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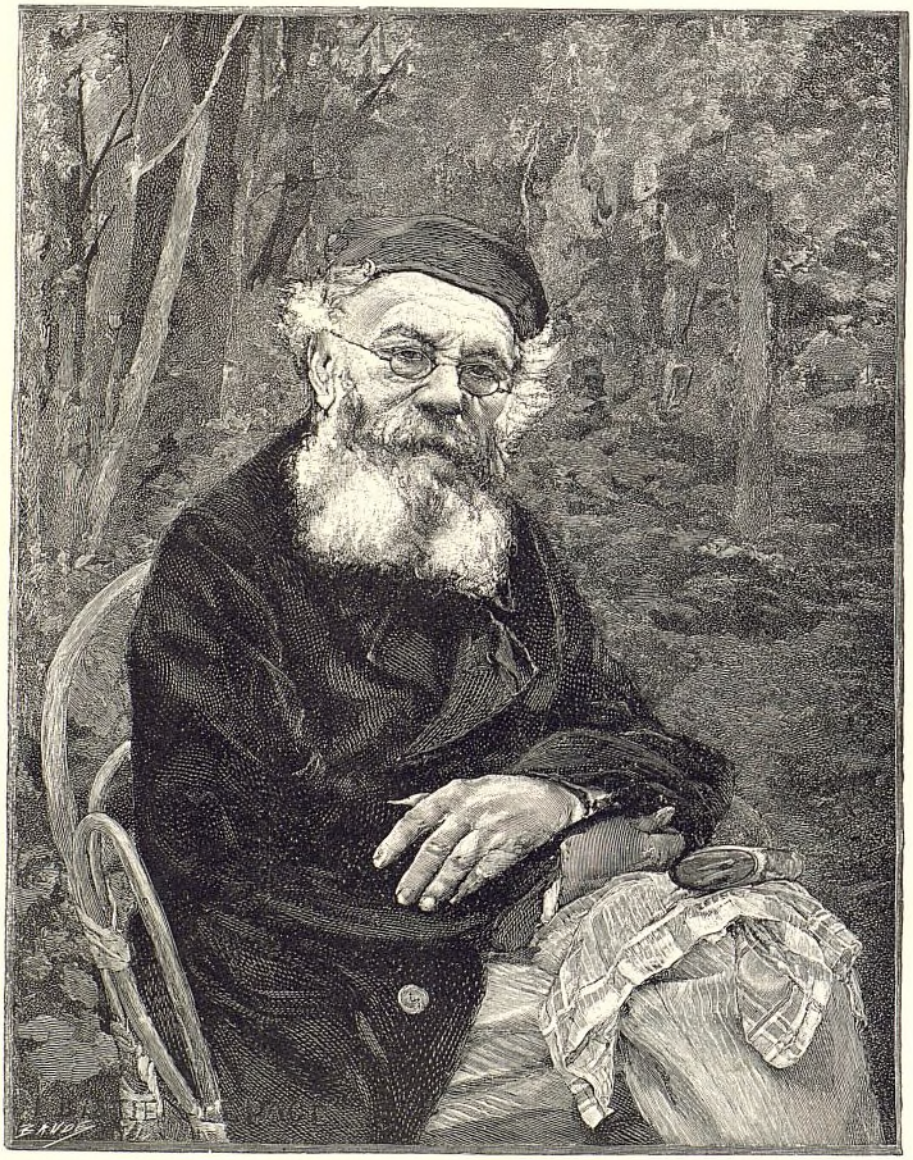


GRANDFATHER LEPAGE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

(SEE PAGE 7.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV. NOVEMBER, 1887. NO. 1.

A PEASANT PAINTER—JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

IN the Department of the Meuse, in northwestern France, is the little farming village of Damvillers, a mere handful of cottages dropped in the midst of rolling plains which are dotted with vineyards and ruled off by straight rows of slender poplars. The well in the village square is the morning meeting-place of women who clatter over the stones in their wooden shoes to fill their water pails. Presently you may see the men leaving their cottage doors on their way to work among the vines or in the potato-fields outside the village. Between their fields and their cottages they spend their lives. These peasants do not go away from home. They care most for the prospects of their crops. Their only time of merrymaking is the village *fête*. They are interested in what they can see, and understand, and handle.

But, strangely enough, among them grew up a peasant, one of themselves, whose eyes were keen enough to see that this out-of-door life was beautiful; that these figures laboring in the fields were endowed with a nobility of their own, and that the orchards and vineyards and grassy pastures of Damvillers were pictures in themselves.

I suppose that no other of the peasants ever thought whether their life was beautiful or not. They were obliged to work hard, and when the work was done, they were hungry and tired, and that was all.

Now, this young peasant, who was never so hungry or tired as to forget the beauty of the scenes around him, lived exactly like the others. He was born, it is now thirty-seven years since, in a little stone cottage with an odd thatched roof, which stands at the corner of the village square. There are only four rooms in this cottage, and of these rooms the pleasantest was the large kitchen where his father and grandfather used to sit before a great open fire-place in which hung a generous pot filled with bubbling *pot au feu*, or the "soup of black beans," for which his mother was famous. Jules Bastien, the father, had been a cooper, making casks for the wine from the vineyards, but by and by he saved money enough to buy a vineyard for himself. Grandfather Lepage, too, was of a thrifty disposition, and from the earnings of his hard work he had saved a little sum of which he made good use, as we shall see. Behind the cottage and the barn was a delightful garden, where the young Jules and his brother Emile used to play among rows of hollyhocks and poppies, and under the shade of some old apple-trees. Many years afterward this play-ground became famous, as I shall tell you.

As the peasant boy Jules grew up, his mornings were no longer spent in play, but he trudged off after his father to work among the vines. Every one worked at Damvillers, and so Jules Bastien saw about him every day the men and women moving up and down the rows of vines, bending over the hills of potatoes, spreading hay in the fields or resting at noon, and the boys and girls tending the cows in the pastures. There was a sensitive brain behind his eyes, and something there was touched by these things.

Another boy equally sensitive might have written

rude verses. Jules began to draw the sights before him. He sketched the women drawing water at the well, and the strong-armed laborers in the fields. Once he saw some soldiers, and the brilliant colors of their uniforms appealed to him. So he drew soldiers for a time, and Madame Bastien, with a mother's loving pride, gathered and kept his rough drawings and showed them to any one who came to see her. I suppose Father Bastien looked with little favor at first upon this everlasting spoiling of paper. Probably he thought that Jules could use his time far more profitably in the fields. But the boy's interest in vine-growing was the interest of an artist, not of a wine-maker. He was sent to school, but the prizes which he brought home from the college of Verdun, a neighboring town, all were prizes in drawing. Then he looked toward Paris. At first his father was dismayed at the sacrifices of a life of art, and wished him to enter a scientific or military college. But Jules was resolved to become an artist.

Now in France art is recognized and encouraged by the government. In many towns as well as cities there are free art-schools, and scholarships are established for the assistance of promising students. All this has been a matter of course for so long that the people of France, even the peasants, have grown to understand the dignity of art as a profession. Accordingly, if a French boy wishes to become an artist, his choice is regarded as worth respectful consideration; while in America, where art receives no recognition from national, or State, or city governments, the adoption of art as a profession is looked upon very differently, even by people much better educated than the French peasants. In other words, art is a part of the very life of France, but it is as yet only a feeble transplanted growth in America.

So it was not deemed a crazy and unheard-of project when Jules Bastien asked to go to Paris, to devote his life seriously to art. But his father, a well-to-do peasant, could not support Jules during his term of study. Nevertheless, at the age of sixteen he left Damvillers for Paris. Too proud to become a burden to his family, he obtained a supernumerary clerkship in the post-office, and his leisure was given to the study of art. He remained in this uncongenial position for eight months.

But Grandfather Lepage, who was as confident as Mother Bastien of the young man's future, came to the lad's aid with the savings from his toil; and this help, with a pension of a hundred francs (about twenty dollars) monthly, from home (according to one account, the income from a scholarship fund), enabled the young peasant to enter the *Beaux Arts*,* as the chief academic school of fine arts is familiarly called.

Jules's home in Paris was a tiny garret in one of the narrow, quaint streets of the Latin Quarter, which has sheltered so many generations of students. All day long he was at work. He studied at the Municipal *Cours*† of drawing and heard lectures upon anatomy at the School of Medicine. He was admitted to the studio of Cabanel, and there he zealously worked at his easel through the day, surrounded by young art students much given to practical jokes upon each other. But Bastien was too much in earnest for joking.

Occasionally an erect, dignified man, with white beard and snowy hair, half hidden beneath a black velvet skull-cap, walked through the great room, pausing at this easel and at that for a word of praise or criticism. This was Cabanel, who is counted a famous artist; and yet all Jules's idea of art were opposed to those of his master. Cabanel is known as an "academic" painter. His pictures are correct according to the rules of the schools. but beyond this they excite no particular feeling. He paints models as historic or mythological characters, but in all his later pictures, at least, you think only of the well-trained artist painting pretty models in his studio. His characters are not living.

Now, Jules Bastien wished to get away from this academic art, and from the traditions of the schools, and to paint nature. As I have told you, he saw the beautiful side of the out-door peasant-life at Damvillers, and he wished to render this real life just as he saw it. So, while the elementary training in Cabanel's studio was useful, and while he gained a knowledge of his tools, the pupil and master were really as far apart as the poles. And the truth is that the pupil was a man of stronger individuality than the master.

Jules Bastien was just beginning to put his training to use when war was declared between the French and the Prussians. He enlisted in a company of *Francs-tireurs*,‡ and it is said that the commander, M. Castellani, an artist, saved his life. Jules Bastien's health was poor, and his spirits so clouded by the disappointments of his early struggles, that he exposed himself rashly in every battle, as if more than willing to be killed. M. Castellani, who knew the young artist's talent and promise, remonstrated with him; but still Jules was found in the front of every encounter.

At last, he was slightly wounded. Against his will, M. Castellani sent him to a military hospital in Paris, and privately asked the directress and the physician to find reasons for keeping Jules from rejoining his company. They did so. When his wound was healed, he was told that his general

* Pronounced *bo-zar*. † Drawing class in the Municipal School of Design. ‡ Sharpshooters.

health was too poor to admit of his discharge, and he was kept at the hospital, an unconscious prisoner, until the war was at an end.

This was a time of struggle and poverty, these early days of Jules Bastien's career. He was glad to draw designs for a fashion journal, and once he went down to Damvillers and painted forty portraits of the villagers. The cost of living, small as his expenses were, was a serious matter. For the rent of his little attic studio he paid fifty dollars a year. He breakfasted upon three sous'* worth of bread and two of coffee, with milk. For dinner, at a franc and a half, about twenty-seven cents, he went to the restaurant of Mademoiselle Anna, Rue Saint-Benoît. In the evenings Jules, his brother Emile, who was a student of architecture, and other friends met at an odd little café behind the Odéon, and talked of art, among clouds of smoke.

In those early days he painted a picture of a peasant girl walking in a forest, in spring, entrapped by Loves who were casting their nets before her feet. This picture was accepted at the *Salon* in 1873, through the influence of Cabanel, but it was not sold. It was the first painting that Jules Bastien exhibited, and its fate was a curious one. Kind-hearted Mademoiselle Anna understood the needy state of the young artists who visited her restaurant, and Bastien was her favorite. When

"FATHER JACQUES, THE WOODMAN." FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE. (SEE PAGE 10.)

* About three cents.

he lacked the franc and a half for dinner, she cheerfully gave him credit, and finally she accepted this picture in payment for a year's dinners. Afterward, when the name of the artist became famous, she was offered four times the amount of her bill for the painting, but she refused to part with it, and kept the first work of her protégé until her death. So the young peasant painter made loyal friends in his days of adversity. And, however bitter his disappointments might be, he never failed to recognize the merits of work done by more successful brother artists. He was neither jealous nor envious. But for a time he was very poor and unhappy.

A PEASANT BOY AND HIS PETS. FROM A PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Then his simple earnestness began to gain its reward. Every year in June there is held in Paris, at the Palace of Industry, a great exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works of art, which offers young artists their chief opportunity to make themselves a name. This exhibition is called the *Salon*, because nearly two hundred years ago a man named Mansard first instituted exhibitions of works by living artists in the *Grand Salon* of the Louvre, a government building devoted to art.

In 1874 Jules Bastien brought to Paris a picture which he had painted at Damvillers. He showed it in his studio to some friends and listened to their praise and suggestions. Then, doubtless with many fears, he sent it to the *Salon*. It was accepted by the jury who decide upon admissions. The opening day came,— and suddenly the young peasant painter heard all Paris talking of his picture.

What was it?

He had simply painted the good Grandfather Lepage sitting under the apple-trees in the garden at Damvillers, with his handkerchief carelessly spread across his knees, just as Jules Bastien had seen him a thousand times. This was the truth of nature, and the people who crowded around the

"THE FIRST COMMUNION." FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE. (SEE PAGE 10.)

picture recognized it. The artist had signed it Jules Bastien-Lepage, that his grandfather's name might share the praise bestowed upon the painter. For the young peasant never forgot that his grandfather gave him the means of studying art. He divided his first laurel crown with his benefactor.

Hundreds of pens wrote eulogies upon Jules Bastien-Lepage. Here is what one French critic said:

"Diderot exclaimed to an artist, 'You have made for me my father as he is on Sundays, and I want my father as he is every day,' meaning that one ought to paint a man as he is, familiarly, in the habitual condition of his actions and life. But that which makes the merit of the portrait shown by Bastien-Lepage is that it is a portrait of every day — that is to say, excellent and durable."

Every one saw that this artist was in earnest, that he was absolutely sincere, that he had gone out of doors to nature, and was honestly trying to represent what he found. His brother artists recognized his independence. The jurors voted him a medal.

His first triumph was shared by his friends, seven of whom went down to join him at Damvillers, where, as they drove into the village, they came upon Madame Bastien clattering across the square in her wooden *sabots* with a pail of water in each hand. The village *fête* was at hand, and the light-hearted artists danced and made merry with the young peasants. But Jules was not idle. Out

in the garden, his former playground, he painted the portrait of his parents, — a picture which has since become famous.

Then he returned to his Paris attic in a narrow street lighted at night by kerosene lamps swinging from chains stretched from house to house. He had gained recognition, but still no commissions for pict..es came to him, and his purse grew leaner and leaner.

Now, the greatest prize of the many honors open to young French artists is the *Prix de Rome*. The winner is sent to Rome to study for four years in the French Academy, the president of which is an officer of the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris. The government allows the young artist four thousand francs, or nearly eight hundred dollars yearly, and for four years after his return the allowance is continued from the fund of Madame Caen. So for eight years he can devote himself to art undisturbed by any thoughts of money. Moreover, the painting to which the prize is given is hung in the Academy of Fine Arts, with the pictures successful in the competitions of preceding years. No wonder that Jules Bastien-Lepage set his heart upon winning the *Prix de Rome*.

The competition is accompanied with curious formalities. Every design submitted is covered with tracing-paper, which is sealed down, and a tracing of it made. This is to prevent the artists from changing the designs after they are handed in. Only a few very slight alterations are permitted, and these in accordance with rigorous rules. The artists selected for the excellence of their designs to enter the competition are obliged to remain shut up in separate rooms and carefully watched for ninety days, so that each shall paint his picture without any outside assistance. Then a jury of distinguished artists examines the work, and awards the prize.

The subject given out in 1874 was the "Annunciation to the Shepherds" who watched their flocks in the fields by night, when the angel appeared to them and announced the birth of Christ.

Upon this picture Bastien-Lepage worked most earnestly. When it was finished, he felt confident of success; but when the day came for making known the award, and Bastien-Lepage, with his eager friends, gathered at the *Beaux Arts*, an ominous whisper was heard that the jury had given the prize to Comerre. The rumor was confirmed. Cabanel, Bastien-Lepage's master, had voted against his pupil, it was said; and the excited students fiercely hissed the old artist when he appeared from the jury-room. Bastien-Lepage, broken-hearted by the disappointment, exclaimed bitterly:

"It appears, then, that these juries don't know how to use their eyes."

Afterward it was said that the jury decided against him chiefly upon technical grounds; one reason being that the Annunciation occurred at night, while Bastien-Lepage painted it as if late in the afternoon.

That evening all the artists met at dinner in the restaurant of Mademoiselle Anna. On the smoky walls hung pictures by artists who had frequented the place, and all the pictures by men who had gained the *Prix de Rome* were decorated with wreaths of laurel. Comerre, the winner, and Bastien-Lepage, the loser, sat at adjoining tables, each surrounded by his friends. As the dinner drew to a close a young American painter rose beside Bastien-Lepage and said, "Let us crown the picture of the man to whom the *artists* have awarded the *Prix de Rome*."

He held up a laurel-wreath as he spoke. Instantly all the artists in the room were on their feet. The friends of Comerre angrily struggled to prevent what they counted an insult. But the others lifted the young American on their shoulders, bore him through the opposing crowd, and he hung the laurel-wreath upon Bastien-Lepage's picture, "Golden Youth." Amid uproar and conflict the artists testified their admiration for their peasant brother.

There was the same feeling at the *Beaux Arts*. Every day heaps of flowers and laurel-wreaths were laid before the "Annunciation to the Shepherds." They were removed by the guardians of the galleries, only to be renewed the next day. So, although Comerre was given the great prize, and Bastien-Lepage obtained only the second, his failure was really a success.

Now, we see him fairly launched on his career. A third medal had been awarded him for his picture of "Spring," exhibited at the same time with the portrait of his grandfather. The second *Prix de Rome* was given him, and at the *Salon* of 1875 he obtained a second-class medal. The artists and the critics recognized his individuality and strength.

Another picture exhibited this year was warmly praised; it was called "The First Communion." He was glad to sell this picture for fifteen hundred francs, less than three hundred dollars, for he needed money; but unhappily for him the purchaser, after keeping the painting for three weeks, returned it to him. I fancy that purchaser felt a deeper disappointment than the artist in after years, when princes and ministers sought the work of the peasant painter.

But this was nearly the last of the artist's troubles. Commissions began to come to him.

He painted portraits of M. Hayems, a wealthy banker, and of M. Wallon, the Minister of Fine Arts. These dignitaries brought others. Among his sitters were M. Theuriet, Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, and Albert Wolff, the well-known critic of the Parisian journal, *Figaro*, and finally he was commissioned to go to England and paint the portrait of the Prince of Wales.

I doubt if the English understood him. Once on the opening day of a Royal Academy Exhibition, the peasant painter appeared in a tall hat, which was proper, and a short flannel coat, which was not, and the people who saw him suffered a dreadful shock, while the unconscious Bastien-Lepage thought of nothing but the pictures. Somebody said of him that he left in London the reputation of "a comet in a fog." Well, you know that London fog has become a proverb.

This portrait-painting is not the really characteristic phase of Bastien-Lepage's art, although the French critic Albert Wolff thinks his best work was in portraiture. The peasant-life which appealed to him so strongly when he was a peasant boy was what he liked most to paint.

Once he said:

"THE BEGGAR." FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

"I wish to open and to shut the book of life in the fields, beginning with the birth of the baby and ending with the death of the grandfather. Within this extensive cycle I desire to delineate all those joys that are known as infancy, courtship, marriage, baptism, the sorrow that is called an eternal separation, and such varied subjects as the

school, the watching in the sick-room, the tavern, the forge, and the farm. The interests of rural life are beyond the limits traced by mere men of talent. It requires genius to depict them; and when they have been depicted, they should prove to be a surprise and a revelation."

His first large picture of this class was called *Les Foins*, "The Harvest,"— two hay-makers resting at noon, the man asleep, wearied with his work, the woman staring into vacancy with an expression of dull protest against her toilsome life.

"It is a perfect poem of the hard and hopeless lot of the poor," wrote a critic. You can see how the peasant painter entered into the dull life of the peasants among whom he had lived, for you share his sympathy while you admire his picture.

He painted Father Jacques, "The Woodman," bending under his load and gazing straight at you with wistful earnestness. In one picture, "Tired," a weary peasant-girl leans on her rake, and in another a tattered, forlorn beggar turns sadly away from a cottage-door. "The Potato Harvest" showed a scene in which the artist himself must often have taken part, and "The Forge" was perhaps a picture of the forge at Damvillers.

It was at Damvillers also that he found the subject of his "First Communion." This is a picture of his little cousin, truthfully painted, her face darkened by the sun, contrasting strongly with the clear white of her dress, veil, and garland; her hands, strangers to gloves, working with naïve awkwardness in a pair much too large, perhaps lent her by her mother or an older sister. The first communion is a serious and beautiful ceremony in rural France. Then the village girls who are prepared to take the sacrament for the first time are robed in spotless white by their mothers as if for a wedding, and walk to the church in a procession, bearing candles. Several artists have painted this subject, but none with such perfect simplicity as this peasant of Damvillers has shown in this picture of his cousin standing, as she might have stood before the gathered family, when ready to join the procession of communicants.

In 1881 Bastien-Lepage exhibited a painting called "Poor Fauvette." It showed a quaint little figure wrapped in a ragged shawl, shivering in the wintry landscape and looking out at you with big appealing eyes. Yes, Bastien-Lepage was true to the peasant-life which he had lived, and you can see that he sympathized with its toil and grinding poverty. The poor were his brethren; and, when he was in London, the little shoeblacks and flower-girls earning their scanty living in the streets so appealed to him that he put them just as they were upon his canvas.

It was a heroine of poor life that he painted in his famous picture, "Joan of Arc," which is owned in this country, and has been exhibited in Boston and New York, as many of you know. Bastien-Lepage was brought up in the country of Joan of Arc, and in his youth he must have heard how the peasant-girl, born at Domremy in 1412, fancied she saw visions and heard voices calling her to fight for the Dauphin of France; how she put herself at the head of the French troops and drove the English from the city of Orléans; how she saw the Dauphin, Charles, crowned King of France at Rheims, and how at last she fell into the hands of the English, and when only nineteen years old was burned at the stake in Rouen as a sorceress, according to the barbarous belief of those times.

No wonder that the thrilling story of the peasant heroine sank deep into the heart of the peasant painter. And so, at last, he pictured her intent upon the voices of her imagined visions, her dilated eyes fixed and staring from her hectic, wasted face, like the eyes of one who walks in her sleep, her hand extended as if for guidance or for the sword which the apparition of St. Michael bears toward her from behind.

It was not in glittering armor, nor in ideal attire that he painted the "Maid of Orléans," but in coarse, ragged peasant's dress. It was the picture of a poor girl, her nerves strained in a trance of devout awe, receiving, as she thought, a divine commission.

Now, there are many faults in this picture, but I think we can afford to pass them by. For we can see that the artist was true to himself, and that he was in earnest; and real sincerity and earnestness are worth as much in art as in the practical affairs of every-day life.

In 1878 he received a third-class medal, and the next year he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He received the compliment of being imitated — indeed, he may be said to have founded a school; and some of his followers have already gained a reputation. It is pleasant to know that in his prosperity he preserved his tender regard for the good people at Damvillers. He brought the father and mother to Paris, and in their peasant's dress they went to the *Salon* and saw their own portraits. They were feasted and taken sight-seeing until they were very glad to go back to quiet Damvillers.

But Bastien-Lepage's brief time of happiness was nearly ended. He fell sick, and after a little it was clear that his work was done. Two years of suffering — and in the early winter, he died. His last wish was to live long enough to paint a peasant funeral procession in the spring-time.

His pictures were painted out-of-doors, and you can see that Bastien-Lepage was true to the out-

of-door peasant-life which he had lived. He sympathized with its toil and poverty, and he did not paint these peasants in his studio, as he would have done had he simply desired to make pretty pictures.

Painting in the carefully arranged light of his studio, he would have found it easier to make pictures which many people would prefer. In nature confusing lights come from all sides, the full sunlight is trying, the colors of grass and foliage are vivid and even harsh, and it is difficult to indicate exactly the relative distances of different objects and their values in the picture. Bastien-Lepage, after beginning a picture at a certain hour, would paint upon it only at that hour in order that the light and its effects upon the surroundings might be the same from day to day.

He was called a realist, one who painted things simply as they were; but the "Joan of Arc" and others of his works showed that he lacked neither imagination nor sympathetic insight. Certainly he did more than the recording of facts.

Critics have disparaged his coloring, his use of "crude greens" and "dirty grays;" they have objected that his pictures convey no feeling of space, or distance, or proportion; that his ideas of composition, of designing his pictures, were faulty; that he painted portions of his pictures very well at the cost of more important parts, and that his work was coarse and brutal.

There is some ground for these objections, for Bastien-Lepage died before he had accomplished all that he wished. But he was a faithful lover of nature. He found poetry in the events of every-day life, and, as has been said, one of his peasants typified the peasantry of France. Dying, when but a young man, he is not to be ranked with the greater masters of the century, but he left an influence and pictures which will preserve the memory of his earnestness and loyalty to his art.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."— Sir Philip Sidney.

"I 've finished my book, and now what *can* I do till this tiresome rain is over?" exclaimed Carrie, as she lay back on the couch with a yawn of weariness.

"Take another and a better book; the house is full of them, and this is a rare chance for a feast on the best," answered Alice, looking over the pile of volumes in her lap, as she sat on the floor before one of the tall book-cases that lined the room.

"Not being a book-worm like you, I can't read forever; and you need n't sniff at my book, for it 's perfectly thrilling!" cried Carrie, regretfully turning the crumpled leaves of a cheap copy of a sentimental and impossible novel.

"We should read to improve our minds, and that rubbish is only a waste of time," began Alice, in a warning tone, as she looked up from "Romola," over which she had been poring with the delight one feels in meeting an old friend.

"I don't *wish* to improve my mind, thank you: I read for amusement in vacation time and don't want to see any moral works till next October. I get enough of them in school. This is n't 'rubbish'! It 's full of fine descriptions of scenery —"

"Which you skip by the page; I 've seen you do it," said Eva, the third young girl in the library, as she shut up the stout book on her knee and began to knit, as if this sudden outburst of chat disturbed her enjoyment of "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."

"I do at first, being carried away by my interest in the people, but I almost always go back and read them afterward," protested Carrie. "You know *you* like to hear about nice clothes, and this heroine's were simply gorgeous; white velvet and a rope of pearls is one costume; gray velvet and a silver girdle another; and Idalia was all a 'shower of perfumed laces,' and scarlet and gold satin mask dresses, or primrose silk with violets, so lovely! I do revel in 'em!"

Both girls laughed as Carrie reeled off this list of elegances with the relish of a French modiste.

"Well, I 'm poor and can't have as many pretty things as I want, so it *is* delightful to read about women who wear white quilted satin dressing-gowns and olive velvet trains with Mechlin lace sweepers to them. Diamonds as large as nuts, and rivers of opals and sapphires and rubies and pearls, are great fun to read of, if you never even get a look at real ones. We never see such languid swells in America, nor such ladies, and the author scolds them all, and that 's moral, I 'm sure."

Carrie paused, out of breath; but Alice shook her head again, and said in her serious way:

"That 's the harm of it all. False and foolish things are made interesting, and we read for that, not for any lesson there may be hidden under the velvet and jewels and fine words of your splendid men and women. Now *this* book is a wonderful picture of Florence in old times, and the famous people who really lived are painted in it, and it has a true and clean moral that we all can see, and one feels wiser and better for reading it. I do wish you 'd leave those trashy things and try something really good."

"I hate George Eliot,—so awfully wise and preachy and dismal! I really could n't wade through 'Daniel Deronda,' though 'The Mill on the Floss' was n't bad," answered Carrie, with another yawn, as she recalled the Jew Mordecai's long speeches, and Daniel's meditations.

"I know you 'd like this," said Eva, patting her book with an air of calm content; for she was a modest, common-sense little body, full of innocent

tancies and the mildest sort of romance. "I love dear Miss Yonge and her books, with their nice, large families, and their trials, and their pious ways, and pleasant homes full of brothers and sisters, and good fathers and mothers. I 'm never tired of them, and have read 'Daisy Chain' nine times at least."

"I used to like them, and still think them good for young girls, with our own 'Queechy' and 'Wide, Wide World,' and books of that kind. Now I 'm eighteen, I prefer stronger novels, and books by great men and women, because these are always talked about by cultivated people, and when I go into society next winter I wish to be able to listen intelligently, and to know what to admire."

"That 's all very well for you, Alice; you were always poking over books, and I dare say you will write them some day, or be a blue-stocking. But I have another year to study and fuss over my education, and I 'm going to enjoy myself all I can, and leave the wise books till I come out."

"But, Carrie, there won't be any time to read them; you 'll be so busy with parties, and beaux, and traveling, and such things. I *would* take Alice's advice and read up a little now; it 's so nice to know useful things, and be able to find help and comfort in good books when trouble comes, as Ellen Montgomery and Fleda did, and Ethel, and the other girls in Miss Yonge's stories," said Eva earnestly, remembering how much the efforts of those natural little heroines had helped her in her own struggles for self-control and the cheerful bearing of the burdens which come to all.

"I don't want to be a priggish Ellen, or a moral Fleda, and I do detest bothering about self-improvement all the time. I know I ought, but I 'd rather wait another year or two, and enjoy my vanities in peace just a *little* longer." And Carrie tucked her novel under the sofa pillow, as if a trifle ashamed of its society, with Eva's innocent eyes upon her own, and Alice sadly regarding her over the rampart of wise books, which kept growing higher as the eager girl found more and more treasures in this richly stored library.

A little silence followed, broken only by the patter of the rain without, the crackle of the wood fire within, and the scratch of a busy pen from a curtained recess at the end of a long room. In the sudden hush the girls heard it and remembered that they were not alone.

"She must have heard every word we said!" and Carrie sat up with a dismayed face as she spoke in a whisper.

Eva laughed, but Alice shrugged her shoulders, and said tranquilly, "I don't mind. She would n't expect much wisdom from school-girls."

This was cold comfort to Carrie, who was painfully conscious of having been a particularly silly school-girl just then. So she gave a groan and lay down again, wishing she had not expressed her views quite so freely.

The three girls were the guests of a delightful old lady who had known their mothers and was fond of renewing her acquaintance with them through their daughters. She loved young people, and every summer invited parties of them to enjoy the delights of her beautiful country-house, where she lived alone now, being the childless widow of a somewhat celebrated man. She made it very pleasant for her guests, leaving them free to employ a part of the day as they liked, providing the best of company at dinner, gay revels in the evening, and a large houseful of curious and interesting things to examine at their leisure.

The rain had spoiled a pleasant plan, and business letters had made it necessary for Mrs. Warburton to leave the three to their own devices after luncheon. They had read quietly for several hours, and their hostess was just finishing her last letter, when fragments of the conversation reached her ear. She listened with amusement, unconscious that they had forgotten her presence, finding the different views very characteristic, and easily explained by the difference of the homes out of which the three friends came.

Alice was the only daughter of a scholarly man and a brilliant woman; therefore her love of books and desire to cultivate her mind was very natural, but the danger in her case would be in the neglect of other things equally important, too varied reading, and a superficial knowledge of many authors rather than a true appreciation of a few of the best and greatest. Eva was one of many children in a happy home, with a busy father, a pious mother, and many domestic cares as well as joys already falling to the dutiful girl's lot. Her instincts were sweet and unspoiled, and she only needed to be shown where to find new and better helpers for the real trials of life, when the childish heroines she loved could no longer serve her in the years to come.

Carrie was one of the ambitious yet commonplace girls who wish to shine, without knowing the difference between the glitter of a candle which attracts moths, and the serene light of a star, or the cheery glow of a fire around which all love to gather. Her mother's aims were not high; and the two pretty daughters knew that she desired good matches for them, educated them for that end, and expected them to do their parts when the time came. The elder sister was now at a watering-place with her mother, and Carrie hoped that a letter would soon come telling her that Mary was settled. During her stay with Mrs. Warburton she had learned a great deal, and was uncon-

sciously contrasting the life there with the frivolous one at home, made up of public show and private sacrifice of comfort, dignity, and peace. Here were people who dressed simply, enjoyed conversation, kept up their accomplishments even when old, and were so busy, lovable, and charming, that poor Carrie often felt vulgar, ignorant, and mortified among them, in spite of their fine breeding and kindliness. The society Mrs. Warburton drew about her was the best; and old and young, rich and poor, wise and simple, all seemed genuine, glad to give or receive, enjoy and rest, and then go out to their work refreshed by the influences of the place and the sweet old lady who made it what it was. The girls would soon begin life for themselves, and it was well that they had this little glimpse of really good society before they left the shelter of home to choose friends, pleasures, and pursuits for themselves, as all young women do when once launched.

The sudden silence and then the whispers suggested to the listener that she had perhaps heard something not meant for her ear, so she presently emerged with her letters, and said, as she came smiling toward the group about the fire:

"How are you getting through this long, dull afternoon, my dears? Quiet as mice till just now. What woke you up? A battle of the books? Alice looks as if she had laid in plenty of ammunition, and you were preparing to besiege her."

The girls laughed, and all rose, for Mrs. Warburton was a stately old lady, and people involuntarily treated her with great respect, even in this mannerless age.

"We were only talking about books," began Carrie, deeply grateful that her novel was safely out of sight.

"And we could n't agree," added Eva, running to ring the bell for the man to take the letters, for she was used to these little offices at home, and loved to wait on her hostess.

"Thanks, my love. Now let us talk a little, if you are tired of reading and if you like to let me share the discussion. Comparing tastes in literature is always a pleasure, and I used to enjoy talking over books with my girl friends more than anything else."

As she spoke, Mrs. Warburton sat down in the chair which Alice rolled up, drew Eva to the cushion at her feet, and nodded to the others as they settled again, with interested faces, one at the table where the pile of chosen volumes now lay, the other erect upon the couch where she had been practicing the poses "full of languid grace," so much affected by her favorite heroines.

"Carrie was laughing at me for liking wise books and wishing to improve my mind. Is it foolish and a waste of time?" asked Alice, eager to convince her friend and secure so powerful an ally.

"No, my dear, it is a very sensible desire, and I wish more girls had it. Only don't be greedy, and read too much; cramming and smattering are as bad as promiscuous novel-reading, or no reading at all. Choose carefully, read intelligently, and digest thoroughly each book, and then you make it your own," answered Mrs. Warburton, quite in her element now, for she loved to advise, as all old people do.

"But how can we know *what* to read, if we may not follow our tastes?" said Carrie, trying to be interested and "intelligent" in spite of her fear that a "school-marmy" lecture was in store for her.

"Ask advice, and so cultivate a true and refined taste. I always judge people's characters a great deal by the books they like, as well as by the company they keep; so one should be careful, for this is a very good test. Another test is, be sure that whatever will not bear reading *aloud* is not fit to read to one's self. Many young girls ignorantly or curiously take up books quite worthless, and really harmful, because under the fine writing and brilliant color lurk immorality or the false sentiment which gives wrong ideas of life and things which should be sacred. They think, perhaps, that no one knows this taste of theirs, but they are mistaken, for it shows itself in many ways, and betrays them. Attitudes, looks, careless words, and a morbid or foolishly romantic view of certain things, show plainly that the maidenly instincts are blunted, and harm done that perhaps can never be repaired."

Mrs. Warburton kept her eyes fixed upon the tall andirons, as if gravely reproving them, which was a great relief to Carrie, whose cheeks glowed as she stirred uneasily, and took up a screen as if to guard them from the fire. But conscience pricked her sharply, and memory, like a traitor, recalled many a passage or scene in her favorite books which, though she enjoyed them in private, she could not have read aloud even to that old lady. Nothing very bad, but false and foolish, poor food for a lively fancy and young mind to feed on, as the weariness or excitement which always followed plainly proved; since one should feel refreshed, not cloyed, with an intellectual feast.

Alice, with both elbows on the table, listened with wide-awake eyes, and Eva watched the raindrops trickle down the pane with an intent expression, as if asking herself if she had ever done this naughty thing.

"Then there is another fault," continued Mrs. Warburton, well knowing that her first shot had hit its mark, and anxious to be just. "Some book-loving lassies have a mania for trying to read

everything, and dip into works far beyond their powers, or try too many different kinds of self-improvement at once. So they get a muddle of useless things into their heads, instead of well-assorted ideas and real knowledge. They must learn to wait and select, for each age has its proper class of books, and what is Greek to us at eighteen may be just what we need at thirty. One can get mental dyspepsia on meat and wine, as well as on ice-cream and frosted cake, you know."

Alice smiled, and pushed away four of the eight books she had selected, as if afraid she *had* been greedy, and now felt that it was best to wait a little.

Eva looked up with some anxiety in her frank eyes, as she said, "Now it is my turn. Must I give up my dear homely books, and take to Ruskin, Kant, or Plato?"

Mrs. Warburton laughed, as she stroked the pretty brown head at her knee.

"Not yet, my love, perhaps never; for those are not the masters you need, I fancy. Since you like stories about every-day people, try some of the fine biographies of real men and women about whom you should know something. You will find their lives full of stirring, helpful, and lonely experiences, and in reading of these you will get courage and hope and faith to bear your own trials as they come. True stories suit you, and are the best, for there we get real tragedy and comedy, and the lessons all must learn."

"Thank you! I will begin at once, if you will kindly give me a list of such as would be good for me," cried Eva, with the sweet docility of one eager to be all that is lovable and wise in woman.

"Give us each a list, and we will try to improve in the best way. You know what we need, and love to help foolish girls, or you would n't be so kind and patient with us," said Alice, going to sit beside Carrie, hoping for much discussion of this, to her, very interesting subject.

"I will, with pleasure; but I read few modern novels, so I may not be a good judge there. Most of them seem very poor stuff, and I can not waste time even to skim them as some people do. I still like the old fashioned ones I read as a girl, though you would laugh at them. Did any of you ever read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw?' I re-read it recently, and thought it very funny; so were 'Evelina,' and 'Cecilia.'"

"I wanted to try Smollett and Fielding, after reading some fine essays about them, but Papa told me I must wait," said Alice.

"Ah, my dears, in my day, Thaddeus was our hero, and we thought the scene where he and Miss Beaufort are in the Park a most thrilling one. Two fops ask Thaddeus where he got his boots, and he replies, with withering dignity, 'Where I got my sword, gentlemen.' I treasured the picture of that episode for a long time. Thaddeus wears a hat as full of black plumes as a hearse, Hessian boots with tassels, and leans over Mary, who languishes on the seat in a short-waisted gown, limp scarf, poke bonnet, and large bag — the height of elegance then, but very funny now. Then too, there is William Wallace in 'Scottish Chiefs.' Bless me! We cried over him as much as you do over your 'Heir of Clifton,' or whatever the boy's name is. You would n't get through it, I fancy; and as for poor, dear, prosy Richardson, his letter-writing heroines would bore you sadly. Just imagine a lover saying to a friend, 'I begged my angel to stay and sip one dish of tea. She sipped one dish and flew.'"

"Now, I 'm sure that 's sillier than anything the Duchess ever wrote with her five o'clock teas and flirtations over plum-cake on lawns," cried Carrie, as they all laughed at the immortal Lovelace.

"I never read Richardson, but he could n't be duller than Henry James, with his everlasting stories, full of people who talk a great deal and amount to nothing. I like the older novels best, and enjoy some of Scott's and Miss Edgeworth's better than Howells's or any of the modern realistic writers, with their elevators, and paint-pots, and every-day people," said Alice.

"I 'm glad to hear you say so, for I have an old-fashioned fancy that I 'd rather read about people as they *were*, for that is history, or as they *might* and should be, for that helps us in our own efforts; not as they *are*, for that we know, and are all sufficiently commonplace ourselves to be the better for a nobler and wider view of life and men than any we are apt to get, so busy are we earning daily bread, or running after fortune, honor, or some other bubble. But I must n't lecture, or I shall bore you, and forget that I am your hostess, whose duty it is to amuse."

As Mrs. Warburton paused, Carrie, anxious to change the subject, said, with her eyes on a curious jewel which the old lady wore, "I also love true stories, and you promised to tell us about that lovely pin some day. This is just the time for it — please do."

"With pleasure," replied Mrs. Warburton, "for the little romance is quite *apropos* of our present chat. It is a very simple tale, and rather sad, but it had a great influence on my life, and this brooch is very dear to me."

As Mrs. Warburton sat silent a moment, the girls all looked with interest at the quaint pin which clasped the soft folds of muslin over the gray silk dress which was as becoming to the still handsome woman as her crown of white hair and the winter roses in her cheeks. The ornament was in the shape of a pansy; its purple leaves

were of amethyst, the yellow of topaz, and in the middle lay a diamond drop of dew. Several letters were delicately cut on its golden stem, and a guard-pin showed how much its wearer valued it.

"My sister Lucretia was a great deal older than I, for the three boys came between," began Mrs. Warburton, still gazing at the fire, as if from its ashes the past rose up bright and warm again. "She was a very lovely and superior girl, and I looked up to her with wonder as well as admiration. Others did the same, and at eighteen she was engaged to a charming man, who would have made his mark had he lived. She was too young to marry then, and Frank Lyman had a fine opening to practise his profession at the South. So they parted for two years, and it was then that he gave her the brooch, saying to her, as she whispered how lonely she should be without him, 'This pansy is a happy, faithful thought of me. Wear it, dearest girl, and don't pine while we are separated. Read and study, write much to me, and remember, "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."'"

"Was n't that sweet?" cried Eva, pleased with the beginning of the tale.

"So romantic!" added Carrie, recalling the "amber amulet" one of her pet heroes wore for years and died kissing, after he had killed some fifty Arabs in the desert.

"*Did* she read and study?" asked Alice, with a soft color in her cheek, and eager eyes, for a budding romance was folded away in the depths of her maidenly heart, and she liked a love story.

"I will tell you what she did, for it was rather remarkable at that day, when girls had little schooling, and picked up accomplishments as they could. The first winter she read and studied at home, and wrote much to Mr. Lyman. I have their letters now, and very fine ones they are, though they would seem old-fashioned to you young things. Curious love-letters,—full of advice, the discussion of books, report of progress, glad praise, modest gratitude, happy plans, and a faithful affection that never wavered.

"The second spring, Lucretia, anxious to waste no time, and ambitious to surprise Mr. Lyman, decided to go and study with old Dr. Gardener at Portland. He fitted young men for college, was a friend of our father's, and had a daughter who was a very wise and accomplished woman. That was a very happy summer, and Lucretia got on so well that she begged to stay all winter. It was a rare chance, for there were no colleges for girls then, and very few advantages to be had, and the dear creature burned to improve every faculty, that she might be more worthy of her lover. She fitted herself for college with the youths there, and did wonders, for love sharpened her wits, and the thought of that happy meeting spurred her on to untiring exertion. Mr. Lyman was expected in May, and the wedding was to be in June. But, alas for the poor girl! the yellow-fever came, and he was one of the first victims. They never met again, and nothing was left her of all that happy time but his letters, his library, and the pansy."

Mrs. Warburton paused to wipe a few quiet tears from her eyes, while the girls sat in sympathetic silence.

"We thought it would kill her, that sudden change from love, hope, and happiness to sorrow, death, and solitude. But hearts don't break, my dears, if they know where to go for strength. Lucretia did, and after the first shock was over, found comfort in her books, saying, with a brave, bright look, and the sweetest resignation, 'I must go on trying to be more worthy of him, for we shall meet again in God's good time, and he shall see that I do not forget.'

"That was better than tears and lamentation, and the long years that followed were beautiful and busy ones, full of dutiful care for us at home after of our mother died, of interest in all the good works of her time, and of a steady, quiet effort to improve every faculty of her fine mind, till she was felt to be one of the noblest women in our city. Her influence was widespread; all the intelligent people sought her; and when she traveled, she was welcome everywhere; for cultivated persons have a free-masonry of their own, and are recognized at once."

"Did she ever marry?" asked Carrie, feeling that no life could be quite successful without that great event.

"Never. She felt herself a widow, and wore black to the day of her death. Many men asked her hand, but she refused them all, and was the sweetest 'old maid' ever seen,—cheerful and serene to the very last, for she was ill a long time, and found her solace and stay still in the beloved books. Even when she could no longer read them, her memory supplied her with the mental food that kept her soul strong while her body failed. It was wonderful to hear her repeating fine lines, heroic sayings, and comforting psalms through the weary nights when no sleep would come, making friends and helpers of the poets, philosophers, and saints whom she knew and loved so well. It made death beautiful, and taught me how victorious an immortal soul can be over the ills that vex our mortal flesh.

"She died at dawn on Easter Sunday, after a quiet night, when she had given me her little legacy of letters, books, and the one jewel she had always worn, repeating her lover's words to com-

fort me. I had read the Commendatory Prayer, and as I finished, she whispered, with a look of perfect peace:

"'Shut the book, dear, I need study no more; I have hoped and believed, now I shall know'; and so she went happily away to meet her lover after patient waiting."

The sigh of the wind was the only sound that broke the silence till the quiet voice went on again, as if it loved to tell the story; for the thought of soon seeing the beloved sister took the sadness from the memory of the past.

happiness of my life, and curiously enough I owed it to a book."

Mrs. Warburton smiled as she took up a shabby little volume from the table where Alice had laid it, and, quick to divine another romance, Eva said, like a story-loving child:

"Do tell about it! The other was so sad."

"This begins merrily, and has a wedding in it, as young girls think all stories should. Well, when I was about thirty-five, I was invited to join a party of friends on a trip to Canada, that being the favorite jaunt in my young days. I 'd been study-

"NOW LET US TALK A LITTLE, IF YOU 'RE TIRED OF READING," SAID MRS. WARBURTON.

"I also found my solace in books, for I was very lonely when she was gone, my father being dead, the brothers married, and home desolate. I took to study and reading as a congenial employment, feeling no inclination to marry, and for many years was quite contented among my books. But in trying to follow in dear Lucretia's footsteps, I unconsciously fitted myself for the great honor and

ing hard for some years, and needed rest, so I was glad to go. As a good book for an excursion, I took this 'Wordsworth' in my bag. It is full of fine passages, you know, and I loved it, for it was one of the books given to Lucretia by her lover. We had a charming time, and were on our way to Quebec when my little adventure happened. I was in raptures over the grand St. Lawrence as we

steamed slowly from Montreal that lovely summer day. I could not read, but sat on the upper deck, feasting my eyes and dreaming dreams as even staid maiden ladies will when out on a holiday. Suddenly I caught the sound of voices in earnest discussion on the lower deck, and, glancing down, saw several gentlemen leaning against the rail as they talked over certain events of great public interest at that moment. I knew that a party of distinguished persons were on board, as my friend's husband, Dr. Tracy, knew some of them, and had pointed out Mr. Warburton as one of the rising scientific men of the day. I remembered that my sister had met him years before, and much admired him both for his own gifts and because he had known Mr. Lyman. As other people were listening, I felt privileged to do the same, for the conversation was an eloquent one, and well worth hearing. So interested did I become that I forgot the great rafts floating by, the picturesque shores, the splendid river, and leaned nearer and nearer that no word might be lost, till my book slid out of my lap and fell straight down upon the head of one of the gentlemen, giving him a smart blow, and knocking his hat overboard."

"Oh, what *did* you do?" cried the girls, much amused at this unromantic catastrophe.

Mrs. Warburton clasped her hands dramatically, as her eyes twinkled and a pretty color came into her cheeks at the memory of that exciting moment.

"My dears, I could have dropped with mortification! What *could* I do but dodge and peep as I waited to see the end of this most untoward accident? Fortunately I was alone on that side of the deck, so none of the ladies saw my mishap, and, slipping along the seat to a distant corner, I hid my face behind a convenient newspaper as I watched the little flurry of fishing up the hat by a man in a boat near by, and the merriment of the gentlemen over this assault of William Wordsworth upon Samuel Warburton. The poor book passed from hand to hand, and many jokes were made upon the 'fair Helen' whose name was written on the paper cover which protected it.

"'I knew a Miss Harper once — a lovely woman, but her name was not Helen, and she is dead,— God bless her!' I heard Mr. Warburton say, as he flapped his straw hat to dry it, and rubbed his head, which, fortunately was well covered with thick gray hair at that time.

"I longed to go down and tell him who I was, but I had not the courage to face all those men. It really was most embarrassing; so I waited for a more private moment to claim my book, as I knew we should not land till night, so there was no danger of losing it.

"'This is a rather uncommon book for a woman to be reading. Some literary lady doubtless. Better look her up, Warburton, when she comes down to luncheon,' said a jovial old gentleman.

"'I shall know her by her intelligent face and conversation, if this book belongs to a lady. It will be an honor and a pleasure to meet a woman who enjoys Wordsworth, for in my opinion he is one of our truest poets,' answered Mr. Warburton, putting the book in his pocket, with a look and a tone that were most respectful, and comforting to me just then.

"I hoped he would examine the volume, for Lucretia's and Mr. Lyman's names were on the fly-leaf, and that would be a delightful introduction for me. So I said nothing and bided my time, feeling rather foolish when we all filed in to luncheon, and I saw the other party glancing at the ladies at the table. Mr. Warburton's eye paused a moment as it passed from Mrs. Tracy to me, and I fear I blushed like a girl, my dears," said the narrator, as she went on with the most romantic episode of her quiet life.

"I retired to my state-room after lunch to compose myself, and when I emerged, in the cool of the afternoon, my first glance showed me that the hour had come, for there on deck was Mr. Warburton, talking to Mrs. Tracy, with my book in his hand. I hesitated a moment, for in spite of my age I was rather shy, and really it was not an easy thing to apologize to a strange gentleman for dropping books on his head and spoiling his hat. Men think so much of their hats, you know. I was spared embarrassment, however, for he saw me and came to me at once, saying, in the most cordial manner, as he showed the names on the fly-leaf of my 'Wordsworth,' 'I am sure we need no other introduction than the names of these two dear friends of ours. I am very glad to find that Miss Helen Harper is the little girl I saw once or twice at her father's house some years ago, and to meet her so pleasantly again.'

"That made everything easy and delightful, and when I had apologized and been laughingly assured that he considered it rather an honor than otherwise to be assaulted by so great a poet, we fell to talking of old times, and soon forgot that we were strangers. He was twenty years older than I, but a handsome man, and a most interesting and excellent one, as we all know. He had lost a young wife long before, and had lived for science ever since, but it had not made him dry, or cold, or selfish. He was very young at heart, for all his wisdom, and he enjoyed that holiday like a boy out of school. So did I, and never dreamed that anything would come of it, but a pleasant friendship founded on our love for those now dead and

gone. Dear me! how strangely things turn out in this world of ours, and how the dropping of that book changed my life! Well, that was our introduction, and that first long conversation was followed by many more, equally charming, during the three weeks in which our parties were often together, as both were taking the same trip, and Dr. Tracy was glad to meet his old friend.

"I need not tell you how delightful such society was to me, nor how surprised I was when, on the last day before we parted, Mr. Warburton, who had answered many questions of mine during those long chats of ours, asked me a very serious one, and I found that I could answer it as he wished. It was a great honor as well as happiness, and I fear I was not worthy of it, but I tried to be, and felt a tender satisfaction in thinking that I owed it to dear Lucretia, in part at least; for my effort to imitate her made me fitter to become a wise man's wife, and twenty years of very sweet companionship was my reward."

As she spoke, Mrs. Warburton bowed her head before the portrait of a courtly old man which hung above the mantelpiece.

It was a pretty, old-fashioned expression of wifely pride and womanly tenderness in the fine old lady, who forgot her own gifts, and felt only humility and gratitude to the man who had found in her a comrade in intellectual pursuits, as well as a helpmeet for his declining years.

The girls looked up with eyes full of something softer than mere curiosity, and felt in their young hearts how precious and honorable such a memory must be, how true and beautiful such a marriage was, and how sweet wisdom might become when it went hand in hand with love.

Alice spoke first, saying, as she touched the worn cover of the little book with a new sort of respect, "Thank you very much! Perhaps I ought not to have taken this from the corner shelves in your sanctum! I wanted to find the rest of the lines Mr. Thornton quoted last night, and did n't stop to ask leave."

"You are welcome, my love, for you know how to treat books. Yes, those in that little case are my precious relics. I keep them all, from my childish hymn-book to my great-grandfather's brass-bound Bible, for by and by when I sit 'Looking toward Sunset,' as dear Lydia Maria Child calls our last days, I shall lose my interest in other books, and take comfort in these. At the end as at the beginning of life we are all children again, and love the songs our mothers sung us, and find the one true Book our best teacher as we draw near to God."

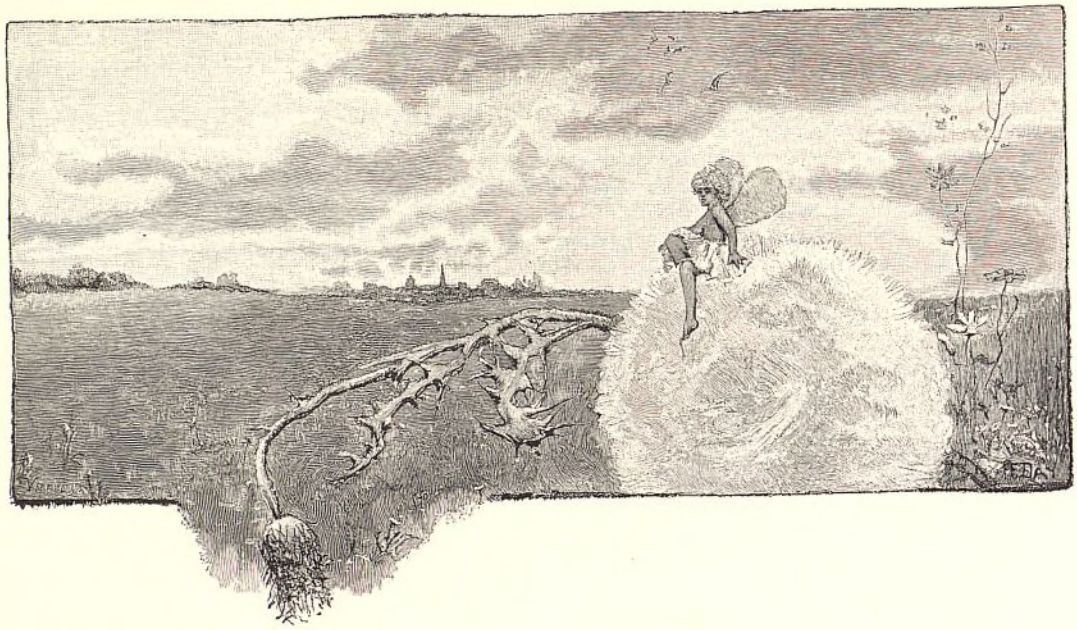
As the reverent voice paused, a ray of sunshine broke through the parting clouds, and shone full on the serene face turned to meet it, with a smile that welcomed the herald of a lovely sunset.

"The rain is over; there will be just time for a run in the garden before dinner, girls. I must go and put on my cap, for literary ladies should not neglect to look well after the ways of their household and keep themselves tidy, no matter how old they may be." And with a nod Mrs. Warburton left them, wondering what the effect of the conversation would be on the minds of her young guests.

Alice went away to the garden, thinking of Lucretia and her lover, as she gathered flowers in the sunshine. Conscientious Eva took the "Life of Mary Somerville" to her room, and read diligently for half an hour, that no time might be lost in her new course of reading. Carrie sent her paper novel up the chimney in a lively blaze, and, as she watched the book burn, decided to take her blue and gold volume of Tennyson with her on her next trip to Nahant, in case any eligible learned or literary man's head should offer itself as a shining mark.

When they all met at dinner-time the old lady was pleased to see a nosegay of fresh pansies in the bosoms of her three youngest guests, and to hear Alice whisper, with grateful eyes:

"We wear your flower to show you that we don't mean to forget the lesson you so kindly gave us, and to fortify ourselves with 'noble thoughts,' as you and she did."



PRINCE TIPTOE.

By Hattie Whitney.

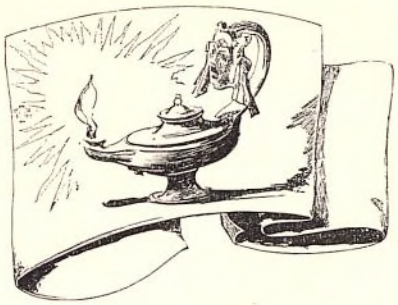
In the soft snowy heart of a thistle,
  Prince Tiptoe one morning was born;
When the sound of the partridge's whistle
  Arose from the ripening corn;
When the sunlight was dreamily tender,
  And the hill-tops were smoky and blue,
And a faint, indescribable splendor
  In many a cloud-rift came through.

Then a breeze from the South Wind's dominions
  Flew by, and Prince Tiptoe was whirled
Away, on invisible pinions,
  From his own little silk-curtained world;
He was tossed in the air like a feather,
  And twirled till he almost forgot
His name, and could scarcely tell whether
  He was really Prince Tiptoe or not.

But the gay little zephyr grew weary,
  And declared she should soon have to stop;
And she said, "There 's a cottage, my deary,
  On its porch you must quietly drop."
It was sheltered and shady and airy,
  And an oak-tree high over it rose;
And His Highness came down like a fairy
  On the tips of his downy white toes.

And softly he danced to the measure
  Of the thrush's song up in the tree,
And forgot in his light-hearted pleasure
  That danger anear him might be,—
An urchin was slowly advancing,
  Whose pansy-blue, wondering eyes
Saw not in that small atom dancing
  A Fairy-land prince in disguise.

But he knew there was nothing to match it
  In the length and the breadth of the town;
And he said with a shout, "I will catch it—
  That beautiful white thistle-down."
Ha! the sly little breeze was but hiding,
  And watching her nursling at play;
And forth she came noiselessly gliding,
  —And Prince Tiptoe was up and away!



"WHAT 'S IN A NAME?"

By Katharine Scott Kelso.

"ARE there any mistakes in it, Auntie?" asked Bess, a little anxiously. Her aunt laid down the envelope she had been examining, and said:

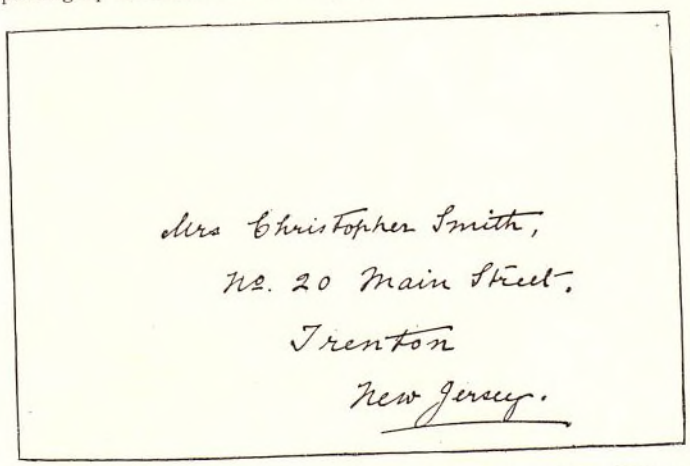
"No, my dear. What made you think so?"

"Why, you have been gazing at it for five whole minutes, and if you were n't looking for mistakes, I 'd like to know what you were thinking of."

"Of Julius Cæsar," replied Aunt Sarah thoughtfully.

"Julius Cæsar!" exclaimed Rob, who, up to this time had been absorbed in a book; "what has he to do with Bessie's letter to Grandma?"

"Not very much, but the address certainly made me think of him. Suppose I tell you all that the address suggests to me," continued their aunt, picking up the letter and reading again. "We 'll take the words in their order. 'Mrs.' stands for what?"



"Missis, I suppose," replied Bess, "but I don't see any r in missis."

"If you look in the dictionary, you will find missis is a contraction for mistress, and that explains the r. Can either of you tell me what the next word literally means?"

"I know," said Bessie, eagerly. "I found it in 'Meanings of proper names.' It is the 'Christ-bearer.'"

"Yes," said her aunt. "The termination is from a Latin word meaning 'to carry.' Now, the word 'Smith' comes from the verb to smite. 'No.' is, of course, a contraction for 'number'; but we have to go back to the Latin term, *numero*, to account for the o which is here used. 'Twenty' is compounded of two words, meaning twice and a decade, that is, twice-ten. Now, who can tell me about 'Main?'"

"It means the principal street, does n't it?" said Rob, with great confidence.

"It does here, but main used to mean something quite different. You find the original meaning in the expression: 'With all his might and main.' It denoted strength or power, and afterward came to mean the strongest part, and hence, principal. Rob can tell us something of the next word, which comes from the Latin verb *sterno*."

"What?" cried Rob, eager to show his scholarship; "from *sternere, stravi, stratum*, to pave?"

"Exactly," said his aunt; "and so a paved way was called a street, to distinguish it from a lane or alley."

"Does 'Trenton' mean 'on-the-Trent?'" was Bessie's timid suggestion.

"Yes, and Trent means a winding river — from the same root as *trend*, to turn, I suppose."

"I don't see anything about Cæsar," said Rob, impatient to hear something of his favorite hero.

"No? Well, we are just coming to him. New

Jersey was named in honor of Sir George Carteret, an inhabitant of the isle of Jersey. New was added, of course, to distinguish it from the English Jersey. The name Jersey signifies 'Cæsar's isle.' The ending *ea* or *ey* denotes an island. Probably the name was first Cæsarea, and was corrupted into Jersey. Of course this suggests the conquest of England by the Romans, and many other things of historical interest."

"Where *do* you find all these things?" asked Bess.

"All that I have told you can easily be found in an Unabridged Dictionary."

"What! about 'Cæsar's isle,' and all that?" exclaimed Rob.

"Yes, indeed, if you look in the right places. A great many people use the dictionary merely to correct their spelling, or to learn the present meaning of unusual words; few realize the vast amount of information it contains. Let me read you a bit from Ruskin about word-hunting," said Aunt Sarah, taking a book from the shelf. "Here it is:

"'Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language — of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of Eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; — that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. . . . When you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable. . . . You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person, but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,— that is to say, with real accuracy,— you are forever more in some measure an educated person.'"

"Read us some more," pleaded Rob.

"Tell us some more about words," asked Bessie, in the same breath.

"I have n't time now," said their aunt, as she replaced the volume; "but even Bessie's letter suggests many words that would be interesting if looked up by yourselves. Write them down as I name them,—'Paper, Pen, Ink, Stamp, Postage, Post, Mail, Seal, Envelope, Direct, Address, Signature, Superscribe, Write, Mucilage, Date, Month, Day, Year, City, County, State.'"

As their aunt left the room, Bessie, eying her letter thoughtfully, said:

"How astonished Grandma would be to know all that 's on this envelope!"

THE LAST CHANCE OF LIFE: AN EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE.

By David Ker.

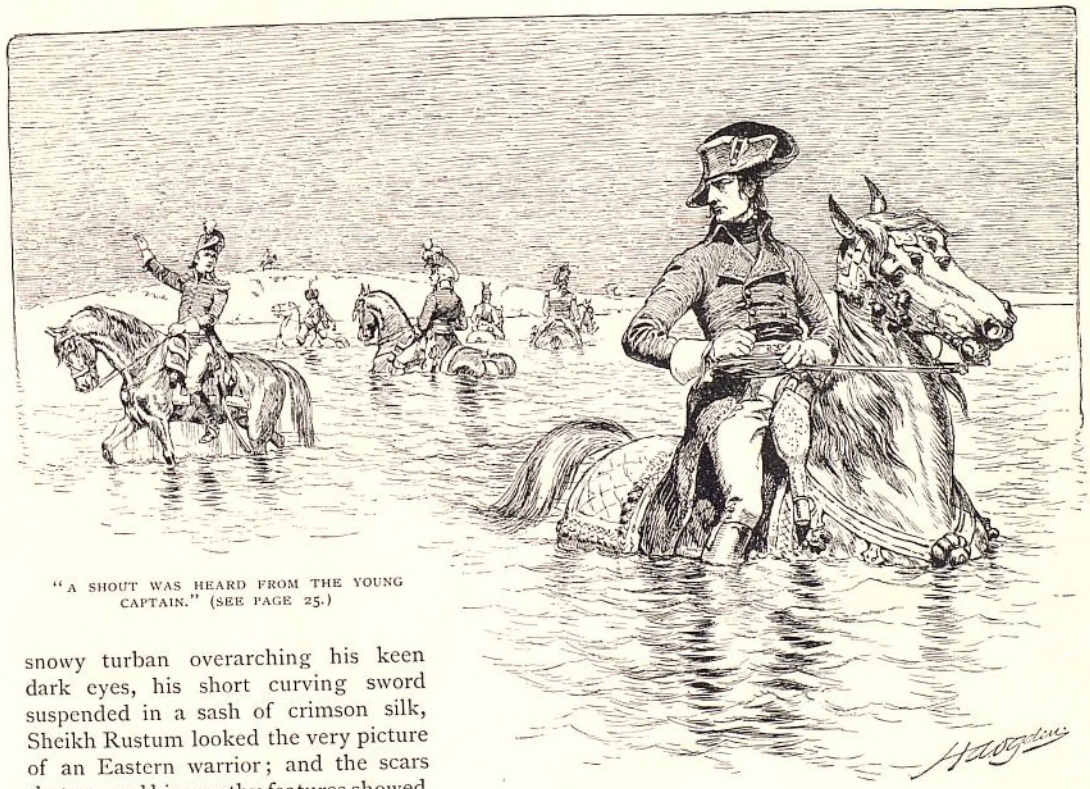
I.

It was a bright, cloudless, burning day in Lower Egypt, in the year 1798. Beneath the blistering glare of the noonday sun, the white, flat-roofed houses and tall tapering minarets of Suez stood gauntly out against a dreary background of gray, sandy, lifeless desert. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the hot, close, heavy air, and the blue, shining waters of the Gulf of Suez lay outspread like a vast mirror at the foot of the rocky headland of Ras Attakah, on the summit of which sat erect in their saddles a small group of horsemen in the rich uniform of French staff-officers.

The leader of the party seemed to be a small, thin, long-haired man, with a sallow, sickly face, who sat his horse awkwardly, as if he were anything but a practised rider. His slight figure appeared quite dwarfish among the sturdy frames and grim faces of the veteran warriors around him; but in his keen gray eyes, which seemed to pierce right through any one to whom he spoke, there was an expression so stern and commanding that few men could face it unmoved.

And well might it be so. Young though he was,—for he had only just passed his twenty-ninth birthday,—this man had already become famous as the greatest soldier of his time; and although he was as yet known only as General Bonaparte, the day was not far distant when he was to call himself the Emperor Napoleon.

On the brow of the cliff the General reined up his horse, and spoke a few words to his guide, who was quite as remarkable a figure as himself, though in a widely different way. Tall, strongly made, sinewy and active as a deerhound, with his black beard flowing down over his long white robe, his snowy turban overarching his keen dark eyes, his short curving sword suspended in a sash of crimson silk, Sheikh Rustum looked the very picture of an Eastern warrior; and the scars that seamed his swarthy features showed that he had many a time looked in the face of death.



"A SHOUT WAS HEARD FROM THE YOUNG CAPTAIN." (SEE PAGE 25.)

"You say, then," said Bonaparte, addressing the guide, "that yon sandy patch at the foot of these cliffs is supposed to be the very place where Moses led the Israelites through the sea?"

"So have our fathers told us, Sultan Kebir (King of Fire)," answered the Egyptian, calling the General by the name under which he was already famous throughout all Egypt and Syria. "Along these hills the Sultan of Egypt encamped with his army, and over those sands he went down into the sea to pursue after the *Beni Izrail* (children of Israel). But the Prophet Moussa (Moses) prayed unto Allah (God) and Allah brought the sea upon the Sultan and his host, and destroyed them every one. The Sultan was a great conqueror," added the Sheikh with grim emphasis, as he shot a quick sidelong glance at Bonaparte, "but he could not conquer the sea."

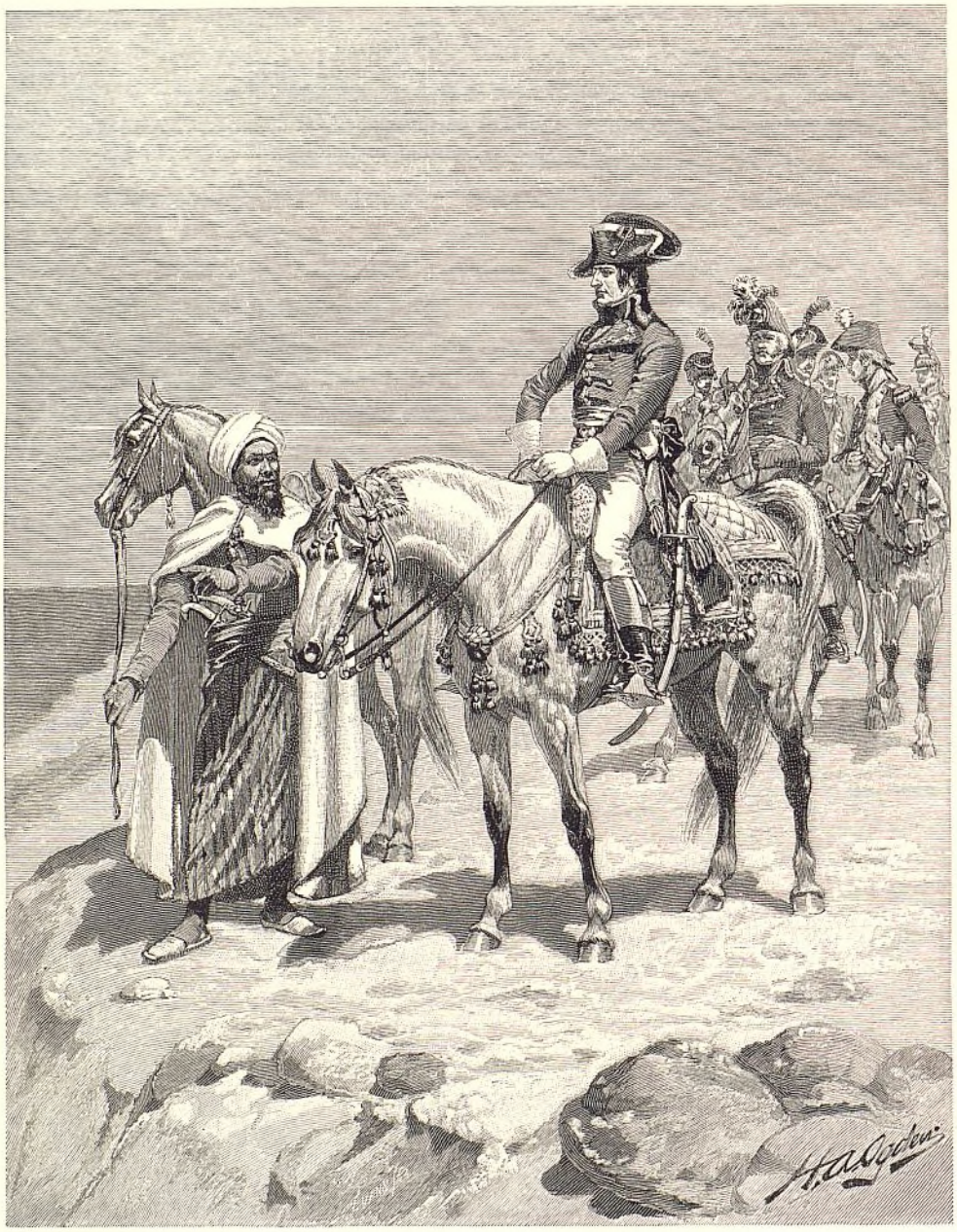
"What should hinder us from crossing it ourselves?" said the General, too eager to notice this ominous allusion. "The water is shallow enough, and it is no great distance. Gentlemen, have you a mind to follow in the track of Moses? How is the tide, Rustum?"

"Full ebb," answered the guide, turning his face quickly away to conceal the gleam of cruel joy that lighted up his great black eyes.

"We 'll try it, then," said Napoleon, in his usual tone of decision. "We have plenty of time to cross, and if the tide comes up before we can get back, it is no long ride around by Suez. Rustum, you can go back to the town. Follow me, gentlemen."

And off rode the whole party in high spirits, while Rustum's keen eyes followed them with a glare of savage triumph which might have startled the boldest of them if they could have seen it.

"He goes down in his pride to destruction," muttered the Sheikh, "even as Sultan Pharaoh did in



"'THE SULTAN WAS A GREAT CONQUEROR,' SAID THE SHEIKH, 'BUT HE COULD NOT CONQUER THE SEA.'"

the days of old. Water quenches fire, and the great King of Fire himself, who has slain my brothers the Mamelukes, shall be quenched by the waves of the sea."

II.

MERRILY rode the French officers over the smooth, firm sand and through the shallow water beyond it, laughing and joking at the idea of going across the sea on horseback. This ride, too, was a much pleasanter one than the last, for the wind had begun to rise, and was blowing steadily from the south over the Gulf, bringing with it the freshness and coolness of the open sea. And so they rode onward, onward, onward still, until the bold rocky bluff of Ras Attakah and the tall figure of Rustum on its summit began to grow dim in the distance.

Suddenly a young captain who rode a little to the right of the party noticed that the water seemed to be deepening rapidly all around them. For a few moments no one thought anything of it; but ere long the General himself checked his horse, and looked keenly southward, every line of his dark, sallow face seeming to harden suddenly as he did so.

The tide was coming in fast, and they were not yet half-way across.

Their only chance was to turn back; but, the moment they did so, the full sweep of the tide, driven against them by the strong south wind, caught them with a force that almost whirled the horses off their feet.

Deeper and deeper grew the water, stronger and stronger pressed the current. And all this while the sun shone joyously overhead, and the leaping waves danced and sparkled in the light, and the wind waved the feathery tops of the distant palm-trees, and all around was bright and beautiful.

"We have *one* chance yet," cried Bonaparte, rising in his stirrups, and lifting his voice as to be heard by the whole party. "There is a long sand-bar somewhere hereabout, upon which the water is only a few feet deep. If we can once find it, we are saved. Let us all ride in different directions, and he who strikes the bar must shout at once."

The commander's cool, clear tones steadied at once the shaken nerves of his followers, and he was instantly obeyed. Presently a shout was heard from the young captain, who appeared to have risen suddenly out of the water, in which his horse now stood barely knee-deep. The bar was found!

All the rest immediately headed toward him, and began to pick their way along the unseen sand-ridge toward the western shore. More than once the exhausted horses seemed about to fall, with safety actually in sight; but, after a long struggle, they all came safe to land.

When Rustum (who had watched the whole scene with breathless interest) saw them return unharmed, he ran to meet them, and, laying his turban on Bonaparte's knee in token of submission, said gloomily:

"King of Fire, thou art mightier than the waves of the sea. Take my life, for I will ask no mercy."

"What have you done, then, that I should take your life?" asked the young conqueror, on whose marble features even the peril which he had just escaped had left no trace whatever.

"I am a Mameluke," answered Rustum proudly, "and even as thy sword had devoured my brethren, I hoped that the waves would devour thee. When I told thee it was full ebb, I spoke falsely. The tide had already turned, and I sent thee, as I thought, to certain death."

"It is wasting good material to kill a man while you can do anything else with him," said Napoleon, as coolly as ever. "If I spare your life, what will you do, then?"

"I will be thy servant," cried the Mameluke, eying him with a glance of savage admiration. "Rustum, the son of Selim, can serve none but the greatest chief on earth, and thou art he!"

"So be it," said Bonaparte. "Henceforth you are my servant, and I think I shall find you a good one."

And so he did; for in the day of his downfall, years later, one of the few who remained faithful to him was Rustum the Mameluke.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

THROUGHOUT that portion of the easterly United States where the noble bay called the Chesapeake cuts Virginia in two, and where the James, broadest of all the rivers of the "Old Dominion," rolls its glittering waters toward the sea, there lived, years ago, a notable race of men.

For generations they had held the land, and though their clothing was scanty and their customs odd, they possessed many of the elements of character that are esteemed noble and, had they been left to themselves, might have progressed — so people who have studied into their character now believe — into a fairly advanced stage of what is known as barbaric civilization.

They lived in long, low houses of bark and boughs, each house large enough to accommodate from eighty to a hundred persons — twenty families to a house. These "long houses" were, therefore, much the same in purpose as are the tenement houses of to-day, save that the tenements of that far-off time all were on the same floor and were open closets, or stalls, about eight feet wide, furnished with bunks built against the walls and spread with deer-skin robes for comfort and covering. These stalls were arranged on either side of a broad, central passage-way; and in this passage-way, at equal distances apart, fire-pits were constructed, the heat from which served to warm the bodies and cook the dinners of the occupants of the "long house," each fire being shared by four families.

In their mode of life these people — a tall, well-made, attractive, and coppery-colored folk — were what are now termed communists; that is, they lived from common stores and all had an equal share in the land and its yield,— the products of their vegetable gardens, their hunting and fishing expeditions, their home labors, and their household goods.

Their method of government was entirely democratic. No one, in any household, was better off or of higher rank than his brothers or sisters. Their chiefs were simply men — and sometimes women — who had been raised to leadership by the desire and vote of their associates; but they possessed no special authority or power, except such as was allowed them by the general consent of their comrades, in view of their wisdom, bravery, or ability. This people was, in fact, one great family bound in close association by their habits of life and their family relationships, and they knew no such unnatural distinctions as king or subject, lord or vassal.

Around their long bark tenements stretched carefully cultivated fields of corn and pumpkins, the trailing bean, the full-bunched grape-vine, the juicy melon, and the big-leafed *tabah*, or tobacco.

The field work was performed by the women — the natural result, where the conditions of life require all the men and boys to be hunters and warriors.

These sturdy forest-folk of old Virginia, who had reached that state of human advance, midway between savagery and civilization, which is known as barbarism, were but a small portion of that red-skinned, vigorous, and interesting race known to us by the general but wrongly-used name of "Indians." They belonged to one of the largest divisions of this barbaric race, known as the Algonquin family — a division created solely by a similarity of language and of blood-relationships — and were, therefore, of the kindred of the Indians of Canada, of New England, and of Pennsylvania, of the valley of the Ohio, the island of Manhattan, and of some of the far-away lands beyond the Mississippi.

So, for generations, they lived, with their simple home customs and their family affections, with their games and sports, their legends, and their songs, their dances, fast and feasts, their hunting and their fishing, their tribal feuds and wars.

At the time of our story, certain of these Algonquin tribes of Virginia were joined together in a sort of Indian republic, composed of thirty tribes scattered through Central and Eastern Virginia. It was known to its neighbors as the Confederacy of the Pow-ha-tans, taking its name from the tribe that was at once the strongest and the most energetic one in the confederation, having its fields and villages along the broad river known to the Indians as the Pow-ha-tan and to us as the James.

The principal chief of the Pow-ha-tans was Wa-bun-so-na-cook, called by the white men Pow-ha-tan. He was a strongly built but rather stern-faced old gentleman of about sixty, and possessed such an influence over his tribesmen that he was regarded as the head man (president, we might say), of this forest republic, which comprised the thirty confederated tribes of Pow-ha-tan. The confederacy in its strongest days never numbered more than eight or nine thousand people, and yet it was considered one of the largest Indian confederacies in America. This fact tends to prove that there was never a very extensive Indian population in America, even before the white man discovered it.

Into one of the Pow-ha-tan villages, that stood very near the shores of Chesapeake Bay and almost opposite the now historic site of Yorktown, came on a raw day, in the winter of 1607, an Indian runner whose name was Ra-bun-ta. He came as one who had important news to tell, but he paused not for shout or question from the inquisitive boys who were tumbling about in the light snow, at their favorite game of *ga-wá-sa*, or the "snow snake" game. One of the boys, a mischievous and sturdy young Indian of thirteen, whose name was Nan-ta-qua-us, even tried to insert the slender knob-headed stick, which was the "snake" in the game, between the runner's legs, and trip him up. But Ra-bun-ta was too skillful a runner to be stopped by trifles; he simply kicked the "snake" out of his way, and hurried on to the long house of the chief.

Now this Indian settlement into which the runner had come was the Pow-ha-tan village of Werowoco-moco, and was the one in which the old chief Wa-bun-so-na-cook usually resided. Here was the long council-house in which the chieftains of the various tribes in the confederacy met for council and for action, and here too was the "long tenement house" in which the old chief and his immediate family lived.

It was into this dwelling that the runner dashed. In a group about the central fire-pit he saw the chief. Even before he could himself stop his headlong speed, however, his race with news came to an unexpected end. The five fires all were surrounded by lolling Indians; for the weather in that winter of 1607 was terribly cold, and an Indian, when inside his house, always likes to get as close to the fire as possible. But down the long passage-way the children were noisily playing at their games — at *gus-kä-eh*, or "peach-pits," at *gus-ga-e-sá-tä*, or "deer-buttons," and some of the younger ones were turning wonderful somersaults up and down the open spaces between the fire-pits. Just as the runner, Ra-bun-ta, sped up the passage-way, one of these youthful gymnasts with a dizzy succession of handsprings came whizzing down the passage-way right in the path of Ra-bun-ta.

There was a sudden collision. The tumbler's stout little feet came plump against the breast of Ra-bun-ta, and so sudden and unexpected was the shock that both recoiled, and runner and gymnast alike tumbled over in a writhing heap almost in the center of one of the big bon-fires. Then there was a great shout of laughter, for the Indians dearly loved a joke, and such a rough piece of unintentional pleasantry was especially relished.

"*Wà, wà*, Ra-bun-ta," they shouted, pointing at the discomfited runner as he picked himself out of the fire, "knocked over by a girl!"

And the deep voice of the old chief said half sternly, half tenderly:

"My daughter, you have well-nigh killed our brother Ra-bun-ta with your foolery. That is scarce girls' play. Why will you be such a *po-ca-hun-tas!*"*

The runner joined in the laugh against him quite as merrily as the rest, and made a dash at the little ten-year-old tumbler, which she as nimbly evaded.

* *Po-ca-hun-tas*, Algonquin for a little "tomboy."

"*Ma-ma-no-to-wic*," * he said, "the feet of Ma-ta-oka are even heavier than the snake of Nun-ta-qua-us, her brother. I have but escaped them both with my life. *Ma-ma-no-to-wic*, I have news for you. The braves with your brother O-pe-chan-ca-nough have taken the pale-face chief in the Chicka-hominy swamps and are bringing him to the council-house."

"*Wà*," said the old chief, "it is well, we will be ready for him."

At once Ra-bun-ta was surrounded and plied with questions. The earlier American Indians were always a very inquisitive folk, and were great gossips. Ra-bun-ta's news would furnish fire-pit talk for months, so they must know all the particulars. What was this white *cau-co-rouse* (captain or leader) like? What had he on? Did he use his magic against the braves? Were any of them killed?

For the fame of "the white *cau-co-rouse*," the "Great Captain," as the Indians called the courageous and intrepid little governor of the Virginia Colony, Captain John Smith, had already gone throughout the confederacy, and his capture was even better than a victory over their deadliest enemies, the Manna-ho-acks.

Ra-bun-ta was as good a gossip and story-teller as any of them, and as he squatted before the upper fire-pit, and ate a hearty meal of parched corn, which the little Ma-ta-oka brought him as a peace-offering, he gave the details of the celebrated capture. The "Great Captain," he said, and two of his men had been surprised in the Chicka-hominy swamps by the chief O-pe-chan-ca-nough and two hundred braves. The two men were killed by the chief, but the "Captain," seeing himself thus entrapped, seized his Indian guide and fastened him before as a shield, and then sent out so much of his magic thunder from his fire-tube that he killed or wounded many of the Indians, and yet kept himself from harm though his clothes were torn with arrow-shots. At last, however, said the runner, the "Captain" had slipped into a mud-hole in the swamps, and, being there surrounded, was dragged out and made captive, and he, Ra-bun-ta, had been sent on to tell the great news to the chief.

The Indians especially admired bravery and cunning. This device of the white chieftain and his valor when attacked appealed to their admiration, and there was great desire to see him when next day he was brought into the village by O-pe-chan-ca-nough, the chief of the Pa-mun-kee (or York River) Indians, and brother of the chief of the Pow-ha-tans.

The renowned prisoner was received with the customary chorus of Indian yells; and then, acting upon the one leading Indian custom, the law of unbounded hospitality, a bountiful feast was set before him. The captive, like the valiant man he was, ate heartily, though ignorant what his fate might be.

The Indians seldom wantonly killed their captives. When a sufficient number had been sacrificed to avenge the memory of such braves as had fallen in fight, the remaining captives were either adopted as tribesmen or disposed of as slaves.

So valiant a warrior as this pale-faced *cau-co-rouse* was too important a personage to be used as a slave, and Wa-bun-so-na-cook, the chief, received him as an honored guest † rather than as a prisoner, kept him in his own house for two days, and adopting him as his own son, promised him a large gift of land. Then, with many expressions of friendship, he returned him, well escorted by Indian guides, to the trail that led back direct to the English colony at Jamestown.

This relation destroys the long-familiar romance of the doughty Captain's life being saved by "the King's" own daughter, but it seems to be the only true version of the story, based upon his own original report.

But though the oft-described "rescue" did not take place, the valiant Englishman's attention was speedily drawn to the agile little Indian girl, Ma-ta-oka, whom her father called his "tomboy," or *po-ca-hun-tas*.

She was as inquisitive as any young girl, savage or civilized; and she was so full of kindly attentions to the Captain, and bestowed on him so many smiles and looks of wondering curiosity, that Smith made much of her in return, gave her some trifling presents, and asked her name.

Now it was one of the many singular customs of the American Indians never to tell their own names, nor even to allow them to be spoken to strangers by any of their own immediate kindred. The reason for this lay in their peculiar superstition, which held that the speaking of one's real name gave to the stranger to whom it was spoken a magical and harmful influence over such person.

For this very reason, Wa-bun-so-na-cook was known to the colonists by the name of his tribe, Pow-ha-tan, rather than by his own name. So, when he was asked his little daughter's name, he hesitated, and then gave in reply the nickname by which he often called her, Po-ca-hun-tas, the "little tomboy." This agile young maiden, by reason of her relationship to the head chief, was allowed much more freedom and fun than was usually the lot of Indian girls, who were, as a rule, the patient and uncomplaining little drudges of every Indian home and village.

* "Great man" or "strong one," a title by which Wa-bun-so-na-cook, or Powhatan, was frequently addressed.
† "Hee kindly welcomed me with good wordes," says Smith's own narrative, "assuring me his friendship and my libertie."

So, when Captain Smith left Wero-woco-moco, he left one firm friend behind him — the pretty little Indian girl, Ma-ta-oka — who long remembered the white man and his presents, and determined, after her own willful fashion, to go into the white man's village and see all its wonders for herself.

In less than a year she saw the Captain again.

"THERE CAME FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WOODS — NOT A TRAIN OF INDIANS, BUT ONE LITTLE GIRL, MA-TA-OKA, OR PO-CA-HUN-TAS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

For when, in the fall of 1608, he came to her father's village to invite the old chief to Jamestown to be crowned by the English as "King" of the Pow-ha-tans, this bright little girl of twelve gathered together the other little girls of the village, and, almost upon the very spot where Cornwallis in later years was to surrender the armies of England to the "rebel" republic, she with her companions entertained the English captain with a gay Indian dance, full of noise and frolic.

Soon after this second interview, Ma-ta-oka's wish to see the white man's village was gratified. For in that same autumn of 1608 she came with Ra-bun-ta to Jamestown. She sought out the Captain, who was then "President" of the colony, and "entreated the libertie" of certain of her tribesmen who had been "detained"— in other words, treacherously made prisoners by the settlers because of some fear of an Indian plot against them.

Smith was a shrewd enough man to know when to bluster and when to be friendly. He released the Indian captives at Ma-ta-oka's wish — well knowing that the little girl had been duly "coached" by her wily old father, but feeling that even the friendship of a child may often be of value to people in a strange land.

The result of this visit to Jamestown was the frequent presence in the town of the chieftain's daughter. She would come, sometimes, with her brother, Nun-to-quaus, sometimes with the runner, Ra-bun-ta, and sometimes with certain of her girl followers. For even little Indian girls had their "dearest friends," quite as much as have our own clannish young schoolgirls of today.

I am afraid, however, that this twelve-year-old Ma-ta-oka fully deserved, even when she should have been on her good behavior among the white people, the nickname of "little tomboy," Po-ca-hun-tas, that her father had given her; for we have the assurance of sedate Master William Strachey, Secretary of the colony, that "the before remembered Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve years, did get the boyes

forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning their heeles upward, whome she would followe and wheele so herself, all the fort over." From which it would appear that she could easily "stump" the English boys at "making cart-wheels."

But very soon there came a time when she went into Jamestown for other purpose than turning somersaults.

The Indians soon learned to distrust the white men, because of their unfriendly and selfish dealings, their tyranny, their haughty disregard of the Indians' wishes and desires, and their impudent meddling with their chieftains and their tribesmen. Discontent grew into hatred, and, led on by certain traitors in the colony, a plot was arranged for the murder of Captain Smith and the destruction of the colony.

Three times did they attempt to entrap and destroy the "Great Captain" and his people; but each time did the little Ma-ta-oka, full of friendship and pity for her new acquaintances, steal into the town, or find some means of misleading the conspirators, and thus warn her white friends of their danger.

One dark winter night in January, 1609, Captain Smith, who had come to Were-woco-moco for conference and treaty with Wa-bun-so-na-cook (whom he always called Pow-ha-tan), sat in the York River woods awaiting some provisions that the chief had promised him,— for eatables were scarce that winter in the Virginia Colony.

There was a light step, beneath which the dry twigs on the ground crackled slightly, and the wary settler grasped his matchlock and bade his men be watchful. Again the twigs crackled, and now there came from the shadow of the woods — not a train of Indians, but one little girl, Ma-ta-oka, or Po-ca-hun-tas.

"Be guarded, my father," she said as Smith drew her to his side. "The corn and the good cheer will come as promised, but even now my father, the chief of the Pow-ha-tans, is gathering all his power to fall upon you and kill you. If you would live, get you away at once."

The captain prepared to act upon her advice without delay, but he felt so grateful at this latest and so hazardous a proof of the little Indian's regard that he desired to manifest his thankfulness by presents — the surest way to reach the Indians' heart.

"My daughter," he said kindly, "you have again saved my life, coming alone, and at risk of your own young life through the irksome woods and in this gloomy night to admonish me. Take this, I pray you, from me, and let it always tell you of the love of Captain Smith."

And the grateful pioneer handed her his much-prized pocket-compass — an instrument regarded with awe by the Indians, and esteemed as one of the instruments of the white man's magic.

But Pocahontas, although she longed to possess this wonderful "path-teller," shook her head.

"Not so, *Cau-co-rouse*," she said, "if it should be seen by my tribesmen, or even by my father, the chief, I should but be as dead to them; for they would know that I had warned you whom they have sworn to kill, and so would they kill me also. Stay not to parley, my father, but be gone at once."

And with that, says the record, "She ran away by herself as she came."

So the Captain hurried back to Jamestown, and Pocahontas returnd to her people.

Soon after, Smith left the colony, sick and worn out by the continual worries and disputes with his fellow-colonists And Pocahontas felt that, in the absence of her best friend and with the increasing troubles between her tribesmen and the pale-faces, it would be unwise for her to visit Jamestown.

Her fears seem to have been well grounded, for in the spring of 1613, Pocahontas, being then about sixteen, was treacherously and "by stratagem" kidnapped by the bold, unscrupulous Captain Argall — half pirate, half trader — and held by the colonists as hostage for the "friendship" of Pow-ha-tan.

Within those three years she had been married to the chief of one of the tributary tribes, Ko-ko-um by name; but, as was the Indian marriage custom, Ko-ko-um had come to live among the kindred of his wife, and had doubtless been killed in one of the numerous Indian fights.

It was during the captivity of the young widow at Jamestown that she became acquainted with Master John Rolfe, an industrious young Englishman, and the man who first of all the American colonists attempted the cultivation of tobacco.

Master Rolfe was a widower and an ardent desirer of "the conversion of the pagan salvages." He became interested in the young Indian widow, though he protests that he married her for the purpose of converting her to Christianity, and rather ungallantly calls her an "unbelieving creature."

Well, the Englishman and the Indian girl, as we all know, were married, lived happily together, and finally departed for England. Here, all too soon, in 1617, when she was about twenty-one, died the daughter of the great chieftain of the Pow-ha-tans.

Her story is both a pleasant and a sad one. It needs none of the additional romance that has been thrown about it to make it more interesting.

An Indian girl, free as her native forests, made friends with the race that, all unnecessarily, became hostile to her own. Brighter, perhaps, than most of the girls of her tribe, she recognized and desired to avail herself of the refinements of civilization, and so gave up her barbaric surroundings, cast in her lot with the white race, and sought to make peace and friendship between neighbors take the place of quarrel and of war.

The white race has nothing to be proud of in its conquest of the people who once owned and occupied the vast area of the North American continent. The story is neither an agreeable nor a pleasant one. But out of the gloom which surrounds it there come some figures that relieve the darkness, the treachery, and the crime that make it so sad; and not the least impressive of these is this bright and gentle little daughter of Wa-bun-so-na-cook, chief of the Pow-ha-tans, Ma-ta-oka, friend of the white strangers, whom we of this later day know by the nickname her loving old father gave her — Po-ca-hun-tas, the Algonquin.

"FIRST CLASS IN BOTANY.—PLEASE RISE!"

BUCK AND OLD BILLY.

By R. M. Johnston.

A BATTLE-SCENE witnessed by me some years ago on my plantation in Middle Georgia reminded me with some emphasis of the following verses from "Hudibras":

> "The ancients make two several kinds
> Of prowess in heroic minds;
> The active and the passive valiant:
> Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
> For both to give blows and to carry
> In fights are equi-necessary."

It was in one of my fields near the horse-lot fence, a few rods above the place where the level ground joins the steep bank of the gorge made by the waters from the spring.

The difficulty, and to an outsider the fun, in this battle grew out of the fact that neither of the belligerents before, during, or after the engagement, understood the other's method of warfare; and this ignorance worked to the disadvantage of the more powerful and pugnacious.

When the goat fights, he rears himself upon his hind legs and makes descending blows with head and horns. The sheep, on the contrary, takes a running start, and, rushing upon his adversary, gives him one butt; then, after retreating several rods, returns for another.

I was walking in meditative mood through the horse lot, when I heard the sound of a dull, heavy blow that was succeeded immediately by a loud, defiant cry. I can not say which began the fight; but I believe that it was Old Billy, the goat, and that he did it by trespassing too far upon Buck's territory in that strip near the fence whither, the pea-vines and crab-grass being specially fruit-laden, the sheep had repaired. Buck, the ram, was of a peaceable nature, though he would fight, and fight his very best, on occasion; whereas Old Billy had always been meddlesome and aggressive, even before he was the head of the goats.

Thus diverted from my meditation, I turned and walked to the fence. I noticed Old Billy shaking his big beard, and laughing scornfully — it sounded precisely like a man's laugh — at Buck, as the latter with rapid steps was running away from him.

"You found Old Billy too much for you, eh, Buck? I am not surprised."

I said these words to Buck; but Buck made no answer, nor did he, so far as I heard, open his mouth once during the whole engagement. Already the two flocks, which had been intermingled, seemed to think it prudent to separate,—the sheep moving towards the upper, and the goats the lower portion of the field. Old Billy, after his laugh, turned away in the manner of one in search of a foe worthy of his prowess.

But now, lo, and behold!

After retreating about thirty paces, Buck wheeled and came furiously back. Old Billy heard his galloping feet, but the onset was so swift that, before he could turn himself, Buck had given him a big bump upon his loin. Stumbling about for a second or so, then quickly recovering his poise, Billy reared aloft, twisted his neck and head in a most wrathful, threatening manner, and there was only one thing in the world to save Buck from a blow of mighty magnitude, and that was — he was not there. Having put in his stroke in the manner of his kind, Buck had again retreated, and by the time Old Billy was ready for him, was far beyond reach.

I do not understand goat-language, nor can Old Billy speak English; but if I should interpret his remarks as they sounded to me, they would be highly derogatory to Buck. He appeared as if saying:

"You mean, cowardly sheep!"

He turned again, and was moving away, majestic, slow, when the first thing he knew — *Bim!*

Oh, how wrathful he looked as he recovered from his fall! Again he made himself ready, this time for a very death-blow. But whoever supposes that Buck staid to receive it is widely mistaken. By that time Buck was galloping away as if his life depended upon getting far beyond the reach of that terrific head-and-horns.

The tumultuous volley that then poured from Old Billy's mouth I could not interpret with entire accuracy; but I felt confident that if put into somewhat modified English, it would have run about thus:

"You coward! You — you pusillanimous sheep! Hit a gentleman when his back 's turned, and then run away — shame!" And again the indignant warrior turned.

By this time I had to lean against the fence, while nigh exhausted with laughter at Old Billy's utter inability to understand his doughty adversary's tactics.

"THE FIRST THING OLD BILLY KNEW — BIM!"

Brave as Julius Cæsar was Billy, as he had shown himself often, not only among his own kind, but against other assailants, quadruped and biped; and if he could have gotten in his blows on Buck, the latter might have been put where he would not have known what had hit him. As it was, however, Old Billy never knew, until too late, what had hit *him*.

The unequal combat continued. The oftener Old Billy was knocked over, and subsequently viewed Buck retreating, the hotter became his wrath, the profounder his disgust, and the more abusive his language. I would be ashamed to repeat all the names he seemed to be calling Buck,

as he champed his tongue, stamped upon the ground, and shook his head; but he was justly provoked, and evidently he was writhing with high passion. Besides, I was sure that he was ignorant of my being within hearing.

Now, what do you suppose did Buck? Silently, resolutely, as before, he measured off his ground, then wheeling, made ready and again took aim. Not seeing Old Billy, at first he looked rather surprised; but evidently concluding that the field had been cleared by the flight of his enemy, he turned and proceeded to rejoin his flock.

"THEN HE TOWERED HIGH, INCLINED HIS MIGHTY FOREHEAD, AND THE AWFUL BLOW DESCENDED."

How long the combat might have been protracted, if the field had been fairer, there is no telling. But after many rounds — perhaps I should rather say straights — Old Billy reached the edge of the gorge, and was working his way around it. Not less, not more surprised than before, but now evidently delighted, was he to see Buck rushing for another charge.

"A-ha! A-ha! I have you at last!" his cry seemed to be.

Then he towered high, inclined his mighty forehead, clothed his neck with thunder, and when the foe was within reach, the awful blow descended. But, alas! its force was expended in a harmless slant on the shoulder of Buck, whose head, like a catapult, struck full upon Billy's breast, and tumbled him backward over the precipice — heels over head, head over heels! But for the briers and thorn-bushes that grew upon the side of the declivity, and the most vigorous employment of the claws on the bottom of his feet, the old goat must have been precipitated into the ravine below.

Meanwhile Old Billy had scrambled back to the level, his face sadly soiled, and his beard badly draggled. The combat had reached a crisis wherein it was evident that to save himself from signal defeat, his powers must be exerted to their uttermost. Embarrassed by the temporary obstruction to his vision, he shook his head with great violence, and wiped his face with his fore legs. These brief preliminaries concluded, his hind legs were drawn almost off the ground, as he reared himself for action.

"Why, where?— why, how?— why, what?"

These were the first words that he appeared to say when he found that Buck was — gone! Then he went on at so rapid, so passionate a rate, and I was so overcome as I leaned on the fence, that I could not follow his tirade intelligently.

Receiving no answer to his defiant calls, he looked all along the fence, up and down, across the field. Putting his head horizontal, he gazed

first with one eye, then with the other, up toward the heavens. He wheeled himself about and about, and even searched under himself, if perchance the coward were behind or beneath him. Then he went to the precipice and peered as far as he could into the briers and thorn-bushes.

Suddenly he turned, and — well, other people may have heard heartier laughing than his, but I never did.

Nothing could have been plainer to any one than that from the very bottom of his heart he was triumphing in the full assurance that he had cast Buck into the ravine, where in all probability his neck was broken.

Shouting ever, he capered off to the nannies and the little goats, among whom I could hear him boasting of the signal victory that he had won over his ancient enemy.

A VERY GOOD GIRL.

By Mrs. George Archibald.

Our merry little daughter
Was climbing out of bed —
"Don't you think that I 'm a good girl?
Our little daughter said;
"For all day long this lovely day,
And all day long to-morrow,
I have n't done a single thing,
To give my mother sorrow!"

A SPANISH TALE—TOLD IN THE SPANISH WAY.

By Almont Barnes.

A YOUNG and unmarried man, who had few goods, yet who was ready with his hands and a wonderful worker, lived once upon a time in Spain. He spent much time during the day among the mountains, cutting the hazel-rods, with which he made at home crates and wattles, to be sold at fairs and markets. He also tilled a little piece of hired land, and in partnership with another he had a small cow. So he went on slowly gaining, with patched breeches and not very full stomach, but with good health, and contented,—because, perhaps, he had known nothing better.

But being one day in the mountains, and in the most lonely part of them,—because in the least frequented parts they always find good hazel-rods,—he cut this rod and that, and lo, he heard the music of a sea-shell near him! and so sweetly made that it was glorious to hear. And hearing the sea-shell so near, he went toward the sound; and going toward the sound, he parted the brambles; and parting the brambles, he came to a very pretty little opening, where he saw the sea-shell alone, against a great mole-hill, sounding without ceasing. But, for all that, he came nearer the mole-hill and saw that at its very edge, and with his little feet in the hole, there was seated a dwarf smaller than a man's clinched hand, and that it was this dwarf who made the music upon the sea-shell. And the dwarf, seeing the young man, stopped playing, and said to him:

"What is it, good friend?"

"I came here," responded the youth, "to know who makes such fine music; but if I disturb you, I will go back to the place from which I came."

At this the dwarf said to the young man:

"Disturb whom, man? Know that it was for you to come that I was playing."

And so the youth and the dwarf got into conversation, and the youth told the dwarf all the troubles of his life. And after telling him all the troubles of his life, the dwarf said to the young man:

"But, friend, I knew of all this before; and because I knew of it all, I called you with the music, to ask you what it is you desire in reward for your rectitude."

To this the young man responded:

"Besides what I have from my rented ground and the partnership, if I had twice as much more with which to live without this labor upon the mountains, which is what troubles me, I should believe myself the richest man in the place, and would not envy the King of the Indies."

"THE YOUNG MAN SAW A DWARF WHO MADE THE MUSIC UPON THE SEA-SHELL."

"Well, take what you desire, if what you say is enough," answered the dwarf; and the youth responded:

"It is enough, and sufficient for me, seeing what I have had until now, and the evil use I might make of more because of my ignorance."

Then the dwarf said to him:

"Take up this dirt that you see near me, and put it into your handkerchief."

But the young man was astonished at this command, and thought the dwarf was mocking at him. Then the dwarf said again:

"Take it up, man, without hesitation, for I have my palaces full of it; and to them this passage goes in which my feet are."

Whether the youth thought this was true or not, he pulled his handkerchief out from his breast and threw into it a good heap of the dirt, and then tied the corners of the handkerchief together. And then the dwarf said to him:

"Now go home, and when you go to bed, put this dirt under your bed-blanket, as it is in your handkerchief. When you awake in the morning, you will see if I have deceived you."

Well, the young man did as he was directed, and upon awaking in the morning with the sun, he opened the handkerchief; and behold, the dirt had changed into golden doubloons and half-doubloons—with one and another he had more than a thousand! The poor crate-maker was almost beside himself with joy. But as his senses came back to him little by little, he began to make his plans: so many measures of ground so, and so many in this way; so many cattle of this kind, and so many of another; a cart of this kind; a house like this. And you must know that in a little time, with great care, and with flocks and herds in sight, well-clothed and fed, and with money left in the top of his chest, there was such a flutter that the best girls of the place were kind to him, and sent him memorials with their eyes. And well did he merit it; because, besides being a good young man and rich, he continued to be an honored laborer, just the same as when he was poor.

But behold, one day it came to his mind to see a little of the world, something that he had never seen; so all at once he took up his quarters in the city. Ah, what did he not see there, of festivity, courtliness, and dominion? Those, yes, *those* were the young ladies, with their silken attire, and their laces, and their fans, and faces of May roses. Those, yes, *those* were the young gentlemen, with their coats of fine cloth, their golden tassels, and their shining boots! What a life was theirs! This one on horseback, that one in a coach, the other, with gay companions! Going here, going there; a good table, plenty of servants, and a big palace—what would you want but to live so, and live in glory?

So it came to pass that the young man went back to his village thinking himself the most unfortunate creature in the world. And going back so to his native village, he began to doubt about the good of his humble possessions, and to dislike work; and he spent whole days thinking of what he had seen, and of being a gentleman with the best. And thinking in this way, he wanted the gay coach and horses, and the servants and

"ALL AT ONCE HE TOOK UP HIS QUARTERS IN THE CITY."

the palace, and a grand lady for a wife; and one could not mention the girls of his neighborhood to him, because they all seemed unworthy such a person as himself. So when he had entirely stopped attending to his usual labors, and began to feed upon his vanity, there came into his mind a certain idea that he did not quite dare to put in execution. But, you see, as things were, he had no other way than to do it, because his vanity was like to make an end of him, and he would not return to the soil he had stopped tilling.

So one day he yoked his oxen to his cart, put into the cart half a dozen empty sacks, and went up into the mountains; and going up into the mountains, he came to the place for which he was looking; and coming to that place, he heard the sound of the dwarf's shell; and hearing the sound, he went near to the dwarf, and said to him:

"Hallo, my good friend! I came to thank you for the kindness you did to me some time ago, and to ask of you a new one, if it does not displease you."

"What is there to displease me, man?" responded the dwarf. "If it is anything I can do, ask it freely."

This answer gave joy to the heart of the young man, and he said to the dwarf:

"Well, I want to fill these sacks, that I have

"HALLO, MY GOOD FRIEND! I CAME TO THANK YOU FOR THE KINDNESS YOU DID TO ME SOME TIME AGO!"

brought here, with the same kind of dirt that you gave me before."

"All this country is full of it," answered the dwarf; "and that being so, dig where you like, and fill them to your liking. Don't forget to put them to-night near the bed, to open them as soon as you awake in the morning."

And saying this, the dwarf went away into the passage toward his palaces, and left the young man alone; and the young man dug and dug, and in a little time he filled his sacks with dirt, and then went home with them as happy as the crickets. And when night came, he went to bed; but he slept little because of the disturbance which he carried in his mind, and at daylight he was livelier than a rabbit; and being livelier than a rabbit, he thought he would dig a deep well in which to guard so many doubloons as ought to come out of those sacks. And, thinking about this, he opened the sacks; and upon opening the sacks, he found nothing therein but the dirt he had shoveled into them in the mountains! The poor young man was in agony; and being in agony, he tried to console himself with the thought that, looking at things properly, there was enough for him with what remained from the first time; and, thinking so, he went to the chest where he kept the little money that he had left, and behold, that was dirt also, like the dirt in the sacks! — and even the papers about his purchases were dirt!

Then he went to the stable, and his oxen were mountains of dirt; and great heaps of dirt were the herds which he bought with the money of the dwarf. There was left then not one beast except the cow of the partnership.

Then he went back to the house, and he saw that it was the same in which he lived when he was a poor crate-maker; and at the gate there was a load of hazel-rods and some half-finished crates. He sobbed, and beat his breast, the idle fellow, and went up into the mountains to tell the dwarf about his misfortune; but the dwarf said to him:

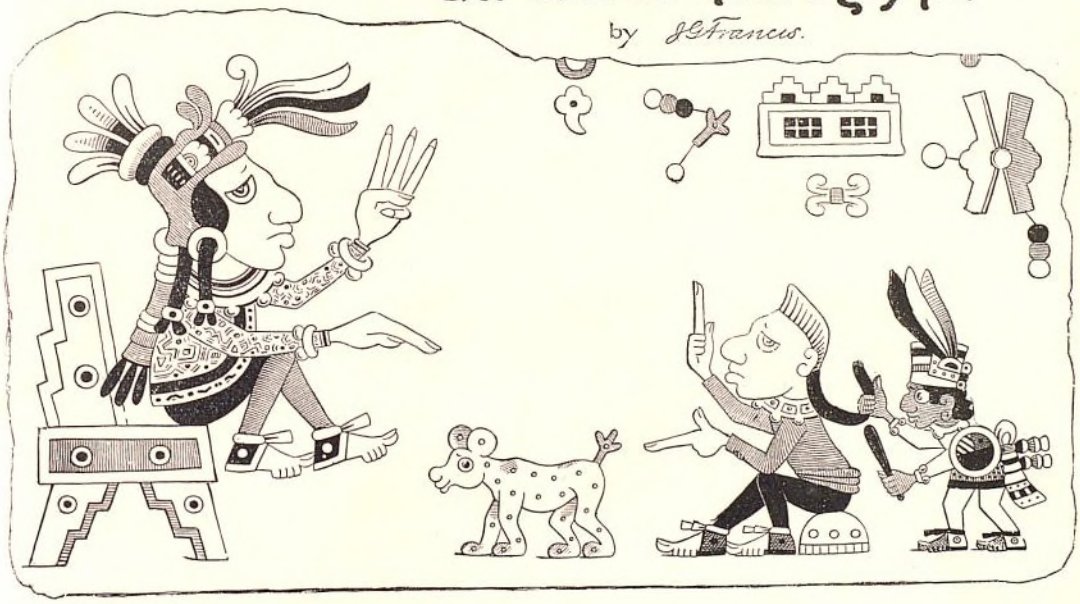
"This which has happened to you I can not help. I can only say to you that the misery which has come upon you is the punishment upon your covetousness; for you wished to pass at one bound, without meriting it, from the position of a thrifty crate-maker to that of a gentleman of importance. But the linnet keeps to its kind."

And the dwarf disappeared in the passage leading to his palaces; but the youth heard no more the music of the shell, as if it were a sound from paradise.

a Matter of Opinion.

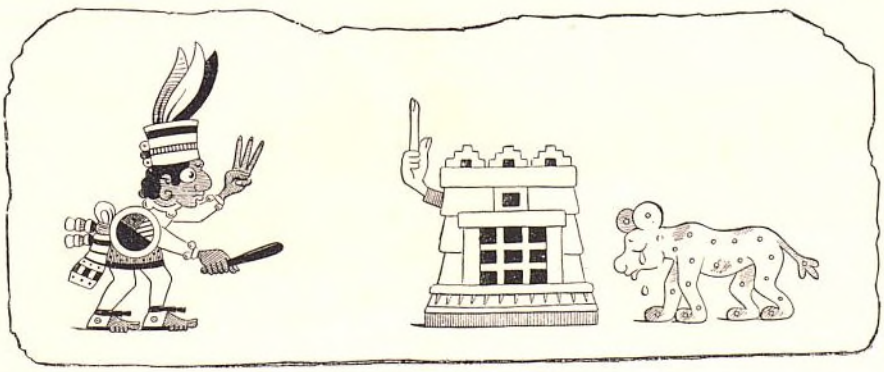
an Aztec hieroglyph.

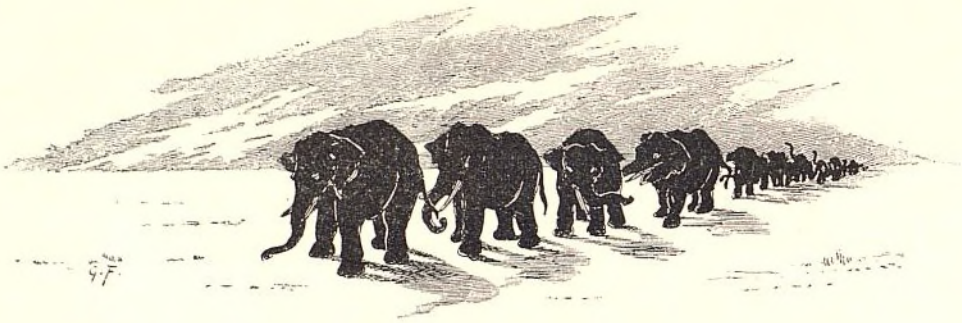
by J.C. Francis.



This calm, adhesive King
Tells the Owner of that thing
He must pay a triple license on it's
tail, tail, tail.

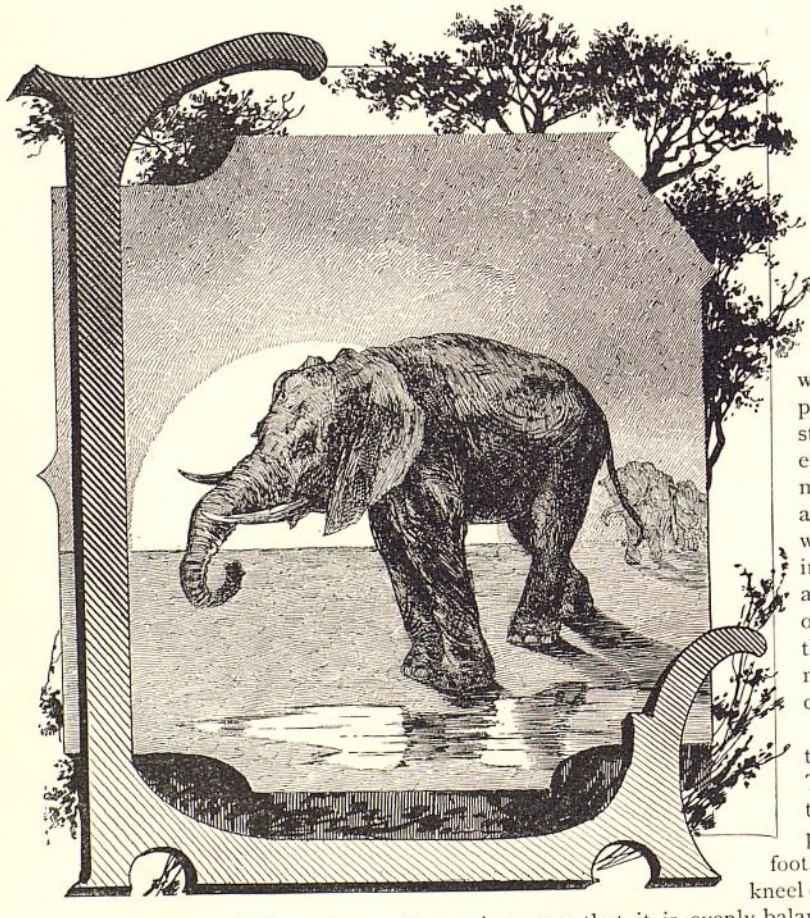
Says the Owner, "there 's but <u>one</u>
And I'll pay for that or none".
And so the Guard has put him in the
jail, jail, jail.





ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

By John R. Coryell.



AZY and clumsy-looking as the elephant appears in our menageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity, in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is, indeed, employed in a greater variety of ways.

There are few, if any, tasks which a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber-yards of Rangoon and Maulmein, where the entire operation of moving and piling the heavy timber is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers.

The logs to be moved are teakwood, which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of twenty feet, with a diameter, or perhaps a square, of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his tusks under the middle of it, curl his trunk over it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile which is being made. Placing the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few paces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the log needs pushing one way or another. It will then make any necessary alteration of position. In this way, without a word of command from its mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work.

To do any special task, it must, of course, be directed by the mahout; but it is marvelous to see how readily this great creature comprehends its instructions, and how ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his great head against the end of the log and then with a sudden exertion of strength and weight throw his body forward and fairly push the log along; or, to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain — using his trunk for that purpose — and drag his load behind him.

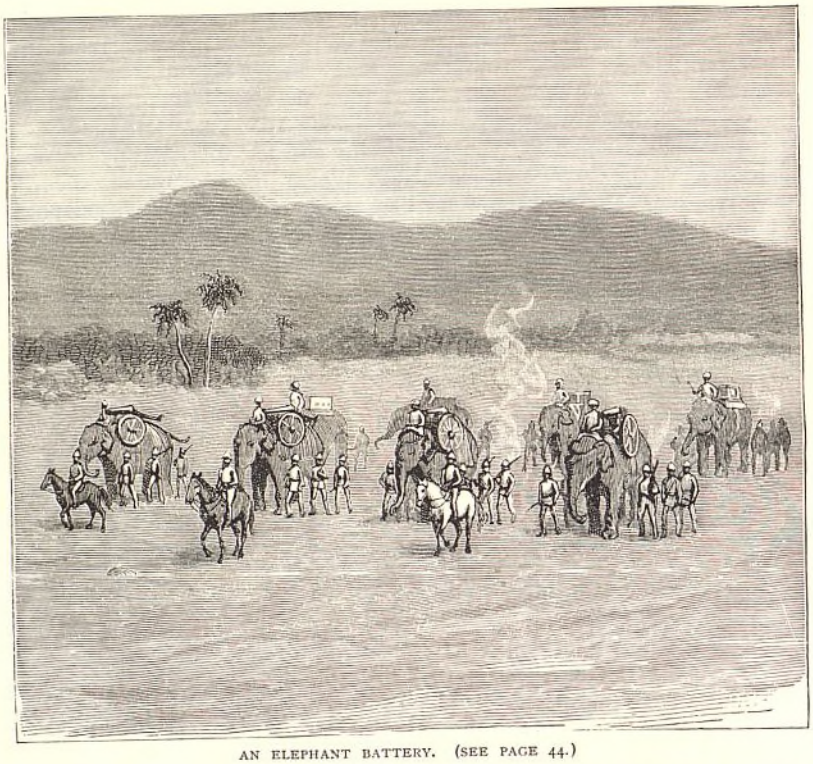
As a rule, however, the work of dragging is done by the female elephants, since, having no tusks, they can not carry logs as the male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain around a log, nor could a man with his two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than do they with their trunks.

In some parts of India the elephant is used to drag the plow, and, though it seems from its great strength and size unfit for such work, yet so docile and intelligent is it, that it performs the task as satisfactorily as the horse.

The fact is that the clumsiness of the elephant is far more seeming than real. No animal can move more softly and few more swiftly, as many an astonished hunter has discovered when his horse has been left far behind by a fleeing elephant. Its suppleness, too, is vastly greater than would be supposed from a mere look at its bulky body. Any one who has seen its performances in the menagerie will, however, be able to comprehend that fact.

THE VERY YOUNG ELEPHANTS ARE HELD OVER THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. (SEE PAGE 44.)

It is owing to its combined docility, intelligence, strength, and suppleness that it is enabled to perform the extraordinary tasks imposed upon it — tasks which range between two such extremes as child's nurse and public executioner. It is not often, perhaps, that the elephant acts in the latter capacity, but in the former it frequently does,— ably, too, for the monstrous beast seems to have a natural affection for babies, whether human or otherwise.



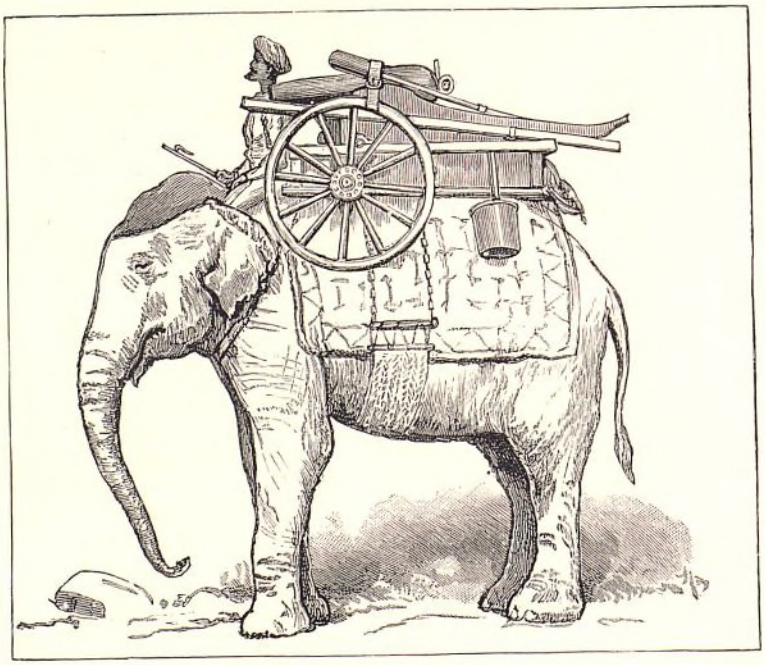
AN ELEPHANT BATTERY. (SEE PAGE 44.)

away. If the baby cried, the giant nurse would rock the cradle until the little thing slept.

Nor are only the female elephants so affectionate with the helpless little ones; the male animals are equally kind. Perhaps this is because the fathers as well as the mothers among the wild elephants have the care of the elephant babies. Mr. C. F. Holder contributes several interesting incidents in this connection. In a paper on the subject he says:

"How the young elephants, in the large herds, escape from being crushed, is something of a mystery, as they are almost continually in motion; but when a herd is alarmed, the young almost immediately disappear. A close observer would see that each baby was trotting

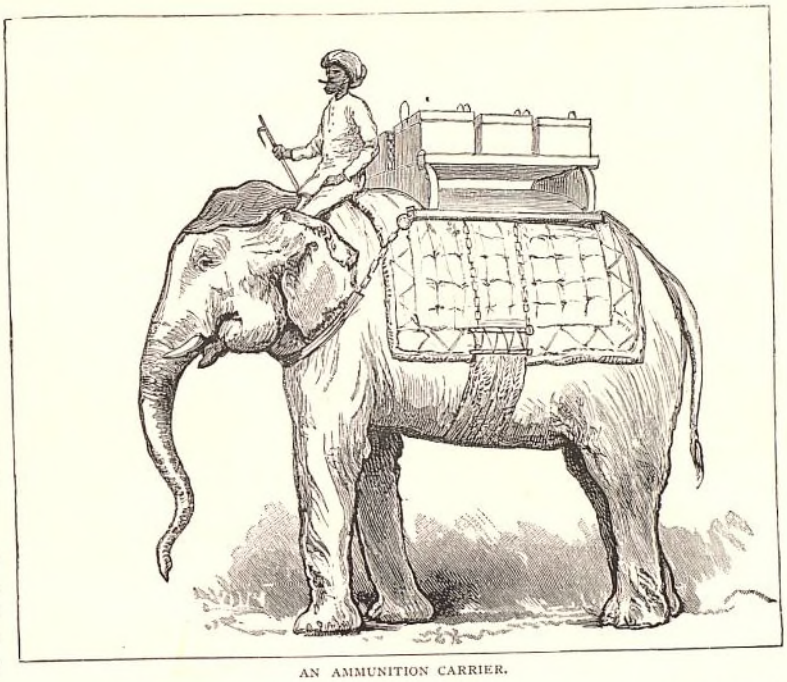
In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in it. If the flies came about the baby, it would drive them



AN ELEPHANT CARRYING A CANNON.

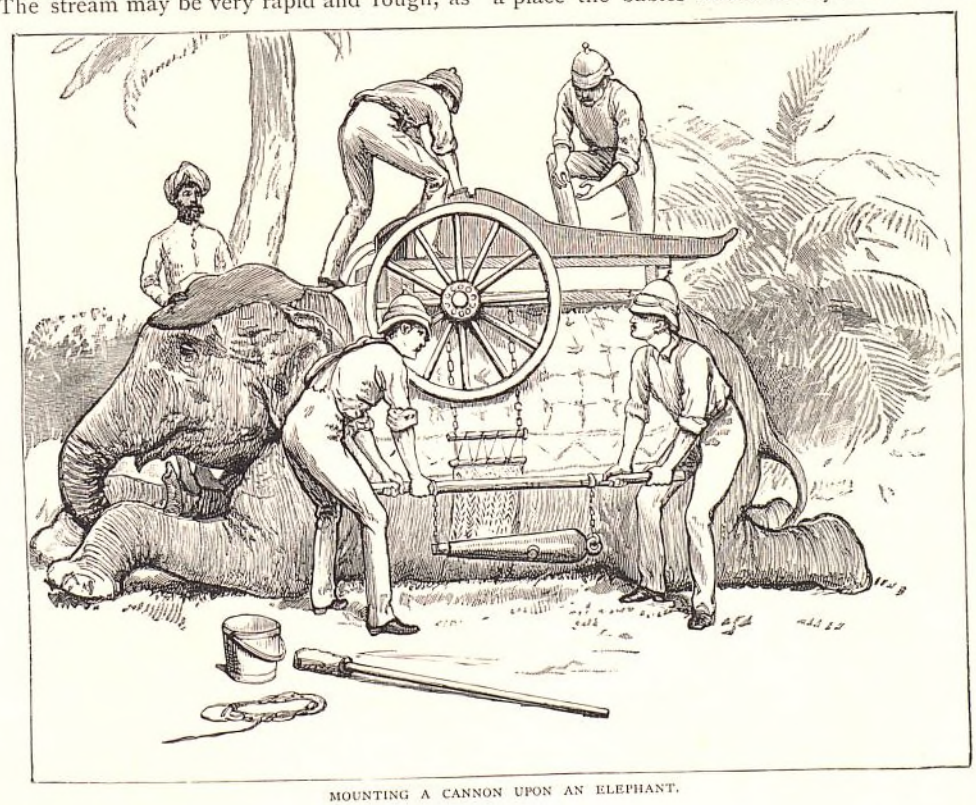
along directly beneath its mother, sometimes between her fore legs, and in various positions; and so careful are the great mothers and fathers, that even while a herd is charging, the little ones are never crushed or stepped upon.

"On the march, when a little elephant is born in a herd, they stop a day or two to allow it time to exercise its little limbs and gain strength, and then they press on, the mothers and babies in front, the old tuskers following in the rear, but ready to rush forward at the first alarm. When rocky or hilly places are reached, the little ones are helped up by the mothers, who push them from behind and in various ways; but when a river has to be forded or swum, a comical sight ensues.

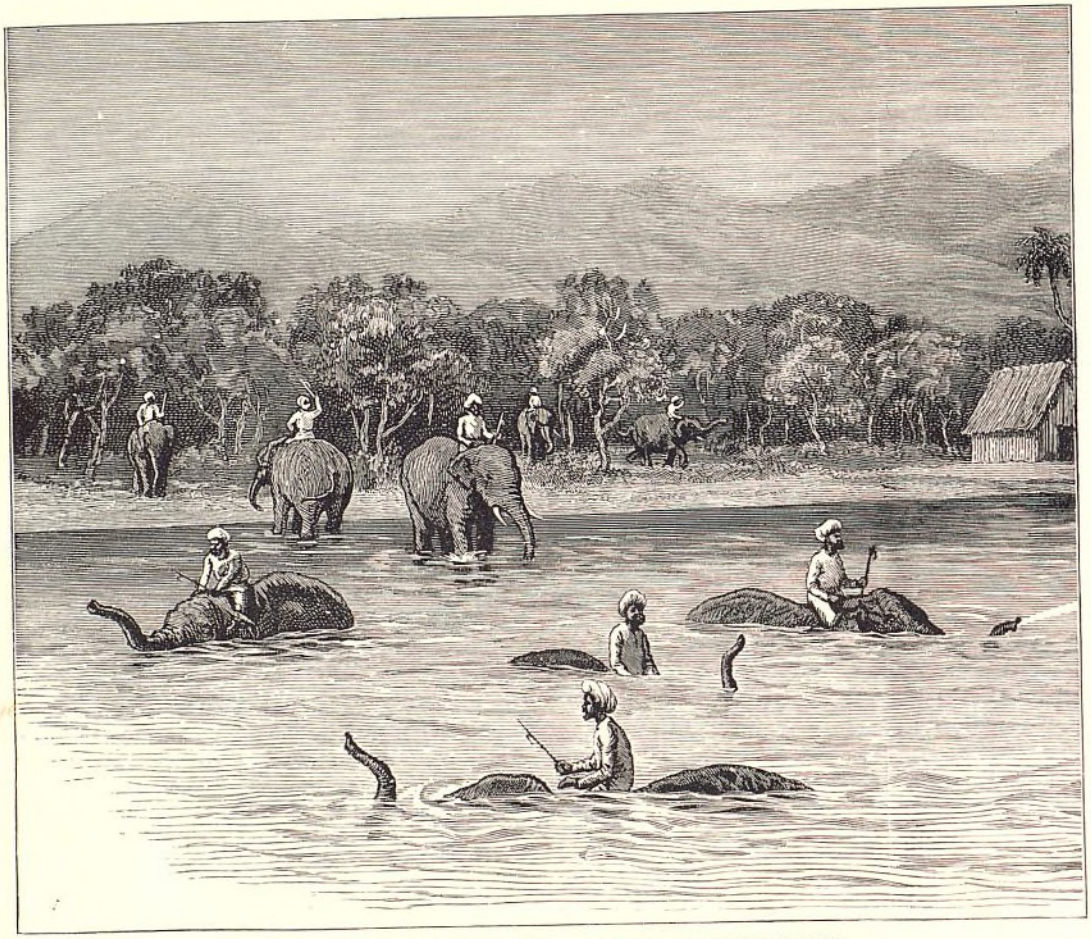


AN AMMUNITION CARRIER.

"The stream may be very rapid and rough, as the Indian rivers often are after a rain, and at such a place the babies would hardly be able to keep



MOUNTING A CANNON UPON AN ELEPHANT.



THE SWIMMING DRILL OF THE ELEPHANT BATTERY IN BRITISH BURMAH.

up with the rest; so the mothers and fathers help them. At first all plunge boldly in — both young and old — and when the old elephants reach deep water, where they have to swim, the young scramble upon their backs and sit astride, sometimes two being seen in this position. But the very young elephants often require a little more care and attention, so they are held either upon the tusks of the father or grasped in the trunk of the mother, and held over or just at the surface of the water. Such a sight is a curious one, to say the least — the great elephants almost hidden beneath the water, here and there a young one seemingly walking on the water, resting upon a submerged back, or held aloft while the dark waters roar below."

For hundreds and hundreds of years — thousands even — the elephant has been trained for the use of man, though in those long ago times it was used chiefly for fighting purposes. Now, the strength and sagacity of the huge animal are for the most part employed for peaceful ends. In British Burmah, however, the British army has an elephant battery of twenty-two elephants. On four of the elephants are carried cannon; twelve carry ammunition, four carry tools, and two are kept in reserve for emergencies. The elephants are as regularly drilled in their maneuvers as the human soldiers, and, it may be said, make as few mistakes. These elephants are also made to go through a weekly swimming drill; but for this part of their duties they seem, strangely enough, to have a dislike. The mahout in consequence has very often a hard time of it during swimming drill; for right in the midst of it an elephant may decide to consult his own pleasure, and will rush from the water, in spite of every effort of the mahout.

The wonder is that the elephant does not oftener take advantage of its prodigious strength to break loose from its bondage. Fear of the sharp-pointed

hook, which the mahout always carries, is probably one reason for its submission; but the habit of implicit obedience which it learns has a great deal to do with it. If the elephant were not so trustworthy, its usefulness would be greatly impaired for hundreds of tasks which it now performs. This would be the case particularly in carrying travelers on its back through the forests, where the desire for freedom would naturally be very strong.

Occasionally, however, an elephant will have a fit of bad temper, and will be as savage as if it had never been tamed. At such times it is securely chained and kept so until the fit is over.

Few accounts of the elephant show it to be otherwise than gentle and kindly in disposition; and most persons who have had experience with it are enthusiastic in its praise. Mr. Forbes, for example, in his "Oriental Memoirs," says of his elephant:

"Nothing could exceed the sagacity, docility, and affection of this noble quadruped. If I stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained perfectly immovable until my sketch was finished. If I wished for ripe mangoes growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk, gave it to his driver to be handed to me; accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful salaam, by raising his trunk three times above his head in the manner of the Oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. . .

"No spaniel could be more innocent or playful, or fonder of those who noticed him than this docile animal."

MY OTHER ME.

By Grace Denio Litchfield.

Children, do you ever,
In walks by land or sea,
Meet a little maiden
Long time lost to me?

She is gay and gladsome,
Has a laughing face,
And a heart as sunny;
And her name is Grace.

Naught she knows of sorrow,
Naught of doubt or blight;
Heaven is just above her —
All her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,
That other Me of mine;
She crossed into Time's shadow
Out of Youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;
And call her as I will,
The years that lie between us
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,
And lonely as can be —
Oh, children, if you meet her,
Send back my other Me!

LITTLE MATTI OF FINLAND.

By Sanna Steen.

Yonder, by the wooded hill, stands a cottage which has a window so small that when one sees therein the round, fair-curled head of a little boy, it fills the whole window.

In former days the cottage had a chimney-top of brick, the walls were painted red, and a nice fence encircled the house and the small potato-field. But now it all looks poor — very poor. The smoke rises through a hole in the turf roof, and the fence has fallen down. This is because its only grown-up inmates are an old blind soldier and a wife, as old as himself. As neither of them could work nor build, they would have died of hunger if the old man had not employed himself by binding nets, and his wife made brooms, and if the parish had not yearly given them three barrels of corn for bread.

Four or five years before, it had all been much better. At that time there lived in the cottage, besides the old soldier and his wife, a young, active couple,— the son and the son's wife. They were very industrious, and there was prosperity in the house, until the calamity came.

It happened one Sunday morning that the big church-boat, which carried the people of the hamlet to church, capsized in the middle of the lake during a squall, and the young man and his wife and many more people were buried in the waves. But the old couple had remained at home that day,— the old man, because of his blindness, and his wife to take care of a little child. While the bells ringing for the church service sounded across the lake, it was at the same time for the souls of those whom God had so suddenly called to an eternal service in heaven.

The two old people were then left alone in the cottage with their sorrow, their poverty, and their little grandchild. They had now only this little boy, who was called Matti (Matthew); and, as he was so small, he was generally called little Matti. He was as round and ruddy-cheeked as a ripened apple, with honest blue eyes, and hair as yellow as gold, which was the only gold little Matti possessed in this world. It was his ruddy face that used to fill the window when there was anything remarkable going on in the road.

If you have passed this place at any time you have surely seen him. Perhaps you passed along the road in a dark and raw autumn evening. You have then seen the fire shine bright and clear upon the hearth in the poor room. The blind soldier is binding nets, and the old wife reads aloud from the Bible about the poor blind human beings who live in the dark land and who shall see the shining light. And Matti sits on the hearth-stone in the firelight, with the cat before him. He listens piously, as if he could understand very well what Grandmother reads,— but soon comes sweet slumber over his blue eyes, and his round red cheeks sink softly down against the old woman's knee. And even if you were sitting in the most splendid carriage out there on the road, you would still look with joy and envy into the poor room,— for there is devotion and innocence; there is the peace of simple faith which heals the heart's sorrows; there is confidence in God who brings solace for all the distress of life. This cot is rich; do you think it would change its treasure for the palace's gold?

If you pass the same way on a summer's day, you will see that near the cottage there is a gate. You have to stop there, if nobody comes to open it. But wait a moment, it will not be long before little Matti is there; he is already to be seen at the door of the cottage. He runs over stick and stone to reach it in good time, and his long yellow hair flows in the wind; he is now at the gate. Have you a penny? Do throw it to him, he expects it; but take a new penny, which glitters, if you have one, for that is his joy. He does not know what the coin will buy; a penny gives him quite the same delight that a dollar would. But take care that you do not throw the coin on the road before the horses and carriage have passed through the gate; for as soon as he sees the coin, he throws himself full length upon it, and lets the gate swing back against the noses of the horses. Don't scold him for it; when you were a little one, you were not a bit wiser!

Little Matti had hard bread and herring with small beer for his every-day fare; sometimes there was potatoes and sour milk for him, but they were for feast-meals; yet he grew and throve on it, and was rounder each year. He could read nothing besides his prayers and the ten com-

mandments; but he could stand on his head where the grass was soft; he could fish by the shore of the lake, when his grandmother was there washing his shirts; he could drive on the level road, and ride his neighbors' horses to the watering-place, especially if some one walked by his side. On the snow he could distinguish grouse-tracks from magpie-tracks, and wolf-tracks he knew exceeding well. He could cut a sledge out of pieces of wood, and make horses and cows of pine-cones with small bits of wood for their feet. This was no one but Matti who *neither* on Sunday *nor* Monday had what he ought to have had, and this caused him at last very much affliction.

It was long before little Matti perceived that he was in want of something. He walked around in his little shirt, as brave and glad as if superfluous clothes had never existed. But what happened? One Sunday morning, when all the people of the hamlet were gathering by the shore, going to church, little Matti declared that he, too, would go.

"It will not do, dear child," said his grandmother.

"Why not?" said little Matti.

"You have no clothes," said Grandmother.

Little Matti looked very serious at this.

"I dare say I could lend you one of my old petticoats," said Grandmother; "but then shall every one believe you to be a girl."

"I will be a man," said Matti.

"Of course," said Grandmother; "man is man, if he is not bigger than a halfpenny. Stay nicely at home, you, my little Matti."

And Matti staid at home this time. But it was not long after this that the assizes were to be held in the hamlet; and this brought many people there, and among others came Wipplusti with his juggling cupboard. Every one wished to peep into the cupboard, because one saw there so much that was interesting,—Napoleon Bonaparte with his

"AND MATTI SITS ON THE HEARTH-STONE IN THE FIRELIGHT."

was the list of little Matti's exploits and knowledge, and this was learning enough for a little one.

But this was not sufficient, Matti thought. He wanted in this world an indispensable thing. I don't know if I ought to talk about it — he had no breeches; and there were two reasons for this. In the first place, his grandfather and grandmother were very poor; and in the second place, it was most fashionable among all the small boys of the hamlet to go without that which little Matti was without. But this was mostly an every-day fashion,— it was fashionable on Sundays and feast-days for children to dress more like other people. There

crown of gold and his long sword, Princess Sundeguld who led the tiger, Ahriman, by a necklace, the hobgoblin of Abor Castle, and many wonderful things. Some gave Mr. Wipplusti copper coin, others gave him loaves of bread, many gave him nothing at all; but all enjoyed themselves exultantly. Little Matti heard other boys tell about this, and declared immediately that he, too, would go to see the juggling cupboard.

"It will not do, dear child," said Grandmother again.

"Why not?" asked Matti.

"The judge and several other distinguished men are going there; you can not possibly go without breeches."

Little Matti struggled by himself for a time, and Wipplusti's dolls played in his mind. At last he said:

"Will you, Grandmother, lend me a petticoat?"

"There it is," said Grandmother, and laughed aloud when the little one staggered across the floor in the big petticoat.

"Do I look like a girl?" he asked; "if so, I shall not go. I am not a girl, I am a man."

"You surely look rather like a girl," said Grandmother; "but you must tell every one you pass that you are a man."

"That is what I can do," thought little Matti, and so went off.

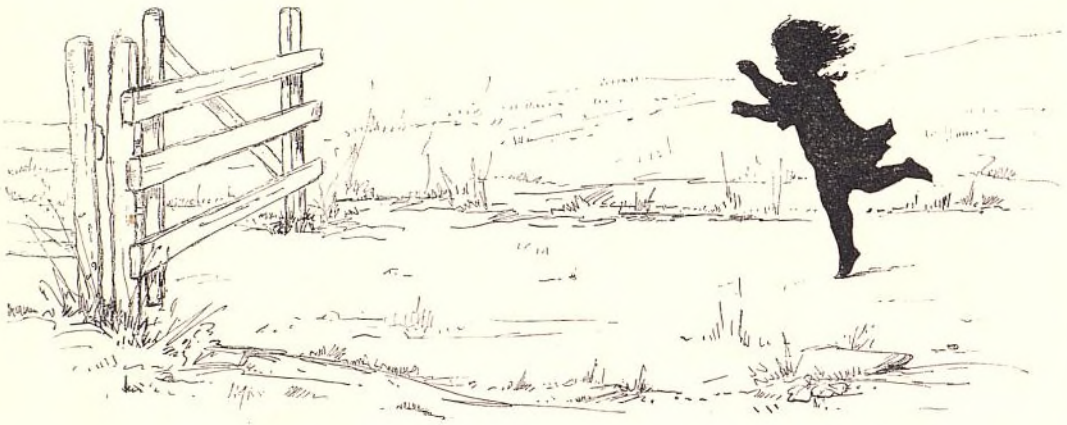
On the road he met a traveler, who stopped and said:

"Little girl, can you tell me where the assizes are to be held?"

"I am not girl, I am a man," said Matti.

"You don't look like one," said the gentleman, but Matti did not answer, and when he came to the farm where the assizes were being held, he called out so loud that all could hear him: "I only *look* like a girl, I am really a man!"

Men and women set up a great laugh. Boys and girls gathered in a ring around poor Matti, clapping their hands and shouting:



"HE RUNS OVER STICK AND STONE, AND HIS LONG YELLOW HAIR FLOWS IN THE WIND."

"Nay, look at little Mary! Where did you get such pretty clothes?"

"It is Grandmother's petticoat, and not mine," said Matti. "I am not Mary! I am little Matti, and that you can well see."

The biggest and worst of the boys then took Matti upon his shoulder and carried him forth to the juggling cupboard, and shouted out over the whole place:

"Who would look at a halfpenny fellow? Who would look at a man in petticoats?"

Matti got angry and pulled the boy's hair with all his might.

"It is not my petticoat; it belongs to my grandmother!" he called, and soon he began to weep.

The bad comrade was going on, "Who will look at a man in petticoats?" and so went on all around the assize-place,— the boy shouting out and Matti pulling him by the hair and weeping. He had never had this kind of conveyance before.

He wept, he scratched, he struggled, and when at last he broke away, he ran as swiftly as he could, but stumbled in the petticoat, crawled up again, ready to weep, and again stumbled, and so, out of breath and weeping bitterly, he at last came home to his grandmother.

"Take the petticoat away," he said; "I will have no petticoat, I am a man."

"Don't weep, my Matti," said Grandmother, soothingly; "when you are big, you shall show that you are a man as good as any other."

"Yes," said Grandfather; "and next time I shall lend you my trousers."

The old grandparents were so devotedly attached to Matti,— he was their only comfort here on earth,— that they would have given him velvet breeches embroidered with gold, if it had been in their power.

Then Matti had a slice of bread and butter, and with that his sorrow passed. He sat down in a corner of the room and thought no more about his troubles.

Some time after this there was gayety in the hamlet. The road was in a cloud of dust with the driving and running, because a man of rank, who was traveling through the country, was expected; and he was, one said, of rank near the King. All the people of the hamlet wished to have a look at him, and strange things were related of him.

"He drives in a golden carriage with twelve horses," said one. "He is dressed from head to foot in silver and sheet armor." They mentioned the finest things they knew or could imagine.

But the little children had their own thoughts,— they imagined that the gentleman would carry a knapsack filled with trinkets and liquorice-sticks which he was going to fling out on the road for the children. This rumor reached Matti's ears also, and he declared immediately that he, too, must go to see the great man. He had already a little will of his own,— and he was Grandfather's and Grandmother's darling.

"How can you go?" said Grandfather, laughing slyly. "Perhaps you will have Grandmother's petticoat once more!"

"I will have no petticoats!" cried Matti, turning as red as a lobster, when he remembered all the disgrace he had suffered for the sake of that woolen skirt. "I will never more in my life put on a petticoat. I am going to have Grandfather's trousers."

"Come along, follow me to the loft; then shall we see how the trousers suit you," said Grandfather.

Who was so glad as Matti then? He ran like a cat up the ladder to the loft, so that the poor blind Grandfather could hardly follow *him*. So he reached the big green-painted chest, which stood far back in the corner of the loft, and for which Matti had always had great respect when he had been in the loft to set mouse-traps.

The first thing which struck the little boy's eyes was a big sword with a glittering sheath.

"That I will have!" he cried.

THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE MAKE FUN OF LITTLE MATTI.

"Ah, pooh, pooh!" said Grandfather, "hold the sword while I get the uniform out of the chest."

Matti took the sword; and it was so heavy that he was hardly able to lift it.

Grandfather patted him on his cheek kindly.

"When you become a man," he said, "perhaps it may be that you will carry a sword and be allowed to fight for your native country. Will you do that, Matti?"

"Yes," said the little lad, and straightened himself bravely; "I shall cut the heads off of every one."

"Oh, that depends on whom you are fighting against."

"I shall cut off the heads of the wolves, and the hawks, and the nettles, and of every one who behaves badly to Grandfather and Grandmother. Yes, Grandfather, and I shall also cut off the heads of all those who call me a girl —"

"You must practice gentleness and not be cruel, my Matti,— but here, we have the trousers; I suppose you must have the coat, too."

"Yes, Grandfather, and the sword, too, and the hat, too."

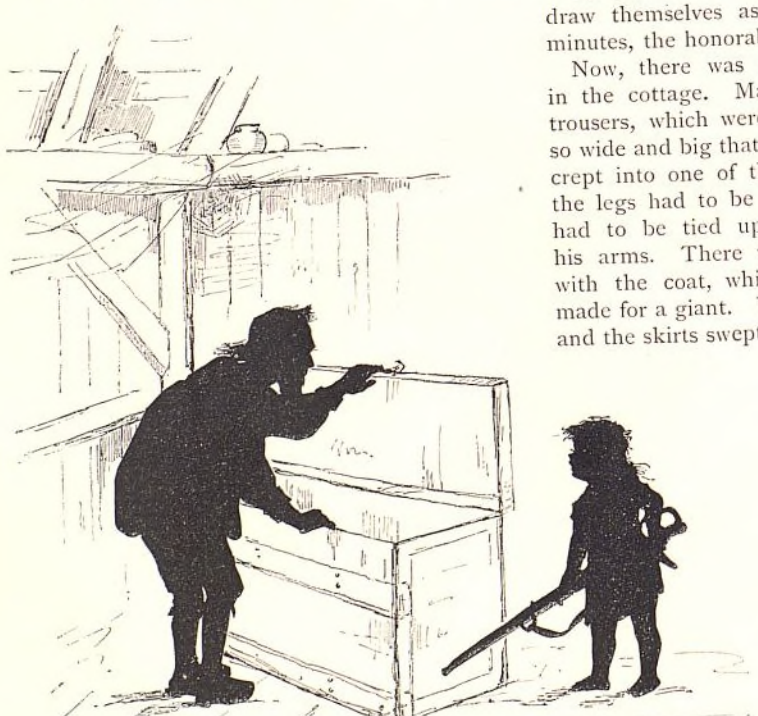
"Sir, have you any more commands?" said Grandfather. "Well, you shall have all these things on the condition that you don't go farther away than the gate when the gentleman comes."

"HE SAT DOWN IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, AND THOUGHT NO MORE ABOUT HIS TROUBLES."

"Yes, Grandfather."

The two were scarcely down from the loft before the coroner came rushing like a tempest along the road and cried, "To the right!" and "To the left!" meaning that the people must draw themselves aside, because now, in a few minutes, the honorable gentleman was coming.

Now, there was hurry everywhere, and also in the cottage. Matti dressed in Grandfather's trousers, which were gray with blue stripes, and so wide and big that all of Matti could easily have crept into one of the legs. Below, the half of the legs had to be turned up; and above, they had to be tied up with a handkerchief under his arms. There was quite as much difficulty with the coat, which looked as if it had been made for a giant. When he put it on, the sleeves and the skirts swept the ground.



"'SIR, HAVE YOU ANY MORE COMMANDS?' SAID GRANDFATHER."

"That will never do," said Grandmother; and she pinned up the sleeves as well as the skirts.

Matti thought all these arrangements unnecessary.

Now, they put on him the big soldier hat, which would have fallen down over his little face to his shoulders, if it had not been half filled with hay. Last of all, he had the heavy sword; and so was the little knight ready.

Never had any hero returning as a victor from battle been as proud as was Matti

that first time he put on trousers. All his round little figure disappeared in those big wide clothes, like a fish in an ocean; and his grandparents saw nothing but the blue, honest eyes, the ruddy cheeks, and the small snub nose peeping out from the narrow space between the coat-collar and the hat. And then, when he marched out, stately and well equipped, they heard the sword drag against the small stones; the pins dropped out, so that the sleeves and skirts took care of themselves; the hat made a lurch, now to the right, now to the left; and the whole brave knight seemed at every step as if he was going to fall down under the burden of his heroic courage.

The old couple had not for a long time laughed so heartily as they laughed then. Grandfather, who could hear well enough, but could see nothing of Matti's equipment, wheeled the boy around three times at least, kissed the small nose and said, "God bless you, little Matti! May never a worse fellow than you wear a Bjorneborgerne's * old uniform. Take care that you do honor to the governor when he arrives." And then he taught the little one to stand as stiff as a stick, and to look very austere, the left arm by his side, and to raise the right hand to the forehead in saluting.

Scarcely was Matti at his post by the gate, before the Governor approached, driving rapidly. He had heard the horses' speed slackened, and the driver call out, "Open the gate quickly!"

It so happened that the coroner, in his own high person, had placed himself by the gate, to take care that everything should go well, and that the gate should be opened at given signal. This would give the Governor a very good idea of the excellent order along the roads, he thought. But when the carriage approached with the rapidity of lightening, it happened that the coroner endeavored to bow most humbly; and unfortunately in doing so, he fell into the wet ditch by the roadside.

The under-coroner, who was waiting by the gate for the word of command, when he saw his master tumble, was so confused that he never thought of opening the gate without his superior's command; and so the gate remained shut.

The carriage was now compelled to stop; the gentleman looked out in surprise, and the driver kept calling out, "Open the gate!"

Then little Matti took courage and stepped forward — though with much trouble — opened the gate, and made the salute just as Grandfather had taught him, almost like a trained dog who has learned to sit erect. The driver cracked the whip, the horses started, but at the same moment, the gentleman called out:

"Stop!"

The carriage stopped for the second time.

"What little figure is this in a Bjorneborgerne's uniform?" the gentleman called out to Matti, and laughed so heartily that the carriage almost trembled.

Matti did not understand; he remembered only what Grandfather had told him, and he made once more a soldier-like salute, as stiff and as solemn as possible. The gentleman was still more amused by this, and asked the people standing by about the boy's parents.

The coroner, who had by this time crawled out of the ditch, hastened to relate that the boy was an orphan, who lived with his grandfather, a poor

"MATTI MADE ONCE MORE A SOLDIER-LIKE SALUTE."

blind soldier of the name of Hug. The coroner said this in that contemptuous way which sometimes is used when a dignified functionary speaks about paupers in the parish. But his surprise was great when he saw the gentleman immediately step out of the carriage, and go straight to the cottage.

Grandmother was so astonished that she nearly tumbled from her chair, when the gentleman stepped in; but Grandfather, who could see nothing, had more courage, and politely pointed to where he knew the bench was. "Peace be with you, my friends," said the gentleman, as he shook hands heartily with the old people. "It seems to me, I should know you, old fellow," he went on, while he looked hard at the Grandfather. "Is it not Hug, No. 39 of my old company?"

"My good captain!" answered Grandfather, in great surprise, for he knew the voice.

"Now, thank Heaven that I have found you at last!" said the gentleman. "Have you forgotten that it was you, who in the heat of a battle once carried me on your shoulders and forded the stream with me, when I was wounded and faint, and had nearly fallen into the hands of the enemy? And if you have forgotten it, do you think that I ever should be able to forget it? Since

* Bjorneborg is a town in Finland.

"'PEACE BE WITH YOU, MY FRIENDS,' SAID THE GENTLEMAN."

the peace, I have heard nothing of you; I have vainly sought you for a long time, and at last I thought you must be dead. But now I have found you, and I must take good care of you, and your wife, and your little boy — and a fine boy he is." With these words, he seized Matti under the arms, lifted him up and kissed him so energetically, that the lad dropped his hat, the sword clanked, and the rest of Grandmother's pins fell from the coat as well as from the trousers.

"Now, don't do that! let me alone!" said Matti; "you have made the hat fall on the floor now, and Grandfather is getting angry."

"Dear, gracious sir," said Grandmother, quite ashamed of Matti's talking so; "be good enough not to mind the boy's impatience — he is, alas, not at all accustomed to intercourse with people."

"Grandfather shall have a better hat than this one," said the gentleman to Matti; "and you, dear old woman, be easy on account of the boy's wrath; it is rather good that he is a spirited little fellow. Listen, Matti. It seems to me that you are going to be a clever man. Have you a mind to be a brave soldier like Grandfather?"

"Grandfather says that it depends on whom I fight against," said Matti.

"You are a smart boy," said the gentleman, "and you are not at all lacking in courage."

"Ay, sir; that is because to-day is the first time little Matti has worn trousers, and the courage is with the trousers." said Grandfather.

"Say, rather, it is the Bjorneborgerne's uniform," said the gentleman. "There is the smell of gunpowder, and much honor left in this worn uniform, and such memories pass from one generation to another. But now we have a new time coming, and the boy shall learn to be a defender of the Fatherland. Are you strong, little man?"

Matti did not answer, he only held out his right third finger to try its strength with the noble gentleman.

"I can see that you are," said the gentleman; "and when your arm has grown, you will be as strong as a bear. Will you come home and stay with me, and eat white bread, and drink milk every day? And may be, there will be, besides, some cakes and liquorice to be had now and then, if you are a good boy."

"Am I to have a horse to ride on?" asked Matti.

"Of course," said the gentleman.

Matti was very thoughtful for a time, his blue eyes wandered from the stranger to Grandfather, from Grandfather to Grandmother, and from Grandmother back again to the gentleman. At last he crept behind his grandparents, and said:

"I will stay with Grandfather and Grandmother."

"But, dear Matti," said the blind soldier, in heartfelt emotion, "here, by your grandfather, you only get hard bread, and salt herrings, and water. Don't you hear that the kind sir offers you fresh bread and milk, and other good things, and do you hear that you are going to have a horse to ride?"

"I will stay with Grandfather; I will not go," Matti called out, while the tears almost rushed to his eyes.

"You are a good boy," said the gentleman, with tears in *his* eyes, and he patted the little one on his round cheek. "Do stay with your Grandfather, and I shall take care that neither Grandfather, Grandmother, nor you, shall ever suffer want; and when you are grown up, and a bold fellow, you must come to me, if I am alive, and I will give you land to plow, and forest to hew; and whether you are farmer, or soldier, that is all the same, if you are an honest and faithful son of your Fatherland. Will you be that, Matti?"

"Yes," said the boy, stiff and erect.

"God bless you, child!" said the grandparents with prayerful hearts.

"And God bless our dear Fatherland and give it many faithful sons like you, dear little Matti," added the gentleman. "There are many children who run away from the hard bread, and grasp after the fresh buns; and what do they gain by it? Their Fatherland does not gain by it. 'Honor thy father and thy mother in their poverty, that it may be well with thee, and thou may'st live long in the land.'"

"That is printed in my good book," said little Matti.

"Yes; but it is not written in every one's heart," said the gentleman.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE FRENCH READERS.—No. I.

JUNO.

By Annie Howells Fréchette.

It was quite in keeping with the rest of her misfortunes that she had been named Juno; it was one of the many indignities that had been heaped upon her. And the name was always repeated with a laugh or a jeer whenever any one made poor Juno's acquaintance,— there was so little that was goddess-like about her. She had nothing under the sun in common with the Queen of Olympus, save that at her birth she seemed to have been intrusted to the Seasons as her sole attendants, for no mortal ever felt called upon to bestow any attention upon her.

When I first saw her, she looked around the corner of the barn at me with a pair of soft, big, good-natured eyes, which shone under a bulging, bull-like forehead.—Have I said that Juno was a calf? And a more neglected, unkempt, and generally disheveled calf never scampered over a Virginia farm — and that is saying a great deal.

We had gone to the pasture to look at the pretty Jersey calves, which crowded about us and allowed their glossy sides to be stroked.

"But that is not a Jersey?" I said, pointing to the shaggy, half-grown black heifer which came cautiously up to us, prepared either to be petted or chased away.

"Oh, no; that is only Juno," was the answer, quickly followed by a wail of indignation from my hostess as she caught sight of a rose-branch dangling from the calf's tail. "Juno, you wretched beast, you have been in the garden again!"

Juno could n't deny it, and only gave a gruff, though not an impertinent, "b-a-a-h!" and scampered away to the farther end of the pasture, whence she regarded us inquisitively.

"Is she, like the Juno of old, fond of 'dittany, poppies, and lilies?'" I asked.

"She is fond of everything that can be eaten, from warm mush-and-milk down to arctic overshoes," was the despairing reply. "To be sure, her appetite has its reason for being, for I don't think that poor Juno has ever seen the time when her stomach was really full. When she was a little calf, the black woman we had to look after the cows said that calves needed very little attention, consequently she was brought up on darkey principles. Then when these little aristocrats,"—caressing the Jerseys,—"came along, we had a well-trained Scotch lassie who would have gone without her own supper rather than have let them go without theirs. But it was too late for Juno to profit by the new regime, for with Scotch thrift she said Juno was too old to be treated like 'the wee bit calfies,' and she chased the poor animal out of the calf-pen.

"Then poor Juno tried to pretend she was a cow, and slipped into the cowyard when the bran-mash was passed around. But this was looked upon as little less than highway robbery by the immigrant from the 'Banks o' Dee,' and the pretender was belabored out for a 'thieving beastie, trying to tak' fro' the poor coos what they needed to keep up their milk wi'.' So, you see, Juno has not always had a bed of roses to rest on, though she has just come off one."

As we turned to go back to the house, two bright-haired little people who had stood beside us, drinking in the story of Juno, clamored to be allowed to stay and have a romp with the pretty, fawn-like creatures about them. They were popped through the bars by an indulgent aunt, and allowed to peel off shoes and stockings by an almost equally indulgent mamma, and left to lilt and caper the shining spring morning away on the tender green grass.

When they came in at noon, warm and tired, they were followed at a respectful distance by Juno. We were rather touched by her devotion, and put it down to an affectionate nature. Its real cause came out, that night, when the small people were being put to bed. Then "Sister," a young woman of seven, and "Brother," a man of six, seemed loath to enter the mysterious land of dreams until they had unburdened their souls by a confession. It began with:

"Good-night, Mamma!"

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

"Are you going downstairs at once, Mamma?"

"Yes; good-night again."

"Just wait a minute, please," and a hurried consultation was held in a whisper, of which I caught "No, *you* tell, Sister; you 're the oldest."—"No, *you* tell, Brother, you make things sound so

well, you know."—"Ah, no, Sister, *you*." Whereupon I brought things to a crisis by asking what they wished to tell.

"We wanted to know what stealing is."

"Why, it 's taking what does not belong to you."

"Well, is *all* stealing very bad?" asked Sister, sitting up in bed.

"Yes, is it all *very* bad?" echoed Brother, who, being merely a substantial shadow to Sister, also sat up. "Would you call taking Grandpapa's things stealing?"

"Of course."

"Oh-h!" looking uneasily at each other.

"Why do you ask?"

"We did n't know — we thought — we — Brother, *you* explain," and Sister lay back on her pillow in desperation. He came boldly up to the mark. "You see, Mamma, we felt sorry for poor Juno, and Sister said to me, 'Let 's make a party for Juno'; and I said, 'Say we do'; and Sister and I went to the barn, and Juno, she walked after us, so nice and polite, Mamma, and we put her into Jim's stall, and gave her some oats and corn with some salt sprinkled on it, and we found some meal, and made her some porridge in a bucket, and we set it outside, 'cause Sister said it would cook in the sun, but Juno did n't wait for it to cook. She just *gobbled it up*, and she was *so gla-d!*" and his eyes sparkled at the remembrance of the satisfaction. "If she had n't been quite so greedy, though, she 'd have had it better, for we were going to trim the bucket with sweet-potato vines."

"To make it look like salad," explained Sister.

"Surely, surely, you would not have taken vines from Grandpapa's hot-bed! If you had, he 'd have been sorry that I brought you to visit him. About Juno's party — you 'll have to tell him in the morning, and ask him to excuse you."

"D'you think he 'll be very mad?" they asked, solemnly. "Won't you just mention it to him when you go downstairs, now? You know him so well."

The next morning there was a session in the library, with closed doors. But I fancy there was not a terrible scene, for when I "mentioned it" to Grandpapa the night before, he shut one eye and shook with silent laughter. When the door opened, and the three emerged, there was still a judicial air hanging about Grandpapa, while the babies looked as if their little souls had been swept and garnished for the day. As they parted, Grandpapa said, "But, remember, as a punishment, you are to take care of Juno and keep her out of mischief while you are here; and," tapping his left palm with his right forefinger, "she is not to have a taste of sweet-potato vines."

"No, in-*deed*, dear Grandpapa."

Nothing could be easier than to promise to keep Juno out of mischief, but they soon found it a very difficult promise to fulfill. She was large enough to jump out of the calf-pen, and small enough to squirm through the pasture fence. She got into the chicken-yard, and galloped around, scaring the hens off their nests, and almost throwing the old turkey gobbler into a fit of apoplexy by bellowing whenever he gave vent to his natural wrath by gobbling. She enticed the Jersey calves into the wheat-fields of an adjoining farm (and made no end of trouble for her owner), took them for a stroll along the railroad track, and only brought them back when night and hunger overtook them, and when all the tired men and boys on the farm had gone to look for them. Her air, as she appeared over the brow of some old earthworks, with the calves at her heels, was that of innocence and uprightness, and seemed to say, "But for me these inexperienced young creatures might never have found their way home."

After this last escapade, Juno was given up to final disgrace by all but her two little friends. She was made to wear a poke, and her usual calfish joy was so overcast by gloom that she only had spirit enough left to gnaw the bark off the young trees in her prison. Evidently her friends hated the poke as cordially as she did. And if we all had not been absorbed in our own unimportant affairs, we might have seen that a revolution was brewing.

Juno looked forlornly out from her prison pen, and Sister and Brother scampered in wild freedom over the farm, for they were at liberty to take their luncheon and be gone all day,— only they were enjoined to begin their homeward march when the whistle from the five o'clock express shrieked through the valley.

One morning, as we afterward remembered, an unusually large luncheon was asked for, and there was a great deal of flitting in and out of the barn before they, with their little express wagon, disappeared through the vineyard in the direction of the woods.

The sweet spring day wore away, and we were sitting under the china-tree, enjoying the delicious change from afternoon warmth to the coolness of evening, when Grandpapa suddenly rose, looked about him, and asked, "Where are the children? It is time they were at home."

The golden glow of coming sunset, which had seemed so beautiful but that moment to their Mamma, turned to a cold gray mist, as she rose quickly and looked in the direction where the two loved little forms and the squeaking express wagon had disappeared so many hours before.

"They ought to be here," said she. "It 's after six o'clock. They never failed to obey the whistle before."

"Oh, well," Grandpapa answered re-assuringly, "they 've not heard it to-day. They 're probably hunting arrow-heads, or have made some wonderful discovery, or are down on the low grounds gathering cresses, and think it 's only noon. However, as it is getting late enough for them to be at home, I 'll walk down that way and get them."

"And I 'll go to the pasture; they may be playing with Juno," said Aunt Sie.

"And I 'll run across to Mrs. Brown's; perhaps Sol Brown has coaxed them over there," said Aunt Lishie.

"Well, I 'll go on the upper porch and have a look over the farm, and if I don't see them, I 'll take a run through the vineyard; they often hunt for arrow-heads there," and, as she spoke, the mother tried to believe she did n't feel cold around the heart.

Each started off with alacrity, for there are times when it is a greater relief to frightened people to part company than to stay together.

When she reached the porch, which commanded a view of the lovely landscape for miles around, she saw nothing but Grandpapa entering the woods in the hollow, Aunt Sie hastening to the pasture, and Aunt Lishie taking the shortest possible cut to Mrs. Brown's. The clear air seemed to ring, and yet to be horribly silent. There came the boys up from the cornfield, each riding a mule. Perhaps in another moment she would see a yellow head bobbing up and down behind. But no, the children were not enjoying the pleasure of a mule ride — they were nowhere to be seen. She hurried downstairs to question the boys as they passed, who, in reply, assured her that they had not seen the children that day. She made a quick search of the chicken-coop and hayloft before running hither and thither in the vineyard on the hillside. Once or twice she was sure she heard them, but, when she stopped to listen, she found that it was only the boys talking at the well as they watered their mules. At last she went back to the house and waited.

One after another the scouts came in; when the last arrived alone, at seven o'clock, she broke down entirely and cried in earnest.

"There, there, don't be frightened," said her father; "nothing can have happened; there is n't a dangerous place on the farm. But I 'll start the boys out, for I feel anxious to get the little ones in before it grows damp. And it just occurs to me that they may be at the blacksmith's; I 'll step across and see," and he stepped off with a briskness that would have done credit to a man twenty-five years younger.

The aunties and mother by this time felt the need of companionship, and went in a group to the darkening woods, where they shouted as loudly as their broken voices would allow. At one place the pasture touched the woods, and here they made a discovery. The bars were down; and when they looked at the cows waiting at the milking-shed, Juno, who of late had affected their society, was not with them.

"Juno is out, and they are probably trying to drive her home," cried Aunt Sie. "The dear little souls!"

"The little angels!" sobbed Aunt Lishie.

"The dear, care-worn little creatures! Oh, that miserable beast, I never want to see her again," wailed their mamma, who little knew how glad the sight of Juno would make her.

A little further on they found the prints of small bare feet, half-obliterated by hoof-marks.

"They have been here, but where are they now?"

Ah, yes, where?

It was undeniably dark in the woods. Outside, the full moon looked down on the lonesome, empty fields. They could not bear to look at it, for was n't there "the man in the moon" with whom those blessed lost babies believed themselves on such friendly terms? Oh, if he loved them as well as they believed he did, would he, ah, would he, please keep an eye on them, and guide them safely back!

The horror of the dark woods was too much for the three wretched women, and they kept on its outskirts, like the whip-poor-wills which now and then broke the awesome silence.

Presently they came in sight of a dilapidated old cabin which had formed part of the "quarters" in slavery times.

"Do you suppose they could be there?"

"No, I 'm afraid not; they believe the three bears live in it, so I don't think they would venture in," answered Mamma.

The memory of the dear imaginative little ones, whom she now thought she would never again see, crushed her. She sank down, and her face was bowed.

"Oh, my darlings, my darlings!"

"B-a-a-h!"

Her sisters clutched her, and dragged her to her feet.

"It is, *it is* Juno!"

Once more the silence was broken by that voice — sweeter now to them than any trill of mocking-bird or prima donna. This time it took on an inquiring tone.

"B-a-a-h?"

"She 's in the cabin!" they all exclaimed.

The moon was shining brightly upon the square

opening which had served as a window; and framed in it upon a background of inner darkness they beheld the classic head of Juno.

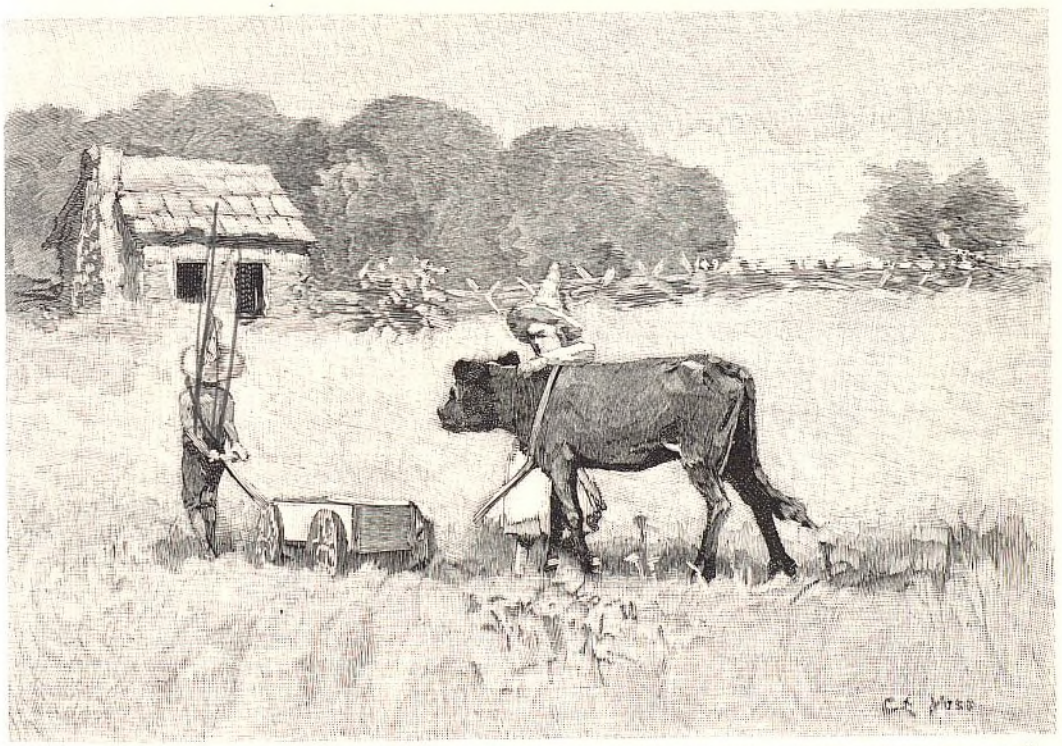
"Don't let us hope too much, they may not be with her. It would kill me not to find them now," quavered Mamma, as they hurried forward.

In a moment they were at the door, and a glad shout pierced the still evening, and reached poor Grandpapa, as he stood "completely whipped out," as he afterward confessed, not knowing which way to turn next.

The cabin was divided into two rooms, and in the outer one gleamed the light clothing of two little sleepers. The suddenness with which they were snatched from slumber caused a wail from Brother, "It's the bears, Sister, it's the three bears come home." And in truth the hugs to which they were treated quite carried out the bear idea.

It seemed as if the supply of tears ought to have been exhausted, but it was not, only now they were what the children called "fun tears," because they came from laughing.

Questions were asked and the answers were not even waited for. The sleepy little ones were rather vague, but it was gathered during the triumphal homeward march (upon which Mamma kindly permitted the aunts to carry their precious ones, while she led Juno by the poke), that feeling that Juno was not happy with her poke, and not well treated, they had decided to take her and live in the cabin, which, after many cautious surveys from safe distances, they had concluded was not the home of the bears. They had provided a load of meal for her, and a good luncheon for themselves; and they had intended to live on strawberries and water. They were "terribly tired." They had worked hard all day gathering moss to make themselves a bed. After putting Juno into her room, they had lain down to try theirs, and had gone to sleep before dark. They were perfectly willing to go home, especially Brother, who had his own opinion about whip-poor-wills.



"FEELING THAT JUNO WAS NOT HAPPY WITH HER POKE, THEY HAD DECIDED TO TAKE HER AND LIVE IN THE CABIN."

Grandpapa met them when half-way to the house, and as he gathered them both into loving arms, he was greeted with, "You *will* take off poor Juno's poke, won't you dear Grandpapa?"

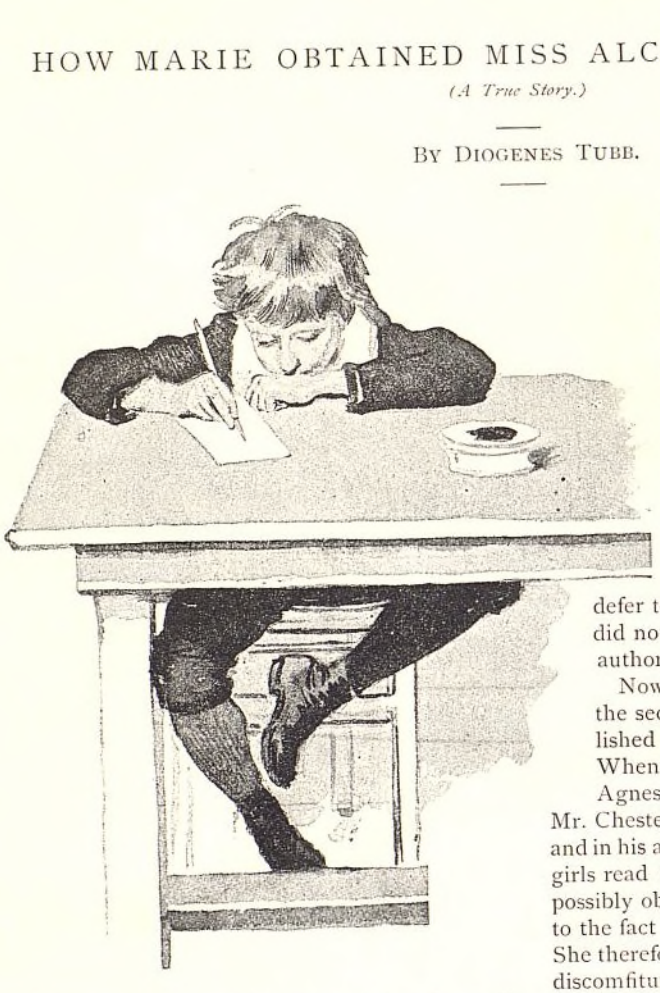
Juno was urged to eat when she got home, and although she had fared sumptuously all day, she consented to worry down a little warm bran mash.

Juno has ceased to be a calf, and we now tenderly allude to her as the Sacred Cow.

HOW MARIE OBTAINED MISS ALCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH.

(A True Story.)

By Diogenes Tubb.



Miss Alcott, in "Jo's Boys," has devoted a chapter to the trials and tribulations of an authoress persecuted by a legion of curiosity-seekers and autograph-hunters. She has told of the many and ingenious means resorted to by this class of people to obtain a memento or a signature from a popular writer; but until this story was written she never knew how her own autograph was obtained on one occasion by two of her little admirers.

Agnes and Marie Chester, like most American girls, were assiduous readers of St. Nicholas. It was in its pages they had read several of Miss Alcott's works, and to them the boys and girls created by the pen of this gifted writer were no fictitious characters. They were creatures of flesh and blood, whose individual characteristics were as firmly impressed upon the minds of our little heroines as were those of any of their most intimate playmates. To them Miss Alcott was a species of divinity who held the power to make or mar the lives of the young creatures whose histories she recorded. With one fell swoop of her pen she could, if she felt so disposed, take the life of a favorite heroine, or "make a story end wrong." What wonder, then, that their affection for their divinity should be tempered with a certain awe.

Agnes and Marie were the youngest of a family of seven children, and, their mother having died when they were still quite young, they had been accustomed to look upon their sister Dora, who was several years their senior, as a second mother, and to defer to her judgment in those matters which did not call for the intervention of the father's authority.

Now, it so happened that "Rose in Bloom," the sequel to "Eight Cousins," was not published in serial form, like its predecessor. When the book appeared, Dora read it, and Agnes and Marie were anxious to do the same. Mr. Chester was temporarily out of town, however; and in his absence Dora hesitated to let the younger girls read the book, fearing that her father might possibly object to placing it in their hands, owing to the fact that it contained several love episodes. She therefore refused her permission, much to the discomfiture of our little heroines, who rose in open revolt against their sister's decision. They entreated, argued, wheedled, and threatened, by turns, but all in vain. Dora remained firm in her decision, and the book was securely locked up in her bureau drawer.

The young rebels threatened to capture that book, by hook or by crook, if they had to pick the lock, or even to blow up the bureau with dynamite; and they racked their brains to discover some means of executing their mutinous purpose.

They had a firm ally in their brother Will, who had not the boyish contempt for girls which some brothers of his age affect.

Master Will was no less a personage than the editor-in-chief of a weekly publication entitled *Scraps*, of which Agnes and Marie composed the rest of the editorial staff. *Scraps* was an influential organ among its readers, who, by the way, were just three in number, including the staff. It did not appear in printed form, but was issued in

manuscript, and its columns abounded with notes and comments on all the important events which occurred throughout that portion of the universe comprised in the Chester household.

You should have seen the issue which appeared after Dora's decision had been made known!

The "leader" on the editorial page was devoted to a learned argument, bristling with precedents and authorities, to prove that the decision was "barbarous, unreasonable, cruel, and unjust." Then came paragraphs at intervals, with startling head-lines, and teeming with bitter irony and caustic sarcasm. There were even pathetic verses like the following:

> 'I think it 's mean that 'Rose in Bloom'
> Is locked up in my sister's room."

and this:

> To Dora.
>
> "When I am dead,
> And in my tomb,
> You 'll wish I 'd read
> 'The Rose in Bloom!'

And then the cartoon,—well, here is the cartoon just as it appeared in *Scraps:*

This issue of *Scraps* was sent to Dora, as you may believe, but even this formidable array of logic, pathos, ridicule, and abuse left the young lady unmoved; and still the book remained safely locked up in the bureau drawer.

So much for the vaunted power of the press!

"Well, I don't care!" exclaimed Marie, one morning, "I am just going to write to Miss Alcott and ask her if she did n't intend 'Rose in Bloom' for girls of our age as much as for *young ladies* of Dora's."

This was said with a contemptuous emphasis on the words "*young ladies*," which expressed volumes of unspoken scorn.

Will shook his head.

"No, that won't do," said he, doubtfully; "Miss Alcott would n't answer your letter. Do you suppose she has nothing else to do but to answer little girls' letters? Why, if she were to answer all the letters she receives, she would n't have any time left in which to write her books. We must think of some other plan, for that won't do, I tell you."

And the editor-in-chief again shook his head in disapproval of the proposal of the junior member of his staff.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth, when he surprised his reporters by executing a series of fantastic steps over the chairs and furniture, giving vent the while to unearthly chuckles and triumphant yells which fairly shook the house.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Agnes, "what on earth is the matter with you now, Will?"

"Oh! I 'm all right!" rejoined Will. "I was just thinking that Marie's idea is a first-rate one, after all. Write to Miss Alcott, by all means."

"But I thought you said we would n't receive any answer," objected Agnes.

"Well, I 've changed my mind. Now, I *know* your letter will be answered. I am just as sure of it as that your name is Agnes Chester."

"But how do you know?" inquired Marie.

"Never mind, now," retorted Will. "Just go and write your letter, and you will find out in good time."

Whereupon Agnes and Marie sat down, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, they managed to produce a letter which they passed to Will for his approval.

Will read it critically.

"Well," said he, "it is rather long; however, I suppose it will do, as Miss Alcott will never see it."

"Never see it?" exclaimed the two girls together.

"Don't ask questions," Will remarked, sententiously, "but you, Agnes, bring me the 'Eight Cousins' from the library table, while Marie gets me a sheet of tracing paper which she will find in my desk."

When the desired articles were brought, Will opened the volume of the "Eight Cousins" at the page which is inserted between the title-page and the preface, containing the fac-simile of Miss Alcott's writing shown above.

"Now," said he, "Miss Alcott will reply to your letter."

Then, after carefully studying the fac-simile, Will laboriously composed the following note:

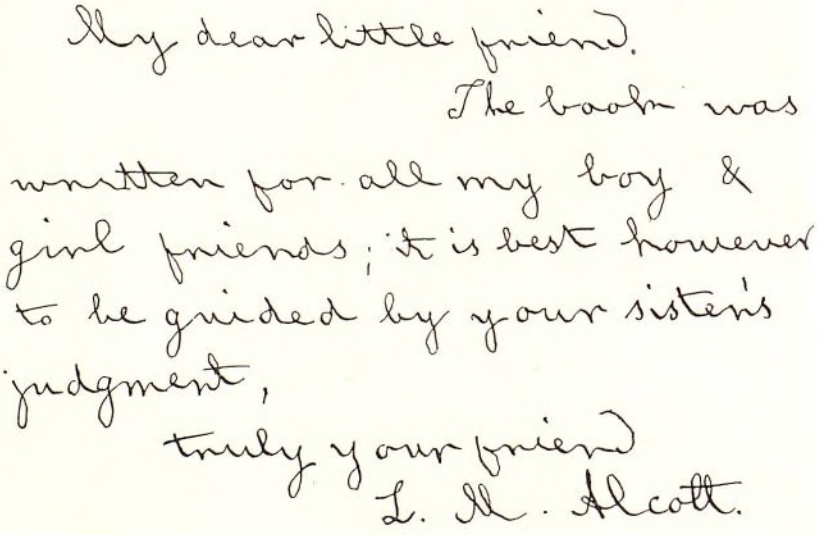
"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND
The book was written for all my boy and girl friends; it is best, however, to be guided by your sister's judgment, truly your friend, L. M. ALCOTT."

This done, he placed his tracing paper over the fac-simile of Miss Alcott's writing, and traced letter after letter until he had produced the result here shown.

"There," he exclaimed; "of course, an expert could tell that is n't genuine, but it is near enough, I think, to deceive Dora. I have n't been able to say just what I wanted, because this fac-simile is so short that it does not contain all the letters of the alphabet. It has only four kinds of capital letters, and no figures whatever, so that I am unable to date my letter; and I have been obliged to guess at the *v*, *u*, and *j*. However, either I am much mistaken, or this letter will produce the desired effect. Now, then, to transfer this to a sheet of note-paper. I have an odd sheet in my writing-desk, which is unlike any that we have in the house. Of course, it would not do for Dora to recognize the note-paper."


To
The many boys & girls
whose letters it has been
impossible to answer,
this book is dedicated
as a peace offering
by their friend
L. M. Alcott

So saying, Will procured the sheet in question, and placing a sheet of carbon paper upon it, he proceeded to transfer his note. He then went over his work with pen and ink, and at last contemplated the finished letter.


My dear little friend.
The book was
written for all my boy &
girl friends; it is best however
to be guided by your sister's
judgment,
truly your friend
L. M. Alcott.

Agnes and Marie had followed his every operation with intense interest, and expressed their satisfaction at the result.

"But," objected Agnes, "is not this a forgery?"

"Well," said Will, "I suppose it is; but it is only to be used as a joke, you know, for of course we will tell Dora what it is, just as soon as you receive the book."

"But," said Marie, "I don't believe Dora will let us read the book even now; for the note advises us to be guided by her judgment, and she will hold this up to us."

"Oh, you goosey!" exclaimed Will; "that is just the very reason Dora will let you read the book. Don't you see the note says plainly enough that the story was written for girls of your age, just as well as for older girls. You don't suppose Miss Alcott would write you not to mind what your sister said, but to do just as you pleased, do you? If I had written that, Dora would have seen at once that the note was n't genuine. You just wait."

The next day, after Agnes and Marie had left for school, Dora found an envelope on her dressing-table, bearing her name. It inclosed two letters. One was the draft of the note composed by Marie and Agnes, and addressed to Miss Alcott. The other was Will's elaborate manufactured reply.

Dora was astounded! "The little imps," she exclaimed to herself, "I never supposed they would carry out their threat!"

She hardly knew whether to be more pleased or vexed. She was glad to have the opinion of Miss Alcott herself as to the advisability of letting her sisters read the longed-for book; but she was displeased at the spirit of insubordination displayed by the young rebels. She never for an instant suspected the genuineness of the note.

When Agnes and Marie returned from school, Dora quietly went to her room, and came back a few minutes later with "Rose in Bloom," which she handed without a word to Agnes.

Agnes and Marie exchanged swift glances with Will. They felt they could not take advantage of Dora's unsuspecting confidence. Agnes, therefore, returned the book, and the three conspirators related the story of the forged note.

Dora laughed heartily and good-naturedly.

"But, you young wretches!" she exclaimed, "here have I proudly displayed that autograph to a dozen people, and now I shall be obliged to confess how I have been duped. Several of them went so far as to ask me for it! Well, well, I suppose you might just as well read the book now, or there is no knowing what will occur to you to do next."

And Agnes and Marie read "Rose in Bloom."

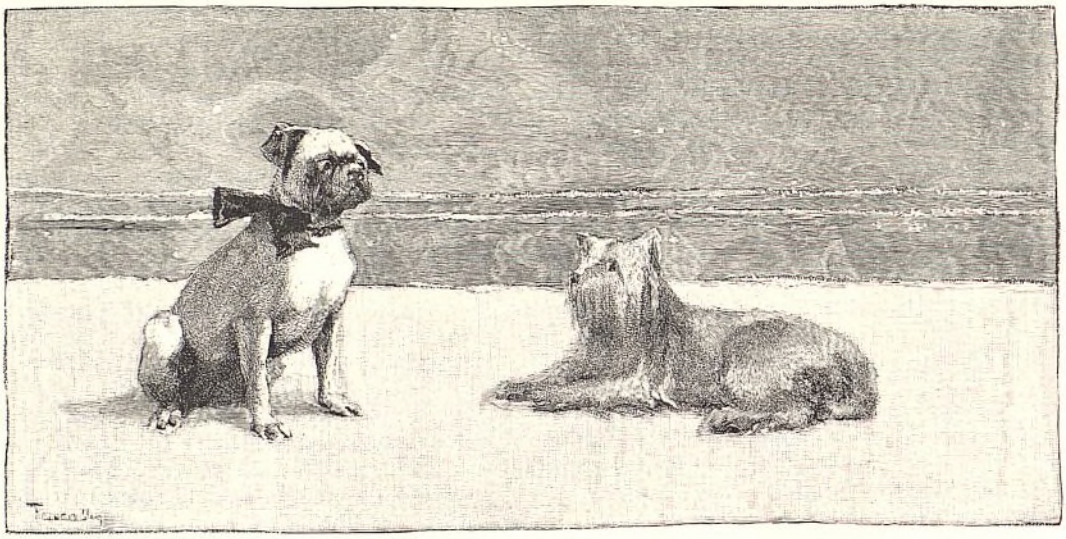
Miss Alcott, to whom the foregoing story was submitted before its acceptance by ST. NICHOLAS, sent us this good-natured comment concerning it:

"The account of the boy's hoax is very funny, and I have no objection to its publication. I enjoyed the joke, was taken in by the forgery, and admired the cleverness of 'Brother Will.' But I hope he will 'never do so any more,' or he may come to a bad end. The illustration is delightful, and I trust the persistent 'goslings' were not disappointed in the book when *they read it*.— L. M. A." —EDITOR.

NOVEMBER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

WHO shall sing to bleak November,
Month of frost and glowing ember?
Is there nothing, then, to praise
In these chilly thirty days?
Ah, and who shall lack for song
When the nights are still and long
When beside the log-wood fire
We may hear the wood-elves' choir
Making dainty music float
Up the big, brick chimney's throat;
When within the flames and smoke
We may see a fairy folk
Coming hither, going thither,
Vanishing we know not whither?
Unless perhaps they all depart
For the frozen forest's heart,
To tell the stark, forsaken trees
Of the fireside's mysteries,—
How they saw some other elves
Just as funny as themselves!



SETTLING THE QUESTION.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Pug.

" I 'm the brightest pug on the face of the earth,
So says my handsome master;
I am just brimful of frolic and mirth,
And nobody can run faster."

Skye.

" I 'm a Skye of one of the loveliest blues,
My mistress says so daily;
I can wear eyeglasses and read the news,
And entertain callers gayly "

Pug.

" I can do all tricks, I 'm a cunning elf,
And I cost an even eighty."

Skye.

" That amount was paid for my very self,
For my pedigree 's long and weighty."

Pug.

" What a price for a Skye! But if I were you,
I 'd pay that sum for a shearing."

Skye.

" And if I were so sleek that my sides shone through,
I 'd feel like disappearing."

Pug.

" Well, if I could n't tell my tail from my head,
'T would deprive me of locomotion ! "

Skye.

" If my nose were smutty, 't would kill me dead;
I would drown myself in the ocean."

Pug.

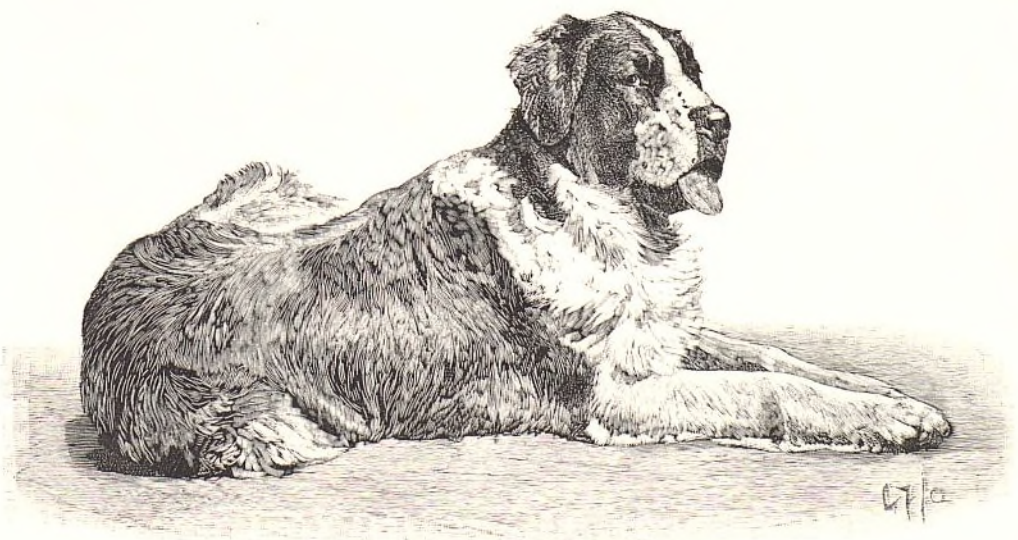
" I assure you that pugs bring the highest price
In the market, sir,— that 's decided ! "

Skye.

" Well, I tell you, no dog, by any device,
Ever brought so much money as I did ! "

St. Bernard.

" Come, stop your quarreling, foolish curs !
You 're the silliest pair in collars;
I can settle your question at once, good sirs,—
For *I* cost a thousand dollars."



TIME AND TOMMY.

By Delia W. Lyman.

"Oh!" yawned Tommy Tedman as he shut his astronomy with a slam and curled himself up among the cushions of the big lounge near the fire.

"I wish Archimedes *could* have got a fulcrum and a long enough lever, and that he had given the earth a big shove back and set her going the wrong way around the sun! I do wonder what would have happened!" he soliloquized.

Now this seems a queer idea to come from the brain of a merry, red-cheeked boy of fourteen; but it would not have caused Mrs. Tedman the least surprise; for he was always propounding the oddest, most unheard-of questions, which nobody on earth could answer. But as neither she nor any one else was at hand to comment on Tommy's original query, he pondered over it by himself for awhile, and then, feeling uncommonly comfortable, fell asleep.

He had not slept long, when he was suddenly aroused by a great shout in the street. Without waiting to find his cap, he rushed out to see what was the matter. A great crowd was hurrying past toward the City Hall Square, but they all were on such a run that nobody looked at Tommy, and finally the distracted boy had to seize a man by the coat-tail to make him wait while he asked:

"What 's the matter?"

The man looked around scornfully at him and replied:

"Why! don't you know? *The earth 's going the wrong way!*"

"Why, how odd!" thought Tommy; "that 's the very thing I was wondering about this afternoon!"

"How did it happen?" he called after the man, who was now running on again.

"The National Academy of Sciences did it"; came the reply.

"How?" shouted Tommy; but the man was out of hearing, so Tommy joined the crowd and rushed along with it to the City Hall Square. In front of the great clock-tower a man, who wore big spectacles and looked like a professor, was making a speech.

"Yes, fellow citizens!" he was saying, "the great experiment has been successfully performed. *The earth is now moving backward* in its orbit and revolves from east to west instead of from west to east, as you will see by watching the clock."

Tommy looked, and though he remembered hearing the clock strike four when he was studying his astronomy, the hands now pointed to two, and as he stood watching, the minute hand slowly moved back to four minutes of two.

"Yes! fellow citizens!" the professor continued, "the earth is going back! Time is going back! We all will now *grow young instead of old!*"

"Three cheers for the National Academy!" shouted a man near Tommy, and all the grown-up people gave three rousing cheers,—but the boys and girls kept still, for they wished to grow old, not young.

After the professor had explained more in detail how the earth was turned back, and also how it was made to revolve from east to west instead of the old way, the crowd dispersed; but while Tommy stood staring at the clock to see its hands going the wrong way, he saw Todd Boggins coming toward him.

"Hallo, Todd!" said he, "queer idea, is n't it,—the earth going around the wrong way?"

"I don't know that it 's any queerer than its going the other way!" replied Todd carelessly. "I 'm in a hurry to get home to dinner."

"Dinner?" cried Tommy; "you mean supper!"

"Dinner!" repeated Todd loftily; "it 's quarter of two now, and it will be half-past one by the time I get home, and that 's dinner time."

"Jiminy Hoe-cakes! so it is!" said Tommy gleefully at the thought of another dinner so soon. "Will you come over and play ball after dinner?" he continued.

"Not much!" said Todd emphatically; "we 'll have to go to morning school again after or, perhaps I ought to say, before, dinner."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" ejaculated Tommy all the way home.

He found the family just sitting down to dinner, and it certainly was the oddest meal Tommy ever ate. The dessert was served first, then the meat and vegetables, and finally the soup. When his father then asked the blessing, Tommy almost burst out laughing; but as every one else took things as a matter of course, he restrained himself as well as he could.

It was half-past twelve when dinner was through, and he started off with his books to school. As soon as he had taken his seat in the school room, he found that the closing exercises were going on.

"How is this?" whispered he to Todd, who was his seatmate, "am I so very late?"

"Oh, not at all," replied Todd seriously, "we 're just beginning."

Soon after that, Miss Goggles called up the geography class.

"Oh, dear!" said Tommy out loud, "I have n't studied my lesson!"

"No matter," said Miss Goggles. "Recite it first, and study it afterward."

Tommy thought that was queer; but when, after the recitation, he began to study his lesson, he found it queerer still; for he was obliged to begin at the end of the book and go back, and the longer he studied, the less he knew and the more he forgot, and so it was with all his lessons. They were recited first and studied afterward, and all the books were learned backward.

At last, when the clock-hand had moved back nearly to nine, Miss Goggles called the roll, and school was over.

"Well! this beats the Dutch!" exclaimed Tommy improperly but expressively to Todd on their way home. As Todd made no reply, Tommy said presently, "will you come over and play tennis after dinner?"

"Dinner!" exclaimed Todd, "I 'm going to breakfast and then to bed!"

"Bed!" cried Tommy; "well, I never!"

But as, after breakfast, at about seven o'clock, all the rest of the Tedman family bade one another good-morning and went off to bed (except the cook, who said of course she 'd wait till six), Tommy trundled himself off too. He was so excited over the strange events of the day that he did not get to sleep for a long while, but lay still, listening to the clucking of the hens and the chirping of the birds outside. Soon the milkman came, and not long after he heard the cook creaking upstairs to bed. It seemed odd to be going to bed by daylight, but by the time the cook went up, he heard the cocks crowing and it was quite dark; for it was late in November. Presently Tommy fell asleep and did

not wake until he heard his mother telling him it was time to get up. Though it was pitch dark and the stars were shining brightly, he arose, lit the gas and dressed.

When he went downstairs, he found the family playing games in the parlor.

"Good evening, Tommy!" said his mother.

"Why, how long have you been up?" asked Tommy.

"Your father and I nearly two hours," replied she, "and the others not much longer than you."

Tommy remembered that he, being the youngest, always used to be sent to bed first, so he was quite pleased at the idea of lying abed so much longer. It crossed his mind that after all there were some advantages in the earth's going backward.

It was half-past eight when he came down, and by the time it was seven the games were discontinued and they all sat down to supper, and no one but Tommy seemed to think it at all unusual to eat cake and jam first and oatmeal and bread and butter afterward. As Tommy feasted upon the cake and jam before the edge of his appetite was taken off by his usual portion of bread and butter, again he thought what a delightful thing it was for the earth to have been turned back. After supper, as he went out to play tennis, though it was still rather dark.

At first he was quite nonplussed by the new way of counting,—"Game, forty, thirty, fifteen, love!" and especially when a set was concluded, to see them toss up for first serve. Soon, however, Todd Boggins appeared, greeting him with, "Good-bye, Tommy!" and Tommy threw off his overcoat, began to play, and soon became used to the new style.

Although the weather was quite bleak and cold when Tommy first went out, by four o'clock it was very comfortable. About three, Todd left him with a "How do you do, Tommy?" and Tommy went home to study the lessons he had recited the day before. Then came dinner and school again.

That day had been Monday, so when Tommy awoke the next evening, he found his clean Sunday clothes all laid out for him on a chair. After a quiet evening and afternoon, Tommy went with the family to church. After the closing prayer came a hymn beginning with the last verse, and then the contribution box was passed. Instead of beginning with empty boxes, the deacons started out with them all quite full and proceeded to distribute the money among the congregation. Almost every one took out a piece of money large or small. Next came the sermon beginning with the general conclusion and practical suggestions and gradually working down to the text.

After the minister had read the notices of the meetings of the past week, the service was concluded by the opening hymn and prayer, and they all went home, Tommy noticing that the church bells were just beginning to ring as they reached the house.

The next afternoon Tommy was hunting for a book in the library, when he heard his father, who had a newspaper in his hand, say to his uncle:

"Yes, this is a very convenient thing to be able to read in a newspaper each evening just what is going to happen during the day. Now I know to a certainty what stocks will be this morning!"

"Yes," replied his uncle, "newspaper reports are much more satisfactory than they used to be; though after all, the old method of preparing them was not so very different. Many reports were written up before the events took place, and often widely missed the mark."

Tommy did not understand his uncle's last observation, so having found his book, he began to read. Soon, however, the conversation turned on going to college; and as Tommy was always interested in that, he listened again.

"I suppose I shall enter college before long," his uncle was saying.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Tedman, "You 'll take your diploma first, and then go back through senior year and on till you are a freshman."

"And that," said his uncle, who was fond of moralizing, "is n't so very different from the old way, either. I remember I entered college thinking I knew everything worth knowing, and the longer I staid, the greater I discovered my ignorance to be. It will be something like that, now."

Just then Tommy heard Todd Boggins whistling for him outside the house.

"Dear me!" said Tommy to Todd as they walked along, "I don't quite like this idea of growing young all the time; I 'm young enough already. At the rate we 're going on in school, we 'll be learning our A B C's again pretty soon!"

"Of course we shall!" said Todd, "and then we 'll begin to play with blocks, and then we 'll creep instead of walk, and then we 'll get to playing with rattles, and all that sort of business."

"It 's awful!" exclaimed Tommy, in great consternation.

"I should say so!" assented Todd. "You ought to hear my grandfather talk about it. He 's only three weeks young! and he says——"

"Three weeks!" shouted Tommy. "You 're fooling!"

"Come and see him!" said Todd. So the two boys went on to Todd's house.

There they found an old gentleman with white

hair and wrinkled face in a large arm-chair, and sitting surrounded by the whole Boggins family.

"Bless you, dears!" the old gentleman was saying; "this is a pleasant world, and I 've come to stay. We shall have a good time together; for I 'm sure of a good long life before my baby limbs are laid away. I want you all to promise, my dears, that none of you will bring my childish curls (which I shall then have) in sorrow to the grave!"

"Oh, no! I 'm sure we won't," replied Mrs. Boggins with tears of joy on her face. "And I 'm so glad you won't die till you 're a little baby, for then you 'll know nothing about it, and it won't be sad at all."

But though it appeared to be very nice for old Grandfather Boggins, the more Tommy thought about it on his way home, the more dreadful it seemed to him that he himself must grow younger and younger, without a chance to become a man and make the great name for himself which had been his great ambition ever since he put on his first trousers.

"I don't want to be a baby!" he said to himself; "I don't want to be put to bed and have to drink milk, which I hate, and play with a rattle! bah!"

He became so wrought up over the idea, that he felt if only he had Archimedes's lever, he could pound the heads of all the National Academy.

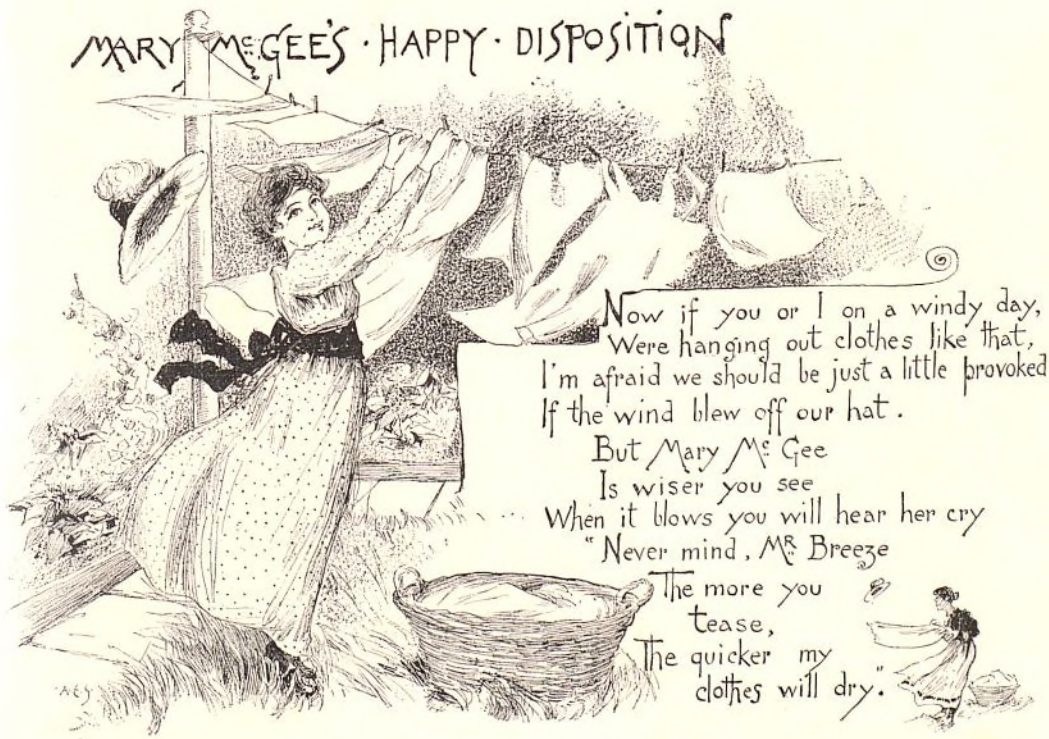
Just then the City Hall bell rang and Tommy saw the Professor with big spectacles hurrying on to address another meeting of citizens in the square.

"There!" exclaimed Tommy, "I 'll begin by pounding *his* head."

But as he was hurrying on with this charitable intention, a voice like a cannon shouted in his ears:

"Waffles and maple syrup for supper! The bell has rung! Hurry up, Tommy, or I 'll eat them all up!"

Tommy rubbed his eyes, looked hastily toward the clock, where to his immense relief he beheld the second hand going around the right way, and then rushed to supper to lose the memory of his strange dream in that dish so dear to a school-boy's heart,— hot waffles and maple syrup.



What Happened To The Bride-Groom.

By William Theodore Peters

It was really a magnificent display in the pastry-cook's window.

Under the dome of the pastry temple, on a very rich fruit cake, heavily frosted, stood the little bride and bridegroom.

The bride's dress was white, to be sure, and as it says in *Annie Laurie*, "her brow was like the snow-drift, her neck was like the swan's"—a candy swan's.

The bride wore a wreath of fine, large lily bells, and an illusion veil which was so coarse that the meshes of it resembled tiny windows.

She held one of her hands extended before her, and in the other she modestly carried a book of devotion, made out of the same material as the temple. And she smiled very sweetly.

The bridegroom was attired in evening dress, but his shoes were white to match the bride. His eyes were blue and his hair brown and wavy.

There was a bright little patch of color in each cheek, and he wore a ruffle on his shirt-bosom.

He was standing in the attitude of Daniel Webster, making a gesture with his right hand, and with his left trifling with a handsome watch-guard, which evidently came with the suit.

Two generous fountains,—you might mistake them for horse-hair, but the cunning confectioner had manufactured them from the finest sugar,—gushed from the sides of the cake into rustic, snowy tubs.

The whole affair was ornamented with silver leaves and finished with a wooden platter and costly paper lace.

The bride and bridegroom could not get married until somebody bought them and gave them a wedding.

This made them watch eagerly every person who passed the pastry-cook's window.

The lady who kept the millinery store a few doors below remarked to the pastry-cook's fat wife that the groom was "sweet."

The pastry-cook's fat wife laughed and shook her brass ear-rings, and replied that such was the fact. But, for all that, the milliner did not purchase the cake.

The boy who was going on seven, with the full-rigged ships on his calico jacket, who used to bring the small girl, quite smart in the infant's scalloped flannel shawl, pinned with a hat-pin around her shoulders, would have liked to buy it; but crullers were more in vogue then, and it could not be bought for a penny.

One day a pretty young lady, who blushed considerably, entered the pastry-cook's shop accompanied by her mother.

The cake, the temple, and the bride and bridegroom were ordered to be sent home. They were packed carefully in shavings, the lids of the pasteboard boxes were tied down over them firmly, and darkness descended.

When they were uncovered and stood up again, they found themselves in a scene of glory.

There they were in the middle of a splendid supper-table. A lofty tower of macaroons and nougat rose on either side of them. Ripe fruits peeped at them from low *épergnes*. Can-

dies and frosted cake sparkled from crystal dishes.

Even the napkins were folded into the most curious shapes. Ices and creams and flowers glistened everywhere about. The table was lighted by wax candles, shaded with rose-colored silk shades, and placed in silver sticks.

"Now," thought the bride and bridegroom, "it is going to happen."

They were to be married at last. They trembled with happiness.

The colored waiters had left the supper-room for an instant.

At that moment the bridegroom discovered a pair of greedy eyes staring hungrily at him from between the embroidered portières. The portières began to move wider and wider apart.

The bridegroom gradually distinguished first a pair of bright eyes, then a pair of ripe little lips, then a small nose and an absurd, dimpled little chin.

Presently the bridegroom beheld a little bridesmaid enter the supper-room and glance about cautiously.

She had on white silk stockings and a tulle dress spangled so gayly that it made her look lovely. Her hair was frizzed.

The bridesmaid, with that greedy look still in her eyes, marched over to the table, clutched the table-cloth, climbed upon a chair, and grabbed the bridegroom off the cake.

The bridesmaid deliberately bit off the bridegroom's head.

In the confusion, an orange and several walnuts bumped down on the table and rolled off over the rug.

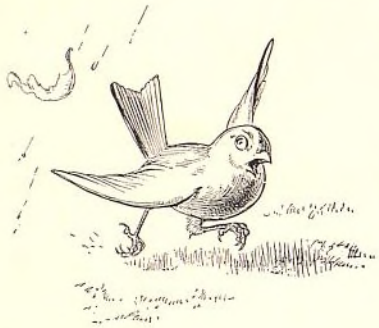
But the bridegroom was not candy as the bridesmaid had expected he would be, he was "only horrid sweet stuff," she said.

Nevertheless, that was the end of the bridegroom. But the bride kept on smiling although the bridegroom was beheaded.

HOW THEY CAME TO HAVE THE PICNIC.

By Margaret Eytinge.

This is the way they came to have a picnic in the woods that fine autumn day. Blue Bird went under the big oak-tree to look for some worms or grass-seeds to eat, when something fell from the tree upon her head. "Dear me," said she, "what was that?" And off she flew to tell Gray Squirrel about it.



Gray Squirrel was in a hole in a tall tree.

"Good-day," said Gray Squirrel, when he saw Blue Bird. But Blue Bird did not say "Good-day." She said, "Oh! Gray Squirrel, something fell from the big oak-tree and struck me upon the head!"

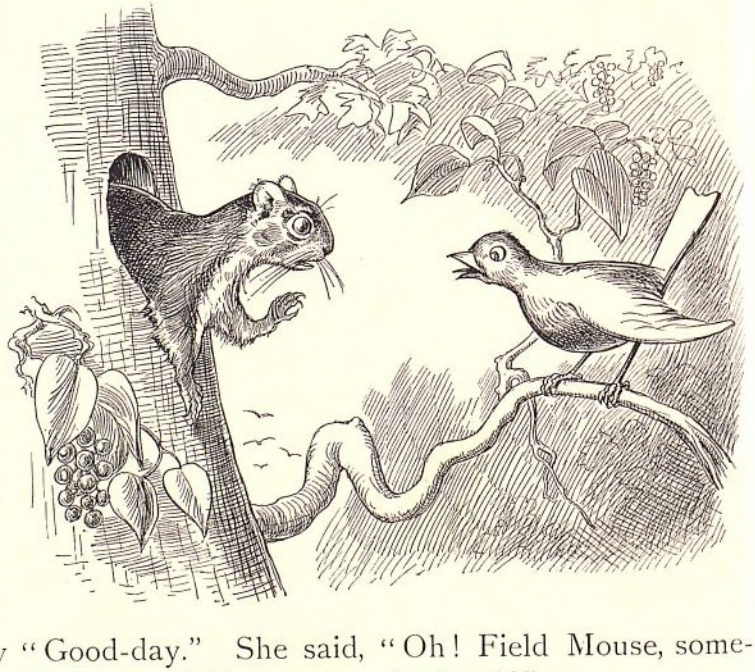
"Did it hurt?" asked Gray Squirrel.

"It did," said Blue Bird.

"Did n't you look to see what it was?" asked Gray Squirrel.

"No; I was so frightened, I flew right away," said Blue Bird.

"Let 's go and tell Field Mouse about it," said Gray Squirrel. "I will call my mother, and my two sisters, and my three brothers, and they can go too."



So Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers went with Blue Bird to call on Field Mouse. Field Mouse lives in a hole in the ground. She peeped out of the hole when she heard them coming.

"Good-day, Blue Bird," said she. But Blue Bird did not say "Good-day." She said, "Oh! Field Mouse, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit me upon the head!"

Then Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all said at once, "Yes, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit Blue Bird on the head!"

"Did it hurt?" asked Field Mouse.

"It did," said Blue Bird.

And Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all said at once, "It did."

"I will call my five little mice," said Field Mouse, "and we all will go and see Wise Frog. He will, no doubt, be able to tell us how to find out what it was."

So Field Mouse and her five little mice, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, all went with Blue Bird to call on Wise Frog. Wise Frog lives in a brook that runs through the woods.

"Good-day, Blue Bird," said he. But Blue Bird did not say "Good-day." She said, "Something fell from the big oak-tree when I was under it, and hit me on the head!"

Then Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all said at once, "Yes, something fell from the big oak-tree and hit Blue Bird on the head!"

"Did it hurt?" asked Wise Frog.

"It did," said Blue Bird.

And Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three

brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all said at once, "It did."

Then Wise Frog said, "Let me think." And they let him think.

Then he said, "We must go to the foot of the big oak-tree and find out what it was that came down and hit Blue Bird on the head. I will call my friend Speckled Toad, and he can go too."

So Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three

brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, and Wise Frog and his friend Speckled Toad, all went with Blue Bird to the foot of the big oak-tree.

And what do you think they found there?

Nothing but an acorn, and a very small one at that!

"Dear me," said Blue Bird, "how silly I was to be so frightened!"

"Very silly," said Wise Frog. And "Very silly!" said Speckled Toad, and Gray Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all at once.

Then Blue Bird said, "But now that we are *here*, all together, let's stay the rest of the day and have a good time."

"We will," said Wise Frog and his friend Speckled Toad, and Gray

Squirrel and his mother, and his two sisters, and his three brothers, and Field Mouse and her five little mice, all at once. And they did.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW month! Well, well, it seems hardly a week since we all were here together; but ST. NICHOLAS says it 's a full month, and he knows.

How fare you, my friends? I hope you are having a happy autumn, and that many of you have enjoyed bright foliage overhead and found tempting nuts underfoot. And I trust you 've kept your eyes and ears open for other things too. For instance, there is

THE HARVEST SPIDER.

HOW many of you have seen a harvest spider this autumn, I wonder! There were a few here in my meadow, and it was comical to see their peculiar way of frightening off any invader who came to molest them. Or was it an ingenious way of catching insects who were too wary to enter the web at a dash? I saw a dainty little girl one day stand silently admiring the beautiful web of one of these spiders. It was very large, and it stretched from a post-and-rail fence to a bush near by, the weaver keeping guard at its center,—grim but superb in his coat of yellow and black. Finally the girl touched one delicate filament very lightly with a twig. Instantly the entire web began to swing backward and forward, backward and forward, as though some invisible fairy were pushing it. The spider did not move; but the little girl did, for she scampered off like a second Miss Muffet.—Talking of spiders, here is a letter that may interest you.

WEBS AS BAROMETERS.

DEAR JACK: Have any of you boys and girls looked out on the fields of a summer morning and noticed the grass covered with little cobwebs? Well, under each web there is a spider that comes out of a hole in the ground, and all the spiders are alike. When these webs are on the grass, it is quite sure not to rain. So you see some spiders are weather prophets, like a great many other things. To be sure, it is pleasant on very many days when there are no webs to be seen. Perhaps some of you can tell why they appear some days and not others. Yours, ORA.

THE KING-BIRD.

MY birds have twittered with pleasure at this idea suggested in a pretty verse by our friend Richard E. Burton. How does it strike you?

The King-bird's tail is tipped with white:
For once upon a winter's day,
The swift snow caught him, fast aflight,—
And though he strove to get away,
Just touched his tail a tiny mite.
And ever since, the King-bird wise
Goes south, to shun the winter skies.

A FAIRY OAK-TREE.

DEAR JACK: I have copied for you something which I read in *The Observer* yesterday. Do please show it to other girls, so that each may find an acorn this autumn, and start a little tree.

I am your attentive reader, JENNY C.

"TO PRODUCE one of these dainty little plants, take an acorn and tie a string around it, so that the blunt end, where the cup was, is upward. Suspend it in a bottle or hyacinth glass containing a small quantity of water, but be careful that the acorn does not reach within an inch of the water. Wrap the bottle in flannel, and leave it, undisturbed, in a warm, dark place. In a month or less, the acorn will swell, burst its coat, and throw out a tiny white point. This is the root, and when half an inch long the water may be allowed to rise higher, but must not touch it until the neck of the root begins to turn upward. As soon as this stem commences to shoot, the baby oak will require small doses of light every day, and the root can now extend into the water. In a week or so it will be ready to be removed to a window, where you can watch the development. At first the tiny trunk that is to be will resemble a whitish thread, covered with small scales. Then the scales will expand and the end become green. Little leaves will appear, veins will branch, and old leaves fall off, until you have a perfect miniature of the great kings of the forest."

STRAWS WHICH SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

DEAR JACK: Our papa read to us the other day something that is most curious, and I will copy it for you from the paper, *Science*. If I try to tell it in my own words, I get mixed. Papa says velocity means speed, and that Professor Mees is a learned man who was addressing a meeting in New York, for the advancement of science; so now I will give it to you.

"It is striking evidence of the great velocity attained in tornadoes that straws and bits of hay are often driven like darts into pine boards, and even into the dense bark of hickory-trees. Professor Mees found that, to obtain similar results by shooting straws from an air-gun, velocities of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five miles per hour were necessary."

If any of us ST. NICHOLAS boys, after a tornado, ever find any bits of hay or straw driven into pine boards or hickory-trees, we must remember to send you word.

Your faithful little friend, JOHN T. C.

A MYSTERIOUS ERRAND.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Allow me to write you asking some information relative to a worm whose feat I witnessed one day last week.

In front of my papa's store door there is a large sycamore-tree.

I chanced to observe, suspended from a limb of the tree, say forty-five feet high, by a single thread, or web, a worm or other insect. On noticing it for some time, I found it to be slowly descending to the ground. There was formed over the entire body a covering, made principally, as it seemed, of the bark of the sycamore — brown and light colored. The lower extremity had coiled around it a small piece of dead leaf. This covering concealed it from view, except its head, which it continually moved about. Finally it reached the ground, allowing only its lower extremity to touch. Remaining on the ground about two minutes, it raised itself up about six inches, kept itself suspended two minutes, and again lowered itself till its lower extremity touched the ground. This alternate self-suspension and lowering was repeated three times, remaining in each position, each time, two minutes. The fourth time it raised itself, it did not return, but continued its slow ascent to the limb from which it was suspended. The entire length of its web, about forty-five feet long, could be seen at times when the sun would shine on it. Its return to the limb from which it suspended itself required four hours. From what I could observe, it was enabled to return by means of taking up its web in its mouth and depositing it on one side, and on a level with its head, which it continually moved from side to side. I came to this conclusion because, soon after it began its ascent, I discovered a very small tuft of white to one side of its head, on its incasement or covering; and as it ascended the tuft of white increased in size. This tuft of white was its web being collected together.

Now, what is the name of this worm? and for what purpose did it make a visit to earth, remain a few minutes, and then return to its leafy home?

I have never written to you before. ALICE.

Who can answer? Alice is a careful observer, and I shall be much pleased if any of my hearers, whether belonging to the Agassiz Association or not, can reply correctly to her queries.

A GREAT ELECTRIC LIGHT.

HERE is sad news for my poor distant owls, but you young folk will not object to it. There is now in Australia an electric light, said to be the largest in the world, which the dear Little School-ma'am tells me sheds as much light as could be thrown by *one hundred and eighty thousand candles!* Think of that! This light is very properly set in the Sydney light-house, whence it can throw out its guiding beams far over the sea. Sailors many miles away can see it and steer for home accordingly.

PREPARATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

A REPORT CONCERNING THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

LAST January, when the Agassiz Association left the protecting wing of ST. NICHOLAS, we promised to keep our friends informed of its progress and condition. I hope that you all are kindly interested in the fulfillment of that promise. In most of the forebodings which came to us with the beginning of our more independent life we have been happily disappointed.

At first, it is true, many of the weaker Chapters fell away, but not so many as we had anticipated; and after a short time new recruits began to enlist in large numbers, so that now, in August, we find by careful census that we have more really active Chapters and a larger present membership than at any former period since we began, in 1880. Since our invitation was first carried by the ST. NICHOLAS to the young men and women of America to unite in forming an association for the study of natural science by means of personal observation, we have enrolled eleven hundred branch societies, with a total membership of twelve thousand one hundred. Besides these, there have been perhaps four or five hundred persons who have joined as individual students.

Many of these local societies, or Chapters, were organized merely as temporary classes, for the purpose of pursuing some one or more of the courses of practical work with minerals, plants, or insects, which we have been able to present. These have naturally disbanded on the completion of the courses in which they were engaged. Other Chapters have been organized with a view to permanence. These have in many cases rented rooms, or erected buildings, in which to hold meetings, establish libraries, and build up local museums. All these still remain with us, and are steadily growing in power and usefulness.

Many Chapters have been established in connection with schools. When these have been aided and superintended by the principal teachers, they are usually long-lived or permanent. When they have been organized and controlled by classes of students, independent of local residence or established teachers, they have usually disbanded at the graduation of the classes. A large number of little societies have been formed by the parents and children of single families. These have been broken up rarely, except by the sad intrusion of sickness and death. After deducting withdrawals from all these and other causes, we find by an examination of our books to-day that we have a total of six hundred and sixty-seven active, working Chapters, representing a total membership of seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three. In other words, out of all who have in any way connected themselves with us, either as temporary classes or established branches, during the past seven years, we retain as active members more than sixty per cent This membership is distributed as follows:

	Chap.	*Mem.*		*Chap.*	*Mem.*
Alabama	3	39	Montana	3	22
Arkansas	1	4	Nebraska	3	29
California	15	226	N. Hampshire	8	108
Colorado	4	27	New Jersey	38	512
Connecticut	26	325	New York	116	1276
Dakota	5	40	North Carolina	1	5
Delaware	5	24	Ohio	31	357
Dist. Columbia	8	71	Oregon	2	36
Florida	4	18	Pennsylvania	70	721
Georgia	2	28	Rhode Island	11	74
Illinois	48	461	Tennessee	3	24
Indiana	12	126	Utah	1	8
Iowa	20	316	Texas	10	139
Kansas	5	57	South Carolina	4	44
Kentucky	7	95	Vermont	5	52
Louisiana	1	6	Wash. Ter.	3	70
Maine	12	167	Virginia	9	83
Maryland	11	84	W. Virginia	1	13
Massachusetts	69	736	Wisconsin	16	136
Michigan	26	300	Canada	9	161
Minnesota	6	84	England	8	82
Mississippi	3	17	Japan	1	27
Missouri	9	77	Scotland	2	16

During the year, we have offered a course in mineralogy, which has been conducted by Professor W. O. Crosby, of the Boston Society of Natural History, and which has been largely patronized by conscientious and enthusiastic workers. We have emphasized the feature of special assistance to our members, by enlarging the corps of scientists who voluntarily hold themselves in readiness to answer questions and determine specimens for any members who may apply to them. There are now forty-five of these gentlemen, who together form what we call the Council of the Agassiz Association.

Being interested to know what sort of question our young friends have been in the habit of launching at these kind specialists, a little circular was sent to them quite recently, making a few inquiries, which will be inferred plainly enough from the answers which follow. Of course, I give only a few, but they are interesting as showing in the first place the noble spirit of unselfishness which animates a true scientist; and, in the second place, the spirit of courteous deference which inspires the earnest searcher for knowledge. I take selections nearly at random:

"Perhaps fifty or more have applied to me for help. The questions appear to come from beginners, and have been generally regarding the names of insects sent."—C. H. Fernald, Amherst College.——"The letters have indicated intelligent interest."—William Trelease, Shaw School of Botany.——"The letters have invariably been courteously worded, accompanied by return postage, sensible, intelligent, and indicative of a real desire to learn."—Leland O. Howard, U. S. Dept. Agr.——"I have had a goodly number apply for help in conchology, but not one-quarter as many as I should like. I should like to hear from every Chapter."—Thomas Morgan.——"It gives me great pleasure to say that I shall be most happy to continue. Without exception, all queries have been characterized by an earnest spirit, and by intelligence, and have been courteous in every instance and invariably accompanied by postage."—W. R. Lighton.——"About forty have applied for help in ornithology. I have been quite surprised at the character of some of the questions which were so indicative of an earnest desire to learn on the part of the quizzer."—J. de Benneville Abbott, M. D.——"Large numbers have corresponded with me, and it is noteworthy to remark the great good sense and discretion observed by the majority. With a most earnest desire to use my best ability to further the cause of the A. A."—O. Bruce Richards.——"I am willing to render all the assistance I can to members of the A. A. who are interested in birds and reptiles. I always esteem it a privilege to help those who are trying to help themselves in original investigation."—Amos Butler.——"It affords me pleasure at all times to assist in smoothing the way and solving the doubts, so far as I am able, of all who apply to me. These applications have been numerous. The correspondence has uniformly been kind, and to me useful."—A. W. Chapman.——"A great many specimens have been sent, always accompanied by intelligent questions, showing fair discrimination. I shall be very happy to continue to be of what service I can, as I consider the effort that you are making an extremely valuable educational one, because it teaches young persons to discriminate between differences that are slight, and to cultivate habits of observation and judgment. There are very few enterprises with which I have become familiar in recent years that have a greater interest for me than this one that you are engaged in."—Thomas Egleston, Columbia College.——"Regarding the A. A., for which I have the greatest interest, I will gladly continue to answer questions in general biology. I regret that I have not kept a list of the questions received. All were to the point."—C. F. Holder.——"I have now labored with the Association for three years past as an assistant in my specialty, and since that time have received and answered many inquiries upon ethnology and archæology, which come from all parts of America, and occasionally from Europe. These communications come from both young and old people, and are steadily increasing in volume. I speak of the young people first, from the fact that they seem much interested in collecting archæological specimens, and in asking for information concerning the best methods of study, the geographical distribution, habits, songs, arts, folk-lore, etc., of our wild tribes."—Hilborne T. Cresson.

A prominent feature of the year's work is the increased number of older persons who have united with the A. A. While the large majority of our members are still children, and while the youngest are eagerly welcomed, yet we have been greatly strengthened by the accession of very many young men and women of from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, and also by the enrollment of large numbers of parents, teachers, and adult pupils. It is charming to find that the fascination of out-door study does not wear away. Those who have once fairly tasted the pleasure of carefully examining the structure and growth of flowers and insects, usually continue, throughout their whole lives, to draw increasing delight from renewed observations. Those who have once known the pleasure of unearthing a vein of crystals, or of making a complex mineral yield its secrets to the flame of the magic blow-pipe, never find cause for *ennui*, so long as they can get hold of a hammer and a stone. Those who have once raised a moth or butterfly from the egg to the perfect *imago* have secured a source of enjoyment as lasting as life and as unlimited as the insect world. All members of the Agassiz Association have the kindliest feelings for ST. NICHOLAS, and rejoice to see that this magazine retains all its love for the strange and beautiful objects of nature. It makes little difference to what special society one belongs, or whether he belong to any. The important thing for each one of us is to come to the early use of the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart.

HARLAN H. BALLARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

YOUNG students of American history who may read Mr. E. S. Brooks's account of "Pocahontas," in this number, will note with interest that her real name was not "Pocahontas," nor that of her father "Powhatan;" also that she did not save the life of Captain Smith in the manner so often described, and that she was really a young widow when she married the rather sanctimonious Master Rolfe.

Those who wish to read the history of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, in full, should obtain a copy of Charles Dudley Warner's very entertaining biography of Captain John Smith, in the series called "Lives of American Worthies," published by Henry Holt & Co.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to see the amusing illustrated verse by Mr. J. G. Francis on page 39, and to know that Mr. Francis has prepared a series of these comic pictures which will appear during the coming year. And those young folk who have seen in books copies of the Aztec hieroglyphics, will appreciate the cleverness with which Mr. Francis has caricatured those old rude but expressive drawings without losing their special characteristics.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HOTEL WINDSOR, VICTORIA STREET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though Mr. Stockton has visited England, he has made some slight mistakes in the description he gives of Buckinghamshire, my mother's native county.

The greater part of my mother's childhood, at least every summer, was spent by her father and mother in a large farm-house on the top of the hill on which lies the White Cross, of which he speaks as being made by an antiquarian society to commemorate the battle fought by the Saxons and Danes, in which the former were victorious.

The fact is that the cross was cut by the Saxons themselves, to commemorate the victory, in about the year 600. It is kept in order by funds from St. John's College, Oxford.

The name of the village, Whiteleaf, is a corruption of Whitgelt, who was son of either Hengist or Horsa, and commanded the Saxons in this battle. The other village he mentions, which we also know well, is spelt Kimble, not Kimball, and was named after the British hero Cymbeline, about whom Shakspere wrote the play.

I hope, dear ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Stockton will not mind my writing this letter, but I thought it would interest your readers.

Now I must close. I am your constant and admiring reader,

DOROTHEA MARY G——.
(Aged 11 years.)

ENGLEWOOD, ILL.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma subscribed for you when I was eleven years old, as a birthday present. I have taken you ever since (I am nearly thirteen now).

Perhaps, like very modest people, you don't like to be praised, but you most certainly deserve a great deal of it.

Laura Scott (a friend of mine) and myself were very much interested in the paper foldings which have appeared in the September and August numbers.

We tried the "Nantucket Sinks," and did n't succeed, but we astonished ourselves with the "First Paper Canoe." We made some on the scale of four and three-quarter inches, and we intend to try one on the scale of twelve inches.

We bored holes in the center of each side of our canoes, through which we passed tooth-picks for oars. Laura made a paper man who sat in a very dignified manner with the oars (or rather tooth-picks) in his hands.

We had "grand times" with our boats in the bath-tub. We also had a fleet of several smaller boats.

My favorites are: "ST. NICHOLAS Dog Stories," "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Jenny's Boarding-house," and all of Miss Alcott's stories; I am also very much interested in the "Brownies" and "Letter-box."

I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-bye.

Ever your constant reader, ETHEL R——.

SELINS GROVE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine since January. I like "Jenny's Boarding-house," and it is too bad it was burned. I think the Brownies are funny little creatures. I must tell you about my little sister Mary, two years old. She gets her prayers and Old Mother Hubbard mixed. The other night she said, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord to give the poor dog a bone." She makes lots of fun for us, and often talks about Brownies. I wish you would make my mistakes right. I must stop now and give the others a chance.

Your little reader, W. M. S——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only two months, and I think you are the most interesting magazine I have ever read.

We used to live in Illinois, but have lived in Washington nearly two years.

I went down to Alexandria not long ago, and went into the Braddock House, where General Braddock held a council of war one night, and saw the church where General Washington went to church.

I will be thirteen years old the 4th of September, and we are going to have a play called "Ten Dollars," which we saw in the ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1879.

We have a friend who has the ST. NICHOLAS in bound volumes from the first number issued.

I am your constant reader, PORTIA O——.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading some of the letters in the "Letter-box," I have seen some strange things told, and I want to add to them.

I was sitting in the sewing-room half an hour or so ago, when my married sister came, holding what looked like a baked pear. "Fritz," she said, "don't you want a baked pear?" I said, as I had never tasted one, I would like to have it, and I took the hot pear she offered me, and bit into it. I looked up and remarked that it was very good, when she broke into a peal of laughter. I asked what the matter was, and she said, "Harry [her husband] and I put these pears out in the sun to ripen, and when I took them in to-day, that is what I found." All of the six pears were baked soft and juicy by the sun. The pear was hot, as if it had just come out of the oven. I took them to my mother, and she also thought they were very nice. How she laughed when I told her that they had been baked by the sun! From one who loves dear old ST. NICHOLAS dearly,

FREDERIKA P——.

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and I live in Nova Scotia. Once we had a little kitten; she was my pet, and she got into the oven one day, and we could not find her for a long time.

I have two brothers and two sisters. A gentleman in Boston has sent you to us for two years.

Douglas can not read you yet, but I can. I think "Jenny's Boarding-house" is a delicious story.

Your affectionate friend, GRACE H. P——.

P. S.—My kitty was dreadfully frightened. She trembled for a long time, but she was n't hurt.—G. H. P.

BOULDER, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandmother gives you to me every year for a Christmas present; I have always enjoyed your stories. I am thirteen years old. My sister tried the "Human Melodeon" once, and it worked splendidly. I have a dog named Uno; he is very intelligent,—he will play hide-and-seek with us; one of us holds him while the others hide. I am very much interested in "Juan and Juanita," and I hope they will get to their mother in the end.

I remain your constant reader, ARTHUR C. J——.

UNION CITY, EUREKA CO., NEV.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Buckeye girl, but I am spending the summer in a mining camp in Nevada. The ST. NICHOLAS is sent me every month. I am seven years old, but I can't read yet, and my mamma reads the stories to me. I enjoy them very much.

I have not been down in the mines yet, but when I go it will be in a bucket. The sage-brush is all around us. The other evening I saw two coyotes, a large one and a small one. My auntie said they looked like greyhounds, only they were shaggy. There are mountains all around us, and it seems as though I am inside of a round ball.

I have another book, but it is not half as nice as the one you send me.

Every night I see the stars that form a dipper, and the moon, and the evening star go down behind the mountain.

My mamma is writing this letter for me, but I tell her what to say.

Your true little friend, MARY P——.

HOLMWOOD, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl. I am ten years old, and I am writing to tell you that I was born on your day, 1876. We all like your magazine very much, and I especially like Miss Alcott's Spinning-wheel stories. We have taken you for nearly seven years, and I hope we shall take you for a great many more years.

I am ever your constant reader, HILDA G——.

PAOLI, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have only had the pleasure of reading your pages for two years I don't suppose any of your readers enjoy them more than I do. "The First Paper Canoe" in the last number interested me very much, so much that I worked one whole day over it before succeeding. Please let the author know that at least one American girl can carry the series through. I am eleven years old. I, like several of your readers, am very much interested in the fate of "Juan and Juanita." I remain,

Your constant reader, KATE C. GREEN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since I have read of the curious utilizations of a square of paper, all our lesser ornaments have given place to Nantucket sinks and sail-boats, and I want to tell you how much we appreciated your piece about paper boats, and how much amusement we derived from it.

The other day my sister and I collected our fleet from the numerous dry-docks, launched it in the bath-tub, and witnessed one of the most exciting races of the season. My sister, with a huge palm-leaf fan, impersonated Boreas, while I assumed the offices of judges, crews, reporters, and spectators.

The Volunteer, being favored by Boreas, won the race, and with it the Nantucket sink, although, in her speedy run over the course, she damaged her keel, and had to be laid up for repairs.

The Mayflower sprung a leak in rounding a light-house strangely resembling a tooth-powder bottle, but with the united efforts of the captain, who, being a bean, swelled to such an extent that the safety of the crew of collar-buttons was imperiled, and the sailors, who were kept busy pumping, she came in second.

The Thistle in dry-dock was a handsome craft, but upon being launched she showed her inferior make by collapsing.

The Puritan lost one man overboard, but he was a light weight and floated until rescued.

The Sachem was stranded on a sponge half-way across the sound.

I am a very big little girl, fifteen years old, but have been very much interested in the transformations of a square piece of paper, and hope you will send other designs for the benefit of your devoted peruser, EDITH L. H——.

WE present our thanks to the young friends whose names here follow, for the receipt of pleasant letters which they have sent: J. M. Brown, Jr., Sherman W. Bowen, Evelyn P. Willing, Jennie Hawkins, Sarah Chambers, Alice H. M. and Rachael A. S., Emma and Agnes, May G. B., Agnes J. Arrott, Julia Robinson, Joe G., Nellie B. Bridgman, Joe C., Lucy Lee Brooks, Alice Hirsh, Bertha Crane, Kittie and Louie, Lily A. H., Cherry, Rosa P. L., Nina D., Jessie C. Drew, Grace W. Stoughton, Louise Hall, A. G. Robinson, Bessie D. P., A. N., Charlie C. S., Kitty, Gertrude A., Marie C, Chase, Florence M. Keith, Annie W. Mays, Jessie A. Wardrope, Carrie C. A., M. E. B., Mary K. Hadley, Edward A. Selkirk, Henry Kramer and May Southgate, Rowena M. B., Maysie L. E., Nellie R. Mason, Gertrude W. Hepworth, Carrie M., Emma E. S., Agnes, Arthur D., Kate B. Conrad, Anna P. Hannum, Lottie G., Madge H. Lyons, Mary S. G., Elise Ernest W., Kathleen Pictor, Helen Howe, Edward E. J., Gertrude B., Clara B., Bertha Danforth, Jessie Doak, and Edna Shepp.

GOING HOME WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

HOLLOW SQUARE. Spade, easel, level, spool.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Thames. 2. Agents. 3. Estate. 4. Seraph. 5. Region. 6. Sector.

EASY GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Host. 2. Onto. 3. Stay. 4. Toys. II. 1. Last. 2. Alto. 3. Stay. 4. Toys. III. 1. Toys. 2. Oval. 3. Yale. 4. Sled. IV. 1. Sled. 2. Lame. 3. Emma. 4. Dear. V. 1. Sled. 2. Lone. 3. Ends. 4. Desk.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nodding corn.
"*Brigs of Ayr*," Line 217.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. "All Hallow's Eve," and "Nutcrack Night."

DOUBLE SQUARE REMAINDERS. From 4 to 7, grape; 5 to 8, later; 6 to 9, steal; 1 to 10, crate; 2 to 11 mates; 3 to 12, spear.

NOVEL ARITHMETIC. 1. T-one. 2. L-one. 3. F-l-our. 4. T-h-ree. 5. T-w-o. 6. Fi-v-e 7. F-o-ur.

HOUR-GLASS. Cross-words: 1. Wringing-wet. 2. Incondite. 3. Nocturn. 4. Treed. 5. Ere. 6. R. 7. Lag. 8. Order. 9. Ice-isle. 10. Narrative. 11. Sarculation.

LETTER-PUZZLE.

A E A E A
E E E E E
A E A E A
E E E E E
A E A E A

DOUBLE DIAMONDS. I. Across: 1. S. 2. Sap. 3. Eagle. 4. Dey. 5. S. II. Across: 1. S. 2. Spa. 3. Heath. 4. Ace. 5. E. III. Across: 1. A. 2. Ada. 3. Shock. 4. Art. 5. E.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DINNER. SOUPS. 1. Mock-turtle. 2. Tomato. FISH. 1. Sole. 2. Flounder. ENTRÉE. Quail with Bacon, on Toast. ROASTS. 1. Turkey. 2. Lamb. 3. Goose. VEGETABLES. 1. Potato. 2. Peas. 3. Beets. 4. Cabbage. DESSERT. 1. Rhubarb pie. 2. Floating Island. NUTS. 1. Chestnut. 2. Ground-nut. 3. Butternut. FRUITS. 1. Orange. 2. Peaches. 3. Pears. 4. Bananas.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Francis W. Islip — J. Russell Davis — Maud E. Palmer — A. Fiske and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from "Ouidi and Wyandotte," 6 — Helen S. H., 2 — Marion S. Dumont, 1 — "Violet and Pansy," 1 — Paul Reese, 9 — Willie Kitchell, 1 — Charlotte, Ethel, and Dorothy H., 1 — "Cherokee Sam," 2 — "St. Olaf's Kirk," 3 — E. G. S., and E. K. S., 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — No name, Menai-Bridge, 8 — K. G. S., 10 — M. L. G., 8 — "Fanatic," 7 — "Fanned," 8 — Gertrude Harrison, 1 — M. A. R. and H. A. R., 8 — Jo and I, 8 — "Sculptor," 8 — Jamie and Mamma, 8 — Alpha Alpha B. C., 5 — L. E. Nor, 4 — "Scotchie and 777," 1 — "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 3 — "Grey Parrot," 1 — Helen, 1 — N. L. Howes, 7 — W. R. M., 10 — D. H. Dodge, 1 — Amelia Donnally, 2 — Nellie and Reggie, 7 — "May and 79," 5 — "Fox and Geese," 9 — Towner children, 8 — "Hikeydum," 8 — Ethel, Dorothy and Eva Ruth, and Uncle Andrew, 3 — "Chanito," 8.

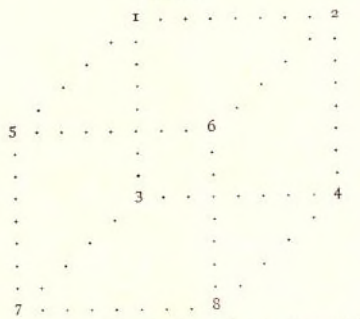
OCTAGONS.

I. 1. SERIOUS. 2. To bereave. 3. Strokes. 4. A little air. 5. An order of insects having only two wings. 6. Nitrate of potassa. 7. A very large body of water.

II. 1. A verb. 2. The great poet of Greece. 3. Shaped like a dome. 4. To counterfeit. 5. Groups consisting of ten individuals. 6. Regular charges. 7. One-half of a word meaning to diminish.

"EUREKA."

CUBE.



FROM 1 TO 2, a composition for five voices; 2 to 4, an inhabitant of the earth; 3 to 4, an object often seen about Easter; 1 to 3, fourfold; 5 to 6, the body of an army that marches in the rear of the main body to protect it; 6 to 8, the act of dictating; 7 to 8, manner of speaking in public; 5 to 7, to revive; 1 to 5, to vibrate; 2 to 6, effaced; 4 to 8, smoked ham; 3 to 7, to empower.

DAVID H. D.

PI.

NEOG thha eth grinsp, hwit lal sit slowref,
Dan geon het smursem mopp dan hows,
Nad nutamu, ni hsi slaflese browes,
Si gainwit rof eth trinsew wons.

NOVEL ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the third row (reading downward) will spell what we all should give at the time named in the sixth row of letters.

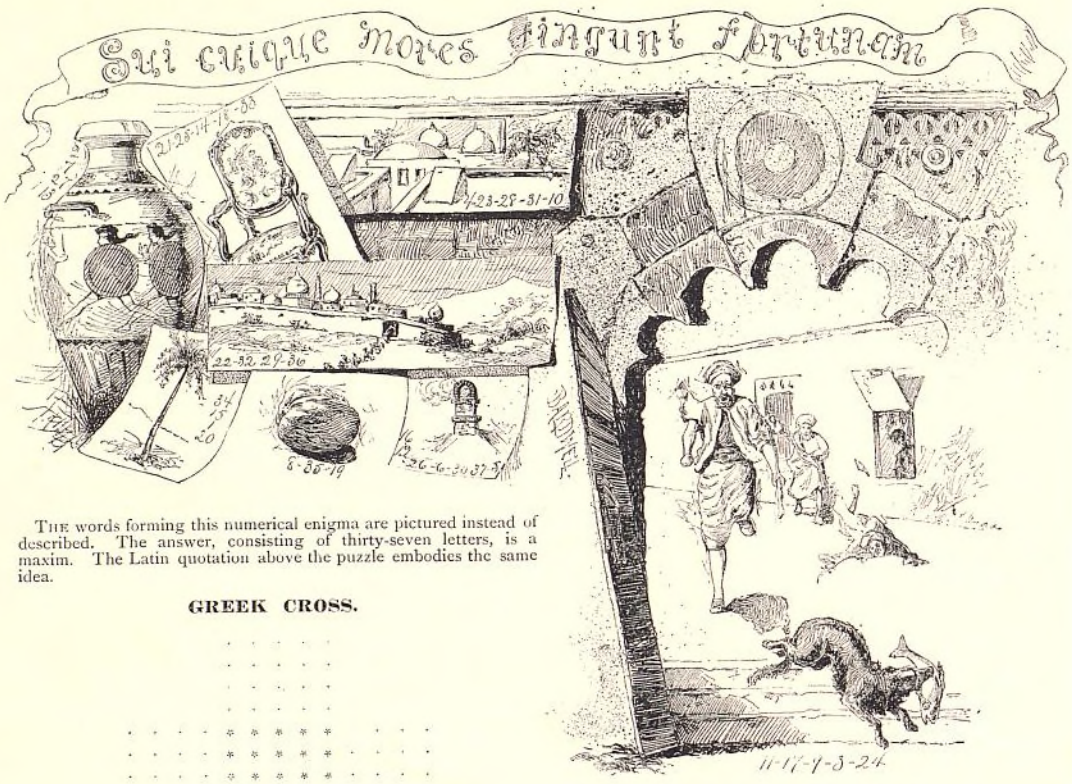
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Vigorous. 2. Entwined. 3. An ensign of war. 4. Filtered. 5. Assaulted. 6. Disperses. 7. Forebodes. 8. Any system of faith and worship. 9. Survives. 10. Providing food. 11. A two-masted vessel. 12. A word corresponding with another. 13. To reflect. 14. A vessel for holding ink. 15. Not retarded.

F. S. F.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

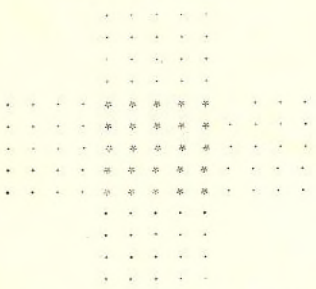
BY starting at the right letter in one of the above words, and then taking every third letter, a quotation from Shakespeare's plays may be formed.

LU. C. LEE.



THE words forming this numerical enigma are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-seven letters, is a maxim. The Latin quotation above the puzzle embodies the same idea.

GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Scrutinizes. 2. A song of joy. 3. To mount. 4. A nozzle. 5. To rest.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To urge. 2. To untwist. 3. To escape. 4. A plant which grows in wet ground. 5. To rest.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To repose. 2. An insect in the first stage after leaving the egg. 3. Ospreys. 4. Occurrence. 5. A meat pie.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Like paste. 2. Burning. 3. Paternal ancestors. 4. To entertain with food or drink. 5. Foaming.

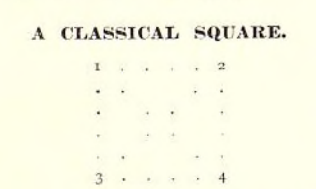
V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Uncooked. 2. To worship. 3. Pertaining to the sun. 4. To discipline. 5. Yearns.

"ROYAL TARR."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A GIRL'S nickname. 2. To detest. 3. A title which gave place to that of "baron." 4. A species of column whose distinguishing feature is the volute of its capital. 5. Upright. ROBERT.

A CLASSICAL SQUARE.



FROM 1 to 2, a surname of Hera or Juno; from 2 to 4, an ancient name for the River Tiber; from 1 to 3, a name by which the south-eastern part of Italy was once known; from 3 to 4, a name by which Minerva is sometimes called; from 1 to 4, the daughter of Cyrus; from 2 to 3, a division of Greece. A. G. CAMERON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: A warrior brave, I seek my home
From distant Palestine;
But seized by treacherous foes, I 'm cast
In prison walls to pine.

FINALS: Through many lands, in tower and town,
I seek my master dear;
In castle strong, at last with joy
His well-known voice I hear.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. The first name of a Scottish outlaw bold,
Whose feats in song and story still are told.

2. Eyes have I, yet I can not see at all;
In heathen lands I worshiped am by all.

3. How fair this lake lies 'neath Italian sky!
Sure in your travels you 'll not pass it by.

4. The loveliest woman earth has ever seen;
"She looked a goddess and she walked a queen."

5. This noble king was England's pride and boast
Ere Norman William conquered Harold's host.

6. If one writes not in prose, nor in blank verse,
He surely must in this his tale rehearse.

7. If you don't guess this riddle, by and by,
This adjective to you I must apply. N. B.

HOUR-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. On this side of the Atlantic Ocean. 2. Constancy. 3. The daughter of Sithon, King of Thrace. 4. Sufficient. 5. Very large. 6. In capacity. 7. To urge importunately. 8. A covering for the head worn by ecclesiastical dignitaries. 9. Inhabitants of Ionia. 10. Resemblance. 11. A race or people.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell one belonging to a diminutive race. R. V. O.

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