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LITTLE ASSUNTA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

CLIMBING the Pincian Hill's long slope,
When the West was bright with a crimson flame,
Her small face glowing with life and hope,
Little Assunta singing came.

From under ilex and olive tree,
I gazed afar to St. Peter's dome;
Below, for a wondering world to see,
Lay the ruined glories of ancient Rome.

Sunset was sorrowing over the land,
O'er the splendid fountains that leaped in the air,
O'er crumbling tower and temple grand,
Palace, and column, and statue fair.

Little Assunta climbed the steep;
She was a lovely sight to see!
A tint in her olive cheek as deep
As the wild red Roman anemone.

Dark as midnight her braided hair,
Over her fathomless eyes of brown;
And over her tresses the graceful square
Of snow-white linen was folded down.

Her quaint black bodice was laced behind;
Her apron was barred with dull rich hues;
Like the ripe pomegranate's tawny rind
Her little gown; and she wore no shoes.

But round her dusk throat's slender grace,
 Large, smooth, coral beads were wound;
 Like a flower herself in that solemn place
 She seemed, just blooming out of the ground.

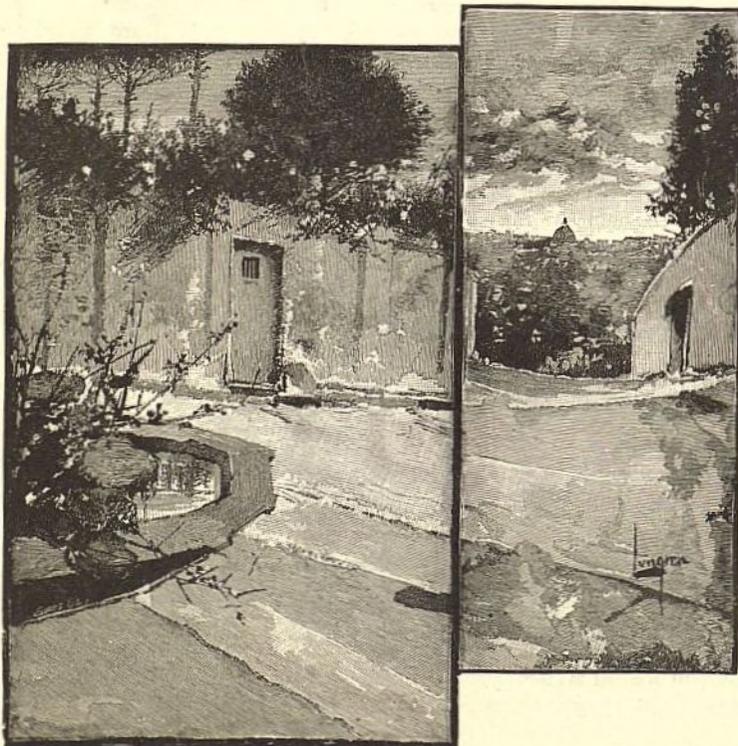
Up she came, as she walked on air!
 I wandered downward, with footstep slow,
 Till we met in the midst of the pathway fair,
 Bathed in the mournful sunset's glow.

"Buon giorno, Signora!"* she said;
 Like a wild-bird's note was her greeting clear.
 "Salve!" † I answered, "my little maid,
 But 't is evening, and not good-morning, dear!"

She stretched her hands with a smile like light,
 As if she offered me, joyfully,
 Some precious gift, with that aspect bright,
 And "Buon giorno!" again sang she.

And so she passed me, and upward pressed
 Under ilex and olive tree,
 While the flush of sunset died in the West,
 And the shadows of twilight folded me.

She carried the morn in her shining eyes!
 Evening was mine, and the night to be;
 But she stirred my heart with the dawn's surprise,
 And left me a beautiful memory!



* "Good morning, Lady!" † A term of salutation, pronounced "Sal-vé," and meaning "Hail!" or "Welcome!"

THE CASTLE OF BIM.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

LORIS was a little girl, about eleven years old, who lived with her father in a very small house among the mountains of a distant land. He was sometimes a wood-cutter, and sometimes a miner, or a plowman, or a stone-breaker. Being an industrious man, he would work at anything he could do, when a chance offered; but, as there was not much work to do in that part of the country, poor Jorn often found it very hard to make a living for himself and Loris.

One day, when he had gone out early to look for work, Loris was in her little sleeping-room, under the roof, braiding her hair. Although she was so poor, Loris always tried to make herself look as neat as she could, for that pleased her father. She was just tying the ribbon on the end of the long braid, when she heard a knock at the door below.

"In one second," she said to herself, "I will go. I must tie this ribbon tightly, for it would never do to lose it."

And so she tied it, and ran down-stairs to the door. There was no one there.

"Oh, it is too bad!" cried Loris; "perhaps it was some one with work for Father. He told me always to be very careful about answering a knock at the door, for there was no knowing when some one might come with a good job; and now somebody has come and gone!" cried Loris, looking about in every direction for the person who had knocked. "Oh, there he is! How could he have got away so far in such a short time? I must run after him."

So away she ran, as fast as she could, after a man she saw walking away from the cottage in the direction of a forest.

"Oh dear!" she said, as she ran, "how fast he walks! and he is such a short man, too! He is going right to the hut of Laub, that wicked Laub, who is always trying to get away work from Father; and he came first to our house, but thought there was nobody at home!"

Loris ran and ran, but the short man did walk very fast. However, she gradually gained on him, and just as he reached Laub's door, she seized him by the coat.

"Stop, sir, please!" she said, scarcely able to speak, she was so out of breath.

The man turned and looked at her. He was a very short man indeed, for he scarcely reached to Loris's waist.

"What do you want?" he said, looking up at her.

"Oh, sir," she gasped, "you came to our house first, and I ran to the door almost as quick as I could, and, if it 's any work, Father wants work, ever so bad."

"Yes," said the short man, "but Laub wants work, too. He is very poor."

"Yes, sir," said Loris, "but—but you came for Father first."

"True," said the short man, "but nobody answered my knock, and now I am here. Laub has four young children, and sometimes they have nothing to eat. It is never so bad with you, is it?"

"No, sir," said Loris.

"Your father has work sometimes. Is it not so?" asked the short man.

"Yes, sir," answered Loris.

"Laub is often without work for weeks, and he has four children. Shall I go back with you, or knock here?"

"Knock," said Loris, softly.

The short man knocked at the door, and instantly there was heard a great scuffling and hubbub within. Directly all was quiet, and then a voice said, "Come in!"

"He did not wait so long for *me*," thought Loris.

The short man opened the door and went in, Loris following him. In a bed, in a corner of the room, were four children, their heads just appearing above a torn sheet, which was pulled up to their chins.

"Hello! what 's the matter?" said the short man, advancing to the bed.

"Please, sir," said the oldest child, a girl of about the age of Loris, with tangled hair and sharp black eyes, "we 're all sick, and very poor, and our father has no work. If you can give us a little money to buy bread —"

"All sick, eh?" said the short man. "Any particular disease?"

"We don't know about diseases, sir," said the girl; "we 've never been to school."

"No doubt of that," said the man. "I have no money to give you, but you can tell your father that if he will come to the mouth of the Ragged Mine to-morrow morning, he can have a job of work which will pay him well."

So saying, the short man went out.

Loris followed him, but he simply waved his hand to her, and, in a few minutes, he was lost in the forest. She looked sadly after him for a minute, and then walked slowly toward her home.



"OH DEAR!" GASPED LORIS; "HOW FAST HE WALKS!"

The moment their visitors had gone, the Laub children sprang out of bed as lively as crickets.

"Ha! ha!" cried the oldest girl; "Loris came after him to get it, and he would n't give it to her, and Father's got it. Served her right, the horrid thing!"

And all the other children shouted, "Horrid thing!" while one of the boys ran out and threw a stone after Loris. And then they shut the door, and sat down to finish eating a meat-pie which had been given them.

"Well," said Jorn, that evening, when Loris told him what had happened, "I'm sorry, for I found but little work to-day; but it can't be helped. You did all you could."

"No, Father," said Loris, "I might have gone to the door quicker."

"That may be," said Jorn, "and I hope you will never keep any one waiting again."

Two or three days after this, as Loris was stooping over the fire, in the back room of the cottage, preparing her dinner, she heard a knock.

Springing to her feet, she dropped the pan she held in her hand, and made a dash at the front door, pulling it open with a tremendous fling. No one should go away this time, she thought.

"Hello! Ho! ho!" cried a person outside, giving a skip backward. "Do you open doors by lightning, here?"

"No, sir," said Loris, "but I did n't want to keep you waiting."

"I should think not," said the other. "Why, I had hardly begun to knock."

This visitor was a middle-sized man, very slight, and, at first sight, of a youthful appearance. But his hair was either powdered or gray, and it was difficult to know whether he was old or young. His face was long and smooth, and he nearly always looked as if he was just going to burst out laughing. He was dressed in a silken suit of light green, pink, pale yellow, and sky-blue, but all the colors were very much faded. On his head was stuck a tall, orange-colored hat, with a lemon-colored feather.

"Is your father in?" said this strange personage.

"No, sir," said Loris; "he will be here this evening, and I can give him any message you may leave for him."

"I have n't any message," said the queer-looking man. "I want to see him."

"You can see him about sunset," said Loris, "if you will come then."

"I don't want to come again. I think I'll wait," said the man.

Loris said, "Very well," but she wondered what he would do all the afternoon. She brought out a stool for him to sit upon, for it was not very pleasant in the house, but he did not sit down. He walked all around the house, looking at the chicken-house, where there were no chickens; the cow-house, where there was no cow; and the pig-sty, where there were no pigs. Then he skipped up to the top of a little hillock, near by, and surveyed the landscape. Loris kept her eye upon him, to see that he did not go away without leaving a message, and went on with her cooking.

When her dinner was ready, she thought it only right to ask him to have some. She did not want to do it, but she could not see how she could help it. She had been taught good manners. So she went to the door and called him, and he instantly came skipping to her.

"I thought you might like to have some dinner, sir," she said. "I have n't much, but —"

"Two people don't want much," he said. "Where shall we have it? In the house, or will you spread the cloth out here on the grass?"

"There is not much use in spreading a cloth, sir," she said, pointing to what she had prepared for dinner. "I have only one potato, and some salt."

"That 's not a dinner," said the other, cheerfully. "A dinner is soup, meat, some vegetables (besides potatoes, and there ought to be two of them, at least), some bread, cheese, pudding, and fruit."

"But I have n't all that, sir," said Loris, with her eyes wide open at this astonishing description of a dinner.

"Well, then, if you have n't got them, the next best thing is to go and get them."

Loris smiled faintly. "I could n't do that, sir," she said. "I have no money."

"Well then, if you can't go, the next best thing is for me to go. The village is not far away. Just wait dinner a little while for me." And so saying, he skipped away at a great pace.

Loris did not wait for him, but ate her potato and salt. "I'm glad he is able to buy his own dinner," she said, "but I'm afraid he wont come back. I wish he had left a message."

But she need not have feared. In a half-hour the queer man came back, bearing a great basket, covered with a cloth. The latter he spread on the ground, and then he set out all the things he had said were necessary to make up a dinner. He prepared a place at one end of the cloth for Loris, and one at the other end for himself.

"Sit down," said he, seating himself on the grass; "don't let things get cold."

"I've had my dinner," said Loris; "this is yours."

"Whenever you're ready to begin," said the man, lying back on the grass and looking placidly up to the sky, "I'll begin, but not until then."

Loris saw he was in earnest, and, as she was a sensible girl, she sat down at her end of the cloth.

"That's right!" gayly cried the queer man, sitting up again; "I was afraid you'd be obstinate, and then I should have starved."

When the meal was over, Loris said:

"I never had such a good dinner in my life!"

The man looked at her and laughed.

"This is a funny world, is n't it?" said he.

"Awfully funny!" replied Loris, laughing.

"You don't know what I am, do you?" said the man, as Loris put the dishes, with what was left of the meal, into the basket.

"No, sir; I do not," answered Loris.

"I am a Ninkum," said the other. "Did you ever meet with one before?"

"No, sir, never," said Loris.

"I am very glad to hear that," he said; "it's so pleasant to be fresh and novel."

And then he went walking around the house again, looking at everything he had seen before. Then he laid himself down on the grass, near the house, with one leg thrown over the other, and his hands clasped under his head. For a long time he lay in this way, looking up at the sky and the clouds. Then he turned his head and said to Loris, who was sewing by the door-step:

"Did you ever think how queer it would be if everything in the world were reversed?—if the ground were soft and blue, like the sky? and if the sky were covered with dirt, and chips, and grass? and if fowls and animals walked about on it, like flies sticking to a ceiling?"

"I never thought of such a thing in my life," said Loris.

"I often do," said the Ninkum. "It expands the mind."

For the whole afternoon, the Ninkum lay on his back and expanded his mind; and then, about sunset, Loris saw her father returning. She ran to meet him, and told him of the Ninkum who was waiting to see him. Jorn hurried to the house, for he felt sure that his visitor must have an important job of work for him, as he had waited so long.

"I am glad you have come," said the Ninkum.



"SIT DOWN!" SAID HE. "DON'T LET THINGS GET COLD!"

"I wanted to see you, for two things; the first was that we might have supper. I'm dreadfully hungry, and there's enough in that basket for us all. The second thing can wait. It's business."

So Loris and the Ninkum spread out the remains of the dinner, and the three made a hearty supper. Jorn was highly pleased. He had expected to come home to a meal very different from this.

"Now, then," said the Ninkum, "we 'll talk about the business."

"You have some work for me, I suppose," said Jorn.

"No," said the Ninkum, "none that I know of. What I want is for you to go into partnership with me."

"Partnership!" cried Jorn. "I don't understand you. What kind of work could we do together?"

"None at all," said the Ninkum, "for I never work. Your part of the partnership will be to chop wood, and dig, and plow, and do just what you do now. I will live here with you, and will provide the food, and the clothes, and the fuel, and the pocket-money for the three of us."

"But you could n't live here!" cried Loris. "Our house is so poor, and there is no room for you."

"There need be no trouble about that," said the Ninkum. "I can build a room right here, on this side of the house. I never work," he said to Jorn, "but I hate idleness; so what I want is to go into partnership with a person who will work,—an industrious person like you,—then my conscience will be at ease. Please agree as quickly as you can, for it 's beginning to grow dark, and I hate to walk in the dark."

Jorn did not hesitate. He agreed instantly to go into partnership with the Ninkum, and the latter, after bidding them good-night, skipped gayly away.

The next day, he returned with carpenters, and laborers, and lumber, and timber, and furniture, and bedding, and a large and handsome room was built for him on one side of the house; and he came to live with Jorn and Loris. For several days he had workmen putting a fence around the yard, and building a new cow-house, a new chicken-house, and a new pig-sty. He bought a cow, pigs, and chickens; had flowers planted in front of the house, and made everything look very neat and pretty.

"Now," said he one day to Loris and Jorn, as they were eating supper together, "I 'll tell you something. I was told to keep it a secret, but I hate secrets. I think they all ought to be told as soon as possible. Ever so much trouble has been made by secrets. The one I have is this: That dwarf who came here, and then went and hired old Laub to work in his mine —"

"Was that a dwarf?" asked Loris, much excited.

"Yes, indeed," said the Ninkum, "a regular

one. Did n't you notice how short he was? Well, he told me all about his coming here. The dwarfs in the Ragged Mine found a deep hole, with lots of gold at the bottom of it, but it steamed and smoked, and was too hot for dwarfs. So the king dwarf sent out the one you saw, and told him to hire the first miner he could find, to work in the deep hole, but not to tell him how hot it was until he had made his contract. So the dwarf had to come first for you, Jorn, for you lived nearest the mine, but he hoped he would not find you, for he knew you were a good man. That was the reason he just gave one knock, and hurried on to Laub's house. And then he told me how Loris ran after him, and how good she was to agree to let him give the work to Laub, when she thought he needed it more than her father. 'Now,' says he to me, 'I want to do something for that family, and I don't know anything better that could happen to a man like Jorn, than to go into partnership with a Ninkum.'"

At these words, Jorn looked over the well-spread supper-table, and he thought the dwarf was certainly right.

"So that 's the way I came to live here," said the Ninkum, "and I like it first-rate."

"I wish I could go and see the dwarfs working in their mine," said Loris.

"I 'll take you," exclaimed the Ninkum. "It 's not a long walk from here. We can go to-morrow."

Jorn gave his consent, and the next morning Loris and the Ninkum set out for the Ragged Mine. The entrance was a great jagged hole in the side of a mountain, and the inside of the mine had also a very rough and torn appearance. It belonged to a colony of dwarfs, and ordinary mortals seldom visited it, but the Ninkum had no difficulty in obtaining admission. Making their way slowly along the rough and somber tunnel, Loris and he saw numbers of dwarfs, working with pick and shovel, in search of precious minerals. Soon they met the dwarf who had come to Jorn's house, and he seemed glad to see Loris again. He led her about to various parts of the mine, and showed her the heaps of gold and silver and precious stones, which had been dug out of the rocks around them.

The Ninkum had seen these things before, and so he thought he would go and look for the hot hole, where Laub was working. That would be a novelty.

He soon found the hole, and just as he reached it, Laub appeared at its opening, slowly climbing up a ladder. He looked very warm and tired, and throwing some gold ore upon the ground, from a basket which he carried on his back, he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"That is warm work, Laub," said the Ninkum, pleasantly.

"Warm!" said Laub, gruffly. "It 's hot. Hot as fire. Why, the gold down at the bottom of that hole burns your fingers when you pick it up. If I had n't made a contract with these rascally dwarfs to work here for forty-one days, I would n't stay another minute; but you can't break a contract you make with dwarfs."

"It 's a pretty hard thing to have to work here, that is true," said the Ninkum, "but you owe your ill-fortune to yourself. It 's all because you 're

he turned, as Loris came near, and rushed down into the hot hole.

"Perhaps I ought not to have told him all that," said the Ninkum, as he walked away, "but I hate secrets. They always make mischief."

Presently Loris said: "Do let us go home, now. I have seen nearly everything, and it is so dark and gloomy." Taking leave of the kind dwarf, the two made their way out of the mine.

"I do not like such gloomy places any better than you do," said the Ninkum. "Disagreeable things are always happening in them. I like to



"AS THE NINKUM SAID THIS, LAUB'S FACE GREW BLACK WITH RAGE."

known to be so ill-natured and wicked. When the dwarf was sent to hire a man to come and work in this hole, he had to go to Jorn's house first, because that was the nearest place, but he just gave one knock there, and hurried away, hoping Jorn would n't hear, for it would be a pity to have a good man like Jorn to work in such a place as this. Then he went after you, for he knew you deserved to be punished by this kind of work."

As the Ninkum said this, Laub's face grew black with rage.

"So that 's the truth!" he cried. "When I get out of this place, I 'll crush every bone in the body of that sneaking Jorn!" and having said this,

have things bright and lively. I 'll tell you what would be splendid! To make a visit to the Castle of Bim."

"What is that, and where is it?" asked Loris.

"It 's the most delightful place in the whole world," said the Ninkum. "While you 're there, you do nothing and see nothing but what is positively charming, and everybody is just as happy and gay as can be. It 's all life, and laughter, and perfect delight. I know you would be overjoyed if you were there."

"I should like very much to go," said Loris, "if Father would let me." "I 'll go and ask him this minute," said the Ninkum. "I know where he

is working. You can run home, and I will go to him, and then come and tell you what he says."

So Loris ran home, and the Ninkum went to the place where Jorn was cutting wood.

you from your work any longer. Good-morning." And as soon as he was out of Jorn's sight, the Ninkum began to run home as fast as he could.

"Get ready, Loris," he cried, when he reached the house. "Your father says, reversibly speaking, that on every account you must go. He can well spare you."

"But must we go now?" said Loris; "can not we wait until he comes home, and go to-morrow?"

"No, indeed," said the Ninkum; "there will be obstacles to our starting to-morrow; so let us hasten to the village and hire a horse. Your father will get along nicely here by himself, and he will be greatly pleased with your improvement when you return from the Castle of Bim."

So Loris, who was delighted with the idea of the journey, hastened to get ready, and, having put the house-key under the front door-stone, she and the Ninkum went to the village, where they got a horse and started for the Castle of Bim.

The Ninkum rode in front, Loris sat on a pillion behind, and the horse trotted along gayly. The Ninkum was in high good spirits, and passed the time in telling Loris of all the delightful things she would see in the Castle of Bim.

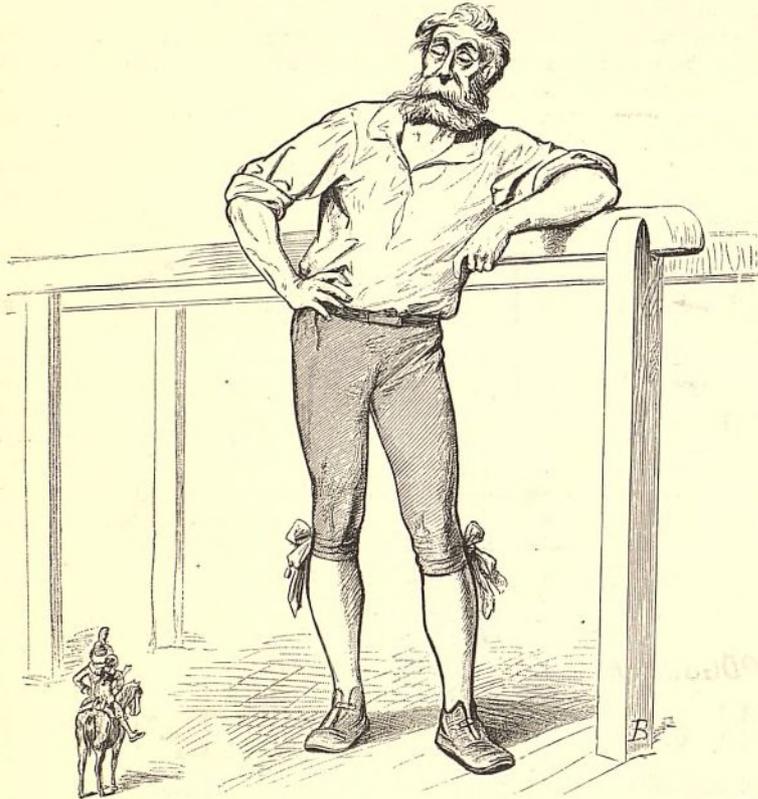
Late in the afternoon, they came in sight of a vast castle, which rose up at the side of the road like a little mountain.

"Hurrah!" cried the Ninkum, as he spurred the horse, "I knew we were nearly there!"

Loris was very glad that they had reached the castle, for she was getting tired of riding, and when the Ninkum drew up in front of the great portal, she imagined that she was going to see wonderful things, for the door, to begin with, was she felt sure the biggest door in the whole world.

"You need not get off," said the porter, who stood by the door, to the Ninkum, who was preparing to dismount; "you can ride right in."

Accordingly, the Ninkum and Loris rode right into the castle through the front door. Inside,



"RIDE RIGHT UPSTAIRS," SAID THE GIANT."

"Jorn," said the Ninkum, "suppose that everything in this world were reversed, that you chopped wood standing on your head, and that you split your ax instead of the log you struck. Would not that be peculiar?"

"Such things could not be," said Jorn. "What is the good of talking about them?"

"I think a great deal about such matters," said the Ninkum. "They expand my mind. And now, Jorn, reversibly speaking, will you let Loris go with me to the Castle of Bim?"

"Where is that?" asked Jorn.

"It is not far from here. I think we could go in half a day. I would get a horse in the village."

"And how long would you stay?"

"Well, I don't know. A week or two, perhaps. Come, now, Jorn, reversibly speaking, may she go?"

"No, indeed," said Jorn, "on no account shall she go. I could not spare her."

"All right," said the Ninkum, "I will not keep

they found themselves in a high and wide hall-way, paved with stone, which led back to what appeared to be an inner court. Riding to the end of this hall, they stopped in the door-way there and looked out. In the center of the court, which was very large, there stood, side by side, and about twenty feet apart, some great upright posts, like the trunks of tall pine-trees. Across two of these, near their tops, rested a thick and heavy horizontal pole, and on this pole a giant was practicing gymnastics. Hanging by his hands, he would draw himself up until his chin touched the pole; and he kept on doing this until the Ninkum said in a whisper:

"Twelve times! I did not think he could do it!"

The giant now drew up his legs and threw them over the bar, above his head; then, by a vigorous effort, he turned himself entirely over the bar, and hung beneath it by his hands. After stopping a minute or two to breathe, he drew up his legs again, and, putting them under the bar between his hands, as boys do when they "skin the cat," he turned partly over, and hung in this position. His face was now toward the door-way, and for the first time he noticed his visitors on their horse.

when I did not weigh so much, I could draw myself up twenty-seven times. Come in with me and have some supper; it is about ready now. Is that your little daughter?"

"No," said the Ninkum: "I am her guardian for the present."

"Ride right upstairs," said the giant; "my wife is up there, and she will take care of the little girl."

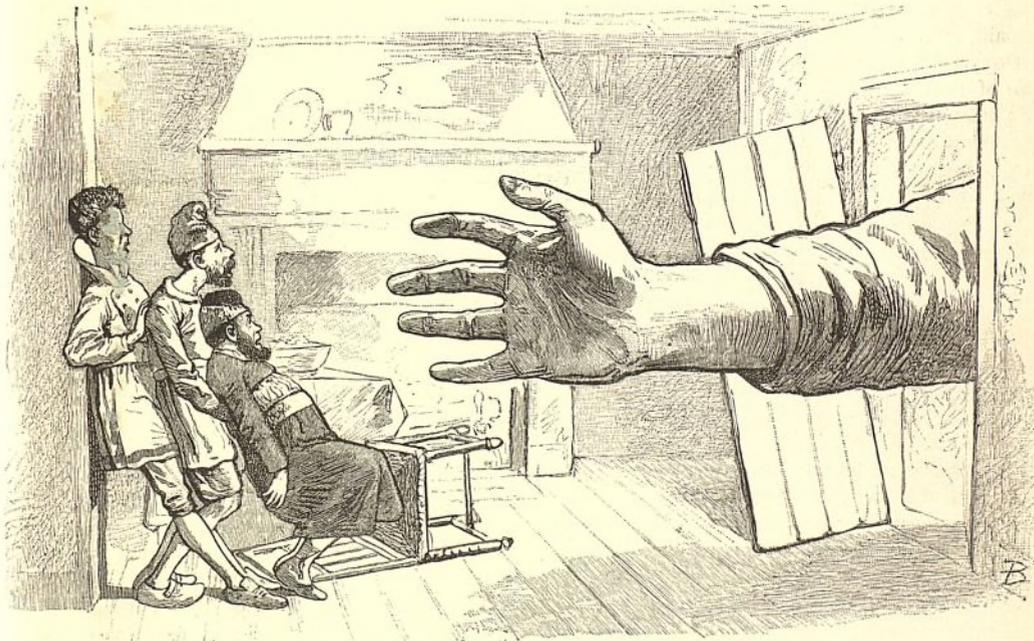
"I am afraid," said the Ninkum, "that my horse can not jump up those great steps."

"Of course not," said the giant. "Let me help you up, and then I will go down and bring your horse."

"Oh, that wont be necessary," said the Ninkum, and Loris laughed at the idea.

"You may want to look at the house," said the giant, "and then you'll need him."

So the giant took the Ninkum and Loris upstairs, and then came down and brought up the horse. The upper story was as vast and spacious as the lower part of the castle, and by a window the giant's wife sat, darning a stocking. As they approached her, the Ninkum whispered to Loris:



"THE GIANT THRUST HIS ARM THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY." [SEE PAGE 908.]

"Hello!" said he to the Ninkum; "could you do that?"

"Not on that pole," answered the Ninkum, smiling.

"I should think not," said the giant, dropping to his feet and puffing a little. "Ten years ago,

"If there were such holes in my stockings, I should fall through."

The giantess was very glad to see Loris, and she took her up in her hand and kissed her, very much as a little girl would kiss a canary-bird. Then the giant children were sent for,—two big boys and a

baby-girl, who thought Loris was so lovely that she would have squeezed her to death if her mother had allowed her to take the little visitor in her hands.

During supper, Loris and the Ninkum sat in chairs with long legs, like stilts, which the giant had had made for his men and women visitors. They had to be very careful, lest they should tip over and break their necks.

After supper, they sat in the great upper hall, and the giant got out his guitar and sang them a song.

"I hope there are not many more verses," whispered the Ninkum to Loris; "my bones are almost shaken apart."

"How did you like that?" asked the giant, when he had finished.

"It was very nice," said the Ninkum. "It reminded me of something I once heard before. I think it was a wagon-load of copper pots, rolling down a mountain, but I am not sure."

The giant thanked him, and, soon after, they all went to bed. Loris slept in the room with the giantess, on a high shelf, where the children could not reach her.

Just before they went to their rooms, the Ninkum said to Loris:

"Do you know that I don't believe this is the Castle of Bim?"

"It did n't seem to be like the place you told me about," said Loris, "but what are we to do?"

"Nothing, but go to bed," said the Ninkum. "They are very glad to see us, and to-morrow we will bid them good-bye, and push on to the Castle of Bim."

With this, the Ninkum jumped on his horse and rode to his room.

The next day, after they had gone over the castle and seen all its sights, the Ninkum told the giant that he and Loris must pursue their journey to the Castle of Bim.

"What is that?" said the giant, and when the Ninkum proceeded to describe it to him, he became very much interested.

"Ho! ho! good wife!" he cried. "Suppose we go with these friends to the Castle of Bim! It must be a very pleasant place, and the exercise will do me good. I'm dreadfully tired of gymnastics. What do you say? We can take the children."

The giantess thought it would be a capital idea, and so they all put on their hats and caps, and started off, leaving the castle in charge of the giant's servants, who were people of common size.

They journeyed all that day, Loris and the Ninkum riding ahead, followed by the giant, then by the giantess, carrying the baby, and, lastly, the

two giant boys, with a basket of provisions between them.

That night they slept on the ground, under some trees, and the Ninkum admitted that the Castle of Bim was a good deal farther off than he had supposed it to be.

Toward afternoon of the next day, they found themselves on some high land, and coming to the edge of a bluff, they saw, in the plain below, a beautiful city. The giant was struck with admiration.

"I have seen many a city," said he, "but I never saw one so sensibly and handsomely laid out as that. The people who built that place knew just what they wanted."

"Do you see that great building in the center of the city?" cried the Ninkum. "Well, that is the Castle of Bim! Let us hurry down."

So away they all started, at their best speed, for the city.

They had scarcely reached one of the outer gates, when they were met by a citizen on horseback, followed by two or three others on foot. The horseman greeted them kindly, and said that he had been sent to meet them.

"We shall be very glad," he said to the Ninkum, "to have you and the little girl come into our city to-night, but if those giants were to enter, the people, especially the children, would throng the streets to see them, and many would unavoidably be trampled to death. There is a great show-tent out here, where the giants can comfortably pass the night, and to-morrow we will have the streets cleared, and the people kept within doors. Then these great visitors will be made welcome to walk in and view the city."

The giants agreed to this, and they were conducted to the tent, where they were made very comfortable, while the Ninkum and Loris were taken into the city and lodged in the house of the citizen who had come to meet them.

The next day, the giants entered the city, and the windows and doors in the streets which they passed through were crowded with spectators.

The giant liked the city better as he walked through it. Everything was so admirably planned, and in such perfect order. The others enjoyed themselves very much, too, and Loris was old enough to understand the beauty and convenience of many of the things she saw around her.

Toward the end of the day, the Ninkum came to her.

"Do you know," said he, "that the Castle of Bim is not here? That large building is used by the governors of the city; and what a queer place it is! Everything that they do turns out just right. I saw a man set a rat-trap, and what do

you think? He caught the rat! I could n't help laughing. It is very funny."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Loris.

"We will stay here to-night," said the Ninkum, "as the citizens are very kind, and treat us well; to-morrow we will go on to the Castle of Bim."

come back and report what I have seen to my fellow-citizens."

His company was gladly accepted, and all set out in high good humor, the citizen riding by the side of Loris and the Ninkum. But when they had gone several miles, the giantess declared that



THE NINKUM AND LORIS RIDE THROUGH THE CITY, FOLLOWED BY THE GIANT AND HIS FAMILY.

The next day, therefore, our party again set out on their journey. The Ninkum had told the citizen, who had entertained him, where they were going, and his accounts of the wonderful castle induced this worthy man to go with him.

"In our city," said he, "we try to be governed, in everything, by the ordinary rules of common sense. In this way we get along very comfortably and pleasantly, and everything seems to go well with us. But we are always willing to examine into the merits of things which are new to us, and so I should like to go to this curious castle, and

she believed she would go back home. The baby was getting very heavy, and the boys were tired. The giant could tell her about the Castle of Bim on his return. So the weary giantess turned back with her children, her husband kissing her good-bye, and assuring her that he would not let her go back by herself if he did not feel certain that no one would molest her on the way.

The rest of the party now went on at a good pace, the giant striding along as fast as the horses could trot. The Ninkum did not seem to know the way as well as he had said he did. He con-

tinually desired to turn to the right, and when the others inquired if he was sure that he ought to do this, he said he had often been told that the best thing a person could do when a little in doubt was to turn to the right.

The citizen did not like this method of reasoning, and he was going to say something about it, when a man was perceived, sitting in doleful plight by the side of the road. The Ninkum, who was very kind-hearted, rode up to him to inquire what had happened to him, but the moment the man raised his head, and before he had time to say a word, Loris slipped off the horse and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Father! Father!" she cried, "how came you here?"

It was, indeed, Jorn,—ragged, wounded, and exhausted. In a moment, every one set to work to relieve him. Loris ran for water, and bathed his face and hands; the citizen gave him some wine from a flask; the giant produced some great pieces of bread and meat, and the Ninkum asked him questions.

Jorn soon felt refreshed and strengthened, and then he told his story.

He had been greatly troubled, he said, when he found that Loris had gone away against his express orders.

"Why, Father!" cried Loris, at this point, "you said I could go!"

"Never," said Jorn. "Of course not. I said you could not go."

"Reversibly speaking," said the Ninkum, smiling, "he consented. That was the way I put the question to him. If I had n't put it that way, I should have told a lie."

Everybody looked severely at the Ninkum, and Loris was very angry; but her father patted her on the head, and went on with his story. He would have followed the Ninkum and his daughter, but he did not know what road they had taken, and, as they were on a horse, he could not, in any case, expect to catch up with them; so he waited, hoping they would soon return. But before long he was very glad that Loris was away. The wicked Laub, who, in some manner, had found out that he had been made to work in the dwarfs' mine instead of Jorn,—who had been considered too good for such disagreeable labor,—had become so enraged that he broke his contract with the dwarfs, and, instead of continuing his work in the mine, had collected a few of his depraved companions, and had made an attack upon Jorn's house. The doors had been forced, poor Jorn had been dragged forth, beaten, and forced to fly, while Laub and his companions took possession of the house and everything in it.

"But how could you wander so far, dear Father?" asked Loris.

"It's not far," said Jorn. "Our home is not many miles away."

"Then you have been going in a circle," said the citizen to the Ninkum, "and you are now very near the point you started from."

"That seems to be the case," said the Ninkum, smiling.

"But we wont talk about that now," said the citizen. "We must see what we can do for this poor man, who has been treated so unjustly. He must have his house again."

"I would have asked the dwarfs to help me," said Jorn, "but I believe they would have killed Laub and the others if they had resisted, and I did n't want any bloodshed."

"No," said the citizen, "I think we can manage it better than that. Our large friend here will be able to get these people out of your house without killing them."

"Oh, yes," said the giant, quietly, "I'll soon attend to that."

Jorn being now quite ready to travel, the party proceeded, and soon reached his house. When Laub perceived the approach of Jorn and his friends, he barricaded all the doors and windows, and, with his companions, prepared to resist every attempt to enter.

But his efforts were useless.

The giant knelt down before the house, and, having easily removed the door, he thrust in his arm, and, sweeping it around the room, quickly caught three of the invaders. He then put his other arm through the window of the Ninkum's room, and soon pulled out Laub, taking no notice of his kicks and blows.

The giant then tied the four rascals in a bunch, by the feet, and laid them on the grass.

"Now," said the citizen to the Ninkum, "as there seems to be nothing more to be done for this good man and his daughter, suppose you tell me the way to the Castle of Bim. I think I can find it if I have good directions, and I do not wish to waste any more time."

"I do not know the exact road," answered the Ninkum.

"What!" cried the other, "have you never been there?"

"No," said the Ninkum.

"Well, then, did not the person who told you about it tell you the way?"

"No one ever told me about it," replied the Ninkum, looking very serious. "But I have thought a great deal on the subject, and I feel sure that there must be such a place; and I think the way to find it is to go and look for it."

"Well," said the citizen, smiling, "you are a true Ninkum. I suppose we have all thought of some place where everything shall be just as we want it to be; but I don't believe any of us will find that place. I am going home."

"And I, too," said the giant, "and on my way I will stop at the Ragged Mine, and leave these fellows to the care of the dwarfs. They are little fellows, but, I'm sure, will see that these rascals molest honest men no more."

"And I think I will go, too," said the Ninkum. "I liked this place very much, but I am getting tired of it now."

"That will be a good thing for you to do," said the citizen, who had heard the story of how the Ninkum had been sent to Jorn and Loris as a

reward. "You have lived for a time with these good people, and have been of some service to them; but I think they must now feel that partnership with a Ninkum is a very dangerous thing, and should not be kept up too long."

"No doubt that 's true," said the Ninkum. "Good-bye, my friends; I will give you my room, and everything that is in it."

"You have been very kind to us," said Loris, as she shook hands with the Ninkum.

"Yes," said Jorn, "and you got me work that will last a long time."

"Yes, I did what I could," cried the Ninkum, mounting his horse, and gayly waving his hat around his head, "and, reversibly speaking, I took you to the Castle of Bim."



THERE was a little lass who wore a Shaker bonnet;
 She met a little laddie in the dell
 Whose round and curly pate had a farmer's hat upon it.
 Now which was most astonished? Can you tell?

LIVING LANTERNS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

A DELICATE, minute speck of jelly, one of countless thousands like itself in the Southern seas, borne by the current, is forced against the bottom. Most



THE PYROSOMA OR "FIRE-BODY."

delicate things thus roughly stranded would go to pieces, but, strange to say, this fragile-looking speck seems to gain new life from its contact with the earth. It grows, throws out minute arms that move to and fro in the tide; it seizes and absorbs the lime-salts of the water, and finally builds up into and around its jelly-like body a frame-work of stone, a perfect house, and becomes a coral polyp. This, in turn, increases, buds, adds to itself, ever growing upward, until the family-house has become oval in shape, ten feet wide, and the abode of over five million single polyps. By this time, other such family-houses have been growing close by in the same fashion, a sort of living polyp village, if we may so express it, and as

sand and mud are washed against all of them, the whole mass gradually rears itself until it nears the surface of the sea, and is known as a coral reef.

Now comes floating along a seed, cigar-shaped, standing upright in the water like the bob of a fishing-line. Several little roots form the sinker, while from the top two small leaves appear. By chance the long seed strands upon the coral reef, and, like the coral egg, it, too, gains new life from seeming disaster. The rootlets bury themselves in the soil, winding around the coral, spreading like arms. The mud and sand wash against it, bracing it up; the leaves at the top grow into limbs, and presto! we have a mangrove tree growing upon a coral island; it grows, and bears seeds that in turn drop and float off to help build others.

In this way, much of Florida has grown, and the same work is going on unceasingly, resulting in the numberless keys that are creeping out into the Gulf—the advance-guards of our coral State.

While growing, these island trees are the homes of a host of animals; the gnarled roots forming arches and halls of quaint design. Beautiful shells called Cyprias crawl upon them, and at high tide those curious relatives of the crabs—the barnacles—fasten themselves to the trees, and as the water goes down, they are left hanging high and dry, like fruit. When they were first observed, years ago, the finders believed they grew upon the trees, and that from them young birds were hatched!

Thus we see how Nature builds up some of her islands; but you may well be surprised that these often are illuminated by wonderful living lanterns of various kinds—things that, while lighting the shoals and the sea about them, seem to have plans of their own. We drift along these shoals in our boat on the darkest nights, and the water seems a mass of blazing fluid; waving flames encompass the bow, and every movement of the oar seems to kindle innumerable fires into life. Globes of dim light, like submerged moons, pass and repass each other in the greater depths, while smaller lights, like stars, are scattered far and near. These lanterns of the sea are really jelly-fishes and myriads of microscopic animals with power to emit this peculiar light. Besides these, we see above the water bright, luminous spots, now moving up and down, and casting a reflection upon the water. Rowing carefully nearer, a dim, ghostly form is seen behind the light, and finally the cause appears—a beautiful heron, on whose breast the soft light glows.

It is a very extended belief among sportsmen and other observers, that this is a provision of nature to facilitate the action of the bird in fishing at night. Its long legs allow it to wade out from the coral key, and there, standing still and watchful, it is said to show the luminous spot. The pale light is reflected upon the water, and excites the curiosity of the fishes, which the patient bird is well prepared to transfix with his long and slender bill.

If we should examine one of these queer night-hunting birds, the feathers about the spot that

substance, secreted by them, glows with a wonderful brilliancy, lighting up the water beneath for twenty feet, and people sitting in the cabin-window of a vessel have been able to read from the gleams that came from them. Humboldt, in speaking of some he observed, says:

"Only imagine the superb spectacle which we enjoyed when, in the evening, from six to eleven o'clock, a continuous band of those living globes of fire passed near our vessel. With the light which they diffused we could distinguish, at a



CUBAN LADY READING BY THE LIGHT FROM CAGED BEETLES.

appears so luminous would be found covered with a thick, yellow powder, that is readily brushed off.

Another wonderful living lantern is the *Pyrosoma*, meaning "Fire-body." It is, in reality, a colony of many thousands of animals that build, jointly, a house sometimes five feet long, and shaped like a hollow cylinder open at one end. Each tenant has two doors, a back and front. From the front door, on the outside of the cylinder, it draws in water, extracts the food from it, and throws it out at the back door into the inside of the cylinder. So many individuals doing this, naturally a current is created out of the open end, which forces the whole assemblage along. A fatty

depth of fifteen feet, the individuals of *Thynnus*, *Pelamys*, and *Sardon* [fishes], which have followed us these several weeks, notwithstanding the great celerity with which we have sailed. Enveloped in a flame of bright phosphorescent light, and gleaming with a greenish luster, these creatures, seen at night in vast shoals, upward of a mile in breadth, and stretching out till lost in the distance, present a spectacle the glory of which may be easily imagined. The vessel, as it cleaves the gleaming mass, throws up strong flashes of light, as if plowing through liquid fire, which illuminates the hull, the sails, and the ropes with a strange, unearthly radiance."



HERON WITH PHOSPHORESCENT BREAST. [SEE PAGE 910.]

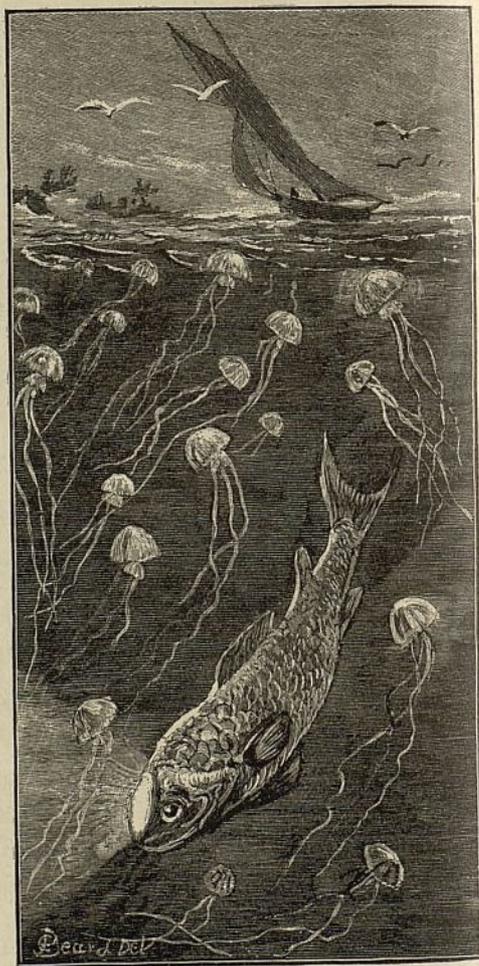
In the European seas, a fish is found that may be said to serve as a light-ship to its fellows. It is about seven inches long, with pearly dots upon its sides, while on the head appears a luminous spot that shines with clear, silvery light, and when the water is alive with phosphorescent, microscopic animals, they seem to follow him as he darts away, moving in streams of living flame.

In the warm countries, innumerable insects and plants light up the night with their splendor. Some of the beetles create a light of wonderful brilliancy; and we learn in history that when the Spaniards were marching on the Mexican capital, they were panic-stricken by the appearance of what seemed to be the lights of an immense army

rushing to and fro, and advancing upon them; but they proved to be beetles, or fire-flies, of the genus *Elater*. The picture on the preceding page shows a lady in Cuba reading by the light of several of these light-giving beetles, set in a cage hung from the ceiling of a room.

If we watch the marigolds, sun-flowers, and oriental poppies of our gardens in the dusk of summer evenings, curious fitful flashes appear at times playing upon the plants.

In some caves, a curious fungus grows, that gleams with a ghostly, lambent light, startling in its



PHOSPHORESCENT FISH.—THE LAMP-FISH AND JELLY-FISHES.

intensity. In Brazil a vine is found that, when crushed at night, gives out a stream of phosphorescent light; and many other plants and animals could be mentioned that possess this wonderful power, fitly earning for them the title of living lamps and lanterns.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TEA-PARTY.

THE mending of the chairs had entirely changed Aunt Mercy's demeanor toward us. Said she, the next day: "I want you both to come and take tea with me Saturday evening."

Phaeton and Ned not only accepted the invitation with thanks, but asked to have me included in it. "Certainly," said Aunt Mercy; "and if you have any other very particular friends among the boys, bring them along, too. Only let me know how many are coming."

Phaeton said he should like to invite Jimmy the Rhymer. "Invite Jimmy," said Aunt Mercy.

"And Monkey Roe is awful lively company," said Ned. "Invite Monkey," said Aunt Mercy.

"If we're going to have so many," said Phaeton, "I should n't like to leave out Isaac Holman."

"It is n't exactly a spelling-match, but choose away," said Aunt Mercy. "It's your turn now, Edmund Burton."

Ned chose Charlie Garrison, and then Phaeton chose Patsy Rafferty, and they determined to let the list end there. But Aunt Mercy said: "You have n't mentioned a single girl."

"Sister May is too little," said Ned; "and I don't much believe in girls, any way."

"I don't think we know any girls well enough to ask them," said Phaeton,—"unless it may be one," and he blushed a little.

"One will do," said Aunt Mercy; and so it was agreed that she should invite Miss Glidden, whom she called "a very sweet girl."

The evening that had been designated was the evening of the day recorded in the last chapter, and not one of the eight boys included in the invitation forgot it. We gravitated together, after a series of well understood whistlings, and all went to Aunt Mercy's in a crowd.

When we arrived at the house, Phaeton went up the steps first, and rang the bell. There was no immediate response, and while we were waiting for it, Ned and Monkey Roe, who had lagged behind a little, came up.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned, "don't fool around out here. Auntie expects us—come in, boys," and he opened the door and led us all into the hall. "I ought to know the way around this house pretty well," he continued. "Here's the place to hang

your caps"—and as he pointed out the hat-rack, the eight caps, with a soft, pattering noise, almost instantly found lodgment on the pegs, some being thrown with great precision by the boys who were hindmost, over the heads of the others.

"Now follow me, boys; I'll introduce you to Aunt Mercy; I'm perfectly at home here," said Ned, and throwing open the parlor door, he ushered us in there as unceremoniously as he had admitted us to the house.

The parlor was beautifully though not brilliantly lighted by an argand lamp. Aunt Mercy was sitting on the sofa, and beside her sat a tall gentleman, with a full beard and a sun-browned face, whom none of us had ever before seen.

"Why! What does this mean?" said Aunt Mercy, as soon as she could get her breath.

Ned was considerably abashed, and had fallen back so that he was almost merged in the crowd of boys now huddled near the door. But he mustered courage enough to say: "We've come to tea."

Phaeton stepped forward, and relieved the situation somewhat by saying: "You remember, Aunty, you asked us to come to tea this evening and bring our friends. But perhaps now it is n't convenient. We can come some other day."

"Really," said his aunt, "I made preparations for you to-day, and it's perfectly convenient; but in the last two hours I had totally forgotten it. You see, I have an unexpected visitor."

Phaeton introduced those of the boys whom his aunt had never seen before, and she then introduced us all to Mr. Burton.

"Is this the Mr. Burton who was dead long ago?" said Ned.

"The very same one," said his aunt, laughing. "But he has suddenly come to life again, after many strange adventures, which he has just been telling me. I must ask him to tell them all over again for you this evening."

"But did none of you call for Miss Glidden?" said Aunt Mercy. We all looked blank.

"Then, Fayette must go after her now."

Phaeton took his cap and started at once. Three of the boys kindly offered to go with him, fearing he would be lonesome, but he said he did n't mind going alone a bit.

While he was gone, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Burton very rapidly. He seemed a good deal like Jack-in-the-Box in one respect—he liked boys. In Ned he appeared to be specially inter-

ested. Several times over he asked him how old he was, and how tall he was. I suppose Ned seemed to him to be a sort of visible measure of the time that had been lost out of his life; for he must have disappeared from the knowledge of his friends about the time that Ned was born.

Soon after Phaeton returned with Miss Glidden, tea was announced.

Both during the meal and afterward, Mr. Burton did the greater part of the talking, and his conversation consisted mainly of a running account of his adventures since he left his home, more than a dozen years before. I give the story as nearly as possible in his own words. It was of a nature to seize upon a boy's fancy; but I fear it has not lain in my memory all these years without losing many of its nicest points.

"I was a tall and slender boy," said Mr. Burton,—"so slender that my parents feared I should become consumptive, and I reached the age of twenty without improving much in that respect. Our family physician said a long sea voyage might build me up and make a strong man of me, and as my uncle owned a large interest in a whaler then fitting out, at Nantucket, for a cruise in the North Pacific, it was arranged that I should make the voyage.

"I need not tell you the story of the tedious passage around Cape Horn, against head-winds and through rainy seas. We had a prosperous cruise, and I calculated that although the hundred and twenty-fifth lay, which was to be my share, would not make me rich, it would give me considerable pocket-money when we got home.

"When we turned her prow southward for the long homeward voyage, our troubles began. Week after week we labored against heavy gales and head seas. It was many months since we had been in port, and we were not well equipped for so long a strain. At last, when we were barely out of the tropics, a terrific and long-continued easterly gale struck us, and drove us helplessly before it. Just before daylight, one morning, we struck heavily, with a shock that sent one of the masts overboard. Dawn showed us that we were wrecked on the coast of a lonely island. As nearly as the captain could calculate, this was in latitude 27° south and longitude 110° west.

"We judged that the island must be about a dozen miles long. Three volcanic peaks rose in plain sight, to a height of more than a thousand feet, and between their branching ridges were green valleys sloping down to the shore. If you ever see an old cart-wheel, with half its spokes broken or missing, which has lain upon the ground till the grass has sprung up through it, you may look upon

it as a rude representation of the appearance that island presented from the sea. The hub would be the cone of an extinct volcano, the weather-beaten wood being about the color of the volcanic rock, and the remaining spokes the irregular, sharp ridges that radiated from it, some of them reaching to the water's edge and others stopping half-way.

"An hour or two after daylight, we found there was no possibility of saving the ship, though the storm was over, and that she would probably go to pieces in the course of the day. We launched the boats, and pulled southward, along the eastern shore, and soon came to a pretty bay, where we made a landing.

"Looking at the shore through the misty dawn, we had seen what looked like giants standing on the flat roofs of their houses and watching us. But they showed no signs of life, and the captain at length made them out, through his glass, to be images of some sort. We afterward had abundant opportunity to examine them, and found them to be stone statues of colossal size. What we had taken for houses were three platforms of solid masonry, built on ground that sloped toward and overlooked the sea. Four of these great statues had originally stood on each of the platforms, but most of the twelve were now overthrown. We measured one that lay on the ground, and found it was fifteen feet high and six feet across the shoulders.

"They were cut in gray stone, and each statue that was still standing had on its head an immense red stone, smoothly cut to the shape of a cylinder, at least a yard high,—as if it wore what you call a bandbox hat, but with no brim. We afterward found there were great numbers of these statues in various places on the island, though mostly on the east side. Few of them seemed to be finished. The largest one we found was over twenty-five feet high.

"It was two hours after our landing before we saw any living being. Then we saw three children peeping at us from the top of a little hill. When we discovered them, they scampered away, and pretty soon a crowd of people appeared, led by an old man whose face was painted white, and who carried a long spear. They evidently knew what muskets were, for they showed a wholesome fear of ours.

"The captain made them understand that we were cast away, and wished to be taken care of. They led us along the shore, to the entrance of one of those green and beautiful valleys, where we found a village and were made welcome. The next day they went through a ceremony which we understood to mean that they formally adopted us into their tribe, and considered us their brothers."

Mr. Burton gave a considerable account of his adventures on the island, which we found very entertaining; but I can not remember it with sufficient accuracy to attempt repeating it. As we were walking home, Monkey Roe pointed out what he thought were improbabilities in the narrative too great to be believed,—especially the account of the gigantic stone statues, which he said could not possibly have been made by people who had no iron tools. I was inclined to share Monkey's incredulity at the time; but I now know that Mr. Burton told the truth, and that he must have been cast away on Easter Island, where Roggeween, the Dutch navigator, had discovered the mysterious statuary more than a century before.

"That little island," he continued, "was our home for nearly ten years. It is far out of the usual track of ships, and as good water is very scarce upon it, there is little temptation for them to go out of their way to visit it. We had two small boats, but the coast of South America was more than two thousand miles distant, and there was no island that we knew of much nearer.

"At last a merchantman, driven out of her course by stress of weather, came to anchor off the western shore, and sent in a boat, the crew of which were naturally astonished at being greeted by white men.

"We were taken off, and carried to Melbourne, where every man took his own way of getting home. About half of them went to the newly discovered gold-fields. I got a chance, after a while, to ship before the mast in a vessel going to Calcutta, and embraced it eagerly, as I presumed there would be plenty of opportunities to reach my native land from a port that traded with all nations.

"There I made the acquaintance of a young man who, I found, was from my native town; though I had not known him at home, as he was nearly, or quite, ten years my junior. His name was Roderick Ayr. He offered to lend me money, but I would take it only on condition that he receive my watch as security, to be redeemed when we reached home. It was a splendid watch, but had ceased to keep time, for want of cleaning.

"Mr. Ayr had been educated at one of the older colleges, knew something of engineering, had studied law, had spent a year in journalism, and had done a little something in literature—in fact, I think he told me he had published a small volume of poems, or essays. His talents were so varied that he found it difficult to settle down to one occupation; and so he had made a voyage to India, merely to see something of the world, while he was growing a little older and finding out what he was best fitted for. I liked him greatly, and an intimate friendship soon sprang up between us.

He was about to return home as a passenger, when I found an opportunity to ship before the mast in the 'Emily Wentworth,' bound for Boston. To keep me company, he shipped in the same vessel.

"We passed down the Hoogly, and wound through the horrible swamps and jungles of the Sunderbunds, where tigers and crocodiles were an every-day sight, till our pilot left us, on a sunny July morning, with the deep blue waters of the Bay of Bengal before us, and a gentle breeze from the north-east.

"Two days later we were struck by a cyclone, and the vessel was reduced to a helpless wreck. Everybody on board seemed paralyzed with terror, except Ayr and the captain, and the captain was soon swept away by a heavy sea. Three of the men, headed by the second mate,—a fellow named Hobbes,—managed to launch the only boat that had not been stove, threw into it a keg of water, a few provisions, and the charts and instruments, and were about to pull away and leave the rest of us to our fate, when Ayr ordered them back. As they paid no attention to him, he sprang into the boat and took Hobbes by the throat. Hobbes drew his knife, but as quick as lightning Ayr gave him a blow that sent him overboard. One of the sailors caught him and drew him in, and then they all consented to return to the deck. The next sea swept away the boat.

"Ayr was now recognized as commander, by virtue of his natural superiority, and with a few strong volunteers to assist him, he rigged and launched a raft, upon which nine of us embarked. The remainder of the crew had already been lost, or were afraid to leave the vessel, and some had lashed themselves to her spars. Ayr was the last to leave her. He jumped overboard, swam to the raft, cut the hawser, and we drifted away from the hulk, which heeled and went down before we were out of sight.

"Ayr, who was a powerful swimmer, was swimming about the raft the greater part of the time, sometimes tightening the fastenings where she threatened to break apart, and often saving and hauling on board again some poor wretch who had been swept off. But every few hours a man would be carried off whom Ayr could not reach, and our little company was continually growing smaller.

"As for myself, I was rather a poor swimmer, and either the exposure or some disease that I had previously contracted caused an uncomfortable swelling and puffiness in my fingers and toes. I took off, with some difficulty, a ring which I had worn for a dozen years, as it now began to hurt me, and slipped it upon Ayr's finger, asking him to keep it for me till some happier time.

"In the afternoon of the second day, it became

evident that the raft was too large for the strength of the ropes that held it together, and that a smaller one must be made. Ayr set to work to build it almost alone. Indeed, but four of us were now left—Simpson, an Englishman, Hobbes the mate, Ayr, and I. Ayr had lost a great deal of his

“When at last I crossed my father’s threshold again, less than a week ago, I found that I had not only been given up for dead, but was supposed to have been murdered by my dearest friend, Roderick Ayr. He and Hobbes had been picked up by a vessel bound for Liverpool, and so had no difficulty in coming home by the shortest route.

“Hobbes, who, it seems, had never given up his grudge against Ayr, passing through my native town on his way from Boston to his own home, had stopped over for the purpose of setting afloat the story of the wreck, in which he so far mingled truth and falsehood as to represent that Ayr, in view of the scanty stock of provisions on the raft, had successively murdered three of the men in their sleep,—I being one of these,—robbed them of their valu-

ables, and rolled their bodies off into the sea.

“When Ayr came along on the next train, a policeman’s hand was laid upon his arm before he stepped off from the platform. He was taken to police head-quarters and searched, and as my watch, my ring, and my knife were found in his possession, the evidence against him seemed conclusive. But the living, lying witness had disappeared, and could not be found. Either he had felt that he would be unable to confront Ayr and withstand cross-questioning, or else he had no desire to send Ayr to the gallows, but only to disgrace him in the estimation of his townsmen. In this he succeeded to a considerable extent. Ayr told the straight story, which his nearest friends believed—excepting some who feared he might have done, under the peculiar temptations of a wreck, what he would not have done under any other circumstances; and as no murder could be actually proved, he, of course, could not be held. But most of the people ominously shook their heads, and refused to receive his account of the watch, the ring, and the knife as anything but an ingenious triple falsehood. It was more than he could stand, and between two days he disappeared, his nearest relatives not knowing what had become of him.



“THE BOYS ROSE AND GAVE THREE TERRIFIC CHEERS AND A HANDSOME TIGER.”

strength, and his knife slipped from his hand and sank in the sea. I lent him mine, for the other two men were destitute of knives; Hobbes had lost his when Ayr knocked him out of the boat.

“Just as the new raft was ready to be cut loose, a great sea struck us, and widely separated the two, leaving Ayr and Hobbes on what remained of the old one, while Simpson and I were on the new. I saw Ayr plunge into the water and strike out toward us; but after a few strokes he turned back, either because he felt he had not strength to reach us, or because he would not leave Hobbes helpless. The sudden night of the tropics shut down upon us, and when morning dawned, the old raft was nowhere to be seen.

“The sea was now much less violent, and Simpson and I managed to maintain our position in spite of our wasted strength. I felt that another night would be our last. But, an hour before sunset, we were picked up by a Dutch vessel, bound on an exploring voyage to the coasts of Borneo and Celebes.

“We had not the good luck to sight any vessel going in the opposite direction, and so could only return after the explorations had been made, which kept us away from home nearly two years longer.

"When I suddenly appeared in the town, a few days back, those otherwise people of two years ago were dumfounded, and I hope by this time they are sufficiently ashamed of themselves. But some one besides Roderick Ayr had disappeared from the town during my absence. Miss Rogers had moved to Detroit six years before, and I took the next train for that city. There I learned that after a brief residence she had come here. So I retraced my journey.

"As we were entering the city this afternoon, I put my head out of the car window in an idle way, and thought I saw a strange vision—a man standing beside the track with a flag in his hand, who wore the features of Roderick Ayr. In a moment it was gone, and I could not tell whether it was fancy or reality, whether I had been dreaming or awake. But as I was passing through the door of the railway station, he accosted me, and sure enough it was my friend."

"Good gracious!" said Monkey Roe.

"*Johannes in perpetuo!*—Jack for ever!" said Holman. "O-o-o-h!" said Ned, three times—once with his mouth, and once with each eye.

Phaeton leapt up, and waving his handkerchief over his head, proposed "Three cheers for Roderick Jack-in-the-Box!"—whereupon all the boys rose instantly and gave three terrific cheers and a handsome tiger, to which Phaeton immediately added:

"Please excuse me, Aunt; I'm going to bring Jack-in-the-Box," and he was off in an instant.

"I don't know what he means by that," said Aunt Mercy.

"The explanation is this," said Miss Glidden, "that Jack-in-the-Box and Roderick Ayr are one and the same person."

"Then of course I shall be most happy to welcome him," said Aunt Mercy.

Before long, Mr. Ayr was announced. The hostess rose to greet him, and "all the boys except Miss Glidden," as Patsy Rafferty expressed it, made a rush for him and wound themselves around him like an anaconda.

"Where 's Fay?" said Ned, as he looked about him when the anaconda had loosened its folds.

"He 's at the Box, managing the signals for me in my absence," said Jack.

The hero of the evening was now beset with inquiries, and nearly the whole story was gone over again, by question and answer.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD SHOES AND ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

NOT many weeks after the tea-party, there were two weddings. Mr. Burton and Aunt Mercy were married on Wednesday, quietly, at her house,

and none of the boys were there excepting Phaeton and Ned. Roderick Ayr and Miss Glidden were married next morning in church, and all the boys were there.

In the arrangements for this wedding, it was planned that there should be no brides-maids and no best man, although it was then the fashion to have them,—but four ushers. Jack had asked Phaeton and Ned Rogers, Isaac Holman, and me to officiate in this capacity; and we, with a few of the other boys, met in the printing-office to talk it over. "I suppose we shall get along somehow," said Ned, "but I never ushered in my life, and I would n't like to make a blunder."

"You can buy a behavior-book that tells all about it," said Charlie Garrison.

"I don't much believe in books for such things," said Ned.

"Well," said Charlie, "you 'll find you must have a lot of trappings for this affair—white gloves and bouquets and rosettes and cockades and bridal favors, and a little club with ribbons on it, to hit the boys with when they don't keep still."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jimmy the Rhymer, "half of those are the same thing. And as for hitting the boys, they 'd better hit the whole congregation, who never know any better than to jump up and gaze around every time there 's a rumor that the bridal party have arrived."

"I don't think we need be troubled about it," said Phaeton. "Of course Jack will rehearse us a little, and instruct us what to do."

"*Bonus ego cervus!* Good idea!" said Holman. "Let 's go up to the Box this afternoon and ask him." And we agreed that we would.

"That 's all very well for that part of the business," said Jimmy the Rhymer; "but there 's something else we ought to talk over and agree upon, which we can't ask Jack about. I mean our own demonstration. Of course we 're not going to stand by and see Jack-in-the-Box married and disposed of without doing something to show our love for him."

"They wont take any presents," said Holman.

"And I think all the flowers there need be will be provided for by somebody else," said Phaeton.

"Then," said Jimmy, "there is but one thing left for us. It 's a famous custom to throw old shoes after people, as a sign that you wish them good luck—especially when they 're just married and starting off on their wedding journey. We need n't throw anything, but we 'll have a chance to put in an old horseshoe, which is luckier than any other."

"Those carriages," said Phaeton, "generally have a platform behind, to carry trunks on. While the bridal party are in the church, we might have all our old shoes piled up on that platform."

"And that will give us a chance to decorate them with a few flowers and ribbons," said Jimmy.

We appointed Jimmy a committee of one to manage the old shoes. In the afternoon we four, who were to be ushers, went to see Jack-in-the-Box.

"Jack," said Ned, "if we 're going to ush for you, you 'll have to instruct us a little. None of us understand the science very well, and we 're afraid to try learning it from books."

Jack laughed heartily. "The science of ushing, as you call it," said he, "is a very simple matter."

Then he got a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew roughly a ground plan of the church, showed us our places at the heads of the aisles, and instructed us fully about our simple duties.

"And about the clubs?" said Ned. "Will you make those, or do we buy them?"

"What clubs?" said Jack.

"The little clubs with ribbons wound around them, to hit the boys with when they don't keep still."

Jack laughed more heartily than before.

"I guess we wont hit the boys," said he. "They need n't keep any stiller than they want to, at my wedding." And then he explained.

"A marshal," said he, "is a sort of commander, and the little club, as you call it, is the symbol of his authority. But an usher stands in the relation of servant to those whom he shows to their places."

"I must tell Charlie Garrison about that," said Ned; "it was he who started the story about the little clubs. Charlie 's an awful good boy, but he generally gets things wrong. I 'm afraid he 's too ready to believe everything anybody tells him."

In trying to describe Charlie, Ned had so exactly described himself that we all broke into a smile.

As we were walking away, Holman suggested that perhaps while we were about it we ought to have got instructions as to the reception, also; for there was to be a brief one at the house immediately after the ceremony in church.

"Oh, I know all about that," said Fay. "You go up to the couple, and shake hands, and if you 're a girl you kiss the bride—(what did you say? You wish you were?)—and wish them many happy returns of the day; then you say what kind of weather you think we 've had lately, and the bridegroom says what kind he thinks; then you give a real good smile and a bow, and go into another room and eat some cake and ice-cream; and then you go home. That 's a reception."

Two days before the wedding, Jack resigned his place in the employ of the railroad, and took all his things away from the Box. Patsy Rafferty's father succeeded him as signal-man.

Thursday was a beautiful, dreamy October day, and as we had settled all the weighty questions of etiquette, we put on the white gloves with a feeling of the most dignified importance. The people began coming early. The boys, who were among the earliest, came in a compact crowd, and we gave them first-rate seats in the broad aisle, above the ribbon. Before ten o'clock every seat was filled.

Everybody in town seemed to be present. There were matrons with a blush of the spring-time returned to their faces. There were little misses in short dresses, who had never looked on such a spectacle before. There were young ladies, evidently in the midst of their first campaign, just a little excited over one of those events toward which ill-natured people say all their campaigning is directed. There were fathers of families, with business-furrowed brows, brushing the cobwebs from dim recollections, and marking the discovery of each with the disappearance of a wrinkle. There were bachelors who, if not like the irreverent hearers of Goldsmith's preacher, were at least likely to go away with deep remorse or desperate resolve. There were some who would soon themselves be central figures in similar spectacles. There were those, perhaps, whose visions of such a triumph were destined to be finally as futile as they were now vivid.

Frequent ripples of good-natured impatience ran across the sea of heads, and we who felt that we had the affair in charge began to be a little anxious, till the organ struck up a compromise between a stirring waltz and a soothing melody, which speeded the unoccupied moments on their journey.

The usual number of false alarms caused the usual turning of heads and eyes. But at last the bridal party really came. The bride's eyes were on the ground, and she heard nothing but the rustle of her own train, and saw nothing, I trust, but the visions that are dear to every human heart.

The organ checked its melodious enthusiasm as the party reached the chancel. Then the well-known half-audible words were uttered, with a glimmer of a ring sliding upon a dainty finger. The benediction was said, a flourish of the organ sounded the retreat, and the party ran the gauntlet of the broad aisle again, while the audience, as was the fashion of that day, immediately rose to its feet and closed and crushed in behind them, like an avalanche going through a tunnel.

While we were in the church, Jimmy the Rhymer, with Lukey Finnerty to help him, had brought the old shoes in an immense basket, and arranged them on the platform at the back of the bridegroom's carriage. The cluster of seven boots which Patsy had used for a drag to control Phaeton's car, was laid down as a foundation. On this were piled all

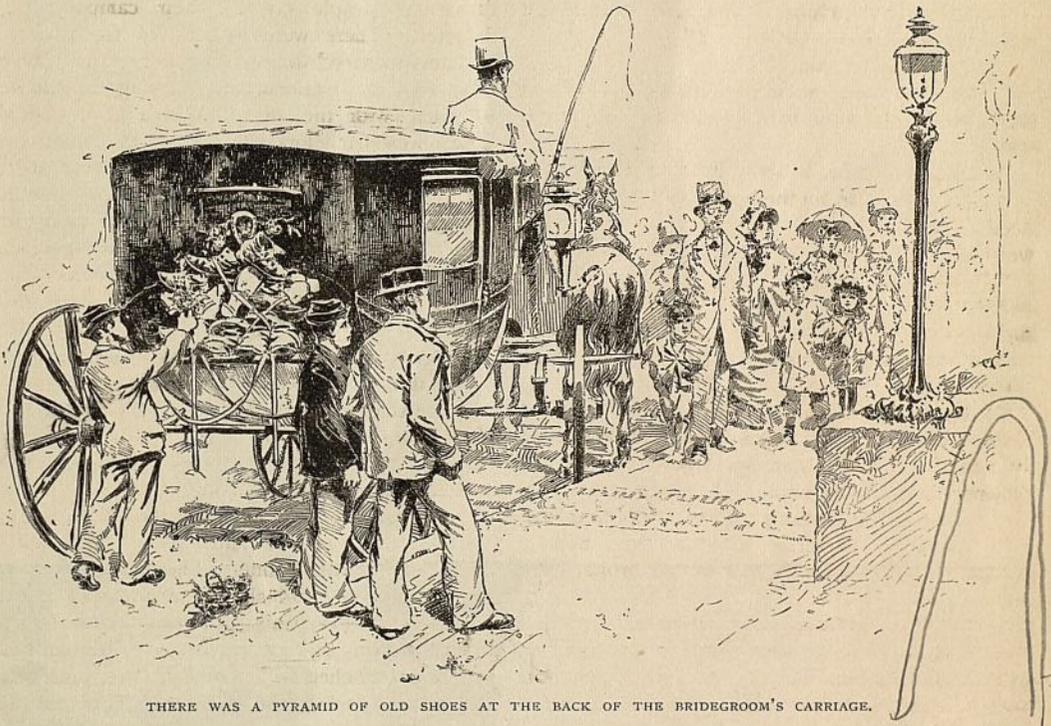
sorts of old shoes, gaiters, and slippers, bountifully contributed by the boys, and at the top of the pyramid a horseshoe contributed by Jimmy himself. Sticking out of each shoe was a small bouquet, and the whole was bound together and fastened to the platform with narrow white ribbons, tied here and there into a bow.

My young lady readers will want to know what the bride wore. As nearly as I can recollect—and I have refreshed my memory by a glance at the best fashion-magazines—it was a wine-colored serge Sicilienne, looped up with pipings of gros-grain galloon, cut *en train* across the sleeve-section; the over-skirt of Pompadour passementerie, shirred on

on the trunk-board, the carriage presented an original and picturesque appearance as it rolled away.

The boys went to the reception as they had gone everywhere else, in a solid crowd. When we presented ourselves, Ned made us all laugh by literally following his brother's humorous instructions. The caterer thought he had provided bountifully for the occasion; but when the boys left the refreshment-room, he stood aghast. The premium boy in this part of the performance was Monkey Roe.

As Ned and I walked silently toward home, he suddenly spoke: "It's all right! Miss Glidden was too awful old for Fay and Jimmy and Holman. She's nineteen, if she's a day."



THERE WAS A PYRAMID OF OLD SHOES AT THE BACK OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S CARRIAGE.

with striped gore of garnet silk, the corners caught down to form shells for the heading, and finished off in knife plaitings of brocaded facing that she had in the house. Coiffure, a Maintenon remnant of pelerine blue, laced throughout, and crossing at the belt. The corsage was a pea-green fichu of any material in vogue, overshot with delicate twilled moss-heading cut bias, hanging gracefully in fan outline at the back, trimmed with itself and fitted in the usual manner with darts; Bertha panier of suit goods, and Watteau bracelets to match.

With this costume inside, and our contribution

"No doubt of it," said I. "But how came you to know about Fay and Jimmy and Holman?"

I thought Ned had not discovered what I had.

Without a word, he placed his forefinger in the corner of his eye, then pulled the lobe of his ear, and then, spreading the fingers of both hands, brought them carefully together, finger-end upon finger-end, in the form of a cage. By which he meant to say that he could see, and hear, and put this and that together.

"Ah, well!" said I, "let us not talk about it. We may be nineteen ourselves some day."

THE END.

THE LAZY FARM-BOY.

BY MRS. ANNIE FIELDS.

LAZY in the spring-time, before the leaves are green,
 Lazy in the summer-time, beneath their leafy screen,
 Sure a lazier farm-boy never yet was seen!

After a while he thinks he hears an early apple fall,
 Now surely from the little wood he hears a phœbe call!
 So he halts among the pumpkins beside the pasture-wall.

His cheeks are round as apples and browned by sun and breeze,
 He bears a pair of patches upon his sturdy knees,
 And wears the pleasant countenance of one who loves to please.

For half an hour he gazes to find the apple-tree,
 And listens for the phœbe, but is not sure 't is she,
 Then he takes his hoe and marvels so many weeds should be.

The weeds are growing fast, and the master takes his hoe,
 And bids his farm-boy follow him, whether he will or no;
 He follows as a farm-boy should, but he follows very slow.

And now the perfect face of heaven wears not a single cloud,
 The lazy boy above his hoe is for a brief space bowed,
 But soon, despondent, he stops short before a weedy crowd.

His master leads him to the field and shows him all his task,
 And leaves him when in sunbeams the earth begins to bask,
 Just as the boy would like "How long ere dinner-time" to ask;

"I think," he says, "(I am so tired!)—it must be nigh to noon;
 I 'll listen for the mid-day bell; it should be ringing soon."
 He lies down in the shade to hear, and whistles a slow tune.



There is no sound, the breezes die, he soon
falls fast asleep;
The weeds do not stop growing—thus will our
labors keep.
He wears a smile, for in his dream he hears a
squirrel cheep.

Roused by the clanging bell of noon, he wakes
with startled moan;
"I wonder how it is," he says, "so many
weeds were sown!"
"Because," I answer, "smart farm-boys are not
like clover grown."



TRAPPER JOE.

By M. M. D.

How strange it all seemed to little Winifred! One year ago, or, as she reckoned it, one snow-time and one flower-time ago, she was living in Boston, and now she was in the wilds of Colorado. It was a great change—this going from comfort and luxury to a place where comfort was hard to find, and luxury not to be thought of; where they had a log-hut instead of a house, and a pig in place of a poodle. But, on the whole, she enjoyed it. Her father was better, and that was what they came for. The doctor had said Colorado air would cure him. And though Mother often looked tired and troubled, she certainly never used to break forth into happy bits of song when Father was ill in bed, as she did now that he was able to help cut down trees in the forest. Besides, who ever saw such beautiful blue flowers and such flaming red blossoms in Boston? And what was the frog-pond compared with these streams that now, in the spring-time, came rushing through the woods—silently sometimes, and sometimes so noisily that, if it were not for their sparkle when they passed the open,

sunny places, and the laughing way they had of running into every chink along the banks, one would think they were angry? Yes, on the whole, Winifred liked Colorado; and so did her little brother Nat; though, if you had told him Boston was just around the corner, he would have started to run there without waiting to put on his cap.

Such a little mite of a fellow Nat was, and so full of sunshine! Only one thing could trouble him—and that was to be away from Mother even for half an hour. There was something in Mother's way of singing, Mother's way of kissing hurt little heads and fingers, Mother's way of putting sugar on bread, and Mother's way of rocking tired little boys, that Nat approved of most heartily. He loved his father, too, and thought him the most powerful wood-cutter that ever swung an ax, though really the poor man had to stop and rest at nearly every stroke.

See these two children now trudging to the little stream near by, quite resolved upon having a fine rocking in Father's canoe! This queer boat, made

of bark, and sharp at both ends, was tied to a stake. Now that the stream was swollen and flowing so fast, it was fine fun to sit, one in each end, and get "bounced about," as Winnie said.

"You get in first, because you're the littlest," said Winnie, holding her dress tightly away from the splashing water with one hand, and pulling the boat close to the shore with the other.

"No, *you* get in first, 'cause you'm a girl," said Nat. "I don't want no helpin'. I'm going to take off my toos and 'tockies first, 'cause Mammy said I might."

Nat could say shoes and stockings quite plainly when he chose, but everybody said "toos and 'tockies" to him; so he looked upon these words, and many other crooked ones, as a sort of language of Nat, which all the world would speak if they only knew how.

In at last—both of them—and a fine rocking they had. The bushes and trees threw cool shadows over the canoe, and the birds sang, and the blue sky peeped down at them through little openings overhead, and, altogether, with the splashing water and the birds and pleasant murmur of insects, it was almost like Mother's rocking and singing.

At first they talked and laughed softly. Then they listened. Then they talked a very little. Then listened again, lying on the rushes in the bottom of the canoe. Then they ceased talking, and watched the branches waving overhead; and, at last, they both fell sound asleep.

This was early in the morning. Mother was very busy in the cabin, clearing away the breakfast-dishes, sweeping the room, making the beds, mixing bread, heating the oven, and doing a dozen other things. At last she took a plate of crumbs and scraps, and went out to feed the chickens.

"Winnie! Nat!" she called, as she stepped out upon the rough door-stone. "Come, feed the chickens!" Then she added, in a surprised way, to herself: "Why, where in the world can those children be? They must have stopped at the new clearing to see their father."

At dinner-time she blew the big tin horn that hung by the door, and soon her husband came home alone, hungry and tired.

"Oh, you little witches!" laughed the mother, without looking up from her task of bread-cutting. "How could you stay away so long from Mamma? Tired, Frank?"

"Yes, very. But what do you mean? Where are the youngsters?"

She looked up now, and instantly exclaimed, in a frightened voice, as she ran out past her husband: "Oh, Frank! I've not seen them for two or three hours! I thought, to be sure, they were

with you. They surely would n't have staid all this time in the canoe!"

He followed her, and they both ran to the stream. In an instant, the mother, hastening on ahead through the bushes, screamed back: "Oh, Frank! Frank! *The canoe is gone!*"

All that long, terrible day, and the next, they searched. They followed the stream, and at last found the canoe—but it was empty! In vain the father and mother and their only neighbor wandered through the forest in every direction, calling: "Winnie! Winnie! Nat! Nat!" In vain the neighbor took his boat and explored the stream for miles and miles—no trace could be found of the poor little creatures, who, full of life and joy, had so lately jumped into Father's canoe to "have a rock."

Where were they? Alas! they did not themselves know. They only knew that they had been wakened suddenly by a great thump, and that when they jumped out of the canoe and started to go home, everything was different. There was no footpath, no clearing where trees had been cut down, no sound of Father's ax near by, nor of Mother's song—and the stream was rushing on very angrily over its rocky bed. The canoe, which had broken loose and, borne on by the current, had floated away with them miles and miles from the stake, was wedged between two great stones when they jumped out of it; but now it was gone—the waters had taken it away. After a while, in their distracted wanderings, they could not even find the stream, though it seemed to be roaring in every direction around them.

Now they were in the depths of the forest, wandering about, tired, hungry, and frightened. For two nights they had cried themselves to sleep in each other's arms under the black trees; and as the wind moaned through the branches, Winnie had prayed God to save them from the wolves, and little Nat had screamed, "Papa! Mamma!" sobbing as if his heart would break. All they had found to eat was a few sweet red berries that grew close to the ground. Every hour the poor children grew fainter and fainter, and, at last, Nat could n't walk at all.

"I'm too tired and sick," he said, "and my feet all tut. My toos and 'tockies is in the boat. O Winnie! Winnie!" he would cry, with a great sob, "why *don't* Mamma 'n' Papa come? Oh, if Mamma 'd only come and bring me some bread!"

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry," Winnie would say over and over again. "I'll find some more red berries soon; and God will show us the way home. I *know* He will. Only don't cry, Nat, because it takes away all my courage."

"All your what?" asked Nat, looking wildly at

her as if he thought courage was something they could eat.

"All my courage, Nat." And then, after searching in vain for more red berries, she would throw herself upon her knees and moan: "Dear Father in Heaven, I can't find anything more for Nat to eat. Oh, *please* show us the way home!"

What was that quick sound coming toward them? The underbrush was so thick Winnie could not see what caused it, but she held her breath in terror, thinking of wolves and Indians, for there were plenty of both, she knew, lurking about in these great forests.

The sound ceased for a moment. Seizing Nat in her arms, she made one more frantic effort to find her way to the stream, then, seeing a strange look in the poor little face when she put him down to take a better hold, she screamed:

"Nat! Nat! Don't look so! Kiss Winnie!"

"Hello, there!" shouted a voice through the underbrush, and in another instant a great, stout man came stamping and breaking his way through the bushes.

"Hello, there! What on airth 's up now? Ef old Joe ha' n't come upon queer game this time. Two sick youngsters—an' ef they aint a-starving! Here, you younguns, eat some uv this 'ere, and give an account uv yourselves."

With these words, he drew from somewhere among the heavy folds of his hunting-dress a couple of crackers.

The children grabbed at them frantically.

"Hold up! Not so sharp!" he said; "you must have a little at a time for an hour yet. Here, sis, give me the babby—I 'll feed him; and as for you, jest see that you don't more 'n nibble!"

"Oh, give me a drink!" cried Winnie, swallowing the cracker in two bites, and for an instant even forgetting Nat.

The man pulled a canteen or flat tin flask from his belt and gave her a swallow of water; then he hastened to moisten Nat's lips and feed him crumb after crumb of the broken cracker.

"Another hour," he muttered to himself, as he gently fed the boy and smoothed back the tangled yellow hair from the pale little face,—“another hour and he 'd 'a' been past mendin'."

Winnie looked up quickly.

"Is he going to die?" she asked.

"Not he," said the man; "he 'll come through right end up yet. He 's got a fever on him, but we 'll soon knock that under. How 'd you get here, little gal?"

Winnie told her story, all the while feeling a glad

certainty at her heart that their troubles were over. The strange man carried a gun, and he had a big pistol and an ax, and a knife in his belt. He looked very fierce, too, yet she knew he would not harm her. She had seen many a trapper before, since she came to the West, and, besides, she felt almost sure he was the very trapper who had been at her father's cabin a few weeks before, and taken supper, and warmed himself before the fire, while he told wonderful stories about Indians and furs, and about having many a time had "fifty mile o' traps out on one stretch."

She remembered, too, that her father had told her the next day that trappers lived by catching with traps all sorts of wild animals, and selling their furs to the traders, and that this particular trapper had been very successful, and had great influence among the Indians—in fact, that he was one of the big men of that region, as he said.

These thoughts running through her mind now as she told how they had been lost for two whole days and two nights, and the sight of Nat falling peacefully asleep on the trapper's shoulder, made her feel so happy that she suddenly broke forth with, "O Mr. Trapper! I can run now. Let 's go right home!"

* * * * *

The stars came out one by one that night, and winked and blinked at a strange figure stalking through the forest. He had a sleeping child on each arm, and yet carried his gun ready to fire at an instant's notice. Trudging on, he muttered to himself:

"Well, old Joe, you 've bagged all sort o' game in this 'ere forest, and trapped 'most everything agoin', but you aint never had such a rare bit o' luck as this. No wonder I stood there on the edge of the timber-land, listening to I did n't know what! Reckon here 's a couple o' skins now 'll be putty popular at *one* market 't any rate—fetch 'most any price you could name—but I 'll let 'em go cheap; all the pay I want for these 'ere critters is jest to hear the kisses of them poor frightened—Hello! there 's a light! What, ahoy! Neighbor, hello! hello!"

"Got 'em both!" he shouted, as three figures, two men and a woman, came in sight through the starlight. "All right—Got 'em both!"

The children are awake now. What sobs, what laughter, what broken words of love and joy, fall upon the midnight air! And through all, Winnie, wondering and thrilled with strange happiness, is saying to herself: "I knew God would show us the way home!"



Up the road and down the road and up the road again,
 All across the meadow-lot, and through the shady lane;
 Over hill and valley, skipping merrily we come,
 Down the road and up the road,—and here we are at home!

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

IN days long ago, when birds and flowers and trees could talk, in a country far over the sea, there was a beautiful fountain. It was in an opening in the forest, and the little sunbeams that crept between the leaves, falling upon it, made it shine and sparkle like silver. You would have thought the wind was playing a polka among the trees, so gayly did the fountain dance and bubble over the rocks, while it was sending up little showers of spray that made tiny rainbows.

But between its banks, farther down, it was as quiet as a sleeping child, and the ferns bent over and bathed themselves in it, and the cool green moss crept down to the water's edge. The mountain-goat that wandered through the forest had never been there to drink. Even the wind was tenderly careful not to ruffle it, and the leaves that had shaded it all summer long laid themselves noiselessly on either side when their turn came to fall, but they never sullied its fair surface.

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One day, a youth named Narcissus, who had been hunting in the forest, lost sight of his companions, and while looking for them, chanced to see the fountain flashing beneath a stray sunbeam. He at once turned his steps toward it, much delighted, for he was so heated and thirsty. As he drew nearer, and heard the splash of the falling water and saw its crystal clearness, he thought he had never seen so beautiful a place, and he hastened to bathe his burning forehead and cool his parched lips. But as he knelt upon the mossy bank and bent over the water, he saw his own image, as in a glass. He thought it must be some lovely water-spirit that lived within the fountain, and in gazing upon it he forgot to drink. The sparkling eyes, the curling locks, the blushing, rounded cheeks, and the parted lips filled him with admiration, and he fell in love with that image of himself, but he knew not that it was his own image.

The longer he looked, the more beautiful it became to him, and he longed to embrace it. But as he dipped his arms into the water and touched it with his lips, the lovely face disappeared, as though its owner had been frightened. Narcissus felt himself thrill with alarm lest he might never behold it again, and he looked around, in vain, to find where it had fled.

What was his delight to see it appearing again as the surface of the water became smooth! It gave him back glance for glance, and smile for smile, but although the lips moved as if they were speaking, they gave him not a word. He begged the beautiful creature to come out of the fountain and live with him.

"You are the most beautiful being my eyes ever looked upon," he said, "and I love you with

all my heart. You shall have all that is mine, and I will forever be your faithful friend, if you will only come with me."

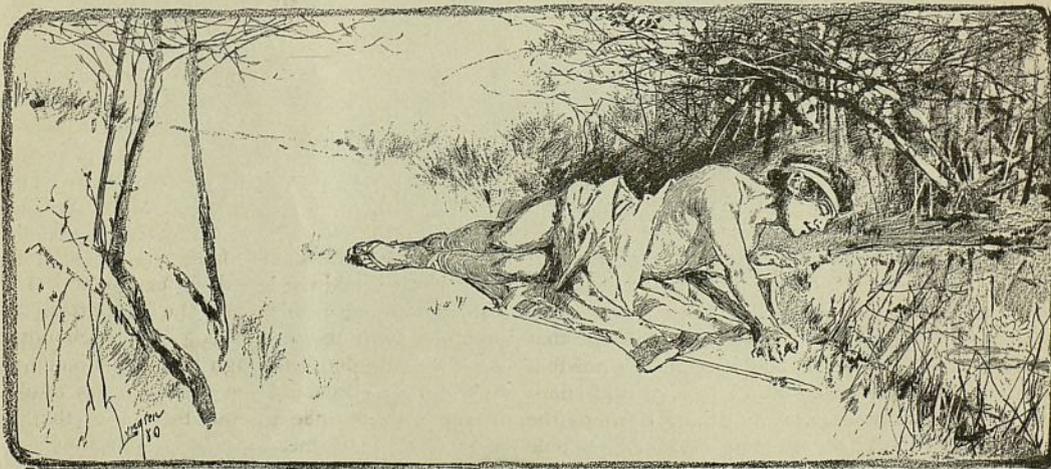
The image smiled and seemed to stretch out its arms to him, but still was dumb. This only made him desire all the more to hear it speak, and he besought it for a reply until, saddened by continued disappointment, his tears fell upon the water and disturbed it. This made the face look wrinkled. He thought it was going to leave him, and exclaimed:

"Only stay, beautiful being, and let me gaze upon you, if I may not touch you!"

And so he hung over the brink of the fountain, forgetting his food and rest, but not losing sight for an instant of the lovely face.

As daylight faded away and the moonbeams crept down into the little glade to bear him company, he still kept his faithful watch, and the morning sun found him where it had said good-night to him the evening before. Day after day and night after night he staid there, gazing and grieving. He grew thin and pale and weak, until, worn-out with love and longing and disappointment, he pined away and died.

When his friends found the poor dead Narcissus, they were filled with sorrow, and they went about sadly to prepare a funeral pile, for it was the custom in those days to burn the dead. But, most wonderful to tell! when they returned to bear away the body, it could nowhere be found. However, before their astonished eyes a little flower rose from the water's edge, just where their friend had died. So they named the flower in memory of him, and it has been called Narcissus unto this very day.



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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was in the evening of one of our unlucky days that we got into the worst camp of our whole expedition, not excepting the rainy night in Guatemala. The place looked like a pleasant palm-grove, and, being on dry ground, and high above the marshy mosquito-jungles, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a good night's rest; but, about an hour after sunset, we heard from the depths of the forest a noise which I soon recognized as the assembly-call of a troop of red howlers, or roaring baboons (*Myctes ursinus*), creatures that can out-yell a steam-whistle, and are certainly the most obstreperous brutes of the wilderness. The din came nearer and nearer, and from more than one direction, till we perceived to our dismay that we had pitched our tents in, or rather under, the very head-quarters of the terrible howlers. They squealed, chattered, and whooped, and one old wretch every now and then gave a yell that made our ears ache, and caused our dog to break forth into a plaintive howl. When I could not stand it any longer, I snatched up my gun and fired both barrels into the tree-top; but I never did a more useless thing in my life. About twenty more monkeys now joined in the chorus, and the old fascal, instead of moderating his voice, raised it to a perfect roar—a hoarse bellow that sounded deep and steady through the intermittent howls of his companions.

"Oh, mercy! What shall we do about it?" said Tommy. "We can not shift our camp in a dark night like this. I wonder if our camp-fire excites them so much; may be they will stop their racket if we put it out."

But the Moro shook his head. "It is something else," said he. "I am afraid we are going to have a storm. The worst gale I ever weathered on the Amazon River was about forty miles farther down, and I remember that, on the night before it broke out, the monkeys were yelling like a thousand demons."

The uproar continued, and it seemed as if the night would never end. But I once read, in the memoirs of a naval officer, that, during the battle of the Nile, some English sailor-boys fell asleep on the deck from sheer exhaustion. A similar torpor had overcome my young com-

panions, when I felt the skipper's hand on my shoulder. "Listen!" said he. "Was n't I right? Do you hear the wind? There is a storm coming up from the east."

"So is the morning," said I. "Thank goodness, the night is over! Look yonder; it's getting daylight across the river."

The eastern sky was brightening, and, looking against the pale white streaks, we could plainly see the swaying of the distant tree-tops, and before long the commotion came nearer, and our own trees took up the strain.

"Get up, boys!" cried the skipper. "Help me fasten my boat, or she will get swamped as sure as a gun. There will be a gale in about ten minutes!"

We all sprang up, and, leaving Daddy Simon to secure our tent, the rest of us ran down to the beach, and we had hardly dragged the boat into the mouth of a little creek, when a storm began that dwarfed all the gales we had so far experienced. Not a drop of rain, but leaves and twigs filled the air like a whirl of snow-flakes, and the river rose like a sea, and dashed its foam high up into the branches of the overhanging cauchotrees. In one of these trees we saw a flock of spider-monkeys clinging to the branches with legs and tails, and at the same time wildly gesticulating with their long arms, waving their hands at each other, and pointing at the river and the next trees, as if they were debating the possibility of the storm uprooting the caucho. Our own situation was not much better: the river-spray drenched us from head to foot, and torn-off branches came down like a hail-storm; we were on our return trip to La Guayra, and it really seemed as if the American tropics, as a parting favor, were going to treat us to all the horrors of the wilderness. The Moro screamed something in my ear; shouting, as nearly as I could understand him through the roar of the gale, that it would not last much longer.

Forty minutes after the first blast the worst was over, and the storm subsided as suddenly as it had come, but the river was still so boisterous that we had to wait two hours before we could venture to launch our boat. We were all as wet as fish-otters till the noonday sun gave us a chance to dry our clothes. Our next camp, though, indemnified us for the misery of the last night. We pitched

our tent under a shade-tree, at the mouth of a pebbly creek that came singing and dancing from the foot-hills of the Sierra Marina, and from the midst of the river, right opposite our creek, rose a castle-like mass of red sandstone, known as the *Piedra de la Madre*, or "Mother's Rock," in allusion to an event whose record is still preserved in the camp-fire stories of the Brazilian sailors. The beach swarmed with crabs and young gavials,—a sort of alligator-like lizards,—and in the woods just behind our camp, Tommy



"I SNATCHED UP MY GUN, AND FIRED BOTH BARRELS INTO THE TREE-TOP."

discovered a nest of blue king-parrots. The nest was in a hollow tree, not more than twenty feet from the ground, and it would have been easy enough to get the young ones if the hollow itself had not been so very deep. Menito took off his jacket and thrust in his arm to the elbow, but all in vain, though he was sure that the youngsters were at home, as he had seen them poke out

their heads whenever the old ones came near the tree. The hollow seemed to have deep side-cavities, and we had already given the thing up, as the tree was too large to make it worth while to cut it down, when old "Jack-at-all-Trades" showed that he could teach us a trick or two even about our own business of bird-catching. He mounted the tree with the aid of a boat-hook, straddled a branch a little below and behind the nest, and then clapped his hands in a very peculiar manner, and a moment after, five young parrots poked out their long necks, chirping and clamoring for their evening meal. At the second clapping they almost crawled out of the tree, when the Moro made a sudden grab—and three young parrots had to take supper in our wire cage.

"How in the world did you do it?" asked Tommy, when the Moro came down.

"I showed you, did n't I?" laughed the skipper, "otherwise I would charge you a dollar for a trade-secret. Well, the matter is this: the old parrots clap their wings when they hover about the nest—it's a sort of dinner-signal; and if you can imitate that, you can rely upon it that the young ones will be on hand before long. They don't miss a meal if they can help it."

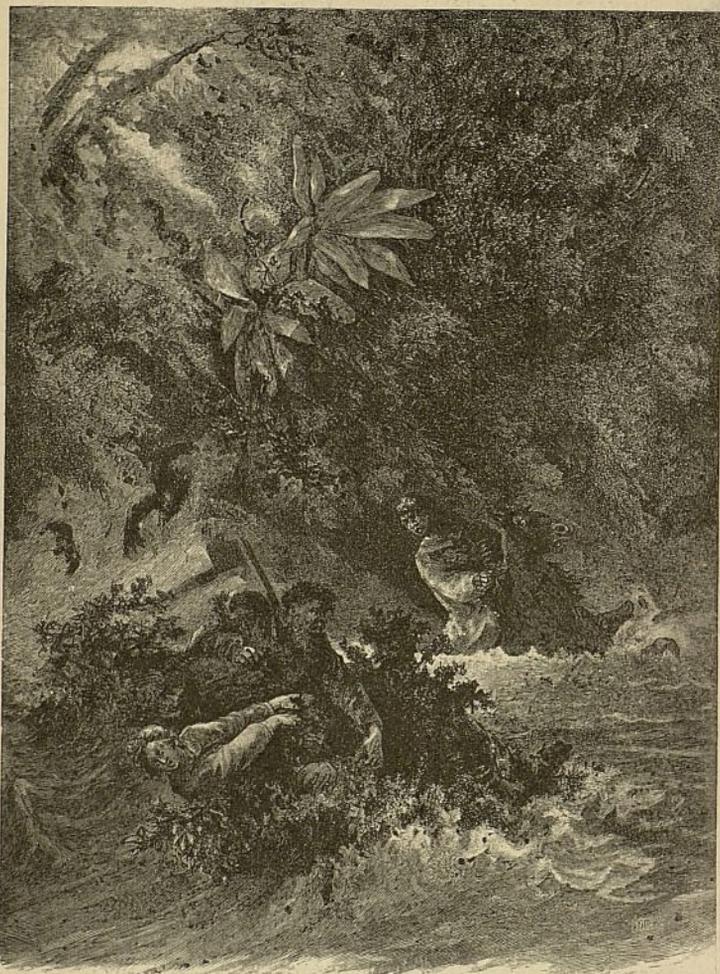
When we reached our tent, we found that the young gavials on the beach had been joined by several old ones, one of them as long as a full-grown alligator.

"I should like to try my harpoon on those fellows," said our friend of many trades; "their hides make first-class boot-leather. There's a bag-full of *carne secca* [dried beef cut into long strips] in my tent, and I'll tell you what we can do if you want to have some fun: throw them a few pieces of it, just enough to tickle them, and if we can coax them up here, I will crawl down and see if they need any pepper for supper."

A strip of low willow-bushes at the foot of the bluff enabled him to approach the beach unperceived, and at a preconcerted signal we began to "tickle" the gavials. It was really a ticklish undertaking; if they saw us they would take at once to the water, and when we dropped the first tidbit from behind a projecting rock, one fellow, who was munching an old crab-shell, looked rather surprised at this unexpected contribution to his banquet. He was an uncomfortable, squint-eyed old sharper, and before he accepted our present he walked a few steps back, to get a better view of the bluff, but the boys lay low; and when the shower of beef continued to descend, our friend Gavial seemed at last to accept it as a new fact in natural history that eatable things were floating in the air as well as on the water. He came

nearer and nearer, and we thought he was going to clamber up the bluff, when he suddenly wheeled and shot down-hill with surprising agility—his

this our home!" cried Tommy, when we had spread our blankets at the foot of a majestic bignonia-tree, with mighty arms stretched over the water.



A TROPICAL TORNADO.—"NOT A DROP OF RAIN; BUT THE RIVER ROSE LIKE A SEA."

quick eye had discovered a suspicious movement in the bush. He was too late, however; before he reached the beach the Moro was ready for him, and just when his feet touched the water, the harpoon went crashing through his scaly hide. His violent plunges nearly jerked the line out of the skipper's hands, but this time the rope could be hitched—a Spanish willow-tree need not be very large to resist the pull of the largest cart-horse; and when we came to the rescue, the Moro had already secured his captive, and coolly proceeded to drag him up, hand over hand, as an angler would haul in a refractory cat-fish.

"What a pity we can not stay here and make

that the mother of the Inca princes took refuge in a village where they let the woods grow all around it, to conceal its whereabouts from the Spaniards, and that the inhabitants leave it only in night-time, by a subterranean cave leading to the river. In moonlight nights, strange boats and strange people are sometimes seen on the shore."

"Have you ever seen them?" asked Tommy.

"Not I," said the skipper. "I only tell you what I heard from the Brazilian sailors; but so much is sure, that the woods along this river are thick enough to conceal more than one city; there are here hundreds of square miles which no white man has ever been able to penetrate. And on the

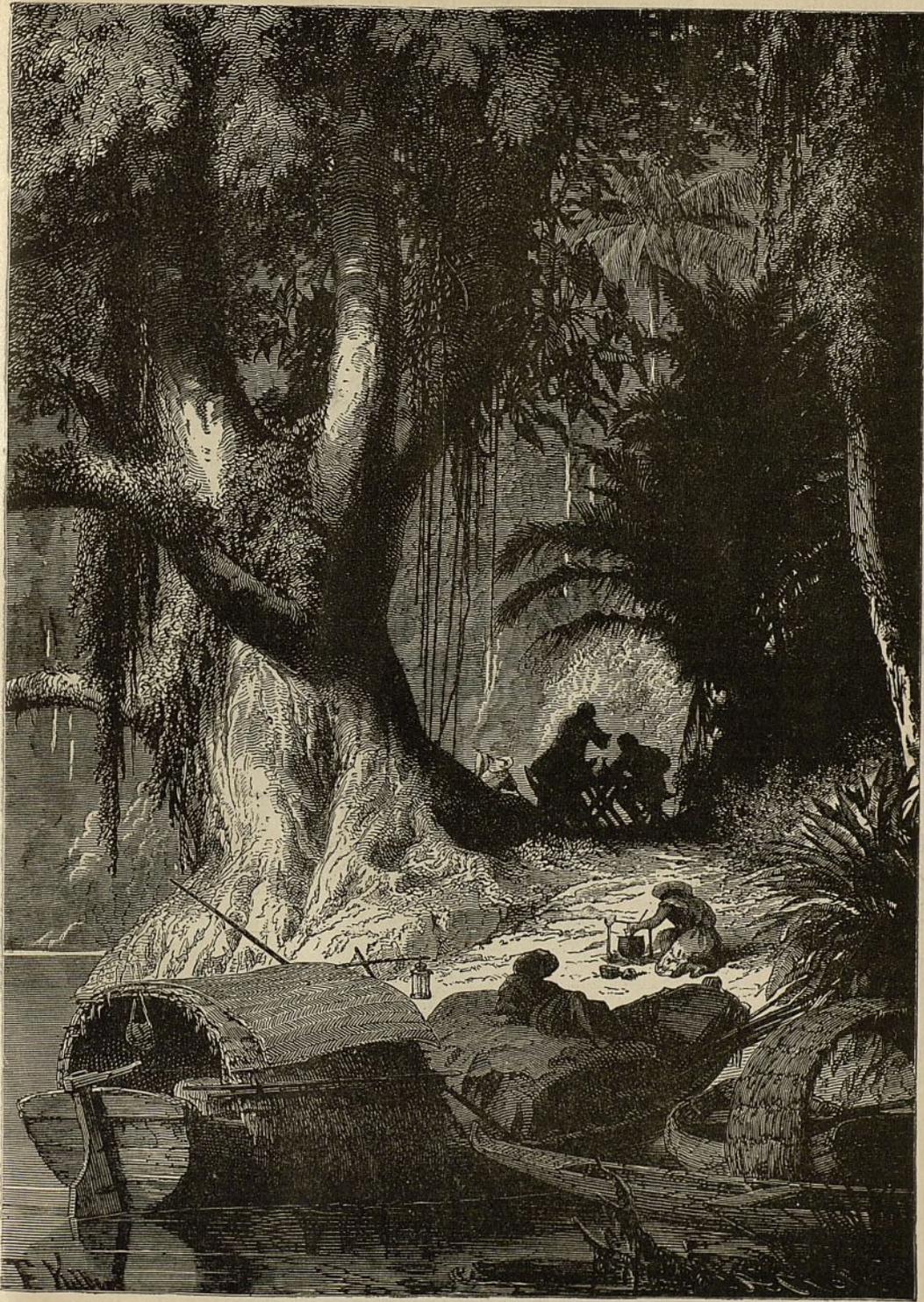
It would, indeed, have been an exquisite place for a summer-house; the bluff overlooked the entire breadth of the vast river, and behind us rose a terrace-land of rocks and wooded heights—the eastern slope of the Sierra Marina, that stretches away to the head-waters of the Orinoco. The current at our feet murmured strange lullabies,—tales, perhaps, of the thousand and thousand wild woods and lovely valleys its waves had passed on the way from the distant Andes,—but through the whispering of the water we heard now and then another and still stranger sound—a musical twang, resembling the slow vibration of a harp-string.

"What can that be?" I asked. "It is like the singing of a telegraph-wire, but it must be something else."

"You can hear that at several places along this river," said the Moro; "they call it the castle-bells of the Villa India."

"The Villa India? Where is that?"

"*Quien sabe* [who knows]?" said the skipper. "It is supposed to be a hidden city of the nation that owned this country before the Spaniards came. There is a tradition



OUR CAMP ON THE AMAZON RIVER.

Rio Negro it is worse yet, on account of the *higueras*."

"What is that?" asked Tommy.

"He means the Indian fig-trees," said I. "They have air-roots hanging down from a height of fifteen or twenty feet till they grow into the ground, so that the tree seems to rise from a scaffold."

"What a pity we must leave this country!" cried Tommy, again. "We have not seen half of it yet!"

"Never mind," said I; "we shall perhaps go to Africa next year, and see still greater wonders—ostriches, river-horses, and crocodiles, apes as big and strong as a man, and camelopards with legs as long as our boat-mast."

"I should like to go along and see that country," said Daddy Simon; "but in the first place I have promised my wife to be home by next Christmas, and in the second place I am getting old, and I might be put to hard shifts if one of those long-legged leopards should get after me."

Menito said nothing, but he looked thoughtful, and after a while took Tommy aside for a private consultation; and then sat down at the other end of the fire to give his spokesman a chance.

"Do you know what he wants?" whispered Tommy. "He is dying to go along and see all those things, and he says he will take the best care of our pets if you could find him a place in the Zoölogical Garden; but he is afraid to ask you for it."

"I don't know why he should be," said I. "Come here, Menito; would you like to go to France?"

"Yes, Señor; but—it is such a long way," faltered Menito, "and I have no money hardly. I do not know how I shall pay my passage."

"Oh, please let him go!" begged Tommy. "He is going to sell Rough, he says, and I will give him all my pocket-money."

"No, no, that is all right," I laughed; "we will keep Rough and Menito, too. But what about your folks at home? Will they not miss you?"

"Oh, no," said Menito, gayly. "I promised them to be back before the end of the year, but my step-mother has laid a big wager that I would break my word, so I don't want to disappoint her."

The next day the wind turned to the west, our skipper hoisted every sail, and we had a quick and pleasant voyage to the end of the river, if that

name can be applied to the lower Amazon. There were places where the shore on either side faded entirely out of view, and we seemed to drift on a flowing ocean, like the sailors that commit themselves to the current of the Gulf-stream. As the river grew wider, its shores became lower and lower, till they flattened into mud-banks, fringed with unbroken thickets, excepting on points where wild animals had made gaps on their way to drink-



INDIAN FIG-TREES—SHOWING THE AIR-ROOTS.

ing-places. We saw tapirs and herds of peccaries, and one day we surprised a troop of capybaras, or water-hogs, basking in the sun at the end of a long sand-bank. Our skipper landed at a point where the bank joined the shore, and we had a grand chase; with the aid of another dog or two we could have captured the whole troop, but we caught about as many as we had room for—three old ones and two little pixies, looking very much like tailless rats. Giant-rats, indeed, would be a more appropriate name than "water-hogs,"

for capybaras are a species of rodents, or gnawing animals, though nearly three feet long and two high; with pigs they have nothing in common but the voice—a sort of grunting squeak.

Angling, and spearing fish, were likewise entertaining pastimes, but after dark the mosquitoes were terrible, and we were all glad when we transferred our baggage to a coasting-schooner that carried us to the sea-port of La Guayra. There we met the agent who had brought our monkeys and panthers from the Orinoco, and four days after our arrival all our pets were quartered in the caboose of the ocean steamer that was to carry us back to Europe and Marseilles. The bay of La Guayra is strangely land-locked, the view toward the sea being almost completely barred by a circle of mountains, and ships leaving the port seem to sail on a narrow lake till they reach the Punta Peñas, or "Promontory Point," where the open sea and the peaks of the West Indian Islands rise suddenly to view; but this same peculiarity makes the harbor of La Guayra the safest port of the Western Atlantic, and for this reason it is a great resort for sailors and all kinds of people seeking profit or employment.

Our captain had engaged fifty South American sailor-boys as coal-heavers for the French navy, and when our ship weighed her anchor, the rela-

tives and comrades of those poor fellows crowded around the wharf to bid them good-bye and load them with farewell presents—baskets full of fruit, and handkerchiefs embroidered with parrot-feathers, as mementos of their home in the tropics. Old Daddy, too, insisted on exchanging a Mexican dagger for Menito's little pocket-knife, and shook hands with us all again and again, not forgetting the spider-monkeys and Bobtail Billy. When I offered to take him along and find him a home in the Zoölogical Garden, he seemed half-inclined to take me at my word; yet the thought of his own home in the Mexican sierra finally prevailed, and when our ship fired her farewell gun, he leaped suddenly down into one of the last market-boats and helped the boatman to row as fast as possible, as though he could not trust himself, and wanted to get ashore before he could have time to change his mind.

"*Â revernos! Â revernos!*—Good-bye till we meet again!" we heard the people call from the shore when we approached the Punta Peñas; and when the sailors on the wharf tossed up their caps, our officers leaped upon the bulwarks to wave their hats in reply.

In a few minutes the steamer had passed the promontory, and only the scream of the sea-gulls answered our farewell to the American Tropics.

THE END.

THE LEAVES AT PLAY.

BY D. C. HASBROUCK.



COME and watch the merry little leaves at play:
Jolly times they 're having this October day.
Down they gently flutter like the flakes of snow;
Chasing one another, flying to and fro.

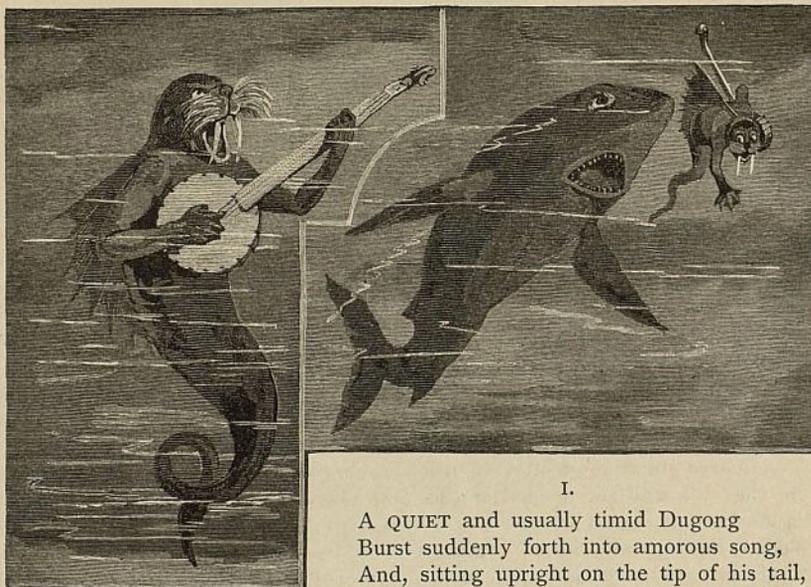
Don't tell me they 're only driven by the wind;
I am sure they 're doing just as they 've a mind.
See those two go racing swiftly down the street!
Red 's ahead, now yellow, which think you will
beat?

Over in that corner there 's a dancing-class,
See them wildly waltzing o'er the withered grass.
They have lively music, led by Mr. Breeze,
Listen to his whistling up there in the trees.
Some have gone in swimming down in yonder
nook,

See that host of bathers diving in the brook.
There a crowd has gathered in an eager talk,
Now they 're widely scattered all along the walk.
So they gayly frolic through the sunny hours,
Careless of the winter with its icy showers;
But the cold is coming, and the snow-drifts deep,
When, their playtime over, quietly they 'll sleep.

THE TIMID DUGONG.

BY ROBERT S. TALCOTT.



II.

An envious Shark, who was passing that way,
And observed that the Dugong seemed blithesome
and gay,
Instead of, as usual, timid and quiet,
With malice aforethought created a riot.
Without the politeness to wait for a pause
In the music, he opened his ponderous jaws,
And, seizing the singer, he shortened his verse
And himself, in a manner that could n't be worse.

III.

A Sword-fish, who witnessed this cruel attack,
Determined the Shark should at once be paid
back.

I.

A QUIET and usually timid Dugong
Burst suddenly forth into amorous song,
And, sitting upright on the tip of his tail,
Extolled the great charms of the royal Sperm Whale.

IV.

So he dashed to the fray, and without more ado,
With his sharp-pointed sword, cut the Shark
right in two.

The Whale, who had listened with closely shut eyes,
Awoke from her trance in a state of surprise,
And, not understanding the facts of the case,
With her tail struck the Sword-fish a blow in
the face.

The moral which first would appear to the view
Is, "Don't interfere with what don't concern you."
But the Whale also offers a lesson to youth—
Not to hastily act without knowing the truth.

THE TAIL OF A KITE, AND WHAT HUNG THEREFROM.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT was a particularly fascinating kite, to begin
with. It was made of gay Japanese paper, orna-
mented with figures even more grotesque and
charming than usual. A woman, who seemed to
be dressed in a pink-and-yellow meal-bag, with a
red parasol over her head, was blowing soap-

bubbles from a queer, long pipe, while three or
four children—apparently put together after the
fashion of jumping-jacks, and experiencing no diffi-
culty in extending their legs at right angles with
their bodies—were capering, to show their delight,
and five curious animals stood on their heads.

In the distance a pink mountain stood on *its* head, and a sky-blue villa, tipsily askew, seemed on the point of falling into a yellow lake.

Roy was in a hurry to get the kite done, and he pasted the paper on the frame in a one-sided fashion, so that the figures were somewhat mixed up; but it was all right if you only looked at it rightly, which is the way with a great many things in this world. Roy thought he should n't mind that, and he hoped Teddy O'Brien would n't. The kite was for Teddy. It was "a swap." Teddy was Irish, but there was not a Yankee in Millville who could out-whittle him. He had whittled a vessel to which Roy had taken a great fancy, and which he had agreed to trade for a kite. Teddy might have made a kite for himself which would have rivaled any in Millville,—he was hard to beat at anything,—but he had broken his arm in the mill where he worked, and was not able to use it at all as yet. He had been confined to the house for more than a month, and, as he expressed it, "the hairt was worn out iv him intirely wid frettn'." He thought it might be a little solace to sit in the door-way and fly a kite; for if Teddy had a weakness it was for kites.

Roy and Teddy were great friends, although Roy was the only son of the richest man in the town, the owner of the great mills, where hundreds of men and women were employed, and thousands of bales of cotton were turned into cloth, while Teddy was the oldest of the seven children of the "Widdy" O'Brien, whose chief worldly possessions were a poor little shanty, a "pratle" patch, and a pig. Then, too, Roy had plenty of time for play, having a tutor who was very indulgent in the matter of lessons, and almost every amusement that could be devised, while Teddy worked ten hours a day in the mill, and had no toys excepting those of his own make. Teddy was a little condescending to Roy, sometimes; he knew how to make and do so many things, while Roy had only things that came out of stores, and could n't even turn a somersault without making his head ache. But Roy never thought of being condescending to Teddy, because he was rich and Teddy was poor; by which you will see that Roy was an uncommonly good and sensible boy, and Teddy—well, you will soon know what kind of a boy he was.

Roy was glad that there was one thing that he could make almost as well as Teddy—doubly glad that Teddy wanted a kite of his making. He would willingly have given it to him, but when Teddy offered the vessel he could not resist it; besides, Teddy would not have it otherwise; he "was afther do'n' business on the square," he said.

Now it was important that this beautiful kite should have a proportionately beautiful tail. Roy

was of the opinion that the glory of a kite is its tail. No newspaper nor old rags might be used in the making of *this* kite's tail! He knew how to get to his sister Emily's store of finery, and she always had a great many pieces of bright-colored silk and gauze which would be just the things for this fine kite. Teddy might not appreciate this elegance; he was practical and wanted "a good flier," above everything, but Roy wanted it to be handsome, for his own credit and satisfaction.

He found one of his sister's bonnets in a band-box on the top shelf of a closet, and this struck him as being exactly what he wanted. It was all covered with bows of fluffy lace, and red satin ribbon, and it had long strings of lace, which he thought would make beautiful streamers for the kite.

"It's a last summer's bonnet, and I know Emily don't want the old thing!" he said to himself, as he took possession; and in a very short space of time the bonnet, which had been a triumph of the milliner's art, was degraded to the position of tail to a kite. I say degraded, but Roy and Teddy would both say elevated; it all depends upon whether you consider a beautiful bonnet or a beautiful kite the more important and useful thing.

It was a very fine kite, and Roy was proud and happy when he carried it to Teddy's house.

Teddy was sitting on the door-step, with Dan, his black-and-tan terrier, on one knee, and his yellow cat, Spitfire, on the other. The two were on the most amicable terms, although Dan tolerated no other cat, and Spitfire no other dog. Eight fat little pigs, every one with a quirk in his tail, burrowed in the dirt near by. A flock of noisy geese came waddling up from a muddy little pond; a strutting gobbler paraded around, followed by a great flock of turkeys, little and big. There were lordly roosters and matronly hens, with broods of chickens of all sizes; there was a goat, and a tame squirrel, and last, but not least, there was a parrot—a demure-looking parrot, all in drab, save for a bit of scarlet, like a knot of ribbon, at her throat; she had a very wise expression of countenance, and was a very knowing bird.

The Widow O'Brien had a fondness for animals; but she was not satisfied with her collection. She was a sensible woman, in the main, yet the more she had the more she wanted. Now she wanted a cow. And it was not an unreasonable wish. The twins, Bartholomew and Rosy, her youngest and her darlings, were weak and ailing, and goat's milk did not agree with them; they must have cow's milk, the doctor said, and that was not easy to get in Millville unless one owned a cow.

Widow O'Brien at last determined to have a cow, and she and Teddy, together, had laid up just twenty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents toward

the purchase when Teddy was brought home from the mill with his arm broken, and the doctor's bills swallowed up the savings. So Michael Dolan's cow, "the beautifullest baste" that the Widow O'Brien had "iver put the two eyes iv her on," which he wished to sell for only fifty dollars, was as far out of her reach as the cow that jumped over the moon. And her continual bewailings had had more to do with wearing the flesh off Teddy's bones than the pain of his broken arm. For he felt himself to be the man of the family, who ought to buy a cow, instead of breaking his arm, by carelessness, and perhaps thereby causing the death of Bart and Rosy, who, his mother assured him, were dying for want of cow's milk.

Roy felt sad to see Teddy so pale and thin, but he thought that the kite could not fail to cheer him.

Roy was a favorite at the Widow O'Brien's. Dan frisked around his heels, Spitfire arched her back to be patted and smoothed, the squirrel ran up to his shoulder and perched there, and though the parrot screamed hoarsely, "Be off wid ye, ye raskill!" it was probably because no more complimentary conversation was at her command, the "Widdy" having educated her with the view of making her a terror to the neighbors' children, who often deserved the uncomplimentary epithet. At all events, Roy always took it as a friendly greeting on Poll's part, and Poll was certainly a very friendly creature.

She sailed down from her perch above the doorway, now, and alighted on Roy's head, regardless of the squirrel, who seemed to consider it an infringement upon his rights, and scolded fiercely, until the kite absorbed his attention. He and Poll both regarded that with their heads on one side.

Teddy's pale face did brighten a little at sight of that kite, and especially after he tried it. There was a good wind, and Roy had provided a very liberal allowance of string; the kite soared up, up, till it looked like the tiniest speck against the blue sky. But there was a cloud up there that was just the shape of a cow; it reminded Teddy of Michael Dolan's cow—such a bargain for fifty dollars!—which they had not the money to buy, and his heart sank as fast as the kite rose. He racked his brains for some way to obtain fifty dollars, until he forgot all about the kite, and Roy, feeling hurt that Teddy seemed to care so little for it, and was so silent, soon went home. Then Teddy wound up the string and let the kite float slowly down.

Fly as high as it might, it could not fly away with his trouble, he thought. He caught himself wishing that Michael Dolan's cow could be tied to the kite's tail, and carried up and dropped somewhere on the other side of the hills, so that his mother would never hear of her again.

And while he was thinking that, his mother came in at the gate, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"Oh, musha, musha! the likes o' that crathur niver was seen! Sure the milk she 's after givin' do be ivery dthrop crame, and the butther comes iv itself! It 's prayin' prayers on us somebody must be—we do be that misfortunit'! If ye were not after breakin' your arm, be your own carelessness, we 'd have the money ag'in' this time, and Bart and Rosy 'd not be starvin' wid the hunger, nor meself heart-sick wid longin' for the cow! Oh, Teddy, it 's all your fault, ye raskill!"

Teddy felt like the guiltiest rascal alive. He would have asked Michael Dolan to trust him for the cow, if he had not known it would be in vain. Michael never trusted anybody, and, besides, was short of money just then. Teddy could think of no way by which "the mother" could come into possession of the "crathur" which she coveted, and he felt almost despairing enough to throw himself into the muddy little goose-pond, when, as the kite came sailing down, and fluttered its streamers in his face, he suddenly caught sight of something glittering in their folds. He caught it hastily, but the glitter had disappeared. Then, feeling the kite-tail carefully, he discovered a hard substance inside one of the lace bows, which Roy had fastened on just as it came from the bonnet. He drew it out. An ear-ring lay in his hand, set with a stone which caught the light in myriads of flashing rays, and almost dazzled Teddy's eyes. A diamond! he was sure, and he knew that diamonds were valuable.

He clutched it tightly, and his eyes sparkled.

"It might be the price of the cow!" said he to himself. But he 'd find out, he thought, before telling his mother what he had found; he would not raise her hopes only to have them disappointed.

There was a jeweler's store in the next village, three miles away. Teddy was still weak, but with such a hope to cheer him he was sure that he could walk there. He had got as far as the gate when, suddenly, his conscience raised a remonstrance. You may think it queer, but Teddy's conscience spoke with a brogue. It said: "It don't be yours at all, at all. All the business ye have wid it is to find out whose is it." Teddy had always been honest, and he was in the habit of heeding what his conscience said, but that cow seemed to be the one temptation that was too strong for him. He thought of his mother's tears, of Barty and Rosy's thin and pale little faces, and he started off in the direction of the jeweler's, as fast as he could go.

His fancy so far outran his footsteps that, before he came in sight of the village, he had seen Michael Dolan's fine cow snugly ensconced in his mother's shed, Barty and Rosy grown as



broad as they were long, and with cheeks as red as Baldwin apples, like the little Japanese children on his kite, and his mother, radiant with happiness, showing to all the neighbors great balls of golden butter, and declaring it to be "the likes iv the ould counthry butther itself."

It was no wonder that with such bright visions before his eyes he should have forgotten to listen to the "still, small voice" within him.

He forgot that he was weak until, as the village came in sight, and a few rods more would bring him to the jeweler's shop, he was forced to sit down and rest. As he sat there a voice came, whether from the heavens above, or the earth beneath, Teddy could not tell—a voice which cried, solemnly: "Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye! ye thafe iv the wurruld!"

It was one of Poll's remarks, but Teddy thought the voice much more solemn than Poll's, and what emphasis there was on the word "thafe!" It made Teddy blush, guiltily, while he looked about to discover whence the voice came. It could not possibly be his conscience that spoke so loud!

It came again—this time muffled and subdued—but hoarser, more dreadful! "Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye! ye thafe iv the wurruld!"

"I'm go'n'! I'm go'n', whoever ye are!" said Teddy, getting on to his feet, with his face turned homeward, though he trembled so that he could hardly stand. "It's a thafe I was m'anin' to be—the saints forgive me!—but I niver will be, niver! An' will ye kape quiet now, ye scrache-owl?" This latter clause Teddy muttered rather angrily, for his courage had risen with his resolve to be honest.

"Go home wid ye! Go home wid ye!" cried the voice, in answer. This time it was a shrill cackle, exactly like Poll's, but the offensive word "thafe" was considerably left out.

Teddy looked up, and down, and all around, and then he pinched himself to see if he really were Teddy. "That bird bees too know'n', as the mother bees always sayin'!" And Teddy crossed himself as a protection against witches.

Something pinched his fingers sharply, and, looking down, he saw, sticking out of his coat-pocket, Poll's sleek gray head!

Teddy felt a little ashamed that he had been so frightened, and a little angry with Poll; but, down deep in his heart, he was more ashamed of what he had been going to do, and thankful to Poll for having saved him from it. He scolded her at first, but he ended by patting her, and Poll cocked her

head first on one side and then on the other, and if ever a parrot laughed with real enjoyment, Poll was that parrot!

Although he was so tired, Teddy quickly made his way to Roy's house. He did not even dare to think of Michael Dolan's cow, lest he should yield again to temptation.

He gave the ear-ring to Roy, and told him that he had found it fastened to the tail of the kite.

"Oh, that 's Emily's diamond ear-ring, that she lost last summer, and made such a fuss about!" said Roy. "We hunted everywhere, and at last Papa offered fifty dollars reward for it—they are big diamonds, and cost an awful lot, and Emily felt so bad. It must have caught in her bonnet-strings, and inside the bow, so she never saw it. Emily will be awful glad, and it 's lucky for you, Teddy, for I 'll get Papa to give you the fifty dollars right away!"

But when Roy's father appeared, Teddy confessed, with shame, how near he had come to stealing the ear-rings, and he would not take the fifty dollars. Yet, when he was urged, how could he resist? It was just the price of Michael Dolan's cow!

The Widow O'Brien sought far and near for Teddy, who had never been outside the gate since he broke his arm, and she wept and wrung her hands, fearing that her reproaches had driven him to some desperate deed. She called upon all the neighbors to witness that there was not the "aquil" of Teddy "for a dacent, honest bye, in North Ameriky," and that she "had kilt him and broken the hairt iv him intirely wid her impidence." And she was making preparations to have the muddy little goose-pond dragged, when Teddy appeared, driving home in triumph Michael Dolan's cow.

Teddy's bright visions were more than realized. Bart and Rosy grew so fat that the little "Japs" on the kite looked actually thin by comparison, and the butter that his mother made was the wonder and delight of the whole town. And the satisfaction of the Widow O'Brien was beyond the power of words to express.

But, after all, Teddy's great and lasting satisfaction seemed to be that he was not a "thafe."

"I 'd be glad I did n't stale it if I did n't get the cow at all, at all!" he said to himself, very often.

And he and Poll were greater friends than ever.

The Widow O'Brien says: "This is a quare wurruld, and ye niver know what 'll happen since Teddy is afther findin' the foines cow in the counthry hangin' to the tail iv a kite!"

THE CROW'S NEST.

THE CROW FLEW EAST THE CROW FLEW WEST
 SEEKING A SPOT TO BUILD HER NEST
 TO EAST TO WEST TO SOUTH FLEW SHE
 SHE FLEW TO THE TOP OF THE OLD PINE

TREE
 "NOW HERE IS THE PLACE FOR ME."
 QUOTH SHE.

"RIGHT HERE IN THE TOP OF THIS TREE."

WITH STICKS & STRAWS
 WHATE'ER SHE FOUND
 SHE BUILT HER NEST
 BOTH FIRM & ROUND.



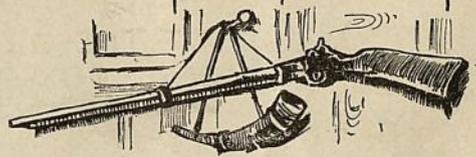
"MY NEST WITHIN THE OLD PINE TREE.
A NOBLE NEST SHALL BE."



SAID SHE.



"MY NEST IN THE TOP OF THE TREE."



THE FARMER LOOKED TO EAST TO WEST.

SEEKING TO FIND THE OLD CROW'S NEST.

"THE BIRD THAT EATS MY CORN.

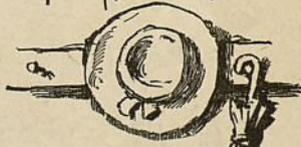
FOR ME.

SHALL HAVE NO NEST IN MY TREE."

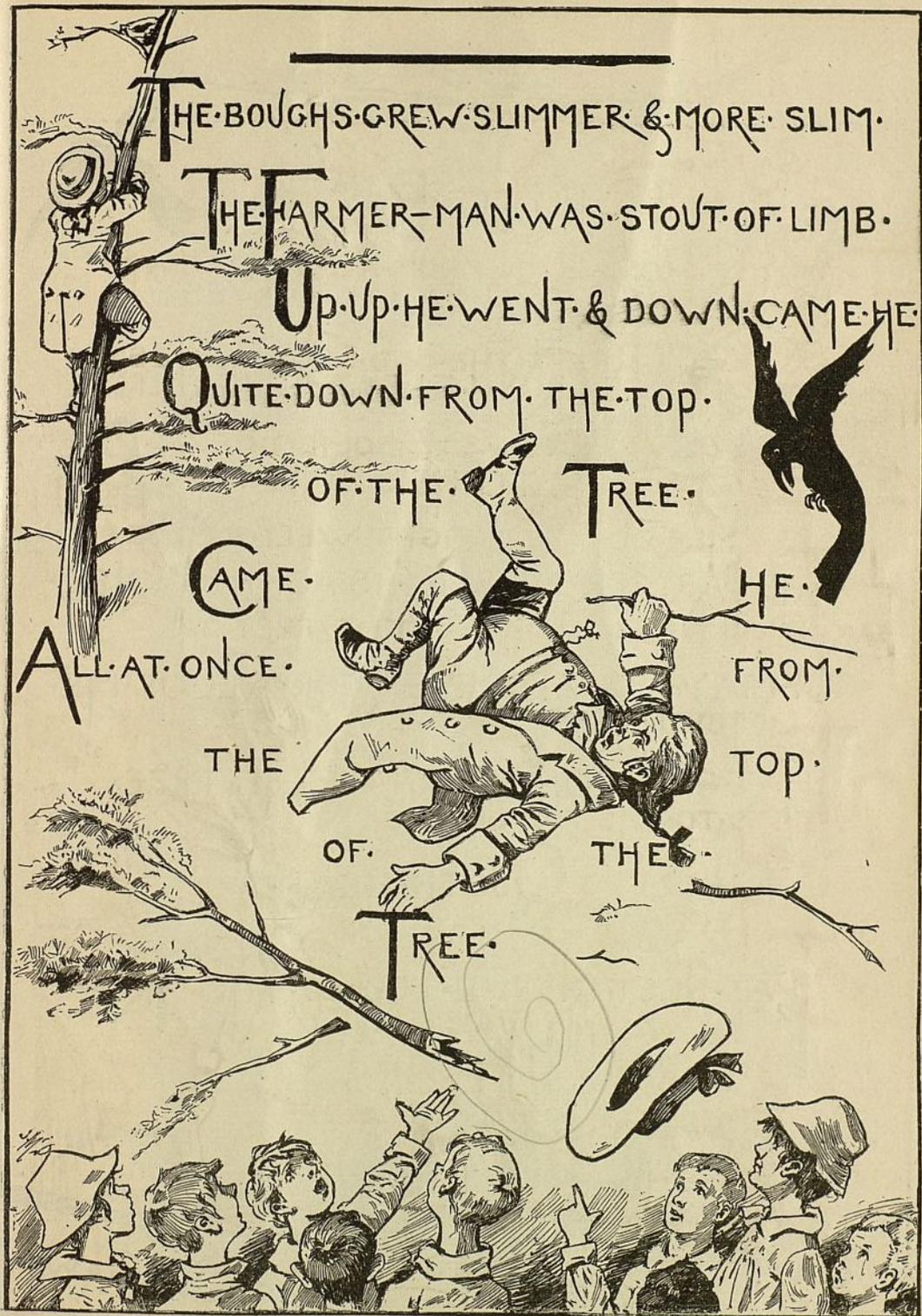
QUOTH HE.

NO NEST IN THE TOP OF MY

TREE







THE BOUGHS GREW SLIMMER & MORE SLIM.
 THE FARMER-MAN WAS STOUT OF LIMB.
 UP UP HE WENT & DOWN CAME HE
 QUITE DOWN FROM THE TOP
 OF THE TREE.
 HE CAME
 ALL AT ONCE FROM
 THE TOP
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HOW TO BE TAKEN CARE OF.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

THERE is something harder to learn, and more difficult to put in practice, than taking care of the sick, and that is, being taken care of when you are sick yourself. Kind and devoted nurses sometimes prove to be selfish and exacting invalids.

It will be some years before the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS are intrusted with the care of others; but every number finds many of them laid aside from "books, and work, and healthful play," trying their best, let us hope, not to be impatient patients. No directions can make sick days short and pleasant; but, as they have to be borne, every one wants to form those habits which will make the burden as light as possible to themselves and others.

You may as well make up your mind at once that there is no charm which can make it easy. There is no royal way to get through measles or mumps, and even children in palaces must find sick days drag by slowly. The only way to make life in a sick-room endurable, is to remember, first and last, and always, that no amount of grumbling and complaining can take away pain. The thing to be done is to lift the burden as cheerfully as you can, and bear it with patience. Do not imagine that talking of your troubles will do any good. Every one who has had experience knows how hard it is to be ill, and those who are so fortunate as to have had no such experience will not realize your sufferings any the more if you describe every detail.

In the first place, always remember that it is not pleasant nor easy work to take care of sick people, and if you do the best you can, you will still tax the strength and patience of your friends very much.

Do not be exacting about little things, and make as little trouble as you can, and try to be grateful for everything which is meant as a kindness.

Children are often tempted to be fretful when they are ill. A petulant "*Don't,*" or "I don't want *that,*" tires a nurse more than an hour's watching. Do not expect your friends to take it for granted that you appreciate the many steps which they take in your behalf, without any expression of gratitude from you.

Just think how you would dislike to be called away from all your usual employments, to occupy your time in running up and down stairs on errands. How would you like to read aloud when you wanted to go out? or leave your own dinner to grow cold while you carried the salver upstairs, lest the tea and

toast should not be at their best? I presume you would be willing to do it, but would n't it be easier and pleasanter if met by a cordial acknowledgment of your kindness, instead of by a silent acquiescence? Let the ready expression of appreciation of small favors become the habit of your life, and then you will not have to make an effort to be grateful for the services which others render you when you are ill.

When you feel as Glory McQuirk did, when she used to say, "Lots of good times, and I aint in 'em," remember that you are only taking your turn out. Nobody goes through life without illness, and instead of feeling jealous of your friends who are well and able to enjoy more than you can, try to be happy in their happiness.

This is very hard, sometimes; but if you can not feel just as you ought, you can at least keep from putting your envious thoughts into complaining words. It is bad enough to be sick, without being ill-natured, too. Some invalids have learned the secret of being a help instead of a burden, their happy, patient ways making the sick-room the pleasantest place in the home. It was often said of one of these bright examples, "Helen is always so cheerful that it is impossible to realize that there is an invalid in the house."

There is another dear little friend of mine, who has lain for years in constant pain with spinal disease, who yet has courage to say, "Don't be very sorry for me, because I have so many things to make me happy, and I don't mind not being able to walk, because I have always been ill." She shortens the wakeful nights by repeating poetry from her memory; which she calls her "night library." How much happier for her and for her friends than if she spent those tedious hours in thinking of her own sufferings.

The lesson of instant obedience to rightful authority ought to be learned when one is well, for when illness comes, life or death often hangs upon the habits learned long before.

"Perhaps I have done wrong, Doctor," said the mother of a self-willed daughter, "but Amy was so unwilling to take the medicine which you ordered, that I did not give it to her."

The physician gravely replied: "Madam, you have done very wrong." When the little girl's death proved his words true, the mother realized what a dreadful alternative it is to choose between the two risks, of neglecting a needed remedy, or

putting a sick child into a passion, by enforcing an obedience to which it is unaccustomed.

Do not allow yourself to think that you are the only person in the world who does not feel perfectly comfortable and happy. It is a very bad idea to try to make yourself the center around which the whole household must revolve. People fall into this fault before they know it; so be watchful lest, when you get well, you find that a crop of selfish habits has sprung up within you to crowd out the flowers.

The tediousness of the time of convalescence may be alleviated by some simple employment of the hands, such as cutting out pictures for a scrap-book, or sorting letters, or re-arranging some of your small belongings. It is a good time, too, for a little quiet thinking, only be sure that your thoughts are not too much about yourself or your

own pleasures. Remember what favors you have received from different people, and see if you can not think of something pleasant to do for them in return. Plan your Christmas presents for your friends, and make a list of them, to refer to when you are better, and able to work. It is difficult to lay down rules for these things, because tastes differ, and what would amuse one would tire another. Some people would like to work out puzzles, or would be entertained by games of solitaire. Almost any light employment is better than listless idleness, or being constantly dependent upon others for amusement.

It is impossible to go into every detail, but if you will be careful, the next time you are sick, to see how little trouble you can make for others, and how appreciative you can be of their services, these few hints will not have been given in vain.

THE ADVENTURES OF COCQUELICOT.

(A True History.)

BY SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

THE adventures of Cocquelicot, which I am about to relate, are strictly true. Cocquelicot was an Angora cat, belonging to the children of an American family, living in Paris. His mother was a splendid creature in her way. I have never seen such a puss in America; her fur, dark lead-color, and silvery white, was very fine and silky, and



COCQUELICOT FEELS HIS IMPORTANCE.

must have been several inches long on her breast, back, and feather-like tail. This distinguished cat, called "Gros Minet," belonged to a French family,

who very kindly gave one of her kittens to their young American friends.

The kitten was very handsomely marked in stripes, like his illustrious mother, "Gros Minet," but his fur was not so long and silky. He was a very saucy, playful kitten in his baby days.

In France, school-girls wear long black aprons, completely covering the whole dress; for the first two months of his life this amusing little rogue passed much of his time in the large apron-pocket of one of the American school-girls; his saucy face and bright eyes peeping curiously out at the little world about him. Very early in life, while still in the pocket, he received the name of "Cocquelicot," an original idea of his young mistress, the name translated meaning "Poppy," the wild red poppy growing in the wheat-fields of France. The three syllables, and the grand sound, were the charm of this name when applied to so small a creature, and then was he not the flower of kittens? Very soon, however, his name was abridged to "Cocque," by which title, at a later day, he became known in two hemispheres.

Yes, Cocque became a traveler; dogs follow their masters over the world, but it is seldom that cats move about much. In his pleasant home in the Rue St. Dominique, Cocquelicot led a very happy life; he grew rapidly, becoming more active and

more saucy every day, to the great delight of his young friends; and really, partiality aside, his capers were even more graceful and more clever than those of other kittens.

He had a charming French manner. He was much admired by visitors, and some personages of world-wide reputation amused themselves with his gambols. He has been known to turn General Lafayette out of an arm-chair.

To a few friends he did not object, but anything like a gathering for company he disliked extremely; on such occasions the guests were no sooner departed than Maître Cocquelicot would march into the center of the room, and stretching himself out at full length, he would look about, with an absurdly important expression pervading his whole person, from the tip of his nose to the end of his long tail, as much as to say, "I resume my rights; I am once more lord of the manor; *l'Etat,—c'est moi!*"

Whenever his young friends appeared, dressed for an evening party, Maître Cocque would scrutinize them in the most critical way, walking around them, sitting down before them, studying intently the details of their costume.

"Why have you changed your fur? It was brown this morning; what is the meaning of this blue or pink fur, these sashes and ribbons? I disapprove of these proceedings!" he seemed to say. And his ears were as sharp as his eyes; he could distinguish sounds which puzzled the rest of the family.

Three or four years of happy cat-life passed away, now in gamboling about the house, now in sleeping on the writing-table of the author of "The Prairie," or, perchance, perched on his shoulder; now sunning himself in the garden; listening to the nightingales which peopled that park-like region, or possibly looking up at the windows of that illustrious Christian lady, Madame Swetchine, close at hand.

Then came a change. It was decided that the American family should return to their own country. Of course Maître Cocque was to go with them. It was a pleasant summer evening when the party left Paris, in the *diligence*, for Havre. But oh, what a night it was! Cocque was in a perfect frenzy. He had never been in a carriage before, and the wheels were no sooner in motion than he began to dash wildly from one window to the other, frantic to escape.

Then came the steam-boat trip across the Channel, a trial even to human beings, in a miserable boat, pitching among the short waves. Poor Cocque was desperate; he was utterly terrified by the motion and the creaking of the engine. When landed at Southampton, it was little better. Cocque

evidently disapproved of England—the fine coach, the excellent roads, the handsome horses, were not at all to his taste.

In London he had a breathing-time. It was



COCQUELICOT EXPRESSES HIS OPINION.

necessary to watch him very closely, however; we were told that such a handsome animal would very probably be stolen if seen outside of the house. But if Cocque did not walk in the parks, nor see the Tower and Westminster Abbey, he made some distinguished acquaintances, among others Mr. Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Mr. Rogers, author of "The Pleasures of Memory." The children of the American family were all invited to breakfast with Mr. Rogers, but there was no invitation for Cocque!

On the first of October he sailed, with his friends, on the voyage across the ocean—a voyage lasting a month, as it was made in a sailing-vessel. Many were the trials and perils of poor Cocque on that voyage. Sailors hate a cat. The captain cautioned us to keep close watch over puss, as the superstition among the old sailors was so strong that he could not answer for the pet's safety.

If there was a head-wind, the old tars said it was Cocque's fault. If there was a calm, that French cat was to blame.

On one occasion the sailors were seated on deck, during a dead calm, engaged in a sewing-circle, mending old sails; they sat Turkish-fashion, with

crossed legs, the great heavy sail between them; for thimbles they had thick pieces of iron strapped over the palms of their right-hands, and their needles were a sort of giant darning-needles. Suddenly, Cocque bounded into the middle of the sail! He had escaped from the cabin. The old sailors looked daggers and marline-spikes at him.

"Throw him overboard to the sharks!" muttered a grim old Dane. But before Cocque could be seized he dashed away again, and ran high up into the rigging. There was a regular chase over the spars and among the ropes before he was caught by a young American sailor and restored to his friends.

He had several similar escapes. His life was repeatedly in danger during that long month.



came to the author of "The Pilot" one day, and begged permission to ask a question:

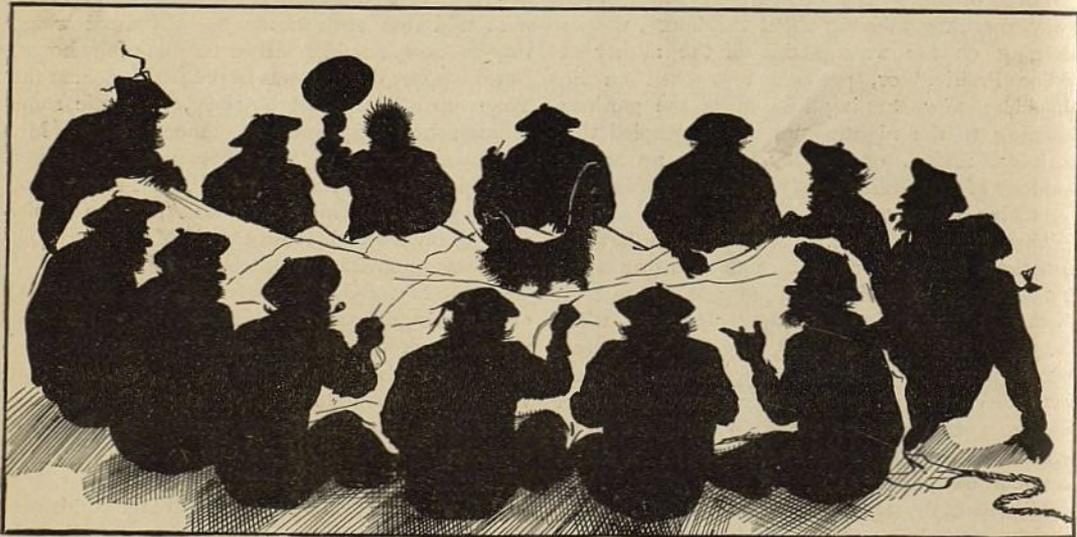
"Will Monsieur be so good as to tell me what we shall see when we come to the end of the world in America and look over?"

At length the voyage came to an end. Cocque reached his home in Carroll Place in safety. The winter passed happily over; but with the summer came a terrible adventure. His friends were going to their old village home, in the Otsego Hills. Of course, Cocque must go with them. The trip to Albany in the steam-boat was uneventful.

The two days' journey from Albany was to be made by the turnpike road, in an old-fashioned stage-coach, called an Exclusive Extra when engaged for a private party. We set out gayly on a pleasant summer morning, but, alas! the wheels were no sooner in motion, rattling over the Albany pavement, than Cocque became perfectly wild. The weather was extremely warm,—every window had to be left open for air. Cocque made a dash first at one, then at another; but at last, exhausted, he fell asleep. The Exclusive Extra soon reached the Pine Barrens. It was a wooded region, with scarcely a house in sight. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, a wild-looking man, not unlike an Italian beggar, was seen trudging along with a peculiar gait, his toes much turned in.

"Sago!" cried the author of "The Pioneers," waving his hand to the stranger.

"Sago!" replied the dark-faced man on foot.



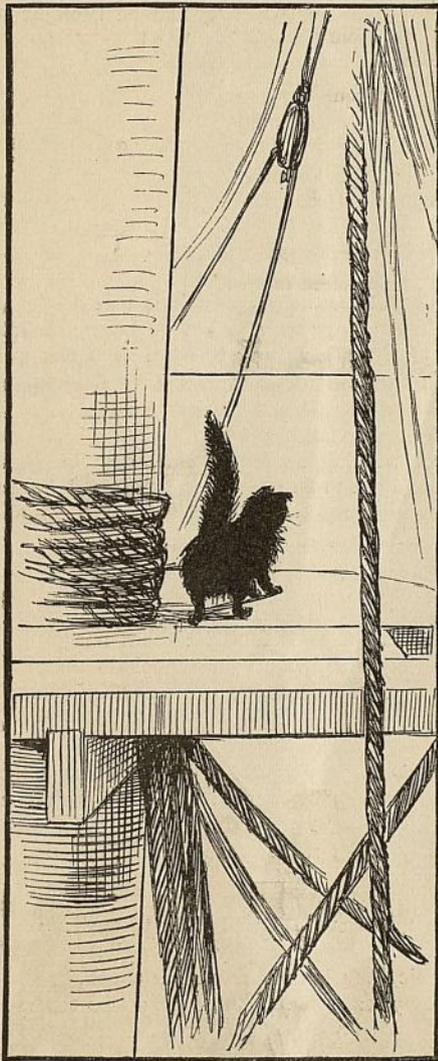
COCQUELICOT IN THE MIDST OF THE SEWING-CIRCLE.

Perhaps when Cocque dashed up into the rigging he was looking out for land, sharing the anxiety of his friend the French servant; that worthy man

"Oneida?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oneida," replied the stranger, in a low, mournful voice.

An Indian! Yes; and this was the first of his race that the young people had ever seen. Great was the excitement. But this movement awakened Cocque. He again became unmanageable, and suddenly, by a violent effort, he dashed through an open window.



COCQUELICOT TAKES AN OBSERVATION.

There was a general cry. The coach was stopped. We saw him gather himself up, after the leap, and rush into the adjoining wood of close undergrowth. But we searched for him in vain, calling him in the kindest tone of voice. Not a trace of him could we discover. Half an hour was spent in the search. Then, with really sad hearts, we pursued our journey.

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There was no house in sight, to no traveler nor wood-cutter could we mention Cocque's escape. But ere long we came to a poor little tavern.

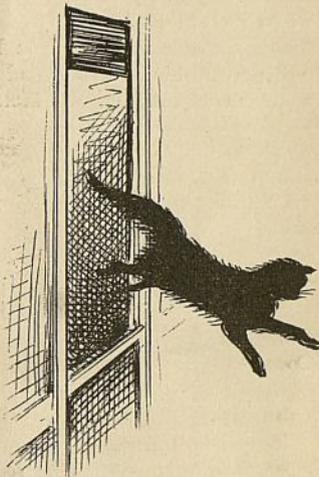
In former times, when the father of the family was a lad, there used to be a tavern for every mile of this road between Albany and Lake Otsego. "Sixty miles, and sixty taverns," as he told us. Canals and railroads had made great changes. Only a few forlorn taverns were still seen. Stopping at the first one, the gentleman wrote a short description of Cocque, and offered a reward if

the animal should be restored to its friends. This was some consolation to the young people, who could not bear the idea of giving up a pet that had made part of their life for several years.

The travelers were soon settled in their old village home. But there were no tidings of Cocque. Day after day, week after week, passed away, and there was no news of puss. All hope of seeing him was given up.

One day, however, six weeks later in the summer, a rough-looking countryman was seen coming from the gate to the front door. He had a bag on his back.

He came into the hall, lowered the great bag, opened it, and—out leaped Cocque! But so thin, so changed, so famished, so wild, that it was piteous to see him. None but his own family could have known him. His first feeling, poor thing, was terror; but how touched we were when we found that he knew us, remembered his name, allowed himself to be caressed, and began to lap the milk we offered him!



COCQUE LEAVES THE STAGE-COACH.



ON THE WAY HOME.

Yes, Cocque was restored to us, and became once more a happy cat.

Never believe, my young friends, that cats love places, but not persons. Cocque was soon as affectionate as ever, on ground entirely new, but among his own "relations."

Those six weeks in the Pine Barrens had been full of peril to him. There had been a report that a regular wild-cat from the Helderberg was to be

found in those woods, and young men went out with their guns to hunt him. Cocque had had many narrow escapes. At last he wandered into a barn-yard, where the countryman who brought him to us succeeded in surprising him, and, finding that this was not really a wild beast, he shrewdly guessed that it was the large French cat for which a reward had been offered, and he brought him forty miles, on his back, in a bag!

A PLEASANT CHILD!

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.



WELL, I know you 'd think it was horrid, too,
If you did the things that they make me do;
And I guess *you'd* worry, and whine, and tease,
If you never once could do as you please.

The idea of making believe it is true
That if you are good, you 'll be happy, too!
They always are writing it down in books;
I think they might know how silly it looks.

There 's nothing under the sun could be worse
Than to have to be washed and dressed by nurse;
And another thing I perfectly hate,
Is to go to bed exactly at eight.

I 'm crazy to cut my hair in a bang,
And frizzle the ends, and let them hang.
All the stylish girls in our school do that,
But they make me wear mine perfectly flat.

A girl in our class, named Matilda Chase,
Has a lovely pink overskirt trimmed with lace,
And, of course, I wanted to have one, too,
But they said I must make my old one do.

I hate to do sums, and I hate to spell,
And don't like geography very well;
In music they bother about my touch,
And they make me practice the scales too much.

I was reading a splendid book last night,
Called "A Nun's Revenge, or The Hidden Blight,"
And I wanted to read the rest to-day,
But when they saw it, they took it away.

When I 'm grown up, I 'll do as I please,
And then I sha' n't have to worry and tease.
Then I 'll be good and pleasant all day,
For all I want is to have my own way.

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FIRE!

BY ROBERT E. TENER.

MINNIE and Louisa—but who are Minnie and Louisa? Well, Louisa is a little girl who, with her parents, made the great journey of many thousand miles from England to California, some years ago. As to Minnie, she is Louisa's cousin, with whom she has lived ever since she completed that wonderful journey, and they are more like sisters than cousins now. Minnie is a little Californian; she never saw snow excepting on the far-off mountain-tops. Once or twice she has seen ice as thick as a pane of glass, but she 'd scarcely know what a pair of skates were, if she saw them, and she has never even had a "good slide" in her life. Their home is high on a hill-top, with its grove of dark-green orange-trees sheltered by the steel-blue eucalyptus, and surrounded by a forest of red-woods, oaks, and madronas, while, reaching away to the boundless west, the Pacific Ocean lies below.

Just now, I will only tell you of a certain adventure the children had in that same great forest.

It was when the orange-leaves were darkest, when the green corn, and thick-matted grapevines, greener still, were almost the only things that still retained their spring-like color; when all else was burnt brown and yellow, so that a stranger would think that such desolation could never again blossom into life; when even the evergreen forest looked parched, and all the little plants at the feet of the great trees were dry and crisp;—in fact, it was at the very height of the dry season, when Minnie and Louisa started on a long walk to their aunt's home. This aunt lived in a little village deep in the forest, and only to be reached, from the ranch of Minnie's father, by a very round-about route, if one followed the highway. But the girls had often taken the journey before, and had learned to pick their way by a "short cut" through woods and farms, and up cañons and over hills, all which their active little feet got over much sooner than if they had gone by the usual way, though to older people it would have been a case of the shortest way 'round being the longest way home.

They started off early in the day, well supplied with a nice little luncheon to eat when they should stop to rest, at a certain spring they knew of, about half-way on their journey. There had been some anxiety felt by Minnie's mother about letting them go by the forest path, or trail, as it was called, because of the fires that had been raging in the woods lately. However, as, on the night before, none had

been seen, and on the morning of this day only a little sluggish smoke was curling up here and there, and that not in the part of the country they would traverse, she was re-assured; and since the message they were to carry was urgent, she let them go. The girls were in high spirits, as they always enjoyed this wild walk, and the burst of welcome from their little cousins was always doubly cheerful, coming after the day's solitude among the woods. They laughed at the fear of fires—not that they had not seen them and learned to dread them, but just through sheer high spirits which made it impossible for them to believe that any trouble was before them that day.

They went gayly along, sometimes pausing to gather a wild blossom or a feathery fern. The flowers were very rare at that time of year, and they did not grudge a climb to obtain one if they saw it peeping out above their heads. So employed, and chattering all the time as only little girls can chatter, they did not note how quickly time flew; but when they reached the spring they were very hungry, and saw by the sun that it was quite three o'clock, instead of noon, the hour at which they should have arrived there. Still, they could get to their aunt's by sundown, and they were not much troubled by being a little late, but sat down merrily to eat their luncheon. They had a little pat of butter and a roll of bread, with some cold chicken, and for dessert they had grapes and oranges. Their dishes were two tin plates and a tin cup, and they had but one knife, so that I am afraid their fingers were very useful as forks. They were miles away from any house, but although neither would have been there alone for the world, yet, as they were together, a gayer pair could not have been found.

The great walls of the cañon, or gulch, at the bottom of which they were, rose nearly straight above them, covered with wild oats and matted, tangled grasses, beneath the thick undergrowth and towering trees. Where they sat at the spring there was a tiny patch of green; all else was dry as the bed of a kiln. Very hot it was, too, for no breath of air stirred in that deep trough—the breeze sprang across above them. They packed up their little basket, and began to go forward. On each side, not ten feet from them, the steep wall of the cañon began to rise, and it seemed to meet the sky. In front their path made a gradual, rugged ascent, ending in a steep climb, which would bring them at last to the plateau above. What I call the path

was nothing but the bed of a winter torrent, dry enough now, and rough with stones, and limbs, and great clods of earth.

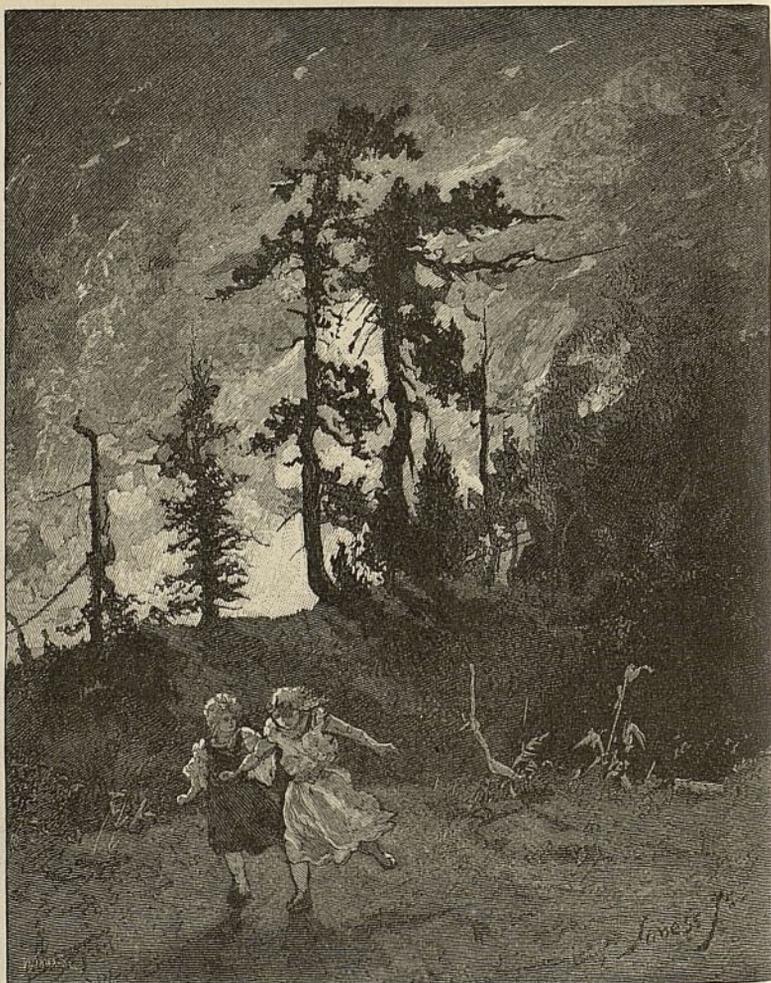
They had walked on only a short distance when the bright sunlight was obscured for a moment, causing Minnie to look up, surprised at a cloud at that time of year and day. Minnie was a brave girl, and had lived all her thirteen years among these hills, but her knees

bent beneath her as she looked in terror at this cloud. It was not one that you have ever seen the like of, I hope. It curled lazily upward, and, where the sun shone through, it was of a faint, brownish red. Too well Minnie knew smoke, not water, formed that cloud, and that a great forest-fire must be raging to the windward, carrying certain death to any living thing that should be caught in the cañon where she and Louisa stood. She shivered for a moment as though an icy blast had struck through the hot air; then her resolute little mouth compressed itself in firm lines, and she calmly examined the danger. They were going north, with the west on the left hand, and the east on the right. On the left she could see smoke behind them, but it was very thin and had come a long way. Directly to the left it seemed a little heavier, but still not from a near fire; but farther up toward the north, she saw a heavy column rising on the left, and gradually extending across the very path they were to travel.

"Lou," said she, in a low tone, "we must climb that bank on the right, and go to Mr. Highbate's farm."

"Why, Minnie, we can never get up there, and where is Mr. Highbate's?" said Louisa, looking first at the great hill, and then at Minnie.

"Listen," said Minnie. "You must do just what I say, or we shall both be burned. Do you see that smoke there to the west? It is fire, and it will soon be rushing through this narrow cañon, where we can never escape it if we remain. We *must* climb out, for the fire is in front of us, and if we can only get to Mr. Highbate's farm, three miles east of here, we shall be safe."



"MINNIE SEIZED LOUISA'S HAND AND DRAGGED HER ON."

"But there can't be much fire over there," said Louisa, pointing to the left; "look how little smoke there is."

Minnie shook her head.

"That only shows that it is some distance away yet, and gives us a chance to escape. Come, let us hurry."

So saying, she led Louisa to the right and began to climb the steep ascent. They soon had to throw

away their basket and struggle with all their might to keep a footing and scramble a little higher. The poison-oak, that at other times they would not dare to touch, they now seized as eagerly as they did the hazel-bushes, and they swung themselves up by its tenacious branches when they could. At last, about half-way up, they came to a ledge of rock cropping out perpendicularly in front of them, and extending as far as they could see along the hill-side. To be sure, it was only about ten feet high, but how were two little girls to climb that height?

Louisa, weary and despairing, with hands torn and bleeding, sat down and began to cry.

The smoke thickened behind them.

Minnie glanced fearfully at it, then scrambled along the bottom of the rock's face, looking closely in search of some break or irregularity in its surface by which they might scale it. Alas! as far as she could see, it was the same smooth wall, and she dared not go farther in her search with that terrible pursuer gaining on her footsteps. She returned to Louisa's side, almost ready to sit down beside her and cry as she was doing. Just then her eye caught a young live-oak, which stretched its tough little body nearly horizontally over their heads, firmly rooted above the rock.

"Ah," thought Minnie, "if I could only reach that tree!"

Then, all her languor changing to sudden energy as an idea struck her, she cried:

"Quick, Louisa! Your apron, your apron!"

Louisa roused herself, and, startled by the tone of Minnie's voice, at once undid her long apron without asking any questions. It was a new one, of which she was rather proud, and reached from her chin almost to her feet, and had two little pockets in the skirt. Her tears ceased, and gave place to amazement and anger, when she saw Minnie quickly tear it down the middle, and then tear each half down again. Before she could protest at this outrage, lo! Minnie took her own new apron and used it the same way. Louisa looked in her cousin's face, and what she saw there made her keep silence. Minnie quickly knotted together the ends of the pieces she had made, and then again looked up at the live-oak. No, her rope was not long enough, for it must be double. She took off her dress, and arrayed only in chemise and petticoat, tore it up also and added the pieces. She now looked around for a stone, and soon found one weighing about a pound. Tying this to one end of her rope, she went a little to one side of the tree and flung it over its trunk. It fell to the ground, carrying the rope with it, so now she had a double rope up the face of the rock.

Minnie had not lived all her life in the woods

to fear climbing now, but still she looked a little frightened at this rope swaying in the air. However, she tied the ends to a root, and telling Louisa not to be afraid, she stood on tiptoe, and reaching her hands as high as possible, began to ascend sailor-fashion, hand over hand. She found the many knots very useful, as they gave resting-places for her feet as well as kept her hands from slipping. Still, when she caught the trunk of the oak, and scrambled astride of it, she had to shut her eyes and stay quite still for a few seconds, too exhausted to move a finger. Soon rousing, she called to Louisa:

"Now, Lou, untie one end of the rope."

When Louisa had done so, Minnie drew the other end as tight as she could, and taking two or three turns about the oak, made the rope quite secure. She thus had a single rope tightly drawn from top to bottom of the rock, and another hanging loose from the trunk of the oak to the ground at Louisa's feet.

"Lou," she cried, "tie that loose end round your body, under the arms. There, that is right; be sure the knot is secure. Now, take hold of the other rope and climb as I did, and I will pull you up as much as I can."

Louisa did not hesitate, but at once did as she was told; and soon both the children again stood side by side, joyful, though breathless and exhausted.

They saw with relief that the hill sloped up more gently from this point, and found they could make better progress in their flight. One glance backward showed them the smoke was very dense now on the far side of the cañon, but still there was no fire to be seen, nor noise of it to be heard. They pressed on with what speed they could, and soon found themselves on the edge of the nearly level plateau, which the gulch they had just left cut like an immense furrow. Compelled to pause a moment to gather breath, they looked back to the west and saw a magnificent sight. The fire had reached the cañon, which on that side was more abrupt than on the one where they now stood. The smoke rose lazily, upborne by a slight breeze which began to blow through the valley, so that the children could see the shining line of clear fire reach the edge of the opposite hill and begin to burn down. Vast trees were blazing from root to topmost twig, and soon they saw several totter over and plunge their burning mass down the side of the cañon. They were stopped in their descent, however, by the thick growths, and lay blazing and setting all around them in a blaze.

"Oh, Lou, look! Heaven help us!" cried Minnie. "The fire will be slow in getting down that hill, but once at the bottom, it will rush up here.

Let us run! run! if we can not get to a clearing soon, we shall be burned. Oh, Mother, Mother!" she sobbed.

Then suddenly checking herself, like the brave girl she was, she added, almost calmly:

"I know there is a trail somewhere here leading to Mr. Highbate's farm, for they used to have picnic parties last summer to the spring where we lunched. If we could only find that trail!"

By this time the girls were a good distance from the cañon, though, with their utmost efforts, they could not go quickly, having to force their way through the thick bushes, and being tripped up every minute by long, tough grasses. Just then, Minnie stumbled and fell full length, and rolled over in a sort of long, bare furrow between some bushes. Almost before she could rise, she cried:

"Oh, thank heaven! Lou, here it is!—the trail! the trail!"

This narrow, rough path, overarched with trees and bushes, and full of stumps and broken branches, seemed to her more beautiful at that moment than if it had been paved with gold inlaid with precious stones. Now, indeed, could these little girls, both practiced woodswomen, feel that they had a chance to escape the dreadful foe behind them. They did not mind the roughnesses of the path, and even when they found some great log fallen across it, did not take long to climb it. Still, do their best, they could not go very fast, for they were nearly worn out, and their very fear weakened them and retarded their flight.

Suddenly, Minnie stood still to listen, and her heart beat faster as she heard a dull roar mingled with a snapping sound. She knew the fire had reached the near side of the cañon, and was galloping up, soon to hiss along the path they were traveling. Was there no hope? Must she, and the little orphan cousin in her care, indeed perish miserably, only a few hours' walk from the home they had left so happily this morning,—only a few miles from safe shelter? Yes, was her despairing thought, they must die,—die a horrible death. The fire would certainly overtake them before they could reach Farmer Highbate's, and there was no clearing nearer. Oh! if she had but a match to start a fire in front of them, and so make a safe refuge! In that case, this breeze, which was spurring on their pitiless enemy, would become their best friend. But no; she knew that neither she nor Louisa had a match, and already the smoke from behind was thickening about them in stifling folds. They tottered on, Louisa crying, and Minnie with dry eyes and blazing cheeks.

Minnie had noticed, hardly knowing at the moment that she did so, a tall, gaunt redwood-tree, perfectly dead, which stood just where they

had found the trail. Glancing back now, she saw a great red tongue of flame leap upon it and dart to its very top. She shuddered, and then like a flash of lightning, "just like the flame darted on the dead tree," as she afterward said, a thought struck through her brain, which made her flushed cheeks pale, and made her feel sick and faint, for it promised safety, and her fevered nerves could hardly bear the new hope.

"Lou! Lou!" she cried, in a hoarse, low voice, "the Family Tree, the Family Tree! The path to it must be very near here."

She seized Louisa's hand and dragged her on. A few paces farther, they came to a broad trail, crossing, almost at right angles, the one they had hitherto followed. Minnie turned to the left and followed the new path. This brought her nearer to the fire, but she flew on, never looking up.

In even a shorter time than she expected, they reached a little circular opening among the trees, in the middle of which towered a vast trunk. Its thick branches did not begin until fifty feet from the ground, and from that up more than a hundred feet, they were a close mass of green, looking as though no fire could harm them. The little opening in which this tree stood was quite clear of undergrowth, but covered with long grasses, which would burn like tinder. Still, near its base they were thin and straggling, having been trampled down year after year by curious visitors. On the trunk many names were rudely carved, and visiting-cards were attached to it with tacks and pins.

What made Minnie draw a long sigh of relief as she approached this tree? Surely there was no shelter here from the withering blast, whose heat she already began to feel. But even Louisa now began to guess what Minnie hoped, and for a moment she ceased to sob. They ran around the tree—the Family Tree—and lo! in the eastern side, farthest from the on-coming fire, there was a large opening. The children ran through it and found themselves in a great room with an uneven earthen floor, inclosed by black walls rising high above, and gradually narrowing to a point.

Minnie's first care was to close the opening by which they had entered, by means of some large pieces of bark that had served the purpose of a door. There was still some light when that was done, for a square hole had been made by some former occupant for a window in the side, not far from the door. Minnie would have tried to close this too, but she saw she could not reach it.

The girls sat down on the floor, too exhausted even to speak. Minnie knew the story of their present shelter, and that it obtained its name from the fact that a poor family had passed a whole winter within its walls, and had a baby

born to them there. But Louisa must wait for another time to hear the story, for now they heard a noise never to be forgotten, and which made them put their fingers to their ears and sit trembling with terror.

The fire was on them! With a sweeping roar and crackle, it rushed past, licking up the long grass like a sea of oil, and leaping high up the tall trees. An intolerable light streamed in through their little window, and the air became almost too thick and hot to breathe. Minnie held her handkerchief before her face, and breathed through it, making Louisa do likewise. Soon she removed it, and fell on her knees and sobbed out a thanksgiving, for she knew they were safe. The roar of the sea of flame had passed, and even if the very tree they were in was blazing, they could escape now over the burnt ground behind them. But they needed not to have doubts of their stanch protector. Its massive sides were unscorched, and its green branches waved uninjured.

What more is there to tell? It would make my little tale too long to describe how the children were kept warm all the chill Californian night by

a great log that slowly charred away, not far from their tree-house; or to tell what magnificent sights they saw in the gloom when, all the heavy smoke having passed, innumerable trees stood burning like great torches, and logs blazed on the ground like the camp-fires of a great army. They were too weary to look at even these proud sights for long, and wrapped in each other's arms, they slept until the sun was high the next morning. Enough to say that they managed to pick their way over the black ground, and, before noon, reached their aunt's home, begrimed and ragged. Minnie especially looked like a witch, in her torn chemise and red petticoat.

How they were petted, you may guess. How aunt and uncle and cousins kissed them and cried over them, and how father and mother soon arrived, having driven over by the long high-road full of fear, to learn if their darlings were safe.

In one household, at least, the Family Tree is no longer known by that name, for Minnie and Louisa always call it "Our Tree," and think of it with tender gratitude, remembering the shelter which its great heart gave them from the fiery storm.

THOR, AND THE GIANT SKRYMIR.

(A Scandinavian Myth.)

BY JULIA CLINTON JONES.

IF any of you have read Hawthorne's wonderful "Tanglewood Tales," or any of the stories of ancient classical mythology, you will have learned about the fabled Grecian gods,—Jove, Mars, Neptune, and the rest,—who were said to have lived on the lofty Mount Olympus. These gods sent their chosen heroes to fulfill their commands. Among these heroes you will remember Hercules, to whom were given the twelve marvelous tasks, or labors, as they generally are named; Jason, who sought over sea and land the Golden Fleece; and Perseus, who cut off the Medusa's head.

Now, I want to tell you, here, something about the gods of Northern, or Scandinavian mythology, who were supposed to dwell among the clouds in their city, Asgard, where was a glorious golden hall, Valhalla, in which Odin, the All-father, held high festival; but whither no man might come excepting the noblest and the bravest.

Besides Odin, the chief, there was Thor, the Thunderer, and beautiful Baldur, the Sun-god, with Friga, the Northern Venus, and many others.

These gods were chiefly employed in fighting against the jötuns, or evil giants, who were always

attacking Asgard and trying to injure the Earth, which the gods loved.

Take your maps, and you will find, in the north of Europe, a land of lofty mountains and rugged coasts, of deep fiords, and lakes fed by the melted snows, and swiftly rolling rivers. It is winter there during a great part of the year, and is very cold and gloomy, excepting while the short, bright summer lasts. This land lies just north of Germany, and is called Scandinavia, comprising Sweden and Norway. About nine hundred years ago, the people of this country believed in those gods and jötuns whom I have mentioned. In Denmark, to the south, and Iceland, at the west, the same gods were worshiped. As all their myths, or sacred fables, mean something, and are full of giants and dwarfs and wonderful enchantments, ever so much better than "Jack the Giant-Killer," or even "Cinderella," I think you will find them interesting.

In the south-eastern part of Sweden, and a little way from the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, you will see the ancient town of Upsala. There my story begins. The hero of the myth is Thor, the Thunderer, next in power to his father, Odin.

Perhaps you would first like to hear a little about Thor, from whom we have named one of our weekdays, Thursday. He was so strong that all the giants feared him; and when angry, his eyes flashed lightning under his black brows, while his voice echoed like thunder. But, like all really strong, brave people, he was very good-natured when not offended. Being too tall for horseback, he always drove in a chariot drawn by goats, from whose hoofs and eyes lightnings darted, while the wheels of his chariot rumbled in thunder-peals. When he went out to fight the giants and drive them back from Asgard, or attack them in their own dark abodes, he always took three wonderful things. There was his hammer, Mjölfnir (the Crusher), so small that it could be put in his pocket, and no matter how far it was thrown, it always returned to his hand. With this he is fabled to have crushed many a giant, and knocked down his castle-walls. To hold this marvelous hammer and get fresh strength to hurl it, he had a pair of gauntlets, while around his waist he wore a girdle, which redoubled his god-like might.

Thor's home was a curious place—up in Thrudvang (the storm-cloud), and his feast-hall was Bilskirnir (the lightning-flash). His chief enemy was Hrym (frost), a huge, hoary giant, who drove over the earth doing great mischief, in a car drawn by hail-cloud steeds with frozen manes.

And now I will tell you one of the myths about Thor. There was at Upsala a magnificent temple, sacred to Odin. Kings and renowned warriors from all parts came here to worship, and the gods especially cared for this place. Utgardeloki, king of the giants, hating Odin and wishing to insult him, attacked and destroyed this temple, putting out the sacred altar-fires. When Odin heard this, he called together in council the twelve gods, his sons. Full of wrath, they vowed vengeance on the dark king. Thor, especially, was enraged. He struck the table with his clenched hand, and even Asgard rocked under the blow.

When the council was over, without asking leave of Odin, he harnessed his goats, and called on Loki to go with him.

Loki, you must know, was a bad spirit belonging to the giant race; but as yet the gods did not know how wicked he was. He was found out at last, and cast out of heaven.

Although Thor had not said where he was going, Loki knew very well, and, taunting him, dared him to go to Utgard, the giants' land. Thor, in very bad humor, answered shortly, and, swinging his hammer around, said he did not care a snap for the biggest giant of them all. Away they drove, down the Bifrost,—the Rainbow Bridge which joins heaven and earth,—over mountains and through

rivers, until, as night fell, they reached a peasant's hut, and there asked a night's lodging.

The family consisted of the peasant himself, his wife, and two children, Thialfi and Roska, the son and daughter. They were so poor that there was nothing in the house for supper. Thor told the woman to make a fire, and he would furnish food. While the fire was the kindling, he slew his goats, and stripping off the skins, carefully spread them before the hearth; and put the flesh in the pot, bidding the peasant to be sure and gather all the bones into the hides again. But Thialfi, while eating his supper, broke a shin bone of one of the goats to get at the marrow.

Next morning early, Thor rose, and swung Mjölfnir several times over the skins. Up sprang the goats, fresh and lively for a start, but one of them halted on the hind leg. Seeing this, Thor was terribly angry, and cried out that some one had broken a bone, and lamed his goat. I can not describe how terrified the family became when they saw his eyes flashing with fury, and his wrinkled brow.

They all fell on their knees and prayed for mercy. At last, his wrath was appeased, and he promised to forgive them on condition that he might have Thialfi and Roska as servants forever.

Leaving the goats and chariot at the cottage, Thor and his party set off again for Utgard. They traveled so swiftly that they soon reached the sea, over which all passed safely, the two children holding fast to Thor's belt.* Having crossed, they came to a deep forest, where they wandered till evening; then, weary and hungry, at last they spied a queer-looking hut of an extraordinary shape, having but one room, neither round nor square, while the entrance took up the whole of one side. They were too tired to examine very closely, and having eaten their supper, lay down to sleep, while Thor kept watch, seated at the door, with his chin in his hand. He was tired and cross, and did not once stir nor close his eyes all night.

Toward morning, he heard a rumbling, roaring sound, so loud that nothing mortal could have produced it. At dawn, out he went to find the cause, and there lay a huge giant, whose length covered several acres, fast asleep, and snoring loudly. Thor drew up his belt to the very last hole, but even then he did not dare to fling his hammer, although he longed to do so; but this giant was a little too big even for Thor.

Suddenly the monster gave one deep snore, then springing up, wide-awake, towered high up over the trees. Thor, amazed, asked his name, and whence he came. He answered that he was Skrymir, and served Utgardeloki in Giant-land.

"But," said he, "I know without asking that

* See the Frontispiece.

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ON THE WAY TO JÖTUNHEIM.

[See page 952.]

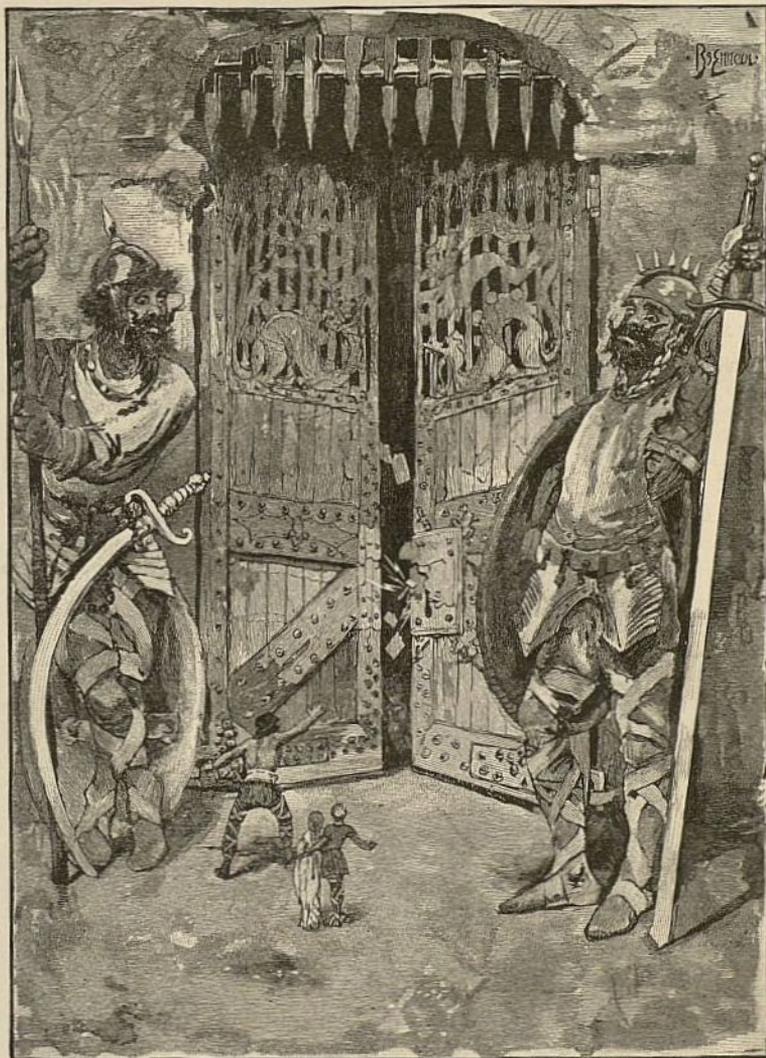
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you are Thor; still, with all your wonderful feats, you are only a little fellow compared with us. Why! I could easily stand you on one finger, hammer and all. But where is my mitten?"

Stretching out his hand, he picked up what the party had taken for a hut, and Thor now saw that

and saying he was too tired to eat, threw them the wallet, remarking that the rest had better get supper, as there would be hard traveling and much to be seen the next day, and they would need all their strength. Then stretching himself under the tree, he fell asleep, snoring roundly.



"THOR THREW HIS HAMMER AGAINST THE PORTALS, AND THEY FLEW OPEN."

their night's quarters had been the thumb of the giant's glove. Skrymir then proposed to join the others, and that they should put their provisions together. As they were willing, he at once flung the wallet over his shoulder, and started off ahead with great strides to lead the way.

When night came, Skrymir stopped under an oak, where he proposed that they should sleep,

Thor picked up the sack, and tried to untie it. The knot looked simple enough, but the more he pulled, the tighter grew the cords, nor could he loosen a single loop. He drew up his belt, and tried to break the strings, but had to give up. Then, hungry and furious, he started up, and seizing Mjölner in both hands, rushed at Skrymir, and launched the hammer full in his face.

The giant half-opened his eyes, rubbed his forehead, and asked, in a sleepy voice, if a leaf had fallen; then, seeing Thor, he questioned if they had had supper, and were ready for bed.

This made Thor more angry still, but he thought it better to wait a little before he struck again. So he lay down at a distance, and watched until midnight. Then, hearing the giant snoring hard, he went to him, swung his hammer with all his might, and struck him right in the skull!

The mallet entered the head clear to the handle, but Skrymir, waking, only said, drowsily:

"Did an acorn drop? Ah, Thor! still up! You had better get some sleep for to-morrow."

Thor went hastily away, but determined to get another blow at his enemy before morning. While Skrymir was asleep again, just at dawn, up got Thor again, and drawing in his belt to the last hole, swung his hammer round and round, then dashed it with such might that it was buried, head, handle, and all, in the giant's temple!

Skrymir sprang up, and rubbing his brow, said:

"Are there birds in this tree? I felt either a feather or a twig drop. How early you have risen, Thor! It is time to dress, for Utgard is close by. I have heard you whispering that I am not little, but you will find others bigger than I am, there. Don't boast, for Utgardeloki's courtiers wont bear much of that, from such insignificant little fellows as you are. If you don't take this advice, you had better turn back, which is in fact the best thing for you to do in any case. My way lies to those mountains, but there is the road to Utgard, if you still wish to go there."

Then Skrymir turned from them into the forest. They had a dismal journey, until at last, at noon, having found the right track, they reached a great castle, standing in the midst of a vast plain; it was of such height that they had to bend their necks quite back to see over its top. This was Utgard, a gloomy place enough, surrounded by black rocks, with yawning chasms, while the land around was covered with eternal ice and snow.

Before its iron-barred gates huge giants were keeping watch, with spears, swords, and shields. They looked scornfully at the travelers, who were so much smaller than themselves.

The gates not being opened at once, Thor flung his hammer against them, and, the bolts immediately giving way, the portals flew open, and they passed into an immense hall, lit by torches, where a multitude of giants, even bigger than Skrymir, in complete armor, sat in triple ring around a lofty throne, whereon sat Utgardeloki.

Thor, not a bit afraid, walked right up and saluted the king with so bold a look that the jötun (evil giant) trembled; but wishing in his

turn to terrify the god, he struck thrice on his shield with his steel mace. At once the hall began to quake, the roof split, flames burst from the floor, and thick, suffocating vapor issued from the rifted walls. Even Thor could hardly keep his feet, and Utgardeloki jeeringly advised him to go.

But the god, glaring fiercely and furiously, warned him to cease from enchantments, because, as Odin's son, he had power to destroy them all.

Utgardeloki, terrified at Thor's wrath, said all this was only sport, and begged him to make friends at a feast, after which they should all prove their skill in such sports as warriors love.

The banquet over, the king asked in what feats they were best skilled. On this, Loki, always boastful, challenged them all to eat against him.

Upon a signal from the monarch, up rose Logi, a giant with long, jagged teeth, eyes like live coals, and flaming nostrils. So horrible did he look, that even Thor shuddered to see him.

Loki, however, accepted the trial, and a trough of meat being placed between them, they ate ravenously until they met right in the middle. Then it was found that Loki had only eaten the flesh, while Logi had devoured meat, bones, and trough, all together. So Logi had won.

Utgardeloki then asked what the boy could do. Thialfi replied that he could outrun them all. The king said, sneeringly, "That is a useful art, for even brave men have found speed serve them better than fighting." He then called on a supple little veiled dwarf, named Hugi, and both the contestants passed out to the plain. Although Thialfi pressed him close, after three trials, Hugi, being declared victor, vanished like a flash.

Then the king said, mockingly, that his guests did not seem very well skilled even in their own games; turning to Thor, he asked how he would prove the powers for which he was celebrated.

"In a drinking-match," said Thor.

The giant ordered his cup-bearers to bring in a horn so long that when set in the hall, one end remained outside. It seemed very old, and all around the edge were graven letters. Thor looked at the length of the horn, but, being very thirsty, he set it to his lips and took a deep drink. When he set it down, the liquor was hardly lessened. Again he tried, and yet again; although the horn could now be carried without spilling, the amount within seemed much the same.

"Aha!" said the king, tauntingly, "I see plainly, Thor, thou art not quite so strong as we thought thee. But try another feat. We have a game here for children, consisting merely in lifting my cat from the ground. I should not have liked to mention it, had I not found thee so weak."

As he spoke, a large gray cat, all covered with

scales like a serpent, sprang on the hall floor, and glared about with fiery eyes.

Thor, advancing, put his hand under the creature's body, and tried his very best to raise it; but he only lifted one foot, while the animal, bending its back, stretched itself higher and higher, till it touched the very roof of the hall. Thor, enraged, struck it with all his might, but the cat did not even wince. Then, turning upon the king, Thor dared him to wrestle with him.

The giant said he saw no need of anger, as all was for sport; still, if Thor wished to wrestle, he would call his old nurse, Elle, to try a fall with him.

A toothless old woman here entered, and springing on Thor, seized him around the waist.

The more Thor strove, the firmer she stood; finally, after a violent struggle, the god fell on one knee. Then the king stopped the game, saying that as it was growing late, the sports must close, and the guests had been sufficiently outdone.

After that, feasting was begun again, and the giants showed much hospitality to Thor and his companions, whom next morning Utgardeloki accompanied from the castle, to show them the road to Asgard. At parting, the king asked how they had enjoyed themselves, and said:

"Now that you are out of my kingdom, which you shall never again enter if I can help it, I will tell you the truth. All that you have seen has been enchantment. I am Skrymir, who met you in the forest. By magic I tied the strings

of your wallet, and when you struck at me, I placed a great mountain between us. Three deep glens have been made there by the strokes of your mallet. In all the contests at Utgard, I have used illusions also. Logi was Flame, devouring all. Hugi was Thought. What can be so swift? The horn I set before you was Ocean itself, with Time's records graven on its shores, and very greatly have its waters been lessened. My cat was the great World-serpent (which holds together the earth); your lifting it shook the universe. Elle was old age, before whom all must bow. Do not come again, for I have yet other illusions, and you can not prevail against me."

Thor, infuriated, exclaimed:

"I left Asgard without permission of my father Odin, and strength is useless without forethought to guide it, hence have I been conquered. But Odin's wisdom and Thor's hammer combined shall yet overcome your jötun might." So saying, he hurled his hammer, but the giant had disappeared, and where the city had stood was only a verdant plain.

Scowling and muttering, Thor hastened home to Thrudvang, not stopping at Asgard on his way.

This myth means that when you wish to accomplish anything, you must set about it in a wise manner, for, no matter how brave and strong you may be, if you lack wisdom, you will be sure to fail, especially if you choose a Loki for your companion.



TINTORETTO VAN DYKE JONES BEGS PADDY McNAB TO HOLD BILLY GOAT STEADY WHILE HE PUTS IN "JUST THIS LITTLE TOUCH."



BILLY GOAT DECIDES TO PUT IN THE TOUCH HIMSELF.

THE BOY WHO PLAYED TRUANT.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THERE once was a lad who, I 'm sorry to say,
Had contracted a habit of running away;
His tasks he left undone, his school—he forsook
it:
On every occasion this youngster would “hook
it.”

A lad so bad
Nobody e'er had,
And his family all felt exceedingly sad.

But one day, on his travels, he chanced to meet
A very odd man at the end of the street—
A personage yellow and lank and weird,
With a glittering eye and a snow-white beard—
So queer, my dear!
With a look wan and sere,
And clad in a *very* remarkable gear.

Quoth he, “I've been waiting for you! How
d' ye do?”

“Hullo!” cried Tommy, “I don't know *you!*”
The stranger stared at the lad with a grin,
And answered at once, in a voice rather thin,

“Is it true that you—
Great Hullabaloo!—
Have never yet heard of the Wandering Jew?”

For now that your wand'ring is fairly begun,
You must come with me for a bit of a run
To Soudan, Yucatan,
And the Sea of Japan,
And the far-away island of great Palawan.”

So he gathered him up by the hair of his head,
And over the sea and the land he sped;
All puffing and panting he whizzed and whirled
In a very short time round the whole of the
world;

To Sooloo, Saccatoo,
Tananavirou,
And the towering height of Mount Kini Balu!

Just stopping a moment (Tom thought it was
luck, too!)

To take one long breath in the town of Timbuctoo,
Then off like a flash went the Wandering Jew
To Khiva and Java, Ceylon and Peru,
Madeira, Sabara,
The town of Bokhara,

The Yang-tse-kiang and the Guadalaxara.

He scorched his skin where the cactus grows,
In the Arctic Circle his toes he froze,
He thawed him out in the Geyser Spring,



Tom shivered and quivered, and shook in his
shoes.

“Don't try to escape,” said the man—“It's no
use!

And set him to dry on the peaks of Nan-ling;

Then off to Kioff

And the Sea of Azof,

He hurried, just pausing at Otschakoff.

And finally, all of his journeyings past,
He dropped him at his own door at last,
And said, with a grin, as he hurried away,
"You 'll not play truant for many a day!"

Tom's eyes!—their size,
From grief and surprise,
My pen can not picture, however it tries.

Now, nothing on earth will tempt him to roam;
He never is seen half a mile from his home.
Take warning all boys, and never, oh, never,
Play truant on any pretext whatsoever;

Lest you, sirs, too,
Whenever you do,
Should chance to meet with the Wandering Jew!



WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" DID.

BY MRS. E. J. PARTRIDGE.

SOME, children, let us go down to the river and wade until tea-time," said Mrs. Pike to the noisy, restless boy and girl, who had been trying to play softly, but had only succeeded in making such a racket that the quietly disposed boarders in the adjoining rooms seemed likely to lose their afternoon naps. But they soon congratulated themselves on having a few undisturbed hours, as Fred

and Grace, so full of life and fun, and tired of staying in the house, rushed away, glad of the chance to do what they were not allowed to do, excepting when older persons were with them.

It did not take them long to get down the hill, take off shoes and stockings, and step into the water. And such fun as they had!

They had not been there long, when Mamma and Cousin Lillie came down, and the long hours passed quickly enough, while they were skipping pebbles so beautifully, some going quite to the other

bank; sailing paper-boats and tiny rafts, and wading far into the deep water after them. Trying to cross on the slippery stepping-stones was the best fun, however, for just when balancing themselves most carefully, down they would go with a splash and a scream! But little they cared for the wetting, and soon they would be trying the feat again, amid shouts of laughter, while Mamma's caution, "Do be careful, Fred!" was met with the prompt reply:

"Why, Mamma, don't be afraid of this little bit of water! I'm sure a fellow could n't drown here if he wanted to."

All summer these two children, whose home was in a far-off Southern city, had been living such a life out-of-doors as until then they never had dreamed of. On one side of the old-fashioned double house, away in the distance, were the Green Mountains, over whose somber tops the sun rose so rapidly that the children used to say the shadows were so frightened they could see them run; on the other side loomed up, in the far blue, chain after chain of the great Adirondack range, with lofty peaks stretching heavenward, and re-

splendent with glory when crowned with the last rays of the setting sun.

At the foot of the hill on which the house was built, there was a lovely little river that was joined, just below, by a smooth stream from the back country, and where they met, the water, after a great deal of bubbling and splashing, fell over the steep rocks, some twenty feet down, forming a pretty cascade. The spray of this little water-fall arose like a white cloud, and gently sprinkled the surrounding rocks, where the children loved to play, although it was not a very safe resort, as the river was both deep and rapid below the fall. There was a thickly wooded hill on the other side, where, when the river was low, and easy to be crossed, many hours were spent in long tramps after delicate ferns and rare wild-flowers for Cousin Lillie's collections. But ferns and flowers were apt to be forgotten quickly if by chance Fred's bright eyes espied a squirrel or a woodchuck's hole at any spot along the way.

One would think these grand times out-of-doors were enough to make the little ones happy. So they were, but when the evenings, too, were filled with pleasure, their cup was quite overflowing. There were no end of games in the big parlor, where all joined in the fun. It was such a good parlor for games,—always room for more, especially children. One night there was a clematis party for them, and they were all dressed in white, with the clematis-vine, in full bloom, draped and festooned in every imaginable way on them. A very pretty scene it was. And another night, when the grown-up folks had a sociable, the children were sent off to bed, but the music was so enticing that they got up and dressed themselves and crept down the back stairs, where, in a cramped-up party, they watched the fun, expecting, of course, when discovered, to be sent back to bed. But nobody had the heart to give such a command that evening, and so the little sinners were taken in among the merry-makers, and enjoyed the "Virginia reel" as much as anybody.

There was nothing to mar their pleasure from week to week, until, one day, an accident happened which would have brought the greatest sorrow that can happen to any of us, if it had not been for dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Just above the place on the river-bank where the children most liked to play, ran the main road, which crossed the river over a pretty stone-bridge. The rocks were high and steep under the bridge, and the river, dashing over them, fell into a deep basin on the lower side, which formed quite a large pond.

Now this pond was a splendid place to sail a raft, and on the day I have mentioned, Fred and

Grace had a busy time loading and unloading the cargoes of stones and sticks. They were becoming somewhat tired and hungry, and withal a little impatient, when Grace, in giving the raft a good start, fell into the water, and when she was pulled out, Mamma had to take her up to the house, bidding Fred to follow soon. He was getting his last load of stones along to a good landing-place, when the raft grounded on a great rock, and after much exertion he pushed it off into the basin near the bridge. But in giving the last shove with his pole he slipped, and without a cry disappeared beneath the water!

With a scream of horror, Cousin Lillie, who had lingered behind to wait for Fred, sprang to the water's edge, but there was nothing to be seen, save a few bubbles, circling round and round, away out in the center of the pond. She called loudly for help, meanwhile preparing to plunge in after her little cousin, quite forgetting that she could not swim.

It seemed ages to the horrified girl before she saw Fred's head and face slowly rise to the surface. But then, to her great joy, he turned and, awkwardly enough, but surely, came toward her. She knew that he could not swim a stroke, but nevertheless he managed to keep his head above water, and soon came near enough for her to lay hold of his coat-collar. After much trouble, she finally pulled him out, and helped him over the slippery, treacherous stones to the grass, where he sank, exhausted.

Just then, Fred's mother came leisurely over the hill, to see what had detained the loiterers so long. One glance brought her hurriedly to the side of her dripping boy, to hear, with a terrified heart, of his narrow escape.

"Mamma," said Fred that afternoon, after he had been thoroughly rubbed and tucked up in bed, "I thought of you as I was going down, down so deep, and how sorry you would feel if I never came out of that awful hole, and then I thought of what it said in ST. NICHOLAS about 'treading water,' and I tried to do exactly what it said to do, and I came right up to the top, and found that I could move along toward the shore without letting my head go down under water at all. But it seemed as if something was pulling at my feet all the time, and it was awfully hard to get over to Lillie. If she had n't grabbed me, I think I'd have had to go down again, because I was so tired. I say, Lill, don't cry now! I'm all right—don't you see?—and you were just splendid!"

Fred was quite a hero for the remainder of the summer, and he never tired of telling his adventure. Cousin Lillie, too, had her share of praise,—

for Fred never told the story without explaining how "she was just coming in after me, and could n't swim a stroke, either!"

When we learned, later, that there had been

two or three boys drowned in that very spot where Fred went down thirty feet, we felt very thankful that he escaped their sad fate, and very grateful to dear ST. NICHOLAS.

[This joyful deliverance is not the only one of its kind due to the admirable article referred to—"A Talk About Swimming," first printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1877. Authentic accounts of the rescue from drowning of two other boys by a timely remembrance of directions there given by Dr. Hunt, have been received; and we most gladly commend the article afresh to our young readers and their parents.—ED.]



NOT INVITED. [SEE PAGE 972.]



Knit, Dorothy, knit,
 The sunbeams round thee flit,
 So merry the minutes go by, go by,
 While fast thy fingers fly, they fly.
 Knit, Dorothy, knit.

Sing, Dorothy, sing,
 The birds are on the wing,
 'T is better to sing than to sigh, to sigh,
 While fast thy fingers fly, they fly.
 Sing, Dorothy, sing.

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SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BONFIRE.

THE young people's party at the house of Sarah Dykeman called for the whole house, and for the lighting up of the grounds besides. Not only were the Park boys there, and a fair selection of the "Wedgwoods,"—there were outsiders; and as for girls, Miss Offerman's Seminary and Madame Skinner's were well represented.

There was grand fun that evening, and everybody admitted that Sarah Dykeman's party was the best entertainment of the kind that ever had been known in Saltillo; especially when, after ice-cream and strawberries, came a stroll in the grounds among the Chinese lanterns, while Mr. Dykeman let off a lot of rockets and Roman candles.

When Jack Roberts and Otis Burr met the next morning, they had hardly said ten words about the party before Charley Ferris came up with: "I say, how are you fellows off for hooks and lines? Mr. Hayne says there 'll be a good chance to catch fish on Winnegay Lake. I 'm going for tackle."

Before noon the question of buying fishing-tackle, besides fire-works for Fourth of July, had been settled by every boy of Mr. Hayne's school. That was one kind of preparation, but Jeff Carroll was not the boy to let his friends neglect another and more important one, for the great day.

"We must get ahead of the canal-bank boys," he said, "or we sha' n't find a loose box, nor a barrel, nor a board. Old Captain Singer has offered me five empty tar-barrels, but he says we must take them away this very night."

That was enough. There was an old shed, opening on the alley-way, back of Mr. Wright's house, that was just the place for storage, and before ten o'clock, it was nearly half full of all sorts of combustibles. Nobody seemed to know where all that stuff had come from, but there were ten tar-barrels instead of five.

There was yet a question to be settled, however. The Mayor had given permission for a big public bonfire in the great square in the middle of the city, and for another in front of the City Hall, the evening before the Fourth, and the evening of the Fourth itself. There would be police around these to prevent mischief, but orders had been given to put out any and all other bonfires.

"Did n't the order say something about the streets?" asked Andy.

"Of course," said Jeff. "It said there must be no bonfires in the streets."

"But we don't want a street. There 's the vacant lot back of the blacksmith's shop."

"The very place!" said Jeff. "Don't say a word until the fire 's lit."

In consequence of that remark, there was mystery in the conduct and speech of the Park boys throughout the following day. Even after supper, and while the Wedgwood boys and the canal-bank crowd and a good many others were giving their best attention to the regular and duly authorized blazes, not a member of Mr. Hayne's school was to be seen among them. They even took their barrels over, one at a time, and worked so silently that the world beyond the blacksmith's shop knew nothing about the matter until there had arisen a huge pile of material in the middle of the vacant lot. The barrels were set on end in the center—five at the bottom, three on these, and two perched on top. Then the empty dry-goods boxes, boards, broken lumber of every sort and kind, were carefully piled around the barrels, and the thing was ready.

"We 'll show them," began Charley Ferris, triumphantly; but at that moment a shrill voice came out of the darkness near them: "Come on, boys! Here 's lots of stuff, all ready!"

It was a miscellaneous mob of youngsters from other parts of the city, on a hunt for fuel for the regular fires.

"Keep 'em off, boys," exclaimed Jeff. "All of you pitch in and keep 'em off for half a minute."

"Steady, boys," said Jack Roberts, as if he were in command of a company of soldiers. "Don't let them break through." Jeff was squirming in toward the tar-barrels, lighting a match and a wisp of paper as he went. Presently he muttered:

"That one 's alight. Now another. Two! That has caught tiptop! Three! That will spread. Now," said he, rising and turning about, "I 'd like to see them run away with those barrels."

The shout of the outside discoverer had been promptly answered by his companions, and they had come racing up with the purpose and expectation of making a big seizure. It was a great disappointment, therefore, to find their way blocked by a dozen resolute boys.

"We 're bound to have it, even if we have to fight for it," exclaimed a nearly full-grown youth, as he flourished a thick stick; and he was sup-

ported by shouts and cheers in more tongues than one. "We want them things," he cried.

"You can't have them," said Andy, coolly and slowly. "This is not public property. I warn you not to lay a hand on anything here."

"Keep him talking, Andy. It's almost ablaze."

Andy was just the boy for such an emergency, and by the time he had finished what he had to say about the law of the matter, the black smoke rose in a great column above the pile.

"Yiz have set it afire! Byes, it'll all be burned oop!" cried a voice.

At that instant, the gurgling smoke was followed by a fierce red tongue of flame, and it seemed as if all the tar-barrels burst into a blaze together.

It was too late to seize them now! Even the crowd in the public square, nearly half a mile away, turned to wonder what could have caused such a glare, and the Mayor sent off a policeman, on a full run, to see if a house were burning.

"Sure an' yiz bate us this toime. But it's a foine blaze!" The honest Irishman did not conceal his admiration, and the most excited of his companions was willing to keep his hands off from such a bonfire as that was becoming. It was a good deal too hot to steal.

The days of "bonfires" have gone by, now, and it is well that they have, but not often could a finer one be seen, even then. As long as it lasted, it was the best and biggest bonfire in Saltillo.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FIERY FOURTH OF JULY.

"REMEMBER, boys, at daylight," had been the last injunction of Jack Roberts the night before the Fourth. "We must give them a sunrise gun."

Daylight comes pretty early at that time of the year, but there were boys enough on hand at the appointed hour to help Jack drag the big anvil from the back door of the smithy to a spot near the blackened ruins of the bonfire.

The blacksmith was a patriotic old man, and he had no fear of anybody running away with an anvil of that size. In fact, it was all the work six boys wanted to move it a few rods, and set it up in business as a cannon.

"All right, boys," said Charley Ferris; "we're ready now, whenever the sun is."

"No," replied Jeff. "We must load the anvil. The sun may get ahead of us if we don't."

"He will soon be here," said Jack, as he began to pour powder into the square hole in the great block of iron. "Let's give him a good salute."

The wooden plug was ready, and fitted well. The fuse-hole at one corner was just large enough to let in the "paper and powder slow-match."

"There goes somebody else's gun!" shouted Otis Burr. "Stand back, boys. The sun is coming. Let him know it is the Fourth of July."

Jack touched a match to the fuse, and all hands retreated a few paces, as if there might be some danger. There was really next to none, as long as any care should be used, and it was less than half a minute before the fire got to the priming. Whether the sun was just then up or not, he was "saluted" with a report that was a credit to the Fourth of July, and the boys were delighted.

"That is the best anvil I ever saw," said Charley. "Give him another."

"No," said Will; "the next bang is for George Washington."

"No; it ought to be for the Stars and Stripes."

"But Andy promised to bring his flag, and he has n't got here yet. We'll have to fire for other things till that comes," said Will.

So George Washington's memory was banged respectfully.

"Now, boys," said Jeff, "the next is the old Thirteen States. One for each. They always fire a salute for them."

"Good," said Jack. "We live in one of them. We'll shoot for our State first. Call them off, Jeff." State after State was loudly saluted.

In short, it was plain that as long as the powder should hold out, the anvil would be kept at work upon one kind of salute or other. The list of States was not exhausted by breakfast-time, for loading and firing on that plan was slow business. The racket had fairly begun, however, long before that, and Saltillo was, for the time being, a dreadfully unpleasant place to live in. There were other anvils in other vacant lots, more or less distant, and there was gunpowder in a hundred other ways in steady reverberation. The whole country has learned better, nowadays, but the Park boys had no other idea of the right way of beginning the Fourth. Very little was done with fire-crackers until after breakfast, but they came in season then, and it took until noon to use up the stock on hand. In the afternoon, there was to be a grand procession of soldiers and firemen, and all other men who could find an excuse for turning out in some kind of uniform, and with a drum and fife, or a band of music.

There would be speeches, too, and other exercises, at the City Hall, and the boys debated among themselves whether they ought to go and hear them. Jack Roberts settled that.

"Hear them? There'll be such a crowd you can't get within gunshot of the speakers' stand. We can see the fire-works this evening, but we'd better have a good time by ourselves till then."

It was a hot day, and before long, one boy after

another began to make up his mind that he had had enough noise for a while, and could wait for the rest until after sundown. In fact, home was a good place for any boy, that afternoon, and it was not easy to find a cool corner, even there. It was easier to be patient, however, for the boys had been up since before daylight, and expected to see some grand fire-works after supper.

It grew dark a little earlier than usual, owing to the black clouds that promised rain to come, and the crowd gathered densely in front of the expected display. The great "Catharine-wheel," which had cost so much money and was to be such a gorgeous show, had just been set on fire by the man who had the care of it, when one of the neighboring church-bells suddenly broke the silence with a deep, sonorous alarm of fire.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The word came up the street, from one voice after another, and more bells began to sound.

"Boys!" exclaimed Joe Martin, as he came running up to a group of them. "Do you know what 's burning?"

"No. Do you?"

"It 's Whiting's big block. It caught from a rocket that fell on the roof, they say."

"Come on, boys!"

"Keep together. Perhaps we can do something," said Andy Wright, and it was the first the rest knew of his presence. There was very little they or anybody else could do toward putting out that fire, it had got such a good start before anybody saw it.

There were stores on the lower floor of the Whiting Block, and the fire might not reach these for some time. Here was a chance for the boys to be useful. They could help carry out goods, for they were known, and the men who were driving away "loafers" and possible thieves were glad of their services. And how they did work!

"This beats our bonfire," said Jack. "Here, Charley, run with those shawls."

"Jack!" shouted Will, from the inside of a store, "come for these silk goods. A pile of 'em."

Andy Wright and Otis Burr were doing their best for a hatter. Phil Bruce and three more were tugging at cases of boots and shoes, and Charley and Joe were standing guard over a pile of goods which the rest had carried out of harm's way.

"I vas a rifle factory."

"What?" said Will, to a grimy little German at his elbow, when he had put down a load.

"I vas a rifle factory. De second story. Come bring dem down vis me."

"Boys!" cried Will, "upstairs a few of you, for some rifles!"

There was help enough, quickly, and nearly all

the moderate stock of the little gunsmith was out in a twinkling. There was yet a small show-case, with some pistols and knives in it, and Will and the gunsmith and Otis Burr had just gone up for it when a great cry arose from the dense multitude in the street. The boys had been too much excited over their work to take much notice of the progress of the fire, but it had been making terrible headway. Catching on the roof, it had first swept down through the great hall. The story below that was mainly occupied by lawyers' offices, and there had been little time to secure books and papers, hard as a good number of men had tried. That left the upper part of the great building a mere shell, and the fire department officers were beginning to drive the crowd away with the help of the police, for they feared that some part of the wall might fall outward. That is the usual way, but for some reason or other, those upper walls began to lean inward, and this it was that called out the great cry from the crowd.

"Come out! Come back!"

"Every man out of the building!"

Those at work in the stores had plenty of time, and even the little gunsmith heard before he reached the top of the stairs, and darted down into the street. But Will and Otis had already reached the room.

"What was that, Will?"

"Let 's look out of the windows and see."

The windows were open, and the moment the boys appeared at them there was a frantic shout.

"Come out! The walls are falling in! Quick! For your lives!"

They both understood it.

"Shall we jump, Will?"

"No. We can go by the awning frames."

These were of iron, set in the wall, and reaching out over the sidewalk. Not many boys could have clambered out of those windows and swung along, hand over hand, upon those slender rods. That was where their training in Professor Sling's gymnasium came into play. It was little more than their regular exercise on his climbing-ladders and "peg-and-hole" upright posts. Hardly were the boys out of the windows before the upper walls fell in with a crash, and the whole interior of the building looked like one furnace of fire.

"Steady, boys! Steady, now!" It was the voice of Mr. Hayne himself, and it sounded so cool and so encouraging that Will and Otis felt as if they could have swung along on those iron rods for twice the distance.

"Drop, now, and run!"

It was only a few feet to the sidewalk, and they both alighted in safety, but stray bricks and fragments of wall were beginning to drop outside.

"Brave boys! Brave boys!" remarked Dr. Whiting, as he seized them by the hand.

Every Park boy was as proud of that as if he had climbed out of one of those windows himself.

"Mine, too, Mr. Sling."

"Greek and Latin would n't have saved 'em."

"That 's a fact. Now, boys, I think you 've had enough of Fourth of July for once."

There was not one of them but felt as if he had, and the remainder of that fire was left to burn itself out for the benefit of the firemen, and the police, and Dr. Whiting, and the big crowd.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAKE WINNEGAY.

THE city of Saltillo had quite enough to talk about for a few days after that fiery "Fourth of July," but the boys of Mr. Hayne's school were a weary community—too weary to talk about anything at all. They seemed to feel as if the world was designed for sleeping purposes, as far as they were concerned; and even the ride to Winnegay Lake, the following Tuesday, before breakfast, was a sleepy affair.

They began to wake up, one by one, at the breakfast-table of the "Winnegay House"; but some of them felt like rubbing their eyes, even when the course of events called upon them to march out on the old wooden pier, from which their nautical experience was to begin. There was a queer collection

of row-boats and sailing craft within a stone's-throw of that pier, but the center of attraction was the largest of them all,—the heavy-looking, one-masted vessel which was to carry them.



WILL AND OTIS CLIMB DOWN FROM THE BURNING BUILDING.

"It takes our fellows to do that sort of thing," said Charley Ferris.

"These are my scholars, Mr. Hayne," said Professor Sling, as they met in the crowd.

"She 's a yacht." "So am I, then!—She 's a sloop." "She 's a sail-boat." "She 's a tub."

Whatever else she might be, the "Arrow" was like a bow, and the very thing for safety on a lake that sometimes showed the "roughness" for which Winnegay had won a reputation.

"Big enough? Gues-so. My name 's Buller. I 'm captain of the 'Arrow,'" said a boatman.

"Are you going with us to-day?" asked Charley of this short-legged, sunburned, straw-hatted "queer customer," who had been standing at the head of the pier when they swarmed around him.

"Gues-so. Ready when you are."

Mr. Hayne was there, and perhaps that was why every boy of them succeeded in getting on board the "Arrow" without a preliminary bath in Winnegay Lake, for all their sleepiness had suddenly turned into monkey-like activity.

"Bill," said Captain Buller to the lank young man who was helping him hoist the mainsail of the "Arrow,"—"Bill, they 're a queer cargo."

Bill was "the crew," and he swung his head all the way around, with: "Them youngsters?"

"Some on 'em 'll get overboard, as sure as you live," said his superior officer.

"I 've put in the boat-hook. We kin grapple for 'em," replied the crew.

In there, under the shore, the breeze hardly made itself felt, but out on the lake the waves were dancing merrily.

"She is moving, boys!" shouted Jack Roberts. "See that sail fill!"

Fill it did, and the "Arrow" leaned gracefully enough as she swung to the helm and plowed away on her course. The middle and after part of the stout little sloop was "open," of course, with seats all around, and plenty of room, but the present passengers could use all the free space there was.

"White-caps!" shouted Charley Ferris.

At that moment they were passing beyond the shelter of the land, and the breeze had its first fair chance at the "Arrow's" mainsail. Down she leaned, with a sudden pitch, and in a moment she was dashing through the water at a rate of which no sensible man would have supposed her capable.

"Does n't she walk!" remarked John Derry to Captain Buller.

"Gues-so. Jest wait," said the captain.

"Fine breeze," said Mr. Hayne to the "crew."

"Not much. We do git a breeze here, sometimes, though."

The boys had begun to worry around their fishing-tackle, but it looked as if hooks and lines were of small use, now. Both the captain and the crew of the "Arrow" said as much, but Jeff Carroll went on getting out a preposterously long line.

In a minute, Captain Buller said aloud, to him-

self: "Ef that there cracklin' haint fetched along a squid! But he wont ketch nothin'."

At the end of the line was a piece of white bone, with a strong hook sticking straight out of it. That was a "squid," and it needed no bait when it began to glance in the rough water astern.

"Did you ever use squids out here?" asked Jeff of Captain Buller.

"Squids? Gues-so. Spoon-hooks is worth ten on 'em. You wont ketch nothin'."

There were eyes enough on that squid, every time it flashed in the sunlight, and there was no end of good-natured "chaff" thrown at Jeff.

On dashed the "Arrow," sometimes leaning over until the boys on the lee side could put their hands into the water, and the spray sprang into their faces.

"How does the weather look?" asked Mr. Hayne of Captain Buller. "If the wind goes down, we may not reach the islands."

"Can't tell. Gues-so. No countin' on sech a lake as this 'ere. No wind nor water to speak of."

Phil Bruce perceived that the speed of the "Arrow" was slackening, and said to Jeff: "Haul in your squid. It drags on the ship."

"Not till I get a bite."

"You wont get one——"

"Hey, you there!" suddenly shouted Bill, the crew. "You 've struck him. Steady, now. Pull yer level best or you 'll lose him."

That shout was like dropping a spark into a powder keg, for the excitement it made among the boys, who all began to cry out at once:

"Jeff 's got a bite!" "It 's a lake trout!" "Must be a pike." "Or a big pickerel."

Jeff was pulling, and so was something at the other end of the line, and now and then, as the "Arrow" rose on a wave, they could see a bit of white flash out of the water.

"Let me help," said Jack Roberts.

"No, sir-e-e! I 'll bring in my own fish."

"Look out, though, when you git him 'longside. He 'll fight then," said Captain Buller.

The loss of that fish would have been a calamity to Mr. Hayne's whole school, and their faces showed it. "Keep back, boys," shouted Andy. "Give Jeff a fair chance."

It was a hard thing to do, but they did it, and in a moment more the prize came over the rail.

"Gues-so!" exclaimed Captain Buller. "Ef that there young sprout haint captered the biggest pick'rel we 've had out of Winnegay this season!"

The first fish was caught, but that sort of accident was not likely to happen twice in one day.

"It 's comin' on a calm, sir," said Captain Buller to Mr. Hayne, "and we 're a mile 'n' a half from the islands. We 'll kinder drift in onto 'em."

It was deep water all around them, and as the "Arrow's" motion slackened to almost a state of rest, the use of squids departed, and the uses of other "bait" came not. For all that, the rods and lines, and the lines without rods, kept going out, till more than two dozen of them were on the search for "accidents." If some of them had been long enough to go to the bottom, something might have happened; but, as it was, even a boy with a line in each hand stood no chance at all. They were a patient lot under their difficulties,

At the same moment, Captain Buller was muttering to Mr. Hayne: "Don't say a word to the youngsters. Bill is a-scullin' of 'em in onto a good fishin'-ground. They 'll bite, pretty soon."

The motion was slow, but it was carrying the "Arrow" into shallower water, and even her young passengers were aware that the islands were nearer.

"Git the anchor ready, Bill. Stop scullin'. She 'll drift now. We 'll fetch up agin the p'int."

At that moment something like a yell sounded amidships:



"KEEP BACK, BOYS! GIVE JEFF A FAIR CHANCE!" SAID ANDY."

and at last Captain Buller remarked: "Bill, do a leetle easy scullin'. Help her drift in."

Bill shortly began to work an unusually long oar, over the stern, and the fishermen almost gave up watching their lines to look at the cluster of islets toward which the "Arrow" was floating. Still, it did not seem that they were drawing nearer, for a while, and the conversation mainly turned upon variations of the assertion that "there are no fish in this lake, boys."

Otis Burr changed it a little, at last, by remarking: "It almost looks as if we were heading in between two of those islands."

"A bite, boys! I've got him!"

"Why, Charley, it 's a shiner!"

"Hey, 'nother bite! Pumpkin-seed!"

Boy after boy added his note of triumph. Shiners, pumpkin-seeds, perch, suckers, bull-heads, even a few bass and small pickerel, came rapidly in over the sides of the lazy "Arrow."

Mr. Hayne had bargained for that very thing, and Captain Buller had kept his contract, excepting that the very large fish seemed to have "gone visiting" for the day. The calm and the long, tiresome waiting were forgotten, and the deck of the "Arrow" was lively with flopping fish.

"Haul in yer lines, boys! All you on the star-board! Drop the anchor, Bill!" said the captain.

It seemed but half a minute, while the sail was going down, before the "Arrow" was lying motionless against a wall of rock just level with her gunwale, — a perfect natural wharf, on a perfect island shore.

"Lunch-time!" said Mr. Hayne, and the lines came in, although the fish bit to the very last.

"They 'll all be there when you git back," remarked Bill, the crew.

It was worth anybody's while to eat a luncheon, with a fisherman's appetite, in such a place as that, and every inch of the ragged and rugged and tree-grown islet was explored within the next two hours. Some of the explorers, however, did up that part of their fun quickly, and returned to the business of catching fish.

"When do you think we should start for home, Captain?" asked Mr. Hayne, at last.

"Gues-so. I don't edzackly like the looks of the weather. Ef the youngsters hev had fun enough, I 'd like to git 'em on board now."

A loud shout could be heard all over that very stunted island, and the school was easily gathered. Oddly enough, every one of them was ready to go to sea at once.

The motion of the "Arrow," when she swung away from her pier of rock, was slow and drifting, for the wind was light. The sky was somewhat hazy, but the air seemed warmer than ever.

"More wind coming, Captain?" asked Mr. Hayne.

"Gues-so. Look yonder."

Mr. Hayne looked, and some of the boys looked, while the "crew" tugged at the halliards and Captain Buller added: "It 's a-comin'. Lake squall, sir. We 'll be ready for it."

Away off upon the water, but rapidly drawing nearer, was a sort of dark streak, with specks of white beyond it. That was all, but in five minutes more the rising waves of Winnegay were lashed to foam around them, and the "Arrow" was flying homeward before that squall, with the water dashing over her gunwale at every plunge.

"She 's a stanch boat, boys," said Mr. Hayne, confidently. "There is no occasion for alarm."

Some of them were very glad indeed to hear him say so; for they had noticed that Bill did not let go of his rope for a moment, and that Captain Buller was getting red in the face at the tiller.

Everybody on board, excepting those two men, knew that there was no danger.

"I wish they 'd caught a ton more of fish," grumbled Bill. "We aint nigh heavy enough for sech a squall as this."

"Ease her, Bill. Ease her with the sail. It 's the shiftin'est kind of a blow."

That is where danger comes, with sudden changes of wind and too little ballast. Not a drop of rain fell, and the wind blew harder. It was easy to understand, now, why the "Arrow" had been made so broad and strong.

On she sped, and not a soul thought of time until Charley exclaimed: "There it comes, boys!"

"What 's a-coming?"

"Why, the Winnegay House, and the pier."

There they were, with the rough waves rolling in upon the gravelly beach and dashing with angry force upon the rickety wood-work.

"How shall we ever get ashore?" said nearly a dozen boys at about the same time.

"Gues-so," said Captain Buller. "Wait and see."

Right past the head of the pier went the "Arrow," with a row of lengthening faces gazing over her lee rail, and then, suddenly, the "crew" let his rope slip rapidly around its pin, the captain leaned heavily upon the tiller, the boat swung sharply to the left, as the sail came down, and glided swiftly into the smooth water on the other side of the pier.

"Neatly done," said Mr. Hayne. "You see, boys, there 's nothing like knowing how."

"Do you know," said Otis Burr, to Phil Bruce, "it tires a fellow to be driven home by a squall."

They were not too weary, nevertheless, to give three hearty cheers apiece to the "Arrow," to Captain Buller, and to the crew, the moment they found themselves once more on solid land.

They did not hear the bluff commander say to his crew: "They 're a good lot, Bill. Gues-so."

The ride home was a grand one, but it was after sunset when the omnibus and the two carriages which had brought them were pulled up in front of Andy Wright's house to discharge their cargo. When they all had sprung out, Mr. Hayne took off his hat and said to them: "Now, my young friends, shake hands all around. I am off for the sea-shore to-morrow, and you will not see me again until we come together in the fall."

They were glad he spoke of that, for it made it easier to say "good-bye" now. Mr. Hayne's hand was well shaken, and he went away with the light of sixteen smiles on his face, if such a thing could be.

As for the boys, the long summer vacation was all before them, and the very idea had something so bewildering that they broke up and marched away to their homes almost in silence.

The whole thing was too good to talk about.

THE END.

ROY'S VIS-IT.

THESE two lit-tle boys lived next door to each oth-er, but there was a high board fence be-tween the two hou-ses. One day Roy felt ver-y lone-ly, and, when he looked to-ward How-ard's house, he saw a step-lad-der lean-ing a-gainst the high board fence. Roy ran to it, and climbed up to the top step, and looked o-ver. The first thing he saw was How-ard, sit-ting on a lit-tle grass mound; and just then How-ard looked up and saw Roy. "Heigho!" said How-ard; "can't you come and play with me?"



HOW-ARD.



ROY.

"Yes, I am com-ing now," said Roy; and he stepped down from the lad-der, and went through the front gates in-to the oth-er yard. Then the boys sat down on the grass mound, and talked and played for an hour. But they were ver-y kind and po-lite to each oth-er, and so they had a hap-py time.

Roy's nurse did not know where he had gone, and looked ev-er-y-where for him, and, at last, she climbed up the step-lad-der, and saw the two lit-tle

boys. Roy was just bid-ding How-ard good-bye, and tell-ing him what a pleas-ant vis-it he had had. "Sakes a-live!" said the nurse to her-self. "How po-lite these lit-tle fel-lows are! A great ma-n-y boys, when they vis-it each oth-er, act just like cats and dogs!"

PON-TO'S VIS-IT.

Pon-to, a so-cia-ble dog, de-cides to go and see Miss Puss.



Miss Puss be-fore Pon-to comes.



Miss Puss af-ter Pon-to comes.



The Vis-it.

Wm. B. Wood

W.B.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE, my happy hearers, we enter upon October, as its name implies, though *why*, I could n't imagine until the dear Little School-ma'am suddenly had one of her derivation attacks.

"Don't you know?" she said, "OCTO, *eight*; Octagon, Octahedron, Octopod, Octave, Octandra, and October, eighth month——"

"But it is *n't* the eighth month," I hinted, delicately. "It's the tenth."

"Well, it's all the same, Jack, dear," said the Little School-ma'am. "You see, the Romans made——"

"Dear me! *please* don't tell me that the Romans made October. It's not so stale as that. If you must derive it, why not make it up in this fashion: *Oct*, sumac; *ober*, maple. That would be more like it. It's a real sumac-and-maple month, October is, made fresh every year!"

"I know, Jack, dear," she coaxed, gently. "That is in our part of the globe, you see; but countries and climates differ according to the latitude."

"Yes, that may be so," I insisted, "but——"

Well, so it went on, till I was in nearly as great a muddle as some of you are now, my pets. Dear, dear! How much there is to be learned! I feel like apologizing to you for it; and yet it really is not my fault. It's mostly due to derivations, so far as I can make out. Therefore, turn to your big unabridged dictionaries, my poor chicks, and peck away at the O—C—T page.

Meantime, or immediately after, we'll consider

SHADOW-TAILS.

TALKING of derivations, almost the cleverest one your Jack ever heard of is the origin of the word squirrel, which, it appears, comes in a roundabout, frisky way from the Greek word *skiouros* (*skia*, shade, and *oura*, a tail), hence squirrel, a shadow-

tail. Now, I call that good, and descriptive. Somehow it gives one just the motion of a squirrel, with his supple little body and his great, bushy, sudden-vanishing tail. It rather reconciles me to the Greeks, too, to see how, with all their learning, they took occasion to notice the ways of these happy little animals.

ON THE TREE-PATH.

AND by the way, the ancient Greeks, with their *skiouros*, remind me that there's a squirrel-letter in my pulpit pocket from a little girl. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I thought I would write and tell you something. May be you know it already, but some of your hearers may not. Yesterday I spent the day with mother at a beautiful country-house. It has a two-story piazza and a great big lawn in front of it. Well, the lawn is very full of splendid trees, of different kinds, so close together that some of their branches touch their neighbors' branches, just as if the trees were shaking hands. Some of them don't touch at all, though they come pretty near it.

Now this is what I want to tell you: I was up on the upper piazza, looking into the trees, and there I saw a squirrel! It stood still on a bough for a minute, and then a bird came and alighted close by, and off went the squirrel to the end of the branch, and, in a twinkling, he jumped from there into the branches of another tree, and ran across that, and so into another tree, and another, till he went nearly all over that lawn without once going to the ground! Of course, the trees were near each other; but I noticed that he often had to make quite a jump. Once or twice he stopped to look around him. I guess he thought "Where am I now? What sort of a tree is this?" but then he would frisk his tail and be off. I never saw anything so funny or so nimble as he was. He was n't a flying-squirrel, either. I mean he had n't wings. But it did make me wish that I could be like him, for a little while, and run around in the tops of the cool green trees.—Your friend,
CORA G. H.

A QUEER TONGUE.

DEAR JACK: I have heard of tongues "strung in the middle and going at both ends," and even of one that seemed to be set "on a pivot, and going round and round without ceasing." But what would you say of a tongue that actually points downward or backward, the root being in the front of the mouth, and the tip pointing down the throat? Yet of course you know who it is that has a tongue of this queer kind. Do your chicks know, however? They may see him on a warm evening, hopping about the field or garden, or catching flies. And concerning his mode of eating, people say, "he darts out his long red tongue, and whips the poor flies into his mouth." But I happen to know that his tongue is not so very long, after all; and from the way it is attached, it does not need to be so long as if it were rooted far back in his mouth.—Truly yours,
W. R.

HICKORY-NUTS AND HICKORY-NUTS.

WHEN word came from Stephen B., down in Connecticut, that he knew of "nine varieties of hickory-nuts, with twenty-five names shared among them," your Jack said to himself: "That sounds surprising; I should n't wonder if Stephen has been gathering from the encyclopedia a nut for me to crack."

Of course, though, I already was pretty well acquainted with nuts and nut-trees, to say nothing of nut-eaters. For instance, it has always gladdened my heart to look upon that ragged giant hickory—"Old Shag-bark," the children of the Red School-house call him—who lifts his leafy crown eighty feet above the knoll at the end of my meadow. And then there is the swamp-hickory, its graceful column standing seventy feet or more out of the hollow. His fruits, by the way, have thin shells, easy for strong little teeth to crack; but the kernels must taste bitter to make the little faces wrinkle up so queerly. And I have seen pig-nuts, and heard from my squirrels about the large Western hickory-nut, with its two-pointed shell.

Yet here comes our knowing friend, Stephen, telling of five hickories besides!—"the Pecan, growing chiefly in Texas; the Mocker-nut, with a wonderfully hard shell; the small-fruited hickory; the hickory with a nut as large as a good-sized apple; and the nutmeg-fruited hickory of South Carolina." And he goes on to say:

"The nuts from different kinds of hickory-trees sometimes are so much alike that it is difficult to call them by their right names. But most of them, especially the shag-bark, are fine eating. The naturalists call the butternut and walnut—near relatives of the hickory—by the name 'juglans,' which means 'the nut of Jove'; as much as to say, 'this nut is fit for a banquet of the gods.'

"My cousin Bob once wrote to me that at his school, in England, the boys play with the half-shells of walnuts in this way: They push them against each other, point to point, on a table. The shell that splits its rival scores one for the victory, and one in addition for each of the shells that its beaten adversary had previously cracked. Bob says he once had a shell with an honest score of 397."

THE LIZARD'S "GLOVES."

My friend "Snow Bunting" asks if any of you youngsters have ever seen a lizard's "gloves" floating on the water of ponds or ditches. She says they look very pretty and have every finger perfect, and that even the wrinkles in the palms are plainly marked. They are so delicately thin, however, that if taken out of the water they fall together in a shapeless mass; but if dipped up carefully in some of the water, they sometimes keep their shape.

The "gloves" are really the old outer skin from the paws of the newt or water-lizard. He has several new suits a year, and he tears off his old coats in shreds, but the "gloves" come away whole. There must be numbers of these cast-off paw-coverings, but it is not likely that you will come across them, my dears, excepting in the deep woods, on the surfaces of pools and sluggish streamlets.

THE NUT-HATCH.*

Of all my bird-friends, Nut-hatch is one of the sprightliest and cheeriest. It is a treat to see the little fellow run gayly up a tree, swiftly tap away with his bill for a few seconds, and then turn and run down head-foremost, his round little tail standing up saucily behind. He also has the queer habit of sleeping with his head downward, but whether this gives him bad dreams or not, he never has told me. I should think it would, especially after a hearty supper of nuts.

He eats, also, caterpillars, beetles, and insects, and hoards up his nuts in the holes of trees. Look out for him, my wood-roaming youngsters, and try to watch him when he is about to eat a nut from his store. You will see him carry it in his sharp bill and set it firmly in some convenient chink; then he will bore a hole in the shell with his bill

and pick out the sweet kernel, turning his head from side to side and looking sharply about him. If he should catch sound or sight of you,—Whip!—Out would come the nut from the chink, and away would fly Mr. Nut-hatch, to finish his luncheon in greater privacy.

But I never have heard him sing, nor pipe, nor even chirrup; whenever I have seen him he has been too busy to spare time for such frivolity! And yet his quick ways and gay manner speak volumes in themselves, and a flash from his bright eye is as good as a cheering strain of melody.

A SUBMARINE "FIRE-FLY."

I'M informed that you are to be told this month, my dears, about some curious living lanterns. And, just in the nick of time, Mr. Beard throws some more light on the subject, with this picture of what he calls a "submarine 'fire-fly.'" It



THE SUBMARINE "FIRE-FLY."

really is a shell-fish, and at the tail-end are two wing-like pieces which help the creature to make its way in the water. At the pointed front end of the shell is a queer little round fleshy bubble, which, at night, gives out a light so strong that, even with a lamp shining near to it,—as in the picture,—its brightness is but little dimmed.

What with butterflies and sea-robins, and fire-flies and fire-fish, and similar wonders, it does seem to your Jack that Nature has a queer way of making inhabitants of the water copy the forms and actions of land animals. Or perhaps the land animals are the copyists? Who knows?

[* For a picture of the Nut-hatch, see ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877. Page 268.—Ed.]

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW GAMES ASKED FOR.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM MAKES A SUGGESTION.—

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: ST. NICHOLAS, as many of you know, has given descriptions of a great number of games and pastimes during the eight years of its existence—but, much as we girls and boys have enjoyed these, we do not find them sufficient. We need more. "We have a great deal of play in us," as a bright little girl once said to me, "but we want to know what to do with it." So it lately occurred to me to lay the matter before the editors, and this is what they say:

"If the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS, in all parts of the world, will send plain descriptions of the games they play,—especially of such as they believe to be peculiar to their own localities,—we will print as many of the descriptions as we can, month by month. No space can be given to games that are universally known and that already have been fully described in print; unless some change should be made in them well worthy of notice. Now and then a simple diagram can be used, to save a long description in words; but, of course, we can not promise to publish everything that may be sent in. The games may be for out-doors, for in-doors, for boys, for girls, for boys and girls together, and for any number of players, from two to a hundred.

"The games should be clearly and concisely described, with explicit directions; and each one printed shall be promptly paid for, even before the publication of the number that contains it. While we prefer that the young writers should write carefully, we do not expect great finish of style, nor labored productions. Our object is to induce the young folks to write to us freely and to tell us of the games they play, old as well as new,—simply telling us which ones they believe to be new."

And now, boys and girls, the way is open for you all, to make a complete and friendly exchange of games and various forms of frolic. The children of the Red School-house will be able to help, I hope; and every grown-up boy and girl, who remembers some good pastime of former days, must be sure to let us know all about it. I shall be glad to hear what games you like best of those you describe, and also which you enjoy most of the fresh ones learned through this new plan; and, if any amusing incident happens in the course of your fun, jot that down, too.

So, TO WORK! is the word. Write on but one side of the paper, give your full post-office address, and send the letters to

Yours, in both work and play,

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

In care of The Century Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me how to polish shells? My sister has some large clam-shells, and she has tried several ways of polishing them, but none have proved successful. We think of making a small aquarium, as described in your July number.

Your constant reader,
MARY F. HOWES.

H.—In ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, you will find directions for making a telephone. Two or three boys have written to us that, in following the instructions given in that article, they were greatly helped by good-natured telegraph operators in their neighborhoods. Perhaps, if you try, you will find yourself equally fortunate.

FRIEND OF MAIE G. H.—In the "Letter-box" for July, 1875, you will find a good recipe for making skeleton leaves.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my father took me on a trip to Niagara Falls last May, I am much interested in the question asked by "Snow Bunting" in the August ST. NICHOLAS.

I have read an article on Niagara by Professor Tyndall, and he estimates that 35,000 years ago the falls were situated where the village of Queenston now stands, or about seven miles below their present position. At that time there was probably but one fall, and that was twice the height of the falls at the present day.

The cliff over which this immense volume of water fell was composed of strata of limestone; and as time passed on, layer after layer was broken off by the action of the water, until Goat Island was reached. Here the river separated, forming two falls, the Horseshoe and American.

Professor Tyndall also considers it probable that if Niagara continues to recede at the rate of a foot a year, it will reach the upper end of Goat Island in 5,000 years; and in 11,000 years the falls will be of but half the height they are now. I am glad I have seen the falls before they become so low, and I suppose people who will be living 11,000 years hence (if there be any!) can never understand how beautiful Niagara was in A. D. 1881.

The shape of the Horseshoe Fall has entirely changed within the last twenty years, for a huge mass of rock has fallen from the center of the cliff, making a right angle instead of a horseshoe. Many people think this change of form has lessened the beauty of the fall, but I do not see how it ever could have been more beautiful than

when I first saw it, on a perfectly clear afternoon in May. We stayed a week at Niagara, and as the moon was full I hoped to see the lunar bow, but we could not, as it was only visible about twelve o'clock at night. However, I was so delighted with the moonlight on the Rapids that I forgot my disappointment about the lunar bow.

ELEANOR GRAEME NIXON.

C. L. D. sends a letter on the same interesting subject.

"NOT INVITED."

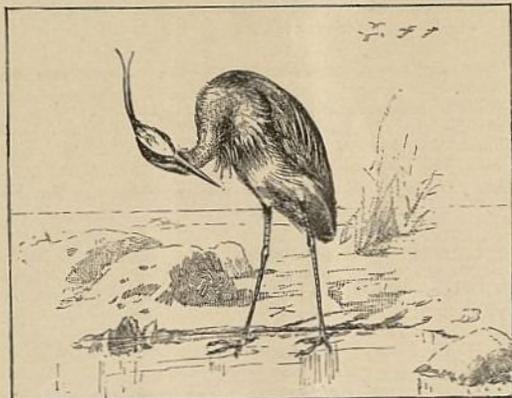
THE picture on page 959 of the present number shows you an interesting scene, familiar enough in any of our large cities: The great church is filled with spectators—friends of the happy pair who are about to be wedded; the bridal carriages have just driven up to the curb-stone; and the bride and bridesmaids are passing beneath the canvas canopy up the steps of the church. The bride hears the first swelling notes of the great organ, and she feels that all the people within the building are looking impatiently for her appearance, but is quite unconscious that at this very moment she is the admiration of a small crowd of uninvited lookers-on—barefooted boys and girls, who are eagerly peering through the canopy.

In New York, an awning such as this at a church-door is quickly espied by the sharp eyes of street boys and girls; and a fine wedding, with its bustle, its swiftly rolling carriages, and its cheerful crowds in gay attire, is as great an event to them as to many of the invited guests. In their eagerness, they even put their heads down beneath the folds of the canvas, much as they would if it were a circus-tent. And, if to see the bridal party be the great event of a wedding, we are not sure that these uninvited little waifs do not often have the best of it. Their stolen glimpse through the canopy is no doubt a nearer and better view than can be obtained by many of the honored friends within, who have to stare across the crowded pews.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa tells me stories that his friends tell while in his office. I like to hear them, and may be some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would, too. Here is one:

"I was rowing through the Sounds one day, when, looking toward one of the clam-flats, I saw a strange object some distance ahead of

me; rowing cautiously up to it, I found it to be a blue heron,—a large bird with long neck and legs. It can reach its head up as high as a man. These birds frequent our Sounds during the warm summer months. Mr. Heron had been looking for his dinner, and had got himself into trouble. A large clam had opened its mouth wide to



get the fresh air. Mr. Heron soon discovered it, and thought it would make him a nice dinner. So, without asking if it was agree-



able, he stuck his bill into the clam. But the clam did not like to be served in that manner, so, closing its mouth quickly, it had Mr. Heron a prisoner.

"The bird tried all sorts of ways to get clear, twisting his long neck in knots and pulling hard; but it was of no use. Heron soon became tired out, and, as the tide was rising over the flats, I expect he thought he was a lost heron.

"I helped him out of his trouble by rowing up to him and breaking the clam, thus setting him free from his unpleasant situation. As soon as he found himself at liberty he tried to fly, but he was too tired. Looking at me, he nodded his head two or three times, as though in gratitude for my services; and then he walked slowly away to the shore."—Good-bye,
LONNIE WARE (11 years).

GRACIA DECKER.—Holland is an independent kingdom, and William III. is its present ruler.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to write to those particularly interested in the "Letter-box" about a natural curiosity in our city, New Haven, Connecticut,—consisting of a large horse-chestnut tree, in a garden on Water street. One half of this tree bears blossoms one year, and the other half the season following, alternately. If any one can account for this freak of nature, I should be pleased to know the explanation.—Truly, your interested friend,
LILLIAN A. PECK (13 years).

We commend to all our readers the good advice which is given this month in the paper on "How to be taken care of," and we are glad to add to it here a few words by the same author which may well be read in connection with the article:

There is a very curious disease in some parts of the country which has no name in the medical books, but with which some young people are frequently afflicted. I do not know just what to call it, but it seems to be closely related to "Sunday headache." Perhaps it might be named "Going-to-school Debility." It has some very peculiar characteristics. It is never known to occur on Saturday, nor in vacation, unless some very unpleasant duty is on hand. The first symptom is a very grave expression of countenance, and a solemn remark about "feeling miserable," usually followed up by "I really do not feel able to go to school this morning." About the middle of the forenoon a marked change for the better usually takes place, unless school has two sessions, in which case no improvement appears until afternoon. The appetite is good, especially for any little dainties which may be offered. The patient is often able to read, or to hear others read, some interesting story, or perhaps to work a little on some pleasant fancy-work, but the bare suggestion of any more arduous employment is almost certain to produce a relapse.

I should like to mention privately to the mothers of these afflicted ones, that going to bed in a dark room, and a strict diet of water-gruel, has been known to produce a complete cure in a short time.

Seriously, my young friends, this may be the beginning of something which can grow into frightful proportions. Almost every physician can tell you that persons have carried on a long system of deception, until at last they have deceived themselves as well as their friends. These unfortunates begin at first by making the most of all their little aches and pains, and from that go on to pretending that they are worse than they really are, because they like the attention and sympathy which an invalid receives, until they are ashamed to take back anything which they have said, and, at last, sometimes they really produce in themselves that which was at first only imaginary. If you find that you have formed even the small beginnings of this habit, try to think as little as possible about your own feelings, and turn your attention to the real trials of other people.

TRANSLATION OF "LE MARCHAND DE COCO."

TRANSLATIONS of the illustrated French piece, "Le Marchand de Coco," printed in the July number, have been received from all parts of the United States, from Canada, from Great Britain, and even from France. We here print that translation which, all things considered, seems to us to be the best:

THE VENDER OF LIQUORICE-WATER.

My dear little friends, do you know what is this young man so oddly equipped? He is a vender of liquorice-water, that delicious drink made of liquorice-root ground up in iced water. In Paris, one sees them everywhere, these venders, with the fine silvered bouquet of their fountains gleaming like an oriflamb above their heads. They walk about in the Champs Elysées, in the garden of the Tuileries, in the streets, everywhere where children are to be found, or even older persons, for thirst comes to everybody; and when it is very warm [weather], they make famous receipts. One hears them crying with their penetrating voice: "A la fraîche!" ["Cold drink!"] "boisson" understood.] "Who'll drink! Here's good liquorice-water! Treat yourselves, ladies—treat yourselves!" And, after these deafening appeals to customers, they ring the silvered bell which they carry in the left-hand. This ringing makes the fortune of the dealer in liquorice-water; it makes so much noise that one must needs pay attention to it, and this is always a good thing in business. Besides, the fountain is so fine, who could resist it? The effect of the crimson velvet which enwraps the cylinders is heightened by the coppered rims, and by the bouquet glistening in the sun. This makes the whole affair visible from afar to the thirsty. Then, too, it costs only one cent a glass!

One of the braces which hold the fountain on the vender's back is pierced with holes, on the breast, to receive the goblets in which he serves his stock-in-trade. Everything in the outfit glistens, the goblets are silvered as well as the bell, and the bouquet and the two faucets that pass under the left arm, one of which gives liquorice-water, and the other water for rinsing the goblets. He uses a corner of his linen apron, dazzling with whiteness and cleanness, for wiping his glasses. And still this apron is never soiled; one sees in it always the folds made by the laundress's iron. Our vender of liquorice-water in the engraving is shod with large peasant's-sabots, but this part of the costume is not strictly the rule, as all the rest is.

In former times a fine plumed helmet covered the head of the fountain-carrier, but nowadays a plain workman's-cap takes its place. Who would not be a vender of liquorice-water? What a fine occupation! To always walk about in the sunshine, and cry, in the hearing of thirsty little children: "A la fraîche! ["Cold drink!"] "boisson" understood.] Who wants to drink?" L. G. STONE.

LIST OF THOSE WHO SENT TRANSLATIONS.

FROM CANADA: Katie C. Thomson. FROM ENGLAND: Helen Rheam—Ellen Watson—Edith Lang—Agnes Eliza Jacomb-Hood—Susan Elizabeth Murray—Caroline Deighton. FROM IRELAND:

Anthony Peter Paul Murphy. FROM SCOTLAND: Leigh Hunter Nixon. FROM FRANCE: Julia Appleton Fuller—Dyic Warden—Lester Bradner, Jr.—Daisy Hodge.

FROM THE UNITED STATES: L. G. Stone—Chas. D. Rhodes—Isabel Houghton Smith—Camille P. Giraud—Helen M. Drennan—Anna F. Burnett—Lina Beatrice Post—Carrie Lou Carter—E. H. Blanton—A. H. W.—Ellen A. Slidell—Robert B. Cone—Fannie E. Kachline—Susie A. Kachline—Gertrude Colles—Rosalie Carroll—Bessie L. Cary—Arthur A. Moon—John Wright Wroth—Alice T. Cole—Cornelia Bell—Nellie E. Haines—Mattie W. Packard—H. G. Tombler, Jr.—Arabella Ward—Frederic Tudor, Jr.—Daniel T. Killen—Pauline Cooper—Adelaide Cole—Mary Grey—Lucy Eleanor Wollaston—Lunette E. Lamprey—Josephine Barnard Mitchell—Edna Moffett—Harriet B. Sternfeld—Agnes Garrison—Clara Reed Anthony—Susie Andrews Rice—Effie Hart—Hattie H. Parsons—Mary Chase—M. N. Lamb—Marie Tudor—Jessie Claire McDonald—Annie Lapham—Walter B. Clark—Lizzie J. Stewart—Annie Armstrong Williamson—Mary M. Wilkins—Alice Austen—Addah Gerdes—Harriet Duane Oxholm—Edith King Latham—Alice Bradbury—Frances Pepper—Kittie S. Davis—Metta Victor—Julia G. Pleasants—Gertrude H. Carlton—Nellie C. Chase—Laura A. Jones—Daisey Studley—Tillie Blumenthal—Henrietta Marie—Blanche Hartog—Mary H. Hays—Edrie Allen Hull—Joseph B. Bourne—Laura D. Sprague—Virginia Eliza Thompson—Mary June Woodward—Edith Merriam—Fannie Mignonne Woodworth—Lucy A. Putnam—Bessie Daniels—Gertrude A. Miles—T. Newbold Morris—Eugenie M. Jelicoeur—Ella W. Bray—Anna Belfield Smith—Annie Rothery—Lizzie Loyd—Fannie Blandy Lewes—Bessie Danforth—Margaret Lewis Morgan—Mollie Weston—Annie H. Mills—Annie G. Rathburn—Mary Woolson—M. Eva Cleaveland—Ida Coon Evans—Grace Minugh Whittemore—Robert Thomas Palmer—Jeannie Ursula Dufree—Jessie Rogers—Anna Perkins Slade—Mathilde Weil—Jacob H. G. Lazelle—Kate Colt—Cornelia McKay—A. Thebault Rivailles—Anna B. Thomas—Will P. Hum-

phreys, Jr.—Nathalie D. Clough—Adelaide C. Hearne—Lucy S. Conant—Carrie R. Prentiss—Mary Young Shearer—Vio F. Kinney—Ada E. Tapley—Mary Blanchard Hobart—Mary B. Gallaher—Henry Champlin White—Aurelia Harwood—Lizzie Newland Hasbrouck—Carrie A. Maynard—Minnie A. J. McIntyre—Carita T. Clark—Julia R. Collins—Mary M. Brownson—Julia Latimer—Dora Schmid—Maude Peebles—Marie L. Cheesman—Maude W. Mallory—Annie Grozelier.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think some of the little readers of the "Letter-box" would like to know how

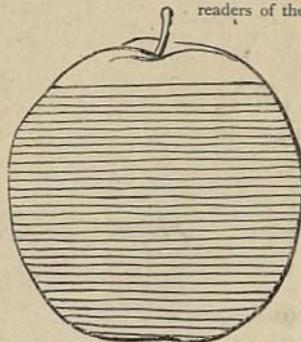


FIGURE NO. 1.

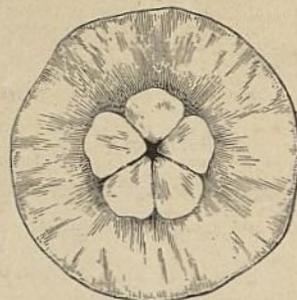


FIGURE NO. 2.

to cut an apple so that they can see the shape of the apple-blossom. This may not be new to some of them. Take a nice and sound apple and peel it all around; then cut it through the core, like Figure No. 1, in thin slices, and by holding to the light one of the slices from near the middle it will show as in Figure No. 2.—Yours truly, F. L. B.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SEVENTH REPORT.

In response to repeated requests, we shall publish, in connection with our A. A. reports, a few addresses of those who may have specimens for exchange. Let it be understood, however, that such requests for exchanges can not appear in print earlier than two or three months after they are sent in. If, for instance, any one wishes to exchange drawings of snow-crystals for specimens of wood, the request should be sent us about three months before the time for snow, that it may appear in the magazine at the proper season.

It is necessary to remind you that in every case you must write your full address very plainly, both when you write to us and when you communicate with one another.

This is a good time to say that I have been extremely pleased by the general excellence of the hundreds of letters which have been sent me by the boys and girls of the A. A. They are, as a rule, well written, carefully spelled and punctuated, and accurately addressed.

Of the whole number, only one, I believe, has come without an inclosed address, and few, especially of late, without the inclosed envelope and stamp for reply. This speaks well for our members, and letters thus carefully composed and written are among the best results of our society work. To write a good letter is no small accomplishment.

Some time ago, several of you suggested a badge, and a mention of it was made in ST. NICHOLAS, with the request that each member would express his or her opinion of it, and offer suggestions for a design.

But responses have been received from so few,—only half a dozen—that it seems that most of us do not feel any need of such a mark of distinction, and nothing more will be done about it at present, unless a decided and general desire should be shown for it in the course of the next month or two.

Among the best of the designs hitherto received are a fern-leaf, a butterfly, and a simple monogram in gold.

There is a wish in some quarters for a general meeting of representatives of the Association, to be held in some central place. This suggestion came too late to be considered this year, but it may be well to bear it in mind against the coming summer. It does not seem very practicable as I look at it now,—for our members are so young and so widely scattered,—but it might be that enough repre-

sentatives from various Chapters could meet during the summer to give an additional impetus to the progress of the society.

The motion for such a general meeting comes from a Baltimore Chapter (I cannot give the name of the mover, as I am writing on a mountain-top many miles away from my letter-file), and if there are any to second the motion, it can do no harm to hear from them.

We are spending some days in a tent on the side of Greylock (sometimes called Saddle-back), the highest mountain in Massachusetts, and it may interest our ornithological friends to know that the somewhat rare nests of the snow-bird are very plenty here. The nests are built on the ground among the grass. The eggs are light and spotted with brown. They are much like those of the ordinary ground-sparrow. The snow-birds themselves are very interesting. Early in the morning they visit us, before we rise from our hemlock bed. Peering curiously at our tent, they whirl and flutter about for a time, the two white feathers in their saucy tails gleaming among the evergreens, until, gradually growing bolder, they alight on the very canvas, and scramble up its steep white sides. Some of them came yesterday morning entirely into the tent, and one little fellow actually hopped on my shoulders as I lay pretending sleep.

Some weeks ago, the Appalachian Club of Boston visited Greylock and climbed to its summit, and during the ascent the botanists of the party seemed specially attracted by the ferns, which grew on every hand. Since then, a young lady of Williamstown has found here twenty-seven different species of *Filices*, including the large *Aspidium spinulosum*, and the tiny *Asplenium Trichomanes*. Has any one found more kinds on a single hill?

It is now a year since the ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association was formed. During that time we have enrolled over twelve hundred members, and made a fair beginning in studying the more common natural objects. We hope before long to adopt a more systematic plan of work than was possible during the period of our organization.

To this end we desire to receive a full report from each Chapter, of its present condition, and its future prospects and plans.

We hope that all our members will form the habit of taking careful notes of whatever of interest they see, and we shall be glad to print from time to time such of these notes as may be sent us, if they are well done.

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PI.

FROM what poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes is the following stanza taken?

Oyu arhe ath ybo ginghlau? Uoy hitkn eh's lal unf;
Tub teh gansle haugl oto ta het odgo eh ash noed;
Het rinelchd gaulh oldu sa yhet rotop ot shi lcal,
Nad teh ropo nma htta skown mih ughlas seldtou fo lal!

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name of a fine city of Europe; the finals name the river on which it is located.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mountain of Greece, supposed to be sacred to Apollo and the Muses. 2. A river of Northern Italy, the valley of which has been rendered memorable by the wars of Bonaparte. 3. A city of Italy, on the Adriatic. 4. The name of a tropical ocean. 5. A city of Spain noted for its fruit. CICELY.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in heather, not in lea," the second "in ballad, not in glee," and so on, until the two words have been spelled. The answers to this enigma are two compound words—the first signifying the feast given when the grain has been gathered in; the second, a name given to a heavenly body in the early fall.

In heather, not in lea;
In ballad, not in glee;
In sorrow, not in pain;
In vivid, not in plain;
In Ellen, not in Nan;
In Susan, not in Fan;
In tempest, not in cloud;
In humble, not in proud;
In common, not in rare;
In sermon, not in prayer;
In Enos, not in Paul.
Both, you'll find, come in the fall. F. S. F.

DIAMOND.

1. In sweeping. 2. The color of an oppressed race. 3. Erects. 4. The common name for earth-nuts. 5. The first part of the name of a large London theater. 6. An inclosure. 7. In dusting. C. A. B.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. CONCEALS. 2. Existing only in imagination. 3. The space between two mouths of a river. 4. Consumed. 5. A slope.
II. 1. To bite repeatedly. 2. A fugitive, mentioned in the Bible, who was lost in the desert of Beersheba. 3. A kind of quartz. 4. Equals. 5. To squeeze. C. A. B. AND "PLUTO."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in town, but not in city;
My second is in bright, but not in witty;
My third is in fagot, but not in bundle;
My fourth is in carry, but not in trundle;
My fifth is in tarn, but not in lake;
My sixth is in give, but not in take;
My seventh is in flavor, but not in taste;
My eighth is in lavish, but not in waste;
My ninth is in cent, but not in dime;
My tenth is in ode, but not in rhyme;
My eleventh in horse, but not in hound;
My twelfth is in roar, but not in sound;
My whole tries off a penny to earn,
And succeeds because of his musical turn. H. G.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

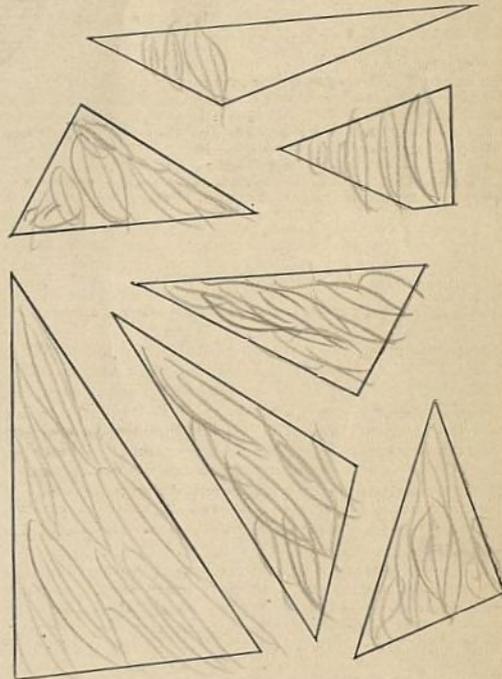
I AM composed of forty-seven letters, and am a quotation from Tennyson's poem, "In Memoriam."
My 31-36-44-12-36-25-38-20 is having a pleasant odor. My 24-9-16 is to observe narrowly. My 34-30-15-1-39-10-37-6 is a spiral

motion. My 26-46-14 is recompense. My 13-28-43-19 is caution. My 47-40-32-11-35 is to glitter. My 23-46-5-4-33-41-29-17-3-27-45-22 is lucrative. My 21-8-2-42 is to pull with force. My 7-37-1-18 is to lend. CICELY.

RIDDLE.

Cut off my head, and I'm a rolling ball;
Curtail me, and, unseen, I'm felt by all;
Once more curtail me, and a sense you'll find;
Behead me, and its organ comes to mind.
I'm neither man nor beast, nor bird, nor gnome;
But dwell in many a comfortable home;
And there, when fading day turns into night,
My whole will best appear in ruddy light. GEORGE V.

PUZZLE FOR YOUNG SCISSORERS.



PLACE a piece of thin paper carefully over the above design, and, with a hard, sharp pencil, trace every line; then cut out the seven pieces, and fit them together so that they will form a perfect square measuring two inches on every side. C. S. F.

EASY HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: A pinafore. ACROSS: 1. A vagrant. 2. To imitate. 3. In pinafore. 4. A large fish. 5. Deft. C. A. B.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length. The third line, read downward, names a time for "peeping into the future"; the fourth line, read downward, names a church festival which immediately follows that time.

ACROSS: 1. Struck with amazement. 2. In truth. 3. A narrative song. 4. The name of a great English naval commander, who was born in 1758. 5. Outer garments. 6. Dividing with a saw. 7. Mingles together. 8. An insect which is covered by a strong, horny substance. 9. An official reckoning of the inhabitants of a country. GILBERT FORRESTER.

PROVERB REBUS.



ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the name of one of the United States. Example: An instrument for writing, a weather-cock, and part of an animal. Answer: Pencil-vane-car; Pennsylvania.

- The hairy crest of an animal.
- A religious ceremony, a sneeze, and series.
- An acknowledged successor of Mohammed, over, and close at hand.
- A South African animal, and a jacket of coarse woolen cloth.
- A horse, an island, and an ampersand.
- "I once possessed a gardening instrument."
- An hotel, and the goddess of hunting.
- A large surface of ice floating in the ocean, and one who is conveyed.
- Atmosphere, a Roman numeral, a belt, and an article.
- The governor of Algiers, a garment, and a letter.
- The person speaking, to be indebted, a street or road for vehicles.
- Sick, forever, and an uproar.
- An invocation, elevated, and a letter.
- Part of a horse, a valuable metal, and a conveyance.
- Raw mineral, a letter, and a musket.
- A girl's name, to scatter seed, and a sailor.
- Ourselves, a helmet, and not out.
- A small valley, and to be informed of.
- An unmarried woman, and a nymph of the Mohammedan paradise.
- To dye, and bustle.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate and curtail a tree, and leave a malt liquor. ANSWER: Alder—Ale. 1. Syncopate and curtail a buffoon, and leave an animal. 2. Syncopate and curtail a coquette, and leave an evergreen tree. 3. Syncopate and curtail a fierce animal, and leave a domestic fowl. 4. Syncopate and curtail a jewel, and leave equality. ISOLA.

EASY SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-nine letters, and form a couplet from Shakespeare's play of "Richard III." My 33-24-20 is a wise-looking bird. My 41-17-76-14-68 is a tool for cutting. My 59-4-49-77 is a church dignitary. My 45-15-30-72 is a heavenly body. My 78-37-19-26 is a present. My 67-3-56-47 is a coating on iron. My 48-54-12 is to cut with a scythe. My 55-71-38 is a creditor. My 75-13-43-53 is a sovereign. My 70-21-60-8 is "the stuff that life is made of." My 29-27-46-58-22 is to express plaintively. My 44-65-73-51-50 is pertaining to Greece. My 7-62-39-64 is a serving-boy. My 79-5-16-18 is a fish. My 22-57-10-23 is a girl. My 11-1-9-63-70 is a task. My 36-25-52-61 is learned. My 34-69-42-31 is a cry of distress. My 40-66-37-74-35-6-2-28 are to be found in a lady's work-bag. H. G.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Dryad—nymph. ABRIDGMENTS. Ruskin. 1. F-R-iend. 2. Clo-U-d. 3. S-cat. 4. K-night. 5. Fa-I-r. 6. Ki-N-d. HOUR-GLASS. Centrais: Harvest. Cross-words: 1. FasHion. 2. FrAil. 3. ORb. 4. V. 5. SEa. 6. TaSte. 7. SecTion. GEOGRAPHICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Great Britain. CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Centrais: Water-melon. Left-hand Diamond: 1. W. 2. LAd. 3. WaTer. 4. DEN. 5. R. Right-hand Diamond: 1. M. 2. NEd. 3. MeLon. 4. DOn. 5. N. EASY PICTORIAL ENIGMA. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Mark iv. 28.

QUINCUNX. Across: 1. Aria. 2. Bat. 3. Fuss. 4. Asp. 5. Ares. NAUTICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Mackerel's scales and mares' tails, Make lofty ships to carry low sails." DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Roast goose—Michaelmas. Across: 1. Erst. 2. Coat. 3. Tame. 4. Isle. 5. Stem. 6. Agag. 7. Soho. 8. Rock. 9. Asia. 10. Hemp. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Flowers. PUZZLE. Corn-ice. EASY ANAGRAMS. 1. Boston. 2. New York. 3. Rochester. 4. Washington. 5. Charleston. 6. Mobile. 7. St. Paul.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. PICTURES showing the answer to the "Sandpiper" puzzle were sent by Fred. C. McDonald—Florence L. Kyte—Alice M. Kyte—J. S. Tennant—M. L. Sargent—W. M. Hirshfeld—Nellie A.—Henry C. Brown—Earle. Colored drawings were sent by A. W. Post—G. A. Post—W. S. Post—K. Post, and Regis Post.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 20, from Nellie Slidell, 3—George W. Barnes, 5—George A. Gillespie, 2—M. L. Sargent, 1—W. P. Bynum, 1—"Otter River," 6—Cambridge Livingston, 2—Gracie Smith, 7—Willie V. Draper, 2—Florence E. Pratt, all—Minnie Van Buren, 2—"Heliotrope," 2—Livingston Ham, 1—Lizzie M. Boardman, 1—"The Fairview Nursery," all—Marion T. Turner, 5—"Peasblossom," 2—Fanny Feckheimer, 1—J. S. Tennant, all—Mame Henry, 2—Walter O. Forde, 9—Frank L. Baldwin, 2—John Milton Gitterman and David Ansbacher, 7—Lulu G. Crabbe, 4—Otis and Elliott Brownfield, 7—Edward Vultee, all—"An English schoolboy," all—Alice Austen 7—Nanna D. Stewart, 3—Theo and Mamie, 2—Gracie H. Foster, 1—Louis B. Frankel, 2—George Macmurry, 6—J. P. Miner, 1—Edith Beal, 4—Amelia Leroi, 5—"The Hoppers," 1—Rose Rantan, 4—W. M. Hirshfeld, 1—Joseph B. Bourne, 2—Lulu M. Brown, 9—Sallie E. Coates, 3—Nellie A., 2—Royal Cortissoz, 3—May Carman, 4—Chas. R. Fay, 3—"Will O. Tree," 4—Frelinghuysen and Ballantine, 3—Arabella Ward, 6—Edith and Townsend McKeever, 9—Helen E. Hallock, 6—Florence Galbraith Lane, 6—Barrett Eastman, 3—Tad, 7—X. Y. Z., 6—Frank T. Thomas, 4—"Partners," 11—"A Reader," 5—Henry C. Brown, all—Kate T. Wendell, 10—Katharine Robinson, 3—"Three Graces," 5—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 4—Marie M. Meinell, 2—Lalla E. Croft, 6—Bessie Taylor, 2—Phil. I. Pene, 1—Rene and Helen, 4—Valerie Frankel, 3—Clara H., 11—P. S. Clarkson, 10—Eleanor Telling, 4—Vernon Hendrix, 8—Annie H. Mills, 10—Fred. C. McDonald, 14—Lina, George A., William S., Wright, Kintzing, and Regis Post, 11—Charlie W. Power, 7—Mary and Bethel Boude, 14—Anna and Alice, 12—Bessie C. Barney, 12—Queen Bess, 8—Ella M. Parker, 2—Engineer, 10—J. Ollie Gayley, 4—Halle and Sister Minnie, 1—H. L. P., 3—J. F. C., 3—North Star, 5—Willie T. Mandeville, 6—Stowe Phelps, 5—Freddie Thwaites, 9—Edith H. and Julia S., 4—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 7—Louise Williams, 3—F. J. Reynolds and S. Cosby, 4—H. and A. T., 4—Kate L. Freeland, 13—Trask, 13—Daisy Vail, 2—Archie and Hugh Burns, 7—Dolly Francis, 7—Florence L. Kyte, 10—Alice M. Kyte, 9—Carol and her sisters, 9—Buttercup, 1—Mollie Weiss, 4—I. B. and H. C. B., 9—Belle and Bertie, 9—May B. Creighton and Winnie Creighton, 4—"Menagerie," 8—C. S. and W. F. S., 2—Lizzie C. Carnahan, 4—"Pops and Mankin," 3. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.