



THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

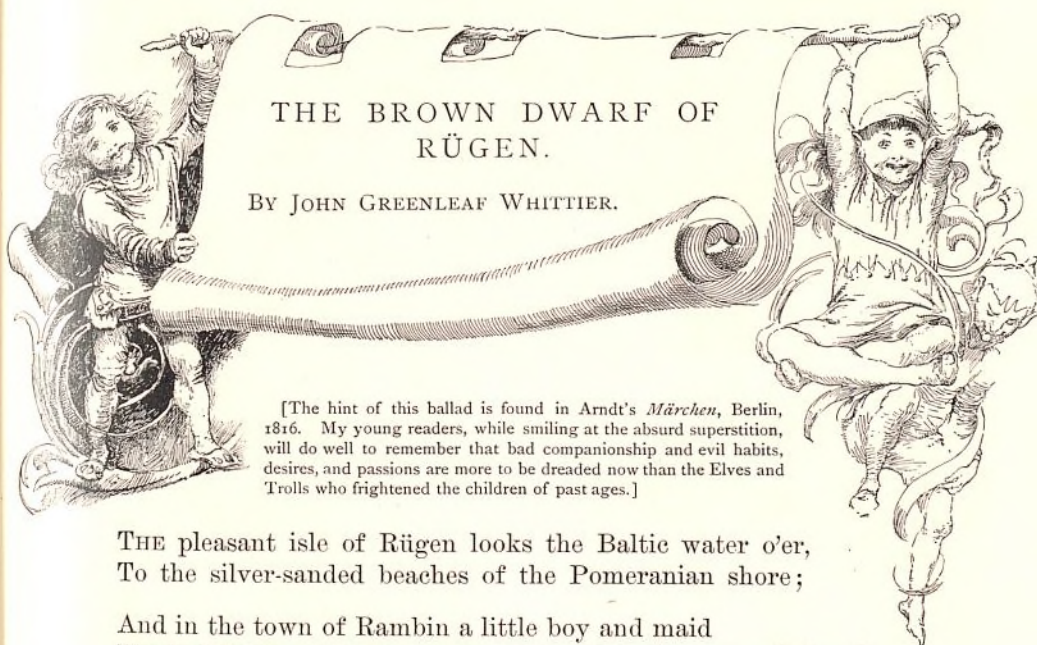
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THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[The hint of this ballad is found in Arndt's *Märchen*, Berlin, 1816. My young readers, while smiling at the absurd superstition, will do well to remember that bad companionship and evil habits, desires, and passions are more to be dreaded now than the Elves and Trolls who frightened the children of past ages.]

THE pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;
And in the town of Ramin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree:
He was the Amptman's* first-born, the miller's child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs and Trolls,
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people without souls;

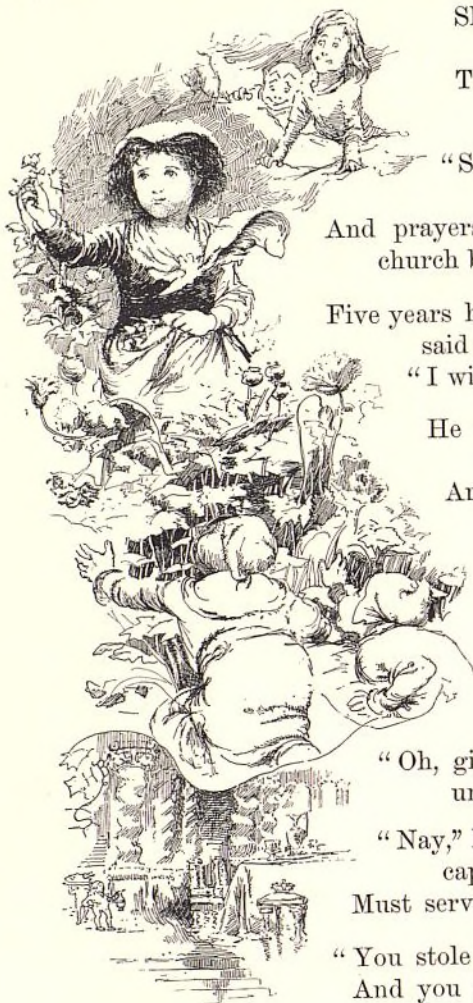
And, for every man and woman in Rügen's island found
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-ground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.

That day, in barley-fields below, the harvesters had known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.

* A German local official, or bailiff.

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She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said the dream-wives wise and old.

And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin's church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Deitrich said:

"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell — and thrust it on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.

"Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit!"

"Nay," Deitrich said; "the Dwarf who throws his charmed cap away,
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay."

"You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth;
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth."

"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!" the Brown Dwarf said;
"The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul tongue still.
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stair-way passed,
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land,—
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown
hair, her tender blue eyes seemed
Like something he had seen elsewhere
or something he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms;
he knew the long-lost one;
"O Lisbeth! See thy playmate—I am the
Amptman's son!"

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and
through her sobs she spoke:
"Oh, take me from this evil place, and from
the elfin folk!"

"And let me tread the grass-green fields and
smell the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear
the dropping rain!"

"And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling
of the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of
the sea;

"And oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!"

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown Dwarf
groaned to see,

And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.



But Deitrich said: "For five long years this tender Christian maid
Has served you in your evil world and well must she be paid!

"Haste!—hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store;
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the gate of glass;
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.



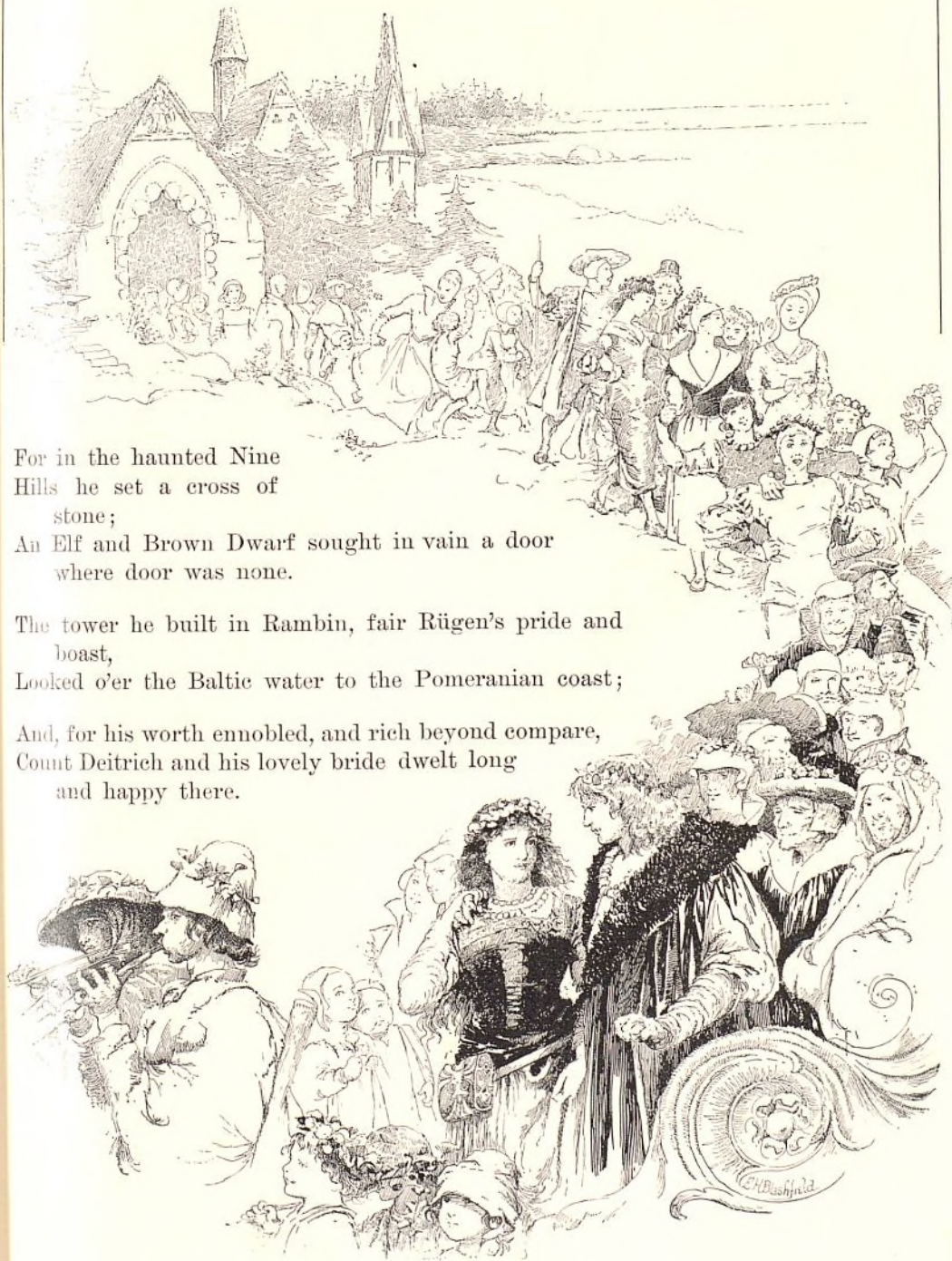
Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's woods before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic shore;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his child,
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain came forth as one,
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid crooned o'er
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well the Trolls shall come no more!"



For in the haunted Nine
Hills he set a cross of
stone;

An Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door
where door was none.

The tower he built in Ramin, fair Rügen's pride and
boast,
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long
and happy there.

Sara Crewe



or What Happened at Miss Minchin's

by Frances Hodgson Burnett

PART II.

THAT very afternoon Sara had an opportunity of proving to herself whether she was really a princess or not. It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously, the streets were chilly and sloppy; there was mud everywhere—sticky London mud—and over everything a pall of fog and drizzle. Of course there were several long and tiresome errands to be done,—there always were on days like this,—and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through. The absurd old feathers on her forlorn hat were more dragged and absurd than ever, and her down-trodden shoes were so wet they could not hold any more water. Added to this, she had been deprived of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her. She was very hungry. She was so cold and hungry and tired that her little face had

a pinched look, and now and then some kind-hearted person passing her in the crowded street glanced at her with sympathy. But she did not know that. She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that queer way of hers by pretending and “supposing,”—but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she persevered obstinately. “Suppose I had dry clothes on,” she thought. “Suppose I had good shoes and a long thick coat and merino stockings and a whole umbrella. And suppose—suppose, just when I was near a baker’s where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence—which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns and should eat them all without stopping.”

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing which

happened to Sara. She had to cross the street just as she was saying this to herself—the mud was dreadful—she almost had to wade. She picked her way as carefully as she could, but she could not save herself much; only, in picking her way she had to look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down—just as she reached the pavement—she saw something shining in the gutter. A piece of silver—a tiny piece trodden upon by many feet, but still with spirit enough left to shine a little. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it—a four-penny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little, red and blue hand.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It is true!"

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker's, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting into the window a tray of delicious hot buns,—large, plump, shiny buns, with currants in them.

It almost made Sara feel faint for a few seconds—the shock and the sight of the buns and the delightful odors of warm bread floating up through the baker's cellar-window.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money. It had evidently been lying in the mud for some time, and its owner was completely lost in the streams of passing people who crowded and jostled each other all through the day.

"But I'll go and ask the baker's woman if she has lost a piece of money," she said to herself, rather faintly.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something which made her stop.

It was a little figure more forlorn than her own—a little figure which was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and

muddy feet peeped out—only because the rags with which the wearer was trying to cover them were not long enough. Above the rags appeared a shock head of tangled hair and a dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.



"EAT IT," SAID SARA, "AND YOU WILL NOT BE SO HUNGRY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"This," she said to herself, with a little sigh, "is one of the Populace—and she is hungrier than I am."

The child—this "one of the Populace"—stared up at Sara, and shuffled herself aside a little, so as to give her more room. She was used to being

made to give room to everybody. She knew that if a policeman chanced to see her, he would tell her to "move on."

Sara clutched her little four-penny piece, and hesitated a few seconds. Then she spoke to her.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

The child shuffled herself and her rags a little more.

"Ain't I jist!" she said, in a hoarse voice. "Jist ain't I!"

"Have n't you had any dinner?" said Sara.

"No dinner," more hoarsely still and with more shuffling, "nor yet no bre'fast — nor yet no supper — nor nothin'."

"Since when?" asked Sara.

"Dun'no'. Never got nothin' to-day — nowhere. I've axed and axed."

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry and faint. But those queer little thoughts were at work in her brain, and she was talking to herself though she was sick at heart.

"If I'm a princess," she was saying — "if I'm a princess — ! When they were poor and driven from their thrones — they always shared — with the Populace — if they met one poorer and hungrier. They always shared. Buns are a penny each. If it had been sixpence! I could have eaten six. It won't be enough for either of us — but it will be better than nothing."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightfully. The woman was just going to put more hot buns in the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence — a silver fourpence?" And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

The woman looked at it and at her — at her intense little face and draggled, once-fine clothes.

"Bless us — no," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"In the gutter," said Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "It may have been there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. You could never find out."

"I know that," said Sara, "but I thought I'd ask you."

"Not many would," said the woman, looking puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added, as she saw Sara glance toward the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained.

"I have only the fourpence."

"I'll throw in two for make-weight," said the

woman, with her good-natured look. "I dare say you can eat them some time. Are n't you hungry?"

A mist rose before Sara's eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and," she was going to add, "there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still huddled up on the corner of the steps. She looked frightful in her wet and dirty rags. She was staring with a stupid look of suffering straight before her, and Sara saw her suddenly draw the back of her roughened, black hand across her eyes to rub away the tears which seemed to have surprised her by forcing their way from under her lids. She was muttering to herself.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold hands a little.

"See," she said, putting the bun on the ragged lap, "that is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not be so hungry."

The child started and stared up at her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great wolfish bites.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Sara heard her say hoarsely, in wild delight.

"Oh, my!"

Sara took out three more buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said — and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too ravenous to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness — which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

When she reached the other side of the street she looked back. The child had a bun in both hands, and had stopped in the middle of a bite to watch her. Sara gave her a little nod, and the child, after another stare, — a curious, longing stare, — jerked her shaggy head in response, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

At that moment the baker-woman glanced out of her shop-window.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "If that young 'un has n't given her buns to a beggar-child. 'It was n't because she did n't want them, either — well, well, she looked hungry enough. I'd give something to know what she did it for."

She stood behind her window for a few moments and pondered. Then her curiosity got the better of her. She went to the door and spoke to the beggar-child.

"Who gave you those buns?" she asked her.

The child nodded her head toward Sara's vanishing figure.

"What did she say?" inquired the woman.

"Axe me if I was 'ungry," replied the hoarse voice.

"What did you say?"

"Said I was jist!"

"And then she came in and got buns and came out and gave them to you, did she?"

The child nodded.

"How many?"

"Five."

The woman thought it over. "Left just one for herself," she said, in a low voice. "And she could have eaten the whole six—I saw it in her eyes."

She looked after the little, draggled, far-away figure, and felt more disturbed in her usually comfortable mind than she had felt for many a day.

"I wish she had n't gone so quick," she said.

"I'm blest if she should n't have had a dozen."

Then she turned to the child.

"Are you hungry, yet?" she asked.

"I'm allus 'ungry," was the answer; "but 't ain't so bad as it was."

"Come in here," said the woman, and she held open the shop-door.

The child got up and shuffled in. To be invited into a warm place full of bread seemed an incredible thing. She did not know what was going to happen; she did not care, even.

"Get yourself warm," said the woman, pointing to a fire in a tiny back room. "And, look here,—when you're hard up for a bit of bread, you can come here and ask for it. I'm blest if I won't give it you for that young 'un's sake."

Sara found some comfort in her remaining bun. It was hot; and it was a great deal better than nothing. She broke off small pieces and ate them slowly to make it last longer.

"Suppose it was a magic bun," she said, "and a bite was as much as a whole dinner. I should be over-eating myself if I went on like this."

It was dark when she reached the square in which Miss Minchin's Select Seminary was situated; the lamps were lighted, and in most of the windows gleams of light were to be seen. It always interested Sara to catch glimpses of the rooms before the shutters were closed. She liked to imagine things about the people who sat before the fires in the houses, or who bent over books at the tables. There was, for instance, the Large Family

opposite. She called these people the Large Family—not because they were large, for indeed most of them were little, but because there were so many of them. There were eight children in the Large Family, and a stout rosy mother, and a stout rosy father, and a stout rosy grandmamma, and any number of servants. The eight children were always either being taken out to walk, or to ride in perambulators, by comfortable nurses; or they were going to drive with their mamma; or they were flying to the door in the evening to kiss their papa and dance around him and drag off his overcoat and look for packages in the pockets of it; or they were crowding about the nursery windows and looking out and pushing each other and laughing,—in fact, they were always doing something which seemed enjoyable and suited to the tastes of a large family. Sara was quite attached to them and had given them all names out of books. She called them the Montmorencys, when she did not call them the Large Family. The fat, fair baby with the lace cap was Ethelberta Beauchamp Montmorency; the next baby was Violet Cholmondely Montmorency; the little boy who could just stagger, and who had such round legs, was Sydney Cecil Vivian Montmorency; and then came Lilian Evangeline, Guy Clarence, Maud Marian, Rosalind Gladys, Veronica Eustacia, and Claude Harold Hector.

Next door to the Large Family lived the Maiden Lady, who had a companion, and two parrots, and a King Charles spaniel; but Sara was not so very fond of her, because she did nothing in particular but talk to the parrots and drive out with the spaniel. The most interesting person of all lived next door to Mrs. Minchin herself. Sara called him the Indian Gentleman. He was an elderly gentleman who was said to have lived in the East Indies, and to be immensely rich and to have something the matter with his liver,—in fact, it had been rumored that he had no liver at all, and was much inconvenienced by the fact. At any rate, he was very yellow and he did not look happy; and when he went out to his carriage, he was almost always wrapped up in shawls and overcoats, as if he were cold. He had a native servant who looked even colder than himself, and he had a monkey who looked colder than the native servant. Sara had seen the monkey sitting on a table, in the sun, in the parlor-window, and he always wore such a mournful expression that she sympathized with him deeply.

"I dare say," she used sometimes to remark to herself, "he is thinking all the time of cocoa-nut trees and of swinging by his tail under a tropical sun. He might have had a family dependent on him, too, poor thing!"



"HE WAS WAITING FOR HIS MASTER TO COME OUT TO THE CARRIAGE, AND SARA STOPPED AND SPOKE A FEW WORDS TO HIM."

The native servant, whom she called the Lascar, looked mournful too, but he was evidently very faithful to his master.

"Perhaps he saved his master's life in the Sepoy rebellion," she thought. "They look as if they might have had all sorts of adventures. I wish I

could speak to the Lascar. I remember a little Hindustani."

And one day she actually did speak to him, and his start at the sound of his own language expressed a great deal of surprise and delight. He was waiting for his master to come out to the car-

riage, and Sara, who was going on an errand as usual, stopped and spoke a few words. She had a special gift for languages and had remembered enough Hindustani to make herself understood by him. When his master came out, the Lascar spoke to him quickly, and the Indian Gentleman turned and looked at her curiously. And afterward the Lascar always greeted her with salaams of the most profound description. And occasionally they exchanged a few words. She learned that it was true that the Sahib was very rich—that he was ill—and also that he had no wife nor children, and that England did not agree with the monkey.

"He must be as lonely as I am," thought Sara. "Being rich does not seem to make him happy."

That evening, as she passed the windows, the Lascar was closing the shutters, and she caught a glimpse of the room inside. There was a bright fire glowing in the grate, and the Indian Gentleman was sitting before it, in a luxurious chair. The room was richly furnished and looked delightfully comfortable, but the Indian Gentleman sat with his head resting on his hand and looked as lonely and unhappy as ever.

"Poor man!" said Sara; "I wonder what *you* are 'supposing'?"

When she went into the house she met Miss Minchin in the hall.

"Where have you wasted your time?" said Miss Minchin. "You have been out for hours!"

"It was so wet and muddy," Sara answered. "It was hard to walk, because my shoes were so bad and slipped about so."

"Make no excuses," said Miss Minchin, "and tell no falsehoods."

Sara went downstairs to the kitchen.

"Why did n't you stay all night?" said the cook.

"Here are the things," said Sara, and laid her purchases on the table.

The cook looked over them, grumbling. She was in a very bad temper indeed.

"May I have something to eat?" Sara asked, rather faintly.

"Tea 's over and done with," was the answer. "Did you expect me to keep it hot for you?"

Sara was silent a second.

"I had no dinner," she said, and her voice was quite low. She made it low, because she was afraid it would tremble.

"There 's some bread in the pantry," said the cook. "That 's all you 'll get at this time of day."

Sara went and found the bread. It was old and hard and dry. The cook was in too bad a humor to give her anything to eat with it. She had just been scolded by Miss Minchin, and it was always safe and easy to vent her own spite on Sara.

Really it was hard for the child to climb the three long flights of stairs leading to her garret. She often found them long and steep when she was tired, but to-night it seemed as if she would never reach the top. Several times a lump rose in her throat, and she was obliged to stop to rest.

"I can't pretend anything more to-night," she said wearily to herself. "I 'm sure I can't. I 'll eat my bread and drink some water and then go to sleep, and perhaps a dream will come and pretend for me. I wonder what dreams are."

Yes, when she reached the top landing there were tears in her eyes, and she did not feel like a princess—only like a tired, hungry, lonely, lonely child.

"If my papa had lived," she said, "they would not have treated me like this. If my papa had lived, he would have taken care of me."

Then she turned the handle and opened the garret-door.

Can you imagine it—can you believe it? I find it hard to believe it myself. And Sara found it impossible; for the first few moments she thought something strange had happened to her eyes—to her mind—that the dream had come before she had had time to fall asleep.

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Oh! It is n't true! I know, I know it is n't true!" And she slipped into the room and closed the door and locked it, and stood with her back against it, staring straight before her.

Do you wonder? In the grate, which had been empty and rusty and cold when she left it, but which now was blackened and polished up quite respectably, there was a glowing, blazing fire. On the hob was a little brass kettle, hissing and boiling; spread upon the floor was a warm, thick rug; before the fire was a folding-chair, unfolded and with cushions on it; by the chair was a small folding-table, unfolded, covered with a white cloth, and upon it were spread small covered dishes, a cup and saucer, and a tea-pot; on the bed were new, warm coverings, a curious wadded silk robe and some books. The little, cold, miserable room seemed changed into Fairyland. It was actually warm and glowing.

"It is bewitched!" said Sara. "Or *I* am bewitched. I only *think* I see it all; but if I can only keep on thinking it, I don't care—I don't care,—if I can only keep it up!"

She was afraid to move, for fear it would melt away. She stood with her back against the door and looked and looked. But soon she began to feel warm, and then she moved forward.

"A fire that I only *thought* I saw surely would n't *feel* warm," she said. "It feels real—real."

She went to it and knelt before it. She

touched the chair, the table; she lifted the cover of one of the dishes. There was something hot and savory in it—something delicious. The teapot had tea in it, ready for the boiling water from the little kettle; one plate had toast on it, another, muffins.

"It is real," said Sara. "The fire is real enough to warm me. I can sit in the chair; the things are real enough to eat."

It was like a fairy story come true—it was heavenly. She went to the bed and touched the blankets and the wrap. They were real too. She opened one book, and on the title-page was written in a strange hand, "The little girl in the attic."

Suddenly—was it a strange thing for her to do?—Sara put her face down on the queer foreign-looking quilted robe and burst into tears.

"I don't know who it is," she said, "but somebody cares about me a little—somebody is my friend."

Somehow that thought warmed her more than the fire. She had never had a friend since those happy, luxurious days when she had had everything; and those days had seemed such a long way off—so far away as to be only like dreams—during these last years at Miss Minchin's.

She really cried more at this strange thought of having a friend—even though an unknown one—than she had cried over many of her worst troubles.

But these tears seemed different from the others, for when she had wiped them away they did not

seem to leave her eyes and her heart hot and smarting.

And then imagine, if you can, what the rest of the evening was like. The delicious comfort of taking off the damp clothes and putting on the soft, warm, quilted robe before the glowing fire—of slipping her cold feet into the luscious little wool-lined slippers she found near her chair. And then the hot tea and savory dishes, the cushioned chair and the books!

It was just like Sara, that, once having found the things real, she should give herself up to the enjoyment of them to the very utmost. She had lived such a life of imaginings, and had found her pleasure so long in improbabilities, that she was quite equal to accepting any wonderful thing that happened. After she was quite warm and had eaten her supper and enjoyed herself for an hour or so, it had almost ceased to be surprising to her, that such magical surroundings should be hers. As to finding out who had done all this, she knew that it was out of the question. She did not know a human soul by whom it could seem in the least degree probable that it could have been done.

"There is nobody," she said to herself, "nobody." She discussed the matter with Emily, it is true, but more because it was delightful to talk about it than with a view to making any discoveries.

"But we have a friend, Emily," she said; "we have a friend."

(To be concluded.)

THE AMUSEMENTS OF ARAB CHILDREN.

BY HENRY W. JESSUP.

IF the little Arabs are heathen, they are at least picturesque heathen. In their colored clothing, with their dusky skins, their black eyes, and their lithe, active bodies, they are very picturesque. But, it must be confessed, they appear best at a distance; for soap is not so fashionable among them as might justly be expected from the people of a country which manufactures the most cleansing soap in the world. In watching the children at play, one soon notices that the girls do not always have a good time. Arab boys are not trained to be gentlemanly and courteous to their sisters, although they treat their elders with a delightful

deference and respect. Little girls in the East are never welcome. When a baby is born, if it be a girl "the threshold mourns forty days." So, in taking a glimpse at the amusements of the Arab children, we must be prepared to find that they are chiefly boys' games, in which the girls seldom participate.

A little boy in America asked a person who had lived in Syria if the boys there ever played baseball; and on learning that they did not, he said, "Well, they can't have much fun there." It is very natural for the children of any country to imagine that the children in other countries

amuse themselves in the same ways. And the number of games that are in reality universal among children in all countries is really remarkable. For example, the Arab children often play blind-man's-buff (they call it *ghummaida*) and *bis zowala* or puss-in-the-corner, and a game like "button, button, who has the button?" (which they play with a pebble), and *owal howah* or leap-frog, and *gilleh* or marbles. But there are other games of which you probably have never heard—such as *kurd murboot*, *shooaha*, *joora*, *taia-ya-taia*, *khâtim*, and the greatest and most exciting of all their games—the national game, it might perhaps be called—*jereed*. I will briefly describe these different games.

One noticeable feature of all these games is that they cost nothing. The Arab boy rarely has any pocket-money, unless he finds it, or gets it as a gift; and when he has any, he is very certain to win or lose with it, if he can find any other boy who also has some.

But in the ordinary games no money is spent. Every one is so poor,—the government is so grasping, and the taxes are so heavy,—that any boy who asked for money to buy something to play with would be likely to "*sehkue rutly*"—"get a beating," as their saying goes, from his father's stick. Probably more than a quarter of the children in this bright land have as much money spent on their toys and amusements in one year as would feed and clothe as many Arab children for the same length of time. How happy some little Arab girl is occasionally made when any of the kind-hearted little American or English girls out there give her an old dolly for her own! How she cherishes and treasures it!

But now for the games. *Kurd murboot* means "tied monkey." One boy is chosen to be monkey. He is tied by the hand with a long string to a peg driven in the ground. Then the others tie knots in their handkerchiefs, if they have any, or use little whips, and beat him with them, until he manages to catch one of the boys, who then must change places with him and be tied to the peg in turn. In all the games in which one is hit by the others, the young Arabs are remarkably good-tempered; and fair play—turn and turn about—is the rule. When the Arab boy does lose his temper, he invariably lays hold of a stone; and after cursing his antagonist's great-great-grandfather, he lets the missile fly. But they are not very good throwers, and so, as a rule, little damage is done. They are, however, very revengeful. One Moslem boy once had a spite against a little American boy in Beirut, and he climbed upon the wall of the American boy's garden and dropped a large stone upon his head.

Shooaha is very similar to *kurd murboot*, but instead of being tied to a peg, the boy hangs in a swing and tries to catch the others without leaving the swing. So he swoops around like a *shooaha*, or hawk. *Taia-ya-taia* and *khâtim* are not very popular and are little played. The former is on the same principle as *kurd murboot*, the boy who is "it" hopping on one foot and trying thus to catch the rest. *Khâtim* is played with a ring, and is merely a sort of "toss-up" to determine who shall have the right to pound the others.

"How brutal!" some reader exclaims; "all their games seem to be based upon hitting and fighting!"

Not all; *joora* is a very popular game, and is played a great deal in the spring about the time marbles begin. It is played sometimes with marbles, but more often with apricot-stones. The Syrian apricots are of two varieties,—the *lowsy*, or nut almond, the stone of which contains a delicious kernel, and a smaller variety, the *kelayby*, or "little dog" kind, which is very abundant and cheap, and the stones of which are about the size of an ordinary marble.

Joora means almost the same as "hole in the ground." A hole about six inches deep and four inches across is scooped in the earth. Then the players stand about four or six feet away, and as each one's turn comes, he takes as many stones as he cares to venture and tries to throw them into the hole at one toss. His companion, who is not supposed to know how many he throws, calls out "odd" or "even," and if he calls correctly the number of those that do fall into the hole, he wins them; if not, he gives the thrower as many as do go in.

The children who can get the nut almond stones to play with are much envied; for after the game, they can eat their winnings or make beautiful whistles out of them. To do this they wear a hole in one side by rubbing it swiftly on a stone, with a little water to moisten it and make it wear off smoothly.

The Arabs play marbles differently from the American boys. Of course the arrangement of the marbles to be shot at can be varied in many ways; but the young Arabs shoot the marble in a way of their own and much more accurately than American lads. The left hand is laid flat on the ground with the fingers closed together, and the marble is placed in the groove between the middle finger and forefinger. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, and when the middle finger is suddenly pushed aside, the forefinger of the right hand slips out with more or less force and projects the marble very accurately in the direction of the groove on the left hand. Many of the boys become very expert. I knew one boy who was famous for



ARAB BOYS PLAYING JOORA.

shooting his marble into the air and making its range so exact that it would drop on the one he shot at; and he could do this with remarkable accuracy. Perhaps marbles are almost the only playthings for which Arab children pay money—and as a rule only a very small capital is needed.

We come now to the most interesting of the Arab games—*jereed*, or “spears.” Although I have mentioned it as perhaps the only national game, it is not, however, played so much nor so engrossingly as base-ball is in this country. It is hard to gather enough players to make it interesting, for it is an imitation of real warfare, and requires numbers. The establishment of a college like that at Beirut brought together a body of young men, and it was not long before the game was organized. Certain students soon came to be recognized as leaders, and the sport was for a time indulged in; but whether the sudden languishing of the game was due to the interference of the faculty of the college or not, it is certain that some influence was brought to bear and the game was, for the time, stopped.

I remember, one bright spring day, about forty

young Arabs, sinewy and active, gathered on the campus of the Syrian Protestant College on the bluff, or promontory, of Ras Beirut, which stretches westward into the waters of the Mediterranean. The view eastward from that bluff is very fine; and reaching north and south to the horizon were the gray ranges of Lebanon, one peak of which was still covered with snow. The blue-gray of the mountains, outlined against the unclouded blue sky, shades down near the base into the lovely greens and silver of the olive and mulberry orchards which reach for miles over the plain. There, too, was the city,—the Naples of the eastern Mediterranean, rising in a semicircle on the hill from the rocky shore of the bay,—a city of flat-roofed and French-tiled houses showing through the foliage of the trees, with here and there a graceful minaret, a church spire, or the ruins of a mediæval castle tower.

That morning, however, we did not notice the scenery—we would not have thought much of it, if any one had pointed it out. Many of us were very nervous. I was one of the younger players who

were in for their first game. I was the only *Franjy*, or American, in that game, and I was under the special tutelage of an enormous Arab — one who could throw his wooden spear farther than any other player present; and he was going to show me how to play.

The general plan of the game is as follows:

Sides are chosen by the leaders, and lines marked out, about a spear's-throw apart. This distance varies with the size and strength of the players, thirty yards being a fair average. Each player has

him, as it goes by. This sounds more difficult than it really is. The player dodges as the spear approaches, so that it will shoot past his side,— the right side, if possible,— and then, as it passes him, he sweeps it in with his hand and brings it down to the side, reversing it so as to throw it back again, all in a moment.

Under the big Arab's instruction, it soon became possible for me both to catch my spear and occasionally to cast it very near the fellow opposed to me.



ARAB YOUTHS PLAYING THE GAME JEREED, OR SPEARS.

a blunt wooden spear, about the shape of a billiard cue, only not so small in proportion at the smaller end. It is shaped in such a way that when balanced on the finger and then grasped, it will not be held at the middle, but at a point a little nearer the larger end. A *jereed* player must possess skill in two ways: He must be able to hurl the spear far and true, and also to catch a spear, when thrown at

The object of the game is for one side to drive the other side back and to occupy its line. But it is not so rough a game as this purpose would seem to imply. Not half so many accidents occur as in base-ball, and it is not nearly so rough as foot-ball, since the object of the game can be attained very easily and quickly by throwing the spear over the head of your opponent; for then he has to run back

and pick up his spear,—and that not only weakens the enemies' line, but gives them, for the time, one less spear-thrower.

For so warlike a game, anger is seldom shown by Arab players. There are always some hot-headed fellows in any country who use games as occasions and covers for wreaking petty spites. Fair play is the rule; but in one game that day, two mean fellows combined against a single member of the opposing line, and of course he could not dodge two spears at once.

The leader of the other side was a handsome, well-built fellow called Muir, or "Leopard." He was jumping to catch a spear that was going over his head, to prevent its falling back of the line, when another spear hit him full in the forehead and laid him out flat.

This stopped the game at once. An Arab could hardly understand the practice of carrying a disabled man off the field and putting in a substitute; and the substitute would probably be superstitious about taking so unlucky a position.

In itself, *jereed* is a manly game. It brings all the muscles into play, and exercises the eye and the body in quickness and precision of movement. It is hardly, however, a game for Americans to play. It is seen in perfection when played by the Arab horsemen, as they go through the spear movements at full gallop on their beautiful horses,—hurrying the long, quivering spears through the air, and catching them, in the midst of their evolutions and while riding at top speed.

Of course an article on Arab children's games can not have so much interest for girls as for boys, because of the sad position of girls in Eastern homes. Their condition is rapidly growing better, however, and many Moslem girls now know how to read and write. They go to the Mission schools, and in their play hours they learn the games that are taken from this country. Besides, they have other games of their own,—a sort of "hop-scotch," and a few of similar nature.

A word about ball-playing. For the boys will, of course, want to know if *any* game of ball is played by the Arabs.

You all have seen a Mandarin orange. Well, their ball is of almost that size and shape, and not a bit harder; and the only game played is hand-ball. We were playing once on the college grounds in Beirut, and the son of the president of the college, an American boy, slyly substituted an American base-ball for the ordinary "*tahby*." But the first player to whom it was thrown took it for a stone, and there was "sudden trouble." Explanations were of little avail; and if the offender had not been the president's son, he might have been hurt.

"Do the *Franjy* play with stones?" they asked in ridicule.

There is a beautiful shade-tree in the east called the *zinzalucht*. It is, I think, the tree known as "the pride of India." It bears a small berry, about the size of a pea. These berries grow in clusters, and when green are very hard. The children, boys and girls together, use them in a game based on the same principle as Jackstraws. A little mound of earth is piled up,—in which there are many layers of these berries,—the whole being carefully shaped into a cone with one berry on the top, and fine earth sifted over. The game consists in removing the berries, one by one, on the end of a pin stuck in a stick, and it is quite difficult; for, as in Jackstraws, if any berry besides the one for which you are trying is moved or rolls down, you lose them both, together with your turn.

Probably the main point that impresses you in reading of these games is their extreme simplicity. They are not intricate, they are absolutely inexpensive, they are nearly all of them what may be called unorganized games. But they are suited to the simple life and habits of the children of Syria. Life is free and open; the sky is almost unclouded for four or five months in the year. What a chance for Sunday-school picnics! No postponements "on account of rain" there, during the summer. Simple food, cooked appetizingly, and delicious fruits in abundance and perfection are amazingly cheap. Oranges for which American boys pay five cents apiece can be bought in Syria at the rate of five, or sometimes six, for a cent. But the money is correspondingly harder to get. In Syria, a boy with two small coins can "treat" to two cups of *haleeb ya booz*, or ice-cream, which a turbaned and trousered Arab peddles on the street.

How American children would enjoy the riding in the East! Donkeys, donkeys everywhere—for those who can't ride horses. And such donkeys! So many kinds, and shapes, and sizes—but mostly small. The large, handsome donkeys are expensive, and are almost as fleet as horses. Tripoli, a city north of Beirut, is a mile or so inland, and the *Meena* is the name of its harbor. At that port is a large stable where a great many donkeys, ready saddled, used to be on hire. They were trained as soon as they were mounted by a traveler to start for Tripoli, where there was a similar stand. If a rider dismounted at any part of the city, he merely turned the donkey loose and it would trot to its place. They were so small that one tall man, who had difficulty in riding them by reason of the length of his legs, was in the habit of dismounting by the simple expedient of merely straightening out his legs and letting his feet strike the ground, whereupon the donkey trotted from under its rider and away to its stall.

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AN ARAB DONKEY AND HIS MASTER.

But after all, there is no greater fascination for Arab children than a well-told story, and, as a rule, there are in every village one or two persons who tell stories, and who are in great demand at weddings and feasts. Any stories, short or long, superstitious or humorous, true or wildly improbable, are acceptable; and the narrator is soon the center of a circle of intent listeners. Their stories are not, as a rule, involved. They are simple, and it is sometimes remarkable what close attention is paid even to a monotonous tale which has no striking incident or adventure to lighten it.

They enjoy humor, and local hits are quite common. One story has been told in a book on home-life in the East, entitled "Women of the Arabs," which shows this quality.

There was a certain pool or spring to which the whole of a certain village resorted to draw water. But there arose a feud between the northern and southern sections of the village, and they quarreled about the spring. They finally compromised by putting a rail fence through the middle of the pond, beyond which neither side should trespass. But the temporary peace was broken and the feud re-

newed, because one night a southerner was caught in the act of scooping up water in a dipper on the north side and bailing it over to his side—so flagrant a breach of faith that the fighting began again at once.

But the stories told to children are simple and not unamusing by any means.

They have a story to the effect that when the world began and Satan acquired his license to come here, he arrived "with seven bags of lies which he expected to distribute in the seven kingdoms of the earth. The first night after he reached the earth, he slept in Syria, and opening one of the bags, let the lies loose in the land. But while he was asleep, some one came and opened all the other bags, so that Syria got more than her share."

In conclusion I give an instance of Arab superstition. A boy was one day running swiftly along the street, and turning a corner sharply, he only escaped knocking down a little child by jumping over it. He was stopped by hearing frantic shrieks. Fearing he had hurt the child, he halted and turned, and was implored by the weeping mother to jump back again, as, according to Arab belief, his leaping over the child would stop or stunt its growth.

LONDON CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

YOU might as well try to imagine a Christmas at home without presents as a Christmas in London without pantomimes. The best of it is that the pantomimes do not, like too many candies or toys, come to an end with Christmas week. They have a delightful way of making the Christmas holidays last until the first spring flowers are out in the woods and fields, and the first Easter eggs in the shop windows. If you can not go to see them before the 1st of January, you need not be troubled as you would if Christmas presents had not come long before New Year's Day. There will be plenty of chances next month, and the month after, and even the month after that.

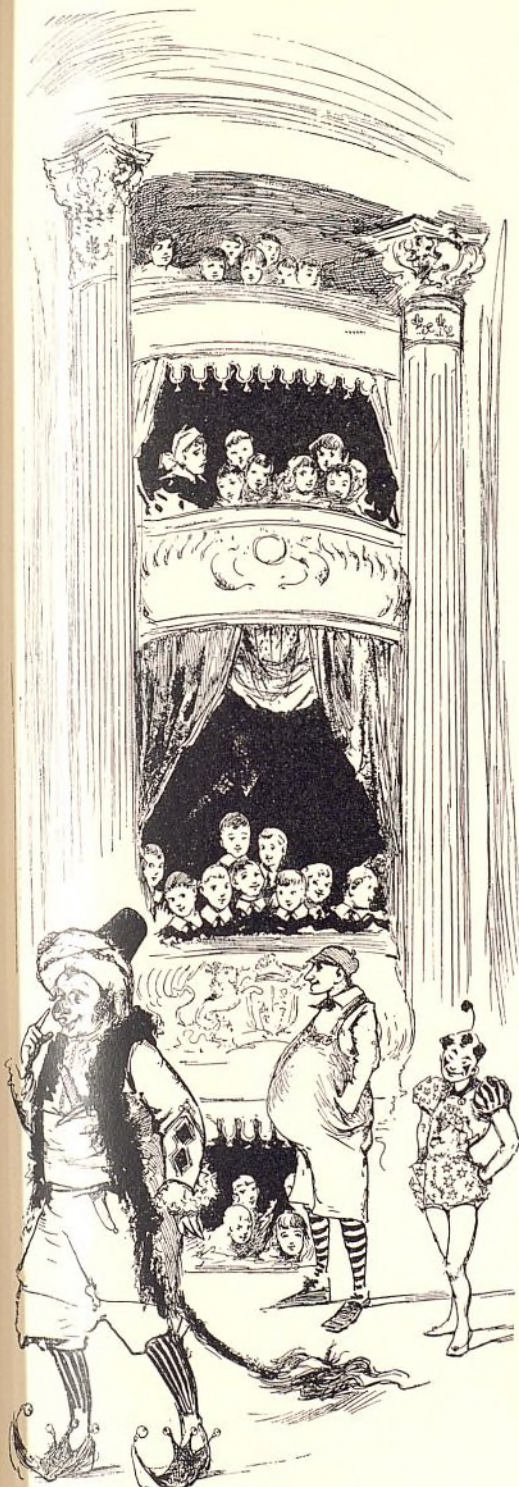
It is best to explain in the very beginning that they are not pantomimes at all. Englishmen love to call things by the names they have long outgrown, and because once there were really pantomimes in which not a word was spoken, these Christmas entertainments of nowadays, in which there is plenty of talking and even singing, must keep the old name.

And if they are not pantomimes, what are they then, do you ask? It is much easier to say what they are not. Shows so wonderful and gorgeous you might well think were never to be seen this side of Fairyland. They are full of dancing and marching, of joking and tumbling, of gay music and still gayer lights. They take you into all sorts of strange places and introduce you to old friends you have loved ever since you can remember: to Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, to Aladdin and the wonderful lamp, to Blue Beard and Fatima, to Robinson Crusoe and Friday. To be sure, you would never recognize them if their names were not given in the programme, but nevertheless they are as ready to amuse you on the stage as they ever were in the story-book. Besides you learn a great deal about them you never knew before. And then, too, there are beasts or birds or fish straight from Wonderland, and just as you begin to feel that you have seen sights enough for one day, hey, presto! the scene changes and in come Columbine and Harlequin, Clown and Pantaloon, policemen and bad boys, shop-keepers and market-women.

If you lived in London it would not be worth while for me to tell you that the greatest pantomime of all is to be seen at Drury Lane. Every London child, from the Queen's grandson to the little street Arab, knows Drury Lane Theater as well as, if not better than, Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. For three, sometimes four, months it belongs to him in a way; for, though grown-up people go to see the pantomime, every one knows it is meant specially for the children. You would not doubt this for a moment had you been with me one Saturday afternoon early in 1887, when I went to Drury Lane. I thought I had come in good time, but once I was inside the door I heard the loudest, merriest singing, so that a short delay at the ticket-office made me quite impatient. When I was shown to my seat, to my surprise the curtain was still down. The music, however, had begun, and, looking around, I saw that the great theater was packed from top to bottom with children, and all were singing an accompaniment to the orchestra. Box above box, balcony above balcony was lined with little faces; mothers and fathers, older brothers and sisters thoughtfully taking back seats, while I don't know how many schools had emptied their children into the pit. You must know that the part of the theater called the parquet with us, is in England the pit, only a few of the front rows being reserved. "God save the Queen!" struck up the band. "Long may she reign over us!" sang the children. It would have put you into a good humor at once to look up and down and all around at the beaming faces and open mouths.

Bang, bang! went the bass drum, the singing stopped, up went the curtain, and we beheld an earthly paradise where huge lilac-trees made a pretty bower for dancing girls, who, as their loose trousers and clinging skirts showed, had just stepped out of the Arabian Nights. In the midst of their dancing, a hansom, the first, I am sure, that was ever seen in the Mohammedan paradise, drove up and Aladdin jumped out. He had come with a message from Mr. Augustus Harris, the manager of Drury Lane, who wanted a new Eastern story. Aladdin, you must know, was the





"BOX ABOVE BOX, BALCONY ABOVE BALCONY, WAS LINED WITH LITTLE FACES."

hero of the pantomimes the year before; that he remained with Mr. Harris as his messenger is not to be wondered at, since on the Drury Lane stage as strange things happen as in Scheherezade's stories. What could be stranger, for instance, than that forty young Arabian knights should consent to leave paradise and humming-birds' eggs and jasmine wine to become forty thieves! And yet, so willing were they, that when Aladdin suggested it they danced and sang with joy at the very thought of the change. So I found out something the story does not tell me—where the forty thieves came from!

This being pleasantly settled, the next thing was to find Ali Baba, for without him there would have been no story to tell of the thieves. In a moment, houris and knights, Aladdin and lilacs had disappeared and we were in the bazaar of an eastern city with people going and coming. On one side was Ali Baba's shop; on the other, Cassim's. "No connection with the shop opposite!" was posted up on each. You remember, of course, how little friendship there was between the brothers. When Morgiana and Ganem, Ali Baba and Cogia, Cassim Baba and his wife (how familiar were all the names) met in front of the shops,—“Well, I was astonished!” as Joey the clown said afterward in the Harlequinade. Ali Baba was very much shabbier and more disreputable than I expected; Cogia, it was quite plain, was just making believe to be a woman; Morgiana's silks and sashes were not in the least like the clothes I supposed slaves usually wore. And I could only put down to Oriental manners the fact that every few minutes, no matter what they were talking about, they were sure to sing and dance. This was a fine opportunity for the children looking on.

“You're all very fine and large,
Because you've heaps of cash,”

sang Cogia to the wealthy sister and brother. And then all the children came in with the chorus,

“You're all very fine and large,”

as if they had lived in the same street with Ali and Cassim all their lives, and the leader of the orchestra turned round and kept time for them. It was great fun.

When they were all singing together it seemed as if the Babas must have forgotten the family quarrels. But not a bit of it. “I've an idea,” whispered Cassim to his wife,

“The donkey that we've bought
Has proved more vicious than at first we thought.
He's almost sure to kill some one or other,
So I propose to give him to my brother!”

Ganem brought in the donkey. And what was the first thing it did? It knocked over Cassim

with its flying heels; it stood on its head in the corner; it gave Cogia a friendly embrace; it danced, it turned somersaults, and at last stretched itself full length on Cassim's counter. If such a donkey were in the Zoo, the bear-pit and the monkey-house would be deserted.

And now you know what is going to happen. Bazaar and Baba family disappear in their turn, and here we are away in the depths of the forest. Dozens of little monkeys are running and playing



MR. AND MRS. ALI BABA.

and leaping, while two or three swing backward and forward on long ropes all of flowers hanging from the very tallest of trees. Ali Baba and Ganem with hatchets and caskets come to get wood, the faithful donkey just at their heels, and the monkeys vanish; while Cogia and Morgiana bring their luncheon, lobster and tongue, pies and sauces, for all the world as if they were picnicking in an English instead of an "Arabian Nights" forest. A large monkey joins the family circle, and then what a frolic he and the donkey have! They steal the luncheon, put their feet in the basket, upset the pepper and set poor Ali Baba to sneezing; they dance and play leap-frog, they fight and "make up again," the monkey sits on the donkey, the donkey puts his head on the monkey's knees. "But, what's that?" cries Ganem. "What's what?" echoes Ali Baba. There is a sound of trumpets in the distance. It comes nearer and nearer.

"The famous Forty Thieves, I should n't wonder!" Ali declares, and away they all run to hide, monkey and donkey jumping together into a barrel, and the next minute, to the loudest music,—for these are gay robbers and defy the police,—the Forty Thieves march out from under the trees. They are dressed in a style befitting gentlemen late from an Eastern paradise and now engaged in parading through forests at noon with bags of precious stones over their shoulders. The captain,

resplendent in gold-embroidered cloak and waving plumes, leads the way; at his side the Honorary Secretary, Ally Sloper, a hideous creature with bald head and monstrous nose, who got into paradise by mistake, but into his present position by his own free will.

"Open Sesame!" shouts the captain.

With a deep booming and banging, the rock at one side opens, and then emeralds and diamonds and rubies are stored.

"Shut Sesame!" commands the captain.

Another great booming and banging, and soon, singing gayly, the thieves are off to their club.

And now it is Ali Baba's turn to open and shut Sesame, and the treasures that have just been brought to the cave are soon on their way out of the forest, this time on the donkey's back. It is very much more real when you see it all than when you just read about it.

There would be no use for railroads in Drury Lane country. The treasure-finders are scarcely out of sight of the cave when lo, and behold! here they are in Ali Baba's humble home. You know already what a blunder it was to borrow the measure from Cassim's wife. She finds, busy-body that she is, the tell-tale piece of gold sticking to the lard she has put at the bottom. Of course no one can tell where it came from, but just then what should those two troublesome beasts do but

dip hoofs and paws into the money-bag and jingle it up and down. There is no help for it. The secret must be shared with Cassim or else he will call the police. But, in the mean time, in comes a man to be shaved, for Ali Baba is a barber by profession. The monkey watches, and no sooner is he left alone in the shop with the donkey than he puts the latter in the chair and himself seizes the razor.

The white lather comes out of the basin in great stiff patches and foamy flakes. The donkey's eyes, ears, mouth are soon covered and he never moves.



THE HONORARY SECRETARY, ALLY SLOPER.

But with the first stroke of the razor, the chair is kicked over and he is in a corner spluttering, and shaking his head angrily. In a moment he catches sight of the monkey grinning at him in derision. And now there is a very interesting fight, I promise you. The looking-glass crashes over the donkey's head, the table breaks into splinters under the monkey's weight. It is a good thing for Ali Baba that he has just come into a fortune, for there will be bills to pay. The monkey tries to escape, but where shall he go? Quick as thought he springs up to the opera-box close to the stage, and off he runs on the very edge of boxes and balcony. Little lookers-on jump back with frightened faces. But the donkey is after the fugitive and soon overtakes him. Down he slips, holding on by his hands, his feet dangling over the heads of the people in the pit. Then both sit and rest, the monkey seizing a programme from the nearest child to fan itself. And then, I hardly know how it happens, they are running a race, one on one side of the house, one on the other. Who will win? Neither. They jump down from the opposite boxes at the same moment, meet in the middle of the stage, embrace, make a great ball of themselves, and roll over and over, off the stage. I don't think I should care to live in Ali Baba's "humble home" with two such pets about.

Have you not always wished to see the inside of that famous cave? Now that we see it, I do not think it is disappointing. Great walls and lofty ceiling of brown rock are lighted by huge brass lamps; mysterious narrow passages glitter with gold and lead to untold treasures. I for my part am not surprised that Cassim will not go, despite the efforts of Ali Baba and Cogia.

Boom, boom! bang, bang! and not only the door at the mouth of the cave high above his head, but all those opening into the glittering passages are shut. It is too late. In vain does he shout, "Open Sausages! Open Sardines!" In vain does he weep and wail. But some one outside gives the true pass-word, and bang, boom! boom, bang! the doors are open again.

Yet even now there is no escape. In march

not forty, but four hundred and more thieves, all in silks and satins, in velvet and plush of every color, with gold and silver armor and jeweled spears and swords. There is no doubt of the industry of these gentlemen robbers. They carry the proof on their backs. Forward comes the captain, out-shining all in the glory of his black and silver brocade, his jewels sparkling from arms



THE DONKEY AND THE MONKEY MAKE A VISIT.

and neck and waist, and his cloak so long that it must be borne by a dozen tiny pages. Above, at the entrance of the cave, stands Ally Sloper, his vermilion cloak held out by his arms so that he looks like a great red bat.

So gay are the thieves that their meeting is always the signal for song. But I don't think any one pays much attention to the singing. I suppose the upshot of their visit to the cave is the death of Cassim, for not long after he is brought home, in four pieces, by Ali Baba and Cogia.

Everything now happens very much as it does in the story-book, only the Baba family are more cheerful in their mourning than you might have expected. Ali's and Cogia's new clothes are in worse taste than even their previous inexperience would warrant; while Cogia, now that she has no work to do, brings home all the stray children she finds in the street.

She is not pretty to look at, in her fine new blue-spangled trousers, short yellow-spangled skirts, and red-spangled bodice, two long pigtailed dangling down her back, a little blue fan in her hand. But, to make up for it, nothing could be prettier than the screaming, laughing children who gather around her. I fancy it is because they are little Eastern children that they wear such queer long sage-green gowns, with broad belts and jaunty caps.

Now they must go to bed, says their adopted mother. Will they be good children? "Yes, indeed! as good as good can be." But once her back is turned, the fun begins. Off come gowns and belts, blue petticoats and caps, and there they are in long white night-gowns and tasseled night-caps. In another minute they are sitting on the floor pulling off their shoes, and all the time they are singing, and whenever they have the opportunity, dancing in time to the music.

Clothes are carefully folded, each seizes her pile, too big for some tiny arms, and a shoe drops here, a cap there, but the little ones dance bravely in and out; not to bed, however, for here they are again, now armed with pillows. Our pillow-fights at school, as I remember them, were very rough and ugly compared with this fairy game, in which white figures dance to and fro, and white pillows wave up and down as yellow curly heads and dangling tassels dodge them.

How the children in pit and boxes applaud! While they are still clapping, the children on the stage run out and bring back a lady in black, and there is more applause, for she it is who has taught them to go singing and dancing to bed. Whenever the children are applauded at Drury Lane, and you may be sure they always are, they bring forward their dancing-mistress, as if to remind you that to her must be given all the praise for what they do.

While they have been pillow-fighting, Abdallah, the captain of the thieves, has placed his jars in Ali Baba's court. There they stand in two rows, great tall jars with heads peeping out of them. The plot is laid. Ali Baba and his household must be slain this night. But Morgiana by herself is a fair match for Abdallah with all his followers. To tell the truth, I always thought the thieves in the story sad cowards to let themselves

be scalded to death by one slave girl without a struggle. And now that I have looked on at their last moments I have a still poorer opinion of them. For forty young robbers, boldly defiant in the daytime, well armed and wide awake too,—for they had their heads out of the jar but a minute before,—to be thus cowed by a girl with a tiny watering-pot and a boy with a dagger quite as tiny! Well, it is shameful, and I am not in the least sorry for them.

Abdallah, nothing daunted, comes back to Ali Baba with some story about his jars. Morgiana is called upon to dance and she does so, to the captain's sorrow. He leans forward to applaud; in goes the dagger; he falls in Cogia's arms. Now no story is a story unless in the end every one marries and lives happy ever afterward. Mrs. Cassim, the widow, marries that ugly thief Ally Sloper—the sly one, he knew better than to put himself like oil into a jar! Morgiana and Ganem join hands. And immediately the captain (no doctors needed here!) comes to life without any difficulty. His services will be in demand to-morrow night, he fears, and so he really could not remain dead.—Now, I protest that's all wrong. The next thing we know, Cinderella won't marry the prince, Jack won't kill the giant, Robinson Crusoe won't find his man Friday. But it's no use protesting. Ali Baba, and what is more, Morgiana is satisfied; and with their victim and Ally Sloper and the donkey and Ganem, and Cogia and Mrs. Cassim, they sing and dance good-bye to us.

Do you think this is the end? Far from it; we're only at the beginning, you might say. It's a good deal to see in one afternoon, I must admit, and I notice that the children before me and on every side of me no longer join in the chorus.

Soon after Ali Baba and his friends have disappeared, we find ourselves in the Temple of Fame,—a huge statue of Queen Victoria in the center, women in silken robes and men in glittering armor surrounding it. Red, green, golden lights burn from every side. Whatever it may mean, I am quite sure this meeting in the Temple of Fame is well worth looking at.

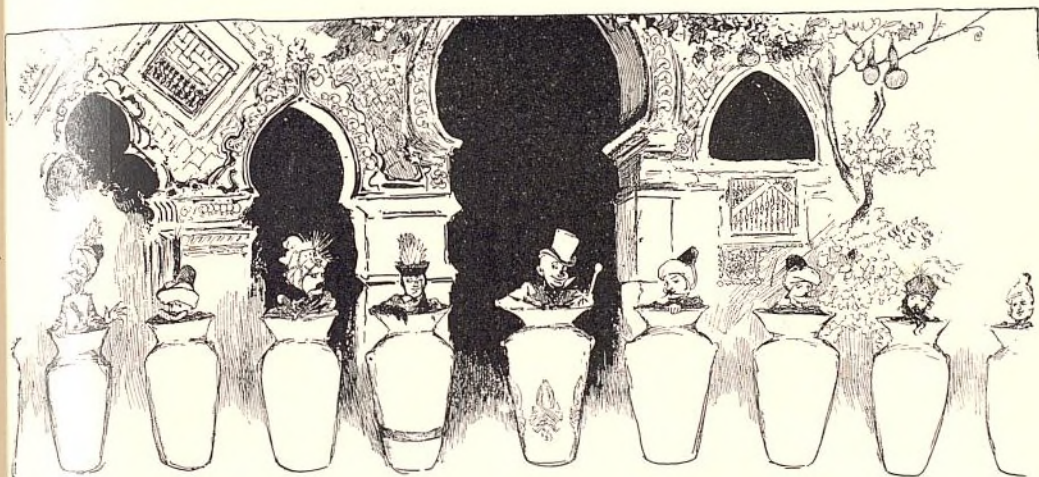
And now surely this is the end? Not yet; patience a minute. From the Temple of Fame we are carried to a London street, where we find those best of all old friends, Columbine, twirling and pirouetting, Harlequin waving his magic wand. The clown plays his tricks, turns his somersaults, poor Pantaloon is fooled; the policeman gets the worst of it; the bad boys escape. It is the same old story you know so well, but which somehow always makes you laugh as if it were brand-new.

But the best fun of all is when Joey, having

dressed a little squealing black pig in baby clothes, puts it in the baby carriage, and the pig gets loose and jumps from the stage down upon the big drum. The drummer does not like it; but the children do, and, amid shouts of laughter, the pig is caught and handed to the clown and wheeled out in the carriage. Then Joey gets rid of the policeman for a moment and brings from the nearest shop a small barrel, from which he takes handfuls of toy crackers and flings them to the nearest children in the audience. A little girl in white is perched up on the front seat of a box. "There 's my little

always may be sure there will be dancing and singing, gay dresses, and crowds of men and women to wear them.

Last year, however, there was one Christmas entertainment not in the least like the others, but which I thought the best of all. It was a performance of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Prince of Wales' Theater. It seemed too good to be true, to have the opportunity of beholding Alice and the extraordinary and delightful "creatures" which she met in her two famous journeys. A few of these creatures, the Lizard, the Mouse, and the



"THERE THEY STAND IN TWO ROWS, GREAT TALL JARS WITH HEADS PEEPING OUT OF THEM."

sweetheart!" he cries in his cracked voice, and throws her one. In the box above, a boy leans far over with hand outstretched. The clown holds up a cracker, but just as the little fingers are about to close on it, he pulls it away. He must always have his joke, you see. What a laugh there is on every side! But the next minute, half a dozen pretty gay-colored crackers are thrown into the same box. No matter what changes there may be, each new year, at Drury Lane, the clown never forgets his barrel of crackers.

Now I hope you have some idea of what London Christmas pantomimes are like. There are three or four theaters besides Drury Lane where you can go to see them. A different story is presented in each, but whether the hero is Ali Baba or Aladdin, Blue Beard or Robinson Crusoe, you

Puppy, for example, were missing; and on the stage Alice did not meet with some adventures recorded in the book. Her head did not go wandering among the topmost branches of trees to be mistaken for a serpent, neither did she shrink until her chin and feet met with a violent blow. But most of the entertaining dwellers in Wonderland and Looking-glass country — the Rabbit and the Caterpillar, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Dormouse, the Cards and Chessmen and their Kings and Queens, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Humpty Dumpty, and the Knights — were there; and as for adventures, if several were left out, there were still many presented — enough for one afternoon.

Alice was, just as you would suppose, a pretty little girl in a simple white frock, and with long hair hanging down her back. She had fallen asleep, it



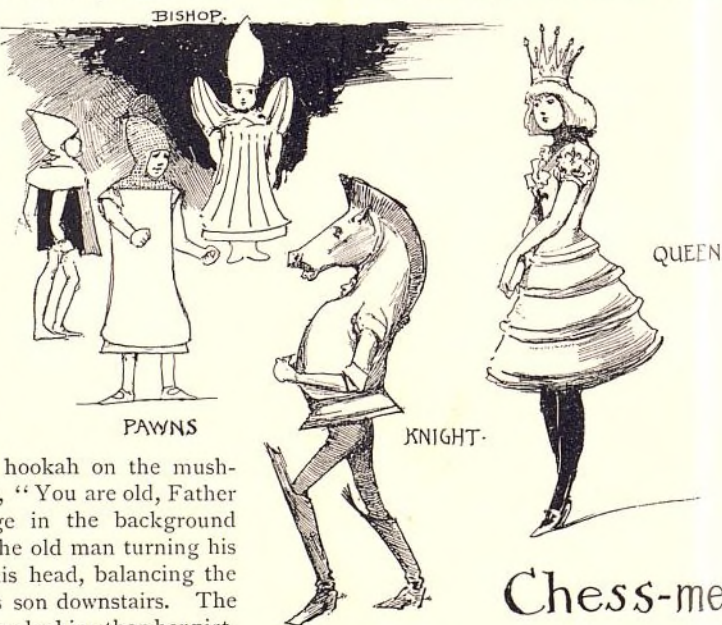
ALICE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP UNDER A LARGE TREE.

seemed, under a large tree with wide-spreading branches, and when the curtain went up we saw the kind fairies — they were not any older than Alice — who brought her strange dreams. It is pleasant traveling in Wonderland. Alice had scarcely started when she met the White Rabbit “splendidly dressed” in a jaunty jacket, as you see him in the picture, and in woolly rabbit-skin trousers, a high collar and bright red necktie. In his waistcoat-pocket he wore his watch, like any other gentleman. He was a very timid rabbit, and the first word sent him scurrying away. The green

Caterpillar sat smoking its hookah on the mushroom and made Alice recite, “You are old, Father William,” while the foliage in the background opened, and there we saw the old man turning his somersaults, standing on his head, balancing the eel on his nose, kicking his son downstairs. The Duchess, who was much better-looking than her pictures, though ugly enough, came in with the baby; the cook, neat and pretty, her sleeves rolled up, a fresh white cap on her curly hair, followed with her pepper-pot and the Cheshire Cat, with his grin. The latter was as accomplished as the

donkey at Drury Lane, and sang and danced with Alice, grinning all the time.

I take it for granted you have read the two books



Chess-men

about Alice. Indeed, I believe there are few young people who can read English who do not know them both by heart. You remember, then, the tea-party? Of all her adventures, it was always my favorite, and I could have clapped my hands



THE TEA-PARTY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

with the children when I saw the Mad Hatter and the March Hare bring in the table with the tea-things on it. Among the cups and saucers and

and put it on a chair between himself and the March Hare. It was the Dormouse — the tiniest, sweetest, sleepest Dormouse you can imagine.



THE CHESHIRE CAT AND THE WHITE RABBIT.

ALICE AND THE DORMOUSE.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD, LONDON.)

bread and butter was a soft gray something, curled up like a pussy-cat. The Mad Hatter picked it up,

Its little gray head was down on the table at once, and it was having its own dreams. The March



"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT!"
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

Hare wore a staring red waistcoat, and around his left ear was a wreath of roses. He looked very mad. So did the Hatter, in blue and white plaid trousers and an enormous gray hat placarded with its price. As you know, it was always tea-time with them, and, drinking and eating, they began at once their talk — mad as themselves. Every now and then the Dormouse woke up for a minute, to join in, with the prettiest little voice. I wish you could have heard the story of Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie who lived at the bottom of a well on treacle, and the solemn way in which, when Alice said they must have been very ill, it answered,

"So they were! very ill!"

But what a sleepy Dormouse! Down went the little gray head after every few words, and the March Hare had to push and push it to keep it awake till the end of the story. But then it was such a very young Dormouse; not more than six years old certainly.

When the Mad Hatter and the March Hare had carried out the table and the sleeping Dormouse, I was sorry to see they did not play croquet with flamingoes and hedgehogs. However, the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon danced the Lobster Quadrille, and that is a sight only to be seen in dreams, I can assure you. The two "creatures" looked exactly as they do in the pictures in Mr.

Carroll's book. When little Alice stood between the tall green Gryphon, whose brilliant wings flapped with every movement, and the awkward Mock Turtle, whose long tail dragged on the floor, I thought of Beauty and the Beast. Only here were two Beasts to one Beauty.

It would be simply impossible to describe all the things I dreamed with Alice that afternoon. For her dream did not end with the trial of the Knave of Hearts, who stole those tarts and took them quite away; or when the little Dormouse slept in the very face of the court, and the White Rabbit as Herald blew many blasts on his trumpet, and the Mad Hatter, tea-cup in hand, gave his evidence, and Alice herself pronounced the verdict — "Not guilty."

Without once waking up, she went straight from Wonderland into Looking-Glass Country, where white and red chessmen sang and danced, Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall and had his great fall, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee fought their great battle. If you only could have seen Tweedledum and Tweedledee, fat over-grown boys with tiny caps on their heads, when they and Alice played



ALICE, THE MOCK TURTLE, AND THE GRYPHON.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

"Here we go round the mulberry bush"! Why, such great fun they seemed to be having that it made one feel like jumping up, joining hands, and going round the mulberry bush with them. And the way Tweedledum cried over his rattle! I know a little girl who, when she is angry, screams so loud her father calls her "the Tuscaroarer"; but her screams could not compare with Tweedledum's. And then the battle! To see those two big boys who ought to have known better, tying blankets and bolsters around their waists, and sticking coal-scuttles on their heads,—well, if it had not all happened in a dream, certainly it would have shocked a careful housewife.

After the Carpenter and the Walrus had eaten up the oysters, and the Lion and the Unicorn had fought for the crown, Alice was made Queen, and gave her party, to which all the Chessmen came. The Cook brought in the Leg of Mutton on a big dish, and up it jumped and made a bow; the Plum Pudding walked in, and when Alice cut out a great slice, a little wee voice, very like that of the Dormouse, cried from the inside:

"I wonder how you would like it if I were to cut a slice out of you!"

Almost at once the banquet hall, the new queen, and all her guests disappeared, and Alice was again sleeping in the big chair under the tree. Once more the fairies waved their wands, and this time Alice rubbed her eyes.

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" she said when she awoke. "And a pleasant dream, too," I think all those who woke up with her said to themselves.

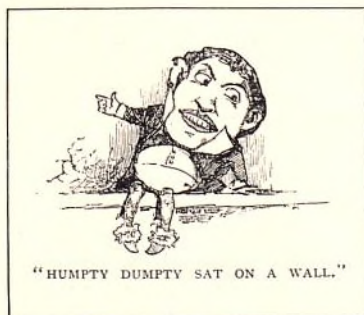
Just let me say a few more words, to tell you that one of the charms of the performance was the pleasure of the children who took part in it—and all but two of the performers were children. You



TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.)

forgot that they were not playing merely to amuse themselves. That they were working seemed as unlikely as that birds are practicing their scales when they sing.

Alice's dream ended in due time; but that is no reason why she may not dream again. The pantomimes of last winter came to an end; but this season new ones will take their place, and may you and I be in London to see!



"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL."

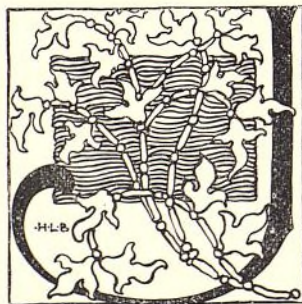


"IS EVERYBODY AT HOME? WE 'VE COME TO WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

NO. II. "FELIX HOLT."



JOE TUDGE was a little boy whose father and mother were dead; and, as his grandfather was old and poor, one of the neighbors, whose name was Felix Holt, had taken Job home, where he and his mother could care for the child.

"Job was a small fellow about five, with a germinal nose; large, round, blue eyes, and red hair, that curled close to his head like the wool on the back of an infantine lamb."

One day little Job cut his finger and came to Mr. Holt to have it bound up. Mr. Holt was a watch-

maker, but also had a class of small boys whom he used to teach as he sat in front of a table covered with his watch-making tools. He was sitting in his place when Job came to have his finger doctored. "Two benches stood at right angles on the sanded floor, and six or seven boys, of various ages up to twelve, were getting their caps and preparing to go home." As Mr. Holt took Job on his knee and began to tie up his tiny finger, a young lady came into the room. Job had never seen her, although she was a friend of Mr. Holt's. She looked sad and was really in trouble; for she felt very much afraid that Mr. Holt was angry with her because of some words she had said the last time they had met; and she had come, under pretext of having her watch examined, to say that she was sorry and to ask his forgiveness. Mr. Holt went on with his task, saying to the young lady, whose name was Esther Lyon:

"This is a hero, Miss Lyon. This is Job Tudge,

a bold Briton whose finger hurts him, but who does n't mean to cry.'

Miss Lyon seated herself on the end of a bench and waited until the bandaging was completed, when Mr. Holt said:

"There, Job,—thou patient man,—sit still, if thou wilt; and now we can look at Miss Lyon."

"Esther had taken off her watch, and was holding it in her hand; but he looked at her face, or rather at her eyes, as he said, 'You want me to doctor your watch?'"

Whereupon Miss Lyon told him what she most wanted to see him about, and, as she went on, she became so much in earnest that the tears ran down her cheeks. Suddenly little Job, who had been making his own reflections upon all that took place, called out, impatiently:

"She's tut her finger!"

Mr. Holt and Miss Lyon laughed; and, as the latter raised her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her cheeks, she said:

"You see, Job, I'm a naughty coward. I can't help crying when I've hurt myself."

"Zoo sood n't kuy," said Job, energetically, being much impressed with a moral doctrine which had come to him after a sufficient transgression of it.

"Where does Job Tudge live?" said Miss Lyon, still sitting and looking at the droll little figure, set off by a ragged jacket with a tail about two inches deep, sticking out above the funniest of corduroys.

"Job has two mansions. He lives here chiefly, but he has another home, where his grandfather, the stone-breaker, lives. My mother is very good to Job, Miss Lyon. She has made him a little bed in a cupboard, and she gives him sweetened porridge."

"Well, why should n't I be motherly to the child, Miss Lyon," said Mrs. Holt, who had come in. "I never was hard-hearted, and I never will be. It was Felix picked the child up and took to him."

"Oh, they grow out of it very fast. Here's Job Tudge, now," said Felix, turning the little one around on his knee, and holding his head by the back. "Job's limbs will get lanky, this little fist, that looks like a puff-ball, and can hide nothing bigger than a gooseberry, will get large and bony, and perhaps want to clutch more than its share; these wide blue eyes, that tell me more truth than Job knows, will narrow and narrow, and try to hide truth that Job would be better without knowing; this little negative nose will become long and self-asserting, and this little tongue—put out thy tongue, Job." Job, awe-struck, under this ceremony, put out a little red tongue, very timidly. "This tongue, hardly bigger than a rose-leaf, will get large, and thick, wag out of season, do mischief, brag and cant for gain or vanity, and cut as cruelly for all its clumsiness, as if it were a sharp-edged blade. Big Job will perhaps be naughty—"

As Felix, speaking with the loud, emphatic distinctness habitual to him, brought out this terribly familiar word, Job's sense of mystification became too painful, he hung his lips and began to cry.

"Look here, Job, my man," said Felix, setting the boy down, and turning him toward Esther; "go to Miss Lyon, ask her to smile at you, and that will dry up your tears like sunshine."

Job put his two brown fists on Esther's lap, and she stooped to kiss him. Then holding his face between her hands she said, "Tell Mr. Holt we don't mean to be naughty, Job. He should believe in us more.—But now, I must really go home."



THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE.

(Concluded.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ARLA now walked on until she came to a street corner where a cobbler had a little shop. In the angle of the wall of the house, at the height of the second story, was a clock. This cobbler did not like the confined air and poor light of his shop, and whenever the weather allowed, he always worked outside on the sidewalk. To-day, although it was winter, the sun shone brightly on this side of the street, and he had put his bench outside, close to his door, and was sitting there, hard at work. When Arla stopped before him, he looked up and said, cheerfully:

"Good-morning, Mistress Arla. Do you want them half-soled, or heeled, or a patch put on the toes?"

"My shoes do not need mending," said Arla. "I came to ask you if you could tell me who has charge of the clock at this corner?"

"I can easily do that," he said, "for I am the man. I am paid by the year, for winding it up and keeping it in order, as much as I should get for putting the soles, heels, tops, linings, and buckles on a pair of shoes."

"Which means making them out and out," said Arla.

"You are right," said he, "and the pay is not great; but if it were larger, more people might want it and I might lose it; and if it were less, how could I afford to do it at all? So I am satisfied."

"But you ought not to be entirely satisfied," said Arla, "for the clock does not keep good time. I know when it is striking, for it has a very jangling sound, and it is the most irregular clock in Rondaïne. Sometimes it strikes as much as twenty-five minutes after the hour, and very often it does not strike at all."

The cobbler looked up at her with a smile. "I am sorry," he said, "that it has a jangling stroke, but the fashioning of clocks is not my trade, and I could not mend its sound with awl, hammer, or waxed-end. But it seems to me, my good maiden, that you never mended a pair of shoes."

"No, indeed!" said Arla; "I should do that even worse than you would make clocks."

"Never having mended shoes, then," said the cobbler, "you do not know what a grievous thing it is to have twelve o'clock, or six o'clock, or any

other hour, in fact, come before you are ready for it. Now I don't mind telling you, because I know you are too good to spoil the trade of a hard-working cobbler,—and shoemaker too, whenever he gets the chance to be one,—that when I have promised a customer that he shall have his shoes or his boots at a certain time of day, and that time is drawing near, and the end of the job is still somewhat distant, then do I skip up the stair-way and set back the hands of the clock according to the work that has to be done. And when my customer comes I look up to the clock-face and I say to him, 'Glad to see you!' and then he will look up at the clock and will say, 'Yes, I am a little too soon'; and then, as likely as not, he will sit down on the doorstep here by me and talk entertainingly; and it may happen that he will sit there without grumbling, for many minutes after the clock has pointed out the hour at which the shoes were promised. Sometimes, when I have been much belated in beginning a job, I stop the clock altogether, for you can well see for yourself that it would not do to have it strike eleven when it is truly twelve. And so, if my man be willing to sit down, and our talk be very entertaining, the clock being above him where he can not see it without stepping outward from the house, he may not notice that it is stopped. This expedient once served me very well, for an old gentleman, over-testy and over-punctual, once came to me for his shoes, and looking up at the clock, which I had prepared for him, exclaimed, 'Bless me! I am much too early!' And he sat down by me for three-quarters of an hour, in which time I persuaded him that his shoes were far too much worn to be worth mending any more, and that he should have a new pair, which, afterward, I made."

"I do not believe it is right for you to do that," said Arla; "but even if you think so, there is no reason why your clock should go wrong at night when so many people can hear it because of the stillness."

"Ah, me!" said the cobbler, "I do not object to the clock being as right as you please in the night; but when my day's work is done, I so desire to go home to my supper, that I often forget to put the clock right, or to set it going if it is stopped."



"SO MANY THINGS STOP AT NIGHT—SUCH AS THE DAY ITSELF—THAT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO PARDON MY POOR CLOCK."

But so many things stop at night — such as the day itself — and so many things then go wrong — such as the ways of evil-minded people — that I think you truly ought to pardon my poor clock."

"Then you will not consent," said Arla, "to make it go right?"

"I will do that with all cheerfulness," answered the cobbler, pulling out a pair of waxed-ends with a great jerk, "as soon as I can make myself go right. The most important thing should always be done first; and, surely, I am more important than a clock!" And he smiled with great good humor.

Arla knew that it would of no use to stand there any longer and talk with this cobbler. Turning to go, she said:

"When I bring you shoes to mend, you shall finish them by my clock, and not by yours."

"That will I, my good little Arla," said the cobbler, heartily. "They shall be finished by any clock in town, and five minutes before the hour, or no payment."

Arla now walked on until she came to the bridge over the river. It was a long, covered structure, and by the entrance sat the bridge-keeper.

"Do you know, sir," said she, "that the clock at this end of your bridge does not keep the same time as the one at the other end? They are not so very different, but I have noticed that this one is always done striking at least two minutes before the other begins."

The bridge-keeper looked at her with one eye, which was all he had.

"You are as wrong as anybody can be," said he. "I do not say anything about the striking, because my ears are not now good enough to hear the clock at the other end when I am near this one; but I know they both keep the same time. I have often looked at this clock and have then walked to the other end of the bridge, and have found that the clock there was exactly like it."

Arla looked at the poor old man, whose legs were warmly swaddled on account of his rheumatism, and said:

"But it must take you a good while to walk to the other end of the bridge!"

"Out upon you!" cried the bridge-keeper. "I am not so old as that yet! I can walk there in no time!"

Arla now crossed the bridge and went a short distance along a country road until she came to the great stone house known as Vongereau. This belonged to a rich family who seldom came there, and the place was in charge of an elderly man who was the brother of Arla's mother. When his niece was shown into a room on the ground floor, which served for his parlor and his office, he was very glad to see her; and while Arla was having some-

thing to eat and drink after her walk, the two had a pleasant chat.

"I came this time, Uncle Anton," she said, "not only to see you, but to tell you that the great clock in your tower does not keep good time."

Uncle Anton looked at her a little surprised.

"How do you know that, my dear?" he said.

Then Arla told him how she had lain awake in the early morning and had heard the striking of the different clocks. "If you wish to make it right," said she, "I can give you the proper time, for I have brought my own little clock with me."

She was about to take her rose-clock out of her basket, when her uncle motioned to her not to do so.

"Let me tell you something," said he. "The altering of the time of day, which you speak of so lightly, is a very serious matter, which should be considered with all gravity. If you set back a clock, even as little as ten minutes, you add that much to the time that has passed. The hour which has just gone by has been made seventy minutes long. Now, no human being has the right to add anything to the past, nor to make hours longer than they were originally made. And, on the other hand, if you set a clock forward even so little as ten minutes, you take away that much from the future, and you make the coming hour only fifty minutes long. Now, no human being has a right to take anything away from the future or to make the hours shorter than they were originally intended to be. I desire, my dear niece, that you will earnestly think over what I have said, and I am sure that you will then see for yourself how unwise and even culpable it would be to trifle with the length of the hours which make up our day. And now, Arla, let us talk of other things."

And so they talked of other things until Arla thought it was time to go. She saw there was something wrong in her uncle's reasoning, although she could not tell exactly what it was, and thinking about it, she slowly returned to the town. As she approached the house of the little old lady with white hair, she concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. "She will surely be willing to alter that," said Arla, "for it is so very much out of the way."

The old lady knew who Arla was, and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion.

"Never, since I was born," she said, "have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house; have always lived in it;

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and expect to die in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child; I hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, and the clock of my whole life, I would cut off that hand!"

Some tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened. "I hope you will pardon me, good madam," she said, "for, truly, I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think that your clock is not a good one. I only meant that you should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady with white hair. "Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it."

And, kissing Arla, she bade her good-bye.

"Principles may last a great while without altering," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged.

"People don't seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself, "and if they don't care, I am sure it is of no use for me to tell them about it. If even one clock could be made to go properly, it might help to make the people of Rondaire care to know exactly what time it is. Now, there is that iron donkey; if he would but kick at the right hour, it would be an excellent thing, for he kicks so hard that he is heard all over the town."

Determined to make this one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town-building at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum; it had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of a very ingenious man who was learned and skillful in various ways.

When Arla had informed the superintendent of the museum why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her, nor did he get angry. He was accustomed to giving earnest consideration to matters of this sort, and he listened attentively to all that Arla had to say.

"You must know," he said, "that our iron donkey is a very complicated piece of mechanism. Not only must he kick out the hours, but five minutes before doing so he must turn his head around and look at the bell behind him; and then when he has done kicking he must put his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs

and levers, and these can not be made to move with absolute regularity. When it is cold, some of his works contract; and when it is warm, they expand, and there are other reasons why he is very likely to lose or gain time. At noon on every bright day I set him right, being able to get the correct time from a sun-dial which stands in the court-yard. But his works, which I am sorry to say are not well made, are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again."

"Then, if there are several cloudy or rainy days together, he goes very wrong indeed," said Arla.

"Yes, he truly does," replied the superintendent, "and I am sorry for it. But there is no way to remedy his irregularities except for me to make him all over again at my own expense, and that is something I can not afford to do. The clock belongs to the town, and I am sure the citizens will not be willing to spend the money necessary for a new donkey-clock; for, so far as I know, every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with this one."

"I suppose so," said Arla, with a sigh; "but it really is a great pity that every striking-clock in Rondaire should be wrong!"

"But how do you know they all are wrong?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Arla. "When I lie awake in the early morning, when all else is very still, I listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose-clock to see what time it really is."

"Your rose-clock?" said the superintendent.

"This is it," said Arla, opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took it into his hands and looked at it attentively, both outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the court-yard. When in a few moments he returned, he said:

"I have compared your clock with my sun-dial, and find that it is ten minutes slow. I also see that, like the donkey-clock, its works are not adjusted in such a way as to be unaffected by heat and cold."

"My — clock — ten — minutes — slow!" exclaimed Arla, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "that is the case to-day, and on some days it is, probably, a great deal too fast. Such a clock as this — which is a very ingenious and beautiful one — ought frequently to be compared with a sun-dial or other correct time-keeper, and set to the proper hour. I see it requires a peculiar key with which to set it. Have you brought this with you?"

"No, sir," said Arla; "I did not suppose it would be needed."

"Well, then," said the superintendent, "you

can set it forward ten minutes when you reach home; and if to-morrow morning you compare the other clocks with it, I think you will find that not all of them are wrong."

Arla sat quiet for a moment, and then she said: "I think I shall not care any more to compare the clocks of Rondaïne with my little rose-clock. If the people are satisfied with their own clocks, whether they are fast or slow, and do not desire to know exactly when Christmas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock with a night-lamp by it."

"Especially," said the superintendent, with a smile, "when you are not sure that your rose-clock is right. But if you will bring here your little clock and your key on any day when the sun is shining, I will set it to the time shadowed on the sun-dial, or show you how to do it yourself."

"Thank you very much," said Arla; and she took her leave.

As she walked home, she lifted the lid of her basket and looked at her little rose-clock. "To think of it!" she said. "That you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And, worse than that, to think that some of the other

clocks have been right and you have been wrong! But I do not feel like altering you to-day. If you go fast sometimes and slow sometimes, you must be right sometimes, and one of these days when I take you to be compared with the sun-dial, perhaps you will not have to be altered so much."

Arla went to bed that night quite tired with her long walks, and when she awoke it was broad daylight. "I do not know," she said to herself, "exactly when Christmas began, but I am very sure that the happy day is here."

"Do you lie awake in the morning as much as you used to?" asked Arla's mother a few weeks after the Christmas holidays.

"No, mother dear," said Arla; "I now sleep with one of my windows shut, and I am no longer awakened by that chilly feeling which used to come to me in the early morning, when I would draw the bed-covers close about me, and think how wrong were the clocks of Rondaïne."

And the little rose-clock never went to be compared with the sun-dial. "Perhaps you are right now," Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, "and I will not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong."





PICTURES FOR LITTLE
GERMAN READERS.—No. 2.

Ich
denke daß
ich die
Zeitung
lesen
muß.

TICK TOCK.

BY MARIA J. HAMMOND.

"Tick tock! tick tock!"
Says the clock—"half-past three."

"Tick tock! tick tock!"

"Half-past three" still we see!
It must be the hands are caught,
That is why it tells us naught,
Tho' it ticks and ticks along
As if there were nothing wrong!

"Tick tock!"

"Tick tock! tick tock!"
Many a word, many a word,—

"Tick tock! tick tock!"—

Just as useless, I have heard.

These—the folks who tell us naught—

Ah! perhaps their hands are caught!

'T is the busy ones that know

Something worth the telling.— So

"Tick tock! tick tock!"

POOR MR. BROWN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

MR. TEMPLETON resided about four miles from the village, near the great wagon thoroughfare leading eastward to Augusta, the market town of middle Georgia, situated on the Savannah River.

At this time he had an only son, Baldwin, about whose education he was becoming somewhat solicitous, as the boy, being only seven years old, was too young to go alone to the country school, a mile and a half distant. After due consideration of several other plans, it was understood that he should be taught in books by his mother during what leisure she might get from house affairs, and outside become more than hitherto a companion of his father, in the hope of getting occasional oral instruction that might be wholesome.

The boy ever afterward looked back to this period, not only with much fondness, but with much gratitude that such had been his first tuition and that it had begun so early.

His mother, more pious than her husband, possessed a lower gift of instruction. She taught mainly by rote and the rules of schools and books; while the father gave not set lessons or lectures, and often when he taught the best, it was not understood by his son, perhaps not always by himself, that he was intending to teach. One instance of this I learned, and the recollection of it has done me, I believe, good service.

In those times no railroads were in middle Georgia, and the roads in that region, with its red, stiff soil, were often rough, even in summer-time; so much so, that between the villages were occasionally country taverns. Besides these, most country gentlemen who dwelt near the public road were accustomed to entertain over night belated travelers and their beasts. I can well remember when it was considered uncharitable to refuse shelter to a wayfaring man, unless it was not too late for him to reach before nightfall the village or the nearest inn. Mr. Templeton, although it was generally disagreeable, because interfering with the privacy of his family, never refused admittance to such comers, except when a denial seemed necessary. Country children liked such visitors, having so few opportunities to see new faces and hear new voices. Besides, they had a relish for riding travelers' horses to the spring for water.

Among those who usually stopped with the

Templetons was a middle-aged man named Brown. He resided, so he said, near the Savannah River, and he claimed to have a brother in good circumstances in one of the counties about three days' travel westward, his own home being at about that distance east. To this brother he had been paying semi-annual visits for several years, always stopping for a night, going and returning, with the Templetons. He was poor and rheumatic. He rode a poor horse, which slowly and with much difficulty bore him, and carried a pair of coarse cotton saddle-bags, always much soiled. Baldwin used to wonder how it could be that so poor a man and so poor a horse managed to travel so many miles forth and back twice a year.

Mr. Brown was so uninteresting a companion that it was difficult to hold any conversation with him, even upon the subject of his infirmities. He usually sat with the family for an hour or two after supper, listening with moderate interest to their chatterings; and then — yet never until after the suggestion had been made by one or the other of his hosts — retired to bed. Poor Mr. Brown, as he was called by the family, had become as well known there as such a man could be, and it is probable that in the visits of no other traveler was there ever less variety. The scene after breakfast next morning had been nearly the very same for years. When his horse was brought from the lot and hitched by the gate, the following dialogue took place:

MR. BROWN. — I think I'll be a-travelin'. What's my bill?

MR. TEMPLETON. — One dollar, Mr. Brown.

MR. BROWN. — I'll pay you when I come by this way ag'in. Will that suit you?

MR. TEMPLETON. — That will do just as well: I can wait.

MR. BROWN. — Well, a good-mornin' to you.

MR. TEMPLETON. — Good-morning, Mr. Brown. I hope you'll have a safe journey.

They shook hands, a ceremony Mr. Brown omitted with the others, slightly nodding a good-bye to them as he turned to depart.

Baldwin had been present at several of these leave-takings. After the departure, one day, he asked his father if Mr. Brown had ever paid him for a night's entertainment.

"No, he never has," answered Mr. Templeton.

"Do you believe he ever will, Father?"

"I do not."

"He is a very poor man, is n't he?"

"He must be; and he is sickly besides."

After musing some moments, Baldwin asked:

"Well, Father, if he is so poor and sickly, what makes you charge him for staying all night. Do you want him to pay you?"

The father looked down upon his son, smiled, and said:

"Let us take a walk."

They went into the orchard; for it was in the spring. Walking slowly along, Mr. Templeton said:

"Baldwin, why did you ask if I wanted Mr. Brown to pay for his night's lodging?"

"Because he looks like such a poor man, as you said he was, and sickly too."

"I did, and he shows for himself."

"Well, Father, if he is so poor, and sickly besides, I—" but Baldwin could not elaborate the idea that was in his mind.

"You mean to say," suggested Mr. Templeton, "that if you were in my place, such a man as Mr. Brown might stay the night at your house without paying or being asked to pay anything. Is that it?"

Baldwin answered yes.

"Ah, ha! Now I see, my boy, that I ought, before now, to have explained to you my conduct with Mr. Brown. I am glad that you are beginning to notice such things. No, I did not, and never did wish him to pay me anything. He has been coming by to spend a night with us four times a year for several years. He always asks me for his bill, and I always answer that it is a dollar. He never pays, and I never wish him to pay. He always promises to pay, and he probably believes, every time he is here, that perhaps he will be able to pay the next time he comes. At least he hopes so, I doubt not. Now, this hope that he will be less poor some day is a good, a great thing for him. But for that hope, sickly as he is, the probabilities are that he would have died before now; whereas, having that hope makes him feel that he is able to get upon his poor horse and travel about like other persons who are strong and well. And, as you see, he actually does so, not so fast, and not so far as many others; but fast enough, he thinks, and indeed a great distance even for men in good health. This hope, and the exercise he takes, and the change, perhaps, tend to make him forget sometimes that he is poor and sickly. Don't you see what a great thing such a hope is to such a man?"

Baldwin thought he did, and he said so.

"Well," resumed his father, "no person ought to deprive him of it, if he can help it. Now, if you had a house, and Mr. Brown were to come to it and lodge for a night, and on leaving it the next morning were to ask what he must pay, I suppose you would answer, 'Nothing.' Is it not so? Yes. But do you not perceive that such an answer would be showing him that you had *noticed* how poor he was, that you had no thought that he ever would be in better condition? And so you might weaken this hope which is now such a support to him. I do not say it would, but it might. This is one thing that we should not do if we can avoid it, and at the same time not be guilty of deceit. I never say to Mr. Brown that I believe that he will ever be any other sort of man than a poor one. That would be wrong, because it would be false. But as I believe that he hopes, and that he may expect, to be in a better way sometime; and as this hope does him good; and moreover, as I can not foresee what Providence, who gives and who takes away, may do for him before he dies, I simply try to show, when he is under my roof, that I respect him as I respect any other man, who, when he is here, does nothing that is wrong. And I *do* respect him as much as I respect any man who is not better than he is. When he is about to go away, and asks for his bill, I answer him as I answer others. With one like him this is the best way, it seems to me, in which I can show to him that he has the respect which I feel. Although he does not pay the bill, I have little doubt that he intends and hopes to do so some time or other. He sees that I am satisfied with his promise, and this may serve to make him still more hopeful. Do you see, sir, do you see?" and he laid his hand heavily yet fondly on the boy's shoulder.

Baldwin was satisfied, even pleased, and he supposed that the subject was now dismissed. They walked among the apple-trees, the elder occasionally subduing a redundant bud, or placing a prop to a young tree that the March winds had bent. After a few minutes, he turned suddenly and said:

"Baldwin, suppose *you* were Mr. Brown." Baldwin shuddered, but only momentarily.

"Yes," continued his father, "suppose you were a poor, sickly man, named Mr. Brown. Suppose you, like this one, were to be traveling in order to visit a brother who was well to do. For the poor, as a general thing, are proud of their wealthy relatives. It is often no matter how they are treated by them, and I rather suspect that this poor man gets little help from his relatives; for I think that I have noticed that he is usually more sad on the returning than on the outgoing journey. But suppose you hoped some day to be in as easy fortune as your brother, or at least in bet-

ter fortune than now. Suppose then that you had spent a night at a gentleman's house, and that, when you were about to proceed on your travels, he were to say to you:

"Mr. Brown, your bill is nothing, sir; you need not pay me anything. You are so poor that I know you can not afford to pay. You are too sickly to work, and of course there is no probability that you will ever be in better circumstances than you now are. Therefore you need never ask me what your bill is, or let the thought of it trouble you. I never charge such a man as you anything. Come always to my house when you are traveling this way (that is, if you should ever find yourself able to make the trip again) and you will always find a welcome for yourself and your poor horse. But please do not ask to pay what I could not feel, as a conscientious and charitable man, it was right to accept."

"How would that sound in your ears, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Templeton looked down upon his son's face, and was pleased to notice his indignation against his imaginary host. Then, before the boy could put into words the feeling which was sufficiently shown by his expression, the father resumed:

"But suppose the gentleman was not quite so rude as that—though some good, kind-hearted men talk in just that style, without having any notion of its rudeness. Suppose he were to say nothing about your poverty or your poor health, but you could see that he noticed both, and your torn and soiled clothes, your stiff, slow-moving limbs and the wearing sadness upon your face. Suppose then that the fact that he saw all this made you lose a part of the hope you had been indulging for better times to come to you, because it was plain to you that, in his opinion, such a hope was utterly vain."

"Suppose, again, that when you should ask him for your bill, and get for answer that there was none, you were sure that this answer was given because of your poverty which showed for itself in your every look and action. Once more. Suppose, when you should promise to pay on your next visit, you were made by the gentleman's manner to feel that he believed not only that you would never pay the bill but probably would not live to come there any more. What then, Mr. Brown?"

Tears were now in the boy's eyes. When his father saw them, some came into his own. After a pause, he thus concluded:

"You see, dear Baldwin, that although it is our duty to be kind to the poor, yet we should take some pains in learning *how* to be so. The kindness of some men to the poor tends to make them better,

as well as happier. That of others tends to make them evil-disposed and to add to the bitterness of their sufferings. The difference is this: some men have another feeling in addition to pity. This feeling is—*Delicacy*. Remember that word, my boy, and study it, and try to find out for yourself all that it means."

After a brief pause, during which the boy walked thoughtfully and in silence beside his father, Mr. Templeton said:

"Now there's another side to this case, Baldwin. I dare say you don't think it exactly right in Mr. Brown to be going more and more into debt, especially to strangers, when the chances seem so little that he can ever pay; or at least you think he might behave as if he were thankful for being so treated. It does n't look quite honest, eh? Aha! I thought so."

"But we must suppose that he hopes, and even expects, to be able at some time, perhaps far in the future, to pay all he owes. I have not a doubt of this; for poor as he is, and silent, I think I have seen in him a great deal of the sort of character that makes an upright man. As for thanks, I've come to believe that not always do those *feel* them the most who are the quickest and the freest to *say* them. Besides, we must not expect always to find among the poor and the suffering the delicacy that I've just told you about."

"Our good Lord, who loves the poor so much, does not demand of them the same delicate sense of propriety as of those in more favored circumstances. He knows how much pain and how much failure of many sorts this would cause. My acquaintance with the Bible, I am ashamed to say, is much less familiar than your mother's. But my recollection is that not many instances of the saying of thanks by the poor occur in it. For example, there is no record that the traveler who had fallen among thieves thanked the good Samaritan who relieved him; and of the ten lepers who were healed, only one, and he a stranger, returned to thank our Savior."

"Yet He did not chide the others, but said merely,—'Where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger.'"

"Indeed, the good Lord often keeps from His poor the delicacy that would make their lot harder to bear. As for poor Mr. Brown, I am satisfied that he is more thankful than he seems, not only for the very small favors that I have shown him, but for my confidence that he honestly intends and expects to repay me. Come, now; let us go back to your mother."

Mr. Brown did not come again.

Late in the fall they heard that he was dead.

Some weeks after, one of the neighbors on returning from Augusta, whither he had gone with a load of cotton, left at the Templetons' a tiny sleigh, and a shuttle for Mrs. Templeton, and a hickory-cane, rudely but elaborately wrought. These had been handed to him by one of Mr. Brown's family, who said that on his death-bed Mr. Brown had requested that they should be sent with the message

that he had always expected to be able some day to repay all the kindness of the family to him; but, that as he was disappointed, he hoped the good Lord would make it up to them in some way.

"My parents shed tears," said Baldwin, many years afterward, "on receiving these bequests, which they kept as long as they lived. I have the three gifts yet."



"WE AND OUR DOLLIES." (PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.)

BALBOA.

BY NORA PERRY.



WITH restless step of discontent,
Day after day he fretting went
Along the old accustomed ways
That led to easeful length of days.

But far beyond the fragrant shade
Of orange-groves his glances strayed
To where the white horizon line
Caught from the sea its silvery shine.

He knew the taste of the salt spray,
He knew the wind that blew that way:
Ah, once again to mount and ride
Upon that pulsing ocean tide —

To find new lands of virgin gold,
To wrest them from the savage hold,
To conquer with the sword and brain
Fresh fields and fair for royal Spain!

This was the dream of wild desire
That set his gallant heart on fire,
And stirred with feverish discontent
That soul for nobler issues meant.

Sometimes his children's laughter brought
A thrill that checked his restless thought;
Sometimes a voice more tender yet
Would soothe the fever and the fret.

Thus day by day, until one day
Came news that in the harbor lay
A ship bound outward to explore
The treasures of that western shore,

Which bold adventurers as yet
Had failed to conquer or forget:
“Yet where they failed, and failing died,
My will shall conquer!” Balboa cried.

But when on Darien's shore he stept,
And fast and far his vision swept,
He saw before him, white and still,
The Andes mocking at his will.

Then like a flint he set his face :
Let others falter from their place,
His hand and foot, his sturdy soul
Should seek and gain that distant goal !

With speech like this he fired the land,
And gathered to his bold command
A troop of twenty score or more,
To follow where he led before.

They followed him day after day
O'er burning lands where ambushed lay
The waiting savage in his lair ;
And fever poisoned all the air.

But like a sweeping wind of flame
A conqueror through all he came :
The savage fell beneath his hand,
Or led him on to seek the land

That richer yet for golden gain
Stretched out beyond the mountain chain.
Steep after steep of rough ascent
They followed, followed, worn and spent,

Until at length they came to where
The last peak lifted near and fair ;
Then Balboa turned and waved aside
His panting troops : " Rest here," he cried ;

" And wait for me." And with a tread
Of trembling haste, he quickly sped

Along the trackless height, alone
To seek, to reach, his mountain throne.

Step after step he mounted swift ;
The wind blew down a cloudy drift ;
From some strange source he seemed to hear
The music of another sphere.

Step after step ; the cloud-winds blew
Their blinding mists, then through and through
Sun-cleft, they broke, and all alone
He stood upon his mountain throne.

Before him spread no paltry lands,
To wrest with spoils from savage hands ;
But, fresh and fair, an unknown world
Of mighty sea and shore unfurled

Its wondrous scroll beneath the skies.
Ah, what to this the flimsy prize
Of gold and lands for which he came
With hot ambition's sordid aim !

Silent he stood with streaming eyes
In that first moment of surprise,
Then on the mountain-top he bent,
This conqueror of a continent,

In wordless ecstasy of prayer,—
Forgetting in that moment there,
With Nature's God brought face to face,
All vainer dreams of pomp and place.

Thus to the world a world was given.
Where lesser men had vainly striven,
And striving died,— this gallant soul,
Divinely guided, reached the goal.



An Affluent Aztec

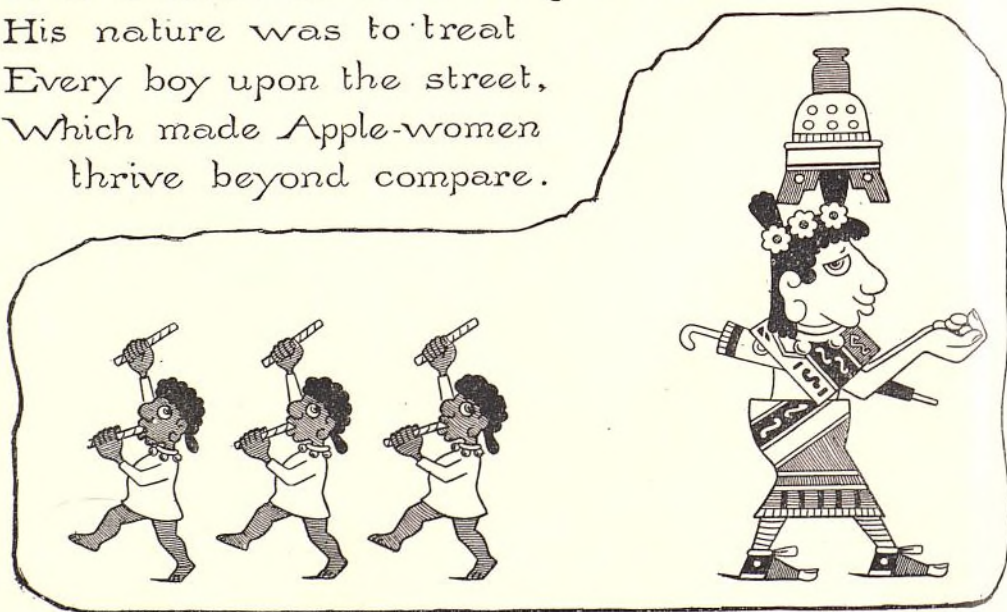
A Hieroglyphic Fragment

by J. Francis.



He was a generous, grand and gorgeous Millionaire
With a heart as overflowing as his hair.

His nature was to treat
Every boy upon the street,
Which made Apple-women
thrive beyond compare.





Where the Christmas-tree grew.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

It was afternoon recess at No. 4 District School, in Warner. There was a heavy snowstorm; so every one was in the warm schoolroom, except a few adventurous spirits who were tumbling about in the snowdrifts out in the yard, getting their clothes wet and preparing themselves for chidings at home. Their shrill cries and shouts of laughter floated into the schoolroom, but the small group near the stove did not heed them at all. There were five or six little girls and one boy. The girls, with the exception of Jenny Brown, were trim and sweet in their winter dresses and neat school-aprons; they perched on the desks and the arms of the settee with careless grace, like birds. Some of them had their arms linked. The one boy lounged against the blackboard. His dark, straight-profiled face was all aglow as he talked. His big brown eyes gazed now soberly and impressively at Jenny, then gave a gay dance in the direction of the other girls.

"Yes, it does—*honest!*" said he.

The other girls nudged one another softly; but Jenny Brown stood with her innocent, solemn eyes fixed upon Earl Munroe's face, drinking in every word.

"You ask anybody who knows," continued Earl; "ask Judge Barker, ask—the minister—"

"Oh!" cried the little girls; but the boy shook his head impatiently at them.

"Yes," said he; "you just go and ask Mr. Fisher to-morrow, and you'll see what he'll tell you. Why, look here,"—Earl straightened himself and stretched out an arm like an orator,—"*it's* nothing more than *reasonable* that Christmas-trees grow wild with the presents all on 'em! What sense would there be in 'em if they did n't, I'd like to know? They grow in different places, of course; but these around here grow mostly on the mountain over there. They come up every spring, and they all blossom out about Christmas-time, and folks go hunting for them to give to the

children. Father and Ben are over on the mountain to-day —"

"Oh, oh!" cried the little girls.

"I mean, I guess they are," amended Earl, trying to put his feet on the boundary-line of truth. "I hope they'll find a full one."

Jenny Brown had a little, round, simple face; her thin brown hair was combed back and braided tightly in one tiny braid tied with a bit of shoestring. She wore a nondescript gown, which nearly trailed behind, and showed in front her little, coarsely shod feet, which toed-in helplessly. The gown was of a faded green color; it was scalloped and bound around the bottom, and had some green ribbons-bows down the front. It was, in fact, the discarded polonaise of a benevolent woman, who aided the poor substantially but not tastefully.

Jenny Brown was eight, and small for her age,—a strange, gentle, ignorant little creature, never doubting the truth of what she was told, which sorely tempted the other children to impose upon her. Standing there in the schoolroom that stormy recess, in the midst of that group of wiser, richer, mostly older girls, and that one handsome, mischievous boy, she believed every word she heard.

This was her first term at school, and she had never before seen much of other children. She had lived her eight years all alone at home with her mother, and she had never been told about Christmas. Her mother had other things to think about. She was a dull, spiritless, reticent woman, who had lived through much trouble. She worked, doing washings and cleanings, like a poor feeble machine that still moves but has no interest in its motion. Sometimes the Browns had almost enough to eat, at other times they half starved. It was half-starving time just then; Jenny had not had enough to eat that day.

There was a pinched look on the little face upturned toward Earl Munroe's.

Earl's words gained authority by coming from himself. Jenny had always regarded him with awe and admiration. It was much that he should speak at all to her.

Earl Munroe was quite the king of this little district school. He was the son of the wealthiest man in town. No other boy was so well dressed, so gently bred, so luxuriously lodged and fed. Earl himself realized his importance, and had at times the loftiness of a young prince in his manner. Occasionally, some independent urchin would bristle with democratic spirit, and tell him to his face that he was "stuck up," and he had n't so much more to be proud of than other folks; that his grandfather was n't anything but an old ragman!

Then Earl would wilt. Arrogance in a free country is likely to have an unstable foundation. Earl's tottered at the mention of his paternal grandfather, who had given the first impetus to the family fortune by driving a tin-cart about the country. Moreover, the boy was really pleasant and generous-hearted, and had no mind, in the long run, for lonely state and disagreeable haughtiness. He enjoyed being lordly once in a while, that was all.

He did now, with Jenny—he eyed her with a gay condescension, which would have greatly amused his tin-peddler grandfather.

Soon the bell rung, and they all filed to their seats, and the lessons were begun.

After school was done that night, Earl stood in the door when Jenny passed out.

"Say, Jenny," he called, "when are you going over on the mountain to find the Christmas-tree? You 'd better go pretty soon, or they 'll be gone."

"That 's so!" chimed in one of the girls. "You 'd better go right off, Jenny."

She passed along, her face shyly dimpling with her little innocent smile, and said nothing. She would never talk much.

She had quite a long walk to her home. Presently, as she was pushing weakly through the new snow, Earl went flying past her in his father's sleigh, with the black horses and the fur-capped coachman. He never thought of asking her to ride. If he had, he would not have hesitated a second before doing so.

Jenny, as she waded along, could see the mountain always before her. This road led straight to it, then turned and wound around its base. It had stopped snowing, and the sun was setting clear. The great white mountain was all rosy. It stood opposite the red western sky. Jenny kept her eyes fixed upon the mountain. Down in the valley-shadows, her little simple face, pale and colorless, gathered another kind of radiance.

There was no school the next day, which was the

one before Christmas. It was pleasant, and not very cold. Everybody was out; the little village stores were crowded; sleds trailing Christmas-greens went flying, people were hastening with parcels under their arms, their hands full.

Jenny Brown also was out. She was climbing Franklin Mountain. The snowy pine-boughs bent so low that they brushed her head; she stepped deeply into the untrodden snow, the train of her green polonaise dipped into it, and swept it along. And all the time she was peering through those white fairy columns and arches for—a Christmas-tree.

That night, the mountain had turned rosy, and faded, and the stars were coming out, when a frantic woman, panting, crying out now and then in her distress, went running down the road to the Munroe house. It was the only one between her own and the mountain. The woman rained some clattering knocks on the door—she could not stop for the bell. Then she burst into the house, and threw open the dining-room door, crying out in gasps:

"Hev you seen her? Oh, hev you? My Jenny's lost! She's lost! Oh, oh, oh! They said they saw her comin' up this way, this mornin'. Hev you seen her, hev you?"

Earl and his father and mother were having tea there in the handsome oak-paneled dining-room. Mr. Munroe rose at once, and went forward, Mrs. Munroe looked with a pale face around her silver tea-urn, and Earl sat as if frozen. He heard his father's soothing questions, and the mother's answers. She had been out at work all day; when she returned, Jenny was gone. Some one had seen her going up the road to the Munroes' that morning about ten o'clock. That was her only clew.

Earl sat there, and saw his mother draw the poor woman into the room and try to comfort her; he heard, with a vague understanding, his father order the horses to be harnessed immediately; he watched him putting on his coat and hat out in the hall.

When he heard the horses trot up the drive, he sprung to his feet. When Mr. Munroe opened the door, Earl, with his coat and cap on, was at his heels.

"Why, you can't go, Earl!" said his father, when he saw him. "Go back at once."

Earl was white and trembling. He half sobbed. "Oh, Father, I must go!" said he.

"Earl, be reasonable. You want to help, don't you, and not hinder?" his mother called out of the dining-room.

Earl caught hold of his father's coat. "Father—look here—I—I believe I know where she is!"

Then his father faced sharply around, his mother

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and Jenny's stood listening in bewilderment, and Earl told his ridiculous, childish, and cruel little story. "I—did n't dream—she 'd really be—such a little—goose as to—go," he choked out; "but she must have, for"—with brave candor—"I know she believed every word I told her."

It seemed a fantastic theory, yet a likely one. It would give method to the search, yet more alarm to the searchers. The mountain was a wide region in which to find one little child.

Jenny's mother screamed out, "Oh, if she's

crawled downstairs and into the parlor. In the bay-window stood, like a gay mockery, the Christmas-tree. It was a quite small one that year, only for the family,—some expected guests had failed to come,—but it was well laden. After tea, the presents were to have been distributed. There were some for his father and mother, and some for the servants, but the bulk of them were for Earl.

By and by, his mother, who had heard him come downstairs, peeped into the room, and saw



"THIS LITTLE GIRL CAME FLYING OUT WITH HER CONTRIBUTION; THEN THERE WERE MORE." [SEE PAGE 209.]

lost on the mountain, they'll never find her! They never will, they never will! O Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!"

Earl gave a despairing glance at her, and bolted upstairs to his own room. His mother called pityingly after him; but he only sobbed back, "Don't, Mother,—please!" and kept on.

The boy, lying face downward on his bed, crying as if his heart would break, heard presently the church-bell clang out fast and furious. Then he heard loud voices down in the road, and the flurry of sleigh-bells. His father had raised the alarm, and the search was organized.

After a while, Earl arose, and crept over to the window. It looked toward the mountain, which towered up, cold and white and relentless, like one of the ice-hearted giants of the old Indian tales. Earl shuddered, as he looked at it. Presently, he

him busily taking his presents from the tree. Her heart sank with sad displeasure and amazement. She would not have believed that her boy could be so utterly selfish as to think of Christmas-presents *then*.

But she said nothing. She stole away, and returned to poor Mrs. Brown, whom she was keeping with her; still she continued to think of it, all that long, terrible night, when they sat there waiting, listening to the signal-horns over on the mountain.

Morning came at last, and Mr. Munroe with it. No success so far. He drank some coffee and was off again. That was quite early. An hour or two later, the breakfast-bell rung. Earl did not respond to it, so his mother went to the foot of the stairs and called him. There was a stern ring in her soft voice. All the time she had in mind his heartlessness and greediness over the presents. When Earl

did not answer, she went upstairs, and found that he was not in his room. Then she looked in the parlor, and stood staring in bewilderment. Earl was not there, but neither were the Christmas-tree and his presents,—they had vanished bodily!

Just at that moment Earl Munroe was hurrying down the road, and he was dragging his big sled, on which were loaded his Christmas-presents and the Christmas-tree. The top of the tree trailed in the snow, its branches spread over the sled on either side, and rustled. It was a heavy load, but Earl fugged manfully in an enthusiasm of remorse and atonement,—a fantastic, extravagant atonement, planned by that same fertile fancy which had invented that story for poor little Jenny, but instigated by all the good, repentant impulses in the boy's nature.

On every one of those neat parcels, above his own name, was written in his big, crooked, childish hand, "Jenny Brown, from—" Earl Munroe had not saved one Christmas-present for himself.

Pulling along, his cheeks brilliant, his eyes glowing, he met Maud Barker. She was Judge Barker's daughter, and the girl who had joined him in advising Jenny to hunt on the mountain for the Christmas-tree.

Maud stepped along, placing her trim little feet with dainty precision; she wore some new high-buttoned over-shoes. She also carried a new beaver muff, but in one hand only. The other dangled mittenless at her side; it was pink with cold, but on its third finger sparkled a new gold ring with a blue stone in it.

"Oh, Earl!" she called out, "have they found Jenny Brown? I was going up to your house to—Why, Earl Munroe, what have you got there?"

"I'm carrying my Christmas-presents and the tree up to Jenny's—so she'll find 'em when she comes back," said the boy, flushing red. There was a little defiant choke in his voice.

"Why, what for?"

"I rather think they belong to her, more 'n they do to me, after what 's happened."

"Does your mother know?"

"No; she would n't care. She 'd think I was only doing what I ought."

"All of 'em?" queried Maud, feebly.

"You don't s'pose I 'd keep any back?"

Maud stood staring. It was beyond her little philosophy.

Earl was passing on, when a thought struck him.

"Say, Maud," he cried eagerly, "have n't you something you can put in? Girls' things might please her better, you know. Some of mine are—rather queer, I'm afraid."

"What have you got?" demanded Maud.

"Well, some of the things are well enough. There's a lot of candy and oranges and figs and books; there's one by Jules Verne I guess she'll like; but there's a great



"ALL TOO FAR AWAY HAD SHE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TREE."

big jack-knife, and—a brown velvet bicycle suit."

"Why, Earl Munroe! what could she do with a bicycle suit?"

"I thought, maybe, she could rip the seams 10

'em, an' sew 'em some way, an' get a basque cut, or something. Don't you s'pose she could?" Earl asked, anxiously.

"I don't know; her mother could tell," said Maud.

"Well, I'll hang it on, anyhow. Maud, have n't you anything to give her?"

"I—don't know."

Earl eyed her sharply. "Is n't that muff new?"

"Yes."

"And that ring?"

Maud nodded. "She 'd be delighted with 'em. Oh, Maud, put 'em in!"

Maud looked at him. Her pretty mouth quivered a little, some tears twinkled in her blue eyes.

"I don't believe my mother would let me," faltered she. "You—come with me, and I'll ask her."

"All right," said Earl, with a tug at his sled-rope.

He waited with his load in front of Maud's house until she came forth radiant, lugging a big basket. She had her last winter's red cashmere dress, a hood, some mittens, cake and biscuit, and nice slices of cold meat.

"Mother said these would be much more *suitable* for her," said Maud, with a funny little imitation of her mother's manner.

Over across the street, another girl stood at the gate, waiting for news.

"Have they found her?" she cried; "where are you going with all those things?"

Somehow, Earl's generous, romantic impulse spread like an epidemic. This little girl soon came flying out with her contribution; then there were more—quite a little procession filed finally down the road to Jenny Brown's house.

The terrible possibilities of the case never occurred to them. The idea never entered their heads that little, innocent, trustful Jenny might never come home to see that Christmas-tree which they set up in her poor home.

It was with no surprise whatever that they saw, about noon, Mr. Munroe's sleigh, containing Jenny and her mother and Mrs. Munroe, drive up to the door.

Afterward, they heard how a wood-cutter had found Jenny crying, over on the east side of the mountain, at sunset, and had taken her home with him. He lived five miles from the village, and was an old man, not able to walk so far that night to tell them of her safety. His wife had been very good to the child. About eleven o'clock, some of the searchers had met the old man plodding along the mountain-road with the news.

They did not stop for this now. They shouted to Jenny to "come in, quick!" They pulled her with soft violence into the room where they had been at work. Then the child stood with her hands clasped, staring at the Christmas-tree. All too far away had she been searching for it. The Christmas-tree grew not on the wild mountain-side, in the lonely woods, but at home, close to warm, loving hearts; and that was where she found it.

MORNING COMPLIMENTS.

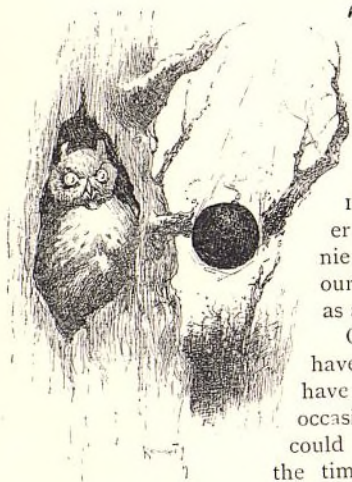
BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

A LIGHT little zephyr came flitting,
Just breaking the morning repose.
The rose made a bow to the lily,
The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then, in a soft little whisper,
As faint as a perfume that blows:
"You are brighter than I," said the lily;
"You are fairer than I," said the rose.

HOW THE YANKEES CAME TO BLACKWOOD.

BY LOUISE HERRICK.



THE country station of Blackwood might not have seemed an attractive place, to grown-up folk, in the spring of 1865; but my brother Bruce and I, Nan-nie Burton, thought our quarters as good as any in Virginia.

Of course it would have been pleasanter to have had enough to eat occasionally; but then we could scarcely remember the time when our single pone of corn-bread had not been cut into three as equal parts as though it were to illustrate an example in simple fractions,—one for each of us, Mother, Bruce, and me. And though some appetite might be left over, corn-bread never was.

This was the time during the war when Confederate money had become so worthless that, as some one remarked, "you went to market with your money in a wheelbarrow, and brought some provisions back in your pocket-book." However, as we had little money and less market up here in the Blue Ridge mountains, we were saved this harrowing experience. In fact, Bruce and I had no harrowing experiences. We scampered about from morning until night on our tireless bare legs, always hungry,—which enabled us to relish not only our meals, but any articles of an eatable nature that fell into our hands.

There was a tradition in the family that we once had white loaf-sugar every day of our lives; and I could distinctly remember the time when sorghum, or "long sweetening,"—its army name,—was an every-day affair. All this, however, in the spring of 1865, was a thing of the past—only a sweet memory. Our sorghum was so low in the barrel, that, when mother turned the spigot, only the faintest line of black syrup responded and dripped slowly, reluctantly, into the little brown jug beneath.

It amuses me to look back on my old self as I was in those days, and I think what an odd figure I must have been in my clothes of strictly home manufacture. My dress of homespun cotton had been woven by an old negro woman on our place; it was buttoned up behind, when buttoned at all, by a row of persimmon-seeds with holes drilled in them for eyelets. I had a hat (which at that time I conceived to be very beautiful) of plaited corn-shucks, just the shape of a rather deep bowl. The shape, however, was a matter of the smallest consequence, as it hung down my back by means of a leathern shoestring, except when mother was pleading with me about my complexion. My very short, very light hair hung in a frayed plait, down my back.

Bruce's costume was, if anything, simpler than mine. It consisted of a shirt and trousers, made in one, of a piece of striped bed-ticking; a row of persimmon-seed buttons followed the curve of his spine, and a small cap knitted of carpet-ravelings adorned his jolly little head. We wore neither shoes nor stockings,—my last pair of shoes, worth two hundred dollars in Confederate money, had frizzled up from being left too near the kitchen fire.

The greatest excitement we had in those days was the coming of the daily trains. I felt that my day was very incomplete if by any chance I missed being on the platform when the great mountain engines came thundering up the heavy grade past our house, and stopped at the Blackwood Station, a few hundred yards above. Our interest was increased when the trains began to bring provisions and ammunition up from along the railroad, to be stored for safe-keeping in the freight depot. I did not know there were so many barrels of sorghum or so many bolts of cloth in the whole world as were packed into that depot. I think the buttons impressed me most. It was with a sense of bitterness and shame that I remembered the time when I had felt proud of my persimmon-seeds. Then came barrels and barrels of gunpowder, and then bomb-shells. I was conscious of my bravery when I stood by, clutching my skirts with both hands, and saw these stores rolled up the inclined plane of logs into the depot. The men who brought the stores were mostly disabled Confederates, a gloomy, untalkative set; but one big

fellow, in a shirt made of an old plaid shawl, grumbled all the while he worked, and threw out such dark hints as to the nearness and terrors of the Yankee raiders, that a quick succession of creeps went down to the very soles of my bare feet.

"It 's nothin' but foolishness, cartin' up all this truck here," he said. "The Yankees are comin' here as fast as they kin, and we 'll have to burn it up to keep them from gettin' it."

However, the work went steadily on until the depot seemed likely to burst with fullness; and then the trains came less often. A few men were left to guard the stores; and a misty, rainy spell of weather drove us into the house for amusement.

I had almost forgotten to mention the house, as it was where we were least apt to be,—and no wonder, for a more cheerless house it were hard to find. My father had built it before the war for a boys' school. It faced the track, which was so near that the windows rattled in their casements and the whole house quaked sympathetically with every passing train. It also showed interest in the freight depot, for it reared itself on its white front pillars and stared across the track at its neighbor planted there firm and stolid on four clumsy legs. The kitchen was much cozier than any other part of the house. Like most Virginia kitchens, it was a small log-cabin at the back of the house, where the cook lived and reigned supreme. Its low smoke-stained rafters and uneven earthen floor were lighted more by the great fire-place, where a whole tree burned as a single sacrifice, than by the small square window.

One raw, rainy afternoon in March, I drew my stool back into one corner of the fire-place, buried my feet in the warm, caressing ashes, and, with the black pot-hooks hanging over my head on their sooty bar and the fire smoldering lazily in the opposite corner, felt myself ready for a good long afternoon with my rag doll,—a dear creature whose head had been re-covered and whose smile had been renewed at Christmas for the last three years. The last Christmas, a fine woolly wig of tanned sheepskin had been added to her many other charms. The only thing I would have altered about Peggy was her profile, which, to tell the truth, was a little disappointing. I was sitting thinking rather sadly of this, with Peggy grasped firmly between my knees, when the kitchen door opened, moving heavily inward on the earthen floor where it had worn for itself a smooth black groove, and Aunt Patsy, our cook, came in with her arms full of chips from the wood-pile. My heart sunk when I saw her, for she looked so glum that I was sure she would tell me to "g' long in de house." To my relief, however, she took no notice of me,

but throwing her load into a corner near the fire-place, drew an old splint-bottom chair up to the fire. I watched her anxiously from my retired corner and ventured at last, very cautiously:

"Is your rheumatism worse, Aunt Patsy?"

She looked up sternly from the fire where she had been gazing fixedly, and said:

"Don' pester me, chile — I 'se stedyin'."

I relapsed into silent contemplation of Peggy.

After a long silence, and without moving, Aunt Patsy said in a deep, awe-inspiring tone:

"Nannie, did you ever see a Yankee?"

"No-o," I said reluctantly; Aunt Patsy so seldom gave me a chance to tell her anything.

"Wull," still gazing in the fire as if she were reading there what she said, "you 're gwine to see some mighty soon. Dey suttinly is tur'ble, dat dey is. Folks say dey 's got hoofs and horns." Then rocking herself back and forward in her chair, she continued, "I hear 'em comin' now" — raising her hand in solemn adjuration — "I hear de hoofs a-clatterin'!"

I sat very still and listened, very much frightened; but as I could hear nothing, my courage returned. I longed to ask Aunt Patsy more about the Yankees, but she was "studying" again, and I did not dare interrupt her. As I sat pondering over her remarks, the door opened vehemently and Bruce ran in, the rain dripping from a shawl he wore over his head.

"Nannie," he shouted, "Mother says she wants you, this minute!"

I jumped up, dropping Peggy in the ashes at my feet, and he and I ran out together, sharing the shawl.

"What does she want, Bruce?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he said tantalizingly; then, wagging his head significantly, "She says she wants you."

What had I last done that was naughty? I tried hard to conjecture. I felt a wretched premonition of the gentle, grieved look with which Mother would soon meet me. I have often wondered, since, how any child who so hated to be scolded could have deserved it as often as I did. Mother was not in her room when I entered, and did not come in for several minutes. My heart beat fast with a vague apprehension as I sat there with a queer sense of guilt upon me; the big old clock on the mantel-piece tick-tacked; and the green log on the andirons simmered and sent forth a sappy froth at its ends. At last Mother came in, looking very anxious and knitting as she came,—her gray knitting was never out of her hands in those days.

"Nannie," she said very gravely, "I have

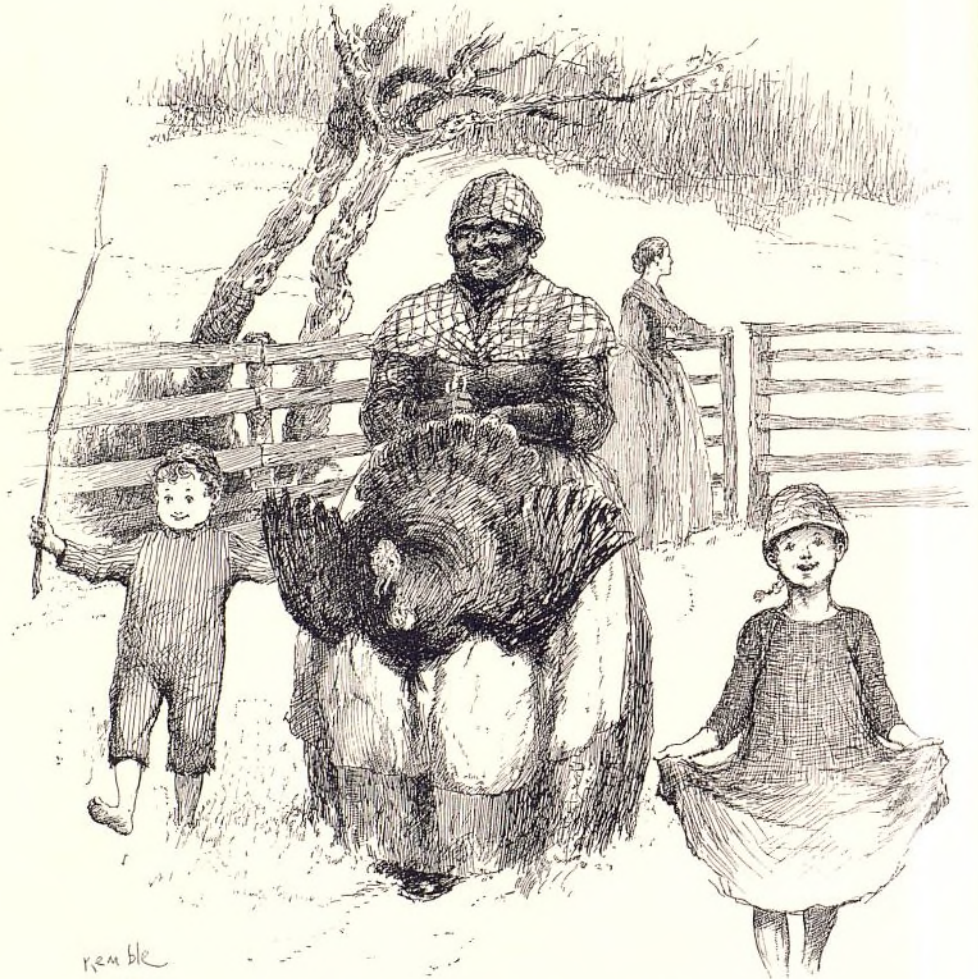
heard that the Yankees are coming. They may be here before night."

Then it was n't a "talking to"; it was only the Yankees. My spirits went up many degrees.

"We must hide our things at once," she went on; "and you and Bruce must help."

We were all alert in a moment; nothing could

to the rescue; and as he was carried by his yellow legs through the bare house, the empty halls resounded with his squawks. We finally locked him in an unoccupied room. He shook himself and strutting about, uttered so loud and pompous a "gobble-gobble," that we were sure he would attract the Yankees from miles around.



remble
or 21

"AUNT PATSY CAME TO THE RESCUE."

have suited our tastes or capacities better. What a confusing scuffle it was, as we packed the little silver we had left into a bandbox and dug a grave for it under the June apple-tree in the garden. Then we tried to catch Don Quixote, the big turkey we had been saving for father's home-coming. His great wings were so strong that he nearly beat us to pieces when we ran him into a fence corner and tried to catch him. Aunt Patsy came

"Put him in a dark closet, and then he'll be good," said Bruce, with the air of one who knew.

Aunt Patsy took the suggestion; and Don Quixote was so scared by the dark, that by the time Bruce had shut the door and turned the wooden button upon it, he was awed into silence.

When we went downstairs to Mother's room a few minutes later, we could not think what had happened to her, she looked so queer; she told

us that she had seen the world, and that she had burn the house hastily, she had taken the most un- took, she had forks, which silver was her skirt. clothes, even were brought now just here.

It was good. Mother said she had stuffed figures. ting. As for more serious. In the afternoon in which share; but clouded my up to Mother. other side of were carous- ling together throw another mountain-side then came. Except for three sat there.

"Why, his head f- gone?"

Mother held it to her.

"Oh, N- ing!"

"Sh!" looking at my last hat. think the pect it."

We sat there struck the banged a lot.

— Bruce, mournfully.

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The night The first t-

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us that she had put on all the clothes she had in the world, for fear that Sheridan's raiders would burn the house. As she had done it rather hastily, she looked very humpy, and stuck out in the most unexpected places. With every step she took, she jingled noisily, as she had a bundle of forks, which had been forgotten when the other silver was buried, strung around her waist under her skirt. Then we were hustled into all our clothes, even my frizzled two-hundred-dollar shoes were brought out and put on, and I can remember now just how uncomfortable and stuffy I felt.

It was growing dark, and our work was over. Mother seated herself stiffly by the fire, like the stuffed figure that she was, and took out her knitting. As the night grew blacker, I began to feel more serious about the coming of the Yankees. In the afternoon, it had seemed like a big romp, in which the grown people had consented to share; but now dim visions of hooped Yankees clouded my serenity. I brought my cricket close up to Mother's chair, and Bruce cuddled on the other side and laid his head in her lap. The winds were carousing in the mountains that night, wrestling together until one mighty wind would overthrow another and send it rolling down the sheer mountain-sides to fall heavily against the house—then came a hush, and the contest again began. Except for this, everything was very quiet as we three sat there, listening.

"Why, Mother," said Bruce, suddenly raising his head from her lap; "where is your watch gone?"

Mother laughed, and taking up her ball of yarn, held it to his ear.

"Oh, Nannie," he cried; "listen! It's ticking!"

"Sh!" said Mother, in a mysterious whisper, looking about her suspiciously. "I have wound my last hank of yarn around my watch, and I think the keenest-eared raider will never suspect it."

We sat up late that night, starting if the wind struck the house a harder blow than usual or banged a loose shutter. We went to bed at last,—Bruce, in my trundle-bed, which groaned mournfully as it was rolled out from under Mother's high four-poster, and I in Mother's bed. To keep our courage up, I remember, Mother lighted the best of our precious home-made candles,—a long coil of cloth soaked in tallow, with the lighted end held up from the rest of the coil by means of a pin.

The night passed quietly, and, with it, our fears. The first thing next morning when I looked out of the window I noticed that, in spite of the heavy sleet which covered the bare trees with beautiful

armor, the crowd of negroes and neighbors that had been lounging about the station and freight depot for the last few days had greatly increased. Even while I looked, several men straggled up in ragged uniforms, with as much of the Federal blue as of Confederate gray in them; but I knew they were our men by the hearty greeting of the crowd. Bruce and I raced in dressing, and he beat me, because he just touched his hair with the brush,—mine had to be plaited. But I overtook him on his way to the depot to find out what the news was.

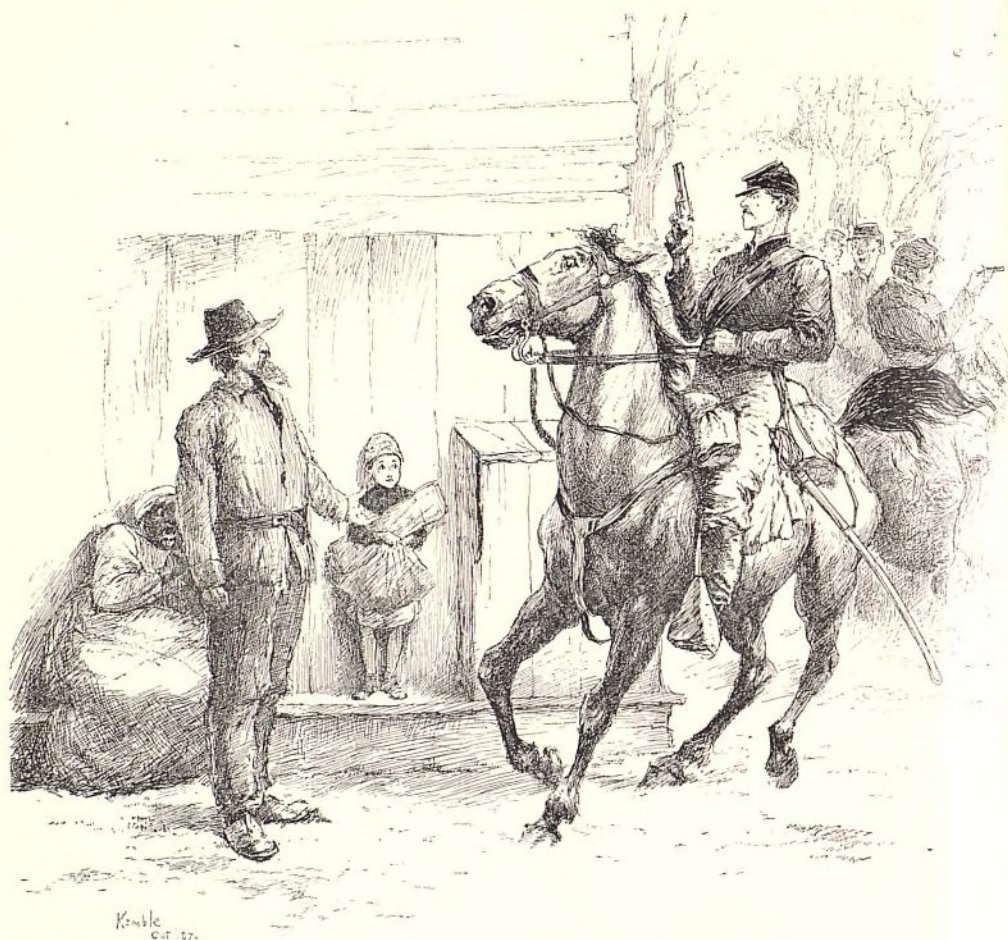
There was no definite news. The people were only hovering about with a general sense that something would happen presently, and that they would rather not be alone when it did happen. At least that was the way I felt about it. The impression of danger was increased by the vague rumors brought from time to time by the Confederate stragglers. They had become separated from General Early's command, and assured us that Blackwood lay in the direct line of Sheridan's raid. The men who were guarding the stores marched up and down before the freight depot, looking as if they knew more than any one else, just because General Early had told them to bring the stores there and guard them.

The sun at last thawed the sleet, and the cold, raw day lost its only beauty. Somehow the fascination of lingering about the depot was stronger than the sense of discomfort. As we stood thus, listening to any one who took the trouble to talk, we were suddenly silenced. A rumbling, jarring sound shook earth and air, and quavered away, seeming more a movement than a sound. The whole crowd stood still. Then came a distinct boom! boom! A man who stood near me, one of the stragglers, stopped talking and threw up his head. And over his face came an expression I shall never forget,—so fierce and yet so hopeless a look. He caught my eye, and said gently:

"Fightin' over the mountain, near Waynesboro', I reckon."

It was very terrible to stand helplessly there, as shock after shock of the cannon reached us,—to know that with every boom our men were falling so near us, and yet to gaze stupidly at the blank mountain-side and know nothing more. After the first surprise, there was talk among the crowd; but Bruce and I seemed to be the only listeners. The men all agreed that the engagement must be between our men under General Early, and General Sheridan's army. We did not wait to hear more than this, but ran home to tell Mother; and we were so cowed by the sound of the battle, that we did not venture out for a long while.

At last the cannonading became less violent, and we found that the crowd had been steadily growing.



Kemble
cut by.

"I SURRENDER, IF YOU PROMISE TO PROTECT THIS YOUNG LADY."

Several hundred people were huddled together,—men, women, and children, black and white. Men who had been hiding in the mountains crept forth, glad of any kind of companionship, and joined the motley group. The sound of fighting came fainter and fainter, until at last all was quiet again. Then there was a movement in the crowd,—something definite was being planned. Aunt Patsy ran in and told us that the men were about to try to get away on the empty trains, which had been standing on the track for several days, before the Yankees came over the mountains and caught them. My interest was naturally aroused, and I ran to see what was being done. Yes, the men were working at the engines to get up the steam. Even the guards had left their posts and were helping to kindle the fires under the boilers. As I stood looking on at the unprotected stores, a guard,

who was passing with a bucket of water in each hand, shouted out:

"Go in and help yourself, sissy; for the Yankees will burn them."

"And all those buttons!" I thought, with a fearful pang. Then, with a sudden impulse of indignation, I rushed in, filling my dress and arms with cloth, buttons, darning-thread, anything and everything I could reach,—wretched all the while with a desperate sense of my lack of arms and general storage capacity. As I was tugging at a large bolt of cloth, I was startled by a great shout. Loaded up to my very chin, I ran to the door and saw that two of the trains, packed with our men, were gliding down the track.

Was that why they were shouting?

In answer came a second mighty shout from the hill-top.

The Yankees!

It was a body of cavalry coming at a swinging gallop down the steep, muddy incline, shooting as they came. There was a wild panic in the crowd, — the negroes screaming and scattering in every direction, one huge colored woman climbing a fence, with a twin baby under each arm.

Some of our men ran after the retreating trains, to overtake them; while others labored frantically to get the third train in motion. It breathed heavily and stirred; but on came the Yankees, concentrating their fire on the lessening crowd. Bullets and shouts filled the air. With a crazy impulse I rushed out into the thick of it, still clinging with desperation to my booty. The Yankees were upon us now, shooting or capturing as their tastes dictated. A bullet whizzed past my ear, and then another. The next moment, I was lifted off my feet and placed in the shelter of the depot.

"Stay there!" roared my protector. At that instant, a man in blue galloped up and demanded the surrender of my friend.

"I surrender, if you promise to protect this young lady." With the bullets singing about me, I felt my heart, under its load of dry goods, swell with pride when I heard myself called a young lady for the first time in my life.

From my shelter I could see all that was going on. I can see it now. The train is well under way, and slides down the track. Our men pack in, pile in, and cling to the platforms. The Yankees shout wild orders, gallop abreast of the train, now quickly gathering headway, and pour a steady fire into the windows. Again I hear the hollow ring of their hoof-beats upon the wooden platform, and the crash of the splintering glass as it falls in. A cry from the train, now and again, records a telling shot. On, on they go,—a mad race! The Yankees, standing in their stirrups, pour a fierce fire in upon our men. The whole body sweeps on. The plunging, galloping horses answer to their

spurs. Past our house, down the track, on — when suddenly the whole body of horse bring up upon their haunches. A culvert! With a derisive yell from our men, the train sweeps around the graceful curve, and is gone!

There is nothing left for the blue-coats but to ride back. Their prisoners have already been marched off by a detachment of their men.

We were huddled together in the front hall expecting to receive some of their wrath when, suddenly, there came an awful roar and crack. The freight depot was in flames! Crash after crash split the air, as the fire reached the bombs which had been stored there, and they exploded and were thrown up and out in all directions. Mother seized us, and rushing through the hall, we fairly rolled and tumbled down into the cellar. Even there the frightful explosions shook us. This din lasted in all its fury for hours and hours. It seemed to my childish imagination like a demoniacal battle of unseen spirits.

At last the noise became less constant, and we crawled out and found that most of the bombs had gone over the house. It had escaped, by some miraculous chance, although the front door was burst in by a shell and every pane of glass was shattered by the concussion. The yard, however, was riddled with them; and the bombs were still exploding. In fact, the last bomb did not explode until a week later.

When we found that we still had a house over us, we were glad enough to creep back to the cellar, where our privacy was not molested. When we ventured out again, there was not a blue-coat in sight. The bombs had been too indiscriminating for them, and so what we thought to be our greatest danger proved to be our safeguard. Many houses in the neighborhood were raided; but I never saw another Yankee until a few years ago, when I came to New-York and discovered that they had neither hoofs nor horns.





"HE BARKS EVERY TIME I TRY TO TASTE IT."

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THE PEASANT KING.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



NE day a certain king grew weary of the luxurious life he was leading, for one by one his every pleasure became monotonous, and at last he knew not what to do to make his life endurable.

So he concluded that a sure way out of the trouble would be to find out how

other kings had lived before him, and to ascertain what they did to gain happiness and peace of mind. Accordingly, he ordered a courtier to collect all the books concerning kings, both in history and fiction, and to read them aloud to him that he might collect useful information on the subject.

The courtier gathered a great number of these books and read them aloud to the King, who still seemed to be at a loss for information regarding the details of royal happiness. When the King had about given up in despair, the courtier came to an Eastern story of a ruler who had found happiness by changing places with a peasant.

"That will do," said the King to the courtier; "I have tried almost every other plan to be happy, but without success. I shall now try to find some peasant in my realm who would like to be King. In all my travels I have noticed how contented the peasants are. They seem to lack no requirement of earthly happiness; they are always singing, even at their work, and I would give anything to be as happy as a peasant."

As the courtier attempted to go on with the story, the King held his hand up for him to stop.

"Close the book," said he; "I shall follow the example of the king in the story. There may be a peasant in my realm who thinks true happiness comes to those in power, and who could be induced to exchange his position in life for mine."

The courtier protested against such an experiment, until he thought the safety of his head was involved — and then desisted.

On the following day, the King started out behind four white horses, in his best purple and

golden crown, to exchange places with the happiest man he could find.

On an almost deserted road, he espied a little cabin under some large trees that almost screened it from view. As the carriage drew nearer, the King saw the occupant of the cabin digging in a patch. He seemed as happy as the birds that were singing on every limb; and he himself sung, while he pushed the spade into the ground and turned up the soft earth.

When the carriage stopped, the man dropped his spade, and came to the fence to see what was wanted.

The King stepped down and asked him some questions regarding the prospect of good crops in the country, and then said:

"I should be very well contented if I were as happy as you are."

"And I," replied the peasant, "should be very happy if I were a king."

"You are one," replied the King, as he threw his robes about the man's shoulders, and placed the golden crown upon his head. "That is your carriage, and these are your servants, who will bear witness that we have changed places, and that I am the peasant."

The joy of the new-made king knew no bounds. He sat up in the carriage, with all the dignity of an old king. In his heart he fancied that he must be dreaming, and pinched his arms, and asked his attendants to stick pins in him that he might be sure he was awake. He thought of his great power with absolute glee, and felt supremely happy in the knowledge that he could make the country go to war, and cut off the heads of people who in any way displeased him. What puzzled him most was the fact that he had ever been happy before, and he was at a loss to understand it.

"Whip up the horses," he said; "I wish to reach the palace before sundown."

But, in reality, he feared that the old king might have changed his mind, and might be running along the road to overtake them.

When he reached the palace, there was little excitement, as all the inmates knew they were to have a new king, having been informed of the nature of the old king's mission in the morning.

That night he made up his mind to have a grand banquet, such as a king should have. So he ate

a most inordinate quantity of the richest dishes he could think of, and he did not stop until almost midnight, when he retired.

He was awakened several times before morning with nightmare, and passed so miserable a night, that he was tired and sleepy when it was time to

that it was a common thing for kings to have their food poisoned. Perhaps his food had been insufficiently poisoned the night before. In that case the servants would make sure to put enough in his coffee to kill him at breakfast.

This was a terrible reflection, and it harrowed the King's feelings in a way that they had never been harrowed before. But he went to his breakfast, determining that he would not touch the coffee. Then he concluded that they might deceive him by putting the poison where he would least suspect it.

When he was a peasant, he never knew such fear as this. He finished his breakfast in great alarm. His agitation had been so great that it gave him a worried, pale look.

"Is your majesty well?" asked one of the courtiers.

"Why?" said the King.

"Your majesty certainly looks very ill," replied the courtier.

Then the King was satisfied that he was poisoned. So he threw himself upon a lounge, clasped his hands to his forehead, declared he had been poisoned, and ordered all the servants to be beheaded if he should die.

Shortly after, he was satisfied that nothing serious was the matter, and he went out in the garden to take a breath of fresh air. He had not proceeded far, when he noticed some one following him. His follower was between him and the palace, and he could do nothing but depend upon himself in case of an attack. No matter where he walked, this man followed him, so he sat down to see if the straggler

would venture nearer. But the man did not; he stood still and watched.

The King thought that he could never be attacked if he allowed his prospective assailant to know that he was watched. So he shouted for help, and in an instant a dozen servants were at his side.

"That man yonder is following me to kill me!" he cried, pointing at the man, who stood near.



"THE KING THREW HIS ROBE ABOUT THE MAN'S SHOULDERS AND PLACED THE GOLDEN CROWN UPON HIS HEAD."

arise for the day. While he was a peasant and worked hard year in and year out, he had never known any but nights of refreshing sleep.

But this did not trouble him much. He concluded that he would soon become accustomed to royal banquets, and that would be the end of sleepless nights. No sooner had he disposed of this trouble, than it occurred to him that he had heard

"No, your majesty, he is not," replied the spokesman of the servants. "He is the man who follows you as a guard, to prevent others from killing or molesting you."

"Is it then so common a thing for kings to be killed in this way, that it is necessary to have a constant guard?"

His servants assured him that such was the case.

This disturbed his peace of mind to such an extent, that he began immediately to question the absolute happiness of being a king.

When he returned to the palace, there were hundreds of people waiting to see him, on all kinds of business,—people to have petitions signed, ministers with schemes of every description, so that the King's head spun, and he did not have time to think.

After he had been a king two weeks, he was so completely undone, physically and mentally, that he regretted the day he had given up his hovel for a palace.

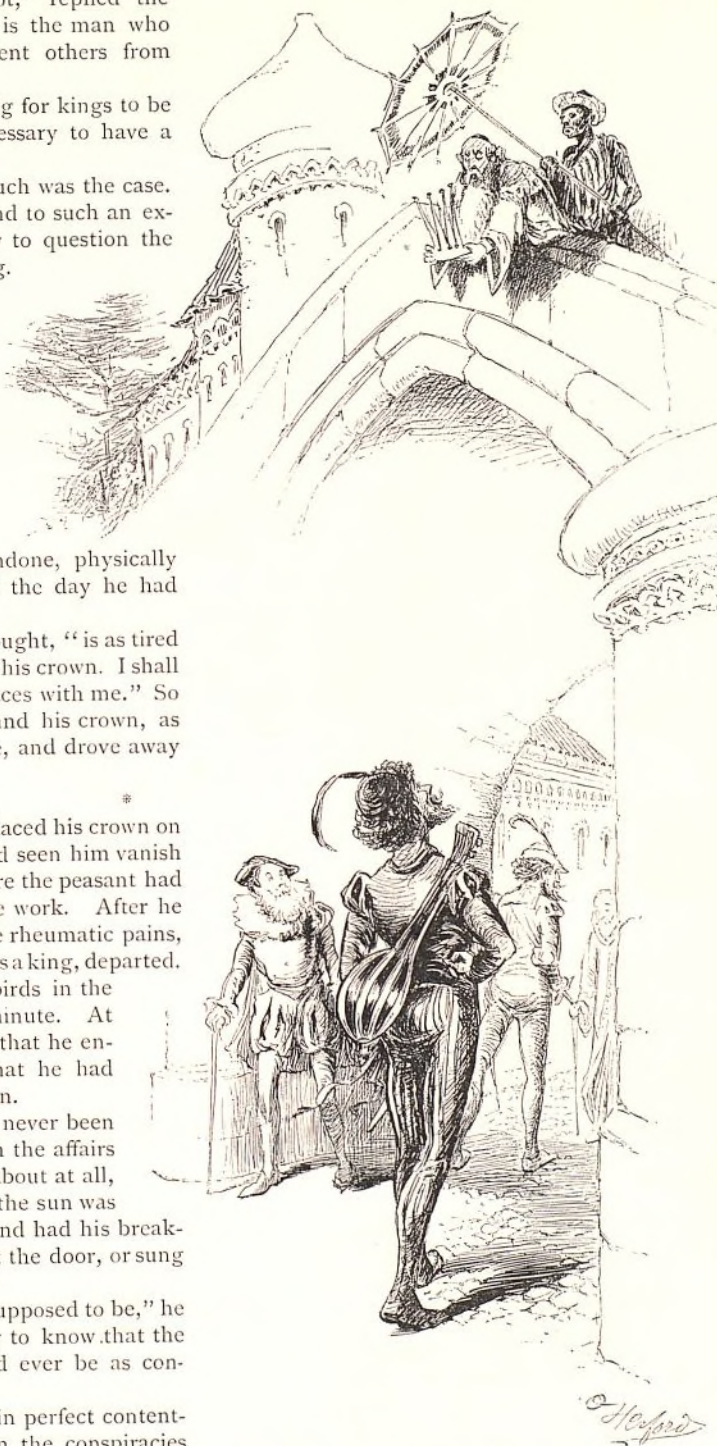
"Perhaps the old king," he thought, "is as tired of my lowly habitation as I am of his crown. I shall go and see if he will exchange places with me." So the King put on his finest robe and his crown, as the old king had previously done, and drove away in his grandest carriage.

As soon as the old king had placed his crown on the head of the peasant, and had seen him vanish in the distance, he went out where the peasant had been digging, and continued the work. After he had worked half an hour, all the rheumatic pains, of which he could not rid himself as a king, departed. And he sang as merrily as the birds in the trees, and felt happier every minute. At dinner he had such an appetite that he enjoyed every morsel in a way that he had never done during his entire reign.

That night he slept as he had never been able to sleep while burdened with the affairs of his country. He did not toss about at all, and he did not wake up until the sun was high. Then he hurried down and had his breakfast while the birds hopped about the door, or sung in the rose-bush by the window.

"I am as happy as a king is supposed to be," he cried, "and I should be happy to know that the present king, poor fellow, would ever be as contented as I am now."

And the old king worked on in perfect contentment for days, feeling safe from the conspiracies of enemies, and on the best of terms with his own conscience, so that he was indeed a happy man.



THE PEASANT KING IN HIS OLD AGE OFFERS HIS CROWN TO EVERY PASSER-BY.

The garden was progressing finely; and the new occupant grew happier every day, and saw nothing but sunshine. This continual flow of happiness was never disturbed until one night when the king peasant had a terrible nightmare. He awoke fearfully agitated and in a cold perspiration —

He had dreamed that he was a king again!

He hastily arose and lighted a candle to take a look at the surroundings, to make sure that he was not in a palace and was not a king. He was afraid to go to sleep for fear the dream might be repeated.

That very day, when he was working and singing in the garden, he saw a great dust down the road; and in a few moments, the carriage of the King stopped at the gate.

"How is the garden getting on?" said the new king.

"Splendidly."

"Would you not like to give me my hovel back in exchange for your palace and crown?"

"I could not think of it!" said the old king. "You must go to some one who has never been a king, if you want to make such an exchange. If you go on a little farther down the road, you may find some man who would be glad to wear a crown."

So the new king drove down the road, and asked

the first laborer he met, if he would like to be a king.

"No," replied the laborer; "I was a king for a few days, and that was enough for me; I traded off my crown for this shovel and pickax, because the king who had given it to me for a small hut refused to trade back."

The King rode on; and much to his surprise, every man he met refused the unhappy monarch's offer to make him a king, each one stating as his reason that he had already been a king for a greater or less period.

It seems that every man in the kingdom had worn the crown at one time or another, and that the King, who was trying to exchange places with the humblest being in the realm, was simply the last man in the land to get it.

Thus it was that the nation was filled with people who found the greatest happiness in the humblest spheres of life, and learned to be contented without nursing an ambition to be great or powerful.

The Peasant King had to rule all his life, for no one would exchange with him. And when he was bent and tottering with age, he would go to the bridge that commanded the main avenue of his domain, with an umbrella held over him to keep off the sun and rain, and persistently offer his crown to every passer-by. But no one would accept it!



A SYMPATHETIC READER.

BY A. R. WELLS.

OLD Mr. Solomon Reeder has a philosophic mind,
Which is to reading newspapers most wondrously inclined.
"They broaden one's intelligence," he says, with conscious pride,
"And bring us into sympathy with all the world outside;
And make us feel the universal brotherhood of man,
Which knits America to Greece and Chili to Japan."
So every evening after tea he sends "the brats" to bed,
That in philosophic silence the paper may be read;
And lonely Mrs. Reeder, as she mutely knits, can see
His every feature glowing with a widening sympathy,
Until, at half-past ten o'clock, he lays the paper by,
With universal brotherhood a-glimmering in his eye.



WHEN GRANDPAPA WAS A BABY.

THE LETTER CAKE.

(A Tiny Christmas Tale.)

BY SOPHIE MAY.

BETTY is deaf and I am blind. Betty is my maid, and we live on the river-bank in a white house — they say it is white — and are as happy together as two bees in a rose.

There is this difference between Betty and me: I know I am blind, but she does n't know she is deaf. I have to ring a very large bell, and half the time she does n't hear it; and once when it thundered, she said: "Did you speak, ma'am?"

I pity Betty, and would n't for the world have her know how deaf she is.

My name is Mrs. Polly Pope; but I am "Aunt

Polly" to all the good children in town. Perhaps the one I hold closest and kiss oftenest is little Lena Paul. I knit worsted stockings for half the village, but for Lena I knit nothing but silk. She is very dear and sweet, and has set me in her prayers, all of her own accord. Her mother says that sometimes after her little head is on the pillow, she exclaims: "O, I fe-got to bless Aunt Polly!"

Then she springs out of bed, kneels down again, and says: "Please bless Aunt Polly — knits my stockings — can't see."

God has always blessed me, and surely He always will, when a loving child is asking Him.

One day—it was the day before Christmas—Lena came to my house just as Betty and I were starting for the chapel with a basket of clothes for the poor children. I did not quite like to take her with us, for she is as frisky as a squirrel and chatters quite as much; but go she would.

When we arrived she wanted all the little frocks, hoods and petticoats, and everything else she saw. Mrs. Hay called the poor children to the platform to get some shoes; and Lena whispered:

"I want a pair of shoes, Aunt Polly."

"Fie!" said I, "you don't need them any more than a fly needs a pair of spectacles."

"My shoes is all wored-ed," said she. We were glad to get her home, Betty and I. She took my hand and prattled to me all the way.

Lena is only three years old, and she was uncommonly full of mischief that day.

"What will I do for a pudding?" said Betty, after we had been at home about five minutes. "I had mixed one, ready to bake, and the baby has thrown it into the ash-barrel."

Little rogue! She set the water running in the kitchen, and I had to go out and stop it, for Betty did n't hear. And soon Betty was saying:

"Naughty Lena, to pull the needles out of Aunt Polly's knitting-work, when poor Auntie can't see."

I brought out the colored picture-books, and then Lena was happy for a few minutes.

"I know every letter there is in this world!" she declared; and she began to read some surprising stories aloud to me, in a little, high, squealing tone: "'Once there was a little boy and the wind blowed him, and bime-by it blowed his hair right off.' 'Once there was a wee, wee girlie and she had thou-sands dollies. Could n't hear and could n't see. Cow came, ate 'em all up.'"

"There, now, guess I'll go out see Betty."

She shut the door behind her so softly that I suspected mischief. So I went out and told Betty to give the child some soapsuds and let her blow bubbles, for I wanted to keep her a good while—I knew her mother was busy.

"Yes, ma'am," said Betty.

I went back to the parlor, expecting soon to hear Lena screaming with delight over the bubbles. But Betty made such a clatter, beating eggs for a fresh pudding and slamming the oven door, that Lena's little voice was quite drowned.

"Betty is a noisy woman," thought I. A whole hour passed, and I did not hear a sound from Lena. I rang the bell twice for Betty, and asked what the child was doing. "I thought she was with you, ma'am," replied Betty.

"With me!" I cried. "Why, I thought she was in the kitchen, blowing bubbles."

"Pebbles?" says Betty. "There's no pebbles in the house, ma'am,—nothing but fine white sand."

It seemed not a word about bubbles had ever reached Betty's ears. She had been busy every minute, and had not thought of the child. Dinner was ready, now; but I would not sit down till we had found Lena.

"She must be upstairs," I said.

Betty thought not. "Don't you remember I was in your chamber, ma'am, half an hour ago, to get you a spool of silk out of your ivory box, and would n't I have seen her, if she had been there?"

"Never mind, Betty. You go again, and I'll go with you." We went from room to room upstairs, calling "Lena!" but no answer came. Then we searched the attic in every corner, then the cellar—no Lena was to be found. She could not have left the house, for we keep every door locked and bolted. She could not have gone out, unless somebody from outside had picked a lock and come in and stolen her! That was n't at all likely. Somebody *might* have done it while poor, deaf Betty was down cellar getting potatoes. I knew this was not so; still—where was the child? We hunted the house over and over, till I was ready to drop; and then I had to send for Mrs. Paul, and ask what was to be done. She came in, quite out of breath and sadly frightened, with a policeman close at her heels. The policeman insisted on searching the house again. This would make the sixth time; but Betty said not a word, nor did I; we merely followed him.

"I suppose you've looked in all the closets?" said he.

"In every one but mine," I answered; "that is always locked, and she can't have got in there; but here's the key, if you like—here in my pocket."

He took the key, opened the door—and there, if you'll believe it, was that missing baby curled up on a shelf, sound asleep! She must have slipped in when Betty went up after the silk, and Betty had locked the door upon her without knowing it. You may fancy how the child was hugged and kissed, and how her mother cried over her.

"I spoke to Betty two times," said Lena; "but she did n't let me out, and did n't let me out!"

After dinner, when everybody was gone, and I had taken my nap, Betty came into the parlor, and I knew by the way she cleared her throat that she had something to say.

"There's new coal on in the range, ma'am, and if you don't object, where's the harm in just

making a Christmas cake for the baby, seeing as I shut her up, and scared folks so?"

"Not the least harm, Betty. Only be sure you stuff it as full as it will hold with raisins and citron and currants and everything nice."

Betty laughed at that. I knew the cake would be a wonder, and so it was. The very odor of it put me in high spirits at once.

"And now, ma'am, I'm thinking," added Betty, clearing her throat again, "would it do to frost it?"

"Frost it as white as the driven snow, Betty. And trace her name on the top with little red candy drops."

Betty was in raptures; but I might have known she could n't spell. When she brought the cake to me with great pride, I ran my fingers over the name, and found it was L-E-A-N-E-R.

"Beautiful," said I, and did n't tell her there were too many letters in it. I dare say she thought the darling deserved them all and a dozen more. Lena was overjoyed with the cake. It outshone for her the costliest gifts on the Christmas-tree, they said. Dear baby! That night she added to her prayers another "blessing," which warmed Betty Fay's old heart through and through:

"Please bless Betty — can't hear — made me a boo-ful Kismas fwosted letter-cake!"

WHAT DID THE BUTCHER BOY SAY?

BY JULIAN RALPH.

SIX or eight pigeons were resting and sunning themselves one morning on the corner of the barn across the street from my house in Brooklyn. The pigeons and the barn belong to a rich gentleman, who leaves them in charge of a gardener, a very faithful man and known to be the relentless foe of the enterprising boys of the neighborhood, who can not always resist their desire to cross the fence that incloses this man's great garden, with its fruit trees, flowers, and household pets.

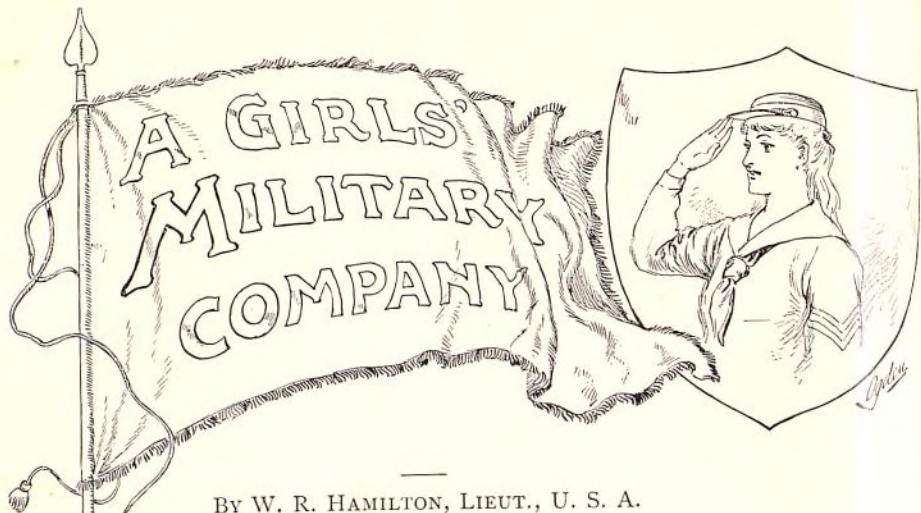
As the pigeons sunned themselves, a butcher boy came along, on my side of the street, lugging a heavy market-basket. He saw the pigeons, and stopped and put down his burden. He took from one of his pockets a bean-shooter, loaded its leather pouch with a tiny stone, took aim at the pigeons, drew the elastic as far as it would stretch, and let fly. All the pigeons spread their wings, and all but one rose high in the air in rapid flight. That one fell fluttering head foremost to the ground.

Up to this point the only fact remarkable was, that the boy should have succeeded in hitting one of the pigeons. But, after that, everything that followed was astonishing. In the first place, the boy did not run; instead, he picked up his basket, crossed the street, and rattled on the gate until the

gardener came. Could it have been that he did not know how faithful the gardener was, and how likely he would be to fly into a passion and beat the offender, or call the police?

The boy said something to the gardener, and the gardener went away leaving the boy standing at the gate. Presently he returned with the limp, soft body of the poor pigeon in his hand. He stroked the dead bird fondly a moment. Then he handed it to the boy, who threw it into the basket and went away whistling.

Now I want to know what the boy said to the gardener. I have tried again and again to imagine what he could have said that caused the gardener to act as he did. I could ask the gardener, and perhaps I shall have to do so; but, first, I propose to ask the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls who read this to guess what he said. Many solutions will suggest themselves, and I wish to ask as many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS as hit upon any wise explanation to send it to the editor for the Letter-Box. It seems to me that some strange and perhaps hidden principle of human nature may thus be laid bare. It will be all the more interesting to ask the gardener later on exactly what the butcher boy said.



BY W. R. HAMILTON, LIEUT., U. S. A.



SOME years ago I was on duty, as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, at one of the best and most noted of our Western universities. The first year of my stay there was full of uphill work; but in the second year the good results that I knew must come from the thorough administration of my department appeared in numbers.

The Cadet Corps, which on my arrival numbered eighty boys, had increased to over two hundred young students, who proved themselves, under proper teaching, capable of doing the finest kind of military work. The regular drill, as a gymnastic exercise, developed the muscles and maintained their health; it gave them a graceful

address and easy carriage; while the military habits of promptness, neatness, and instant obedience to orders, and respect for all superior authority, turned in a useful direction the animal spirits which usually show themselves in the innumerable foolish pranks to which college boys are given. The Cadets'

neat uniforms and soldierly appearance seemed to fill the hearts of the young lady students with a gnawing envy, at the same time that their eyes gazed in veiled admiration at the wearers of the brass buttons.

The college was one attended by both young men and young women, and no difference was made in favor of either in any department, excepting in mine. As a rule, the girls equaled and often excelled the boys in their studies and in the practical work of the laboratory. But in the military department the boys ruled supreme and, when beaten by the girls in other directions, often taunted them with such remarks as, "Why don't you join the military department?" or "Perhaps you can drill as well as you study!" The exultant soldiers little thought that their words, like good seed, might fall on soil only too ready to receive it, and in time bring forth fruit little to their taste.

One day after drill was over, several young ladies of the senior and junior classes came to me as I was leaving the hall, and one of them said:

"Lieutenant, if you have a few moments to spare, we should like to talk to you."

"Certainly," I replied, and led the way into my office. After we were seated, the young lady who had addressed me first, and who had evidently been delegated by her companions for that duty, spoke again:

"Lieutenant, we girls want to have a military company."

"Well," I replied, after a second or two of surprise, "do you wish to form a broom brigade?"

"No, indeed!" she answered indignantly; "we want a real military company just like the boys'."

and we resolved to ask you to help us and drill us."

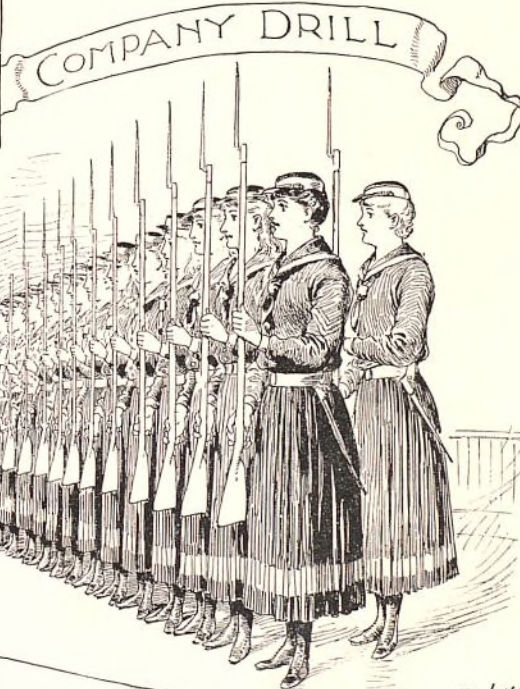
"Are you really in earnest, young ladies?" I inquired.



saying that I would take the matter into consideration and would give them my answer the next day.

Upon reaching home, I related the conversation to my wife, and spoke of the project in a jesting way; but, much to my surprise, she, instead of laughing at it, replied:

"Well, I see no reason why you should not do what they wish. I have often heard you say that the 'setting-up' exercises and 'marching' were admirable gymnastic work, and I'm sure they would be as good for girls as for boys."



"Yes, indeed! We are, we are!" they replied in chorus.

"You see," continued the fair young speaker, "we are on the same terms as the boys in every department excepting the military, and we think we can do as well as the boys in that. There are about forty girls who wish to join the company, and we have been talking over the plan for some time. We can not see why we should n't try it. And we once heard you say that you believed military drill would be a good thing for girls."

I saw that they were thoroughly in earnest, and so, not to disappoint them too abruptly, I stated many objections to the experiment, and ended by



"But," I answered, "girls can't drill. Why, their dresses prevent."

"Oh, as for that," she replied, "it is easy

enough to devise a uniform which will be pretty and no hindrance to them."

We fully discussed the suggestion; and the more I thought of the scheme, the more I liked it.

So the next afternoon, I was ready with an answer; and when the girls had come in, I made a little speech to them, beginning:

"Young ladies, I have thought over your plan of organizing a girls' military company, and I believe that if you enter into it with proper spirit, it can be carried out, and that it will please and benefit all of you." Here they clapped their hands. I went on: "I am willing to undertake the work, but only upon two conditions, which must be fulfilled on your part. The first of these is that every one of you must bring me the written consent of her parents or guardians for her to become a member of the company. The second is that every member of the company must sign this paper," and I then read the following agreement:

"We, the undersigned, students of the — University, do hereby agree to join the Young Ladies' Military Company of said University, and to continue therein for the college term ending —, 188—, unless officially excused. And we do further agree to attend all drills, and to abide by such rules and regulations as shall be made for our discipline and drill, and to obey the orders given us by proper military authority."

"Now," I continued, "if you can get thirty young ladies to sign that paper, and to bring me the necessary written consent, I will obtain the Faculty's permission, and next week we can begin work. But I wish it understood that our project does not mean play, but faithful effort. I shall rely upon your promises."

The girls agreed that the conditions were not hard, and they went away, all smiling and happy. Before the close of the following day, thirty-seven young ladies from fifteen to twenty years old had brought me the written consent required, and had signed the paper; and at their meeting I laid the matter before the Faculty that night. There was some criticism at first, but after a full discussion of reasons and objections, I received cordial support, and the consent was soon obtained.

My intention was to make the drill a gymnastic exercise for the girls. As with all students, their daily work and lack of exercise tended to make them round-shouldered and to give them an ungraceful carriage.

I had often noticed how little real or lasting benefit the so-called calisthenics brought to young women — often, indeed, doing more harm than good. Either the exercise is too hard at first, and some muscles are overworked and others neglected, or else there is not enough exercise, and little good is done. Often the loose dress worn is removed as soon as the exercise is over, and a tight dress put

on again. I believed that a system of military gymnastics, properly applied, would remedy all these defects.

I allowed two or three days to pass by before I called a meeting of the girls. Then I told them the programme of work. First of all the uniform was to be procured, and with the assistance of my wife the following dress was designed: a kilt-skirt made full and short, reaching below the tops of the boots; a blouse-waist with a wide, open sailor collar; skirt and waist of navy-blue cloth, stitched with gold thread, and waist trimmed with brass military buttons; a large necktie, tied sailor fashion; a naval officer's cap, with a gold cord and laurel-wreath. The boots were broad-soled, with low heels. No garment was to be tight about the body, corsets were forbidden, and all clothing was to be suspended from the shoulders. The belt around the waist was of broad white canvas, with a pretty brass clasp.

After the uniform was decided upon, the first regulation I made was that it should be worn from the time of going to morning prayer until after drill-hour in the afternoon. All the members of the company were delighted with the uniform. They ordered cloth by the bale, and held two or three "sewing-bees" with their mothers and sisters. I had the caps and belts made to order by a military furnisher, who also supplied the brass buttons; and in three weeks the company was equipped. The cost of each uniform was about seventeen dollars.

The uniform was so becoming to all, and so comfortable, that the young ladies seemed to be proud of it, and they soon began to wear it even at the reception given by the college societies. There were forty-three girls in the company by this time; and, taken together, I never saw healthier and prettier young women than these same forty-three at the end of three months' drill.

I held the drill every day but Sunday, at first for a half hour only, but soon increasing the time to an hour. For the first month spectators were rigorously excluded. The boys were very curious to know how well the girls could drill; but they were compelled to wait for the public exhibition.

The exercises first taught were the "setting-up" drills as used in the United States Army; then followed the various "marchings," "salutes," and "facings." I found that the girls seemed to show better natural capacity for the drill than the boys. This was perhaps due to a keener sense of time and cadence, and a greater liking for symmetry and harmony. Certain it is, I have never seen wheeling and alignments so well executed by boys as by those girls after three months' drilling. I exhorted them to practice the "setting-up" exercises for

least fifteen minutes after rising and after good results obtained.

After the first formation of a captain and duty sergeant. The sergeants' chevrons on the uniform of the captain and



their collars, made expressions of the company's military enough. Rifles would have muskets made only four and taught the company this, also, they. At the close of the exhibition drill, I saw the drill; I see what the girls the drill took. To say that

least fifteen minutes every morning and night, after rising and before retiring; and I think the good results obtained were largely due to this habit.

After the first month of drill, I advised the election of a captain, a lieutenant, a first sergeant, two duty sergeants, a color-sergeant, and four corporals. The sergeants and corporals wore the regular gold chevron on the arm, indicating their rank; and the captain and lieutenant wore the gold bars upon

very mildly. They had absolutely nothing to say, except to admit the perfection of the drill. And it is not surprising, for I never saw prettier drilling in my life, more beautiful marching, nor more accurate execution of the manual of arms. The girls were encored time and time again, until the pretty senior who was captain, blushing with pride, was compelled to say to the applauding spectators that the company was too tired to repeat the evolutions.



THE EXHIBITION DRILL.

their collars, and also carried trim small swords made expressly for them. After a while, I gave the company sticks, or wands; but these were not military enough to satisfy them. As the boys' rifles would have been too heavy, I had wooden muskets made of the same size as the rifles, but only four and a half pounds in weight. Then I taught the company the manual of arms; and in this, also, they excelled the boys.

At the close of the term, the girls gave an exhibition drill. Then the boys were invited to witness the drill; and as there was much curiosity to see what the girl-soldiers could do, the hall where the drill took place was crowded.

To say that the boys were surprised is putting it

It was a lesson to the boys which they did not forget; for the next term they went to work with a will, and to such purpose that during the year they added lasting honors to their Alma Mater by taking first prize in artillery and second in infantry, at the greatest drill since the war, in competition with the crack militia organizations from all over the country.

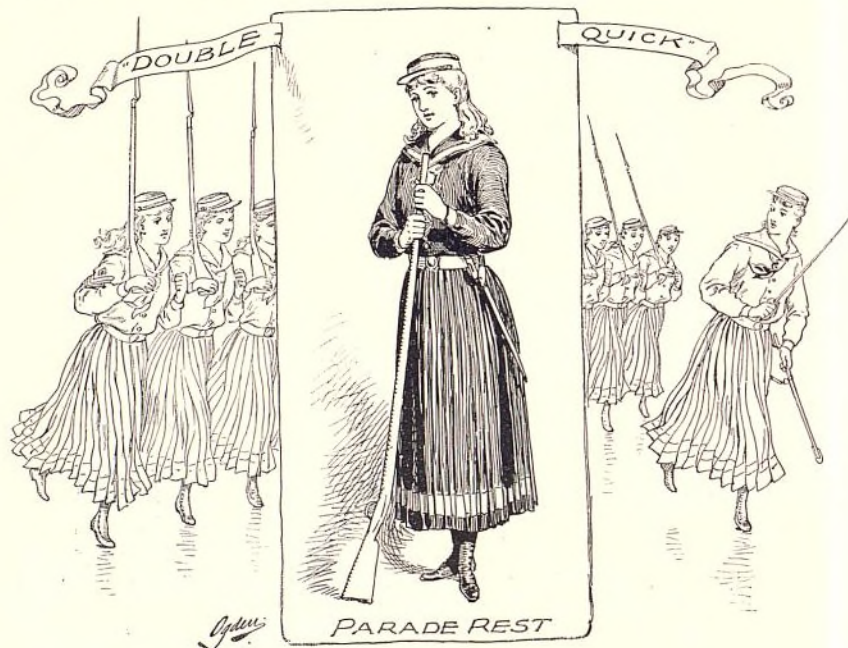
But to me the greatest pleasure was the success of the girls' experiment, and many and hearty were the thanks and congratulations I received from the fathers and mothers of the girls, and from the girls themselves, for bringing the healthy color to their cheeks and the clear look to their eyes. And how those girls would walk! Straight, and dignified,

and graceful as young queens — it was a pleasure to see them move. The newspapers which at the beginning had made fun of the experiment, with jesting allusions to the "future Grants" and "Shermans" to come from the "gentler sex," now completely changed their tone and praised the system, — some even claiming they had always advocated it.

They had learned to give prompt, implicit obedience to orders from all proper authority, to combine courtesy and firmness in speech with decision and quickness in action. During the drill-hour

they were as military in their behavior as the regular army, scrupulously saluting and addressing one another by the proper military titles. The girls too, had learned other lessons as valuable as any they had taught.

The next term the company continued and recruited many new members; and it was gratifying to hear these exclaim, a few weeks after being mustered in, that the old aches and pains had ceased to exist. And during that term we got up a famous exhibition drill, to raise funds to furnish an army



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. I.

Words by MARY J. JACQUES.

Music by THERESA M. HEARN.

Con anima.

f

1. Hey - did - dle, Ho - did - dle, house-clean-ing time! Rub - bing and scrubbing

f *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. *

dim - *cresc.*

jin - gle and rhyme; Buck - ets and scour - ing sand, pol - ish and rags,

cresc.

Woe to the house-maid that loi-ters and lags! Hey-did - dle ho! Ho - did-dle hey!

f

Ped. *

II.

Hey-diddle, ho-diddle, silver and brass,
 Rubbed till they shine like a new looking-glass;
 Andirons, candlesticks, shovels and tongs,
 Elbows and marrow-bones, sighings and songs:
 Hey-diddle ho! Ho-diddle hey!

III.

Hey-diddle, ho-diddle, Betty's scoured floor,
 White as the foam on the sandy sea-shore;
 Clean as a custard-pie, sweet as a pink,
 Is there a home like this anywhere, think?
 Hey-diddle ho! Ho-diddle hey!

NOTE.—This is intended for a motion song; the words suggest the appropriate action.



FOUR FOOLISH PERSONS.



ONCE a little boy named Herbert sat down and cried on his birthday, because he was afraid he would not have a birthday present. And at that very moment a beautiful horse was going to him as fast as it could! It was of just the right size for a little boy, and it was said to be a very fast horse, too; and Herbert was very fond of riding lively horses.

ONCE there was a big girl named Nancy. She liked to go to the Central Park, in New York, and look at the lions, tigers, panthers, and other

savage animals; but one day, when she was at home, a pretty little four-footed creature, not nearly so big as her shoe, ran across the room, and Nancy jumped up on a chair and screamed. The little creature did not



wish to harm her, and it ran and hid itself in a hole—but Nancy screamed, just the same, till some one came to see who was trying to hurt her.

ONCE there was a little girl who had a lovely doll and a pretty live kitten. One day the pretty kitten lay down on the doll's lap and took a nap. This crushed the doll's fine new dress. Then the little girl was very angry at the kitten for doing this, and she would not give the poor kitten any supper. The kitten cried, but he did not know what he had done. He was only a kitten.



ONE day a foolish farmer started to take a bag of corn to the mill. As he had strong arms he held the bag so very tightly that he burst a big hole in one corner of the bag, and the corn began to spill out. It spilled out slowly all the way to the mill; but the man did not see it, and he was much puzzled. "My bag grows very light," he said — "and why do so many geese follow me? They cackle for me to give them some of my corn, but I can not spare any. Geese are the foolishest things I ever did see. Heigh-ho! It's a long way to the mill."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all, to-day!
Though winds are blowing and skies are gray,
And snow and icicles fill the air,
While mercury stands — I'll not say where —
And each one's thinking, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!
A pretty way to begin the year!"

But I'll change that if you'll kindly wait,
For, if you please, I am '88.

I promise you sun and skies of blue
(And rain and snow-storm and tempest, too).

But it lies with you, I'll whisper here,
To make me a sad or a merry year;
For all the sunshine that's in the sky
Will not bring smiles if you choose to cry,
Nor all the rain that the clouds can hold
Will tarnish a soul that's bright as gold.
And so, whatever your score may be,
Just please remember, and *don't blame me* —
For once again, as I close, I'll state
I am

Yours submissively, '88.

A hearty welcome to you, Master '88, from Jack
and the children! and our thanks likewise to Lillian
Dynevor Rice, who has sent your spirited message
to our meadow.

Now I will proceed to mention

A GOOD OLD CUSTOM.

HAVE my hearers ever heard of St. Cross Hospital?
It is two and a half miles from Westminster, in
London, I am told. The other day three gentle-
men from New York walked up to it and rang
the bell of the front door. The upper half of the
door swung open, and a woman handed them
each a slice of bread and something in a horn cup

to wash it down with. This mark of attention has
been shown to every traveler who has called since
the year 1136; but, of course, not by the same
old lady, — dear me, no, for that would make her
seven hundred and fifty-one years old. Henry
of Blois, they say, left money by his will for the
express purpose of carrying out this custom. The
bread given to our modern travelers was fresh and
good; and they had a merry time over it.

By the way, who was Henry of Blois?

ANOTHER JACK.

"How many of our Jack's congregation know
what a 'Jack-screw' is?" writes R. P. G., of Phila-
delphia. "Everybody knows what 'Jack-straws'
and 'Jack-stones' are, but 'Jack-screws' are not
so well known, even by the grown people. There
are still other curious 'Jacks' besides boot-jacks
and Jack-o'-lanterns; perhaps some one will find
them out in trying to place this loose screw."

"CAT-BIRD" PARENTS.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS
I notice an inquiry about mocking-birds poisoning their young when
caged.

That is beyond my knowledge, but I do know by sad expe-
rience that cat-birds will poison their young, — for I have vainly
tried to raise within five years over twenty baby cat-birds. The
longest time I could keep them was ten days. When they were
few days old the mother-bird always would find them, no matter where
placed, and would bravely enter a room where two or three persons
were sitting, and, though repeatedly driven away, invariably man-
age to give poison to the little birds. The last one I had I came
around with me faithfully for nine days, never letting the top
out of my hands or off my lap. The side of the cage facing
from me was covered, so that by no possible means could the
Cat-Bird reach her baby, who was fed from my hands. The next
day I was invited to dine with some friends, and was reluctant
to go, fearing harm to the little one; but after much chaffing
finally took the bird-cage up to a third-floor back-room, closed the
window-sash, shut and locked the door, taking the key with me,
that by no possible means could harm come to the little bird. On my
return I hastened to get the cage, and as I opened the door, behold the
poor birdie lay on his back, stiff in death. As usual, I cried and blamed
everybody, and would not be comforted, though reminded that the
taken with me the only key in the house which could unlock the
door. Of course every one was puzzled. At last we found some
glass on the floor under the window; then the sash was examined.
A window-pane (that was known to be cracked across) was
found broken, and sticking to the rather small hole were some
breast-feathers, showing the devoted persistence of the parent who
would not allow her young bird to live if it must pine in a cage.

That a poisonous berry was given, I am certain; but what it was
I never found out, as all my "scientific subjects," as the family called
them, were carefully entombed under a hedgerow, and I foolishly
would not let the graceless medical students of my step-father's
post-mortems over them, thinking death was bad enough for the
poor birds, without being cut into bits. MISS TOWERS.

Ho! Cat-birds! what say you to this? It is
dently is a true account. It is hard to see one's
children raised only to be prisoners, but are yet
knowing enough and bad enough to murder their
rather than allow them to live in captivity? Let
me hear from you or your friends as soon as pos-
sible.

YOU DO NOT SEE THEM ALL.

If I were to ask the children of the Red School
house: "Who can see at night all the stars shining

[1888.]

ing in the sky overhead?" every little hand would go up, and every pair of bright eyes would be quite sure that it could see every star visible from their part of the world; is n't it so? would n't it?

Well, the fact is, no human eye could see them all without the help of a telescope, or something of that sort. I am led to make this remark because of a scrap from a scientific paper, that the birds have brought to my pulpit. Here it is:

"According to a celebrated French astronomer, the total number of stars visible to the average naked eye does not exceed six thousand. An ordinary opera-glass will bring out twenty thousand; a small telescope will bring out nearly two hundred thousand, and the most powerful telescopes one hundred million."

Yet every star, never mind how long it may remain unknown and unnoticed, is ready to shine a welcome to every human eye that is helped to see it. That strikes me pleasantly.

Some eyes, of course, can see further than others. There are near-sighted and far-sighted folk, you know; and some who try to see, and some who don't try; but all need, sometimes, the aid of a good telescope.

The Deacon requests me to remark, here, that our blessings are like stars. Some folk can count them more readily than others, but one and all seem to need considerable help before they can discover any blessing that is n't of the first magnitude.

THE PORCUPINE'S FIRST COUSIN.

YOUR friend, Mr. John R. Coryell, has written for you this month an account of a certain little animal whose fur very often is used to make tippets and muffs for little girls. He sends, also, a picture of the tiny creature for you to look at.

By the way, have you ever observed, my hearers, that to the eye there is apt to be a stronger family likeness among human-kind relations than between "cousins" in the rest of the animal world? However, that is no reason why you should doubt the fact that your furry little friend is, as Mr. Coryell says, "the porcupine's first cousin."

TELL the children, Mr. Jack, that there is just this difference between the porcupine and his first cousin: the one is a very spiny, touch-me-not, "fretful" sort of chap, and the other is a soft, fluffy, dainty, little bit of a fellow. No sensible person would ever think of wearing the porcupine's coat about his neck for a "comforter," while it takes the coats of nearly half a million of his first cousins to meet the demand made for them each year.

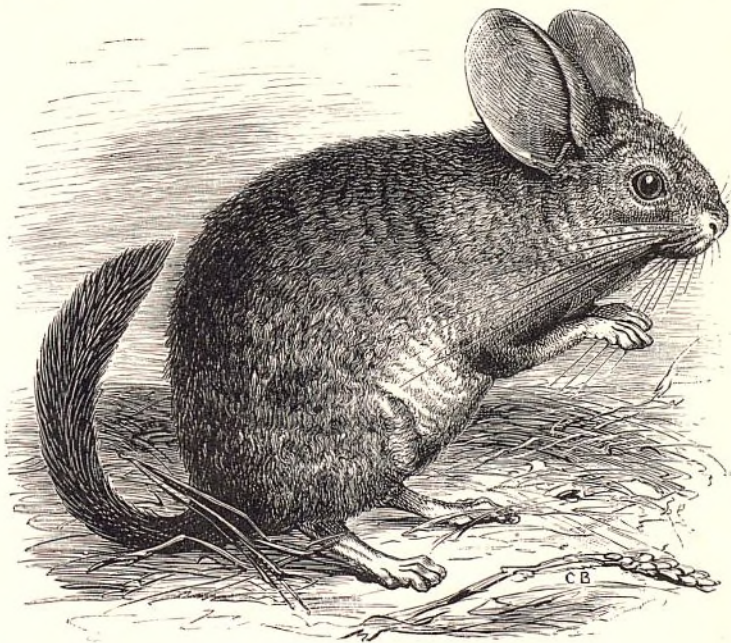
This first cousin is called the chinchilla, and has its home on the slopes of the Andes mountains. For hundreds and hundreds of years

it has been doing the best it could to add to the comfort of its human neighbors; for they do say that when Pizarro, the Spanish soldier, went to Peru and stole its accumulated treasures, he found among other things most beautiful blankets woven from the long, silky wool of the little chinchilla.

No doubt a blanket of such wool would be exquisitely soft and delightfully warm; but as it would require the wool from about a thousand chinchillas to make it, it is unlikely that we ever will give up our sheep's-wool blankets in order to do as the Incas did.

Like its second cousin, the rabbit, the chinchilla lives in burrows, which it makes in the ground; and like still another cousin, the prairie-dog, it sometimes shares its home with a little owl. Perhaps the owl is an unbidden guest; but the chinchilla is too gentle and timid a little creature to be rude to its visitor, and so the companionship goes on for life.

The chinchilla is so very gentle that it requires none of the taming customary for animals caught wild, but submits at once and, without the least show of resistance, to the will of its captor; taking up its home in his bosom or pocket, and eating readily from his hand. As



A CHINCHILLA.

it is not much over six inches long, not including the tail, it makes a pretty little pet; and so it is no wonder if the children of Chili and Peru are often seen with them clinging lovingly to their necks like so many animated tippets.

A SOFT SPOT.

I AM informed on pretty good authority that, near a place called Mackinaw, in Illinois, there is a large patch of ground—about an acre, they say—composed of a very dry soil (so dry that it is like the finest powder), and a strange gas that issues from the place shatters any vessel in which it is confined. Snow falling upon this spot, I am told, melts instantly, however it may drift and heap itself on the surrounding land.

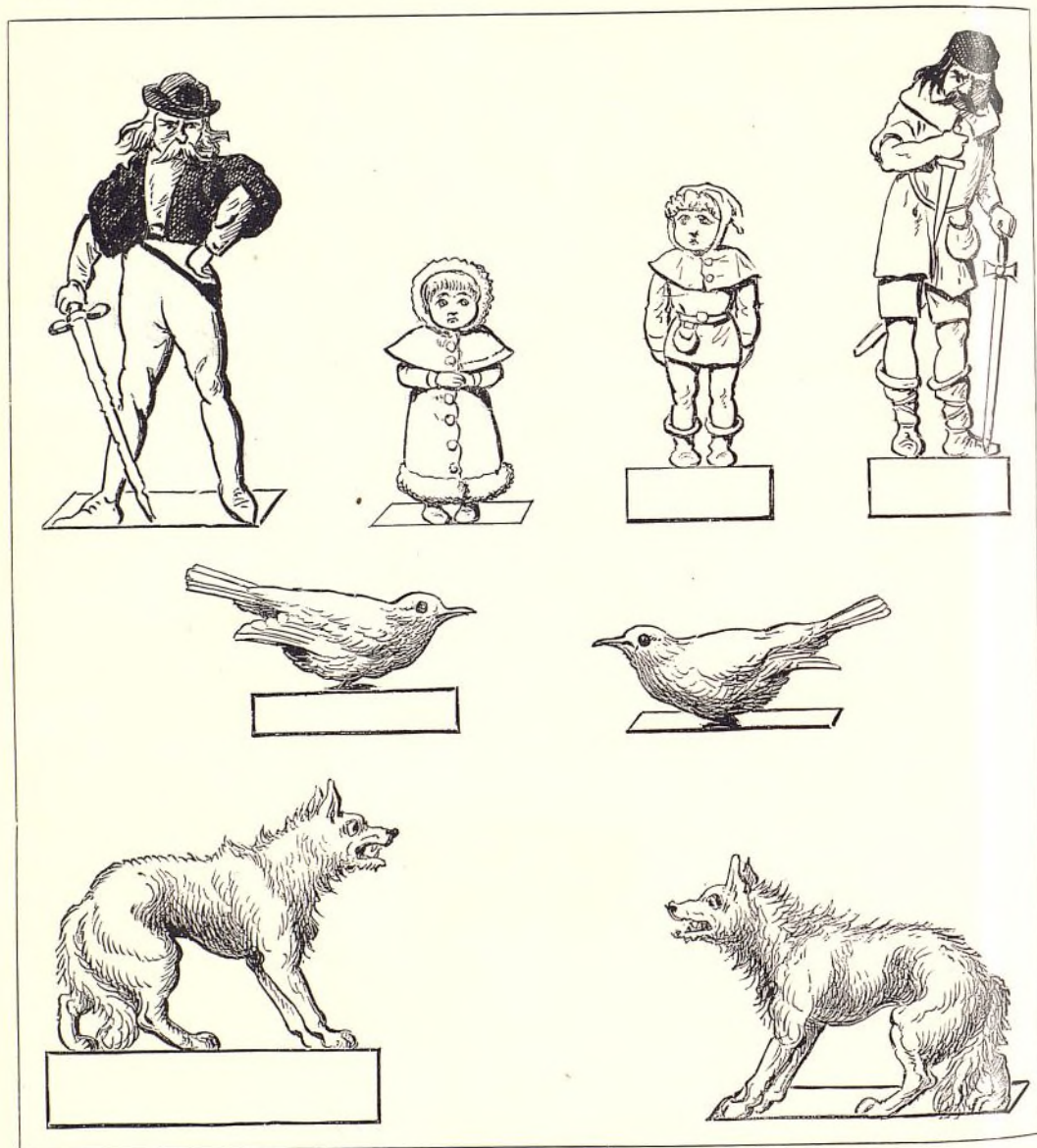
Now, my girls and boys of Illinois, have any of you seen this queer acre—and have I been told the truth about it?

THE BABES IN THE WOOD: A GAME.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

YOU all have read the melancholy tragedy of the "Babes in the Wood." But here is a game in which a skillful player can save the Babes, and

figures to represent the Ruffians, two to represent the Wolves, two Babes, and two Robins. By bending back the lower part of each figure, you can

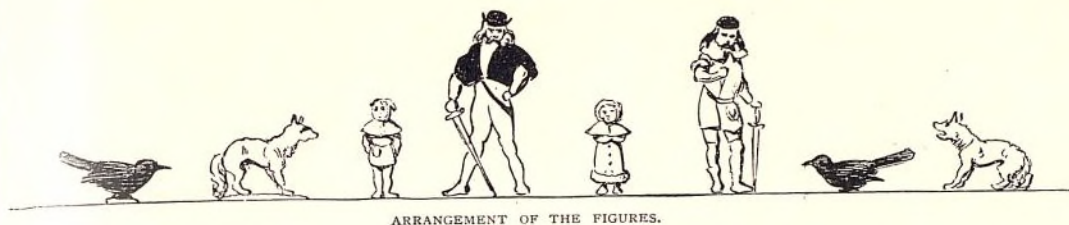


make it no tragedy after all. Two or more persons can easily play the game.

First draw on card-board, and then cut out, two

make a sort of pedestal for it to stand upon, as indicated in the diagrams above.

Perhaps you will criticise the Robins as being



ARRANGEMENT OF THE FIGURES.

rather large in proportion to the other figures; but you must excuse their size by what is sometimes called "artistic" license.

Stand the figures so that they will form a row at one end of a table, about two inches apart, in the order here shown. In front of them, about three inches from the row of figures, place a saucer; and at eighteen inches from the saucer place a paper-weight or book.

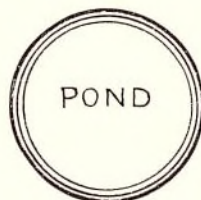
Each player now takes a strip of stiff writing paper, about an inch wide, and rolls it up into what is commonly called a spill. An ordinary steel pen slipped into the small end of a spill, between the folds of the paper, will make it shoot with a more accurate aim. All draw lots to determine which shall begin.

The first player takes his spill (which is called his arrow) between his finger and thumb, and, planting one end on the table against the paper-weight, presses it down, so that it will shut up, after the manner of a telescope; then, if suddenly released, it will spring off in the direction of the row of figures.

Now, the object of each player is to knock over with his arrow one of the Ruffians, or one of the Wolves, and to avoid touching either the Babes or the Robins.

If he knocks one of the Ruffians or Wolves over backward, he counts two points; if it falls forward, he only counts one.

If he knocks either of the Babes or Robins over



POND

18 INCHES

BASE



backward, two are either taken from his score, or, if he prefers, added to that of his opponent,—or of every one of his opponents, if more than two are playing.

If the Babe or Robin falls forward, it takes off only one point.

If the arrow falls into the saucer, or pond, the player is said to be "drowned," and his entire score is wiped out, and he must begin again.

Each player takes three shots in succession,—picking up his arrow, and shooting from the paper-weight as at first, but leaving any of the figures he may have knocked over lying where they fell until the next player's turn.

If he knocks a Babe or a Robin down before he has made any score, then of course every one of his opponents scores.

If he is drowned before he has made any score, then every opponent counts six.

The player who first counts twenty wins the game, unless one of the players has so far avoided knocking down either of the Babes or Robins.

In that case the game goes on, and if that player can count twenty, without knocking down either of the Babes or Robins, before any one of his adversaries counts thirty, then he is said to have saved the Babes, and wins the game.

If, however, every player knocks down a Babe or a Robin, the player first making twenty of course wins the game.



THE PAPER SPILL, OR ARROW.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa and I have been very much interested in the articles that came out in the August and September ST. NICHOLAS about folding paper. By reading them carefully, we easily found out how to make everything described, except the long sink. We tried a good many times to make that, but did not succeed until last Thursday. We thought you would be interested to know how we finally succeeded. It was in this way. First, by making a square sink, of good paper, we found we could open and make it again, without folding it all at once; that is, we could finish one leg before beginning another. Then we undid the square sink, and taking an oblong piece of paper, folded it so as to make creases like those in the paper which had been made into a square sink. After that was done, we made a long sink by making each leg separately. Still, we could not easily make a long sink, because this way was very awkward, to say the least; and so we tried to learn how to make it by folding in the usual way. This we learned by first making the long sink backward,—I mean, unfolding it, and in the opposite order from that in which it should have been made. Then it was easy enough to make it in the usual way.

Your constant reader, WINSLOW H.—

P. S.—Papa says that the above is a very good example of the flowers of analysis and of synthesis.

Winslow's father adds, "Winslow can now make the oblong sinks in two ways: with the handles on the short ends, or with the handles on the long sides."

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As soon as I received the September number I tried the paper canoe and made it after a little trouble. A great many have tried it and nearly all have succeeded. This is my first letter, though I have taken you for four years. You were a birthday present to

AN AMERICAN BOY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought as I had never written to you before, that I would write and tell you about a very funny experience we had, last summer, on the beach beyond Fort Point. We ate our lunch on the hills, and then took our things down to the beach, and while Papa was reading a book, my sister and I went in wading. We had no sooner gone in than a large wave came dashing around us, carrying our coats, shawls, shoes and stockings, and lunch-basket out to sea; and we were left to get home the best way that we could. We were very much frightened, but were thankful for our lives. Since then we have heard of two other people who went through the same experience as ours.

I hope this letter is not too long nor uninteresting to be printed as a warning to all other little boys and girls who visit the beach as frequently as we do.

Your friend and faithful reader,

E. S. B.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, and one little boy, four years old. We all love ST. NICHOLAS. "Juan and Juanita" is the best story we ever read. We love "The Brownies," especially the Dude. We can not write very well, so Papa writes this for us. We wish we could have the ST. NICHOLAS every day; it has such good stories.

We are your little friends, LULU, SOPHIE, AND JULIUS.

CHETOPA, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How many happy hours I have spent perusing your interesting pages!

How I have laughed "till I cried" at the antics of the "Brownies"; mourned or rejoiced, as the case might be, over the adventures of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and others of your heroes and heroines!

I tried to make one of those "crystallized glasses," but it got broken.

I have made many of the "Nantucket Sinks," described in your last number. I wish you long life and much happiness.

L. M.—

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Fort Worth, Texas. But I spent the summer with my aunt and cousin, in Missouri; they live in a big brick house, on a farm. My cousin and I rode horse-back very often, and nearly every night we rode up to the pasture after the cows, and drove them home, which I thought great fun.

I liked "Juan and Juanita" very much, and was glad they got home all right. And I also liked "Jenny's Boarding-house"; and the funniest of all are the "Brownies."

I have taken you two years, and like you better than any magazine. I will now say good-bye.

Your constant reader, ETTA B.—

CARTHAGE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time since I wrote you a letter, and in it I spoke of my red-bird, and said I would tell any one who would write to me how to rear and educate a red-bird. So many have written to me that after writing to some, I have decided to tell the rest through you as a medium.

Get the birds when about two weeks old. A little bread moistened with water, with occasionally a berry, is the best food. Drop a drop or two of water from the end of your finger into their mouths after feeding. They should be fed every two hours until old enough to eat by themselves. After they are six weeks old a little scraped apple is good for them. When they can pick up their food readily, or perhaps later, you can feed them all sorts of fruit, berries, and many kinds of seeds. They relish plantain seed, melon seed, pepper-grass, and a few hard-shelled beetles. They should be handled from the first. Be tender with them, and do not scare them. You will find them very tractable, gentle, and knowing (for birds). When you wish them to do anything, show them through the whole performance at once, and make them do it (with your aid) before you stop. Then repeat it at will, and they will very soon learn what you wish them to do, and do it in such a manner that you will probably exclaim: "Oh, how clever!" After you think they are sufficiently tame, they can be loosed in a room and even outdoors.

Your friend, JOSIE M.—

POCOPSON, CHESTER CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made some verses about day-fairies which Mamma said you might perhaps put in the Letter-box. I made them all myself.

"Juan and Juanita" is very nice, but I liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" better.

I am eleven, and Papa calls me a Centennial baby.

TINA H. G.—

WE FAIRY FOLK.

We fairy folk are happy;

We play in the sun all day,
And then at night, under curtains white,
We sleep till the sun's first ray.

Some sleep in the laps of the lilies,
And some in the wild-rose tree,
And some in the tall oak branches,
Higher than one can see.

In the day we do not slumber,
For we have work to do;
And the flowers, that grow without number,
Need our help, and the brooklet, too.

For we have to make the water run,
Which makes the mill-wheel turn;
And we have to paint the flowers
And the tiny mountain fern.

'You say you sleep at evening,
Under your curtains of white;
I thought you had your dances
When the moon was shining bright."

No! no! you mistake, little maiden,
It is not we who dance;—
We would very gladly do it,
If we only had a chance.

But, you see, we are so weary
When the night begins to fall,
We do not feel like reveling
In any greenwood hall.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I first made your acquaintance three years ago, when I was twelve years old, and have read every number since then, from cover to cover, except the riddles and advertisements, with much amusement and instruction to myself. For instance, an article in ST. NICHOLAS some years ago launched me on amateur photography. I carefully preserve and bind each volume. I often wonder how you manage to think of something new for every new number to interest us boys with.

The other day my father told me about what he called "Paper-shadows," which he used to know when a boy. They are made with paper cut out in such a manner that if you hold them between a bright light and a white wall, the shadows look like the figures of animals and of men, like copies of paintings and portraits of celebrated persons. If you know how to make them, perhaps more boys would be glad to read a description in the ST. NICHOLAS. Such paper work would be pleasant for long winter evenings.

Last summer I went to swimming-school. I saw a great many boys learning how to swim. Perhaps you have some useful hints to offer us about the art of swimming and other aquatic performances.

Truly an admirer of yours, HENRY W. A.—.

ARTICLES concerning both the subjects suggested by our young correspondent have already been printed in ST. NICHOLAS. See ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1883, "Shadow Pictures and Silhouettes," and also for July, 1877, "A Talk about Swimming."

VEVAY, SWITZERLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been away from America fifteen months, most of the time in Germany and Switzerland.

I like ST. NICHOLAS better than anything that I have seen over here. My favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "The Brownies," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

We are on Lake Geneva. Sometimes when there is a storm the waves come over the sea-wall.

I have learned to row, and am now learning to swim.

I remain your affectionate reader, DUDLEY H.—.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not help telling you how beautiful "Juan and Juanita" was. My name is Juanita in Spanish also.

While I was spending the summer with my grandmother, one day an organ-grinder came and played on our steps, and he had a monkey; it was great fun to watch him. My cousins would hold up a penny, and the monkey would jump for it and put it in a little pocket in his coat; then my cousin would put a cent in his pocket, and the monkey would put his hand into the pocket and bring out the cent. He was very much afraid of our dog, and he would cry just like a human being whenever the dog came near him.

I must stop, for my letter is getting long. I am a little girl eleven years old, and my name is JENNIE D. H.—.

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your Letter-box, and I thought I would write; I wrote a letter to you once before, but I guess it was too long to print, so I will try and not have this one so long, because I want it printed so that "H. E." (who wrote about "Paper Canoes," on the 874th page of the September number) can see that there are three American children who can make these little boats. It is rainy to-day, but the next pleasant day we are going to have a boat-race in the canal with these little boats. My letter is getting too long, so I will stop.

Remaining your delighted reader, IRENE T. S.—.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from White Sulphur, I will write you one.

I have three sisters,—one is twenty-two years old, one is nine, and the baby is five. The baby says such funny things. One day she was speaking for one hand, and then for the other. She spoke for her left hand, and said: "Where are you going?" Then she spoke for her right hand and answered, "To heaven." Her nurse asked her where she learned that word. She said, "In my prayers." She is such a funny little chap.

I have taken your delightful magazine for two years, and my favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Jenny's Boarding-house," "Fiddle-John's Family," and "Winning a Commission."

I am afraid my letter is getting too long for you to print.

Your interested reader, EDWARD E. I.—.
(Eleven years old.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The C. C. C. is the name of a cooking-club, of which I am treasurer. This club consists of six little girls, who meet at my house every Friday afternoon. I have a model

range, complete in every respect. Our badges are little kettles, tied with *bebé* ribbon. We cook biscuit and fried potatoes, chocolate, coffee, tea, and broiled chops. This is our usual *ménu*. Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye.

Your affectionate reader, CORALIE N. K.—.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, fourteen years old, and have taken you for seven years, but have never written to you before. I think my favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Donald and Dorothy." I am studying French and go to a French school, and am going to begin Latin soon. I have but one pet, a little canary, named "Chico," after Mrs. Carlyle's bird. He is very tame, and also cunning. His cage is at the window, and whenever he hears a car coming he gives a little chirp. I hope this letter is not too long to print soon. Yours devotedly, SARA T. N.—.

MANSFIELD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the September number Miss Elsie S.—'s letter. I think she is right about the comparison between England and America. I have often wished to see Westminster and the Tower, also the mountains of the West, and the "Golden California." But I think that America's greatness does not consist in great armies, old towers, and stately buildings, but in the good things she does,—homes for homeless children, benevolent institutions for the unfortunate, which she has built all over the land. I hope we shall hear some of Miss Alcott's stories soon, and hear more of "The Dalzells of Daisydawn." I like you, ST. NICHOLAS, very, very much. Yours truly, GRACE S.—.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA, THANET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little New Brunswick girl, living in England. I like your magazine ever so much. I have a little brother Dentin; we liked "Juan and Juanita" best of all the stories.

Mr. Stockton has made a slight mistake in his article, "The Low Countries and the Rhine." I went from England to Holland last summer with my papa; we did not take the steamer at Harwich but at Parkstone Quay, and Harwich is pronounced by English people as if spelled "Harrich," not "Harridge."

I think your pictures are lovely; we are going to have you bound in volumes.

I remain, your affectionate friend, ADELE R.—.
(aged 9 years.)

GENÈVE, SWITZERLAND, "VILLA CLAIRMONT."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written you many letters, but none having been printed; I write again, thinking you will publish one from European shores. I left America last April, and was living on Lake Constance all summer. I am now with my three sisters at school in Geneva, and we are learning the French language. We are all infatuated with Geneva. We were sailing on the lake one day, when all at once I looked up and remarked how white the clouds were, when my friend answered, "They are not the clouds but the three peaks of Mt. Blanc." At present the Jura and Savoyan mountains are covered with snow, and one can hardly distinguish them from Mt. Blanc.

Geneva itself is a lovely city, but not very lively; it has but one theater, but none, either in New York or Philadelphia, surpasses it; it is decorated by magnificent statues and portraits. I have been twice to the theater; once I saw "Mignon," and the other time saw Coquelin in two of Molière's plays.

We study very hard at school, and every time I have a few minutes to spare I employ them in reading my favorite ST. NICHOLAS.

We all enjoyed "Juan and Juanita" very much, and thought "The Ivy Spray" one of the prettiest stories ST. NICHOLAS ever published.

Your interested reader, CECILIA L.—.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

As you will be fifteen years old in November,

I send you a letter (I am an old member).

I pity all children who don't see your pages,

You are charming to all; you suit all the ages.

Even Grandpa and Grandma, as they sit by the fire,

Your stories read over, your pictures admire;

And Baby, who sits at their feet on the mat,

Crows over the likeness of a dear little cat,

Which he sees in the volume of ST. NICK for March;

And all of the children, who in the fire parch

Their chestnuts so crisp, soon leave them to cool

As they look at the pictures of the Brownies at school.

ST. NICHOLAS, please put this in the Letter-box,

And thank for the Brownies good Mr. Palmer Cox,

And all other authors who have long helped to make St. NICHOLAS a treasure. But now I must take My leave of them all, with a loving good-bye, And hope that St. NICHOLAS never will die.

SARAH C— (age 12 years).

FLORENCE, WILLIAMSON CO., TEXAS.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On page 767, in the tale "Juan and Juanita," the writer has made a serious mistake with regard to the "Northerners" in Texas. The "Northerners" do not come in the summer times as stated, but only in the winter months. The temperature ranges high, generally for two or three days previously, and then comes the wind which "all Texans know," but do not particularly dread. Although we would certainly not choose to have them if we could avoid it, at the same time they are of great benefit to the State; for were it not for these "Northerners," we would generally be unable to preserve our meats for the ensuing year; they also purify the air, and are of great value on this account also, as our winters are mild.

I would also wish to state that we read with interest your various articles on English life and scenery, and that they are always written with general accuracy and impartiality. As I am an Englishman, it is pleasing to be able to state this; some publications are so far from coming up to this standard.

Yours respectfully,

O. BARNES.

LONDON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are much harder on English school-boys than are their masters. "To compose in Latin, strictly according to the rules of versification," is not a punishment, but an ordinary lesson. To write lines as a punishment is a very different thing—it means that the boy has to stay in and copy out of any book so many lines, to be handed in at a certain time. The boys agree that it is not a very severe punishment, and the masters think it rather a waste of time.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your stories very much, and look forward to their coming with great interest. I succeeded in folding the Nantucket sink and the boat, and have made them of all sizes imaginable. We girls in school use the Nantucket sinks to hold our pencil-sharpenings, which purpose it answers very well. Hoping to see Mrs. Burnett's new story in the next number,

I remain, your devoted reader,

MARY D. B—.

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow and to whom we present our sincere thanks:—Leslie T. Webster, Norman Odgers, May S. Pierce, Jeanne, Florence E., Raymond and Winthrop Howard, Mary Farr, Edward B. Hyde, Mabel P., Orlie C. Dake, Elsie L. Farr, Olive K. Roberts, Agnes J., Pauline Batchelder, Mabel M., Ida N. H., Katie Kendall, Clara P. Curtiss, Allmand McG., Alice Slosson, W. F. and H. E. Kay, Bessie Newton, Clara C. J., Laura May Hadley, James M. F., Nell R. E., Hortense N. Leffingwell, S. T. and A. S., Ruby E. S., Myra Beaumaris, Harold and Cecil, Ruth Gist, Guy C. F. and Effie J. C. Holland, Anna Eva and Ninie, Sadie F. Platt, Nellie F. P., Susie R. and Margaret E. Pollock, Marie, Amy Beach, Maude Brown, C. D. and M. H., Geraldine Harrison, Bertha Weber, Cora Sanford, Florence B. Hull, Ethel H. Shook, Kathleen Ashley, Maggie Elliot, Mary Walton, E. A. W., Florence L. C., Tamaqua, H. W., J. Maude Durrell, Madge J. J. D., Rissie, Helen A. White, Ruby and Birdie, George F. G., Leslie W. M., Herbert H., Annie P. Rogers, Dell B., Maggie F., Louis A., Nora C., Annie Van P., Joanna Augustin, Jessie W. Kirker, Gertrude Parker, Beatrice Dunder, B. L., Sam Davis, A. Belle Cady, E. H. Chambers, Mattie T. J., Anna W., Ross A. Curran, Merle M., Effie A. P., Eugenia G. S., L. C. W., J. Coit Harris, Clara S. Weil, and Kathleen.





WORD SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

1. From a word meaning part of a gun, syncopate one letter, and transpose the remaining letters to form a word meaning a branch of natural history. 2. Syncopate and transpose to consider, and leave disposed. 3. Syncopate and transpose a small metal cap, and leave merry. 4. Syncopate and transpose a number of things tied together, and leave to mix. 5. Syncopate and transpose astonishment, and leave an endowment. 6. Syncopate and transpose a wax-light, and leave a spear. 7. Syncopate and transpose a kind of calcareous stone, and leave a domain. 8. Syncopate and transpose to sneer at, and leave expense. 9. Syncopate and transpose gloomy, and leave a broom. 10. Syncopate and transpose a rough draught, and leave a large box. 11. Syncopate and transpose a recluse, and leave merriment.

The syncopated letters will spell the name of a famous man, born January 1st, 1730, who said, "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper."

BYCIE.

PL.

O DAS-VICEDO swind hatt gish tubao ym rodo!
Ey normu eth tealspan shour ahtt era on remo,
Eht terden sagcer fo eth shedivan gripsn,
Eht lustry droplens fo glon rummes sayd,
Eht gonss fo sbrid, dan tremlesletas grimumum,
Dan raf shill mildy sene trouggh lerpup heaz.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. A dependent. 2. A follower of Noëtius. 3. Farinaceous. 4. Subtile. 5. In pry. DOWNWARD: 1. In pry. 2. Half an em. 3. In French, a name. 4. Dioces. 5. A country. 6. Unctuous. 7. No. 8. A prefix. 9. In-pry. SIDNEY J.

GEOGRAPHICAL BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a town of Russian Toorkistan, and leave a jewel. 2. Behead a town of British Burmah, and leave a city of Italy. 3. Behead an isthmus near the Malay Peninsula, and leave uncooked. 4. Behead a cape of Australia, and leave to be in debt. 5. Behead a river of West Australia, and leave pale. 6. Behead an island in the Malay Archipelago, and leave a city of India. 7. Behead a town of British India, and leave a girl's name. 8. Behead a fortified town of Spain, and leave a girl's name. 9. Behead a large river of Europe, and leave a stone used for sharpening instruments.

"LITTLE ONE."

CHARADE.

Two vehicles in one by an article united
Making a conveyance once used in lands benighted;
That which joins these two, is in each one contained;
The whole has therefore three, as need not be explained.
My first is what Americans have chosen as the word
To signify what Englishmen prefer to call my third.
Each came later than the whole, for they were not invented
When mankind, with the whole, were forced to be contented.
My second is the first thing that's used in preparation,
In giving little learners an English education.

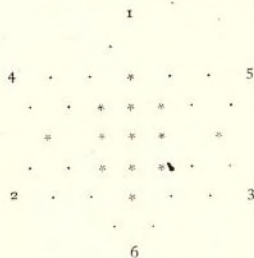
FINAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and arranged one below the

other (though not in the order here given), the final letters will give the name of a man of whom it has been said: "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The abode of bliss. 2. A cavern. 3. To catch. 4. To abrade. 5. A vegetable. 6. A tropical fruit. 7. A little towel. 8. A large country. LUCY LEE BROOKS.

COMBINATION STAR.



STAR. From 1 to 2, distrustful; from 1 to 3, feared; from 2 to 3, fondled; from 4 to 5, a variety of the domestic pigeons; from 4 to 6, writs granted by public authority, conveying exclusive right to use some new device; from 5 to 6, encumbers.

ENCLOSED DIAMOND: 1. In date. 2. A small violin. 3. Wearing. 4. A number. 5. In date.

EASY SQUARE (contained in the diamond): 1. A tub for fish. 2. Rage. 3. A number.

The first and last words of the word-square will, when read in connection, form the name of a small animal. F. S. F.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

FOUR animals are concealed in each sentence.
1. I call a man noble who will go at any honest work, let each rebuff alone and help a careful friend. 2. Do not disturb earnest scholars or repel ambitious ones; do not be harsh or severe with dullards or pronounce them beyond help. 3. Jack studies Sanskrit; I, German; and Jack allows no rude, errant being to retard his progress during his term in Exeter College. 4. I saw Eli on the sofa when I came later in the evening; he seemed to suffer at times from a severe cut, and the doctor thought he would have to trepan the right side of the boy's head. "JOHN PERRYBINGLE."

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of six letters.

One letter is an article; two, a well-known abbreviation; two, a conjunction; two, to perform; three, tumult; three, mineral; three, a measure; three, a color; three, a deer; three, a roebuck; three, a poem; three, to annex; four, inactive; four, costly; four, to peruse; four, an open way; five, a great fear; five, to love; six, regarded with profound respect. BELLE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-five letters, and form a quotation appropriate to the holiday season.

My 43-31-64-82-13-23 is ostentation. My 47-8-57-35-79 is much desired at the close of a fox-chase. My 61-52-1-73-68 is to filter. My 85-41-5-16-75 is to con over. My 66-60-28-54-3-18 is a country of England. My 49-21-33-62-39 is to move gently. My 70-27-37 is a tropical fruit. My 19-51-76 is a quick dance. My 50-9-45-34 is a silken substance. My 56-11-36 is a girl's nickname. My 40-6-15-20-69 is a freshet. My 77-81-63-29-25-72-80-78-42-24 and my 32-59-44-22-74-48-83-38 and my 65-26-7-58-30-71-12 and my 84-53-17-4-2-67-55-14 to each name something studied daily by many readers of ST. NICHOLAS. "AUGUSTUS G. HOPKINS."