.

After a while, we were again put in a box and carried upon shipboard; but this time the journey was short, and in a few weeks we landed in the great city of New York. What a noise! what a confusion of noises! Here we were soon taken to a very pretty house, and Gora was decked with a pink ribbon, tied around her neck, while I wore a blue one. We frolicked and played to our hearts' content, only Master never would let us go out-of-doors—not even into the back yard—without having somebody to lead us, for he said we were each worth more than a hundred dollars in gold, and somebody might be prowling about to steal us away.

Then came the sad day when Gora went to Washington, and I was left alone.

I had not long to be lonely, though, for in a little while Mr. Barnum came, and invited me to spend a little time at his great museum. I became a member of his "Happy Family"; but I shall not tell the professional secret of how I—who always had a keen tooth for a bit of fresh meat—learned to let a canary perch upon my head, white mice run over my paws, and a rabbit sit by my side, without an attempt to eat any of them.

We were a queer cage-full, and for many months crowds of people came to see us. But, one day, some good angel must have whispered to my master to take me away. That very night, when I was safely sleeping upon a cushion at the foot of his bed, the museum caught fire. Oh, how the lions and tigers roared! and how the poor monkeys chattered! But there was no escape for any of them. Nearly all the animals, including every one of my companions of the "Happy Family," were burned to cinders.

I heard Master read it all in the newspapers the next morning, and I purred about him, and rubbed my head against his hand, by way of thanking him for saving my life.

Soon after this escape, I started for Washington to make Gora a visit, and upon this journey a sad thing befell me. As the distance was not very great, my master did not put me in a box, but carried me in his arms. While our cars were stopping at a station, another train, with its fiery engine at its head, went thundering by; I was frightened quite

out of my wits at its sudden appearance, and as the window was open, I sprang out and started for the nearest woods. My poor master, who had brought me so many miles by land and sea, felt so bad that he stopped at the next town and offered twenty dollars reward for my recovery.

Twenty dollars!

Whew! Was n't every boy in town upon the search? while many people said:

"What a silly man! No cat in all the world is worth so much!"

You should have seen the lucky fellow who



PORTRAIT OF "ANGIE."

caught me. Did n't his eyes sparkle when the crisp bank-note was put into his hand!

So I reached Washington safely, after all, but not in time to see my darling Gora. A few days before, she had been suddenly taken ill, and although she was dosed with cat-mint and carefully nursed, the disease proved fatal.

I can not tell you how I mourned over my lost sister. For a long time I mewed all day and howled at night with uncontrollable grief.

But my story is already too long for your patience. I am now an old cat, and have journeyed over a great part of the world. Such an aversion have I to any more traveling that, whenever a wooden box is brought into the room, I fancy that I am again to be sent upon a journey, and I retreat under the sofa, thrust my claws into the carpet, and cling there for dear life.

HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

IT WAS "writing afternoon,"—said Miss Jenkins,—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there 's the holding of the pen. If there 's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. I 've counted one-and-forty different ways, among as many boys, more than once—each separate way quite different from what I had taught them five minutes before.

Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and could n't do as I wished; and others were careless, and did n't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly.

"That I *will* not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson-page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily, I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's, large and plump, but flabby withal, and not over clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it, too.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue which wagged, uncertainly,

this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let it go; but his "n's" *were* "n's," and could by no possible chance be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterward. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, good boy! How could you? Don't you see that I shall have to punish you?"

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again,—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty.

Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced,—the one tantalizing, the other soothing,—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You must n't," said another.

"He deserves it."

"He does n't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should

be an example. Do you think they are not watching you? Look at them!"

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes,—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I can not bear to punish you—not in *that* way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping." The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There is no other way."

"I can not,—oh, I *can't*," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul!—good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you *must* do it."

"*I won't!*"

I walked quickly to the desk, and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes 'm, yes 'm!" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes 'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let

himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes 'm. Hurrah for —"

"Stop a minute. One thing more."

Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes 'm. Yes, ma'am. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No 'm, you ought n't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a good, true, faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I can not do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll —"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms,—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard, and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, in the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had just been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being does n't always know just what to do.

THE ELF AND THE SPIDER.

BY M. M. D.



PERCHED on a stool of the fairy style,
 An elf-boy worked with a mischievous smile.
 "That careless spider!" said he, "to leave
 His web unfinished! But I can sew:
 I'll spin, or sew, or darn, or weave—
 Whatever they call it—so none will know
 That his spidership did n't complete it himself,
 Or I'm a very mistaken young elf!"

Well, the wee sprite sewed, or wove, or spun,
 Plying his brier and gossamer thread;
 And, quick as a ripple, the web, all done,

Was softly swaying against his head
 As he laughed and nodded in joyful pride.

Ho! ho! it's done!

Ha! ha! what fun!

And then he felt himself slowly slide—
 Slide and tumble—stool and all—
 In the prettiest sort of a fairy fall!
 Up he jumped, as light as air;

But oh, what a sight,

What a sorry plight—

The web was caught in his sunny hair!

When, *presto!* on sudden invisible track,

That horrible spider came lumbering back :
 "WHO'S BEEN AT MY WEB? WHAT HO!
 COME ON!"

And he knotted for fight,
 The horrid fright!
 But the elf was gone—
 Poor, frightened fay!
 Nothing was seen but a tattered sheen,
 Trailing and shining upon the green.

But all that night, with dainty care,
 An elf sat tugging away at his hair.
 And 't is whispered in Elf-land to this day
 That any spider under the sun
 May go and leave his web undone,
 With its filmy thread-end swinging free
 Or tied to the tip of a distant tree,
 With never a fear that elfin-men
 Will meddle with spider-work again.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW A CHURCH FLEW A KITE.

AS SOON as possible, Phaeton went down town with his drawing in his pocket, and hunted up the office of the chief-engineer. This, he found, was in the engine-house of Deluge One,—a carpeted room, nearly filled with arm-chairs, having at one end a platform, on which were a sofa and an octagonal desk. The walls were draped with flags, and bore several mottoes, among which were "Ever Ready," "Fearless and Free," and "The Path of Duty is the Path of Glory." Under the last was a huge silver trumpet, hung by a red cord, with large tassels.

This was the room where the business meetings of Deluge One were held, and where the chief-engineer had his office. But the young men who were now playing cards and smoking here told Phaeton the chief-engineer was not in, but might be found at Shumway's.

This was a large establishment for the manufacture of clothing, and when Phaeton had finally hunted down his man, he found him to be a cutter,—one of several who stood at high tables and cut out garments for the other tailors to make.

"I've come to consult you about a machine," said Phaeton.

"How did you happen to do that?" said the chief-engineer.

"A friend of mine—a railroad man—advised me to," said Phaeton.

"Clever fellers, them railroad men," said the chief-engineer; "but what 's your machine for?"

"For putting out fires," said Phaeton.

"One of them gas arrangements, I suppose," said the chief-engineer,—"*dangerous to the lives of the men, and no good unless it's applied in a close room before the fire begins.*"

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Phaeton; "but there 's no gas about mine."

The chief-engineer, who all this time had gone on cutting, laid down his shears on the pattern.

"Let 's see it," said he.

Phaeton produced his drawing, spread it out before him, and explained it.

"Why, boy," said the chief-engineer, "you could n't—and yet, perhaps, you could—it never would—and still it might—there would be no—but I'm not so sure about that. Let me study this thing."

He planted his elbows on the table, each side of the drawing, brought his head down between his hands, buried his fingers in the mass of his hair, and looked intently at the picture for some minutes.

"Where did you get this?" said he, at last.

"I drew it," said Phaeton; "it 's my invention."

"And what do you want me to do about it?"

"I thought, perhaps, you could help me in getting it into use."

"Just so! Well, leave it with me, and I'll think it over, and you can call again in a few days."

Phaeton did call again, and was told that the chief-engineer was holding a meeting in the engine-house. Going over to the engine-house, he found it full of men, and was unable to get in. The next time he called, the chief-engineer told him he "had n't had time to look it over yet." Next time, he was "not in." And so it seemed likely to go on forever.

But meanwhile something else took place, which called out Phaeton's inventive powers in another direction.

It happened that the pastor of the Baptist church, in talking to the Sunday-school, dwelt especially on Sabbath-breaking, and mentioned kite-flying as one form of it.

"This very day," said he, "as I was coming to

church, I saw three wicked boys flying kites in the public street, and one of them sits in this room now."

A boy who knew whom the pastor referred to, pointed out Monkey Roe.

As many of the school as could, turned and stared at Monkey. The truth was, he had not been flying a kite; but on his way to church he passed two boys who were. It was the universal practice—at that time and in that country, at least—when a boy was flying a kite, for every other boy who passed to ask "how she pulled?" and then he generally would take the string in his hand a moment to see.

If she pulled hard, the flyer was rather proud to have his friends ask the question and make the test. In fact, I suppose it would hardly have been polite not to ask.

Monkey had just asked this interesting question, and had the string in his hand, when the pastor happened to pass by and see the group. Of course it would have been well if he could have stood up in the Sunday-school, and simply told the fact. But he was not the sort of boy who could do such a thing, at any time, and he was especially unable to now, when he was taken by surprise and felt that an outrage had been committed against his character and reputation.

But perhaps the pastor was not much at fault. He had probably been born and brought up in a breezeless country where kite-flying was unknown, and therefore was ignorant of its amenities.

Just before the school closed, Monkey was struck with a mischievous idea.

"I prophesy," said he to the pastor's son, who sat next to him, "that this church will fly a kite all day next Sunday."

"I should be delighted to see it," said the pastor's son.

Early Monday morning, Monkey went over to Dublin, and found Owney Geoghegan, who had chased and found one of the kites that drew Phaeton's machine. Monkey obtained the kite, by trading a jack-knife for it, and carried it home. Every day that week, as soon as school was out, he took it to a large common on the outskirts of the town, and flew it. He thoroughly studied the disposition of that kite. He experimented continually, and found just what arrangement of the bands would make it pull most evenly, just what length of tail would make it stand most steadily, and just what weight of string it would carry best.

It occurred to him that an appropriate motto from Scripture would look well, and he applied to Jack-in-the-Box for one, taking care not to let him know what he wanted it for. Jack suggested one, and Monkey borrowed a marking-pot and brush,

and inscribed it in bold letters across the face of the kite.

Finally he procured a good ball of string, a long and strong fish-line, and a small, flat, light wooden hoop, which he covered with tin-foil, obtained at the tobacco-shop.

Saturday night, Monkey's mother knew he was out, but not what he was about, and wondered why he staid so late. If she had gone in search of him, she might have found him in Independence Square, moving about in a very mysterious manner. The Baptist church, which had a tall, slender spire, ending in a lightning-rod with a single point, faced this square.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and it must have been after eleven o'clock when Monkey walked into the square with his kite, accompanied by Owney Geoghegan.

Monkey laid the kite flat on the ground near one corner of the square, stationed Owney by it, and then walked slowly to the opposite corner, unwinding the string as he went.

After looking around cautiously and making sure that nobody was crossing the square, he raised his hand and gave a silent signal. Owney hoisted the kite, Monkey ran a few rods, and up she went. He rapidly let out the entire ball of string, and she sailed away into space till she hovered like a night-hawk over the farthest corner of the sleeping city.

The Sunday-school room was hung round with mottoes, printed on shield-shaped tablets, and Monkey had made copies of some of them on similarly shaped pieces of paper, which he fastened upon the string at intervals as he let the kite up. Among them I remember "Look aloft!" "Time flies!" and "Aspire!"

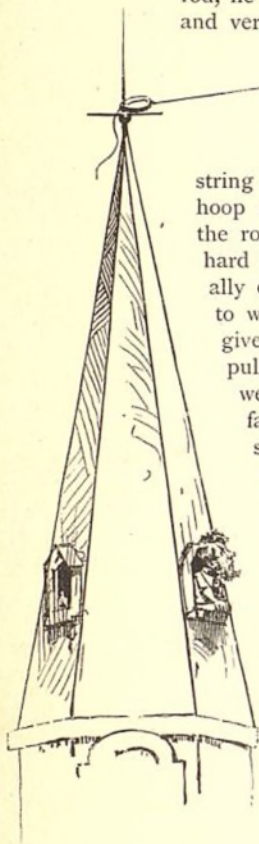
Then Monkey took up the hoop, and tied the string through a hole that was bored near one edge. Through a similar hole on the opposite side of the hoop, and near the same edge, he tied about a yard of comparatively weak string. To the end of this he tied his long fish-line, which he carefully paid out. The kite sailed still higher and farther away, of course carrying the hoop up into mid-air, where it was plainly visible as the tin-foil glittered in the moonlight.

So far, Monkey's task had all been plain mechanical work, sure of success if only performed with care. But now he had arrived at the difficult part of it, where a great amount of patience and no little sleight-of-hand were necessary. The thing to be done was, to let out just enough string for the kite to carry the hoop exactly as high as the top of the steeple.

It took a vast deal of letting out, and winding in, walking forward, and walking backward, to accomplish this, but at last it seemed to be done. Then

he must walk back and forth till he had brought the hoop not only on a level with the top of the spire, but directly over it, which took more time. As the strings were fastened at one edge of the hoop, of course it remained constantly horizontal.

When, at last, Monkey had brought it exactly over the point of the lightning-rod, he slowly, carefully, and very steadily



lowered the hand in which he held the string down to the ground. The hoop encircled and slid down the rod, and, after two hours' hard work, his task was virtually done. He had now only to walk up to the church, and give a steady, hard, downward pull at the fish-line, when the weak piece of string that fastened it to the hoop snapped in two. Winding up the fish-line, he slipped it into his pocket, said good-night to Owney, walked silently home, and went to bed.

Sunday morning had dawned beautifully, and everybody in town, who ever went to church at all, prepared for church. As the time for services approached, the bells rang out melodiously; down every street, door after door opened, as individuals and families stepped forth, attired in their best, and soon the sidewalks were full of people passing in every direction.

Somebody discovered the kite, and pointed it out to somebody else, who stopped to look at it, and attracted the attention of others; and thus the news spread.

A few groups paused to gaze and wonder, but most of the people passed on to their respective churches.

Somebody told the Baptist pastor of it as he was ascending the pulpit stairs.

"I'll have it attended to," said he; and, calling the sexton, he ordered him to go at once and take it down.

Easy to say, but impossible to do. The highest point the sexton could reach was a good distance

below the top of the spire, and once there, he could only poke his head out at a little trap-door. The appearance of his head at this door was the signal for a derisive shout from a group of

boys on the sidewalk.

By the time the services in the various churches were over, and the people on their way home, nearly everybody in town had heard of the phenomenon. They gathered in small groups, and gazed at it, and talked about it. These groups continually grew larger, and frequently two or three of them coalesced. They soon found that the best point to view it from—considering the position of the sun, and other circumstances—was the south-west corner of the square; and here they gradually gathered, till there was a vast throng, with upturned faces, gazing at the kite and its appendages, and wondering how it got there.

It was amusing to hear the wild conjectures and grave theories that were put forth.

One man thought it must have been an accident. "Probably some boy in a neighboring town," he said, "was flying the kite, when it broke away, and, as the string dragged along, it happened to catch on that steeple."

Another said he had read that in China grown-up people flew kites, and were very expert at it. "Depend upon it," said he, "you'll find there's a Chinaman in town."

Another presumed it was some new and ingenious method of advertising. "Probably at a certain hour," said he, "that thing will burst, and scatter over the town a shower of advertisements of a new baking-powder, warranted to raise your bread as high as a kite, or some other humbug."

Still another sagacious observer maintained that it might be merely an optical illusion,—a thing having no real existence. "It may be a mirage," said he; "or perhaps some practical joker has made a sort of magic-lantern that projects such an image in mid-air."

Patsy Rafferty happened to see a lady sitting at her window, and looking at the kite through an opera-glass. Immediately he was struck with an idea, and ran off home at his best speed. His mother was out visiting a neighbor; but he did not need to call her home; he knew where she kept his money.

Going straight to the pantry, he climbed on a chair and took down what in its day had been an elegant china tea-pot, but was now useless, because

the spout was broken off. Thrusting in his hand, he drew out the money which the clown had collected for him from the crowd on the tow-path,—every cent of it, excepting the crossed shilling, the bogus quarter, the brass buttons, and the temperance medal. Then he ran to a pawnbroker's shop, before which he had often stood and studied the "unredeemed pledges" there displayed.

The pawnbroker, whose Sabbath was the seventh day, sat in the open door, smoking a pipe.

"How much for a spy-glass?" said Patsy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Come inside," said the pawnbroker. "This one I shall sell you for five dollars—very cheap." And he handed Patsy an old binocular, which really had very powerful glasses, though the tubes were much battered. Patsy pointed the instrument outdoors, and looked through it.

"Oh, Moses!" said he, as a dog larger than an elephant ran across the field of vision.

"Sir?" said the pawnbroker.

"I can't buy it," said Patsy, with a sigh, laying it upon the counter.

"Why not?" said the pawnbroker.

"I have n't enough money," said Patsy.

"How much you have got?" said the pawnbroker.

"Three dollars and eighty-four cents."

"And you don't get some more next Saturday night?" said the pawnbroker.

"No," said Patsy.

"Well, you are a good boy," said the pawnbroker; "I can see that already; so I shall sell you this fine glass for three dollars and eighty-four cents,—the very lowest price. I could not do it, but I hope that I trade with you again some day."

Patsy put down the money in a hurry, took the glass, and left the shop.

He went to where the crowd was gazing at the kite, took a long look at it himself, and then began renting out the glass at ten cents a look, at which price he found plenty of eager customers.

When they looked through the glass, they read this legend on the face of the kite:

We shall have in abomination the kite after his kind.

LEVIT. XI., 13, 14.

When Teddy Dwyer saw the success of Patsy's speculation, he thought he also had an idea, and running home, he soon re-appeared on the square with a large piece of newly smoked glass. But nobody seemed to care to view the wonder through smoked glass, though he offered it at the low price of "wan cent a look," and Teddy's investment was hardly remunerative.

Patsy, before the day was over, amassed nearly thirteen dollars. He carried it all home, and, without saying anything to his mother, slipped it into the disabled tea-pot, where the money collected for him by the clown had been kept.

The next day he quietly asked his mother if he might have ten cents of his money to spend.

"No, Patsy," she answered, "I'm keeping that ag'in the day you go into business."

But Mrs. Rourke was present, and she pleaded so eloquently Patsy's right to have "a little enjoyment of what he had earned," that his mother relented, and went to get it.

"Either my hands are getting weak," said she, as she lifted it down, "or this tea-pot has grown heavy."

She thrust her hand into it, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then turned it upside down upon the table, whereupon there was a tableau in the Rafferty family.

"I often heard," said Mrs. Rafferty, "that money breeds money, but I never knew it bred so fast as that."

She more than half believed in fairies, and was proceeding to account for it as their work, when Patsy burst out laughing, and then, of course, had to tell the story of how the money came there.

"And so you got it be goin' after pawnbrokers, and be workin' on Sunday?" said his mother.

Patsy confessed that he did.

"Then I'll have none of it," said she, and opening the stove, was about to cast in a handful of the coins, when she hesitated.

"After all," said she, "'t is n't the money that's done wrong; why should I punish it?"

So she put it back into the tea-pot, and adopted a less expensive though more painful method of teaching her son to respect the Sabbath.

In the bitterness of the moment, Patsy firmly resolved that when he was a millionaire—as he expected to be some day—he would n't give his mother a single dime. He afterward so far relented, however, as to admit to himself that he might let her have twenty thousand dollars, rather than see her suffer, but not a cent more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXTRA FOURTH OF JULY.

DEACON GRAHAM had predicted that "the wind would go down with the sun," and then the kite would fall. But the prediction was not fulfilled; at least there seemed to be a steady breeze up where the kite was, and in the moonlighted evening it swayed gently to and fro, tugging at its

string, and gracefully waving its pendulous tail. All the young people in town appeared to be walking out to see it, and the evening services were very slimly attended.

Monday morning, the trustees of the church began to take vigorous measures for the suppression of the mysterious kite.

The cart of Hook and Ladder No. 1 was wheeled up in front of the church, and the longest two ladders taken off, spliced together, and raised with great labor. But they fell far short of reaching any point from which the hoop that held the kite could be touched.

"I hope you are satisfied," said the foreman of the Hook-and-Ladder company to the trustees. "I told you them ladders would n't reach it, nor no others that you can get."

"Yes, I see," said Deacon Graham. "I supposed the ladders were longer. But we're very much obliged to you and your men."

"You're welcome," said the foreman, as the men replaced the ladders on the cart. "And by the way, Deacon, if you was thinking of sending a dish of oysters and a cup of coffee around to the engine-house, I may say that my men prefer Saddle-rocks and Java."

"Just so!" said the Deacon. "I'll send Saddle-rocks and Java, if I send any."

One of the trustees suggested that the most muscular of the firemen might go up in the steeple, open the little trap-door, and from there throw clubs at the string.

One of the firemen procured some sticks, about such as boys like for throwing into chestnut-trees, and went up and tried it. But the door was so far below the top of the steeple, and the position so awkward to throw from, that he did not even hit the string, and after one of the clubs in descending had crashed through the stained-glass sky-light of a neighboring mansion, this experiment was abandoned.

The next plan brought forward consisted in firing with rifles at the kite, the hoop, and the string. The trustees looked up two amateur huntsmen for this purpose.

As there was a city ordinance against discharging fire-arms "in any street, lane, or alley, park, or square of the said city," the trustees were obliged to go first to the mayor and get a suspension of the ordinance for this special purpose, which was readily granted.

As soon as the two huntsmen saw this in black and white, they fired half a dozen shots. But they did not succeed in severing the string or smashing the hoop. Like all failures, however, they gave excellent reasons for their want of success, explaining to the trustees that there was a difference

between a covey of partridges and a small hoop on the top of a steeple. Their explanation was so lucid that I feel confident the trustees understood it.

"In rifle-shooting," added one of the huntsmen, "you always have to make allowance for the wind, and we can't tell how it may be blowing at the top of that spire till we learn by experimental shots. But we shall get the range after a while; it's only a question of time."

What little ammunition they had with them was soon exhausted, and Deacon Graham, who was very excitable and oversensitive as to anything connected with the church, rushed down town to buy some more.

"How much powder will you have?" said the clerk.

"Enough to shoot a kite off from a steeple," said the Deacon.

The clerk could n't tell how much that would take—had not been in the habit of selling powder for that purpose.

"Give me enough, then, at any rate," said the Deacon.

The clerk suggested that the best way would be to send up a small keg and let them use as much as was necessary, the remainder to be returned. To this the Deacon assented, and accordingly a small keg of powder, with a liberal quantity of bullets and caps, was sent up at once,—all to be charged to the account of the church.

At the first shot, the boys had begun to gather. When they found what was going on, that the ordinance was suspended, and that ammunition was as free as the gospel, they disappeared one after another, and soon re-appeared, carrying all sorts of shot-guns, muskets, and even horse-pistols and revolvers. No boy who could get a fire-arm failed to bring it out. Most of us had to hunt for them; for, as far as I know, not one of our boys was guilty of the folly of habitually carrying a pistol in his pocket.

The powder and bullets were on the church steps, where all who wished to aid in the good work could help themselves; and within half an hour from the time the ball opened, at least thirty happy and animated boys were loading and firing.

The noise had attracted the townspeople, and several hundred of them stood looking on at the strange spectacle.

Patsy Rafferty ran home to draw some money from his tea-pot bank, but found the cashier present, and hesitated. However, he soon plucked up courage, and said, with a roguish twinkle:

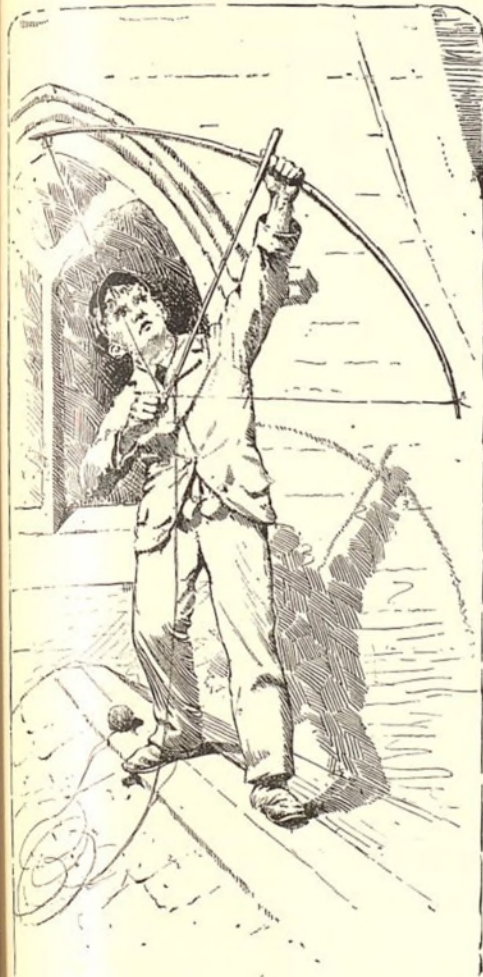
"Mother, will you please lend me two dollars of my money?"

Ordinarily, Mrs. Rafferty would have said no.

But she was a very bright woman, and was so pleased with this evidence that Patsy had inherited some of her own wit, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him.

"There 's two dollars, and I suppose when you bring it back it 'll be four," said she, remembering how money breeds money.

"Yes—four o'clock," said Patsy, as he ran out of



"POINTING THE ARROW UPWARD AT AN ANGLE, PHAETON DREW IT TO THE HEAD." [SEE PAGE 760.]

the door and made for his friend the pawnbroker's, who sold him an old musket, with which, in a few minutes, Patsy joined the volunteers.

Ned Rogers had not been able to find any fire-arm; but when he learned where Patsy got his musket, and that the pawnbroker had a mate to it, he ran off to his aunt's house at his best speed, and, entering unceremoniously, exclaimed:

"Aunty, I want two dollars quicker than lightning!"

"Edmund Burton! how you frighten me," said his aunt Mercy. "Jane, get my pocket-book from the right-hand corner of my top bureau-drawer, and throw it down-stairs."

The instant the pocket-book struck the floor, Ned snatched two dollars out of it and was off like a shot.

"Sweet, benevolent boy!" said Aunt Mercy. "I've no doubt he 's hastening to relieve some peculiar and urgent case of distress among the poor and sorrowful."

As it was rather late when Ned arrived at the church with his weapon, he thought he 'd make up for lost time. So he slipped in three bullets, instead of one, with his first load, and in his excitement rammed them so hard as almost to weld them together.

The consequence was that, when he discharged it, a large sliver was torn from the spire, and at the same time he found himself rolling over into the gutter,—a very "peculiar and urgent case of distress," indeed.

When Deacon Graham saw how fast the ammunition was disappearing, while the desultory firing produced no effect upon the kite, he thought some better plan should be devised, and conceived of a way in which, as he believed, concerted action might accomplish the desired result. But when he tried to explain it to the crowd, everybody was excited, and nobody paid the slightest attention to him.

The spectators partook of the general excitement, and applauded the boys.

"*Epigrus via, generosissimi tormentarii!*" Peg away, most noble gunners!" shouted Holman.

The Deacon, who had been growing more and more excited, was now beside himself. In his desperation, he sat down upon the keg of powder, and declared that no more should be used till he was listened to.

"I 'll tell you, Deacon," said one of the huntsmen, "a chain-shot would be the thing to break that string with."

"You shall have it," said the Deacon, and off he posted down town again, to order chain-shot. But the article was not to be had, and when he returned, the kite still rode triumphant.

The trustees held a meeting on the steps of the church. "Now don't get excited," said Mr. Simmons, the calmest of them; "the first shower will bring down the kite. We 've only to go off about our business, and leave it to nature."

"I don't know about that," said Monkey Roe, in a low tone, to one of the boys who had crowded around to learn what the trustees would do. "The

back of that kite is pretty thoroughly greased. It'll shed water like a duck, and nothing less than a hail-storm can bring it down."

"How do you know that, young man?" said Mr. Simmons, who overheard him.

"Why," said Monkey, seeing that he had betrayed himself, "you see—the fact is—I—I—saw a little bird try to 'light on the kite, but he slipped off so quick I knew it must be greased."

"Humph!" said Mr. Simmons. "That's a likely story."

"Brother Simmons," said Deacon Graham, "we can't wait for a storm,—there is no prospect of any. If we don't dispose of this thing pretty soon, I'm afraid it'll make us ridiculous."

Nobody was able to suggest any means of relief. Perhaps a sailor could have climbed the lightning-rod; but there was no sailor in town, and half-way up the spire the rod was broken and a section was missing. There seemed to be no way short of building a scaffolding to the top of the steeple, which would cost a good deal of money.

The pastor's son took Monkey Roe aside. "Your prophecy has been nobly fulfilled," said he, "and you've given us a tremendous piece of fun. Get us up another as good as this."

The result of the deliberations of the trustees was, that they resolved to offer a reward of twenty dollars to any one who would get the kite off from the steeple; and this was formally proclaimed to the crowd by Deacon Graham.

Hardly had the proclamation been made, when Phaeton Rogers, who had conceived a plan for getting down the kite, and had been preparing the necessary implements, appeared on the scene with his equipment.

This consisted of a powerful hickory bow, about as tall as himself, two heavy arrows, and a ball of the best kite-string.

After measuring with his eye the height of the steeple and the direction of the kite, Phaeton said he must mount to the roof of the church.

"Certainly, young man," said Deacon Graham; "anything you want, and twenty dollars reward, if you'll get that thing down. Here, sexton, show this young gentleman the way to the roof."

Phaeton passed in at the door with the sexton, and soon re-appeared on the roof. The crowd seemed to watch him with considerable interest.

Standing on the ridge-pole, he strung his bow. Then he unwound a large part of the ball of string, and laid it out loosely on the roof; after which he tied the end of it to one of the arrows.

A murmur of approbation ran through the crowd, as they thought they saw his plan.

Pointing the arrow upward at a slight angle from the perpendicular, and drawing it to the head,

he discharged it. The shaft ascended gracefully on one side of the string of the kite, and descended on the other side.

At sight of this, the crowd burst into applause, supposing that the task was virtually accomplished. It would have been easy enough now to take hold of the two ends of the string that had been carried by the arrow, and, by simply pulling, bring down the kite. But this would not have taken off the hoop from the top of the spire, and it would have been necessary to break off the kite-string, leaving more or less of it attached to the hoop, to float on the breeze like a streamer till it rotted away. Phaeton intended to make a cleaner job than that.

When the arrow fell upon the ground, Ned, by his brother's direction, picked it up and held it just as it was. Phaeton threw down the ball of string still unwound, and then descended to the ground. He very quickly made a slip-knot on the end of the string, passed the ball through it, and then, by pulling carefully and steadily on the ball-end, made the slip-knot slide up till it reached the string of the kite. Before it was pulled up tight, he walked out on the square in a direction to pull the slip-knot as close as possible to the hoop.

This done, he placed himself, with the string in his hand, on the spot where he supposed the one who got up the kite must have stood while putting the hoop over the point of the lightning-rod. That is to say, he walked from the church in such a direction, and to such a distance, that the string he held in his hand formed a continuous and (but for the sag) straight line with the string that held the kite to the hoop.

He expected, on arriving at this point, to raise his hand, give a jerk or two at the string, and see the hoop slide up and off the rod, from the tendency—caused by the kite's pulling at one end of the string, and himself at the other—to take up the sag.

His theory was perfect, but the plan did not work; probably because the wind had died down a little, and the kite was flying lower than when it was first put up.

When he saw that the hoop was not to be lifted by this means, he cast about for a further expedient, the crowd meanwhile expressing disappointment and impatience.

Carrying the string entirely across the square, he stopped in front of the house that was in line with it, and asked permission to ascend to the roof, which was granted. Breaking off the string, and telling Ned to stand there and hold the end, he put the ball into his pocket, took a pebble in his hand, and went up through the house and came out at the scuttle.

Tying the pebble to the end of the string, he

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threw it down to his brother, who tied the end of the string to the end he had been holding. Phaeton then drew it up, and once more pulled at the hoop.

It stuck a little at first; but as he alternately pulled and slackened, it was started at last, and began to slide up the lightning-rod; whereupon the crowd set up a shout, and a great many people remarked that they knew all the while the boy would succeed.

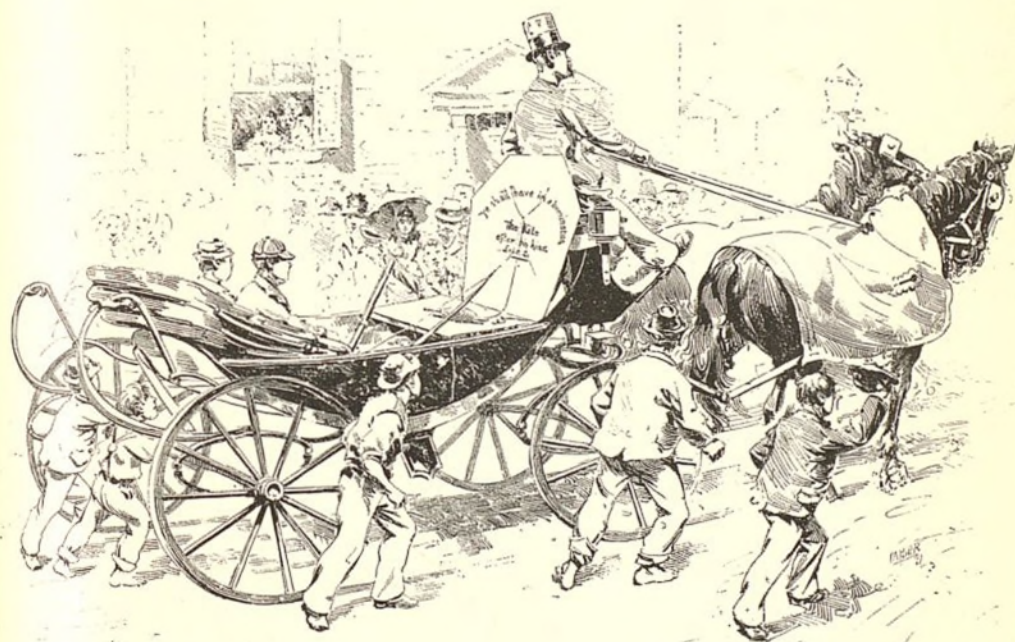
But the hoop only rose to a point about half-way between its former resting-place and the tip of the

held close against it either by the tugging of the kite one way, or your pulling the other."

"I understand," said Ned. "I'll do my best."

Phaeton then went back to the church, and ascended to the roof again with his bow and arrow and the ball of string. Laying out the string as before, and tying the end to the arrow, he shot it over the kite-string so that the arrow fell upon the roof.

Making a slip-knot as before, he pulled upon the end of his string till the knot slid up to the kite-



PHAETON AND NED BECOME THE HEROES OF THE TOWN.

rod, and there it remained. No sleight-of-hand that Phaeton could exercise would make it rise another inch. If the wind had freshened, so as to make the kite sail higher, the hoop would have slid to the top of the rod at once. But the wind did not freshen, and there was no taller building anywhere in line with the string than the one Phaeton was standing on.

The crowd groaned, and remarked that they had been confident all the while the boy could n't do it.

"Ned," said Phaeton, "come up here."

Ned went up.

"Now," said Phaeton, "stand right in this spot; hold the string just as you see me holding it now; and try to pull on it just hard enough to make the hoop hang loosely around the rod instead of being

string at a point pretty near the hoop. He now broke off the string, leaving it just long enough to reach from the point where it was attached to the kite-string straight to where he stood on the roof.

He tied the end to his arrow, and, drawing the shaft to the head, shot it straight upward. As the arrow left the bow, the crowd cheered again, for it was evident that when the arrow, in its course, should reach a point as far above the kite-string as Phaeton was below it, it would begin to pull the kite-string upward, and if it had force enough to go a yard or two higher, it must, of course, pull the hoop off from the rod.

But it lacked force enough. It rose till it had almost straightened the string it was carrying, then turned its head and dropped to the roof again.

The crowd groaned, and some of them left for their homes or their business, saying they knew all the while that such foolery would n't work.

Phaeton sat down on the ridge-pole of the church, put his head between his hands, and thought. While he sat there, the crowd shouted all sorts of advice to him, most of which was intended to be sarcastic, though some spoke seriously enough, as those who suggested that he use a larger bow and a lighter string.

After some moments he got up, went to the arrow, and detached it from the string; then, taking the end of the string between his palms, he rolled it and rolled it, until he had very greatly hardened the twist.

If you have ever twisted a piece of common string up tight, and then, taking the two ends between your thumb and finger, let go of the middle, you know what it does. It doubles and twists itself together, in the effort to untwist.

When Phaeton had tightened the twist of his string as much as he could, he tied the arrow on again, laid it across his bow, pointed it at the zenith, drew it to the head, and once more discharged it.

While the arrow was climbing, the string—wherever the slack folds of it hung near enough to one another—was doubling and twisting together, thus greatly shortening itself. The arrow had not gone much more than half its former distance above the kite-string when it arrived at the end of its own now shortened string, and gave such a jerk as pulled the hoop clear up from the end of the lightning-rod.

When the crowd saw this, they burst into a tremendous cheer, threw their caps into the air, and bestowed all sorts of compliments upon Phaeton.

Phaeton took off his hat and made a low bow to the people, and then disappeared through the little door in the tower, by which he had gained access to the roof. He soon re-appeared, emerging from the front door, and ran across the square, to the house where Ned still stood on the roof, like a statue, or Casabianca waiting for his next orders.

"Haul her in," said Phaeton, and Ned immediately began winding in the kite, using his left forearm as a reel, and passing the string around his elbow and through the notch between his thumb and forefinger. He wound on everything as he came to it—hoop, mottoes, even Phaeton's arrow.

Phaeton stood in the street before the house, caught the kite by the tail as it approached the ground, and soon had it secure. He broke off the string, and Ned came down through the house.

An immense crowd surrounded them, and impeded their progress as they started for home.

"Jump into my carriage; I'll take you home,"

said the driver of an open barouche, who had stopped to see the performance, and like everybody else was intensely interested in it.

Phaeton was instantly seized in the arms of three or four men and lifted into the carriage. Then Ned was lifted in the same way and seated beside him. Then the kite was stood up on the front seat, leaning against the driver's back, with its astonishing motto staring the boys in the face. Lukey Finnerty, who had been proudly holding Ned's musket for him, handed it up, and it was placed aslant of the seat between the two boys. The bow, brought by the sexton, was placed beside it, and the carriage then moved off, while a large number of boys followed in its wake, three of them being suspended from the hind axle by their hands, while their feet were drawn up to swing clear of the ground.

"Why is he carrying away that kite?" said Deacon Graham, asking the question in a general way, as if he expected the crowd to answer it in concert. "That belongs to the church."

"*Sic nodus*—not so," said Isaac Holman. "It belongs to him; he made it."

"Ah, ha!" said the Deacon, looking as if he had found a clew.

As the driver had recently procured his new and handsome barouche, and was anxious to exhibit it, he drove rather slowly and took a somewhat circuitous route. All the way along, people were attracted to their windows. As the carriage was passing through West street, Phaeton colored a little when he saw three ladies standing on an upper balcony, and lifted his hat with some trepidation when the youngest of them bowed. The next moment she threw a bouquet, which landed in the carriage and was picked up and appropriated by Ned.

"I am inclined to think," said Phaeton, "that the bouquet was intended for me."

"Was it?" said Ned. "Then take it, of course. I could buy me one just like it for a quarter, if I cared for flowers. But, by the way, Fay, what are you going to do with the twenty dollars you've won? That's considerable money."

"I am going to put it to the best possible use for money," said Phaeton.

"I did n't know there was any one use better than all others," said Ned. "What is it?"

"To pay a debt," said Phaeton.

"I never should have guessed that," said Ned; "and I don't believe many people think so."

As they rode by Jack's Box, Jack, who stood in the door, learned for the first time what Monkey Roe had wanted the Scripture motto for.

They also passed Aunt Mercy's house, and their aunt and Miss Pinkham were on the piazza. Ned

stood up in the carriage and swung his hat. Phaeton saluted his aunt more quietly.

"What in the world are those boys doing in that barouche?" said Aunt Mercy.

"I don't know, but I'll go and find out," said Miss Pinkham, and she ran to the gate and got the story from one of the Dublin boys.

Miss Pinkham returned and told the story.

"Edmund Burton always was a smart boy," said Aunt Mercy. "I could have predicted he would be the one to get that kite off. He'd find a way to scrape the spots off the sun, if they wanted him to. But I don't see why that stupid brother of his should be stuck up there to share his glory."

When it came to the question of paying the reward, Deacon Graham stoutly opposed the payment on the ground that Phaeton himself had been concerned in putting the kite on the steeple—or, at least, had furnished the kite. He said "no boy could fool him,—it was too long since he was a boy himself,"—which seemed to me a strange reason.

It looked for a while as if Phaeton would not get the money; but the other trustees investigated the matter, rejected the Deacon's theory, and paid the reward.

On their complaint, Monkey Roe was brought before 'Squire Moore, the Police Justice, to answer for his roguery. The court-room was full, about half the spectators being boys.

"What is your name?" said the Justice.

"I'm not sure that I know," said Monkey.

"Not know your own name? How 's that?"

"Because, my mother calls me Monty, my father calls me James, and the boys call me Monkey Roe."

"I suppose the boys are more numerous than your parents?" said the Justice.

"Much more," said Monkey.

"And you probably answer more readily when they call?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Then," said the Justice, "we'll consider the weight of evidence to be in favor of the name Monkey Roe, and I'll enter it thus on the record."

As he wrote it down, he murmured: "We've often had Richard Roe arraigned in this court, but never Monkey."

"Now, Monkey, I'm going to ask a question, which you need not answer unless you choose to.

Did you, on Saturday night last, between the hours of sunset and sunrise, raise, fly, and elevate one six-cornered paper kite, bearing a motto or sentiment from the sacred book called Leviticus,

and tie, fix, anchor, attach, or fasten the same to the lightning-rod that surmounts the spire, or steeple, of the First Church, of the sect or denomination known as Baptist, fronting and abutting on Independence Square, in this city?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, I did," said Monkey.

"Please state to the court, Monkey, your motives, if you had any, for this wicked act."

In answer to this, Monkey told briefly and clearly the whole story, beginning where he "just stopped half a second Sunday morning to see how that boy's kite pulled." When he came to the scene in the Sunday-school room, he gave it with a dramatic effect that was calculated to excite sympathy for himself.

'Squire Moore had been as much interested as anybody in the kite on the steeple, and had laughed his enormous sides sore when he scanned it and its appendages through Patsy's glass. When Monkey had finished his story, the 'Squire delivered the decision of the court.

"I have searched the Revised Statutes," said he, "and have consulted the best authorities; but I look in vain to find any statute which makes it a penal offense to attach a kite to a steeple. The common law is silent on the subject, and none of the authorities mention any precedent. You have succeeded, young man, in committing a misdemeanor for which there is no penalty, and the court is, therefore, obliged to discharge you, with the admonition never to do so any more."

As Monkey left the bar, there was a rush for the door, the boys getting out first. They collected in a body in front of the building, and, when he appeared, gave him three tremendous cheers, with three others for 'Squire Moore.

But when Monkey came to face the domestic tribunal over which his father presided, he found that a lack of precedent was no bar to the administration of justice in that court.

About a week later, a package, addressed to me, and bearing the business-card of a well-known tailor, was left at our door. When I opened it, I found a new Sunday suit, to replace the one which had been ruined when Phaeton wore it to the fire. It must have taken about all of his reward-money to pay for it.

For years afterward, the boys used to allude to that season as "the summer we had two Fourth-of-July's." The scars on the steeple were never healed, and you can see them now, if you chance to pass that way.

(To be continued.)

MARK, THE DWARF.

(A True Story.)

BY M. D. BIRNEY.



"HATTIE HELPED HERSELF TO ONE OF THE FINEST APPLES."

"AWAY down south, in Dixie," many years ago, there lived a pretty golden-haired child, named Hattie Sinclair. Her parents owned a large plantation in Alabama, on which they lived, excepting during the summer months, when, like many Southerners, they sought northern climes, for health and pleasure. Hattie was a merry, active little girl, too fond of straying to be kept trace of by her very stout and aged "maumer"—as Southern children called their old black nurses, whom they loved almost as well as their own mammas. So Mark, the son of "Maum Yetta," was detailed for special service to his young mistress, and accompanied her in all her rambles.

You would have smiled could you have seen

them together, especially if you had been told that Mark was taking care of Hattie, for his woolly head reached only a few inches above her golden curls, and at the table, when he waited on his little mistress, her food seemed brought by magic. But Mark, though so small, was nineteen years old, and, aside from the defect in his height, was not in any way deformed. He always accompanied the family in their summer trips, and, on one occasion, when they were in a strange city, and Hattie, under the protection of the dwarf, was taking a promenade, they passed a large store, with tempting arrays of choice fruits displayed outside. Hattie was a dear lover of apples, and, too young to comprehend that things in stores must be paid

for, she walked deliberately up to the stand, and, helping herself to one of the finest, had already bitten it, before the astonished Mark could say her nay. The shopman smiled good-naturedly; but Mark, with his best bow, explained: "Oh, sir, it's my little missus; she don't know no better, an' if you please, sir, I'll take her home, and come back and pay you; we is a-stayin' to the — Hotel."

"Never mind, my little fellow," said the man. "Here, take a few of them as a present for your pretty little lady." But it seems to me," he added, looking curiously at Mark, "that you are rather small to have the care of that child."

"Yes, sir," replied Mark, with dignity; "I is a small person, but I 's nineteen years old," and, thanking the shopman for his apples, he took Hattie's hand and led her home.

Mark had another adventure, not quite so pleasant, during his stay in that city. Tom Thumb and his miniature coach and pair were daily on exhibition, and one day, when Hattie and Mark were walking through one of the gayest streets, the little equipage, followed by a crowd, came by. Mark drew the child up a flight of steps, to avoid the crush, and they were thus made very conspicuous. As the little carriage passed, a man who was walking at its side looked up, saw Hattie and her companion, paused, hesitated, and finally passed up the steps.

"How old are you, my little fellow?" said he, addressing Mark.

"Nineteen, sir," replied Mark shortly, for he did not like the stranger's appearance.

"Oh! Ah! Ahem! Where do you live?"

"I 's stayin' at the — Hotel, with my master, sir."

"And what is his name?" continued the man, at the same time offering the dwarf a silver quarter.

"Mr. Sinclair. Thank you, sir, I don't want no money; my master gives me 'nough," and, taking Hattie by the hand, he waited for no more questions, but walked quickly away.

That night, after Hattie was in bed, there came a knock at Mr. Sinclair's parlor. Mark opened the door, and beheld his acquaintance of the morning.

"Ah, my little man," said he, patronizingly, "is your master in?"

"Yes, sir," said Mark, as Mr. Sinclair laid down his newspaper and gazed wonderingly at the stranger.

"Good evening, Mr. Sinclair. This is a smart boy of yours, and my business this evening is about him," said the stranger, with a grand flourish and many obsequious bows.

"Yes?" said Mr. Sinclair, inquiringly.

"I should like to—that is—how much would you take for him?" said the man, with another bow.

"You mean to ask me to sell him to you?" said Mr. Sinclair.

"Yes—ah! We are looking for a coachman for General Tom Thumb, and this little fellow is such a shapely dwarf that the agent has sent me to offer you five hundred dollars —"

"Oh, master, is you gwine to sell me?" cried Mark, and he gazed beseechingly at Mr. Sinclair.

"Do not fear, Mark," said that gentleman, and he patted his shoulder kindly; then, turning to the showman's ambassador, he said: "Tell your agent that not for five times five hundred dollars would I part with this little fellow." Soon after, the visitor said "Good-evening," and Mr. Sinclair resumed his reading, while Mark, with a greatly rejoiced heart, opened the door for the agent.

Poor little Mark! This was his last trip, for, on returning to the plantation, a contagious fever broke out among the negroes. Hattie was sent to her uncle's, and every means was tried to prevent its spreading; but Mrs. Sinclair, a lovely and noble woman, could not resist the appeal for "Miss' to come and see ef she can't cure me"—the faith of those simple blacks being much stronger in their mistress's attentions than in those of any doctor. So she staid, and every day carried some delicacy, with her own hands, to the sick. Mark insisted on following her, although she bade him not; and one day the dread disease seized him, too, in its fatal grasp. And what an unselfish spirit he showed! For, although longing unspeakably for the tender ministrations of his beloved mistress, his only cry was: "Tell Miss' not to come nigh me, 'less she get sick, too."

The struggle was a short one, and when Mark knew he was dying, the longing to have one more look at his beloved mistress overcame him, and he said, feebly:

"Mammy, ask Miss' to come and stan' in de door, and say good-bye; but don't let her come in."

I need hardly tell you that his call was quickly responded to, and Mrs. Sinclair, placing herself by the open door, the rays of the setting sun lighting up her face, bade the brave and faithful little dwarf a last farewell, he blessing her for all her care and kindness.

He was the last victim, and with his death the fever disappeared; but, although these events happened more than a score of years ago, the memory of Mark is still green in the hearts of his master and mistress, and children who never knew the little dwarf have wept sympathetic tears over his brief but unselfish life.



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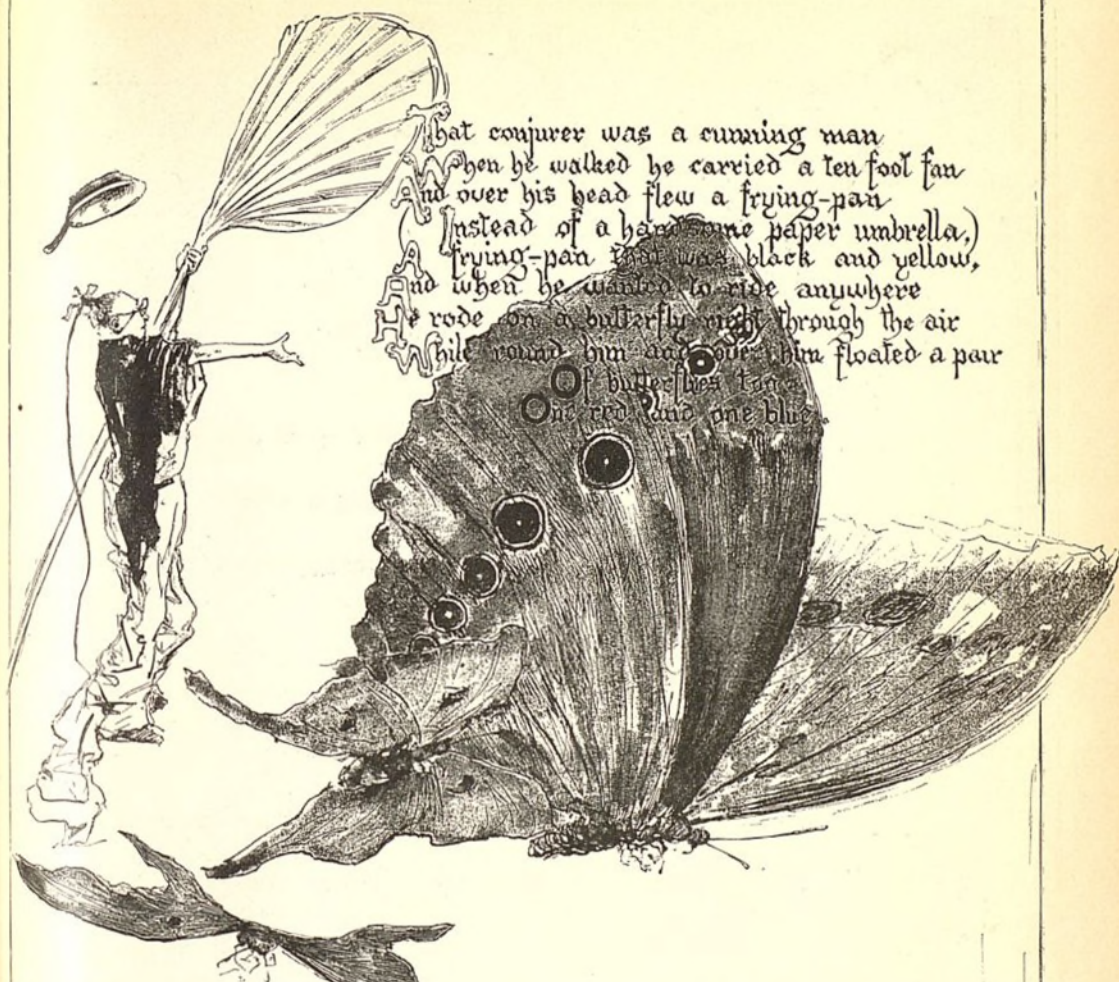
There was sobbing loud and weeping in the palace
Of the great Prince Cham
The tail feathers of the royal stork were drooping
Like a withered palm
The poor Prince would n't eat his birds'-nest-jelly
Though it was so nice
And he could n't bear to touch his hot-roast chicken
Or his fresh boiled rice,
For the heir of all his kingdom, who had come that morning,
Was, a ———— O dear me!
When it should have been a Prince was nothing but a princess
Brown as she could be.

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Prince Cham had wept 'till a pile of soaked handkerchiefs
Lay at his side
And had even lost his self-control which was
So much his pride,
When he stopped
and called for his fan and umbrella
And rose up to go
To the cave of the conjurer down in the hollow
Of Mount Lo Ko Fo.





That conjurer was a cunning man
 When he walked he carried a ten fool fan
 And over his head flew a frying-pan
 Instead of a handsome paper umbrella,
 Frying-pan that was black and yellow,
 And when he wanted to ride anywhere
 He rode on a butterfly right through the air
 While round him and over him floated a pair
 Of butterflies fan
 One red and one blue.

"Mighty man," thus spoke Prince Cham
 While he bowed quite lowly,
 "Man of might who can do things
 both holy and unholy
 In my palace is a princess, brought there but today,
 Conjuror! I do beseech thee, take the thing away!
 And in the place of it bestow on me
 the lord of March Cham, see,
 A healthy, handsome little prince who shall always
 look like me!"



The conjurer rose
And unloosening his toes
Called for his flying sled,
And away through the air
Followed close by the pair
Of butterflies bright, did he speed.

When he reached the palace and saw the princess brown
He took his fan in one hand and on the floor sat down
He set six tops a spinning and he drank a cup of tea
And then he drew a polygon that was just as big as he
Then he lit a fire in the frying-pan,
The pan all black and yellow.
And he rose and took the princess
and borrowed Cham's umbrella
And while the smoke grew denser
and the tops began to whir,
Right up and out and through the roof
flew off the conjurer!





All up and down his kingdom, the land of **Wach Cham Flee**,
 The great Prince **Cham** goes wandering as sad as he can be
 For he's lost his mighty conjurer and the heir he had is gone
 And he cannot find them anywhere though he looks from sun to sun
 And still he mourns his discontent the source of all his woe,
 For, "Half a cup is better than no tea at all" you know;
 But he'll never get his Princess back for very far away
 The conjurer has hidden her in the city of **Bombay**
 Where she spins the tops of magic and she rides the butterfly,
 The wonder still and envy of all the passers-by.



CATHIE'S STORY.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.



CATHIE BROWN'S Aunt Cathie, for whom she was named, used often to tell her that once, at least, in everybody's life, something happened "just like a story."

Cathie liked to believe this, but one day she said, quite cheerily: "Why, Auntie, I don't know; everything has been commonplace so long that it seems good to me, like the old faces and places."

"Ah, my dear," said Aunt Cathie, "that contented heart of yours is a blessing; but something will happen to you one of these days."

Cathie lived on a lonely country road. Her father was a farmer, whom hard fortune had followed for many a year. Three sons, older than Cathie, were buried in the country burying-ground beyond the hill. Farmer Brown and his wife were getting on in years; and, although they had begun at last to make head slowly against the current of adversity that had set so long against them, the habits of hard labor and the strictest economy clung to them still. They owned their farm, and Cathie was their only child; but beyond sending her to school in summer and winter, and allowing her the open space from the front door to the road for a flower garden, they felt that they could afford her no "privileges."

Her dresses were of the cheapest material, her hair was always braided down her back in the same simple fashion, her shoes were coarse and thick, and she had no ribbons, no jewelry, no trinkets of any kind. But Cathie did not care much for such things. The desire of her heart was to give. Oh, the dreams she used to dream of the blessedness of giving! A mine of money would not have satisfied her longings to give and give. She might not have been in every instance a wise giver, if her dreams had come true; but she used to lie awake o' nights, and plan by the hour, how, and where, and to whom she would give, if a fortune should fall to her. And nobody should ever know where the good gifts would come from. That would be half the joy of it: to have her bounty descend, shower-like, upon the poor and needy, as if it came direct from heavenly places.

Her father and mother gave to the minister, they visited the sick in the neighborhood, and fed the

tramps; but Cathie had never had a cent of money to give away,—never in her whole life,—nothing but flowers and berries, and willing little services, and these seemed pitifully small in her eyes. Oh, to give freely, royally, unreservedly! how happy she would be, if she could do that!

Aunt Catharine was a great comfort to her little namesake. She was poor, like all of Cathie's people, but she loved flowers and birds, and all beautiful things, as warmly as did little Cathie herself; and she brought rare bulbs, and roots, and seeds, and slips, and much homely cheer, to the child.

Cathie's flower garden was sweet the summer through. Indeed, from March to December, from crocuses to frost-flowers, something bright and beautiful beamed up at Cathie from the ground. There was nothing like her flowers for miles around. They were the pride and wonder of the neighborhood. And among them Cathie toiled, when she was not at school or helping her mother; for, all this beauty was the result of much patient work and faithful care.

"Now, if I were only a boy," she said to Aunt Cathie in one of their talks, "I should coax Father to let me raise a piece of wheat, or potatoes, and sell them; and then I should have some money of my own."

"What do you want with money, Cathie?" asked her mother, who happened to hear her. Cathie blushed, but did not answer immediately.

"Don't you have all you want to eat and to wear, my daughter?"

"Yes, Mother, I don't want a thing for myself."

"Nor I, neither, dear. Let us not be getting ambitious and discontented, because we are poor."

Aunt Cathie thought of some ambitious, discontented daughters that she knew, and contrasted them with little Cathie.

About this time, Cathie was cherishing one of her dreams—too sweet ever to be realized, she felt, but which did her good to keep it in her heart.

Oscar Gray, a lame boy who lived near, her faithful friend, and a scholar of real promise, was hungering for books and struggling manfully to earn them. He was so proud that nobody dared offer him aid, and so poor, that, at times, his utmost efforts seemed hopeless to those who did not realize the unconquerable energy that was in him. He had fallen into a way of confiding his pet hopes

and dreams to his little neighbor, partly because he knew that she was as poor as himself, and by no possibility could help him, and partly because he knew that a secret with her was safe. Then, too, she was such an intelligent, warm-hearted little soul, that it comforted him much to talk with her.

He was now pursuing a certain line of study in natural history, and had come to "a dead-lock," as he expressed it to Cathie, for want of ten dollars' worth of books. Now, if she could only bestow those books upon Oscar, in such a way that he would never guess who gave them, how happy she would be! She could not help planning, and brooding over it, although in her sober "common-sense moments," as she called them, she had no hope of ever bringing it about.

"If I were only a boy!" she would think to herself, as she weeded and spaded and fluttered about among her lovely flowers. "Now, I have worked as hard for you, dear flowers, as a boy works in his wheat-patch, but you are only sweet and beautiful; you do not 'pay.'" And then she would smile at her mercenary thoughts. As the summer deepened, the garden grew in beauty hour by hour, until it seemed as if every twig and stalk bore all the bloom and sweetness it could hold, and the bees and humming-birds held high carnival there every day.

One day, just after the noon meal, Cathie was washing dishes in the back kitchen, farthest from the road, when, all at once, a great commotion seemed to fill the air about her. She felt a heavy rumbling jar that shook the house; hoarse bellowings, wild shouts, and the barking of dogs mingled in the thundering din that was rolling nearer as she listened. She ran through to the front door with her towel in her hand, and saw, in a great dust-cloud, a drove of at least a hundred cattle tearing along down the road. She ran for her father, but he had gone to the field. Her flower-plot sloped from the door to the road, unfenced. Nearly every week, large droves of cattle went past from up-country down to the distant market, and the drovers always stationed boys and dogs ahead at the unprotected places, while the herds marched by. But a panic had seized upon this drove, and, before help could arrive, the frantic animals had surrounded the house, trampled every green thing into the dust, and rushed on and away like an avalanche.

Cathie stood among the ruins with a face of despair; and her mother was standing behind her speechless with dismay, when the owner of the drove came rattling up in his wagon. The cattle were at that moment careering over a distant hill, the drovers still far behind them; but he leaped from his cart and came up to Cathie.

"Why, little girl, if this is n't a pity!" he ex-

claimed, in a voice of such compassion and sympathy that Cathie hid her face in the dish-towel and sobbed aloud.

"Now, don't cry, dear!" he begged. "I saw, when I went up the other day, what a pretty sight your posies were; and here I've been the means of spoiling 'em. Money can't replace 'em this year, but there's ten dollars, and I'm mighty sorry, besides." And he placed a bill in her hand.

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Cathie. "You could n't help it; nobody was to blame." And she held out the money. But he was mounting his wagon and wiping the moisture from his tired face, with his eyes on the distant cloud of dust.

"You keep that money, little girl. It's small recompense," he said, shaking his head emphatically; and he was off and away before she could speak again.

Cathie dried her eyes, and looked at the bill in astonishment.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried suddenly. "May I do just what I want to with this?"

"Why, yes, dear," said her mother: "why should n't you? And don't feel badly about the flowers; they'll grow again."

"But, Mother, are you sure that you are willing for me to—to—give this away?"

"Give it away? Well, it's your own money, Cathie. I am sure your father will be willing for you to do what you choose with the first money you ever had. And you have worked hard for your flowers, Cathie; we all know that."

"And, Mother,"—Cathie kept on eagerly,— "I shall want you and Father to promise that you will never tell anybody that I got this money." Her cheeks were bright, her eyes glowing. She had forgotten her flowers.

"We will do whatever you wish, my daughter, about this money. It is right that we should. But, sometime, you'll tell Mother about it?"

"I will tell you this very minute, Mother!" And she did.

So much toward the realization of her dream! And now new difficulties arose. She dared not buy the books, for Oscar knew that she alone was aware of his need. She could think of no way of sending the money to him that would not cause him to think she had begged for him, or made his wants known. He might burn it in pride and shame if he could not find the giver. She thought of catching one of his tame doves and tying the money under its wing; but he would know then that it was sent as a gift to him. Cathie was puzzled, but she kept on planning, and at last she decided that there was but one way. She must manage so that he would seem to find the money.

There were difficulties connected with this

method, also, which she did not foresee; but she laid her plans carefully and carried them out.

One day, when she saw him coming up the road, and knew that he was going to the library in the village beyond, she ran swiftly out at the opposite side of the house, through the orchard, and down into the hollow, a quarter of a mile beyond. Here was a little evergreen thicket, with a brush fence on the edge of the road. She placed the bill in the hard, beaten track in full view, scrambled back over the fence, took up a good position in the thick cedars where she could see through the fence, and awaited his coming with an anxious heart. What if somebody else should come along and discover the money before him?

When, at last, he came limping into the hollow on his crutch, her heart was beating so hard that she felt as if it could be heard.

He saw the money,—few things escaped his sight,—stopped and picked it up, and stood looking at it for some time, with his back to Cathie. Then he put it in his pocket and started back toward home. This was a surprise to her, and she knew that he would call at the house to tell her what he had found. What could she do? She could not follow immediately without being seen. The only way was to wait until he had gone into the house, and then run back the way she had come as fast as she could.

She entered as demurely as was possible under the circumstances.

Her hair was roughened, her dress torn, and her eyes were shining with suppressed excitement, to be sure; but she bore herself with remarkable calmness, as her mother afterward assured her.

Oscar came forward eagerly from talking with her mother.

"See, Cathie," he said, "I have found ten dollars!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"But I must find the owner, Cathie," he answered gravely, looking at her almost reproachfully, she thought.

"Oh, you never will, I know, Oscar. It is yours—yours to keep and—and buy books with, or whatever you wish."

Mrs. Brown was trembling at Cathie's eagerness, but she dared not say an encouraging word to Oscar, for conscience' sake. She saw more clearly than charity-blind Cathie how Oscar was looking at the matter.

The boy grew graver and graver as he looked at his little friend. He could not understand the change in her.

"I shall find the owner, Cathie," was all he said, as he went away.

"Oh, Mother, he will keep it perhaps until he dies, if he does n't find the owner. What shall we do?" cried Cathie. And the mother could not think of anything to do that seemed likely to set matters straight.

A whole long month had passed away—it had seemed a year to Cathie—and still Oscar was pushing his efforts to find the owner of the lost money. He had become convinced that no one in the village, nor in the neighborhood where he lived, had lost it.

At last, he said one day to Cathie:

"It might have been that cattle-buyer, Cathie; who knows? He handles a pile of money in a year. I shall ask him, when he goes up again."

Cathie's cheek blanched, and she caught her breath to keep from speaking wrong; for she saw by this time how it would have seemed to her to find ten dollars, and use it without searching for the loser. The tears came into her eyes, and her courage sank.

"If he did not lose it, shall you keep it until you die, and never use it?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Oh, Cathie!" said Oscar, almost breaking down. "Don't care so much about it. You are so anxious for me to have the books, you—you can't see it quite right, Cathie."

Cathie went home with a breaking heart.

On his next trip, the drover was accosted by the boy:

"Did you lose any money, sir, the last time you went down?"

"No, my boy," said the kindly, talkative drover, "none excepting what I paid for damages. I paid the little girl up yonder ten dollars for spoilin' her pretty flower garden. That was a hard one for the poor child. I wonder how she feels about it?"

"She has tried to mend it up some," said Oscar in a daze. "I—I found a bill. I thought perhaps you dropped it."

"No, I've lost none," said the man, driving away.

Oscar's mind was swift and keen. The first thought that had flashed through it was, "How strange that Cathie did not tell me about the money!" For he knew the sum would have seemed a little fortune to her. The next instant, he saw it all. Her eagerness to have him use this money, her flushed appearance the day he found it, the look on her face when he mentioned the drover as the one who might have lost it, and her grief when he had reproved her for her generous earnestness. He bowed his head, and the hot tears fell from his eyes as it all came over him. He put himself in her place, and saw that he must

not spoil the delicate sacrifice she had striven so hard to offer unblemished.

"It was not the drover who lost it, Cathie," he said, quite calmly, the next day. "I have given up trying any further. I shall get my books, and when I am a man"—his voice shook a little—"who knows but I may find the loser and let him know how much good the money did me?"

Cathie's eyes shone like stars. She clasped her hands as she had done when he found the money.

"Oh, Oscar! how glad I am!" was all she said.

He bought the precious books and revered them tenfold, for Cathie's sake.

The lame scholar had become an eminent naturalist, and Cathie had been his wife a year, before he told her the secret he had kept sacred so long.

And Cathie tells her own little daughter to-day that once, at least, in everybody's life something happens "just like a story."

FLAT-BOATING FOR BOYS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.



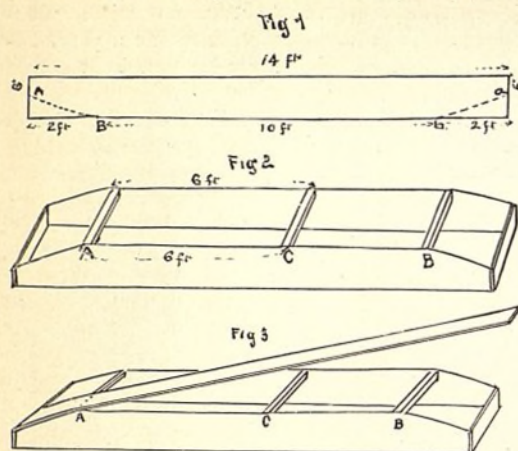
A LAST SUMMER'S HOUSE.

FLAT-BOATS are essentially inland craft, having their origin with the birth of trade in the West before the puffing and panting steam-boats plowed their way through the turbid waters of Western rivers. They are craft that can be used on any stream large enough to float a yawl, but the St. John's River, Florida, is, perhaps, the most tempting stream for the amateur flat-boatman. The numerous inlets and lakes connected with the river, the luxuriant semi-tropical foliage on the banks, the strange-looking fish and great, stupid

alligators, the beautiful white herons, and hundreds of water-fowl of many descriptions,—all form features that add interest to its navigation, and inducements to hunters, fishermen, naturalists, and pleasure-seekers scarcely equaled by any other accessible river of the United States.

To build the hull of the flat-boat, use good pine lumber. For the sides, select two good, straight two-inch planks, fourteen feet long and about sixteen inches wide. Take one of the planks (Figure No. 1), measure six inches from the top upon each

end, and mark the points (A a, Figure No. 1); then upon the bottom measure from each end toward the center two feet, and mark the points (B b,



DIAGRAMS OF THE HULL.

Figure No. 1). With your carpenters' lead-pencil, connect the points A B and a b by a slight but regular curve; saw off the corners along the line

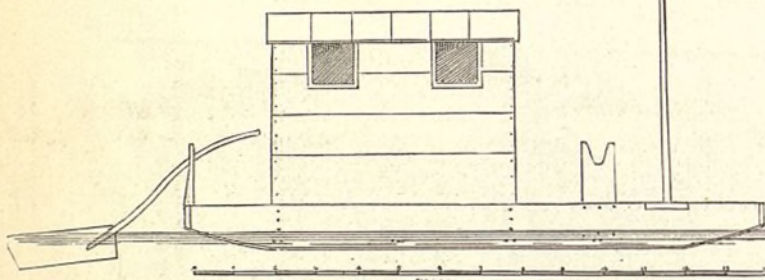


FIGURE NO. 4.—SIDE VIEW OF FLAT-BOAT, WITH CABIN.

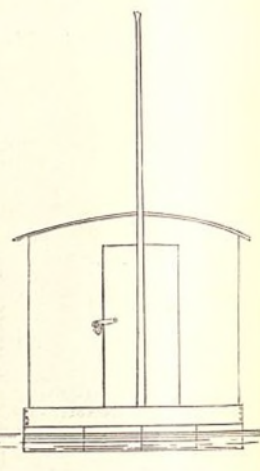


FIGURE NO. 5.—FRONT END VIEW OF FLAT-BOAT, WITH CABIN.

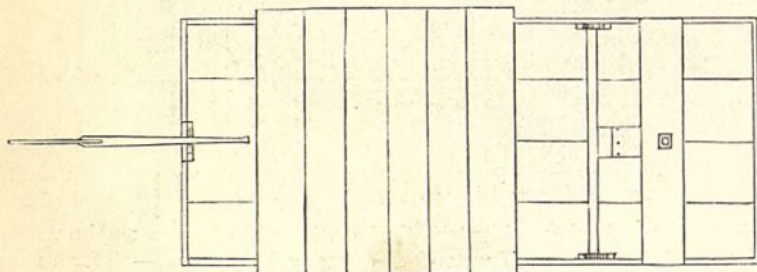


FIGURE NO. 6.—TOP VIEW OF FLAT-BOAT, WITH CABIN.

thus made. Make the other side of your hull an exact duplicate of this.

Then take two two-inch planks, six inches wide and six feet long, for the stem and stern; set the side-pieces on edge, upside down, and nail on the two end-pieces. (See Figure No. 2.) Then, allowing four inches, the thickness of the two sides,

there will be a space inside the boat of five feet eight inches. Take three pieces of scantling, about three inches square and five feet eight inches long; place one near each end, flush with the bottom of the boat, just where the sheer of bow and stern begins. (See Figure No. 2, A and B.) After fitting them carefully, nail them firmly. Take the other piece of scantling and nail it in place at the point C (Figure No. 2), so that it will measure six feet from the outside of the brace at A to the outside of the brace at C.

For the bottom-boards, pick out good, straight half-inch lumber, a little over fourteen feet long, to allow for the curve. Take one of the bottom-boards and nail an end to the stern-board (see Figure No. 3); its side edge must be flush with the outer face of the side-piece. Bend the board

carefully along the curve to the first cross-piece A, and nail it firmly; nail it again at C, and at the bow. Follow the same plan with the next board, being careful to keep it close up against the first board, so as to leave no crack when the bottom is finished. Caulk up any accidental crack with oakum; give

the whole a coating of coal-tar, and let it dry. The remainder of the work is comparatively easy. After the coal-tar has dried, turn the boat over, and erect four posts, one at each end of the cross-piece A, and one at each end of the cross-piece C (Figures Nos. 2 and 3). The tops of the posts should be about five feet above the bottom of

[381.]

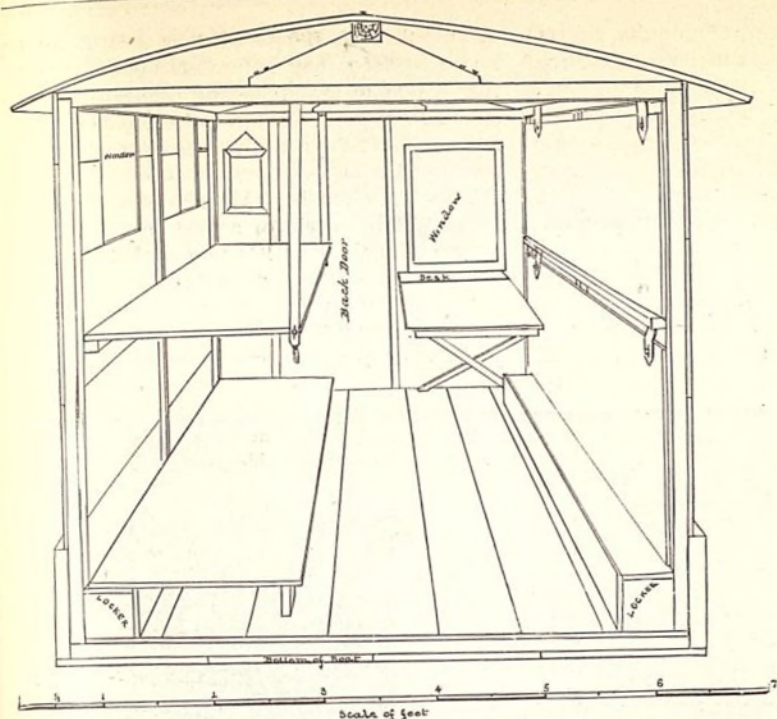


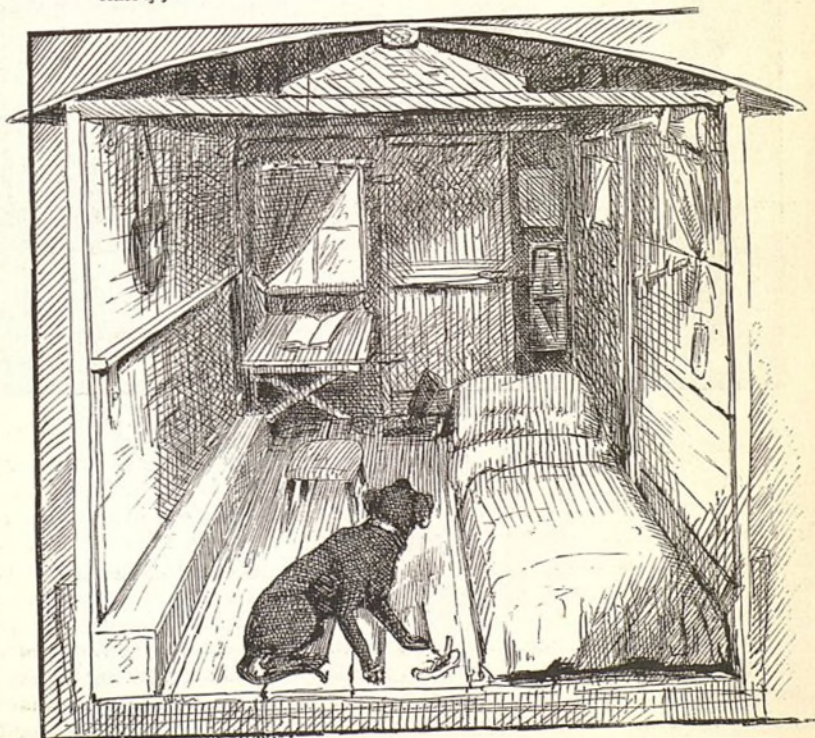
FIGURE NO. 7.—INTERIOR OF CABIN.

the hull. Put a cross-piece on top of the post A, and another at C, and the frame-work of your cabin is done. Make the roof of thin plank, bending it in an arch, so that the middle will rise about one foot higher than the sides. The eaves should overhang about six inches beyond the cabin, upon each side. Board up the sides with material like that used for the roof, leaving openings for windows and doors. Pieces of leather make very good hinges for the door, if there is no hardware store handy, where iron hinges can be procured. The cabin can then be floored, a bunk or two may

be built, and as many other conveniences as your taste or necessities may indicate may be provided,

—a book-shelf, a few clothes-hooks, etc.

Put in oar-locks, each made of a board with a deep notch cut in it; there should be three oar-locks—one for the steering oar and two in front for rowing (see Figure No. 4). Set a seat in front of the oar-locks, with a hole for a jack-staff to pass through. The jack-staff must be made so that it can be taken out or put in at pleasure, by having a simple socket underneath the seat, for the foot of the staff to fit in. When this is done, your boat is ready for use. Figure No. 4 shows a side view of a fourteen-foot flat-boat, with a cabin five



"WHO KNOCKS?"

feet high at the sides and six feet at the middle. Figure No. 5 shows a front view of the same.

Figure No. 6 shows a top view of the flat-boat as it would appear looking down upon the roof of the cabin.

The large diagram, Figure No. 7, drawn in perspective, shows the interior of a plain cabin, with a floor six feet square, walls five feet high, and six feet between the floor and the ridge-pole, at the middle of the roof. The walls need not be more than four feet high, giving five feet between floor and ridge-pole.

A cabin six feet high may be fitted up with four folding berths, which are boards two feet wide, fastened to the wall by strong iron or leather

occupy the cabin, and whether it is to be used by a party of young naturalists upon a collecting tour, or for fishing and shooting excursions, or simply as a sort of picnic boat for a few days' enjoyment, such as most boys in the country are quite well able to plan and carry out unaided.

The picture entitled "Who Knocks?" shows the interior of the cabin of a boat in which the only occupant is the dog left to guard the premises while the flat-boatmen are ashore.

Although this rude home-made flat-boat does not possess speed, yet, with a square sail rigged on the jack-staff, and with a good wind over the stern, it



FLAT-BOATING IN FLORIDA. [SEE PAGE 778.]

hinges, so that they can be let down. The top flap is supported by straps, and the bottom one by folding legs. The diagram shows two berths down upon the left-hand side, and two folded up at the right-hand side. The lockers set under the bottom berths can be used for stowing away bed-clothing.

I shall not describe the construction of the interior of the cabin, my aim being only to suggest how it may be done, as every boy who is smart enough to build a flat-boat will have his own peculiar ideas about the manner in which it should be fitted up inside. The interior construction depends, in a measure, upon the number of persons who are to

can get through the water pretty well; and as this sort of craft draws only a few inches of water, it can float in creeks and inlets where a well-loaded row-boat would drag bottom.

The cost of time and expense in building the flat-boat, under favorable conditions, amounts to little; but should you, upon calculation, find the expense too great, or your time limited, you can, with little work and no expense, build a substitute, which we shall christen the "Crusoe raft."

All that is necessary for the construction of this craft is an ax, an auger, and a hatchet, with some good stout boys to wield them.

For a large raft, collect six or seven logs, not

more than ten inches in diameter; they must be tolerably straight and of nearly the same size. Pick out the longest and biggest for the center;

fire-place, and if the cabin is floored with cross-sticks, and all the cracks are stopped up to prevent the water splashing through, and if a lot of hay is



THE "MAN-FRIDAY" CATAMARAN.

sharpen one end; roll the log into the water, and there secure it. Pick out two logs as nearly alike as possible, to lie one at each side of the center-log. Measure the center-log, and make the point of each side-log, not at its own center, but at that side of it which will lie against the middle-log, so that this side-point shall reach to where the pointing of the middle-log begins. (See Figure No. 8.)

After all the logs needed have been trimmed and made ready to be fitted, roll them into the water and arrange them in order. Fasten them together by cross-strips, boring holes through the strips to correspond with holes bored into the logs lying beneath, and through these holes driving wooden pegs. The water will cause the pegs to swell, and they will hold much more firmly than iron nails.

The skeleton of the cabin is made of saplings; such as are used for hoop-poles are the best. These are bent in an arch, and the ends are thrust into holes bored for the purpose. (See Figure No. 9.) Over this hooping a piece of canvas is stretched, after the manner of the tops of old-fashioned country wagons.

Erect a jack-staff, to be used for a square sail or a flag, and with the addition of some sticks, whitened off at the ends, for oar-locks, your "Crusoe raft" is complete. (See Figure No. 10.)

For oars, use sweeps—long poles, each with a piece of board for a blade fastened to one end. A hole must be bored through the pole, about three feet from the handle, to slip over the peg used as oar-lock; this peg should be high enough to allow you to stand while using the sweeps.

A flat stone placed at the bow will serve for a

piled in, you will have a most comfortable bed at night.

The "Crusoe raft" has one great advantage over all boats. You can take a long trip down a river on it, allowing the current to bear you along; then, after your trip is finished, you can abandon the raft and return by steam-boat or cars.

I remember visiting a lake at the head-water of the Miami. High and precipitous cliffs surrounded the little body of water. So steep were the great, weather-beaten rocks that it was only where the stream came tumbling down, past an old mill, that an accessible path could be found. Down that path I climbed, accompanied by my cousin; for we knew that bass lurked in the deep, black holes among the rocks. We had no jointed rods nor

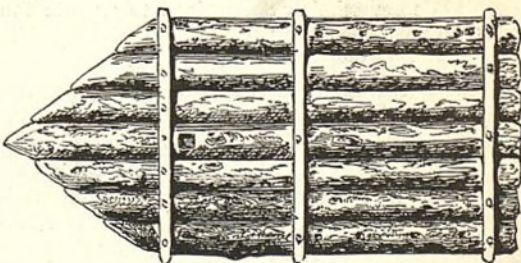


FIGURE NO. 8.—FLOAT OF "CRUSOE RAFT."

fancy tackle; but the fish there are not particular, and seldom hesitate to bite at a bait suspended by a coarse line from a freshly cut hickory sapling.

Even now, I feel the thrill of excitement and expectancy as, in imagination, my pole is bent

nearly double by the frantic struggles of those "gamy" black bass. After spending the morning fishing, we built a fire upon a short stretch of sandy beach, and, cleaning our fish, washing them

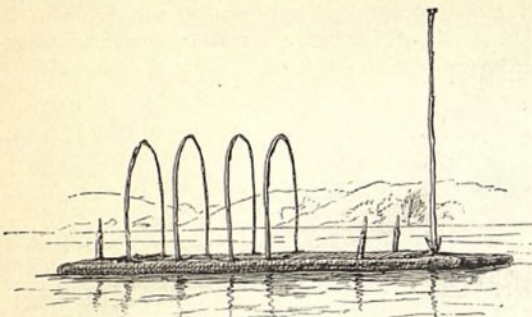


FIGURE NO. 9.—"CRUSOE RAFT," WITH SKELETON CABIN.

in the spring close at hand, we put them among the embers to cook.

While the fire was getting our dinner ready for us, we threw off our clothes and plunged into the cool waters of the lake. Inexpert swimmers as we were at that time, the opposite shore, though apparently only a stone's-throw distant, was too far off for us to reach by swimming. Many a longing and curious glance we cast toward it, however, and strong was the temptation that beset us to try the unknown depths intervening. A pair of brown ears appeared above the ferns near the water's edge, and a fox peeped at us; squirrels ran about the fallen trunks of trees or scampered up the rocks, as saucily as though they understood that we could not swim well enough to reach their side of the lake; and high up the face of the cliff was a dark spot, which we almost knew was the entrance to some mysterious cavern.

How we longed for a boat! But not even a raft nor a dug-out could be seen anywhere upon the glassy surface of the water, or along its reedy border. We nevertheless determined to explore the lake next day, even if we should have to paddle astride of a log.

The first rays of the morning sun had not reached the dark waters before my companion and I were hard at work, with ax and hatchet, chopping in two a long log we had discovered near the mill. We had at first intended to build a raft; but gradually we evolved a sort of catamaran. The two pieces of log we sharpened at the ends for the bow; then we rolled the logs down upon the beach, and, while I went into the thicket to chop down some saplings, my companion borrowed an auger. We next placed the logs about three feet apart, and, marking the points where we intended to put the cross-pieces, we cut notches there; then we placed the saplings across, fitting them into these notches.

To hold them securely, we bored holes down through the sapling cross-pieces into the logs; then, with the hatchet, we hammered wooden pegs into these holes. For the seat, we used the half of a section of log,

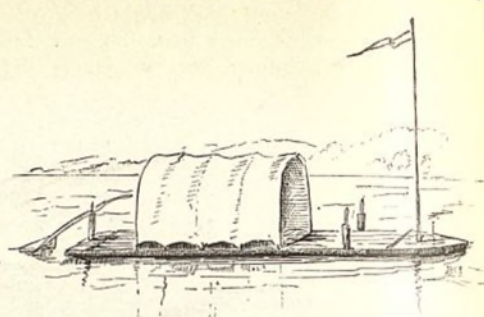


FIGURE NO. 10.—"CRUSOE RAFT," COMPLETE.

the flat side fitting into places cut for that purpose. All that remained to be done now was to make a seat in the stern, and a pair of oar-locks. At a proper distance from the oarsman's seat we bored two holes, for a couple of forked sticks, which answered admirably for oar-locks; across the stern we fastened another piece of log, similar to that used for the oarsman's seat. With the help of a man from the mill, our craft was launched; and then, with a pair of oars made of old pine board, we rowed off, leaving the miller waving his hat.

Our catamaran was not so light as a row-boat, but it floated, and we could propel it with the oars, and, best of all, it was our own invention and made with our own hands. We called it a "Man-friday," and by means of it we explored every nook in the length and breadth of the lake; and, ever afterward, when we wanted a boat, we knew a simple and inexpensive way to make one,—and a safe one, too.

The picture on page 776 shows how, some years ago, a certain flat-boating party enjoyed a "tie-up" one day, on the St. John's River, Florida. The boat was named "The Ark," and among its comforts were a tiny cook-stove and four glass windows.

In those days, no band of "flatters" was much thought of that failed to slay an alligator in the first day or two, and it was in deference to this public opinion that "The Ark" bore at each side of its cabin one of these reptiles as a trophy.

During the cruise, the members of the party had frequent occasion to put into practice all manner of devices for saving labor, and making the hunter as far as practicable independent of a mate when, as often happened, two men could not be spared to go foraging together. One of these "wrinkles," as they were termed, was a floating fish-car, which, being attached to the fisher's waist, floated behind him as he waded, netting. This arrangement not

only saved much weariness in carrying finny spoils to camp after, perhaps, a long and trying day, but it helped to keep the fish fresh; and, when not in active use, it was towed behind "The Ark."

Many hints of this same kind might be given, but this one will suffice to show that a boy with his wits about him can lighten very materially the

fatigues inseparable from camping-out and flat-boating. Endurance of hardship is noble in itself, and there is call enough for it in this rough-and-tumble world; but the fellow who most enjoys "roughing it" in a trip outdoors is he who is quick to save himself unnecessary exertion by using the simple means at hand.

BUILDERS BY THE SEA.

BY W. T. PETERS.



THERE'S a certain quartette,
Who, I now understand,
Are very much given
To shoveling sand;
And along by the beach
Their great castles are planned,
With the walls and the battlements
Built of sand.
But I wonder if ever they dream while they play,
That the billows will wash all their castles away.

Never mind, my quartette,
Work away in the sand!
There are hundreds just like you
All over the land,—
Whose wonderful castles,
So tall and so grand,
Are builded of nothing
But glittering sand,—
Who forget that ere close of the short summer day,
The billows will wash their fine castles away.

Áyuntamiento de Madrid

"A BOY ON THE PLACE."

BY HELENE J. HICKS.



"WHAT does ail Debby and Towzer?"

"Did you speak, Jane?"

"Yes; I said, 'What ails Debby and Towzer?' Debby's been goin' on for some time down there in the garden, and Towzer is barkin' in the distractedest way around the hay-stack down yonder in the meadow. I can't make out either Debby or Towzer; can you, Susan?"

Susan, the youngest of the three Bently sisters,—who owned to her fifty years,—thus appealed to, came out from the roomy pantry, with her cap-borders flying, and her floury hands dripping tiny white flakes over Jane's clean kitchen, and upon the shining floor of the porch which overlooked both hill-side garden and meadow.

A merry, contagious laugh from Susan's lips, quickly echoed by Jane, caused Debby to halt a moment in her frantic chase after some intruder, not visible to the two upon the porch.

"It does—beat—all!" gasped Debby, as she paused; and then came an indistinct sentence, which the others failed to catch, and the dumpy figure hastened on again, at the same time throwing stones, sticks, clam-shells, and tufts of grass, at the object of her pursuit.

"I do think, Susan, we ought to go down and help Debby; there's no tellin' what it may be."

"If only Debby would consent to having a boy on the place! He'd be so handy with her in the garden."

Susan, the little woman, with tender voice, must certainly have had great loveliness in early youth, for traces of a sunny beauty lay still upon the good, fair face—in fact, gleams of a fair and beautiful youth were seen also upon the other two faces, but more clearly upon Susan's.

"Deed yes, Suse; that is what I tell Debby every summer. But you know what she says, it would make too much extra sewing for my old fingers, and more work for you in the baking and cooking, and, like's not, only hinder her in the garden after all; and then she says, too, 'Where on earth is the boy to come from?' Debby always winds up with that, you know. There's some sense in that last, Susan, and that's all the sense I see."

"There is n't a mite in it, Jane, not a grain. Why, there's plenty of boys, and good ones, too,

only Debby's so sure of bein' taken in by them. Now, I don't know much about boys in general, but I believe they're human, and like most other creatures; if you're good and tender with them, Jane, the bad will come out. I calc'late it is n't in the Bentlys to abuse anything; and so I think 'most any boy would do."

Tender-hearted little Susan had reached the garden gate at the conclusion of this speech, and she was about to open it, when a cry from Debby caused her to start back, and falling against Jane, knock that worthy woman quite off her feet.

"Don't come in yet, Susan, for goodness' sake! These three hens have tuckered the life almost out of me.—There goes one over the fence! Stand back, Jane. Thank goodness! There goes another. Shoo! Bend down, Susan; your head's in the way, and this is the meanest hen of the three. Shoo! She sees your head bobbin' up, Susan. Mind! There now,—shoo! There she goes; that's the last. Thank goodness! I'm 'most tuckered out." Debby sat right down upon one of the beds without ceremony, fanning with her bonnet the round, red face, and moist brow.

Susan and Jane, both convulsed with laughter, entered the garden, closing the gate carefully.

"It does beat all, now," said Jane with pity for Debby, who was sitting there forlorn and exhausted. "The hens bother you uncommon, Debby; if you would only consent to let me and Susan help here a bit."

"Help? As though you and Susan did n't have your hands full."

"I say, Debby, do let us have a boy on the place."

"Susan, Susan, you child! You don't know what you're talkin' about; I don't want a boy in my garden; and a better reason, where's the boy to come from, I'd like to know? Yes, I'd like to know, Susan! If Providence should send one right down here under my nose,—so to speak,—why, I'd take him; but Providence don't trouble about such small matters, I reckon. It would seem silly."

"Oh, Debby! don't say that; but you don't mean it, that's one consolation," said gentle, motherly Susan, seeing the broad smile upon Debby's face.

"Now then," said brisk, energetic Debby, rising, "since the hens are out of the garden, and I can breathe again, I want to know what ails Towzer? I did n't have time to think before."

Sure enough! What did ail Towzer? The lazy old dog was barking, howling, and chasing around the hay-stack down in the meadow in a frantic and unbecoming manner, very unlike his usually quiet and dignified conduct.

"It's a rat, as likely as not," said Jane, turning homeward.

"Wait, Jane; listen!" It was Susan who spoke, hurriedly and low.

"That is n't a rat, nor a hen cacklin' neither; it sounds like a cry," said Debby, looking sternly at the hay-stack.

"It is a cry, girls! Come, Towzer is tormentin' something there, as sure as you live."

Susan ran as nimbly as a young girl down the side-hill and across the road, and had reached the bars and entered the meadow before the two elder ones had come to the road.

"Towzer, stop! Here, Towzer!" called Susan, and Towzer yelped and barked louder than ever, while the cry of a human voice came more distinctly at every step.

"What can it be?" cried Susan, breaking into a run as she neared the stack. Towzer, barking excitedly, met her, leading her quite around to the other side, where the object of his annoyance was found, crouched



"DEBBY STARTED BACK, FALLING AGAINST JANE."

"Lord pity us all!" cried Susan,—who never said that, excepting under extraordinary circumstances,—and then the tears quite ran over from her loving brown eyes, and dropped down, one by one, upon Towzer's head.

"A child, under the hay-stack! How on earth did it come here, and when?"

Susan, in her pity and bewilderment, never thought of questioning the child, therefore she only stared, while Towzer, seemingly quite content with having accomplished his object,—that of bringing the family down to the meadow,—sat down and panted, overcome with his exertions, as Debby had been after chasing the hens.

"A child!" cried Jane, looking over Susan's shoulder, in a helpless, befogged way.

"A boy!" ejaculated Debby, aghast.

Susan, mopping away the tears from her face, recovered tone and spirits in a flash. For a bright idea, such a brilliant idea, had come to Susan. "There's something queer about this, Debby; there's a Providence in this, mind it. Come, boy, come right out now, we're friends."

Debby stared, and Jane laughed nervously, while Susan assisted the big-eyed, famished-looking boy to his feet.

"Your dog!" he gasped, crouching close to Susan's side.

"Bless you! Towzer would n't hurt a fly," said Susan, to assure the frightened child.

"He took my breakfast." The great, hungry eyes looked up to Susan, who said beneath her breath, "Lord pity us all!"

"Towzer, you thief!" said Jane, harshly, and with a desire to conciliate the boy. "What did your breakfast consist of, poor boy?"

The famished lad made no reply to this question of Jane's, but the brown, hungry eyes were raised appealingly to Susan, and rested a moment upon Towzer, before they closed, and the long black lashes lay thick and dark upon the white, sunken cheeks.

"Lord pity us all! He's fainted dead away!" cried Susan, as she gathered the frail boy in her strong, motherly arms; and, without a word to astonished Debby and Jane, she strode like a determined gen-

eral across the meadow, with Towzer quietly at her heels, up the hill, over the cool porch, through Jane's clean kitchen, dropping bits of hay at intervals, on through the darkened sitting-room, to the quiet little bedroom beyond, and deposited her burden upon the white bed. Then she ran—yes, really ran—to the kitchen closet, and returned—as Debby laughingly told the story years after—with not only the camphor and brandy bottles, but also the salt and pepper, together with the saleratus and mustard cups, just as Debby and Jane entered in amazed silence.

"She has taken him to the sitting-room bedroom!" said Jane, surprised beyond measure, at the same time conceiving a great admiration for

this little Susan, who could always think and perform twice, before Jane or Debby could arrive at even the shadow of a conclusion.

"It was the nearest bed,

got a comfortable, healthy sort of look, owing to their amazin' size. There now, Sonny, swallow this weak brandy."

Susan was bending down over the white face, smoothing the brown hair, and smiling a succession of sunbeamy smiles, right into the face and heart of this outcast. A wan smile answered her; and the weary eyes looked up a moment at Debby, gratefully, as he swallowed the weakened brandy, but they returned to Susan's face again, and rested there.

"I don't suppose, Debby, we know how to deal with children exactly, never havin' had any around," said Susan, mournfully and apologetically; at the same time, one plump hand was tenderly smoothing the boy's hair, while the other clasped one of his thin hands, which was not very clean, either.

"Never mind, Susan, we know how to feed 'em, any way; and I reckon that 'll reach their hearts as soon as anything. Right, Jane; you've brought one of the blue bowls, have n't you? That broth smells amazin' good! Now, then, Sonny!"

Debby took the spoon from Jane's hand—Jane still holding the bowl—and prepared to feed the famished boy.

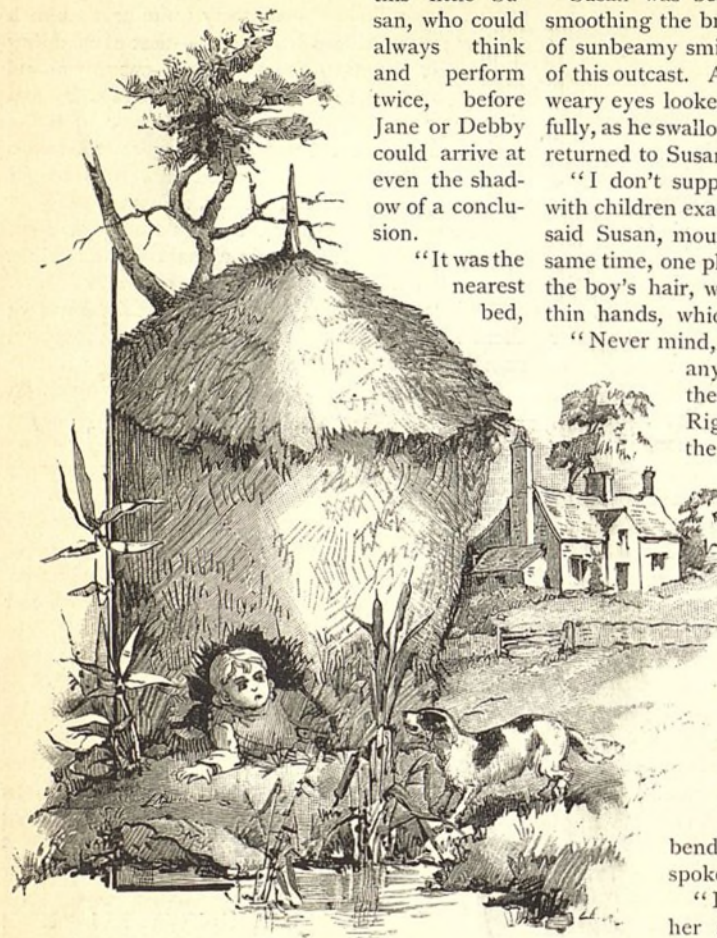
"I'll raise him up, Debby, so that he can eat better." And accordingly, Susan raised the boy's head to her shoulder, when he looked up with the feeble smile again, while his lips moved painfully; and Susan, bending her ear, alone caught the low-spoken words.

"Lord, pity us all!" cried she to her sisters. "He says he is only a beggar-boy,—not to trouble about him,—as though we cared for that!"

Tears sprang to three pairs of eyes, and Debby quickly carried a big spoonful of the broth to the white lips. He ate slowly and seemingly in pain a moment or two, and then turned from it with a shiver and sigh, muttering:

"I was so hungry yesterday! I could have swallowed it all, sure, yesterday! This morning, I had a piece of bread. The dog took it; but I don't care; I did n't want it. I'm so tired and so sleepy!"

Susan put him gently down, and, as he tossed his arms restlessly, and a wild, frightened look came to his eyes, the three tender-hearted little women looked eagerly at one another for an answer to the question each face was mutely asking: "What shall we do?"



TOWZER INVESTIGATES THE HAY-STACK.

Jane, and such a comfortable spot; when I had fever 'n' ager, why, I quite enjoyed lyin' here," apologized Susan, as she was about to deluge the wan-faced boy with camphor and brandy, which Debby, with a strong hand, prevented just in time. Debby, you see, had reached a conclusion or two, and she was now ready to act with the foremost, as she always was after once deciding.

"He's comin' to, Susan; never mind all that stuff you've brought in here from the closet. This boy is starved out, that's all; he does n't want your camphire, and mustard, nor salt, neither, but you just weaken a bit of the brandy, and Jane, you be quick and see if that broth I smell is n't most done, or boiled itself to death, and bring a bowlful in here; take one of the blue bowls, Jane, they've

As usual, Susan was first to recover.

"I'll have old Doctor Jones here in a wink."

"No, Susan, let me go," said Jane, quickly.

"He seems to know you better,—this child does; sort of smiles now and then, as if he knew you. I'll go."

Ten minutes later, old Doll stood at the gate below, and Jane was clambering into the covered wagon, while Debby, on the porch, shouted numberless messages.

Susan, at the bedside, sat quite still, clasping one of the burning hands, and smoothing the hair from the hot forehead. She sat there patiently through the long hour of Jane's absence, listening to the low muttering of the sick boy, from which they could glean nothing of his past; while Debby stole in and out on tiptoe, halting at the bedside a moment or two, then away again to the kitchen to look after matters there; and so, patient, faithful, Susan sat on, not only that one hour, but many, many hours, through long days and weary nights, while the feeble life ebbed lower and lower, as the fever brought on by hunger and exhaustion seemed to burn and shrivel up the little body to a skeleton.

Through the long weary nights and days, the three watchers, themselves growing white and anxious, listened wonderingly to one sentence, repeated again and again,—sometimes gayly, then so sadly and wearily that the tears would rush to the eyes of the patient women:

"The tide's out, Father; I'm coming to shore."

"What shore was he nearing?" Susan wondered, one day, after so many had passed away anxiously and slowly,—wondered with a pain at her heart, the motherly soul; for this lonely child who had come to them in such a Providential way—Susan held to that—was growing strangely dear to her, and not only to her, but to Debby and Jane, who, perhaps, could not have told what was stirring their hearts, and bringing out caresses and tender words that the unconscious boy neither felt nor heard.

"Which shore was he approaching?" again and again Susan asked herself and the doctor; and then prayed it might be this, if only that they might be tender and kind to him a bit, before his feet should touch upon that other shore.

All this and more good Susan thought and prayed on; and then there really came a day—a most wonderful day, for they never left off going back to it with joy and triumph—when the brown eyes opened and smiled right up into good Susan's face, causing her to beam down upon him so cheerily he really thought at first he had gone to heaven, and that was the face of an angel who was to lead him straight to father and mother.

To tell of the slow return to health would be

wearisome; therefore, we shall skip it. But there came a day, after weeks of nourishing and care, when Willie—that was his name—Willie Brent—told these good friends, including Doctor Jones, of his dead mother—so long dead—and his father, a fisherman, at Ellerton, on the coast, ten miles away, who had been drowned within sight of his home,—a poor old tumble-down shanty; and, after that, Willie, having started out to seek his fortune, and to get out of sight of the cruel sea, strayed across the country here, there, and all over, begging his way, but without seeming to find a fortune, and sank at last, under the haystack, where Towzer found him out at once.

"And now, when must he be moving off?"

This was asked one day after health and strength had come back to the sick boy, filling out the cheeks and tinging them with a rich color. The bright eyes shone, also, so honest and clear that Susan, clasping him in her strong, motherly arms, cried out: "Do you suppose we shall ever, ever let you go away? No, not while I live and breathe! Lord pity us all! No, never!"

And then two young arms wound themselves closely around Susan's neck, and the brown head, rosy cheeks, and all, lay upon Susan's shoulder.

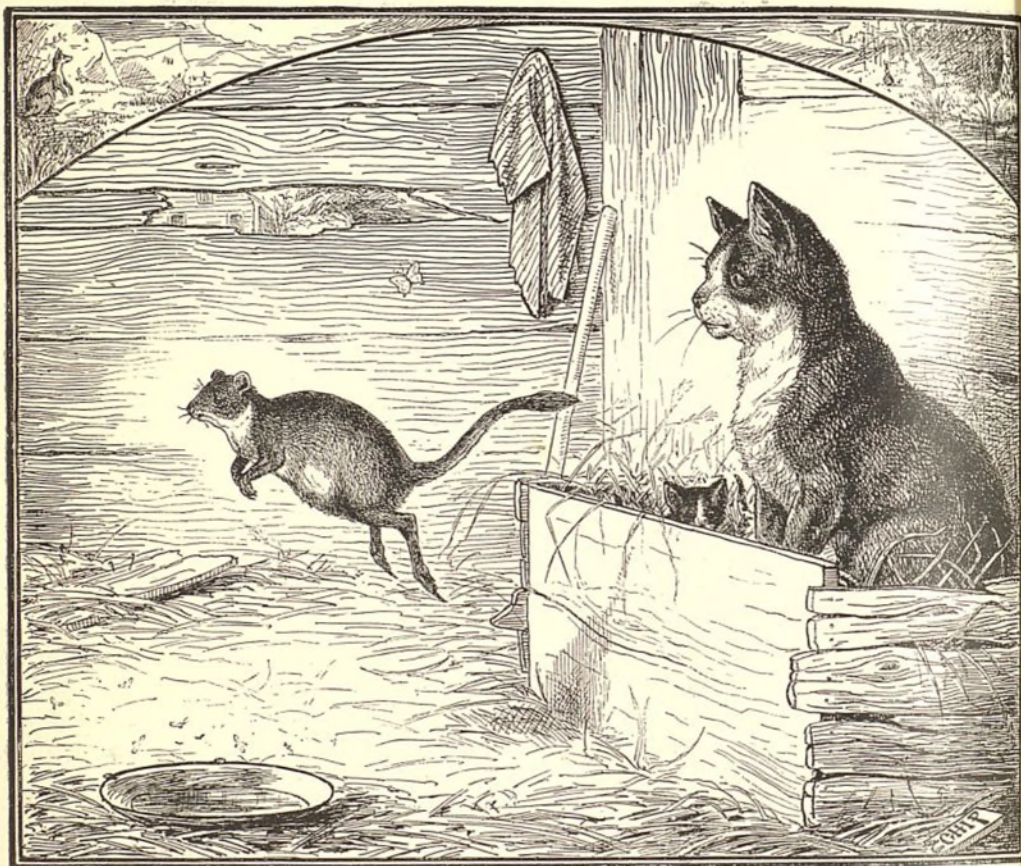
Willing hands and nimble feet Willie Brent brought to the quiet old homestead, and the tenderness that succored him in that hour of need was



the brightest spot in all Willie's life to turn to in after years, and was always remembered by him, but most tenderly after Susan—Mother Susan, as he had very early learned to call her—was carried out from the old home to rest on the hill-side.

A STRANGE FOUNDLING.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



MANY years ago, I was living in that curious topsy-turvy island-continent called Australia, where the pears have the stalk at the big end, where the pits grow outside the cherries, where the swans are black, where strawberries ripen at Christmas, and where they have four-footed beasts with the bills of birds,—well, when I was living in this country, I one day came into possession of a young kangaroo-rat, which is a little animal almost exactly resembling a kangaroo, only much smaller.

I was at first somewhat puzzled how I should feed my foundling, as it was too young to take care of itself, when I suddenly remembered that my old cat, "Vic," had just become possessed of a large family of little kittens, and I resolved to see whether she would not adopt my kangarooing as one of her own family. I had some doubt whether she might not decline the charge, and make a meal

of my pet; so I watched her secretly when she returned to her wooden box full of children, after I had slyly slipped the rat in among them during her temporary absence in search of food. When she came back, she sniffed the little fellow curiously once or twice, but soon came to the conclusion that he could, at least, do no harm, and left him in quiet slumber with the rest. So I turned away satisfied, and pleased with her hospitality.

After a few days, I noticed that puss was particularly affectionate to the little stranger, showing it more attention than any other member of the family circle. The rat grew apace, and soon was strong enough to use those wonderful jumping instruments, its hind legs, with great effect.

Well, one day, I went into the shed to see how the orphan was getting along. The old cat was licking it fondly, when, all of a sudden, it made a

big jump from under pussy's nose, clear out of the box. The look of surprise and anxiety which at once came over the cat's face was comical to see. She watched this strange foundling of hers for a few seconds with an expression of troubled wonder, and then, slowly and deliberately moving one paw after another, crawled out of the box, and, coming stealthily behind the rat, took it gently by the neck and carried it back to her nest. When she had got it safely home, she settled down, and began licking it and purring over it, apparently perfectly contented. But in a few minutes, in the midst of her happiness,—Flick! out jumped the rat again. Puss looked terribly distressed, but, as before, she crawled out of her box and brought the truant home.

This little game was repeated more or less during the whole day, puss sometimes allowing the rat to make two or three bounds around the building before she brought it back, she following close behind with eager and anxious looks. The poor foster-mother evidently thought she had brought into the world a prodigy—something mysteriously wonderful. She seriously neglected her own kittens, who, poor little things, might have suffered had they not been just old enough to lap milk.

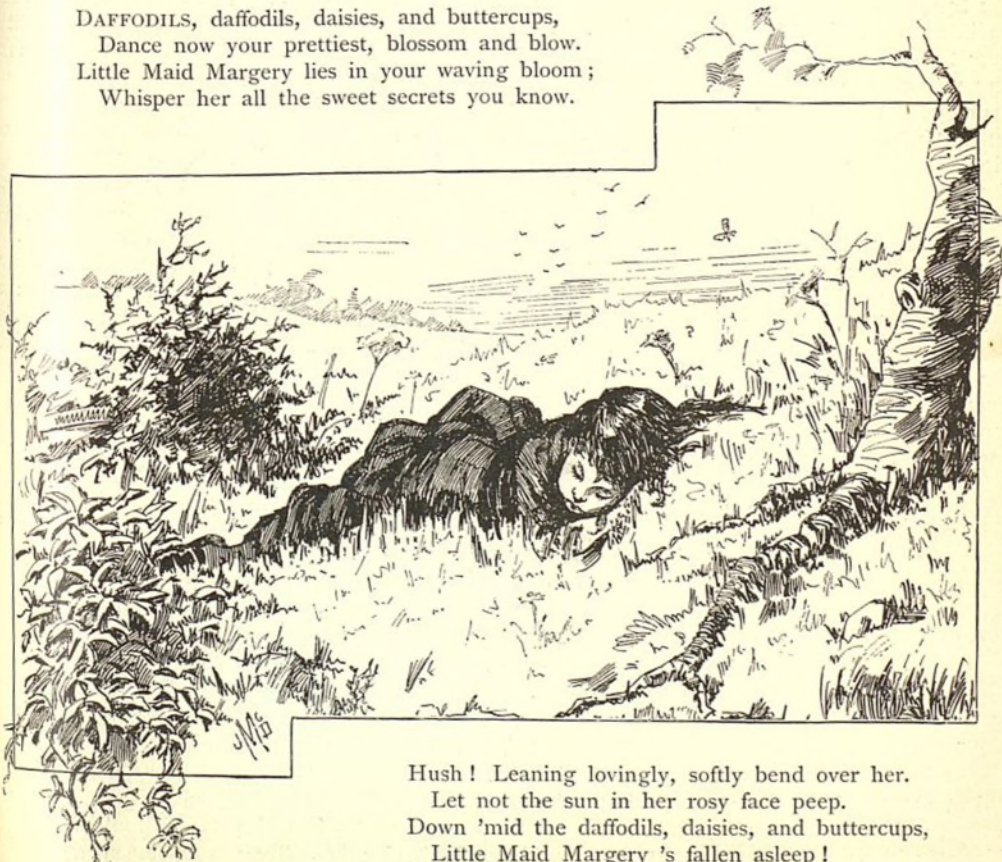
The old cat never deserted her wonderful child, and it was a funny sight, when the rat grew up, to see pussy following it on its jumping excursions.

I do not know what was the end of this attachment, for, soon after, I sailed away from that country, and left the cat and the rat behind me.

LITTLE MAID MARGERY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

DAFFODILS, daffodils, daisies, and buttercups,
Dance now your prettiest, blossom and blow.
Little Maid Margery lies in your waving bloom;
Whisper her all the sweet secrets you know.



Hush! Leaning lovingly, softly bend over her.
Let not the sun in her rosy face peep.
Down 'mid the daffodils, daisies, and buttercups,
Little Maid Margery's fallen asleep!

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER X.

THE city of Bogota was the largest town with the fewest inhabitants we had ever seen in America. Three hundred years ago, when the Spaniards conquered the empire of the Incas, they found in the Andes a lovely valley, of such beauty and fertility that it seemed strange it should be uninhabited. It was traversed by the Rio Francisco,—a rapid stream that furnished plenty of water-power for the mining works of the Spanish gold-hunters,—and before long, the banks of the river were lined with workshops, warehouses, and country-seats. But sixty years after, when Bogota was almost the largest city in South America, one of the neighboring mountains proved to be an active volcano, and the Spaniards now found out what had kept the Indians from settling the Val de Francisco. Whenever the volcano was in a state of eruption, the city was shaken by an earthquake, and, in the course of the next century, some twenty or thirty such catastrophes destroyed the churches and principal dwelling-houses, until all the wealthier residents removed to the plain along the coast.

We entered the town by a gate that was almost blockaded with the *débris* of broken walls, and the buildings of the next four or five streets looked as forlorn as school-houses in the summer vacation; but there was no lack of stable-room, and we soon found a family who agreed to board our animals for the mere cost of feeding them, besides a couple of dollars for their trouble. We also procured an extra guide,—a *Pantanero*, or "Moor-man," as the Spaniards call the Indians of the Peruvian lowlands. He pretended to be well acquainted with the road to the next boat-station on the Amazon River; so we engaged him, although our landlord warned us that he was a *hombre heretico*,—an unbeliever,—besides having a terrific appetite. This second indictment was corroborated the next day, ten miles below Bogota, where I shot a large gruya, or black heron. Our moor-man was delighted to find that I wanted only the skin of the bird, and he ate every bit of the rest, leaving nothing but the head and some of the larger bones.

But water-fowl are very abundant in the Amazon valley, and if our new guide was going to content himself with such fare, we thought there would be

no danger of his ruining us by the exercise of his peculiar gift.

When we approached the southern frontier of New Granada, the hill-country expanded into broad pampas, grassy plateaus, with strips of woodland here and there, and a great variety of game. We shot some pheasants and sand-rabbits, and, in a copse of mesquite-bushes, our dog scared up a troop of strange-looking birds, with the short wings and long legs of young turkeys, but about ten times as big. We caught one of them, and, by cross-examining the Indian, I at last identified our prisoner. It was a young casuar, or American ostrich; and, half an hour after, we came across a flock of old ones, rushing through the bush with flopping wings, and making straight for the open pampa. Rough started in pursuit, with Menito and me following at the top of our speed; but the casuars ran like deer, and soon vanished in the distance,—much to the regret of our moor-man, who had promised himself a magnificent barbecue.

"Where is Tommy?" I asked, when I returned to the place where we had left our mule.

"He's in that bush over yonder," said Daddy Simon. "He has found a nest of—what-d'-ye-call 'ems? I never saw such creatures in Mexico."

"Yes, look here; I have captured two of them," said Tommy, emerging from the bush with a bundle of something in his hand. "It took me about twenty minutes to find the little dodgers; but it will be still harder to find a name for them. Just look at this! Have you ever seen such prickly hobgoblins?"

"They are what we call 'huatarácachiconitos,'" observed the moor-man, when Tommy opened his bundle.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Daddy Simon; "but you are a heretic, you know. This boy wants to know the Christian name."

"Does anybody know what they are?" asked Tommy.

I had to own myself puzzled. The "hobgoblins" looked almost like hedgehogs, but had long ring-tails, and hands like little monkeys. "Prickly opossums" is the best term I can think of in describing them to North American readers. Their sharp spines would have made them a nuisance to our smooth-skinned pets; so we put them in a basket by themselves, and, some six days after, the

lid of that basket was accidentally left open, and our two nondescripts made their escape; but one of them was recaptured, and when I showed it to a friend in La Guayra, we found out that it was the South American tree-porcupine (*Hystrix caudata*),—a creature found only in Southern New Granada and in Peru.

On the third evening after our departure from Bogota, we encamped on the banks of the Rio Patamayo (a tributary of the Amazon), in a grove of majestic adansonias, or monkey fig-trees. High over our heads we heard an incessant grunting and chattering, but the evening was too far advanced for us to distinguish the little creatures that moved in the top branches of the tall trees. The next morning, however, the noise recommenced, and we saw that the grunters were a sort of small raccoons, and the chatterers a troop of *monos*, or capuchin monkeys, that seemed to have their head-quarters in the top of the highest tree.

"They have not seen us yet," said Tommy, who was watching their gambols through the foliage of the underbrush. "Oh, Uncle," he whispered, "do you remember what you told me about catching monkeys with a decoy? Please, let us try it here; they are nearly of the same kind as our Billy."

After a consultation with the Indians, we fastened Master Bobtail to a long string, and made him go up the tree as high as we could drive him without betraying our presence to his relatives. We had no traps for catching them, but our plan was to let them come near enough for us to shoot one of the mothers without hurting her babies. Billy's rope, as we had expected, got entangled before long, and, finding himself at the end of his tether, he began to squeal, and his cries soon attracted the attention of his friends in the tree-top. We heard a rustling in the branches, and presently an old ring-tail made his appearance, and, seeing a stranger, his chattering at once brought down a troop of his companions, mostly old males, though. Mother-monkeys with babies are very shy, and those in the tree-top seemed to have some idea that all was not right; they clambered to the very end of the branches to ascertain the cause of the hubbub, but not one came near enough, and to shoot them from such a distance and perhaps only cripple them or their poor youngsters, would have been useless cruelty.

Their husbands, though, came nearer and nearer, and had almost reached Billy's perch, when all at once their leader slipped behind the tree like a dodging squirrel, and at the same moment we heard from above a fierce, long-drawn scream: a harpy-eagle was circling around the tree-top, and coming down with a sudden swoop, he seized one luckless mother-monkey, that had not found time to reach a hiding-place. The poor thing held on

to her branch with all her might, knowing that her life and her baby's were at stake, but the eagle caught her by the throat and his throttling clutch at last made her relax her grip, and with a single flop of his mighty wings, the harpy raised himself some twenty feet, mother, baby, and all. Then we witnessed a most curious instance of maternal devotion and animal instinct—unless I should call it presence of mind: when branch after branch slipped from her grip and all hope was over, the mother with her own hands tore her baby from her neck and flung it down into the tree, rather than have it share the fate she knew to be in store for herself. I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun after the robber, but without effect; the rascal already had ascended to a height of at least two hundred feet, and he flew off, with the switching tail of his victim dangling from between his claws.

When the smoke cleared away, the monkey-assembly had broken up with screams of horror, while from the distance the report of my shots was answered by a multitude of croaking voices, and beyond the hills the sky was literally blackened with swarming crows, that seemed to have risen from the depths of the virgin woods, some five or six miles ahead. Menito, our champion climber, recovered Billy and the rope, and also brought us a splendid night-butterfly, which he had caught at the expense of several scratches to his naked arms, for the lower branches of the monkey-tree were almost completely overgrown with the coils of the prickly *cordero*, or thorn-vine—a climbing plant of amazing toughness, and bristling with long, sharp spines.

Our chances for dinner were excellent that morning; besides the birds and rabbits I had shot the day before, we had a lot of Bogota ginger-cakes, and the Indians gathered about a peck of wild potatoes that grew in abundance along the slope of the river-bank. We agreed to camp at the next spring, and the moor-man took us to a place called the Fuente del Tigre, or Tiger's Fountain, a clear little rivulet in a deep ravine. At the foot of the glen there was a natural meadow, so green and shady that our old mule broke forth in an exultant bray; and again the echo was answered by the voices of countless crows, quite near us this time, for ten or twelve of them—a scouting party, probably—flew over our camping ground, and presently flew back again, to report what they had seen.

"They are Iris-crows," said the moor-man; "they have their roost in that copse of tanka-oaks behind the ravine. I saw them in that same place about five years ago. My brother fired a shot at them, and I never in my life heard such a noise as they then made."

"Please, let us try that," said Tommy; "I believe I can find the place; it seems to be a regular rookery."

"All right," said I; "but hurry back; dinner will soon be ready."

Menito, meanwhile, had watered our mule, and reported that, farther up, the rill was as cold as ice, so I picked up the drinking-cup and accompanied him to the spring. We had followed the windings of the glen for some five or six hundred yards, when suddenly the boy seized my arm, and by a sort of instinct at the same moment my eyes met those of an animal crouching behind a fallen tree, not more than fifteen paces from where we stood. "Don't stir," I whispered; "that's a panther! The least movement, and he will make a spring."

Menito stood as still as a statue, but I felt his finger-nails piercing my skin; he began to realize our situation, for even through the gloom of the ravine and the intervening branches of the fallen tree we could see that the animal was getting ready for action; inch by inch it advanced its fore paws and lowered its head. At that moment, as I gripped my hunting-knife, the report of a gun

landed him on the other side of the creek, and with the second jump he was away and out of sight among the boulders of a branch ravine.

"That was Tommy's shot-gun," said I; "he fired at the rookery, I suppose," for once more the hills were ringing with the croaks and caws of the Iris-crows.

Menito made no reply, but still clutched my arm, and looking into his face, I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks—the first and last time I ever caught him crying. I never saw a braver lad of his age, but the excitement for once had overstrained his nerves.

"Oh, please, Señor, let me get your rifle," said he, as soon as he had shaken off his shudder. "We must get even with that fellow, and may be he has his young ones in this very ravine."

The second suggestion made me agree to the proposition; but our search was in vain; the panther either had no young ones or its den was very well hidden.

"Never mind," said Tommy, who had joined us on our return from the ravine; "that chase has given us an appetite for dinner, if nothing else."

But this was to be a day of surprises: when we got back to our camping ground, Daddy Simon met us with news that our dinner had disappeared, vanished utterly; rabbits, pheasants, and potatoes, besides the contents of an eight-pound jar of fresh lard—all in the short time it had taken him to go to the creek and wash our tin plates. "The rascal who did it must have the appetite of a wild beast," said he, with a suspicious glance at the moor-man.

But the moor-man protested his innocence. "It's quite a mystery to me, caballeros," said he. "But, on second thoughts, it may have been that very panther you met in the ravine. A panther is awfully fond of fried rabbits; and as for lard, he could eat a tubful and look out for more."

"Yes, he had better look out, if I catch him," growled Daddy. "I don't see how we are going to get out of this scrape."

"Well, it's no use crying for lost milk, spilt or stolen," said I; "let's hunt up some more potatoes, and eat what ginger-cakes are left."

It grew late before we had cooked our second dinner, and when we had finished it, the sun was far down of the tall trees on the rookery-hill; but the air was still very warm, and, as we pur-



"PRICKLY OPOSSUMS," AT PLAY.

boomed through the glen. Not two instants afterward, the panther had vanished—a single leap had

to the west but the air was still very warm, and, as we pur-

sued our way along the river-bank, I was astonished to see a large number of spider-monkeys crossing the water with flying leaps, wherever the stream was bridged by an overhanging tree, for in the lower tropics monkeys are rarely to be seen, excepting in the forenoon and during the cool half-hour between sunset and twilight.

"I believe they are traveling, Señor," said Daddy Simon,—"migrating to some part of the country where there is more to eat. I have seen the same thing in Guatemala; and spider-monkeys are said to send out scouts to spy out the land for hundreds of miles."

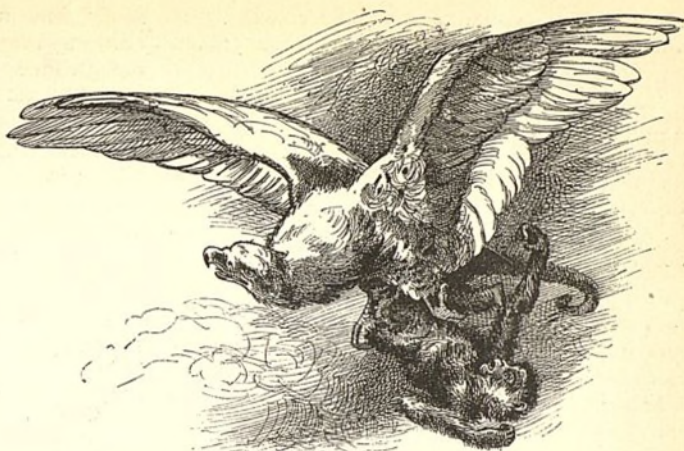
In the Brazilian virgin woods there is plenty to eat, the year round, but on the border of the western pampas the summer heat often becomes so intense that all vegetation withers, and even animals pass the dryest weeks in a sort of summer-sleep; lizards hide in rock-clefts, and alligators crawl into the fissures of the sun-dried mud, until they are awakened by the first showers of the rainy season.

Toward evening we reached a "castillo," as the moor-man called it,—a clearing at the mouth of a tributary stream, where the Spaniards had built a military post and a few log shanties. The fort was now in ruins, and had long been abandoned; but the main building was still weather-tight enough to afford us a comfortable night's lodging. I sent out the boys to get a few armfuls of fire-wood, and soon Menito returned with a lot of sticks and dry palm-leaves.

"Would you like to get another boa, Señor?" said he. "I have chased one into a thorn-tree, and she can not get away. It's not more than three or four hundred yards from here."

I got my shot-gun and followed him to a clump of tamarind-trees, so entirely covered with cordero thorns that the whole looked like a huge vegetable porcupine. A volley of stones disclosed the whereabouts of the snake, and, after my first shot, it crawled up into the higher branches, evidently with the intention of escaping into another tree that overtopped the porcupine copse. But the creature's head now came plainly in view, and the second shot did its work so visibly and completely that I did not think it necessary to reload my gun just then. How to get the snake, however, was a different and more difficult question; the thorny tangle seemed almost impenetrable.

"That tall tree behind there is not near as bad," said Menito. "I believe I can get that boa with



THE HARPY-EAGLE BEARS OFF THE MOTHER-MONKEY.

a noose and a long stick, if you will give me a lift."

With a long sapling and a piece of string, we made what the Mexicans call a lariat-pole, and Menito ascended the tree as fast as possible, to finish his job before night-fall.

"I've got it!" he called out, after fishing and hooking around for a few minutes; but he had hardly pronounced the last word when he slipped, and, dropping his pole, just caught the tree in the nick of time to save himself from falling headlong into the thorny maze below.

"She's alive yet!" cried he; "I caught her round the neck, but she braced herself and wrenched the stick out of my hand. What shall I do now?"

"Give it up," said I; "it's getting dark. You might lose your hold, and that would be the last of you."

"Yes, make him come down," said Tommy; "we'd better lose a boa than a boy, and this one is not much of a loss, anyhow. It's only half-grown, and one of the common steel-blue kind, or I am much mistaken."

The old fort seemed to have been abandoned a good many years. A hollow walnut-tree had grown all around and even into one corner of the building, and the tree itself was inhabited by a colony of bats that became very noisy after dark, and fluttered around our camp-fire like moths about an unshielded light. Some of my companions were already asleep, when I saw a troop of wild dogs prowling around the building and exploring our camp with cautious steps. After midnight, we were all awakened by a curious grunting noise, as if a drove of barn-yard hogs were quarreling over their shucks. Toward morning, the quarrel seemed to have resulted in a fight.

The grunts now sounded loud and fierce, and were mingled at intervals with the unmistakable yells of a wounded hog.

"Let us steal out and see what it is," whispered Tommy; and, walking softly through the rear yard, we followed the shore of the river, in the pale morning light, until we reached the mouth of the tributary stream at a sort of peninsula, where we became witnesses of a curious scene: two peccary-boars fighting fiercely on the open sand-bank,

fusely from a wound in his shoulder; but his adversary seemed to have received a more serious, though invisible, injury. He staggered now and then, and often had to yield to the onset of his heavy antagonist. He appeared to see that he could not maintain himself much longer, and, during the next pause, he evidently made up his mind to change his tactics, for he suddenly rushed upon his rival with an impetus that sent the old fellow rolling over the level sand. But before the



"A TROOP OF WILD DOGS PROWLING AROUND THE RUINED BUILDING."

while their female relatives peeped from behind the willow-bushes, and seemed to encourage the combatants by their emphatic grunts. Now and then, in the inter-acts of the conflict, the personal acquaintances of the warriors appeared on the battle-ground to inquire after the condition of their champions; but as soon as the duel recommenced, all non-combatants beat a hasty retreat. We were screened by a low mesquite-bush, and could see the prize-fighters quite plainly. One of them—a powerful, gray-headed old boar—was bleeding pro-

fallen athlete had recovered his legs, his assailant took to his heels and raced away with a speed that soon put him beyond the reach of pursuit. The old boar rose and made a blind rush in the direction of his rival's former standing-ground, but, finding it untenanted, he seemed to comprehend the turn matters had taken, and, with his head proudly erect, he marched to the willow-thicket, where the herd received him as their sole monarch by rubbing their snouts against his neck, and hailing him with loud grunts of homage.

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When we returned to the castillo, our companions were still fast asleep,—Daddy Simon on his mantle-sack and Menito in his little hammock. But where was the moor-man? His blankets were lying in a heap in the corner,—where could he be?

"Oh, Uncle, just step this way!" whispered Tommy. "There is a fire in the yard! I believe that man is cooking a luncheon for himself!"

"Very well," said I; "call Daddy Simon, and tell him to find out what the fellow is doing. I'll take another nap, if I can."

But before I could fall asleep, old Daddy shook me by the arm. "Please get up, Señor, and get your shot-gun," said he. "We must stampede that heretic as fast as his legs will carry him."

"What is he doing?" I asked.

"Doing? Why, he has swallowed about six pounds of wheat-flour, besides all our sugar. I believe he has been baking cakes all night. Now I know who gobbled our lard! If I had n't caught him in time, he would have swallowed our lantern-oil, too. He had actually opened the bottle. No, no, Señor, I can't stand this any longer!"

"All right," I replied; "fetch him in here."

"I understand you have been eating your week's rations in advance, *amigo*?" said I, when the culprit made his appearance.

"Oh, no, Señor, nothing but a little *comida*—a small refreshment," said he, "just for my stomach's sake; I felt sort of queer this morning."

"I suppose so," said I; "it's pretty hard to digest eight pounds of lard without any seasoning. Here, my friend," said I, handing him a couple of copper coins; "you had better go back to Bogota and get a bottle of allspice, or you might have a very sudden fit of something or other."

"Oh, Menito, get me that horse-whip," said Daddy Simon. But Don Moor-man already had decamped, with his jacket and blanket.

"Talk about ghouls and ogres!" said old Daddy; "why, that fellow must be possessed by a werewolf, or he could never have eaten as much as all that at a sitting. You ought to give Tommy five

dollars reward for catching him in time; why, he would have ruined us in another meal or two!"

"Well, I am glad he is gone," I laughed; "but what about our road to San Pedro?"

"Oh, I will pilot you through all right," said Daddy; "from this fort there is a good trail to the Mission of Dolores, and, below that, we shall find plenty of white settlers and boat-stations."

The tributary river was a little too deep to wade, we found; but we managed to get across, with the help of our mule and big bundles of dry bulrushes, which proved of great assistance in swimming. Palmetto-cane, too, is as buoyant as cork, and the Indians of the Lower Amazon often cross that vast river on a sheaf of long reeds, straddling the bundle as if riding horseback.

Old Daddy was right: on the other side of the stream there was a plain trail, and knowing that our destination was due east, we had no difficulty in finding our way. For one reason only did we miss our moor-man: the glutton was so well acquainted with the whereabouts of all eatable plants that he had been as useful to us as those accomplished pigs the French employ to hunt up wild mushrooms and truffles. But by experimenting with the roots and berries we found on the road-side, we ascertained that our little Bobtail, too, possessed a talent for distinguishing edible vegetables from noxious ones; he never made a mistake, and whenever we were in doubt about the wholesomeness of any unknown fruit, we had only to offer Billy a sample, and his approval or disapprobation would safely decide the question.

But it is a curious fact that monkeys are wholly unable to distinguish mineral poisons, and the domesticated apes, in the houses of the East Indian planters, often come to grief by eating ratsbane and lucifer matches. The explanation seems to be that animals in a state of nature are not likely to come across such stuff as arsenic and phosphorus, so their instinct warns them only against such poisons as in their wild haunts they might mistake for harmless food.

(To be continued.)



HEAD OF PECCARY.



BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

IN an old belfry tower,
A dry, cozy bower,
Dozed an owl by the hour.

The owl saw her spin
Her web, frail and thin,
Round the bell, out and in.

But the bell's sly old clapper
Was a mischievous rapper,
And soon waked the napper.

But, next Sunday morning,
Without word of warning,
The bell went a-storming!

"Mr. Owl, don't you mind him;
With cobwebs I'll bind him,
And round and round wind him."

With a cling and a clang,
With a boom and a bang,
The old clapper rang!

Thus spoke up a spider,
Strip'd like an out rider;
The owl sharply eyed her,

The owl did n't chide her,
Rebuke nor deride her,
But he ate up that spider!

And said: "If he cheat you,
I'll not scold nor beat you,
I'll just merely eat you."

Here is a moral, dear children, for you,
Never promise a thing you're not able to do.

HOW WE BELLED THE RAT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

MOTHER had gone to Cranberry Center to attend the quarterly meeting of W. B. F. M. (Wesleyan Board of Foreign Missions).

She had left each of us a "stent," which, if we had been faithful, would have kept us busy until sundown, for it was a part of her creed that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Byron Shelley Moore was the eldest. He had been named so by three college boys, who boarded at our house when he was a baby; each gave the name of his favorite poet, and they promised that, if Mother would call him so, they would each give him a year at college when he grew up, and if he was any sort of a fellow, he could pay for his last year himself, by school-teaching or some other work. One of the three students died young, the other went out West and lost all his money, and the third was our minister, with six boys of his own, and not enough salary to send one of them to the select school, let alone college. So, all that Byron Shelley Moore ever received from the three students was his name. The rest of us Mother had called after missionaries and philanthropists.

Byron Shelley Moore was sitting on the saw-horse in the wood-house, trying to calculate how long it would take him to finish the pile, when he saw the rat cautiously peering from under the corn-house. He dropped the saw as if it had been red-hot, rushed up the attic stairs, four steps at a time, after the trap, and burst with it into the dairy,—where Hetty, the hired help, was molding butter,—to ask for a piece of cheese for bait.

"Meehet-able," he called, "there 's a rat in the wood-house as big as all outdoors! Give me a piece of cheese, as quick as a wink!"

He shouted to me, as he tore through the but-tery, "Come up here, if you want to see fun!"

I had gone down cellar after a pumpkin, which Mother had told me to slice and pare for Hetty, who was to stew it down and make a batch of pies before night, for there was no telling but she might bring home a missionary with her to stay over Sunday. When I heard my brother, I dropped the pumpkin and came up directly. We set the trap and kept as still as we could until the rat came out again, walked straight into it, and was caught; and then we raised a noise loud enough to have been heard at Cranberry Center.

Sarah Boardman, who had been sweeping the spare bedroom for the missionary, came down-stairs with a pillow-case on her head, and little Elizabeth Fry scrambled down from her high chair, into which she had climbed to see what was on the top shelf of the china-closet.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Sarah Boardman.

"I 've a mag-nif-i-cent idea," exclaimed Byron Shelley Moore. "Let 's tie a bell around his neck, and then let him go,—it 'll frighten all the other rats, so that they 'll leave the country in a proces-sion, the rat with the bell bringing up the rear. Wont it be fun to see it, though?"

"Me wants you to dead him," insisted little Elizabeth Fry; "me wants you to dead him, so me can see him all buried in the seminary."

She meant cemetery, of course; but we did not pay any attention to her, for Byron Shelley Moore's proposal had taken our fancy, although there was some trouble when it came to be carried out. My brother thought the best mode would be for Adoniram Judson to hold the rat while he affixed the bell,—a small sleigh-bell, which had been fastened to Elizabeth Fry's sled, and which she was very unwilling to give up. I thought that Byron Shelley Moore had better hold the rat, and we did not seem likely to come to any conclusion; but we finally constructed a slip-noose, by means of which the bell was fastened about the rat's neck with-out taking him from the wire trap. On being released, he disappeared down the hole from which he had come, and we saw him no more. We wanted the fun of keeping a secret, and so we made Hetty promise not to tell. Little Elizabeth Fry tried her best to report the whole affair; but her account of "a funny bird, wizzout any fezzers, that runned away wiz her jingle-bell," did not give any one a clue to the facts.

As day after day went by, we heard from our rat in nearly all the houses on our street.

There was a young lady boarding for the summer at our next door neighbor's. She was a believer in signs and dreams, and a few days after our adventure with the rat, she told at the sewing-society, which was held at our house, of a most remarkable spiritual manifestation that had occurred in her house the night before, and which, she felt, foretold her own death. "I had been told by a medium," she said, "that a short time before

my death I should be warned by a passing bell. Last night I could not sleep, the moonlight streamed into my room, and I lay looking at the tall, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, when suddenly it struck! Now you will say at first that there is nothing astonishing in that, but when I tell you that the works of the clock had been removed, that it was only a clock-case, which I had had fitted up with shelves for a little closet, in which to keep medicines and sweetmeats, I think you will say that it was at least very queer. I counted the strokes, though it was rather hard to do so, for it was not like the chiming of an ordinary time-piece, but more like the tinkling of a little bell."

At this, we children pricked up our ears. We had come in with the "refreshments."

The young lady went on to say that the clock had struck twenty-five, and she was just twenty-four years old, and she believed that she had but one more year to live. She said that she had considerable property, which she did not know what to do with, and she wished to ask the ladies' advice about leaving it to some charity. Mother thought she had better send it to a foreign mission, and the young lady asked Mother to write to one of them, saying that if they would name the mission after her, she would leave them a thousand dollars in her will.

The next place where we heard from our rat was Squire Tweezer's. He was



SQUIRE TWEEZER IS FRIGHTENED.

a very rich man, and he lived all alone with his housekeeper and servant, in a great brick house on lonely Pine Hill. He had a son who should have lived there with him, but the young

man had displeased his father in some way, and the old gentleman had turned him out-of-doors. When Father asked him if he was not afraid to live in that desolate house, so far away from any



"AUNT POLLY SPRANG UPON A CHAIR."

neighbors, when it was generally supposed that he had money in the house, he replied that no burglar could enter the house without awakening the family, for he had burglar-alarms fastened to every window and the lock of every door, which would ring so loudly that thieves would be scared away.

"And what," said my father, "if the burglars should come in sufficient force not to be frightened, but should break right in, bells or no bells; what then?"

Squire Tweezer turned quite pale. "I had not thought of that," he replied.

The very next day after this conversation, he

called on Father to say that he had written to his son, forgiving him for all the past and begging him to come home to live with him.

"What has influenced you to this decision?" asked my father. "Are you afraid that the burglars will come?"

Squire Tweezer lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper:

"They have come!"

"What?" exclaimed our father.

"My house was entered last night," replied Squire Tweezer. "It was quite late, but I had not retired. I was quietly reading my newspaper, when—jingle, jingle, jingle, I heard a bell in some remote part of the house. It could not be the housekeeper ringing for the maid, for every one in the house had gone to bed long before, and there was even less probability that there were callers. Instantly the idea flashed through my mind that it was the burglar-alarm, and I felt my hair rise on my head. I rose to my feet, letting my paper fall, and listened. Presently I heard the bell in another part of the house; evidently the burglars had left that window and were trying another, and so it went on. I really believe, my dear sir, they tampered with every window on the premises; at any rate, that little bell sent its warning jingle from every part of the house. Finally, they seemed to have got in, for I heard the ringing in the parlors beneath me. I had just enough presence of mind left to lock and barricade my door, and then I believe that for a few hours I actually lost my senses, for I seemed to hear that bell all about me—overhead, underfoot, in the walls, accompanied by scuffling feet running up and down the staircase. Silence came at length, shortly after morning dawned, and the strangest part of my story is that we could not find that a single article had been taken, or that the doors or windows had been opened. However, my nerves have received such a shock that I have decided that it will be a very desirable thing to have a stout fellow like my son in the house to grapple with a robber, in case one should come."

Squire Tweezer's story was discussed by our parents in our presence, and certainly no culprits ever looked guiltier than we when the bell was mentioned again. We should have confessed then and there, had not Father remarked:

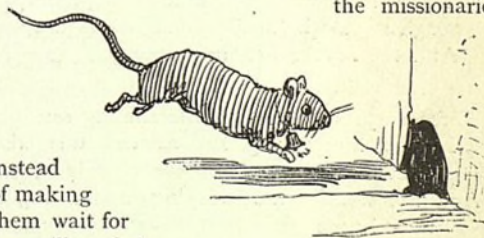
"Whatever may have caused the ringing which the Squire heard, or thought he heard, it has done good, and I am glad that he has sent for his son."

After that, we heard of our rat in a number of

other houses; but the mystery was explained, at last, by Miss Mary Parrot, a little old maid, who lived, in very great poverty, in a small red house at the extreme end of the lane. "Aunt Polly," as we all called her, heard the ringing in the wall of her dining-room, and was not at all frightened, although it was accompanied by a great rapping and thumping just behind the side-board. As it happened in the day-time, she went for the village carpenter, who moved the slender-legged side-board and widened a rat-hole which he found in the wall, until out rolled a black ball, with a metallic something attached. Even the self-possessed Aunt Polly gathered her petticoats about her, and sprang upon a chair. It was our rat; but in the wall he had found an object which had probably been dragged there from the side-board by other rats, on account of some dainty which it had formerly held. The object was a tiny solid-silver sugar-bowl, and our rat, having introduced his head, had been held fast by the bell catching within the rim of the bowl.

This bowl was a quaint little affair, and it bore the name of the engraver who had decorated it—Paul Revere. There were plenty of antiquarians who would give Aunt Polly a handsome sum for the little Revolutionary relic.

Little Elizabeth Fry recognized the bell, and claimed it. Sarah Boardman, who had been suffering during all this time with the consciousness of a guilty secret, confessed all; and Squire Tweezer, the young lady next door, and Aunt Polly, were constituted a committee to decide what punishment should be inflicted upon us. They never came to any decision, and all seemed perfectly satisfied with the result. Even the young lady next door, who no longer believed that she was to die within the year (since the bell was not a warning from the spirit-land), made an immediate donation of her contribution to the missionaries,



instead of making them wait for her will, and she was heard to say that, since she could be deceived in one "sign," she might be in others; hereafter she would not believe in "signs" at all.

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

FOR lack of space, the Treasure-box lays before you this month, dear readers, only four short poems,—songs we might better call them, and two of them very famous songs. These, "The Three Fishers," and "The Sea," are especially appropriate to the midsummer, when from our large cities thousands of boys and girls, with their fathers and mothers, flock to the sea-side on a joyous holiday. All such fortunate young folk know that the ocean is both a grand giver of delight and a terrible destroyer; and so they will appreciate the beauty and truth of these two songs of the sea. They were written by two noted

Englishmen, Charles Kingsley and Bryan Waller Procter (better known by his *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall"). Both of these authors, as some of you know already, gave to the world many more important writings than their short and simple songs. Yet even these have gained them a high reputation, for Charles Kingsley and Barry Cornwall are ranked by lovers of true poetry as among the foremost of English song-writers.

The dainty poem, "Golden-tressed Adelaide," was written by Procter for his daughter, Adelaide Procter, who herself afterward became well-known as a poet.

THE THREE FISHERS.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,—
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him
the best,

And the children stood watching them out
of the town;

For men must work and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down;

They looked at the squall and they looked at
the shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged
and brown;

But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,

And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands

For those who will never come home to the
town;

For men must work and women must weep,—
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

* Born, June 12, 1819; died, 1875.

THE SEA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.†

THE sea! the sea! the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.



I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? / shall ride and sleep.

† Born, about 1790; died, October 5, 1874.

The two poems by Charles Kingsley are inserted by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the owners of the copyright.

I love (oh, *how* I love!) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest-tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!



GOLDEN-TRESSÈD ADELAIDE.

A Song for a Child.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SING, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long:
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressèd Adelaide!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
For our gentle child will weep
If the theme be dark and deep;
And *we* will not draw a single, single tear,
Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like an endless summer shine;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes's azure eyes:
Therefore bid thy song be merry:—dost thou
hear,
Mother dear?

A FAREWELL.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER IX.

GYMNASTICS.



THE week following the first excursion of the Ramblers' Club was cold and stormy,—such as often comes in April after a spell of fine weather.

Will Torrance declared that the roads would be too muddy and the fields

too soft on Saturday for any fun in rambling; and all the Park boys agreed with him.

"It's sandy along the lake," he said, "but we don't want to try that over again, right away."

"It's a bad sort of a place, too," remarked Otis Burr. "The people alongshore own their ducks."

"And you have to pay for them if you shoot them," laughed Jack Roberts. "They caught you at it, did they?"

"Jack, ducks are a sore subject with me. I had mine cooked, and we tried to eat him. If he wasn't tough, there was something the matter with our carving-knife. It wouldn't make a scratch on him, after he came to the table."

Charley Ferris had almost as bad an account to give; but Will could say a very good word for his sandpipers.

"We served them broiled, on toast," he said, "and there was only one real difficulty."

"What was that?"

"We had to eat them two at a time to make sure we were eating anything,—they were so small!"

The wind and rain made it a quiet week for the boys, and there was all the more time for those who had newspapers to get up or declamations to prepare. John Derry had made up his mind on the whole subject.

"I'll stick to oratory. I and Daniel Webster are the greatest orators alive. He is a kind man, too; saves me the trouble of making up anything."

There was no danger that John would again take so much trouble as on the first Friday; but Mr. Hayne shook his head a little when the young "orator" came upon the platform, and began pre-

cisely where he left off before, on being interrupted by Mr. Hayne.

"You see, boys," said John, "Mr. Webster put a good deal into that speech. I think it'll last me till vacation."

John's labor-saving plan did not work; Mr. Hayne called upon him for a written exercise for the next week, and gave him as a theme, "The Discovery of America by Columbus."

The other declamations were pretty good, and the newspapers brought in by what Jeff Carroll called "the second set" of editors were nearly as well prepared as the first had been, so that the interest was kept up.

That was all very well, but it did not suggest to the boys what they could do with Saturday, in the kind of weather they were likely to have.

"I'll tell you one thing we can do," said Andy Wright, as he listened to the murmurs around him in the entry-way, after school.

"What's that?"

"I'm going to try it, myself. Professor Sling, the gymnasium man, has been refitting his concern. New fixings, of all sorts. He wants some new classes, and he has put his prices down."

"He's a good man," said Otis Burr, solemnly.

"Classes in what?" asked Joe Martin.

"Just what you need: boxing, fencing, all that sort of thing. He gives the first lesson free."

"I'll go and take that one, anyhow," exclaimed John Derry.

"I move we all show ourselves at Professor Sling's, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock," said Charley Ferris.

"Don't scare him to death!" said Jeff Carroll. "He's a small man."

The motion did not require to be put, but the word went around among the boys, and, in consequence, there was about as faithful an attendance at Professor Sling's, at the appointed hour, as if he had been Mr. Hayne himself.

The "gymnasium" was a fairly good one, and had been creeping slowly into popularity for about a year, but nearly all its patrons had been full-grown men.

Professor Sling was now showing wisdom in trying to call in the boys, but he had publicly declared that his "boy classes" would be carefully compelled to obey his instructions. Medical men had warned him that boys in their teens must not be allowed to strain themselves.

Some of the Park boys had been there, "for a look," already, but most of them had not, and it was interesting enough to them all, even before the "professor," as he called himself, invited them to make a trial of what they saw.

There were parallel bars, both upright and horizontal; spring bars; jumping bars; leaping bars; swings and rings; climbing posts; ladders; dynamometers; dumb-bells; clubs; boxing-gloves; masks, gloves, and foils for fencing. The professor kindly explained the use of them all, one after the other. He even gave a brief example of the management of them as he went along, keeping the gloves and foils till the last. "Now, Mr. Torrance," he said, "I'm a small man. You're almost as tall as I am. Put on those boxing-gloves with me."

Will did so, with a somewhat serious look, for he heard Charley Ferris whisper to Jack Roberts:

"Sling will knock him into the middle of next week."

"Now, sir, take your first lesson. Don't hold your hands that way. Strike at me. Bah!—strike straight out from your shoulder, as if you meant to hit me in the face. All your might, now!"

"But won't it hurt you, if I hit you?"

"Of course it will. It'll knock me down. Bang me terribly. Hit away. Hit hard!"

The boys understood, very well, that the professor was poking fun at Will, but neither they nor their friend had as much faith in Sling as he had in himself.

Will felt even a little nettled, and he suddenly began to strike quick and hard, right and left.

"Good! that's it! You'll do. I can make a boxer out of you. I know I can."

But the rapid blows seemed to glance from Sling's windmill arms like hailstones from a duck's back. His face was as safe and untouched when Will had pounded himself out of breath as when he began.

"That'll do, my young friend; you'll have lame arms to-morrow. Does anybody else want to try?"

Of course they did; but it was, as usual, "next turn" for Charley Ferris, who felt absolutely sure he could put one of his gloves against the professor, somewhere.

He did his best, but it was of no manner of use, and there would have been no glory for the Park at all, if it had not been for Otis Burr.

The red-haired boy went at it very quietly, and seemed, for a wonder, disposed to ask questions.

The professor was politely ready to answer him, even while boxing; and it was right in the middle of one of his answers that Otis got a clean hit at his right cheek.

How the boys did cheer!

"I can make a boxer of you, too!" exclaimed the professor, gleefully. "You're as cool a hand as I ever saw. We won't use any more time this way. Let us try the foils. Some of the others put on the masks and gloves with me."

John Derry was as ready as a boy could be, and it was not half a minute before the professor said:

"You've had a foil in your hand before, my boy."

"Only while my cousin was home from West Point. We used to practice."

"A little more practice, and a good deal more strength in your wrist, and you will almost know how to fence. Pick up your foil."

It had suddenly flashed away out of his hand,—he could hardly guess how,—and Jeff Carroll exclaimed:

"Now, John, can't you hold on to a little thing like that?"

"Butter-fingers!" said Andy Wright.

"It's easy enough to disarm a man, if he's at all off his guard," remarked Sling. "I'll teach you better things than that."

He was awakening a good deal of interest in the subject of exercise and self-defense, at all events, and was sure of new scholars from among his audience.

"Some of you go to Mr. Hayne's school, don't you?"

"All of us."

"He comes here to practice three times a week."

"Can he box and fence?"

"Pretty well; but it's exercise he comes for, mainly."

The respect of Mr. Hayne's pupils for their teacher went up several inches after that information, and one of the first questions asked him on the next Monday morning, before school, was from Charley Ferris:

"Do you think it's wrong to box, Mr. Hayne?"

"Wrong? No. Why?"

"Or to fence?"

"Of course not. If a man should try to hurt you, would it be wrong for you to run away?"

"I should guess not."

"Then, would it be wrong to know how to run? or, if he were so near he tried to strike you, would it be wrong to ward off the blow?"

"Why, no; it would n't."

"Then it would not be wrong to know how to ward it off, any more than it would to know how to run away."

"But if I knew how to box, I never would run away."

"I would, then, rather than have a fisticuff, unless it were necessary; but I'd like to have

every scholar of mine able to protect himself, or anybody else."

That was enough, for half the school had gathered around by that time; and even Joe Martin, whose father was a clergyman, said: "There, boys, I told you so. Father's a member of the Peace Society, and he thinks exactly as Mr. Hayne does."

Professor Sling had ten out of the sixteen on his muster-roll before the week was out, and Will Torrance and several others began their boxing lessons at once.

It was not at all a bad thing for any of them, moreover, that Jim Swayne began the very next day, and that he and Will were frequently "matched" by the professor. Before the middle of the next week, it was necessary for Sling to say:

"No, Mr. Torrance; not you and Mr. Swayne. You're too much for him. It spoils his practice, and yours, too. You may wrestle with him, now and then, if you care to."

That was a sorry word for Jim to hear; but there was less likelihood of anything more being said on the subject of the May festival election. The boxing-class came in as a peace-maker.

CHAPTER X.

TWO DISAGREEABLES.

THE sun had his turn at the weather, now, and there broke out under it what Andy Wright called "the marble plague." He was too old for it, but all the rest caught it. Even the gymnasium, for a time, seemed to have less charms than a cup-hole in the ground, with a ring around it.

"It's a disease that comes every spring," said Andy. "You can save your best agates, though, for specimens. I got some of the best in my collection that way."

That was a lost suggestion on most of them. Nearly every agate was lost, too, before the season was over, but when, on Wednesday morning of that week, Mr. Hayne opened school with the remark that he had something special to say, John Derry whispered "Marbles!" to Otis Burr.

Not exactly. It was only a plain statement of the fact that a gentleman of wealth had applied for admission to the school for his two boys, and had been told there was no room for them.

"Now, young gentlemen, have we no room here for two more desks?"

The boys looked soberly around the partly filled room and then at one another.

"I will tell you. I am well satisfied with you all, thus far, and I do not wish to run any risks. I

would not let in anybody else unless I could be made sure it would be pleasant for all of us."

They knew exactly what he meant, and the lesson was a good one. Only two or three of them were the sons of really "rich men." Money had had nothing to do with his decision, and they were sure of Mr. Hayne's sincerity when he said that he had room for boys of "character" only.

"Can you guess who it is?" said Charley Ferris to Andy, after school. "I can't."

"If I could, I would n't."

"Guess the meanest pair of chaps you know," said Jeff Carroll. "You won't need to have anybody tell you."

"Oh, it's Brad and Tom Lang, is it? I might have known!"

"Of course it's they!" said Jack Roberts. "I'm just glad he did n't let 'em in! They'd have made all sorts of trouble."

There were remarks all around upon the undoubted wisdom and justice of shutting out the Lang boys, if they indeed were the rejected applicants. The voting was all one way, and it was all against "Brad and Tom Lang."

They were not by any means unknown boys, therefore. On his way home after school, that night, Joe Martin was met by a couple of well-dressed young fellows, to whom he did not speak, but who did not seem disposed to let him have his half of the sidewalk.

One of them was about his size, but heavier, and the other one half a head taller. They were not bad-looking boys, excepting for a sort of swagger, and something "flashy" in their getting up.

Joe was quite willing to give them all the room they needed, but, as he turned out for them, the shorter boy gave him a sharp and sudden shove, and the taller one gruffly exclaimed:

"Hit him, Tom! He goes to Hayne's. Hit him!"

The hit was given, though in a half-hearted way, that seemed to call for reproof.

"Call that a hit?"

"Why, Brad, his father's a minister."

"I'll hit him, then."

Joe had not struck back yet, but he had not "run," and his pale cheeks, his clenched fists, and tightening lips did not express any fear whatever, badly overmatched though he was.

Brad Lang was stepping forward, with an evident intention of keeping his word, when the gate of the nearest house-yard swung suddenly open, and light footsteps came tripping down to the sidewalk.

"Brad! Brad!" exclaimed Tom. "Here are a lot of the girls!"

Brad glanced quickly behind him, but he saw

quite enough in that swift look, and he did not strike Joe Martin. "Come on, Tom!" said he.

They walked rapidly away, while Joe stood his ground unflinchingly, until his rescuers had come near.

They were an angry party of young ladies,—Belle Roberts, Milly, Dora Keys, and Sarah Dykeman,—who had seen the whole affair. Their flashing eyes and flushed cheeks told exactly how they felt about it.

"The cowards!" exclaimed Belle.

"Did they hurt you, Joe?" asked Sarah.

"Hurt me? No, indeed!" replied Joe.

"They meant to, then," said Dora. "Milly,

the young ladies by their unprovoked assault. Joe Martin hardly knew what to say. It was a trying place for a boy to be put in, to have four young ladies see him receive a blow from another boy. He had acted rightly and bravely, but it was hard, after all, and all four of the girls understood it, for they at once began to try to find something else to talk about. He talked, too, and did not say a word about the Lang boys, but he was glad to get away, in a minute or so, and go toward home. As he went, he thought deeply, and at last he said to himself, resolutely: "I won't say a word to the other boys about it. If those fellows try it on again, though! Yes, I'll join the boxing class to-morrow."



THE CORONATION OF THE MAY-QUEEN. [SEE PAGE 804.]

did Mr. Ayring put one of them on your list for something on the platform?"

"I think he did, but it won't be there long."

"Not even if Mr. Ayring insists upon it!" said Belle, emphatically.

"If he insists," said Milly, "he will have to find another queen. I won't have anything to do with it, if the Langs have."

"Nor I." It sounded as if the other three girls must have practiced that "nor I," they all said it so nearly together.

Brad and Tom had not gained popularity with

He was already a member of the gymnasium, but he had been "waiting for his muscles to come up" before going further.

"It would look as if I wanted some kind of revenge, if I stirred up the rest against them. No, I'll keep it a secret." That was a good intention, but Joe was an unthinking young gentleman. Four young ladies had seen it happen, and talked about it all their way home, and yet it was to be a "secret" from the other boys!

Jack Roberts heard of it at supper, and so did Pug Merriweather; and Dora Keys told Andy

Wright, when she met him near her own gate, and Sarah Dykeman almost forgot her dignity in calling Otis Burr across the street to tell him. Mr. Hayne's whole school knew all about it before nine o'clock next morning.

"It wont do, boys," said Charley Ferris, solemnly, at the noon recess. "We must see that the peace is preserved."

"Had n't you better elect me constable?" said John Derry. "Andy will do for police-justice, but I'm the man for constable."

"I'm another," exclaimed Charley. "Elect me, too. You can help me if I need it, John."

There was a good deal of indignant talk about it, all that day, among the Park boys, but nothing in particular could be done.

The next day was Friday, and nobody took any note of the fact that John Derry had somehow lost his interest in marbles. It was not until he mounted the platform, and began to read his essay on "The shape of Hendrik Hudson's Boat," that his friends noted the strips of black court-plaster over the knuckles of his right hand. The essay began with an assertion that it was the first thing of the kind he ever did, and it ended with an expression of regret that the world had forgotten how to build ships which would sail sidewise, or any other way, just as well as "bows on."

That was "paper day" for the four members of the Ramblers' Club, but none of them had said a word to the others as to the subject of his "leader." That was where the fun came in, for each of them had written an account of their doings along the shore of Lake Oneoga. Each in turn read his view of it to the end, and it was curious enough that the same set of facts could be made to sound so differently when told by four different persons.

The number of the "wild-fowl" killed, however, and their weight, and the size and value of the "new kind of short-eared, long-tailed rabbit," came out most strikingly in the *Spy*, for Jeff Carroll had done his best. He had actually gone to the dictionary for the Latin names of every animal, and even the sandpipers sounded large.

Will Torrance had a good deal to say about his dog, and the terror of Otis Burr when the Irish-woman called him to account for her ducks, but he cut the narrative short to make room for a double allowance of poetry.

Otis and Charley each recalled sundry items which the others had left out, particularly their meeting with the small boys and Mr. Hayne.

On the whole, the other editors of that day's "papers" had to give it up in favor of the Ramblers' Club, who described real adventures.

On the close of school, as they reached the sidewalk, Otis Burr soberly remarked to John Derry:

"My young friend, will you tell me what ails your hand?"

"Court-plaster."

"Why so much of it?"

"I've been keeping the peace. It was last evening I kept the peace with Brad, and I told him to tell Tom I should be looking for him. I said the whole school would be looking for both of them, for a week or so. They wont be around this end of the Park ALL the while. Brad wont, and I don't think Tom will."

John Derry was not the "model boy" of the school, but he was by no means the unpopular one that night. All the smaller fellows felt safer, somehow. Not a boy of them would have walked around a square to avoid meeting Brad or Tom. The peace had been well kept, in a peculiar way, and was not likely to be broken again.

If any information concerning what had happened reached the ears of Mr. Hayne, he made no remarks whatever about it to the school.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

THE great event of the May Festival was now drawing so near that the young people of Saltillo, even those of them who did not expect to take part in it, were able to talk of little else.

"It will come off next Monday evening, Will," said Charley Ferris, after school, on that last Friday of April. "It's of no use for us to think of doing any rambling, to-morrow."

"Come around and look at my chickens, then. Bring Jack with you, if he'd like to come."

"I will. Have you any new ones?"

"Yes, and a dozen broods of young chickens. I don't feel like much rambling, myself. I was stiff and sore for two weeks after I went into the gymnasium, and it's just beginning to work off so that I'm limber again."

"Professor Sling says you're getting along first-rate; but I can beat you climbing."

The Queen and her court met, that evening, for a grand rehearsal, and Fanny Swayne won a good deal of commendation by coming to help, with Belle Roberts and some older young ladies.

As for Jim, his ill-nature over his defeat seemed to have disappeared; but the other Wedgwood boys did not mix much with Mr. Hayne's scholars.

Charley Ferris was as good as his word, on Saturday, and Jack Roberts came with him.

"Will," said Jack, smiling at the home-made hennery, "if I'd known what a hen-coop you had, I'd have been around to see it before."

"You can laugh, Jack; but is n't that game rooster a beauty?"

"Splendid! Where 'd you get him?"

"I raised him. He 's a pet. Come here, Dandy!"

He stooped and whistled a low, coaxing whistle, and the proud, handsome game-cock they were admiring stepped daintily forward to pick some bits of cracker from his master's hand.

"Look at his comb and wattles, and his long tail-feathers. Did you ever see a prettier black and red? See those spurs—slender and sharp as thorns from a thorny locust."

"Do you ever let him fight?"

"What, him? Do you suppose I want a pet of mine all cut up and pulled to pieces? No, sir! I keep him apart from the rest."

Dandy must have known they were talking about him, for he stepped back and flapped his elegant wings, and gave them a shrill, ringing crow.

Just then a man's head and shoulders appeared over the fence of the next yard. The man said:

"I say, Will, have you seen my Dominica rooster? He got out of his coop this morning."

"No. We 've just got here. I'll take a look for him. Hello! What 's that? I declare, Mr. Englefield, it 's your rooster."

"Dead as a herring!" cried Jack Roberts.

That was the sad fact.

The poor, misguided bird had heard the game-cock crow, and had flown over the fence to see about it, and it had taken but a minute to settle the matter.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Englefield," said Will. "We must make the fence higher."

He was a next-door neighbor, and he was, like Will, an earnest fowl-fancier, but his flushed face showed that his patience was tried, just then.

"That 's a dangerous fellow of yours, Will. I can't have my best fowls killed in this way."

"It was your Dominica's own fault."

"But he had no chance."

"Yes, he had," said Charley; "he had a tip-top chance to stay on his own side of the fence."

"That 's so," said Jack, with a merry laugh.

"He was fairly killed, Mr Englefield. I 'd eat him, if I were you."

Mr. Englefield's temper had not risen high, and he saw that the argument was a little in favor of the boys.

Will handed him his dead favorite, and again said: "I'm real sorry."

"Why don't you cut the spurs off that fellow?"

"So that when your roosters fly over they can kill him? No, sir! They shall stay on him."

Mr. Englefield made no reply, and turned away.

Will Torrance had several other breeds of chick-

ens, and he was very proud to show them, too: The Poland top-knots, with their feathery crowns; the tall Cochins-Chinas and Shanghaes; the pert little Bantams, with more strut and sauciness than the game-fowls themselves; the domestic-looking Dominicas, and some fine-looking "mixed breeds," that Will declared were "such good layers." All were exhibited in turn, including the broods of young chicks, and it was noteworthy with what pains the young fancier had provided that each family should have its own "house and grounds."

It was a capital amusement for any boy, but Jack regretfully remarked: "I can't afford it. What a pile of money it must cost you!"

"Money? Why, Jack, these coops give me about all the pocket-money I need. Cost? They pay their own way. Do you suppose I don't make any use of the eggs and chickens?"

"I never thought of that."

"I've kept a strict account ever since I began, three years ago. All that Father gives me is this part of the yard."

Before that discussion of the chicken question was finished, it looked as if Jack and Charley were going straight home to build coops of their own, especially for game-fowls of the hard-fighting kind. It was a help to them all day, but by Monday morning every minor question was swallowed up in the interest of the great and only one.

"It 's all the fault of two men, Andy," remarked John Derry.

"What two men, John?"

"I can't say which is most to blame for this. Alfred Tennyson wrote the 'May Queen,' and put old Ayring up to it. He 's the worse of the two. The rest of the blame is Ayring's."

However that might be, Mr. Ayring felt that he had a heavy load on his shoulders that evening,—a whole "festival." He had managed such affairs before, but it was his wish that this should surpass them all. Everybody who entered the hall felt compelled to say that it did.

The hall itself was no bigger than formerly, and there was not room for the thinnest man in Saltillo to crowd in, by the time the band began to play the opening music of the celebration.

No, the hall was no bigger, but there was more in it—more flags, more flowers, more evergreens, more brass band, and, what was most important of all, more enthusiasm.

The Park boys and girls had won the queen, to be sure, but there had been "court officers" enough invented and appointed to secure the goodwill of all the Wedgwood influence, besides the goodwill of the young ladies of Madame Skinner's Seminary, and of other social circles.

"It is huge," remarked Jeff Carroll, "but

Milly's father would be a bankrupt in a week if all her attendants were on day's wages. Somebody ought to count them, when they come out. Jim Swayne can't blow a trumpet, though, and one of the band-men will have to blow it for him."

The trumpet was tremendously blown, as Jim marched upon the platform, with a flag in his hand, to announce, as "first herald," the approach of Her Majesty, the Queen of May. He was followed by other heralds and marshals, spreading themselves to the right and left, and these by a lot of paper-winged "fairies," of tender years, whose business it was to strew flowers in the path of the Queen.

Then the band struck up a great rush of music, and the curtain behind the platform was pulled aside, and there stood Milly Merriweather, not yet crowned, but ready for it, and scared almost out of her wits by the brilliant scene before her, and the feeling that everybody was looking at her.

"Courage, Milly," whispered kind-hearted Sarah Dykeman. "Walk right on. We'll carry the train."

She stepped forward, and as she did so, the Park boys set the applause agoing in a fashion that drowned the music entirely. Very modest and pretty looked Milly, and her pretty maids of honor carried her train very gracefully.

Then came young "ladies in waiting," and "pages," and more "fairies," and Milly began her opening speech. It was very short, and the moment she finished it, Mr. Ayring waved his hand, and everybody on the platform began to sing. This, also, was done in a way that did credit to the music teacher.

When it ended, everybody tried to hold still and listen, for it was understood that the Queen of the Fairies was coming to do the crowning.

She did not fly in, but walked very gracefully from behind a curtain at one side of the platform.

Jim Swayne was the only boy who had known the secret of that performance, and it was now the turn of the Wedgwoods to start the applause.

Fanny Swayne did look admirably well as a fairy queen, and she spoke her address to her "mortal sister" so distinctly that it could be heard all over the hall.

Then Milly Merriweather bowed her head, and her dark tresses were crowned with a tastefully woven chaplet of roses, to find which had given Mr. Ayring some trouble.

There were more music, and another song by the older boys and girls, with a rousing chorus for the little people to join in, and then the Queen of the Fairies presented the Queen of May with a beautiful scepter, and gracefully vanished, after a bow to the audience, in another grand

burst of music by the band and of applause from the Wedgwoods.

She vanished across the platform in a way that compelled Belle Roberts to say, when she met her behind the scenes: "Fanny, I'm proud of you! It was splendidly done."

"Thank you for it, then."

"Thank me?" said Belle, inquiringly.

"Why, Belle, I was determined to do my part as well as you did yours last year, if I could."

That was frank and honest, but they both turned at once to listen, through the curtain, to Milly's "coronation speech."

She had so far recovered her courage and her voice that she made herself distinctly heard, and when she waved her flowery scepter and sat down upon her very flowery throne, Mr. Ayring was in ecstasies. For once he was sure he had managed to please everybody, by taking great pains to have everybody please themselves.

There were more music and more speeches, and more singing, and any quantity of applause, and then the Queen arose and made her "farewell address," and waved her scepter, and the grand May Festival came to a triumphant conclusion.

CHAPTER XII.

DISPUTED GROUND.

THE week after such an event as the May Festival was likely to be a somewhat quiet one. Even the Park boys failed to see the need of any more excitement right away. Marbles, too, were losing a little of their interest, and Andy Wright remarked: "You'll all get well, boys. I think it'll have to be something else, next."

"I know what," replied Charley Ferris. "It's about time for kites and base-ball. Phil Bruce says nobody will object to our having the ground in front of the City Hall, now and then."

Phil Bruce was one of the best ball-players in the school, and his father was a lawyer, so that it was supposed he knew what he was talking about. Still, it seemed something like a venture, and the actual trial of it was postponed until Saturday.

"That spoils the Ramblers' Club again," growled Will Torrance. "I'll have a ramble a week from Saturday, if I have to go alone." He could not bring himself to miss that game of ball, however, seeing where it was to be played; and he and the rest practiced every day, after school.

"There may be some of the Wedgwoods looking on," said Charley Ferris, "and it won't do to give them a chance to say we're a lot of muffs."

"We'll give them a match game, some day,"

said Jack Roberts, "but we're not up to the mark, just now."

There was, to tell the truth, nothing scientific about the manner of playing base-ball in Saltillo in those days; nor anywhere else, for that matter. The game was still a useful and healthy amusement, with no "professional nines" to spoil it and bring it into disgrace.

Andy Wright, also, advised practice, before he left for home on Friday afternoon, and he was hardly gone before Charley Ferris remarked:

"I've found out about Derry and Brad Lang."

"Have you? How was it?"

"All Brad's fault, of course. He's bigger than John, and mistook him for a member of the Peace Society. I saw Brad yesterday."

"How did he look?"

"Peaceful as a sheep, but there's a little blue around his eyes yet. He and Tom staid away from the Festival."

There was a strong and manly sentiment among the Park boys against fighting, and every one of them was glad to know that John Derry had not "picked a fuss" with even Brad Lang, much as they were pleased with the result of John's "peace-making."

By ten o'clock on Saturday morning, nearly the whole school was hard at play in front of the old-fashioned brick building which still served Saltillo for a city hall.

The boys had no interest in the building itself, only in the wide, gravelly open square in front of it, which they had taken possession of for their game of ball. It was a little cramped, to be sure, if any "heavy batting" should be done, but it was the best place they could get without going out of town. They had not been permitted to get at work without a foreboding of trouble to come.

Nobody could tell how Pug Merriweather had picked up his news, but he had told Jack Roberts, in a sharp whisper: "The canal-boys say they're coming around. One of them is the chap that stole my cocoa-nut. Buffalo Jack's coming."

That was bad tidings, if true; but Pug's news did not always come out correctly, and the game went right along.

Hardly any of the Park boys had ever seen "Buffalo Jack," but they had all heard of him. He was all the more to be dreaded because there was a mystery about him. It was well understood that he was a bad, rough fellow, who would probably grow worse instead of better every day, and who was already a member of a fire-company and went to a political club. Nobody could say if he ever went to school.

He was a fighting character, too, and there was a vague impression that he and his comrades were

out all night every night in the year, and must, therefore, be fellows of terrible muscle.

Some of the Wedgwood boys had been on the ground watching the play, and Jim Swayne had been asked to join, but he refused quite positively.

"He's their best catcher," said Phil Bruce; "but he can't pitch a ball like Andy Wright."

It was a great comfort to have got on to within half an hour of noon without any sort of interruption, and Pug's news would have been a good thing to laugh at if he had not suddenly scurried around a corner with a fresh lot of it.

"Jack, they're coming! They're just back yonder!"

"Who are coming?"

"Buffalo Jack and all of them! You'll get pounded now!"

"Play away, boys!" shouted Jack, manfully. "We'll mind our own business."

He was catching, and it was Will Torrance's turn at the bat, when the roughs came, Buffalo Jack heading them.

To be sure, there were only eight ragged, ill-looking, vagabondish youngsters, of from fourteen to sixteen or seventeen years of age; but they swaggered enough for the crew of a privateer.

There was almost a superstitious feeling among the Park boys that all of those who looked rough must be rough, and that fellows with dirty hands and faces, who used bad language, must be unusually strong, for some unknown reason.

Will Torrance saw Buffalo Jack making straight for him, and he felt that he was no match for such a desperado.

Any "trainer" of men or horses, however, would have shaken his head over it. He would have considered Will's good habits, constant exercise, gymnastics, boxing, fencing, and the various little matters about wrestling, and the like, which he had been learning from Professor Sling. He would also have considered the bad habits of such a fellow as Buffalo Jack. That worthy called out:

"We're goin' to want this 'ere ground. Give me that club; Jake, you get the ball."

Charley Ferris knew, at that moment, in which of his own pockets he had put the ball.

It was a trying moment for Will Torrance, as he stood face to face with the vicious-looking leader of the canal-bank roughs. He felt sure of a beating, unless he should give up his club. Even then he would probably have to "run for it" afterward. There was no time for thought or parley, for Buffalo Jack was raising his fist, ominously.

"Jack Roberts, take care of that club!"

It went quickly to the ground behind Will as he spoke, and in an instant he and Buffalo Jack were "clinched," before a blow had been struck.

Will had done a wise thing in his sudden determination; for the other boys on the ground—roughs and all—at once resolved to look on and await the results of that wrestle.

Buffalo Jack was strong, but Will was almost astonished not to find himself thrown at once; so was his antagonist at not being able to throw him.

Tug,—tug,—strain,—pull,—change hands,—twist about. It was a pretty equal match for about two minutes, but training began to tell, then.

Will was getting stronger all the while, and the blood in his veins was beginning to boil angrily, for Buffalo Jack hardly ceased the utterance of threatening, coarse, profane abuse of him. He would have been glad, too, of a chance to strike a blow, but it was hard to find one.

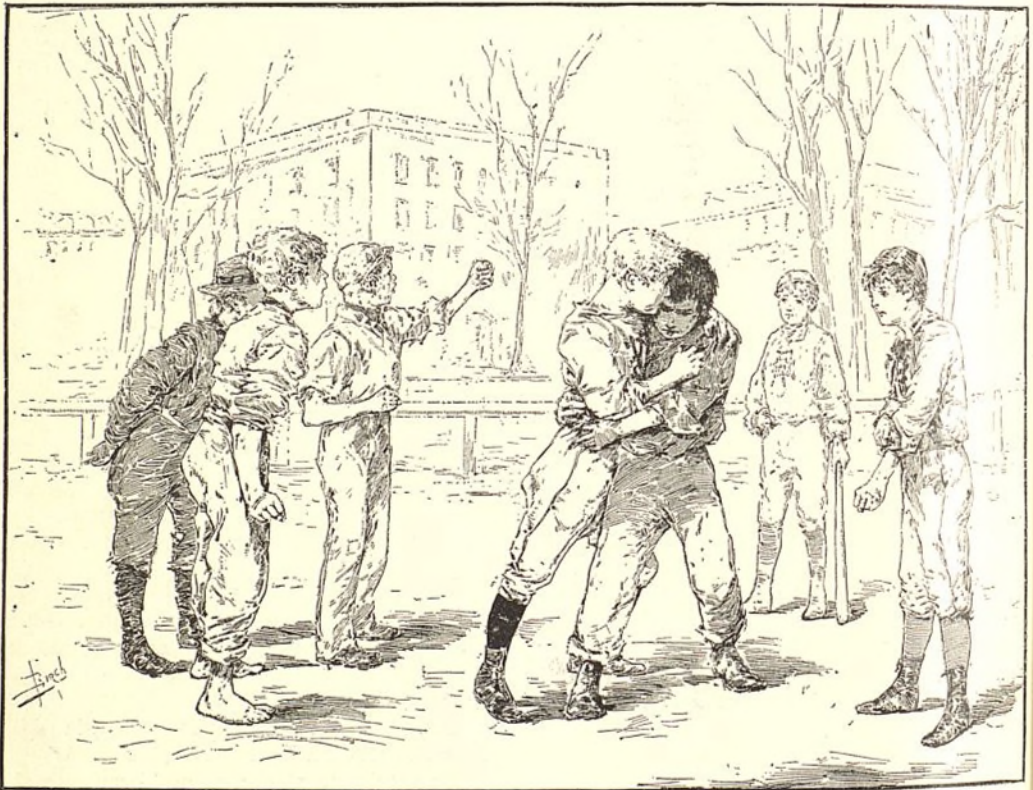
the ground in that way, but Buffalo Jack came right up, off his feet and over, losing his hold as he came, and down he went on the hard, gravelly soil like a log of wood. It must have been a very heavy fall, for the thrown rough lay almost still for a moment, and when he got up it was slowly and with a perceptible limp.

"Try it again?" asked Will, with an effort at politeness. "Does any other boy of your crowd want to try it?"

That was enough for fellows of their sort.

Their best man had been overthrown in three minutes, by the watch, and that by a lighter, shorter fellow than himself.

Buffalo Jack slowly got up and swaggered off, rubbing himself here and there.



THE DEFENCE OF THE PLAY-GROUND.

There was a peculiar lift over the hip which Will had labored hard to pick up from Professor Sling, and he now thought he saw a chance to try it. "I'll give him all there is in me," he said to himself, "if he pounds me for it afterward."

A twist, a sudden turn of his body, and "Sling's lift" worked to a charm.

Will had no idea how much he could raise from

"That's where the ground hit him," remarked Otis Burr, and Phil Bruce shouted, triumphantly:

"Hurrah for Will Torrance! I did n't know it was in him."

Will had not known it either, and had hardly yet recovered from his surprise over his unexpected victory.

No fight, no violence, no submission to tyranny;

all because the fellows who were minding their own business had not flinched from defending their rights. They had not said a word in reply to threats or abuse, but their "man at the bat" had instantly closed with his enemy. It was a good

lesson for the Park boys, and every bit as good a one for the "canal-bank roughs."

It was now very near noon, but it seemed a point of honor that that game should be played out.

And it was.

(To be continued.)

DAME TOAD.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.



DEEP, deep down, in a dizzy old well,
Once on a time did some little toads dwell,
Though just how they came there, I'm sure I
can't tell.

Perhaps, in a hurry, the old mother toad
Jumped carelessly, somehow mistaking the road,
And fell, with a *plump!* to this dismal abode.

And, finding herself with a whole set of bones,
Had made, of the crannies and chinks of the
stones,
The best home she could for her four little ones.

As well as their space and discomforts allowed,
They grew up to be quite a chirk little crowd;
Of which old Dame Toad was exceedingly proud.

For Poppet, and Skip, and Kercreak, and Delight,
Had their skins just as brown and their eyes just
as bright
As though they had always lived up in the light.

At last, in a frolic, Skip daringly tried
To hang on the bucket and get a free ride
Up, up, to that unexplored region outside.

The others looked on, and they saw how 't was
done,
And all were determined to mount, one by one,
To that glimpse of blue sky, with its beautiful sun.

The farmer, he scolded as toad after toad
Came up in the bucket, instead of the load
Of splashing, cool drink that the deep old well
owed.

Though dizzy and faint, as it came to the top,
Each toad hurried off with a skip and a hop,
Until, under a wall, they all came to a stop.

And there they took breath, and then, all in a
row,
They sat joining hands, and they croaked a great
"Oh!

How different this is from our quarters below!"

Next day, Mother Toad, feeling lonely and sad,
Traveled up in the bucket, and made them all
glad

By hopping in, too. What a welcome she had!

Now, under the steps does this family dwell,
And just how it happened, I'm sure I can't tell;
But they never went back down that dizzy old well.



STEPHEN AND THE WILD BIRD.

STE-PHEN was a small boy, who had al-ways lived in a cit-y where there were no spar-rows, as there are in ma-ny towns and cit-ies; and Ste-phen had on-ly seen birds that were shut up in ca-ges. Some of the ca-na-ry birds in his moth-er's house, when their cage door was o-pen, would hop out and sit up-on his fin-ger. Ste-phen was kind to them, and nev-er fright-ened them; so they were not a-fraid of him.

When he was five years old, his moth-er took him into the coun-try to stay dur-ing the hot weath-er. One morn-ing he was walk-ing by a grove of trees, and, on a low branch, he saw a beau-ti-ful lit-tle bird. Ste-phen whis-tled to it, and held out his fin-ger for the bird to come and hop up-on it; but the bird flew high-er up the tree, and, al-though Ste-phen whis-tled a-gain and a-gain, it would not come. Then Ste-phen thought that per-haps the bird would rath-er sit on a branch than on a boy's fin-ger; so he broke off a long twig, and held out the leaf-y end to the bird.

"Come, come, lit-tle bird," he said; and he of-fered it a crumb of cake. But the bird would not come, and, when Ste-phen held the branch high, it flew to a tree be-yond a brook. Ste-phen went to the edge of the wa-ter and looked at the bird. "What a strange bird!" he said; "it does not like cake, and it will not come to me."

Then he went to the house, and told his moth-er all a-bout it; and she said:

"The bird was a-fraid you might hurt him if he should come near you."

"I nev-er hurt birds. Why should this one think I would hurt him?"

"He thought you were like those men and boys who catch birds or kill them when-ev-er they can," said his moth-er. "If peo-ple did not in-jure these lit-tle creat-ures, or try to catch them, they would not be a-fraid of us. In some coun-tries, which men have sel-dom vis-it-ed, the birds are tame, and will not fly a-way when a man comes near. Even in towns where there are ma-ny birds, and where peo-ple are not al-lowed to dis-turb them, the lit-tle creat-ures be-come ver-y tame. At first, birds were not a-fraid of boys and men; but, af-ter peo-ple be-gan to kill and catch them, they be-came ver-y wild, and they have been so ev-er since."

"Then the birds think that all men and boys are a-like?" said Ste-phen.

"Yes," said his moth-er, "ex-cept-ing those birds that have been tamed, and taught that there are some lit-tle boys who are al-ways kind to them, and will not do them in-ju-ry."

"Would it not be a good thing," said Ste-phen, "if we could be-gin all

o-ver a-gain, and if ev-e-ry man and boy would be kind to the birds, so that they all would be tame?"

"Yes," said his moth-er, "it would be well in ma-n-y ways, if we could be-gin all o-ver a-gain; but, as we can not do that, you and I must try to



be as kind as pos-si-ble to the dumb creat-ures a-bout us, so that they may find out, if they can, that all the peo-ple in the world have not grown cru-el. This is all we can do to-ward be-gin-ning o-ver a-gain."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

TREAD lightly this summer, my friends, or, rather, look before you step. If I were the Deacon, I'd carry the idea into a deal of useful talk for your benefit, and tell you of all sorts of moral and mental ways where it's best to tread lightly. But I do not mean that; I am thinking of my friends, the Ants. They are a hard-working, industrious class of society, never intending the least harm; and yet I cannot tell you how often their wonderful under-ground houses are trampled upon and broken in by thoughtless feet.

There is no harm in kneeling on paths and by-walks, and watching them at work; but if you'll please be careful where you step, your Jack will be much obliged.

I've a host of other tiny friends which I'd like to recommend to mercy, but to speak for one is to speak for many. All my youngsters need is a hint, and the same feeling that spares the Ants will guard the others.

Now for a few words about

THE CRIPPLING BROOK.

DEACON GREEN told some bare-legged little boys one day, in my hearing, that he had noticed a singular circumstance while they were wading in the big brook by the school-house. The Little School-ma'am, he said, had called it a "rippling brook," but for his part he was inclined to call it a "crippling brook," since it seemed to break the boys' legs as soon as they fairly stood in it.

Now, the Deacon is a truthful, straightforward man. What *did* he mean by this, boys?

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

HERE is a startling question from a Canadian friend. But it may be that, on looking into the

matter, you will discover some facts that have escaped little Snow Bunting. If so, don't forget to send me word about them.

DEAR JACK: I heard a girl read from a book, some days ago, that the Niagara Falls were once seven miles farther down the river than they are at present. Now, dear Jack, do you believe that? I have my own opinion of that book, but as you know a great deal, I thought I would consult you about it. Why, I am just from Canada myself, and I heard nothing about the matter.

SNOW BUNTING.

A SINGING MOUSE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We live near Newark, New Jersey. One day Mother sent for an old table, which was "up-garret," as our cook says. When the table was dusted off and placed in Mother's room, we heard a faint little song like that of a timid canary. As the song seemed to come from the table, we opened its drawer, but found nothing. Then the son-sounded forth sweet and clear, but still faint. We listened and listened, and finally Mother pulled the drawer entirely out, when, there in its far corner, cuddled up in a little ball, we found a live mouse,—a real singing mouse! It was quiet enough for a while, poor frightened little thing! but it grew tame in a few days, and began to sing again at odd moments. It was not just "peep! peep!" but a real, real song, like a bird's, only not so long or so loud. He did not live many weeks, though we cared for him as kindly as we could; and when he died we buried him in the garden, and my brother wrote "A SWEET SINGER" on a shingle and set it up for a head-stone. You can print this letter, if you choose, for it is true. Did ever you hear of such a thing, dear Mr. Jack?

I am your friend,

EDITH C. M.

WAVERLEY, June 14, 1881.

Yes, Edith, your Jack is well acquainted with a charming little singing-mouse, and he has heard of others. The dear Little School-ma'am says she once read an account of a singing mouse, named Nicodemus, that made friends with a caged canary. The bird and mouse even sang duets together. She says the mouse's song was as sweet, clear, and varied as the warbling of any bird, but that it had a tinge of sadness. Bless her! Likely enough the tinge of sadness was in her own heart, for who could help pitying a poor little wingless mouse with the soul of a bird!

DOLLY'S OMELET.

HERE is something from our friend S. W. K.:

Lucy had heard her brother read that in some part of Africa, the natives make a fine omelet in an "untroublesome" way, as she expressed it. They break a hole in the shell of the ostrich-egg at the small end, put in salt and other seasoning, stir all into the egg with a stick, then set it in hot ashes—the embers heaped to the opening in the shell—until the egg is cooked.

Some one had given little Lady Lucy a wee white egg, smaller than Mrs. Bob White lays. Lucy decided to make it into an omelet for Dolly Cornelia. She measured the salt for it on Dolly's thumb; put in three specks of pepper, and a piece of butter the size of the blue in Cornelia's eye. She stirred with a broom-straw, bidding Dolly watch how it all was done. "You might be a housekeeper yourself, some day," said the little mother.

With an inch-wide shovel, a mound of warm ashes was made on the stove-hearth, and there the wee egg was put to roast. It was served on a plate the size of a ginger-snap, and set before the staring Cornelia. After a while, Lucy ate the omelet, and reported that Dolly liked it very much indeed.

WEATHER WISDOM.

I AM told that a certain wise man, who is called "the clerk of the weather," can tell pretty surely if it will be warmer or colder, wet or fair, for a few days ahead; perhaps he can. But I know many a bird and insect that knows *quite* surely what the weather will be, and that provides beforehand against storm and heat and cold.

I have heard, indeed, that a wonderful man named Henry Thoreau said, if he should wake from

a trance in the midst of a New England swamp, he could tell by the appearance of the plants what time of the year it must be, and not be wrong by more than ten days. Well, Thoreau perhaps could have made good the gentle boast, for he knew almost all that one man could know about Nature in New England, and he kept a book in which he wrote, for every day in the year, the names of the flowers that, according to what he had observed, ought then to be in bloom.

But I wonder what Thoreau would have said if he had waked from a trance in the middle of this last spring? I think he would have been puzzled; and so, too, he might have been had he lived in the year 1816, in every month of which there was a frost, and which is called "the year without a summer."

Yet Jack does n't believe that in either of these periods the birds and insects were puzzled at all about the times and seasons.

CHINESE SKILL IN METAL-WORK.

DEAR MR. JACK: The letter you showed to us in your July budget, about "wonderful glass-mending," reminds me of a fact recorded in a book as true. If true, it certainly proves that the Chinese have great skill in metal-working. Those dishonest men in China, who are most successful in making false money, produce pieces which look, feel, and weigh so nearly like the good money that the people find it almost impossible to tell the difference. And so the Chinese Emperor actually gives pensions to these wonderful counterfeiters; that is, he pays them handsome yearly incomes, as bribes to induce them not to make false money!

Truly yours, F. M. LEE.

SPIDERS AS SERVANTS.

YOUR Jack used to think that every tidy housekeeper had a strong objection to spiders, and made it a duty to brush down their webs when found in-doors. But one of my birds has been telling me that, on some of the West India Islands, the tidiest housekeepers would n't be without spiders on any account. In many a human dwelling there, the faithful creatures are hard at work trying to free the house from disagreeable insects. They know just what they have to do, and they do it without being told, so they are respected, and valued as good servants. In fact, their usefulness is so well known that in almost every market these many-legged "household-helpers" may be seen for sale.

LIVING PITCHERS.

DOWN beside a shady pool that glimmers in the marsh sits a curious family. You can see in the illustration what they look like. They are living pitchers, each formed of a purple-tinged leaf, with strong ribs and purple veins; and from the center of the group rises here and there a long stem, carrying on its top a nodding purple blossom.

The pitcher has a flaring mouth, or lid, which never closes, but on which is spread some sweet gummy stuff that attracts flies and insects; and down the middle at the outside is a sort of frill, or wing. The leaf keeps always about half-full of a

liquid resembling water, and, inside, it is covered with short hairs that point downward. When an insect falls into the pitcher, it soon is drowned, for the liquid stupefies it, and the bristles prevent it from climbing up and out. After a while, the body of the insect disappears, for the leaf digests it.

The Sundew, also, digests or eats animal food; and so, too, do several other plants, including that queer one called "Venus's Fly-trap," which has leaves that close like a rat-trap on any flies that brush against the hairs lining their inner surfaces.

By the way, there was a lady in New Jersey who kept one of these fly-traps as a curiosity. She got it from North Carolina, its native country; and she



LIVING PITCHERS.

used to feed it now and then—a very little at a meal—with small bits of potato, cheese, bread, and uncooked beef. One

day she put her finger on the bristles, just to find out what would happen. Snap! went the trap, and gripped her closely. Then came a prickly feeling, then a sharp pain, and, at last, a racking ache that made her take away her finger. But she said she did n't believe the poor insects who get caught feel much pain, for, no doubt, they die at once.

A MOTHERLY ROOSTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: After reading Lizzie H.'s letter, which you showed to us in the March number, I thought I would write to tell you and her about a rooster belonging to a neighbor of ours. He is a very large, black, and handsome bird; the man who owns him bought some little chickens, that had been hatched by machinery, and, just for a whim, he gave them to this rooster. To his great surprise, the stately bird at once adopted them, taking them under his wings at night, and clucking and scratching for them with all the motherly care of an old hen that was used to the business.

If any one goes into the yard, he will run with the chicks to his coop. He never leaves them nor injures them by stepping upon them. He has raised a good many families of little chickens which have become nice large fowls, some of them as large as himself. Now, let some of your readers see if they can muster such a rooster.—Your constant reader, J. E. W.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of July and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in your directions, in the May number, for making bubbles; but I want to tell you how I make them sometimes. I take an empty spool, and rub it on the soap; then dip it in the water—but only a very little—and blow through the other end, and you will find you have as nice a bubble as though you used a pipe.—Your constant reader,
MAIE STEVENSON.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. George Bell & Sons, for their courtesy in allowing us to reprint, in our "Treasure-box of English Literature," two poems by Bryan Waller Procter.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to have a letter from a little girl in South Australia, so I send you one. By the pictures in ST. NICHOLAS I see you have much snow in America; the ground is sometimes covered with snow and ice. Perhaps some of your readers will be surprised when I say that I never saw snow in my life, and it is not many times that I have seen ice. We have it very hot here at Christmas time, but Santa Claus comes to Australia in spite of the heat, and brings us little children nice presents. I am told that when the people here are up, you are in bed; this seems very curious to me.

We have lots of stars in our sky; more than you have, I think. You can't see the Southern Cross. Adelaide is a lovely city, with gardens everywhere, and nearly every day we can play in the open air. I do like South Australia so, but I should like to see snow, and to see the boys snow-balling.—Yours truly,
ELSIE BONYTHON, of Adelaide, South Australia.

NO DOUBT, hundreds of our young friends have read with great interest the accounts of Lord Nelson's victories on the Baltic and the Nile, and many another thrilling description of fierce conflicts on the sea. And all who like such narratives would do well to read the article printed in *Scribner's Monthly* for June, entitled "An August Morning with Farragut."

Apart from the exciting incidents which it narrates in fine style, the article has great value to all young students of their country's annals, as a bit of history, since it is written by Lieutenant Kinney, who himself was upon the same vessel with Admiral Farragut, and an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes.

We can heartily commend this paper, moreover, as a just tribute to a noble-hearted and patriotic American admiral whose wonderful victories have made him known to the world as one of the greatest naval commanders that ever lived.

DEAR EDITOR: I thank you for the ST. NICHOLAS. I should n't think Kitty Brown's mother would try her so many times, when she forgot to shut down the piano-lid. She told her she would try her only just once. Kitty's mamma told her a wrong story; I think she did. She gave her some dough and some mince-meat,—enough to make two pies; and Kitty never shut the piano-lid at all, and left it open five times,—to see the monkey, to see her friends, to see her papa—No; that is three times. How will Kitty know, after this, what her mamma will do?
HELEN TIBBUT, six years old.

You are quite right, Helen, in thinking that Kitty's mother tried a wrong plan for curing her. And this is one of the lessons that the story was meant to teach.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I should like to tell the girls of a party which took place here, in Florida. The children who attended it were between the ages of six and thirteen. They came early in the afternoon, dressed plainly in lawns, percales, or piqués, played heartily, and went home before dark. It was arranged and carried out entirely by little girls. They selected and learned the speeches and songs, dressed the dolls, arranged the throne, and went to the woods to get two May-poles, which they brought home, planted

firmly in the ground, twined with gray moss, and decorated with strips of gay-colored cambric.

About sixteen girls and boys were invited, and I think I have never been at a happier party, nor witnessed a prettier scene.

The throne was placed under an arch formed by the meeting branches of two large pink oleanders in full bloom, and on and around it were grouped more than thirty dolls, dressed to represent the Queen of May, the Four Seasons, Ceres, Iris, Cupid, Morning, Evening, several Maids of Honor, Flora with her flower-girls, and Titania with her fairies. The throne was covered with gray moss, and decorated with palms and flowers.

The children stood around the throne and recited the speeches for their respective dolls, and sang two or three May songs. Then followed the dance around the May-pole, and refreshments of cake, lemonade, and strawberries, served out-of-doors.

Hoping that this true account of the way some children in the Land of Flowers enjoyed themselves may interest other children, I remain truly your friend,
"FLORIDA."

"LITTLE COOKS."—Ella G.'s letter interested us very much. In our opinion, Miss Parloa's "New Cook-Book," published by Estes & Lauriat of Boston, is the one you need. It is simple, exact, and tells just the things that girls and young housekeepers must learn, if they wish to avoid expensive mistakes.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Aunt Lulu had a cat once that liked music. Whenever Lulu played on the piano the cat would come and sit on the steps and listen. Once Lulu left the piano open, and by and by she heard a funny sound on it, and when she came downstairs and found the cat, she was surprised. The cat would jump upon the keys from one side and run across and then jump upon the other and go back again.
HARRY MACCORD (10 years).

THE following item, copied from the New York *Tribune*, may interest those of our readers who remember the beautiful engraving of Mr. Millais's painting of "The Princes in the Tower," which was published in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1880:

Mr. Millais's well-known picture of the "Princes in the Tower" has just been sold in London for nineteen thousand dollars. The artist has lately had an unpleasant accident. As he was leaving the Levee, a footman, in hastily shutting the carriage-door, jammed two of the fingers of Mr. Millais's right hand, crushing them severely.

EDNA McDOWELL.—The little German girl's words to Cora, in the poem "Babel," printed in the May number, mean, "Oh! oh! I can not understand you!" To the French girl, she says: "What does she [Cora] mean? When you know it, I should be glad to hear." The French girl says: "Really! really!" and then: "I know that it is not polite; will they think ill of me for laughing!"

THOSE of our readers who are interested in the article upon "Flat-boating," in the present number, as well as those who have read the many admirable stories which Mr. Frank R. Stockton has contributed to this magazine, will be glad, we feel sure, to read the following extracts from a private letter recently received from him:

DEAR —: I want to tell you of the very pleasant trip we had down the Indian river. I will not insult you by telling you in what part of Florida the Indian river is, but I have been obliged to inform nearly every other person of my acquaintance, to whom I spoke on the subject, that it is a long arm of the sea running down the east coast of Florida, and separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, sometimes not over a hundred yards wide. The river varies in width from six miles to thirty yards. Great portions of its shores are entirely unsettled, and much of its scenery is wild and novel.

When I determined to take my holiday last March, Mrs. Stockton and I, with three young friends,—a lady and two gentlemen,—went up the St. John's River nearly its entire length,—a very picturesque and interesting trip,—and then proceeded overland to Titusville, on the Indian River. Here we chartered a sail-boat for our journey to Jupiter Inlet, the southern limit of the river. The boat was the largest we could get, but was not large enough to accommodate the whole party at night; so we took with us a tent. Our entire trip occupied three weeks. We were six days going down the river, stopping every night to camp. At Jupiter Inlet we made a perma-

gent camp, where we staid ten days,—putting up the tent—a rude palmetto hut—and permanently mooring the boat. We were within half a mile of the ocean, and the river at that place is one of the finest fishing-grounds on the continent. We fished two or three hours every day, and had splendid sport. We caught, altogether, over seven hundred pounds of fish, many of the fish being very large. The finest—principally blue-fish and bass—we picked out for our own eating, and gave the rest to a man at the light-house, who was salting fish for market. The light-house was about a mile from our camp, across the river, and was the only habitation within twenty or thirty miles of us. Our style of living was very primitive, but we laid in a good stock of provisions at Titusville, and enjoyed our life exceedingly. Our boatman was a good cook, and his little boy was general assistant, and handed around the cups and dishes. For the whole of the three weeks, we lived almost entirely in the open air (the cabin of the boat being open at one end), and yet none of us took cold, and all thrived exceedingly.

The water of the river was salt, making its influence perfectly healthful, and we had fine weather during the whole trip, being visited by two short gales only.

There were more interesting incidents than I want to bore you with now; but you can imagine what a delightful time we had. Some of the scenery on the river, especially in "the Narrows," was wonderfully tropical and beautiful. On our return-trip, we stopped at a little solitary store, to replenish part of our stock of provisions, and our boatman told us we had better get here all that we wanted, for it was sixty-five miles to the next store. This will give you an idea of how the country is "opened up."

When we finished our charming journey, we regretfully gave up our open-air life, and returned to the habits of civilization. * * *

For the benefit of little readers who may be troubled by the text of "Proud Prince Cham," as given on pages 766, 767, 768, and 769, of the present number, we here reprint the verses in plain Roman letters:

PROUD PRINCE CHAM.

BY EVA L. OGDEN.

There was sobbing loud and weeping in the palace
Of the great Prince Cham;
The tail feathers of the royal stork were drooping,
Like a withered palm.
The poor Prince would n't eat his birds'-nest jelly,
Though it was so nice,
And he could n't bear to touch his hot-roast chicken,
Or his fresh-boiled rice;
For the heir of all his kingdom, who had come that morning,
Was a ——— oh, dear me!
When it should have been a prince, was nothing but a princess,
Brown as she could be.

Prince Cham had wept till a pile of soaked handkerchiefs
Lay at his side,
And had even lost his self-control, which was
So much his pride;
When he stopped, and called for his fan and umbrella,
And rose up to go
To the cave of the conjurer down in the hollow
Of Mount Lo Ko Fo.

That conjurer was a cunning man:
When he walked he carried a ten-foot fan,
And over his head flew a frying-pan
(Instead of a handsome paper umbrella)—
A frying-pan that was black and yellow;
And when he wanted to ride anywhere,
He rode on a butterfly right through the air,
While 'round him and over him floated a pair
Of butterflies, too,—
One red and one blue.

"Mighty man!" thus spoke Prince Cham,
While he bowed quite lowly,
"Man of might, who can do things
Both holy and unholy,
In my palace is a princess, brought there but to-day.
Conjurer! I do beseech thee, take the thing away,
And in the place of it bestow on me,
The lord of Much Chum Fee,
A healthy, handsome little prince, who shall always look like me!"

The conjurer rose,
And, uncurling his toes,
Called for his flying steed;
And away through the air,
Followed close by the pair
Of butterflies bright, did he speed.

When he reached the palace and saw the princess brown,
He took his fan in one hand and on the floor sat down.
He set six tops a-spinning and he drank a cup of tea,
And then he drew a polygon that was just as big as he;

Then he lit a fire in the frying-pan,—
The pan all black and yellow,
And he rose and took the princess,
And borrowed Cham's umbrella;
And while the smoke grew denser,
And the tops began to whirl,
Right up and out and through the roof
Flew off the conjurer!

All up and down his kingdom, the land of Much Chum Fee,
The great Prince Cham goes wandering as sad as he can be;
For he's lost his mighty conjurer, and the heir he had is gone,
And he can not find them anywhere, though he looks from sun
to sun;
And still he mourns his discontent, the source of all his woe
(For "half a cup is better than no tea at all," you know);
But he'll never get his Princess back, for very far away
The conjurer has hidden her in the city of Bombay,
Where she spins the tops of magic and she rides the butterfly,—
The wonder still and envy of all the passers-by.

MRS. R. C.—In response to your wish to know of a good book of Kindergarten movement songs for your little ones, we would name Mrs. Clara Beeson Hubbard's compilation, lately published by Balmer & Weber, of St. Louis. You will find replies to nearly all of your queries in the preface to this work by Miss Susan E. Blow. The compiler claims that the book is the result of years of careful trial and selection. The songs having been tested practically, besides being very simple and effective, they are of just the sort that must interest children.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number, I read the story of "Little Totote," and I send this as a kind of sequel, hoping you will like it.

LITTLE TOTOTE AGAIN.

One day, when Totote was eating her bread-and-milk, she said:
"Nurse, I don't like to stand on my head any more. I think it makes me feel too dizzy. But I like to look in my gold spoon,—only I do not want to be on my head."
"Oh, is that it?" said Nurse. "I am afraid little Totote will have to give up looking into her spoon, if she does not like to stand with her head downward."

But Totote shook her pretty curls, and said she would talk to her kitty about it. So she took Kitty in her arms and showed her the spoon, and said:

"Kitty, Kitty, tell me how I can look in my gold spoon and not have to stand on my head."

Kitty looked very wise, and was very still. She did n't even mew. But pretty soon she put up her soft little paw on the table, and played with the gold spoon until she turned it over.

And—what do you think? There was Totote, with laughing eyes and dancing curls, in the back of the spoon, and right side up, too!

"Oh, Nurse!" she cried; "now, I can look in my spoon and not have to be on my head, after all, unless I choose! I can do both ways whenever I like. I thought Kitty would know about it."

And Nurse was very much surprised, indeed, to see that this was really true. W. P. B.

THE many boys and girls who have read that interesting story, "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," and also the accounts of the Empress Catherine's ice-palace, certainly must think of Russia as a cold country. And almost all of us associate it more with wintry landscapes of ice and snow, than with such scenes as the one depicted on page 748 of the present number. But you who have studied geography do not need to be told that Russia is one of the largest countries on the globe; and, excepting the strange-looking harness on the horse, and the queer costumes of the workers, this harvest-scene is almost exactly like haying-time in our own fields. Probably this sketch was made in some part of Southern Russia, which, as many of you know, contains, perhaps the richest wheat-fields in Europe.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a kitten, and her name is "Fun." She is very fond of my baby-doll. She will lie on her long dress all day, and she will lick her face and put her paw around her.—Your friend,
BERTHA.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—FIFTH REPORT.

We invite your attention this month to something brighter than butterflies, sunnier than flowers, and busier than bees. Let us consider the girls and boys who have thus far joined the army of the "A. A." More than a thousand strong, they are scouring the prairies of Kansas; climbing the foot-hills of the Sierras; discovering beautiful caves in the Rocky Mountains; analyzing magnolia-blossoms in Mississippi; killing rattlesnakes on their own door-steps in Colorado; studying geology in England; gathering "edelweiss" from the slopes of the Alps; wandering, by permit, through New York's Central Park; spying out specimens from the mica mines of Vermont; picking up tarantulas and scorpions in Texas; searching for the flowers and insects of the Argentine Republic; gathering algae and sea-shells on the coast of Florida; growing wise in the paleontology of Iowa; arranging the variously colored sands of the Mississippi river in curious bottles; in Massachusetts, anxious to know whether "the *linnanthemon* of our waters has roots"; sending from Chicago to learn about the "center of buoyancy"; holding field-meetings in Illinois; celebrating the birthday of Professor Agassiz (May 28) in New Hampshire with a picnic and appropriate exercises; giving entertainments, and realizing "enough to buy a cabinet and have thirty dollars over to start a library" in Oregon; making wonderful collections in Virginia; enjoying the assistance and listening to the lectures of eminent scientists in Philadelphia; enrolling scholars and teachers in Connecticut and Rhode Island; determining to become professors in the District of Columbia; writing fraternal messages from Canada; selecting quartz crystals from the hot-springs of Arkansas; discovering *geastrums* on Long Island, and everywhere learning to use their eyes in detecting the beautiful in the common, and the wonderful in the before despised.

Does solitude check enthusiasm? Listen to a voice from the wild shore of Lake Worth, in southern Florida:

"We have no church, school, or stores within seventy miles of us. We have a mail only once a week, and the last twelve miles the mail-carrier carries the mail on his back, walking along the sea-beach. We have no good books of reference on natural history, but shall be able to collect numbers of interesting specimens, both from sea and land. I have found a great many algae on our coast."

Mr. Edward Moran, one of our most diligent members, has the excellent habit of making daily notes of what he finds of interest. Some of them read as freshly as a page from White's "Selborne," a book which all boys and girls should read. He says:

"I came across a common reddish-brown hairy caterpillar, curled up under the bark on a stump. I warmed him for a moment on my hand, and he woke up. I took him home, and soon he commenced building his cocoon out of his own hairs. After he had finished, I cut off the end of the cocoon and put a little cotton-wool in the box. He took to it very readily, and patched up his cocoon with it. I am

told that, by careful management, you can get a red, white, and blue cocoon."

Nothing has been more gratifying than the perseverance which the members of our different chapters manifest. Their interest grows continually. Here is the way the secretary of the Auburn, Ala. chapter writes:

"Our chapter began in February with five members, and now contains fourteen. More than half of our members are girls—good, honest, hard-working girls in the society. They do not wait for help from their parents, but do the work themselves. The boys are on the alert from one meeting to the next, and come laden with curiosities of all kinds. The attendance is, always good, and the reports are full of interest. We are very anxious to have a badge. We are always going to collect two specimens of each kind, so as to send you one. We shall strive to make this the banner chapter of the Association."

Such letters as these stir up in us very warm feelings toward our friends in the "sunny South," and when we add to them hundreds of a similar tenor from the far West, East, and North, we feel that the young people of our country are full of noble and affectionate feeling, and we are sure that a united study of the wonders of Nature, created for us by our Heavenly Father, is drawing us all more closely together in the bonds of a common brotherhood.

"Kansas is of much interest," we are told by a member of the wide-awake Atchison chapter, "as it is full of fossils and petrifications. Here ancient and extinct animals have roamed at large, and their remains have been discovered."

We are now starting on our second thousand. We hope to mature a more systematic plan of work before many months. Meanwhile, press on. We intend personally to answer every letter; but occasionally one writes and forgets to give his address, or fails to inclose a stamp.

If you fail to receive a reply, write again. There are hundreds of interesting things aching to be told. Just think of that chapter in Lockport, N. Y., with a hundred members—and the badge discussion—and —!

Address, after September 15, 1881,

H. H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

List of Additional Chapters.

| No. of chapter. | Name. | No. of Members. | Secretary's Address. |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|---|
| 67. | New York (A)..... | 6. | R. W. Taler, 12 E. 10th st. |
| 68. | Grand Junction, Iowa (A)..... | 5. | S. J. Smith. |
| 69. | Middlebury, Vt. (A)..... | 14. | Miss Carrie S. Steele. |
| 70. | Phila. (E)..... | 50. | A. A., 141 N. 20th st. |
| 71. | Grand Rapids, Mich. (A)..... | 4. | Willie G. Allyn. |
| 72. | Needham, Mass. (A)..... | 7. | Gilbert Mann. |
| 73. | Baltimore, Md. (B)..... | 10. | Miss Susie H. Keith, 76 M'd ave. |
| 74. | Moorestown, N. J. (A)..... | 7. | Miss Anna F. Thomas (Box 115). |
| 75. | Fayetteville, Ark. (A)..... | 5. | F. M. Polhamius (Box 109). |
| 76. | East Orange, N. J. (B)..... | 12. | Miss Florence Whitman. |
| 77. | Wilkesbarre, Pa. (A)..... | 9. | Miss Helen Reynolds, care Col. Murray Reynolds. |
| 78. | Washington, D. C. (B)..... | 6. | Broc. Shears, 1236 6th st., N. W. |
| 79. | Lockport, N. Y. (A)..... | 100. | Miss Agnes McKae, care Col. McKae. |
| 80. | Bethany, Ohio (A)..... | 4. | D. F. Sarber. |
| 81. | Wellsville, N. Y. (A)..... | 7. | Miss E. Guernsey Bingham. |
| 82. | Brooklyn, N. Y. (B)..... | 5. | Crowell Hadden, 69 Remsen street. |
| 83. | St. Johnsbury, Vt. (A)..... | 7. | C. D. Hazen. |
| 84. | Lowell, Mass. (A)..... | 10. | W. C. Chase, 11 Nesmith st. |
| 85. | Leroy, N. Y. (A)..... | 18. | Miss Mary N. Lathrop, Genesee Co. |
| 86. | Gloucester, Mass. (A)..... | 7. | Ralph S. Tarr. |
| 87. | Manhattan, N. Y. (B)..... | 7. | Wm. T. Frohwein, 218 Stanton street. |
| 88. | New York (C)..... | 6. | John R. Blake, 26 West 19th street. |
| 89. | Hull's Mills, N. Y. (A)..... | 7. | Miss Alice Brower, Dutchess County. |
| 90. | Nashua, N. H. (B)..... | 5. | F. A. Wheat, P. O. Box 612. |
| 91. | Buffalo, N. Y. (A)..... | 12. | Miss F. F. Haberstro, 11 High st. |
| 92. | N. Cambridge, Mass. (A)..... | 7. | Fred. E. Keay. |
| 93. | Stanton, Mass. (A)..... | 6. | Miss Harrie G. White. |
| 94. | Atchison, Kan. (A)..... | 7. | James R. Covert, P. O. Box 685. |
| 95. | Joliet, Ill. (A)..... | 16. | Miss Addie W. Smith. |

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. Chhatteoo.—A pain.
2. Orreddnnoohd.—A beautiful flowering shrub.
3. Baannyssii.—An inhabitant of a certain African country.
4. Teellvaai.—To mitigate.
5. Oddcaannenn.—Attacked with heavy artillery.
6. Maggeennnte.—Obligation.
7. Innottaii.—Mode of entrance into a society.
8. Pooiinn.—Estimation.
9. Reepnnitt.—Related to the matter in hand.
10. Rooppuhss.—A familiar chemical substance.

M. C. D.

CROSS-WORD JINGLE.

In mast, in fast, in last,
In under, but never in over;
In fling, in bring, in swing,
In mullein, but never in clover;
In boast, in roast, in toast,
In tourist, but never in rover.
Who can this jingle scan,
Will a holiday-time discover.

M. WELLS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The primals and finals name a patriot who was executed in Great Britain, in the early part of the fourteenth century.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. An ornamental tree. 2. One of the United States. The 3d should adorn the brow of the poet named in the 4th. The 5th is a State adjoining my second. The 6th washes the shores of the 7th, which also is a State.

ARCHIE AND HUGH.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in lose, but not in find;
My second in melon, but not in rind;
My third is in thyme, but not in sage;
My fourth is in passion, but not in rage;
My fifth is in knife, but not in dish;
My sixth is in want, but not in wish;
My seventh in dog, but not in cat;
My eighth is in mouse, but not in rat.
When fresh and cool, my whole always
Is welcome on a summer day.

BESSIE VINCENT.

THREE WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A POINT of the compass. 2. A great division of land. 3. A country of that division. 4. To domesticate. II. 1. A title of an emperor. 2. Nothing. 3. Artifices. 4. A fragrant flower. III. 1. Part of a foot. 2. An African river. 3. A tribe. 4. Domestic fowls.

ALLIE B.

HALF SQUARE.

1. In pumpkin. 2. An exclamation. 3. Is used for illumination.
4. To mince and mix. 5. A Turkish official.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

1. A-a-a-a. One of the United States.
2. -a-a-a-. A city of South America.
3. -a-a-a-. A group of islands.
4. -a-a-a-. A city of Cuba.
5. -a-a-a-. A city of Spain.

LIZZIE D. FVFER.

EASY DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

I. BEHEAD a weapon used in hunting, and leave a fruit; again, and leave what Polonius bade Laertes "give every man" (*Hamlet, Act I, Scene 3*). II. Behead to wink dorsally, and leave a division of a chain; again, and leave a liquid in universal use. III. Behead to

upbraid, and leave frigid; again, and leave ancient. IV. Behead circular frames turning on axes, and leave what it is bad to be "out at"; again, and leave certain wriggling animals. V. Behead a dangerous sea-monster, and leave to listen; again, and leave what Noah left on Mount Ararat. VI. Behead a sluggish animal, and leave two inches and a quarter; again, and leave to be indisposed. VII. Behead calm, and leave to cultivate; again, and leave harm. VIII. Behead that which, rolling, "gathers no moss," and leave melody; again, and leave a whole.

PERLY ADAMS.

CHARADE.

SPECIAL mention will be made of the names of those who send their own original drawings embodying the answer to this charade.

Along my *first* I wandered far,
I heard the sea-waves lap the shore,
And wished my *second* were but near,
To blend his notes with Neptune's roar.
Eager to see my *whole*, I peered,
Through gathering dusk, on every side,—
When, suddenly, across my path,
Its flitting form I just descried!

M. C. D.

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.



To SOLVE this puzzle: write down, in the order of the accompanying numerals, the names of the mythological personages represented in the upper and lower pictures. Each of the names has six letters, and the letters of the diagonal, reading downward from the upper left-hand corner, form the name of the Hindu "God of Waters," represented in the central picture.

ACROSS.—1. The lame artist-god. 2. The goddess of wisdom. 3. A marine divinity, son of Ocean and Earth. 4. The son of Heaven and Earth. 5. A monster. 6. One of the Muses. DIAGONAL: The Hindu god of waters.

LAURA.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

THE first word defined is found by beheading and curtailing the word defined next. *Example:* Human beings, in auguries. *Answer:* Men—omens.

1. To give, in votes.
2. To expire, in a farewell.
3. To leave, in a high court of justice.
4. To mislay, in a wardrobe.
5. To wander, among tropical fruits.
6. To suspend, in small pieces of money.
7. An insect, in a poem.
8. A girl, in a flag.
9. A garret, in open-work.
10. An island, in soft woolen goods.

CHANGED HEADS.

FIRST take a certain animal,
That 's very good to cook,
In fact, you 'll find the recipe
In many a cookery-book.

Now change my head, and if you 're brave,
You 'll see what you should do,
If well assured that in the fight,
Your cause were just and true.

Change me again, and then be sure
To take me ere you go
Where danger lurks, on land or sea,
From accident or foe.

Again (when changed), I 'm often seen
Upon your supper-table:—
Aye, in your bedroom, kitchen, hall,
Your parlor, or your stable.

Again, and you are dining
On viands nicely done,
Or in the omnibus you may
Be paying just for one.

Again, and me you now may drive;
Although I 'm not a span,
But you might call for *this*, perhaps,
To aid you in your plan.

And now a quite uncommon thing
You 'll have, if once again
You change my head, for you will see
I 'm difficult to gain.

AUNT SUE.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A conspiracy. 2. Having a tone. 3. The mountain daisy. 4. Neater. 5. An under-ground canal.

DOWNWARD: 1. In acorns. 2. A preposition. 3. A morass. 4. In a short time. 5. The surname of an American Revolutionary general. 6. A small river fish. 7. Novel. 8. The beginning of repentance. 9. In preparation.

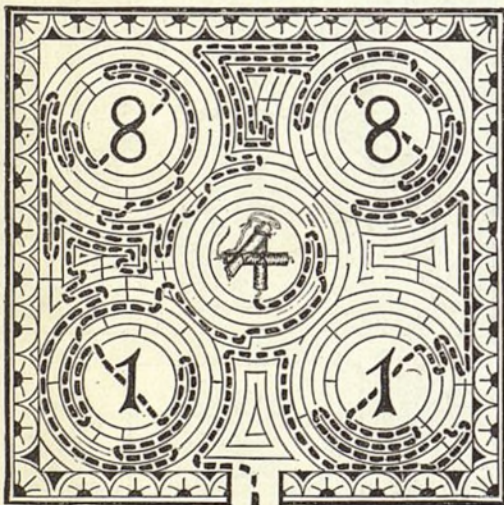
F. S. F.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. TRANSPOSE natives of a certain European country, and form a range of mountains; again, and form ecclesiastical dignities; again, and form a fortified town of France. 2. Transpose a strip of ox-hide, and form hoar-frost; again, and form deep mud; again, and form an Arabian prince. 3. Transpose certain animals, and form weapons; again, and form a planet. 4. Transpose the people, and form a country of Europe;—5. Transpose tools used by joiners, and form a city in that country. 6. Transpose a military chief, and form to dilate; again, and form a laborer in the harvest-field. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

SOLUTION OF FOURTH OF JULY MAZE.



THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.
ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the July number, from L. Gibson, Jr., 8—Margaret B., and Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Montpellier, France, 11.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 20, from Jessamine, 2—Louise Butler and Elizabeth Starr, 1—F. L. Long, 1—Bella A., 1—Geo. A. Gillespie, 1—E. R. Conklin, 2—Rosa L. Witte, 1—Lillian V. Leach, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 4—“Punch and Judy,” 3—Eugene M., 1—Chester Whitmore, 1—Willie O. Brownfield, 4—L. and M. Williams, 1—Sarah, Peter, and Jake, 1—Mabel Thompson, 2—Grace Van Vranken, 2—Geo. Brown, 3—E. L. Gould, 1—“Otter River,” 3—M. S. Reamer, 1—Irving Jackson, 4—Henry C. Brown, all—Bessie Taylor, 3—Edith McKeever and Carrie Speiden, 5—Mamie Mensch, 3—Lizzie D. Fyler, 3—Lillie and Etta, 3—Marion Wing and Daisy Vail, 2—C. Hutchinson, 1—John Blanchard, 1—Sallie Wiles, 11—“Castor and Pollux,” 6—J. Ollie Gayley, 2—Bertha, Herman, and Charles Elsborg, 4—Jack R. Wrenshall, 2—C. F. and H. L. B. Jr., 5—H. P. Whitlock, 1—Henry D. Penfield, Jr., 2—Freddie Thwaites, 10—Edward Vultee, all—Cornie and May, 4—“Mignon,” 3—J. Douglas Brown, 1—Rose Raritan, 1—Alma Spear, 2—Harriet L. Pruyn, 2—Florence G. Lane, 2—Lulu G. Crabbe, 5—Lewis P. Robinson, 2—Fred. C. McDonald & Co., 11—Robert A. Gally, 6—Letitia Preston, 4—Bumpy Gardner, 3—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 3—Alice Maud Kyte, 5—Herbert Barry, all—“Buttercup and Daisy,” 7—Lalla E. Croft, 1—Bertha S. Giddings, 1—Emma A. Bryant, 1—“Queen Bess,” all—Sarah G. Ward, 2—“Alass,” 2—J. S. Tennant, 9—Tom Spear, 5—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—Verna and Uncle Fred, 3—Hester Powell, 4—Dycie Warden, 8—Archie and Charlotte, 5.

The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved

AUGUST.

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