

FAMILY AFFAIRS.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

VOL. XV.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 4.

## MICHAEL AND FEODOSIA.

*(A Story of Russian Life.)*

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

It is Feodosia and Michael Bazaroff who made this story. Holding it sacred, I shall not alter it. All is here as it happened. They were the children of Prince Ivan Bazaroff, and of the Princess Nadia. But they were neither rich nor happy. For the prince and princess, having been accused of disloyalty to the Czar, had been banished to Siberia, and their children confided to the care of Sergius Bazaroff, the brother of the banished noble.

Sergius had always hated his brother; was it likely, then, that he would love Michael and Feodosia? Alas! they trembled daily beneath his black looks and brutal speech, and listened in fear to his terrible voice, as he raged among his slaves or shouted out wild Tartar battle-songs until after midnight.

Three comforts had the children: They loved God; they loved each other; and they were tenderly loved by those who had them in their care. Feodosia's nurse taught her to knit, to embroider, and to carry herself like a Russian princess. She talked of her father and mother; she reminded her when the hours to pray for them came. Frequently she would say:

"Now we will speak of the good prince, your father—how brave he was! How pious! How handsome! When he rode his black horse, and wore his white-and-gold uniform, there was no prince in all Russia fit to hold his stirrup. And how lovely was your mother! I shall be happy to

my dying day only to have seen her! Do you remember the night she came to you in a sarafan of silver brocade, buttoned with sapphires? In her arms, though they were shining with jewels, she carried you. Only your guardian angel could love you better." Ah! — Feodosia had never forgotten the starry look of her mother, and the cooing of her low words; so it was her great comfort to talk to Matrena of her parents, and then to go away and pray for the Deliverer.

Michael was twelve years old. He had a handsome face, luminous with the glow of his brave, bright soul. His dream by night, his hope by day was to justify his father and mother, and to bring them home in triumph. He had an English tutor, a good man, to whom he told all that was in his heart:

"When I am a man, sir, I will fight the battles of my Mother Russia; and, when I have taken this and that fortress, I will go to the Emperor and say: 'Oh, Czar! how is it possible that I am the son of a traitor?' And thus I will plead for my father and mother. I shall not be afraid."

"And also, Michael, remember how *He* pities and cares for us all—the good Jesus."

Thus they were talking one afternoon in November. It had been a day of fear and sadness. Prince Sergius had been quarreling with a stranger, a bad, common-looking man, dressed in a sheepskin coat. "And yet he is not a stranger," said Matrena. "I have seen him here before."

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Smoloff says that he bayed back at Prince Sergius. Who can the man be, that would dare to do that? The dogs have been set on a visitor for less."

Every one was weary with the fear and turmoil of the visit. There had been trampling of horses and barking of dogs, threats, orders and hurrying of terrified men and women, until the palace felt as if a great storm had rushed through it.

In the middle of the afternoon Prince Sergius and his visitor went out together. The stranger was then smiling and affable, but Prince Sergius neither looked at him nor answered him. His face was black and evil, and he kicked savagely out of his path the dogs that accompanied him.

Then the tutor said: "There is half an hour before sunset. Come, Michael, the fresh air will calm and strengthen us." And Matrena also rose, and brought Feodosia her pelisse of fine fox-fur, and her little cap and muff, and they went together to the esplanade in front of the house.

The prospect was dreary enough. Except for the pine-belt, it was one great level of snow, silent and monotonous, with a few black huts scattered here and there. The children talked sadly of what most concerned them—Feodosia, of the bags she was knitting, Michael, of his studies; and, in a low voice, of his uncle's anger. Suddenly there arose a little swirling wind. It blew a bit of white paper along the white snow to Michael's feet. He stooped and lifted it, and, as the teacher talked, glanced at its contents. It was in French, but he knew enough of French to perceive in a moment the importance of the scrap of paper he held in his hand. He became pale and breathless, and, without a word, he gave the paper to his tutor, who read the words and seemed equally agitated. The emotion of both was intense. They went silently back to the school-room, and the tutor, looking significantly at Michael, cut in the collar of his own coat a little slit, and then hid the paper in it. This act was scarcely accomplished when Feodosia and Matrena entered.

"The footsteps of the prince are to be heard," said Matrena; and, only a few minutes later, Prince Sergius opened the door. His approach could usually be heard from afar, and this sudden and quiet visit was not without design. He had discovered his loss, and he wished to see if those whom he most feared were also aware of it. He strode into the middle of the apartment and looked with keen scrutiny at them; all rose to their feet and stood awaiting his orders, all with bowed heads and lowered eyes, except the tutor, who gazed out of the window with a melancholy and indifferent air. Sergius looked most keenly at the woman and the girl. He was sure, if anything was known, that their faces would betray it; but Feodosia and Ma-

trena knew nothing. Michael had walked behind them, and they had not even seen him pick up the paper.

Prince Sergius bowed to the tutor, as he said: "Mr. Cecil, do me the favor to take your seat again. I am sure your pupil is idle and impatient. A taste of the whip would be good for him. Pray let me know if he gives you the least trouble," and he looked steadily and savagely at Michael, drawing together his light, lowering brows as he did so. Michael did not lift his eyelids, but his cheeks flushed; and his uncle saw, also, how passionately the boy clenched his small hands.

Then he turned to Matrena: "Hark thee! Come here! Pack the girl's clothes. To-morrow the Countess Vasil comes for her. The saints know I am well rid of such a trouble."

"I understand, Prince, and obey."

"Be off, then!"

For some minutes after the door was shut, there was a profound silence. No one dared to speak, to move, hardly to glance at another. But every heart was full of sad forebodings. In a day or two, what changes might begin! Feodosia was going to a new life, full of splendor,—perhaps also full of love, for the Countess Vasil was her mother's sister, and surely she must love a child so desolate and bereaved.

But her heart was troubled; she did not remember her aunt, she was going among strangers, she was leaving Michael; perhaps even Matrena would not be allowed to go with her. Before the white altar in her room, she knelt a long time that night. But when she rose, her face was shining and happy. "An angel has spoken to her," she thought Matrena. And Matrena was not far wrong. To an innocent girl, the angels whisper many sweet things; they delight to guard her, to bear her pure prayers to heaven, to keep her unspotted from the world.

In the mean time, Michael and his tutor sat quietly near the large porcelain stove. Their thoughts were too great for much speech; beside, it was dangerous. But in short, whispered sentences they came at length to a decision.

"Feodosia must be told, and the letter intrusted to her, Michael. She will give it to Countess Vasil. There is no one more able to act upon it."

"If I could only go myself! Can not I go?"

"My boy! You are a prisoner on this estate—at the Czar's pleasure. If you attempted to pass its boundary, your uncle would have the right to shoot you."

"It is terrible!—and we are all innocent!"

"Be strong, Michael. There is an hour of joy at hand. Your father will come back to us."



home. Your mother will come back to her children. Try now to sleep."

But the boy sat musing, his face growing finer and finer, as—

"He built, with neither hammer nor stone,  
A grand, fair castle of his own."

COUNT VASIL'S house stood in the heart of Moscow. It was an old Russian palace, with an Oriental look outside; but its interior was furnished after the most splendid French fashion. The countess, in a Parisian morning dress, was drinking chocolate; a Parisian maid waited upon her, and she spoke to her in French, with elegance and purity. Feodosia alone was out of character with the surroundings. She still wore her Russian costume—a sarafan of dark blue velvet, buttoned with pearls, showing long, full sleeves of fine muslin, and a lace ruff at her throat. Her mittens were of blue silk, worked with silver; her slippers of blue morocco, and a blue ribbon tied back her fine, flowing hair.

She looked weary and anxious, and her aunt said: "You eat nothing, my little one; are you tired with the long journey?"

"It is not that, dear aunt. I have in my heart such a great trouble."

"Is it about Michael? Do not fear for him. Mr. Cecil is his father's friend; he will never forsake Michael."

"It is much more than Michael. I can wait no longer. Send every one away."

The countess looked at the child in amazement. The girl's soul was in her eyes. From her dazzlingly fair skin there seemed to emanate light. She looked taller. She appeared all spirit. It was impossible to resist the suffering and entreaty that her face, and words, and attitude expressed. All together said to the countess, "Control yourself, and listen."

With an imperative motion, she ordered the removal of the breakfast tray, and as soon as they were alone, Feodosia took from her bosom the piece of paper, and gave it to her aunt. It was soiled and crushed, and the dainty lady took it with reluctance. But before she had read many lines, she uttered a shrill cry, and struck the bell with an impetuosity that brought a dozen servants to answer it.

"The count! The count!" she cried. "Send the count here immediately! Without delay! This moment!" In the interval, she paced the room rapidly; she kissed Feodosia in a rapture of joy; she murmured in Russian, and in French, prayers and ejaculations; she was like a woman upon whom had fallen a joy too great to be borne.

When the count answered her summons, she ran to meet him, and put the letter into his hands. He had read but a few lines before he rose and locked the door; and then, laying the paper upon the table, he went over it, word by word, in a whisper:

"PRINCE SERGIUS BAZAROFF: Thou hast not sent me the money. I shall come for it in two days. If thou pay me not, I will go to the police. I will tell them how thou swore away the honor and liberty of thy brother, and of thy brother's wife. I will tell them the whole plot. Every one is yet living whom thou didst employ. And thou wilt not escape with Siberia. For a crime like thine, there is only the knout—the knout to death."

"ALEX. KERGOFF,

"at the inn of the Great Bear, street of St. John, Moscow."

Having read these words, Count Vasil questioned Feodosia closely, concerning the stranger who had visited Prince Sergius. Then he said: "This duty is now in my hands. I will see to it at once. Nothing that I have will I spare. If I can get the Czar's ear, I shall succeed immediately—but do not fear; in the end, all will be right."

The countess had intended to take Feodosia to the great stores, and to the French modistes. But for shopping neither had now any desire. To hope, to doubt, to suffer, to wait—these were the only things possible to them. And Feodosia did not wish to be dressed like a French girl. She was under the shadow of the Kremlin. From its hundreds of shining domes, the golden cross of her faith was glittering. On every pinnacle there were the Russian eagles—huge, black, and outspread. She was a Russian girl in the heart of Russia. She loved her country. She loved the great Czar; she looked upon him as its patriarch and father. She never thought of him as doing wrong. He was the savior and comforter of his people. If she could only reach him! If she could fall at his feet and put into his hands the letter which she had given to Count Vasil, she never doubted that in the very next moment he would restore her parents to liberty and honor, and send their betrayer to his punishment.

At the end of nine days, Count Vasil called the poor child to him. She had scarcely eaten or slept; she had grown thin and weak; she trembled at a footstep, at the sound of her own name. He took her in his arms and whispered words to her which made her sob with joy. Kergoff had been easily found. He had confessed all. He had produced his confederates in the plot. The Czar had listened to the story with pity and anger. Orders had already left St. Petersburg for the honorable release of Prince and Princess Bazaroff, and for the arrest of Prince Sergius. "It is even possible that your parents will be here for Christmas, and oh, little one, will not that be a Christmas festival?" he asked.



"I do not know Christmas, Uncle. Prince Sergius would never permit us to honor it."

"The poor child! Count, we will keep for her the children's feast."

"I am of your mind, my countess. However, my good news is not yet all told. There is a festival before Christmas—the feast of St. Nicholas—the fête day of our Emperor, and Feodosia is bidden to be there."

"Ah! what an honor! What is meant by it?"

"Our Emperor is a just man. He said to me: 'Before the nobles, I degraded Prince Bazaroff. I will as publicly re-instate him. At the feast of St. Nicholas I will make him a marshal of the empire. The ukase shall be written, and you shall receive it for him.' And my soul spoke without being bidden, and before I even thought of the words I answered:

"Sire, Prince Bazaroff's little daughter is with me. Permit her to have this great joy and honor."

"And the Czar said: 'Let it be so.'"

"Well, then, there is nothing else to be done."

"Perhaps he will even speak to you, child. What will you say? There must certainly be a little speech prepared."

"Dear Aunt, when the heart is full, something crosses your mind and you speak. I shall find words, no doubt. But who shall go and tell Michael?—Michael waiting in that sad room at Bazaroff?"

"This very hour, my child, I will send a safe messenger to him."

The next day they left Moscow for St. Petersburg. The feast of St. Nicholas was close at hand and Feodosia must have garments fit for the royal presence. But she begged to retain her own costume. "I have been taught how to wear this," she said, "but in those dresses of France I shall be awkward and uncomfortable."

Certainly in no dress of France could she have looked more lovely. Her sarafan was of white satin brodered with gold, and it had sleeves of glistening Indian gauze. Her shoes, of white satin, were trimmed with sapphires, and she wore also a coronal of the same heaven-blue gems. Her face was still round and child-like, with large, wondering blue eyes. Her complexion was fair as a lily. She was tall and slender, and her easy, dignified gait had in it something very maidenly and noble. As she walked she seemed to fill the air with fragrance and grace, as a swaying flower does. For when a young girl has a beautiful body transfigured by a beautiful soul, how lovely and how lovable she is!

She was not afraid, and yet she trembled a little when she entered the magnificent palace of the

Czar. The blaze of light, of gold, and of jewels, the splendid uniforms of the men, the beautiful dresses of the women, the flowers, the stirring music of the royal bands, almost bewildered her. She glided along between her uncle and her aunt, as if she were in a dream; quite unconscious that the presence of a little girl in that august assembly was causing princes and marshals and grand-duchesses to look with a curious interest at her.

At length she reached the throne room, and the Czar and Czarina entered. His impressive figure, and potent face, fascinated her child-heart. The mighty Czar had given her back father, mother, and home; had ransomed those she loved from suffering and degradation.

There was an intense stillness, as he bowed to the nobles, and said in a loud voice:

"Nobles of the Russian Empire, it has been fully proved that Prince Ivan Bazaroff was falsely accused. I honor my fête day, by restoring to him all his rights, and by making him Grand Marshal of my own Guard."

Then Count Vasil spoke to Feodosia, and she walked straight to the Emperor. Her beauty and grace charmed every eye, and the ecstasy of love and gratitude which filled her heart produced in her an unconscious elevation, precluding all fear or faltering. A murmur of admiration followed the child. She had been told to cast herself at the Czar's feet. She did not think of that;—on the contrary, she raised her eyes to his face.

"My child!" he said kindly.

"My Czar! My Czar!" and, forgetting all else in that supreme moment of her desire, she stretched out her arms, and lifted her face to his, as if he were indeed her father. The action was so natural, that it compelled its own answer; and a thrill of sympathy stirred the whole room, when the Czar stooped and kissed the tears from the child's wet eyelids. Then the Czarina also kissed her; and the grand measure of the Polonaise struck up, and the nobles began to form for its march; but Feodosia knew not anything more till she found herself in the Vasil carriage, crying softly in her aunt's arms, with rapture.

It was the night before the Nativity, and Moscow flashed light from the spires of all her hundred churches. The air was full of bells, and fanfare of trumpets, and the glad greeting of the crowds on the streets:—"God with us!" Count Vasil's house was illuminated with a thousand candles, and through its splendid rooms, Feodosia accompanied by more than two score "dear companions," went singing the hymn of the Nativity. She was enchanted. Mr. Cecil had often read





FEODOSIA AND THE CZAR.



her the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and it had rested on her mind like dawn upon the waters. But to honor His birthday, to see, and to share its joy, made it wonderful to her. She had never been so happy in her life. Forty-eight young girls had been invited to spend with her the days between the Nativity and the Epiphany. During that time they were to be "dear companions." They had arranged something delightful for every day—sleighting, skating, ball-playing in the court, dancing in the house, and, above all, those singing-games which are the delight of Russian girls.

Early on Christmas-day the gay house became gayer. The rooms were full of ladies and gentlemen flashing with jewels; and everywhere there was music. In some rooms, the boys and girls were singing to it; in others, they were dancing. Can you imagine Count Vasil's banqueting-hall with its wax lights, its music, and its two tables bright with flowers?—one surrounded by happy children, and the other by ladies and nobles. The Christmas feast is waiting, and Count Vasil raises the Christmas song that all Russia is singing:

"Glory to God in Heaven! *Slava!* \*  
To our Lord on this earth. *Slava!*  
May the right throughout Russia be fairer than the bright sun.  
*Slava!*"

"It is like fairy-land!" said Feodosia.

After dinner came the famous jewel-game, for the children. An old woman brought in a deep dish full of clean water. Another brought in bread and salt and three bits of charcoal. Then all the boys and girls took off their rings, chains, and bracelets, dropped them into the water, and, as they did so, they sang:

"May the bread and the salt live a thousand years! *Slava!*  
May our Emperor live still longer! *Slava!*"

And then the old woman stirred the jewels in the water, and covered the dish with a napkin. Now, there are many songs for this game: one foretells good fortune; a second, a journey; a third, sickness; others, wealth, honor, good marriage, misfortunes, etc. These songs are each one written on a separate card, and the old woman lifts a jewel and draws a card at random. The song it calls for is then sung, and it is said to prophesy the fate of the owner of whatever jewel is lifted with it; and while the ring is put on again, or the bracelet clasped, all chant the chorus:

"To her for whom we have sung it, may it turn good!  
She who has missed it, must do without it;  
Must do without it.—This can not fail."

At length the old woman said, "I have lifted a card. Now let our gracious Princess Feodosia predict a great and happy marriage"; and Feodosia sang:

"I saw a sparrow-hawk fly from one lane. *Slava!*  
And a little dove fly out from another. *Slava!*  
They flew to each other and embraced each other. *Slava!*  
Embraced each other with their light, blue wings. *Slava!*  
And the sparrow-hawk and dove, they builded,  
So happily together. *Slava!*"

And lo! Feodosia had prophesied for herself, and while they clasped her locket round her throat they sang:

"To her for whom we have sung it, may it turn good! *Slava!*"

Thus in charming games, in dances, and song, they passed the time; but Feodosia was always thinking, "Perhaps my father and mother will come to-day!—perhaps this very hour!"

On the eve of Epiphany, the girls were talking of the wonderful things said to happen during that holy time. For then, according to Russian belief, Christ walks on the earth and gives to the sorrowful, comfort, and to the wicked, an opportunity to repent. "My uncle Volnoff was a great miser," said little Elizabeth Jelko; "and on the sixth holy night, he met an old man who said, 'Stay, for Christ's sake, and give me a kopeck.' And Volnoff felt pitiful, and answered, 'For Christ's sake, then, take this silver rouble.' Then Volnoff saw for a moment a face like an angel's, and he knew the Christ had spoken to him."

And each girl had some story of the same kind to tell. One knew a cruel noble who had suddenly taken pity on a miserable slave-child, and had found it to be the Christ.

And it was on the eve of the Epiphany, and the girls were singing their parting song:

"O stars! stars! dear little stars!  
All ye, O stars, are the fair children,  
Ruddy and white, of one mother!  
Sent forth through the christened world,  
Dispensers of happiness!"

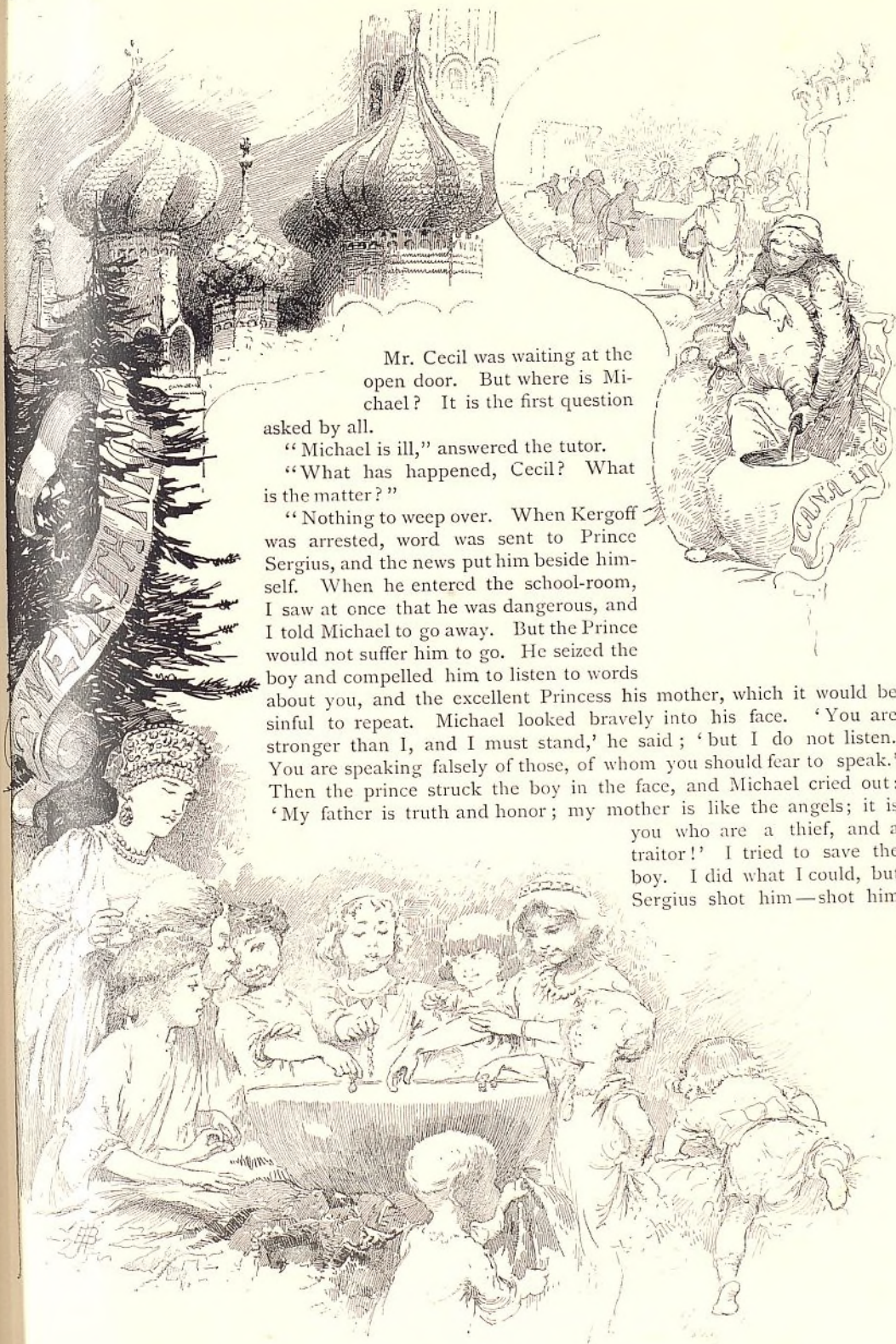
Suddenly some one called "Feodosia!" And she ran toward the call, and saw Count Vasil embracing a man covered with furs, and the countess kissing and crying over a lady whom Feodosia knew at once to be her mother. In a moment she was in her father's arms, she was on her mother's breast, and heard them calling her the sweet, pet names that all girls love.

The prince and princess had gone first to St. Petersburg, to pay their duty to the Czar; and now, having seen their daughter, they were anxious to reach home. For they had heard in St. Petersburg that Prince Sergius had fled from justice; and it was also rumored that he had shot a servant or some one of his household before his flight.

Before midnight they were driving furiously over the frozen plain between Moscow and Bazaroff, and, by the middle of the day, they once more reached their home.

\* A Russian word corresponding to the English words "Glory" or "Hallelujah."





Mr. Cecil was waiting at the open door. But where is Michael? It is the first question asked by all.

"Michael is ill," answered the tutor.

"What has happened, Cecil? What is the matter?"

"Nothing to weep over. When Kergoff was arrested, word was sent to Prince Sergius, and the news put him beside himself. When he entered the school-room, I saw at once that he was dangerous, and I told Michael to go away. But the Prince would not suffer him to go. He seized the boy and compelled him to listen to words about you, and the excellent Princess his mother, which it would be sinful to repeat. Michael looked bravely into his face. 'You are stronger than I, and I must stand,' he said; 'but I do not listen. You are speaking falsely of those, of whom you should fear to speak.' Then the prince struck the boy in the face, and Michael cried out: 'My father is truth and honor; my mother is like the angels; it is you who are a thief, and a traitor!' I tried to save the boy. I did what I could, but Sergius shot him—shot him.



three times. The sleigh was at the door. It was the villain's last act before he went away."

"And what has been done?"

"Everything. I sent to Moscow for Dr. Livadin; —the boy has suffered, but is doing well."

"Come, let us go to him"; and in a few minutes they were all at Michael's bedside. His pale face was transfigured with joy; his weary head was at last on his mother's breast; his father was clasping his hands, and crying with mingled tears of pride and of love. And, oh, what sweet confidences he had with Feodosia. What great plans Michael made for the future!

He has realized all he hoped. Behind the fiery

bastions of the Crimea, he thrice won his promotion. And if any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS go to Petersburg, and see, at some great military review, a general clad in white and gold, towering above all other men, with blue eyes flashing like an eagle's, and a face full of sweetness and strength —that is General Michael Bazaroff, the friend of his Emperor, the idol of his soldiers, the beloved of all who know him.

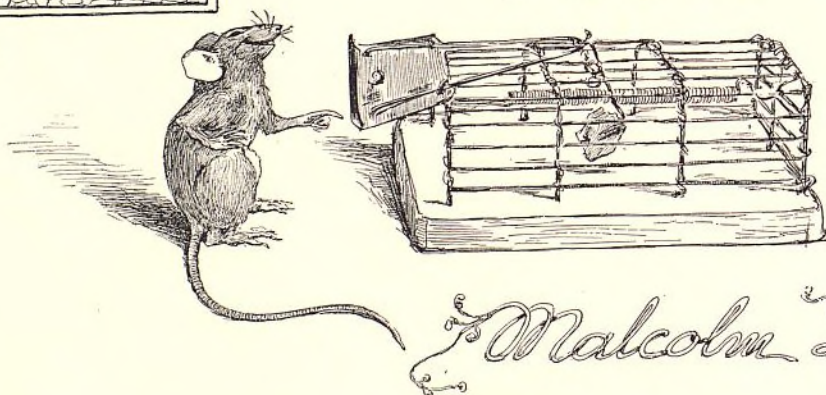
As for Feodosia, she became a great princess; but often in the winter nights, when the snow fell and the arctic cold was cruel, she would tell her children, in words of pity and horror, of the wicked Prince Sergius, whom no one ever saw again.



52

# Timid Little Woman

by



Malcolm Douglas

THOUGH as harmless as could be —  
He was just a mouse, you see —  
He would give the little woman such a fright  
That, though tucked away in bed,  
With the covers o'er her head,  
She could never get a wink of sleep all night.

When her husband heard a squeak,  
He would tell her, and she'd peek,  
With her dainty little night-cap all awry;  
After which, o'ercome with fear,  
She would quickly disappear  
'Neath the covers, with a terrified "Oh, my!"





So one day, to rid the house  
Of the horrid little mouse,  
Her husband in a cornet did invest;  
And that night, upon a chair  
With his feet high in the air,  
He practiced all the latest tunes with zest.

And, though his little wife,  
Who'd been deaf, all through her life,  
Said she did n't mind at all to hear him play,  
Yet the mouse, without regret,  
O'er the cupboard put "To Let,"  
And next morning all the neighbors moved away!





# SARA CREWE; OR, WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## PART III.

SARA could not even imagine a being charming enough to fill her grand ideal of her mysterious benefactor. If she tried to make in her mind a picture of him or her, it ended by being something glittering and strange—not at all like a real person, but bearing resemblance to a sort of Eastern magician, with long robes and a wand. And when she fell asleep, beneath the soft white blanket, she dreamed all night of this magnificent personage, and talked to him in Hindustani, and made salaams to him.

Upon one thing she was determined. She would not speak to any one of her good fortune—it should be her own secret; in fact, she was rather inclined to think that if Miss Minchin knew, she would take her treasures from her or in some way spoil her pleasure. So when she went down the next morning she shut her door very tight and did her best to look as if nothing unusual had occurred. And yet this was rather hard, because she could not help remembering, every now and then, with a sort of start, and her heart would beat quickly every time she repeated to herself, "I have a friend!"

It was a friend who evidently meant to continue to be kind, for when she went to her garret the next night—and she opened the door, it must be confessed, with rather an excited feeling—she found that the same hands had been again at work and had done even more than before. The fire and the supper were again there, and beside them a number of other things which so altered the look of the garret that Sara quite lost her breath. A piece of bright, strange, heavy cloth covered the battered mantel, and on it some ornaments had been placed. All the bare, ugly things which could be covered with draperies had been concealed and made to look quite pretty. Some odd materials in rich colors had been fastened against the walls with fine sharp tacks—so sharp that they could be pressed into the wood without hammering. Some brilliant fans were pinned up, and there were several large cushions. A long old wooden box was covered with a rug, and some cushions lay on it, so that it wore quite the air of a sofa.

Sara simply sat down, and looked, and looked again.

"It is exactly like something fairy come true," she said; "there is n't the least difference. I feel as if I might wish for anything,—diamonds and bags of gold,—and they would appear! *That* could n't be any stranger than this. Is this my garret? Am I the same cold, ragged, damp Sara? And to think how I used to pretend, and pretend, and wish there were fairies! The one thing I always wanted was to see a fairy story come true. I am *living* in a fairy story! I feel as if I might be a fairy myself, and be able to turn things into anything else!"

It was like a fairy story, and, what was best of all, it continued. Almost every day something new was done to the garret. Some new comfort or ornament appeared in it when Sara opened her door at night, until actually, in a short time, it was a bright little room, full of all sorts of odd and luxurious things. And the magician had taken care that the child should not be hungry, and that she should have as many books as she could read. When she left the room in the morning the remains of her supper were on the table, and when she returned in the evening, the magician had removed them, and left another nice little meal. Downstairs Miss Minchin was as cruel and insulting as ever,—Mrs. Amelia was as peevish, and the servants were as vulgar. Sara was sent on errands and scolded, and driven hither and thither, but somehow it seemed as if she could bear it all. The delightful sense of romance and mystery lifted her above the cook's temper and malice. The comfort she enjoyed and could always look forward to was making her stronger. If she came home from her errands wet and tired, she knew she would soon be warm, after she had climbed the stairs. In a few weeks she began to look less thin. A little color came into her cheeks, and her eyes did not seem much too big for her face.

It was just when this was beginning to be so apparent that Miss Minchin sometimes stared at her questioningly, that another wonderful thing happened. A man came to the door and left several parcels. All were addressed (in large letters) to "the little girl in the attic." Sara herself was sent



to open the door and she took them in. She laid the two largest parcels down on the hall-table and was looking at the address, when Miss Minchin came down the stairs.

"Take the things upstairs to the young lady to whom they belong," she said. "Don't stand there staring at them."

"They belong to me," answered Sara, quietly.

"To you!" exclaimed Miss Minchin. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know where they come from," said Sara, "but they're addressed to me."

Miss Minchin came to her side and looked at them with an excited expression.

"What is in them?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said Sara.

"Open them!" she demanded, still more excitedly.

Sara did as she was told. They contained pretty and comfortable clothing,—clothing of different kinds; shoes and stockings and gloves, a warm coat, and even an umbrella. On the pocket of the coat was pinned a paper on which was written, "To be worn every day—will be replaced by others when necessary."

Miss Minchin was quite agitated. This was an incident which suggested strange things to her sordid mind. Could it be that she had made a mistake after all and that the child so neglected and so unkindly treated by her had some powerful friend in the background? It would not be very pleasant if there should be such a friend, and he or she should learn all the truth about the thin, shabby clothes, the scant food, the hard work. She felt very queer indeed and uncertain, and she gave a side-glance at Sara.

"Well," she said, in a voice such as she had never used since the day the child lost her father—"well, some one is very kind to you. As you have the things and are to have new ones when they are worn out, you may as well go and put them on and look respectable; and after you are dressed, you may come downstairs and learn your lessons in the school-room."

So it happened that, about half an hour afterward, Sara struck the entire school-room of pupils dumb with amazement, by making her appearance in a costume such as she had never worn since the change of fortune whereby she ceased to be a show-pupil and a parlor-boarder. She scarcely seemed to be the same Sara. She was neatly dressed in a pretty gown of warm browns and reds, and even her stockings and slippers were nice and dainty.

"Perhaps some one has left her a fortune," one of the girls whispered. "I always thought something would happen to her. She is so queer."

That night, when Sara went to her room, she

carried out a plan she had been devising for some time. She wrote a note to her unknown friend. It ran as follows:

"I hope you will not think it is not polite that I should write this note to you when you wish to keep yourself a secret, but I do not mean to be impolite, or to try to find out at all, only I want to thank you for being so kind to me—so beautiful kind, and making everything like a fairy story. I am so grateful to you and I am so happy! I used to be so lonely and cold and hungry and now, oh, just think what you have done for me! Please let me say just these words. It seems as if I ought to say them. *Thank you—thank you—thank you!*

THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE ATTIC."

The next morning she left this on the little table, and it was taken away with the other things; so she felt sure the magician had received it, and she was happier for the thought.

A few nights later a very odd thing happened. She found something in the room which she certainly would never have expected. When she came in as usual, she saw something small and dark in her chair,—an odd, tiny figure, which turned toward her a little weird-looking, wistful face.

"Why, it's the monkey!" she cried. "It is the Indian Gentleman's monkey! Where can he have come from!"

It was the monkey, sitting up and looking so like a mite of a child that it really was quite pathetic; and very soon Sara found out how he happened to be in her room. The skylight was open, and it was easy to guess that he had crept out of his master's garret-window, which was only a few feet away and perfectly easy to get in and out of, even for a climber less agile than a monkey. He had probably climbed to the garret on a tour of investigation, and, getting out upon the roof, and being attracted by the light in Sara's attic, had crept in. At all events this seemed quite reasonable, and there he was; and when Sara went to him, he actually put out his queer, elfish little hands, caught her dress, and jumped into her arms.

"Oh, you queer, poor, ugly, foreign little thing!" said Sara, caressing him. "I can't help liking you. You look like a sort of baby, but I am so glad you are not, because your mother could not be proud of you, and nobody would dare to say you were like any of your relations. But I do like you; you have such a forlorn little look in your face. Perhaps you are sorry you are so ugly, and it's always on your mind. I wonder if you have a mind?"

The monkey sat and looked at her while she talked, and seemed much interested in her remarks, if one could judge by his eyes and his forehead, and the way he moved his head up and down, and held it sideways and scratched it with his little hand. He examined Sara quite seriously, and anxiously, too. He felt the stuff of her dress, touched her hands, climbed up and examined her



ears, and then sat on her shoulder holding a lock of her hair, looking mournful but not at all agitated. Upon the whole, he seemed pleased with Sara.

"But I must take you back," she said to him, "though I'm sorry to have to do it. Oh, the company you *would* be to a person!"

She lifted him from her shoulder, set him on her knee, and gave him a bit of cake. He sat and nibbled it, and then put his head on one side, looked at her, wrinkled his forehead, and then nibbled again, in the most companionable manner.

"But you must go home," said Sara at last; and she took him in her arms to carry him downstairs. Evidently he did not want to leave the room, for as they reached the door he clung to her neck and gave a little scream of anger.

"You must n't be an ungrateful monkey," said Sara. "You ought to be fondest of your own family. I am sure the Lascar is good to you."

Nobody saw her on her way out, and very soon she was standing on the Indian Gentleman's front steps, and the Lascar had opened the door for her.

"I found your monkey in my room," she said in Hindustani. "I think he got in through the window."

The man began a rapid outpouring of thanks; but, just as he was in the midst of them, a fretful, hollow voice was heard through the open door of the nearest room. The instant he heard it the Lascar disappeared, and left Sara still holding the monkey.

It was not many moments, however, before he came back bringing a message. His master had told him to bring Miss into the library. The Sahib was very ill, but he wished to see Missy.

Sara thought this odd, but she remembered reading stories of Indian gentlemen who, having no constitutions, were extremely cross and full of whims, and who must have their own way. So she followed the Lascar.

When she entered the room the Indian Gentleman was lying on an easy chair, propped up with pillows. He looked frightfully ill. His yellow face was thin, and his eyes were hollow. He gave Sara a rather curious look—it was as if she wakened in him some anxious interest.

"You live next door?" he said.

"Yes," answered Sara. "I live at Miss Minchin's."

"She keeps a boarding-school?"

"Yes," said Sara.

"And you are one of her pupils?"

Sara hesitated a moment.

"I don't know exactly what I am," she replied.

"Why not?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

The monkey gave a tiny squeak, and Sara stroked him.

"At first," she said, "I was a pupil and a parlor-boarder; but now——"

"What do you mean by 'at first'?" asked the Indian Gentleman.

"When I was first taken there by my papa."

"Well, what has happened since then?" said the invalid, staring at her and knitting his brows with a puzzled expression.

"My papa died," said Sara. "He lost all his money, and there was none left for me—and there was no one to take care of me or pay Miss Minchin, so——"

"So you were sent up into the garret, and neglected, and made into a half-starved little drudge!" put in the Indian Gentleman. "That is about it, is n't it?"

The color deepened on Sara's cheeks.

"There was no one to take care of me, and no money," she said. "I belong to nobody."

"What did your father mean by losing his money?" said the gentleman, fretfully.

The red in Sara's cheeks grew deeper, and she fixed her odd eyes on the yellow face.

"He did not lose it himself," she said. "He had a friend he was fond of, and it was his friend who took his money. I don't know how. I don't understand. He trusted his friend too much."

She saw the invalid start—the strangest start—as if he had been suddenly frightened. Then he spoke nervously and excitedly:

"That's an old story," he said. "It happens every day; but sometimes those who are blamed—those who do the wrong—don't intend it, and are not so bad. It may happen through a mistake—a miscalculation; they may not be so bad."

"No," said Sara, "but the suffering is just as bad for the others. It killed my papa."

The Indian Gentleman pushed aside some of the gorgeous wraps that covered him.

"Come a little nearer, and let me look at you," he said.

His voice sounded very strange; it had a more nervous and excited tone than before. Sara had an odd fancy that he was half afraid to look at her. She came and stood nearer, the monkey clinging to her and watching his master anxiously over his shoulder.

The Indian Gentleman's hollow, restless eyes fixed themselves on her.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes; I can see it. Tell me your father's name."

"His name was Ralph Crewe," said Sara. "Captain Crewe. Perhaps,"—a sudden thought flashing upon her,— "perhaps you may have heard of him? He died in India."



The Indian Gentleman sank back upon his pillows. He looked very weak, and seemed out of breath.

"Yes," he said, "I knew him. I was his friend. I meant no harm. If he had only lived he would have known. It turned out well after all. He was a fine young fellow. I was fond of him. I will make it right. Call—call the man."

Sara thought he was going to die. But there was no need to call the Lascar. He must have been waiting at the door. He was in the room and by his master's side in an instant. He seemed to know what to do. He lifted the drooping head, and gave the invalid something in a small glass. The Indian Gentleman lay panting for a few minutes, and then he spoke in an exhausted but eager voice, addressing the Lascar in Hindustani:

"Go for Carmichael," he said. "Tell him to come here at once. Tell him I have found the child!"

When Mr. Carmichael arrived (which occurred in a very few minutes, for it turned out that he was no other than the father of the Large Family across the street), Sara went home, and was allowed to take the monkey with her. She certainly did not sleep very much that night, though the monkey behaved beautifully, and did not disturb her in the least. It was not the monkey that kept her awake—it was her thoughts, and her wonders as to what the Indian Gentleman had meant when he said, "Tell him I have found the child." "What child?" Sara kept asking herself. "I was the only child there; but how had he found me, and why did he want to find me? And what is he going to do, now I am found? Is it something about my papa? Do I belong to somebody? Is he one of my relations? Is something going to happen?"

But she found out the very next day, in the morning; and it seemed that she had been living in a story even more than she had imagined. First Mr. Carmichael came and had an interview with Miss Minchin. And it appeared that Mr. Carmichael, besides occupying the important situation of father to the Large Family, was a lawyer, and had charge of the affairs of Mr. Carrisford,—which was the real name of the Indian Gentleman,—and, as Mr. Carrisford's lawyer, Mr. Carmichael had come to explain something curious to Miss Minchin regarding Sara. But, being the father of the Large Family, he had a very kind and fatherly feeling for children; and so, after seeing Miss Minchin alone, what did he do but go and bring across the square his rosy, motherly, warm-hearted wife, so that she herself might talk to the little lonely girl, and tell her everything in the best and most motherly way.

And then Sara learned that she was to be a poor little drudge and outcast no more, and that a great change had come in her fortunes; for all

the lost fortune had come back to her, and a great deal had even been added to it. It was Mr. Carrisford who had been her father's friend, and who had made the investments which had caused him the apparent loss of his money; but it had so happened that after poor young Captain Crewe's death, one of the investments which had seemed at the time the very worst, had taken a sudden turn, and proved to be such a success that it had been a mine of wealth, and had more than doubled the Captain's lost fortune, as well as making a fortune for Mr. Carrisford himself. But Mr. Carrisford had been very unhappy. He had truly loved his poor, handsome, generous young friend, and the knowledge that he had caused his death had weighed upon him always, and broken both his health and spirit. The worst of it had been that, when first he thought himself and Captain Crewe ruined, he had lost courage and gone away because he was not brave enough to face the consequences of what he had done, and so he had not even known where the young soldier's little girl had been placed. When he wanted to find her, and make restitution, he could discover no trace of her; and the certainty that she was poor and friendless somewhere had made him more miserable than ever. When he had taken the house next to Miss Minchin's, he had been so ill and wretched that he had for the time given up the search. His troubles and the Indian climate had brought him almost to death's door—indeed, he had not expected to live more than a few months. And then one day the Lascar had told him about Sara's speaking Hindustani, and gradually he had begun to take a sort of interest in the forlorn child, though he had only caught a glimpse of her once or twice; and he had not connected her with the child of his friend, perhaps, because he was too languid to think much about anything. But the Lascar had found out something of Sara's unhappy little life, and about the garret. One evening he had actually crept out of his own garret-window and looked into hers, which was a very easy matter, because, as I have said, it was only a few feet away—and he had told his master what he had seen, and in a moment of compassion the Indian Gentleman had told him to take into the wretched little room such comforts as he could carry from the one window to the other. And the Lascar, who had developed an interest in and an odd fondness for the child who had spoken to him in his own tongue, had been pleased with the work; and, having the silent swiftness and agile movements of many of his race, he had made his evening journeys across the few feet of roof from garret-window to garret-window, without any trouble at all. He had watched Sara's move-



ments until he knew exactly when she was absent from her room and when she returned to it, and so he had been able to calculate the best times for his work. Generally he had made them in the dusk of the evening, but once or twice when he had seen her go out on errands, he had dared to go over in the daytime, being quite sure that the garret was never entered by any one but herself. His pleasure in the work and his reports of the results had added to the invalid's interest in it, and sometimes the master had found the planning gave him something to think of, which made him almost forget his weariness and pain. And at last, when Sara brought home the truant monkey, he had felt a wish to see her, and then her likeness to her father had done the rest.

"And now, my dear," said good Mrs. Carmichael, patting Sara's hand, "all your troubles are over, I am sure, and you are to come home with me and be taken care of as if you were one of my own little girls; and we are so pleased to think of having you with us until everything is settled, and Mr. Carrisford is better. The excitement of last night has made him very weak, but we really think he will get well, now that such a load is taken from his mind. And when he is stronger, I am sure he will be as kind to you as your own papa would have been. He has a very good heart, and he is fond of children—and he has no family at all. But we must make you happy and rosy, and you must learn to play and run about, as my little girls do—"

"As your little girls do?" said Sara. "I wonder if I could. I used to watch them and wonder what it was like. Shall I feel as if I belonged to somebody?"

"Ah, my love, yes!—yes!" said Mrs. Carmichael; "dear me, yes!" And her motherly blue eyes grew quite moist, and she suddenly took Sara in her arms and kissed her. That very night, before she went to sleep, Sara had made the acquaintance of the entire Large Family, and such excitement as she and the monkey had caused in that joyous circle could hardly be described. There was not a child in the nursery, from the Eton boy who was the eldest, to the baby who was the youngest, who had not laid some offering on her shrine. All the older ones knew something of her wonderful story. She had been born in India; she had been poor and lonely and unhappy, and had lived in a garret and been treated unkindly; and now she was to be rich and happy, and to be taken care of. They were so sorry for her, and so delighted and curious about her, all at once. The girls wished to be with her constantly, and the little boys wished to be told about India; the second baby, with the short round legs, simply sat and

stared at her and the monkey, possibly wondering why she had not brought a hand-organ with her.

"I shall certainly wake up presently," Sara kept saying to herself. "This one must be a dream. The other one turned out to be real; but this *could n't* be. But, oh! how happy it is!"

And even when she went to bed, in the bright, pretty room not far from Mrs. Carmichael's own, and Mrs. Carmichael came and kissed her and patted her and tucked her in cozily, she was not sure that she would not wake up in the garret in the morning.

"And oh, Charles, dear," Mrs. Carmichael said to her husband, when she went downstairs to him, "we must get that lonely look out of her eyes! It is n't a child's look at all. I could n't bear to see it in one of my own children. What the poor little love must have had to bear, in that dreadful woman's house! But, surely, she will forget it in time."

But though the lonely look passed away from Sara's face, she never quite forgot the garret at Miss Minchin's; and, indeed, she always liked to remember the wonderful night when the tired Princess crept upstairs, cold and wet, and opening the door found fairy-land waiting for her. And there was no one of the many stories she was always being called upon to tell in the nursery of the Large Family, which was more popular than that particular one; and there was no one of whom the Large Family were so fond as of Sara. Mr. Carrisford did not die, but recovered, and Sara went to live with him; and no real princess could have been better taken care of than she was. It seemed that the Indian Gentleman could not do enough to make her happy, and to repay her for the past; and the Lascar was her devoted slave. As her odd little face grew brighter, it grew so pretty and interesting that Mr. Carrisford used to sit and watch it many an evening, as they sat by the fire together.

They became great friends, and they used to spend hours reading and talking together; and, in a very short time, there was no pleasanter sight to the Indian Gentleman than Sara sitting in her big chair on the opposite side of the hearth, with a book on her knee and her soft dark hair tumbling over her warm cheeks. She had a pretty habit of looking up at him suddenly, with a bright smile, and then he would often say to her:

"Are you happy, Sara?"

And then she would answer:

"I feel like a real princess, Uncle Tom."

He had told her to call him Uncle Tom.

"There does n't seem to be anything left to suppose," she added.

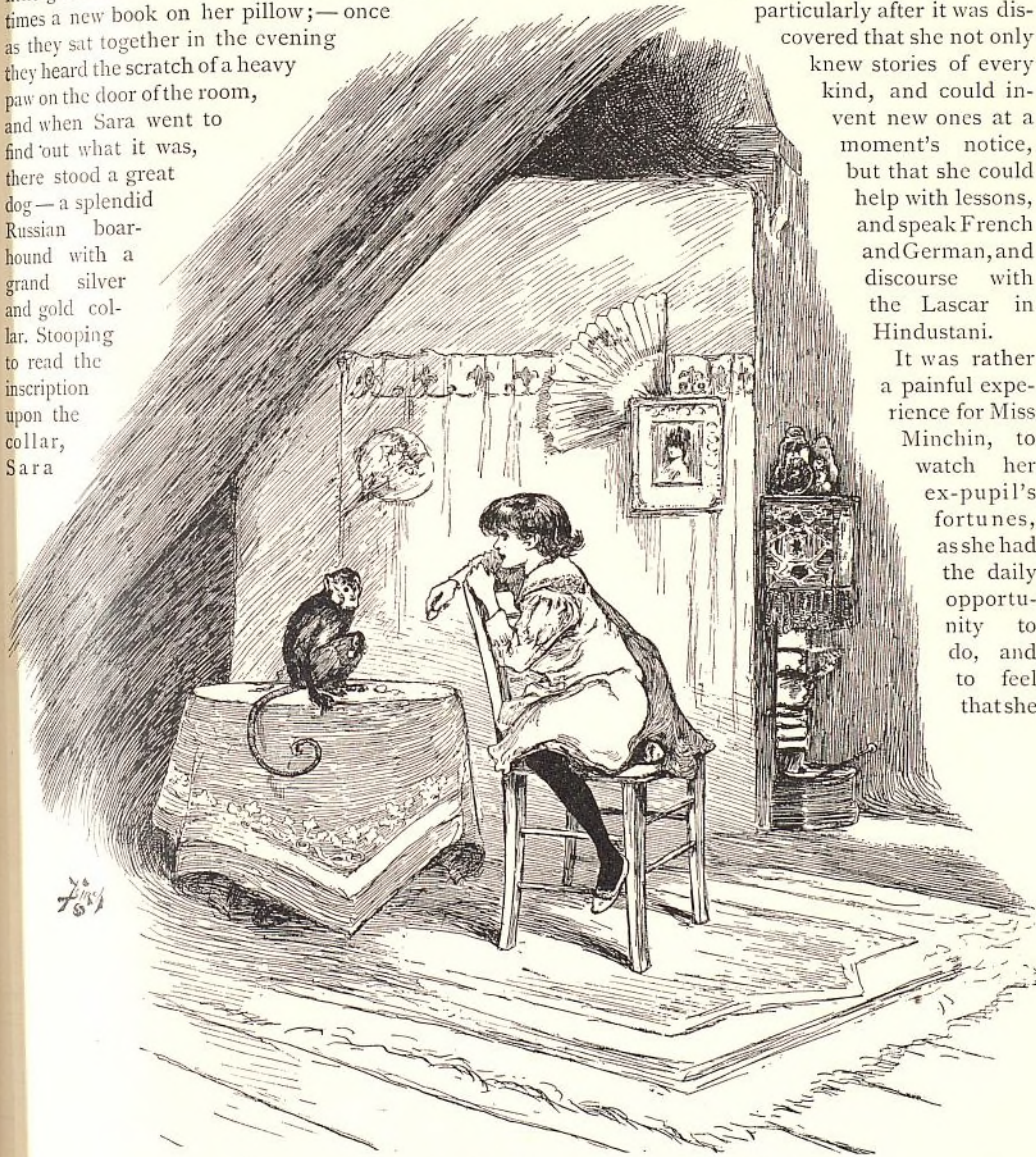
There was a little joke between them that he was a magician, and so could do anything he liked;



and it was one of his pleasures to invent plans to surprise her with enjoyments she had not thought of. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not do something new for her. Sometimes she found new flowers in her room; sometimes a fanciful little gift tucked into some odd corner; sometimes a new book on her pillow;—once as they sat together in the evening they heard the scratch of a heavy paw on the door of the room, and when Sara went to find out what it was, there stood a great dog—a splendid Russian boarhound with a grand silver and gold collar. Stooping to read the inscription upon the collar, Sara

as fond of the Large Family as they were of her. She soon felt as if she was a member of it, and the companionship of the healthy, happy children was very good for her. All the children rather looked up to her and regarded her as the cleverest and most brilliant of creatures—particularly after it was discovered that she not only knew stories of every kind, and could invent new ones at a moment's notice, but that she could help with lessons, and speak French and German, and discourse with the Lascar in Hindustani.

It was rather a painful experience for Miss Minchin, to watch her ex-pupil's fortunes, as she had the daily opportunity to do, and to feel that she



"THE MONKEY SEEMED MUCH INTERESTED IN HER REMARKS."

was delighted to read the words: "I am Boris; I serve the Princess Sara."

Then there was a sort of fairy nursery arranged for the entertainment of the juvenile members of the Large Family, who were always coming to see Sara and the Lascar and the monkey. Sara was

had made a serious mistake, from a business point of view. She had even tried to retrieve it by suggesting that Sara's education should be continued under her care, and had gone to the length of making an appeal to the child herself.

"I have always been very fond of you," she said.



Then Sara fixed her eyes upon her and gave her one of her odd looks.

"Have you?" she answered.

"Yes," said Miss Minchin. "Amelia and I have always said you were the cleverest child we had with us, and I am sure we could make you happy—as a parlor boarder."

Sara thought of the garret and the day her ears were boxed,—and of that other day, that dreadful, desolate day when she had been told that she belonged to nobody; that she had no home and no friends,—and she kept her eyes fixed on Miss Minchin's face.

"You know why I would not stay with you," she said.

And it seems probable that Miss Minchin did, for after that simple answer she had not the boldness to pursue the subject. She merely sent in a bill for the expense of Sara's education and support, and she made it quite large enough. And because Mr. Carrisford thought Sara would wish it paid, it was paid. When Mr. Carmichael paid it he had a brief interview with Miss Minchin in which he expressed his opinion with much clearness and force; and it is quite certain that Miss Minchin did not enjoy the conversation.

Sara had been about a month with Mr. Carrisford, and had begun to realize that her happiness was not a dream, when one night the Indian Gentleman saw that she sat a long time with her cheek on her hand looking at the fire.

"What are you 'supposing,' Sara?" he asked. Sara looked up with a bright color on her cheeks.

"I was 'supposing,'" she said; "I was remembering that hungry day, and a child I saw."

"But there were a great many hungry days," said the Indian Gentleman, with a rather sad tone in his voice. "Which hungry day was it?"

"I forgot you did n't know," said Sara. "It was the day I found the things in my garret."

And then she told him the story of the bun-shop, and the fourpence, and the child who was hungrier than herself; and somehow as she told it, though she told it very simply indeed, the Indian Gentleman found it necessary to shade his eyes with his hand and look down at the floor.

"And I was 'supposing' a kind of plan," said Sara, when she had finished; "I was thinking I would like to do something."

"What is it?" said her guardian in a low tone. "You may do anything you like to do, Princess."

"I was wondering," said Sara,—“you know you say I have a great deal of money—and I was wondering if I could go and see the bun-woman and tell her that if, when hungry children—particularly on those dreadful days—come and sit on the steps or look in at the window, she would just

call them in and give them something to eat; she might send the bills to me and I would pay them—could I do that?"

"You shall do it to-morrow morning," said the Indian Gentleman.

"Thank you," said Sara; "you see I know what it is to be hungry, and it is very hard when one can't even *pretend* it away."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said the Indian Gentleman. "Yes, it must be. Try to forget it. Come and sit on this footstool near my knee, and only remember you are a princess."

"Yes," said Sara, "and I can give buns and bread to the Populace." And she went and sat on the stool, and the Indian Gentleman (he used to like her to call him that, too, sometimes,—in fact, very often) drew her small dark head down upon his knee and stroked her hair.

The next morning a carriage drew up before the door of the baker's shop, and a gentleman and a little girl got out,—oddly enough, just as the bun-woman was putting a tray of smoking hot buns into the window. When Sara entered the shop the woman turned and looked at her, and leaving the buns, came and stood behind the counter. For a moment she looked at Sara very hard indeed, and then her good-natured face lighted up.

"I'm that sure I remember you, miss," she said.

"And yet —"

"Yes," said Sara, "once you gave me six buns for fourpence, and —"

"And you gave five of 'em to a beggar-child," said the woman. "I've always remembered it. I could n't make it out at first. I beg pardon, sir, but there's not many young people that notices a hungry face in that way, and I've thought of it many a time. Excuse the liberty, miss, but you look rosier and better than you did that day."

"I am better, thank you," said Sara, "and—I am happier, and I have come to ask you to do something for me."

"Me, miss!" exclaimed the woman, "why, bless you, yes, miss! What can I do?"

And then Sara made her little proposal, and the woman listened to it with an astonished face.

"Why, bless me!" she said, when she had heard it all. "Yes, miss,—it'll be a pleasure to me to do it. I am a working woman, myself, and can't afford to do much on my own account, and there's sights of trouble on every side; but if you'll excuse me, I'm bound to say I've given many a bit of bread away since that wet afternoon, just along o' thinkin' of you. An' how wet an' cold you was an' how you looked,—an' yet you give away your hot buns as if you was a princess."

The Indian Gentleman smiled involuntarily, and Sara smiled a little too. "She looked so hun-



gry," she said. "She was hungrier than I was."  
 "She was starving," said the woman. "Many's  
 the time she's told me of it since—how she sat  
 there in the wet and felt as if a wolf was a-tearing  
 at her poor young insides."

"Oh, have you seen her since, then?" exclaimed  
 Sara. "Do you know where she is?"

She stepped to the door of the little back par-  
 lor and spoke; and the next minute a girl came  
 out and followed her behind the counter. And  
 actually it was the beggar-child, clean and neat-  
 ly clothed, and looking as if she had not been  
 hungry for a long time. She looked shy, but  
 she had a nice face, now that she was no longer



"HE DREW HER SMALL DARK HEAD DOWN UPON HIS KNEE AND STROKED HER HAIR."

"I know?" said the woman. "Why, she's in  
 that there back room now, miss, an' has been  
 for a month, an' a decent, well-meaning girl she's  
 going to turn out, an' such a help to me in the  
 day shop, an' in the kitchen, as you'd scarce  
 believe, knowing how she's lived."

a savage; and the wild look had gone from her  
 eyes. And she knew Sara in an instant, and  
 stood and looked at her as if she could never look  
 enough.

"You see," said the woman, "I told her to  
 come here when she was hungry, and when she'd



come I ' give her odd jobs to do, an' I found she was willing, an' somehow I got to like her; an' the end of it was I 've given her a place an' a home, an' she helps me, an' behaves as well, an' is as thankful as a girl can be. Her name 's Anne—she has no other."

The two children stood and looked at each other a few moments. In Sara's eyes a new thought was growing.

"I 'm glad you have such a good home," she

said. "Perhaps Mrs. Brown will let you give the buns and bread to the children—perhaps you would like to do it—because you know what it is to be hungry, too."

"Yes, miss," said the girl.

And somehow Sara felt as if she understood her, though the girl said nothing more, and only stood still and looked, and looked after her as she went out of the shop and got into the carriage and drove away.

THE END.



## Cupid's Kettledrum.

by Clara C. Collier

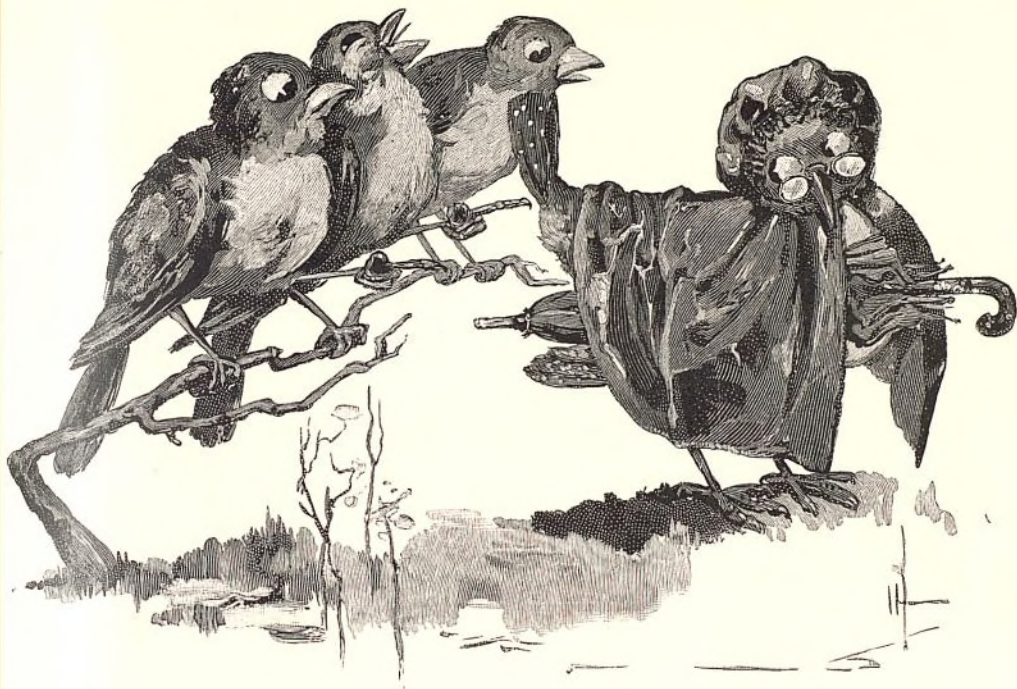


"OHO!" said Cupid, "I 've spoiled my pens,  
And inked my fingers and thumb!  
But I 've asked our friends, the robins and wrens,  
To our holiday dance to come."  
Then the merriest Love that floats,  
With the prettiest, curly head,  
Went off with a bundle of notes,  
Tied-up with a spider's thread.

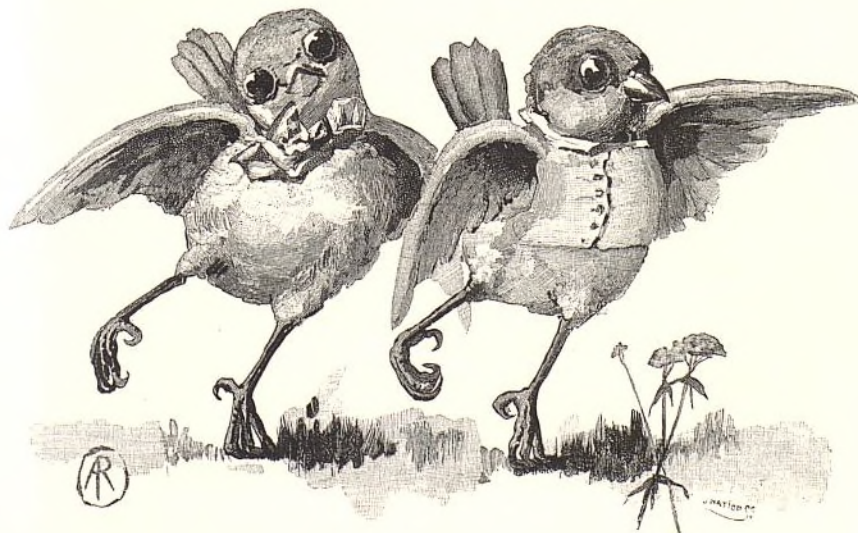
He knocked at each snug little nest,  
And he gave, with a bow, the line  
That carried the dainty request  
For the day of St. Valentine.  
The robins and wrens were invited,  
And accepted with accents delighted;  
The father-birds brushed their coats,  
The mother-birds strained their throats.  
—But the sparrows, alas! were slighted.

So they perched near Sir Cupid's door,  
And, with many a hoot and grin,  
They jibed at the guests going in  
And laughed at the wraps they wore.  
For robins were muffled in fur,  
Or in mantles old and plain;  
One fussy old wren wore a gossamer,  
She was "so afraid 't would rain."





Then the sparrows beheld with spite  
 How each Love, with a white rosette  
 Did the honors with bows polite,  
 Or danced in the minuet.  
 They scoffed when the robins hopped,  
 Or the wrens cut a pigeon-wing;  
 They laughed when the music stopped,  
 And the birds began to sing.

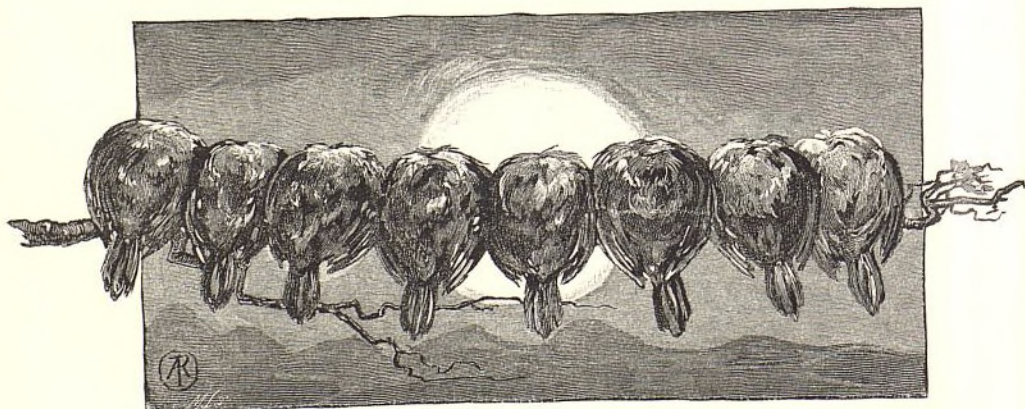






But, oh! when they saw them sup  
 On delicate, dainty fare,—  
 Drink dew from an acorn-cup,  
 Eat bay-berries ripe and rare,—  
 They vowed, with a vicious air,  
 They would break the party up  
 If the owl were only there!  
 Then they yawned that they did n't care,  
 And gazed with a silent stare.

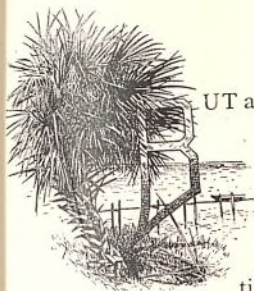
When the smiling red-faced sun  
 Looked in on the ball with surprise,  
 The dancers had only begun  
 To humor their sleepy eyes.  
 So they laughed when they saw by the door  
 A row of the fluffiest things!  
 Those sparrows were sneering no more.  
 They were silent!—asleep by the score,  
 With their heads tucked under their wings.





## DIAMOND-BACKS IN PARADISE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.



UT are there any 'diamond-backs' in Paradise?" I demanded of the good Herr Doctor.

"I have lived in Paradise seventeen years, and in that time have seen—just three," he made answer.

Now the "Paradise" of which I write is not beyond the Jordan, but on the Indian River, in Florida. It is the local name for the loveliest place to be found outside of Italy, and we had chosen it for our winter quarters.

On either side of that Paradise rolls a river,—the Banana on one hand, the Indian on the other,—and in front you have a little lagoon, or lake, which shuts you off from the great thoroughfare which the Indian River has ever been, and gives you a delightful sense of seclusion and security—a sort of a Robinson Crusoe feeling, without quite that interesting recluse's solitariness. The house stands on the crest of the rising ground—it could hardly be called a hill—between the two rivers; and from it, paths lead down to the shores of both, scarce two minutes' walk to either. Orange-trees,—there are no oranges in the world that equal those of the Indian River region, even the Maltese fruit paling its ineffectual juices in comparison,—guava, paw-paw, and India-rubber trees stretch—the last especially—on all sides. Butterflies of gorgeous hues, and winged creatures of the most brilliant plumage, bananas, sugar-cane, flowers of all colors, delicious jellies, all and everything that is supposable in Paradise may be found before your door—except forbidden fruit: for here no fruit is forbidden. The prevalence of serpents was to be expected, of course; hence the question with which I begin.

The "diamond-back" occurred to me, in connection with the story of the older Eden, as a probable drawback to all this luxury and loveliness. Perhaps if I say here that the "diamond-back" is scientifically known as *crotalus horridus*, you will know what I mean; perhaps you will not. Possibly my statement of that zoological fact will only make cold chills creep down your back to no purpose. For the name itself is appalling, and this perhaps

is the reason that the people of Florida, who wish to encourage immigration, merely allude to diamond-backs lightly and cheerfully as "rattlers." But there are "rattlers" and *rattlers*! The rattler of the North is more or less common; few have gone "huckleberrying" often, without encountering one. The better the ground and the day for finding berries, the better the chance for rattlesnakes, too. But a long stick always made a short end of *crotalus adamanteus* of northern New York; were the engagement with *crotalus horridus* of Florida, though, I should want an uncommonly long stick, and you might look with considerable certainty to find me at the extreme end of it. The common name by which this snake is known comes from the diamond pattern which Nature, ever liberal with her dyes and designs, has printed upon its back. Nothing could be neater or more becoming. And, so far as looks go, this *crotalus* is the handsomest and best dressed of his kind. But, since "handsome is that handsome does" only, the diamond-back is not generally admired in the circles wherein he moves, breathes, and principally has his being. And now you will perceive the importance of my question to the Herr Doctor.

Of other sorts of snakes, he, speaking for Paradise, confessed that there were plenty; indeed, he said that he "preserved" them,—that is, he interfered to prevent their destruction. Rats ate his sugar-cane, snakes ate the rats; and so the latter were regarded as his friends and coadjutors in planting. The more snakes, the more sugar. And snakes of the harmless sorts came, in consequence, to be as carefully respected in our Paradise as ibises, holy cats, or sacred bulls ever were in Egypt. There was, in particular, one—a huge black snake, which the good Doctor made a special pet. It had a haunt near the house, under a guava-tree, and many a trick we played on the truant if we found him somewhat distant from the hole which stood for his "home-base." We several times attempted to moor him by the tail. But one might as well try to lay hold of the end of a moonbeam to arrest the moving of its light, as attempt to grasp the equally elusive tail of this snake in the hope of staying his sinuous march. You were lucky, indeed, could you seize it at all; for



the swiftness with which these clean-heeled constrictors (not inappropriately known as "racers") get over the ground is something surprising. As you walk through the field, there is a rustle in the grass or brush at your feet; you *hear* a black flash, *see* a noise, as it were, and the next moment all is still. You look in vain for any trace or track of the terrestrial meteor. And, as for strength, if this black friend of the Doctor's once got but a few inches of his length inside the hole, no one man's strength could drag him back or hold him stationary.

Of "coach-whips" we had plenty, too. This is a slender, striped, gentlemanly-looking snake, that, to all outward appearances, would not for the world do anything mean or "crooked." Nevertheless, I once caught one of these demure fellows hiding a very young chicken within his buff vest.

The black-snake is a skillful climber, and his favorite climbing-pole is an evergreen. I have often seen one curled up like a knot on a branch, or lying snugly in the fork, just where the branch joins the tree, apparently asleep, possibly meditating. It might not be quite true to say that a black-snake is not rarer in a tree than a black-bird, but the only black-snake I ever dared to kill, in the face of the Doctor's prohibition, was in a tree—and up a tree, in this wicked wise: My son Karl and I, as we were butterfly-hunting one day, heard a bird making a terrible outcry. On reaching the underbrush whence the cries came, we found a mocking-bird fluttering about in the greatest distress. And if any bird can call for help in agonized tones, if any bird can vent imprecations upon the head of the destroyer of its home, it is surely the mocking-bird. Amid the tangle of leaves and vines, we were for the moment unable to discover the cause of the commotion; but Karl's young eyes were not long at a loss. There, in the crotch of a branch, lay the deftly constructed nest of the bird, and directly above, like an evil cloud from which forked lightning darted, we saw the wicked head of a great black-snake threateningly poised. Wound closely around the tree and of the color of the bark, the body of the snake might readily have been taken to be but a climbing vine. The cruelty of this snake's raid—or its seeming cruelty—exceeded anything I ever witnessed. It seemed impossible that any robber could remain unmoved by the terrible distress of the poor mother—that even the most cold-blooded of creatures could persist in the perpetration of its wickedness, undismayed by the harsh, discordant imprecations heaped upon it by the mocking-bird, usually most musical. But so far from entertaining any idea of abandoning its wicked work, or of relieving the mother-bird of her suspense by finishing it at

once, the snake seemed deliberately to delay the winding-up of the dreadful drama; whether to increase the tortures of the despairing parent or to tempt her within certain reach, I do not know.

But the truth of the proverb about the probability of a slip between cup and lip was confirmed by the ending of the affair. The vengeance so despairingly invoked by the agonized mother was not delayed. The handle of our butterfly-net was unshipped in less time than it takes to write the words, there was a swish in the air, and the long black folds relaxed their hold around the tree. Limp and lifeless, the body slipped sinuously to the ground.

But the bird never returned to its nest.

Even the Herr Doctor confessed that in this case I had done exactly right—but he first made certain that the snake I had killed was not his great black pet.

With yet another snake I had a personal interview. Annie, the Herr Doctor's daughter, was in the woods one day, looking for stray goslings, and hearing her call to us, we quickly ran to her. As beautiful a snake as ever you saw was "making itself scarce" as rapidly as it could. About thirty inches long, banded regularly with red, black, and yellow (Nature never makes a mistake in putting her colors together), this was a prize not lightly to be missed; and having no time to find a forked stick for its capture,—nor any knife to cut one with,—I caught the protesting reptile by the tail.

Thereafter "its wiggling was n't any good," as Karl said. Holding the captive at arm's-length, I carried it to the house. Not the least idea had I, all this time, that the snake was poisonous, though Annie declared that she had been told so by a gentleman, who was connected with the Smithsonian Institution, and who surely ought to know.

However, I took good care not to let the snake bite me—not from any fear of the result, but as a point of discipline. When it came to putting our prisoner into a bottle of alcohol, there was trouble; Annie wished us to first kill him, but one does n't like to bruise a fine specimen. Alcohol seemed an unfamiliar fluid—even this hardened reprobate shrank from it. He would put his head into the bottle without any objection, but as soon as he smelt the spirits, back he turned upon his length, and while half the body was being vigorously thrust in, the other half was as vigorously and more rapidly traveling out. Finally, however, we got him in, and the cork in, too—and he must have liked the quarters when he got used to them, for he has occupied them ever since. Now it may occur to you, as it since has occurred to me—though not a thought of it came to any one of us at the time—that our treatment of that snake was exceedingly

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A DIAMOND-BACK AT HOME.

cruel. So pretty a snake, too! Had it been a rabbit, or even a guinea-pig, we could never have treated it in that manner. But beauty counts for nothing, if the race be proscribed. And we subsequently learned that the creature was poisonous as well as pretty. One day, at St. Augustine, a naturalist informed us (and the statement is confirmed by a book issued by the Smithsonian Institution) that this same snake, the Coral, or Harlequin, snake, is really very poisonous,—a little less venomous than the rattlesnake perhaps, but sufficiently poisonous for all practical purposes. I do not recall all the other accomplishments attributed to my snake, but I remember distinctly that he is credited with “two permanently erect fangs,”—quite *too* permanently erect to make him desirable even as a temporary companion. Never again shall I attempt to catch—even by the tail—a snake of this or any other species.

The only other poisonous snake in Florida that I know of is the Moccason—sometimes spelled “moccasin,” and again, at greater length, *Trigonocephalus piscivorus*. If any of my readers, young or old, do not know what this means in English,

I, fresh from the Latin dictionary, am proud to be able to inform them that we are to understand it as saying that the moccason has a three-cornered head and is fond of fish. This being so, it is fortunate for him that he is an expert swimmer and diver, and we see why he becomes a frequenter of swamps and marshy places. Perhaps they are called moccasons because they are found under our feet, and are so likely to wrinkle and become uncomfortable if we walk on them much.

I have seen and shot many moccasons. In my tramps among the marshes and along the swampy shores of the Banana, after ducks, I never failed to take a shot at a moccason—no matter how scarce my ammunition—even at the risk of alarming better-flavored game. I must confess, indeed, to bearing malice toward the moccason; but I killed the first one in ignorance of what I was killing. It was on Lake Iammonia, in northern Florida, where Alice and I were spending a few days gunning and fishing. An old negro, whom folk down there called Uncle Peyton, was poling us for “blue-peters” (known to us of the North and to ornithology as “coots”) through or rather over a long



stretch of swamp,—Florida lakes generally are little more or less than swamps—when Alice called my attention to a curious-looking head, seemingly that of a young alligator, just visible above the muddy, weedy water. My eyes did not readily catch the object, and I impatiently demanded, “Where?” She pointed and held her finger within three inches of what might have been a brightly polished and glistening Brazil-nut; and she would have essayed the capture of whatever lay below had not the boat, still gliding on, carried us too far beyond. After sending a charge of shot back (to keep the thing there by “ballasting it with a little lead”), we poled back to the place and picked up a “swamp moccason” (popularly called “blunt-tail,” from the stumpiness of that part of his body). It was more than five feet in length. Lucky was it, indeed, that Uncle Peyton’s pole propelled Alice’s indexing hand beyond that fateful head!

But all this while I have been beguiled away from the tale I had more immediately in view when this writing began—a diamond-back’s!

One day I was floating around in the Banana, a few yards from shore—not for deer, nor for pleasure. I had gone out for a sail. But it was in one of those delightfully primitive “home-made” boats which abound on this river, and which sail equally well whether bow foremost or stern foremost. Equally well, I say, but their best is bad. This boat would not beat to windward at all, and I was too lazy to row.

I was waiting in the hope that an alligator or big turtle would perhaps obligingly tow me to the shore, when from the direction of the house there came a succession of sharp, ringing shots, evidently the reports of a rifle. And with these came the screams of children, the barking of a dog, and other evidences of an unusual commotion. This was, remember, on the third day after our arrival in the Land of Flowers. There were no Indians about, and it did not seem possible that the house could be besieged by bears; though, failing some such explanation as the presence of large game, I could not surmise what this rifle-fusillade meant. I attempted to pole to the shore, but it soon became evident that Harry’s boat was no more true to the pole than to her course in beating to windward; so, to solve the difficulty, I stepped overboard and waded ashore. The fun was all over by the time I came on the field; but there, in the path that led from house to river, lay a veritable diamond-back, dead; one bullet through his neck, his spine broken by another, and his tail lacerated by a third. It turned out that while the children, with “Fannie” (a favorite Gordon setter-dog), were running

down to the water, the dog—ahead, as usual—“pointed” at something in the grass, just out of the path. Hastening up, in the expectation of flushing a quail, or perhaps a rabbit, Dotty (my daughter, aged eight) found this big diamond-back on the alert and ready for business. As an armed pirate lights its battle-lanterns, clears its decks, and beats to quarters, so this terrible cruiser of the land had kindled his eyes into flame, disposed his body in a coil, and sprung his portentous rattle. Luckily, our “Dot,” who had visited museums in St. Augustine, well knew what all this meant, and prepared to beat a retreat, calling on “Fan” to follow. But that innocent creature, all unfamiliar with diamond-backs, had the curiosity of her sex, and invited a nearer approach to see if the thing were dangerous or not. So, as the snake was but a few feet off, and time was precious, and the story of Eve and Eden and the tempter too long to tell, “Dot” caught the dog by the tail, and dragged her up-hill and out of danger. Meanwhile, the alarm had been given at the house, and a gentleman, who happened to be at home, re-enforcing the party with a rifle, the reptile was soon dispatched. In measurement it fell short of seven feet by only one inch. And we all thought it a rather large snake to find within a hundred feet of our dwelling-house, and almost in the path that we daily traveled in going to and from the river. The Herr Doctor thought so, too; but, in his seventeen years on the place, he had seen but three diamond-backs, and these were miles from the house. Uncanny enough the great snake looked when hung up for skinning, but less formidable so than when coiled and rattling an alarm of death with every vibration of its tail. And you may be sure that during that night, and for several nights thereafter, I held my little girl very closely in my arms before we put her to bed, and that limits were promptly set to the children’s explorations of fields and groves.

As already stated, this was the third day after arrival at our lovely winter home. Thereafter, following the trail over to Georgiana—whither we went for letters—or threshing through the brush in quest of quail, I stepped very high indeed. Viewing me from a distance, one might have thought I walked on stilts. And I wore either the heaviest of canvas leggins or the stoutest of hunting-boots, even when hunting butterflies. If a rat stirred in the grass, I started and listened anxiously for a resumption of the “rattle.” But never a sign of a diamond-back did I see nor hear in all my tramping over Merritt’s Island,—and that I beat the brush well during my four months’ sojourn, my full bags of game fully attest. Nor did I meet any one else who had seen a diamond-

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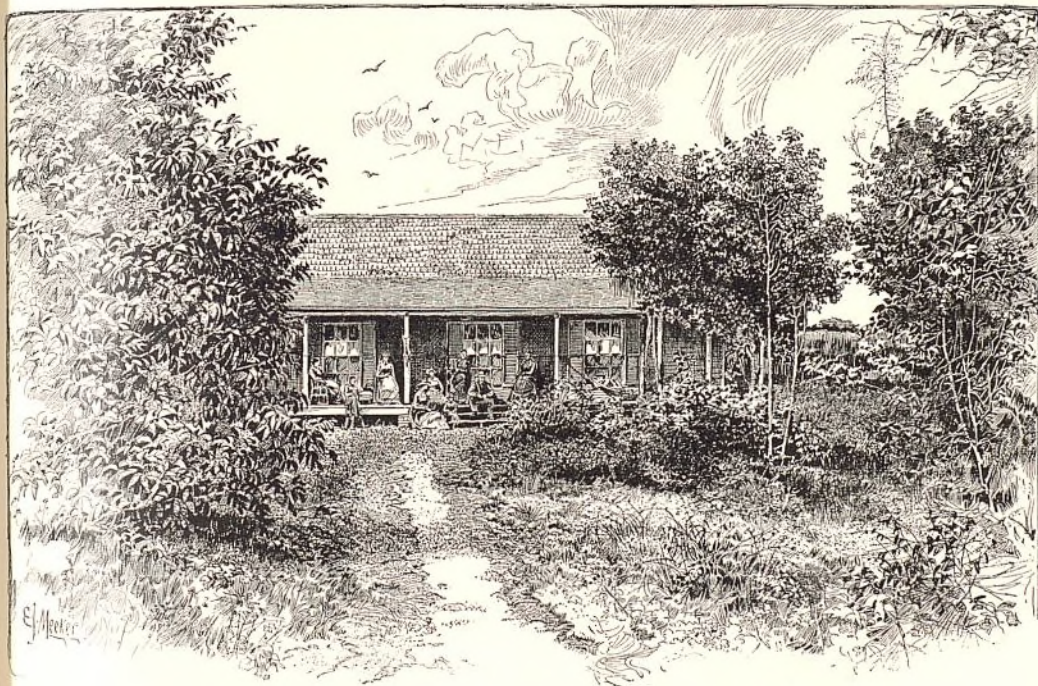


back—though all wished to meet one, or, at least, said that they did. We who lived at the Herr Doctor's were accounted singularly fortunate; it was held that our "rattler" was a show, a circus, a private exhibition gotten up by the Herr Doctor for the delectation of his guests; and that it could not be duplicated, because there were no more diamond-backs on the Island.

The nearest to a gratification of their curiosity that any resident of Georgiana got was when I one day went over for the mail, taking dog and gun along, as usual. The post-master's yard—which served, also, as garden—was but a blank space of white sand. Across this stretch of white, in strange

"out of sight, out of mind." Seeing none for months, they become as traditions, even to us at the Doctor's. Meanwhile, however, a sad story of a diamond-back came to us, brought by a tourist from the gulf-coast. It was as follows:

An elderly gentleman from New York was out near Punta Rassa, still-hunting for deer. He wore neither boots nor leggins, merely low shoes. After some dexterous maneuvering, he contrived to get within gun-shot of a deer. But, just as he was raising his rifle to his shoulder, he heard a rattle near him, and knew that another hunter was also taking aim. Without waiting to ascertain whence came the warning, or where the am-



OUR HOME IN FLORIDA—PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE INDIAN RIVER.

contrast to it, a tremendous black snake was galloping. Calling to the inmates of the house, who ran out in response to the clamorous barking set up by my dog, I inquired if they wished the snake killed. The answer was an eager affirmative. Very soon that snake was stretched out—and I must confess to a feeling of disappointment when I got home and found that it was *not* the Herr Doctor's big pet. For chickens were not very plentiful on our table, at best, and I always had a suspicion that the black monster got more than his share of the poultry. The Georgiana reptile was about the same size as the Doctor's delight, measuring some six feet in length. But as for diamond-backs:

bushed enemy lay, he instinctively stepped backward. And as he did so, the bolt was sped—he felt a sharp stab in the back of his leg, just below the bend of the knee. Knowing only too well what this meant, he turned and riddled the head of the snake—two good shots met that morning on that fatal piece of upland, near Punta Rassa. But the human duelist had but little to boast of. His guide, who came up when the shot was fired, sucked the wound, tied a handkerchief tightly above it to keep the venom from going into the circulation, and putting gunpowder upon, and *into*, the wound, ignited it. But all in vain. After lingering in great agony for a while, the poor gentleman died.



Judge B., a naturalist, a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution, a collector of land-taxes by official position, and of rattlesnakes and other snakes by inclination, was present, and heard the

he says, while the moccason will strike at anything—a stick, or a shadow—and strike all around it. It will strike at anything out of reach, not seeming to care whether it misses or not. The diamond-



THE PATH FROM THE HOUSE TO THE BANANA RIVER,—WHERE DOTTY MET THE DIAMOND-BACK.

story. By way, perhaps, of enlivening and cheering up the company, he spoke with a contempt he could hardly conceal of those who feared even diamond-backs. He had captured hundreds of them (in proof of which he referred to the collection at the Smithsonian Institution), and had handled them without injury. Given, a snake, a forked stick, and a bag, the fate of that snake was, with him, only a question of minutes—not many minutes, at that. A wiggle or two, and he had the wiggler in the bag. But to the deadliness of the diamond-back's fangs he bore ample testimony. "An excellent marksman, it seldom misses its aim,"

back, on the contrary, seems to mean business. "If you hold a stick toward him," said the Judge, "he does not strike at the stick—but at *you*. If you are not within range, he does not strike at all. If he does strike at you, the chances are nine to one that he scores a hit. And to be struck deeply, or near a large vein or artery, means death—death, in spite of aid or antidote."

The Judge further told us that he usually carried in his pocket-book, as a curiosity, a fang of the largest rattlesnake he had ever seen. He showed this one day to a friend, who handled it rather carelessly.

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"I warned him," said the Judge, "but he laughed, saying that once out of the snake's mouth the fang was but a bit of bone, and he offered to scratch his hand with it. I replied that his widow might have cause of complaint against me if I allowed him to experiment, and suggested that he try the fang on some small animal instead.

"He had a beautiful setter-dog. 'Here, Ponto!' he called. 'For mercy's sake! — try it on something you care less for,' I said.

"Too late! Ponto came at the call. But, instead of the expected caress, his master pricked

the mercury of the thermometer crawled down nearly to freezing-point, but only to speedily rebound. Green peas and most other vegetables, out of season in their greenness, throughout the winter.

Game of all sorts — provided you can bag it. And the plumed birds! I blush now to think of it, and them. But my heart was then steeled by the importunity of fair friends for blue herons to mount, pelican breasts for muffs, and egret plumes for their hats. One day Harry and I made an excursion up New Found Harbor — for plumed birds. In the large boat *Mineola*, we sailed as



IN THE MIDST OF OUR PARADISE.

his nose with the fang. Ponto whined and bounded off, taking it for a jest.

"But, in half an hour, he was dead!

"And if anybody would like to experiment, I have the fang still!" The Judge took out a white and glistening tooth and held it up for inspection. But no one even asked to see it more closely.

The winter passed, and a lovely winter it was. To see Nature in her rarest, loveliest moods, one should go to the Indian River. "Blizzards" and hail, here at the North; sunshine and oranges, there. An occasional "cold spell," perhaps, when

far as the water would permit, and then taking to our skiff, poled possibly four or five miles up the farther bayou. Alligators showed their great goggle-eyes on all sides of us, but we were after plumes, not skins. Ducks flew unheeded past, within easy reach, but we were not out for game. The wiliness, though, of the artful heron! In the spring of the year, when in full plumage, birds of the heron kind, you must know, are as careful of their fine feathers as ever a girl was of a "party-dress." Never, then, do they alight among weeds and rushes that would fray, nor in mire that would



draggle, their "trains." Off sandy points, that command the river for a mile up and down, or near the middle of the creek, where they can have an eye on all sides, they poise their lean bodies upon one leg, and keep solitary watch. At the first dip of a paddle, or the first glimpse of a boat's nose, away they go!—their long legs trailing behind them like banners, and their harsh voices squawking unmusical farewells. On this occasion, our trip was barren of satisfactory results. I got a couple of "snake-birds"—one of which came down from a great height in answer to the call of my little twelve-bore gun—a number of green herons, a few least bitterns, and some very fine grackle, for mounting; but the one great blue heron that we managed to secure was in poor plumage, and not worth the powder expended on it. So, rather tired, and very disappointed, we were returning home late in the evening, and it was already dark. At a bend in the river, we suddenly caught the sound of a great croaking and squawking near by.

"That's a lot of herons, roosting; let's find 'em," said Harry.

Anchoring the big boat, we put off in the skiff. Guided by the noise, we found ourselves near a small island. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but dozens of white ghosts seemed to be roosting in the mangroves, and the croaking was unmistakable. "One! two!! three!!!" and at the word, we fired! As a result, we gathered up fifteen white egrets, five small blue herons, and two Louisiana herons, all in the fullest and most perfect plumage. It was a piece of brutality, rather than sportsmanship, and I write out this humiliating confession by way of penance and as a warning to others. It is with great pleasure, and some pride in the weapon, that I further record that my gun "kicked" me wofully, and left with me a lame shoulder and bruised and blue cheek-bone, for a week. That I ought to have been kicked, I'll admit; for this was a terrible piece of "potting." But we had had very hard luck that day; our bags were nearly empty; Florida is far, far away, and I never expected to see New Found Harbor again. Now—having all the plumes I want for the balance of my life—I have finally resolved never to do so more.

But (to return once more to my diamond-backs, from which subject I will not again diverge) after a pleasant four months in Paradise, we were packing for the North. The plumed birds, ducks, 'possums, 'coons, and almost all other wearers of fur or feathers, were no doubt in high glee over our approaching departure and with undisguised interest and impatience watched from afar for our going. Mrs. Paul was reading, for perhaps the thousandth time, the story of the "Temptation in the Gar-

den." The day was Sunday, and in three more days we were to go. A loud squeak attracted our attention.

"What can that be?" said Mrs. Paul.

"The Doctor's black pet must have captured a rat," I replied. Now, Mrs. Paul, who is very fond of natural history, has always been curious to know how a snake can manage to swallow a creature larger in circumference than itself; and an opportunity of this kind was not to be missed. So over she hurried to where the Herr Doctor sat, with his wife and brother, on the kitchen steps, and begged him to make investigations. The Doctor said that the cry was uttered by one of the pet rabbits that had just come limping out from under the dining-room steps, having evidently caught its leg in some entanglement there, and hurt it. At the suggestion that possibly his black-snake's jaws were the entanglement encountered by "Bree Rabbit," the Doctor got up, took a long stick, and poked about in the grass and under the steps; but without finding anything. So all returned to their places. Not ten minutes later, hearing smothered expressions of surprise from the group on the kitchen steps, and amazement not unmingled with horror, I looked up. Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes. Slowly crawling out from under the dining-room was an immense diamond-back! Exactly how large he was, I learned afterward; but he then seemed to me as big around as a barrel. The sluggishness with which he moved, the deliberation with which he dragged his slow length along, his great head raised the while in air, looking inquiringly about for something he had evidently lost or expected to find, all made a picture well worth the seeing. No hurry in his motions, not a sign of alarm in his demeanor. Evidently he was looking for the rabbit he had struck—certain that he would find it somewhere, and not very far off. It is said that these snakes have an exquisite sense of smell, by which they can follow a victim's track with the unerring certainty of sleuthhounds. This one seemed to know just where he was going and for what he was looking. And, hungry anxious for the dinner he had taken means to secure,—unconscious that in securing it he had committed a crime,—on he came; seemingly ignoring—certainly paying no heed to—the threatening hands that were now raised against him. The world for him at that moment had but one interest, and that was dinner.

I rushed to get my gun, but the Herr Doctor declared that this particular diamond-back must be fully eight feet long; that the Smithsonian Institution had for some time wished a specimen of that size; and that he wished to secure the skel-

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eton for them. My shot would spoil the skull, he said. But think what a trophy for me that diamond-back would have been — slain by my own red right hand, and by the same hand despoiled of head, rattles, and all ! It occurred to me that as the Smithsonian Institution had not spent four good months with the Herr Doctor, tramping among snake-infected jungles and marshes to supply the common table with duck, snipe, and other toothsome game, my claim to the scalp, ornaments, and weapons of this individual snake ante-dated and outweighed any that could be set up by the Smithsonian.

But as there was not time to present any arguments, I said and did nothing. No doubt, the better plan would have been to shoot the snake first, putting my side of the case afterward. And I determined to do this, when a dilemma of the kind again occurred. But meanwhile the Herr Doctor and his brother had fallen upon the snake — which, from the first, showed no fear nor misgiving, and neither attempted to make a coil nor spring a rattle — and with clubs they belabored him to death. He measured when hung up to be skinned, seven feet and eight inches in length, and thirteen inches in girth ; and he had nine rattles and a "button."

The skin, minus head and without rattles, adorns my gun-rack yonder, for the Herr Doctor, at the last moment of my departure, was moved — probably by an upbraiding conscience — to put the skin into my possession. The defect in the trophy, as a trophy, is that in exhibiting it to wondering and admiring friends, I can not truthfully say that I, myself, killed the wearer of the skin.

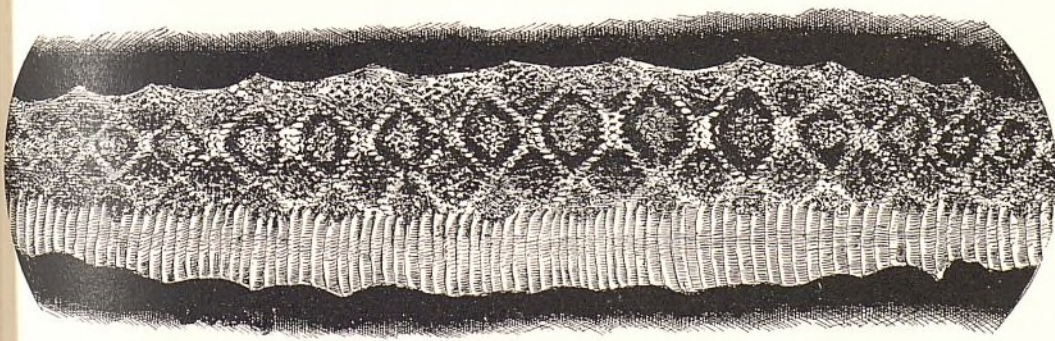
As for the rest of the diamond-back, that was eaten, bones and all, by prowling animals of the night — so the Smithsonian never got the skeleton, after all.

From the fangs of the monster as he hung, we

forced, by pressing them back against the poison-bags behind them, at least two tablespoonfuls of venom — a clear, scentless, almost colorless, though slightly amber-tinged, liquor. As this liquor, even when spilled upon the ground, is quite as dangerous and deadly as the blood of the fabled hydra, we carefully gathered up the earth, the grass, the sticks, everything on which a drop could by any possibility have fallen, burned all that would burn, and then buried the residue and the ashes.

I must not omit to say that, searching for the rabbit, after his assassin was killed, we found the poor thing under our cottage, dead. Two small punctures in the fore-shoulder, about as large as would be made by No. 4 shot, showed where it was struck. After receiving the wound, it ran only about thirty feet. But though stone-dead and cold when found, scarce half an hour later, the body was not in the least swollen nor discolored, which contradicted what I had before been told of the effect of a snake-bite.

Talking the affair over, it seemed strange and not particularly pleasant, to think that this python had been prowling about and under the dining-room, for no one knew how long, and that while we sat at dinner we had only the floor between our feet and his fangs. We must often have stepped over him in going to meals, as he lay hidden there under the piazza, quietly waiting for *his* dinner to come along. And perhaps the thought that such a monster could be so near, unsuspected until slain, rather mitigated our regret at leaving Paradise. But is it not strange that the only diamond-backs of the winter made themselves visible, one, three days after we came — the other, three days before we went ? Premeditation could not have planned it better, nor could the exhibitions of these peculiar products of "Paradise" have been more dramatically arranged if the leading idea had been to give us a thrilling reception and a startling send-off !



PORTION OF THE SKIN OF A DIAMOND-BACK SHOWING THE MARKINGS.





## HOW POLLY SAW THE APRONS GROW.

BY DELIA W. LYMAN.

"How I do hate to sew! If aprons only *grew* without any sewing!" exclaimed Polly, with a deep sigh, as she dropped in her lap the little blue-checked gingham pinafore which her mother had given her to hem. She was sitting on a little wooden bench under a great pine-tree, not far from the house,—her favorite spot in all the big farm.

A moment after her impatient exclamation, a queer-looking little old man with a hump on his back appeared suddenly before her, and, to her great astonishment, remarked in a squeaky little voice:

"Aprons *do* grow! I've just harvested my fall crop."

If he had not looked at her so kindly with his little twinkling gray eyes, Polly would have been afraid of the queer little dwarf; she was, however, so eager to hear more about his extraordinary crop of aprons that she did not run away at all, but, overcome with amazement, exclaimed:

"*A crop of aprons!* Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Well," said the Dwarf, "where I live, aprons and dresses, and coats, and hats, and all such articles, grow as thick as blackberries. It was only yesterday I picked the very coat I have on, and if you don't believe it, look at the stem."

In a twinkling off went his coat. Polly saw that it was quite new; and, sure enough, there inside the collar, where every coat has a loop, she beheld, to her boundless astonishment, a kind of *woolen stem!*

"I'd like to see that tree!" said Polly, with energy.

"Well, so you can," responded the Dwarf.

"Is it far?" asked Polly, doubtfully.

"Yes; but you have only to put your thimble on your thumb, shut your eyes, and say,

"Thimble, thimble, let me go  
Where those crops of aprons grow!"

and, before you open them, you'll be there."

Without waiting to run and ask her mamma's permission, as she knew she ought to do, Polly eagerly put her thimble on her thumb, shut her eyes, and repeated the magic words.

When she opened them again, the pine-tree had disappeared, and she found herself in a beautiful garden full of strange plants, the like of which she had never seen.

"Come!" said the Dwarf, who was now dressed like a gardener and had a watering-pot in his hand; "come! Let us see the apron crop."

Polly followed him through a gate into a field of what seemed to be corn-stalks.

"Here's the Apron Field," said the Dwarf, plucking an odd kind of ear, from the end of which



hung, instead of corn-silk, two unmistakable apron-strings. Hastily stripping off the outside husks, he gave to Polly the little roll which lay inside. When it was shaken out, there, to her intense surprise and delight, was the prettiest little white apron imaginable, all trimmed around with white lace and furnished with two long apron-strings. The Dwarf allowed Polly to amuse herself plucking and opening the ears. She found first a blue-checked and then a cross-barred muslin apron,—now a long-sleeved and then a tiny bib-apron; each plant bore a different kind, and the aprons were little or big according as the ears were partly or fully grown. Polly's arms were nearly full of aprons, when the Dwarf said:

"Come now and see the Hat Plant."

A few steps brought them to a row of tall plants which had leaves somewhat like those of sun-flowers, but, instead of blossoms, each stem bore a hat!

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Polly with delight, for there were sailor hats, broad-brimmed garden hats, sun-bonnets, beavers, tiny bonnets, and all other kinds besides. The Dwarf let her pick all she wanted, and helped her select for her baby brother a little pink cap "just budding," and for

"Oh, how be-a-u-ti-ful!" cried Polly, as she ran from one patch to another, pulling violet ribbons, pink, yellow, blue, and cardinal ribbons, right up by the roots,—the roots themselves being as pretty as any other part of the ribbon, for they were delicate fringes of the same color. Polly noticed that all the watered ribbons grew in a little pool at the end of the field, and that the "waterings" or waves were made by the wind blowing the water in ripples against the ribbon-grass.

Polly's collection was now getting so large that the Dwarf motioned to another little gardener, who ran off and soon brought a queer-looking wheelbarrow, made of a big clothes-basket set upon two pincushion-wheels. With several yard tape-measures he strapped all Polly's pickings into it, and trundled it along after her wherever she went.

As they left the Ribbon Field, Polly asked the Dwarf where he picked his coat. "Just over here," said the Dwarf, leading Polly, as he spoke, to an orchard of Jacket-trees. There she saw every kind of Jacket-tree—from those bearing nice, tender little baby-jackets, to the strong and fully developed overcoats for men. The coats were of all materials, and they hung, like the



THE HAT PLANT.

her father and mother two straw hats which were "quite ripe," as he expressed it.

"Now we'll go to the Ribbon Field to find trimmings," said the Dwarf, leading Polly by a winding way through the Hat Plant Garden to a field of ribbon-grass which grew just one yard high, and in patches of every imaginable color.

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Dwarf's jacket, from a stem inside the collar. The Overcoat-tree had a thicker bark, and was in every way a tougher tree than the others.

"What are these funny bushes which grow all around under the Jacket-trees?" asked Polly, after selecting a full assortment of coats to give to her father and her uncles.



"Vest-bushes," replied the Dwarf; "they never grow except under the shade of Jacket-trees." He picked a fine broadcloth waistcoat as he spoke. "We have developed some remarkable fancy varieties," he continued proudly. "And do you

trees, which bore gloves instead of leaves. The fingers and thumbs stuck out stiffly, just like the divisions of leaves. There were two gloves on each stem, making a pair; and the stem was shaped like a glove-buttoner. There were kid-glove trees,



ONE OF THE GLOVE TREES.

see under these vest-bushes this little dwarf shrub? This bears shirts, which are one of the most useful crops we have on the whole place."

Polly, not feeling as much interested in shirts and vests as the Dwarf, ran on. Suddenly she stood quite still, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my! What is that?"

Before them was a wonderful tree which looked rather like Polly's great pine, except that it seemed made of silver, for it shone very brightly in the sun.

"That," replied the Dwarf, "is our Needle-tree. If anything has to be altered, we use these needles, which we call pine-needles. They only grow in the finest emery soil."

"That's what makes them so bright, I suppose," said Polly, as she carefully scooped up a handful of those lying on the ground. "But what are these big, hard strawberries?"

"They are emery-bags, which always spring up from emery soil, just as toad-stools do in your country. They almost always grow in the shape of strawberries."

After supplying herself with plenty of emery-bags, Polly next followed the Dwarf to the Glove orchard. There she beheld some very strange

silk-glove trees, and cotton-glove trees. The boughs being rather high, the Dwarf picked for the delighted and astonished Polly one pair of every kind and color. What amused her most were several queer trees which in summer produced mitts and in winter, mittens; and the Dwarf explained that they had raised this singular fruit by planting gloves which were half-ripe and not yet divided into fingers.

They had returned to the garden, where the first thing Polly saw was a grape arbor.

"Here are the Button-vines," explained the Dwarf; "I'll pick you a cluster."

From a kind of grape-vine hung bright clusters of buttons; here a bunch of mother-of-pearl, there one of black crochet-buttons; here a cluster of steel, and there one of shoe-buttons. They grew to the stem by their shanks, and there were just six dozen of each kind in a cluster.

"Oh, what a lovely button-string these will make," shouted Polly, as she ran about, picking bunch after bunch of many colors.

Soon the Button-vines were left behind, and they came to another orchard.

"Here," proudly remarked the Dwarf, "is our Dress orchard. We pride ourselves on our choice



variety of dresses. We have three crops a year, to fit the winter, autumn, and spring styles! By grafting one kind on another, we have obtained some very rare and curious fashions. Sometimes a mere accident will produce a new and pretty style,—for instance, this variety of puffed-sleeve dresses resulted from an accidental lapping-over of that part of the dress when it was in the bud. Our choicest, rarest styles,—our ‘Worth dresses,’ we call them,—are raised under glass; and, of course, much care is required in putting trees so large as these, under glass.”

But our little country Polly did not know what “Worth dresses” were, nor did she care, for she was wholly absorbed in gazing around her. There were Wrapper-trees, Ball-dress trees, Walking-suit trees, Baby-dress bushes and a dozen other kinds.

The second little Dwarf, who had by this time filled three wheelbarrows with Polly’s pickings, now had to fetch another to carry the load of dresses which Polly, with the Dwarf’s help, eagerly selected. She herself could not, of course, pick the right sizes so quickly as he, for he knew just where to find the bud dresses which fitted her, and the fully grown ones which suited her mamma.

“Now tell me, how do handkerchiefs grow?” asked Polly, as they presently left the Dress orchard.

“We’re just coming to the Handkerchief-bed,” said the Dwarf; and in a moment he stooped to

eral dozens of various patterns, she and her two companions moved on to new wonders.

The Collar-and-Cuff tree interested her greatly, for she found the collars and cuffs grew rolled up inside of a kind of chestnut-burr. She laughed outright when the Dwarf explained that “to turn out a good stiff fruit,” the tree had constantly to be watered with thick starch-water mixed with a little blueing.

On a stalk near by Polly found cuff-buttons growing like peas in a pod, and she amused herself for some time shelling a quantity of them just as if they had been peas. It was odd enough to see gold, silver, pearl, and rubber cuff-buttons rattling into the pan which the Dwarf had given her to catch them as they fell.

When she had shelled about a peck, she ran on after the Dwarf, who was pulling up from the grounds something which was like a potato-plant. Instead of a potato, Polly saw, when the dirt was shaken from what she would have called the roots, a perfectly-formed pair of shoes growing upon stems, with tendrils resembling fine silk shoe-strings. On examining these shoes, she found in each a little roll. She pulled it out as she would an almond from its shell, and there was a stocking just the right size for the shoe, and in the other shoe was the mate. Polly thought she should never tire of pulling up these fascinating plants,—finding boots, slippers, shoes, and even overshoes of all kinds. (There were, however,



“WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?” EXCLAIMED POLLY.”

pick a kind of cabbage, the delicate leaves of which proved to be the very finest of cambric pocket-handkerchiefs. Each fruit consisted of just a dozen handkerchiefs; and, when these were picked off, Polly discovered in the heart, or core, of the plant a dainty little scent-bag, which imparted to each handkerchief a delicate and delicious perfume. Having supplied herself with sev-

no stockings in the overshoes.) When her last wheelbarrow was filled with shoes, she reluctantly quitted this delightful occupation and followed the Dwarf, who this time led her to a burying-ground.

“What in the world is that?” exclaimed Polly, looking at the queer little white grave-stones with which the ground was covered.



The Dwarf pointed to the writing on one. At the top of the stone was a singular device, which at first appeared like the skull and cross-bones so common on old tombstones; but on looking closer, Polly saw that it was a thimble, with an open pair of scissors beneath it. Below she read this epitaph:

"Be filled with cheer, ye passers by,  
For here a *Scissors Fiend* doth lie!"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Polly, in great glee; "I am so glad some of them are dead, for they're always stealing my scissors. If I drop them from my lap, I never can find them. I knew there were little fiends who carried them off!"

Having now filled several wheelbarrows from these strange gardens, Polly asked the Dwarf if it were not now about time to go home again.

"Oho!" said he; "so you want to go home, do you? We never let anybody leave here who has not come with her mother's permission. Now, you never asked her at all, so I don't see how you can get away."

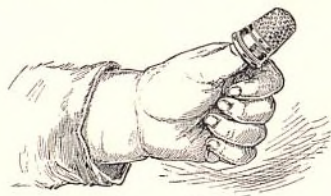
"Oh, dear!" said Polly, beginning to cry; for

what did she care for all these pretty things, unless she could show them to her mamma?

She kept on crying until she suddenly noticed her thimble. Struck with a bright idea, she clapped it upon her thumb, shut her eyes, and exclaimed:

"Thimble, thimble, let me go  
Where crops of aprons NEVER grow!"

When she opened her eyes, most wonderful to tell, there she was again on her little bench under the great pine-tree, her sewing in her lap and her work-basket at her side. Not a trace of the Dwarf or her seven wheelbarrow-loads was to be seen; whether he wished to punish her for going without her mother's permission, or whether he was one of those stingy "Indian givers" whom Polly despised, she could not tell. In fact, as she rubbed her eyes, she could almost have thought the whole thing was a dream, except for one fact: *her thimble was on her thumb!* and what little girl in her senses ever wore it there? So, it could n't have been a dream, could it?



## SHE "DISPLAINS" IT.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"HAD, too!"

"Had n't, neither!"

So contended Bess and May,—

Neighbor children who were boasting  
Of their grandmamas, one day.

"HAD, too!"

"Had n't, neither!"

All the difference begun

By May's saying she 'd two grandmas,  
While poor Bess had only one.

"HAD, too!"

"Had n't, neither!"

Tossing curls, and kinks of friz,

"How could you have two grandmothers  
When just one is all they is?"

"HAD, too!"

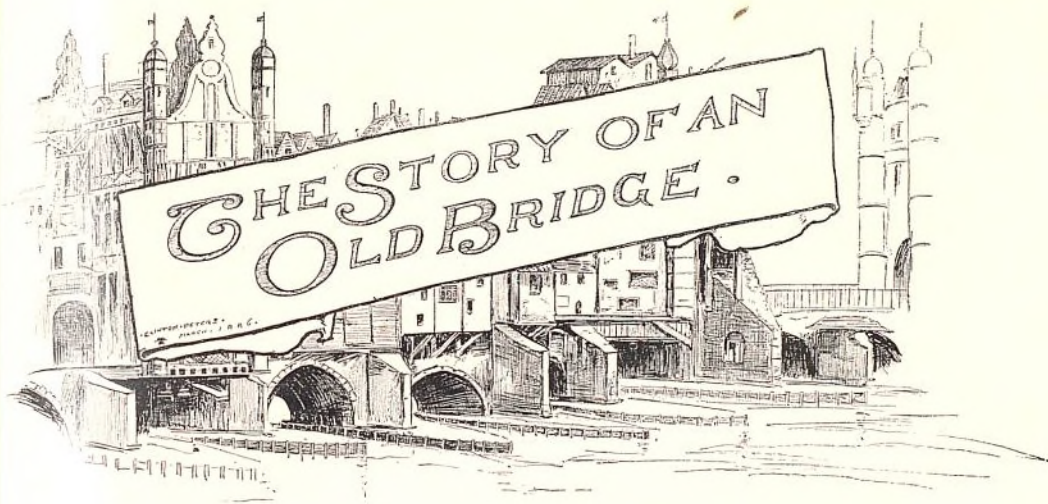
"Had n't, neither!"

'Cause ef you had two," said Bess,

"You 'd displain it!" Then May answered:

"My grandmas were twins, I guess!"





BY TREADWELL WALDEN.

THERE scarcely has been a time in the history of London when there was not a bridge across the river Thames. Away back in Claudius Cæsar's time, only forty-four years after Christ,—when the great city of to-day was the little Roman colony of *Londinium*,—there was a *pont* or bridge across the river; and again and again, up to the year 1176, we hear of a wooden bridge being built, burned, or repaired, between the growing city and the Kentish shore. One of these was built in the year 994 by the exertions of a girl—Mary, the ferryman's daughter; and it was destroyed in the year 1008 by a boy—Olaf, the northern Viking.

But the Old Bridge of which I particularly wish to tell you is the massive stone roadway across the Thames that was built by order of King Henry II., and designed by the architect-priest, Peter of Colechurch.

Through the reigns of Henry II., of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his base brother John, the bridge building went on, although, in 1205, after he had been at work upon its massive arches for twenty-nine years, Peter of Colechurch died and was buried in a tomb built in the central arch.

The bridge, as constructed by Peter of Colechurch, had twenty arches and a draw-bridge. At either end was a gate-house, and over the central arch was built a church or chapel, beneath which was the tomb of Peter, the priest and architect.

This church was dedicated to Thomas à Becket—whom, you may remember, Henry II. liked better after he was dead than when he was alive—

and there a band of priests held service every day until the time of Cromwell and the Puritans.

When Peter of Colechurch died, the merchants of London took up the work, and finished it, in the year 1209, in princely fashion. Its cost had been met by a tax upon wool, and hence it came to be said that “London Bridge was built upon wool-packs.” So, though royal hands had something to do with its completion, you see that a free city had more, and that it owed most to the energy of its merchants and to the chief staple of their wealth.

Very properly, then, the first thing to go over London Bridge was London itself. The growing town spread itself across the Thames, and was there called Southwark. This was the beginning of the great suburb which now extends over all the country southward, as another does northward.

And the larger these cities grew, the more important became the bridge. For hundreds of years it was the only highway between them. Westminster Bridge was not built until 1750, and more and more the strength of the metropolis centered in the older bridge, and poured over it; and more and more it came to be the common ground of kings, nobles, and people. This, too, you must bear in mind, as I take you along with me.

Now, singularly enough, the first scene of any note which there took place was a collision between a royal personage and the people.

It happened in 1263. Queen Eleanor of Provence, the haughty wife of Henry III. (who got into many difficulties both with the barons and with the



people, because he would violate the charter of his father, King John), one day started with great pomp, in a gilded barge, from the Tower which was below the bridge, for the royal castle at Windsor farther up the river.

The Tower in those days had no enormous guns



PETER OF COLECHURCH, ARCHITECT OF  
OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

ready to  
send out  
puffs of  
smoke  
and jets  
of red  
flame in  
loud sa-

lute whenever a monarch left its gates; but it made a great display of gorgeous banners, and of steel-clad warriors on its battlements, when the gilded barge shot out into the stream. If Queen Eleanor had not sided, in a very insolent and unfeeling way, with the king and against the barons, whom the people considered their friends, all might have gone peacefully enough with the fair and sumptuous lady. But this was the period when the common people were awakening to their rights, and were losing their respect for kings, — especially for the king upon the throne, the weak son of the tyrannical John.

The gilded barge sped onward, its stalwart rowers bending to their oars, when, with the near approach to the bridge, came the serious question whether they could safely "shoot" the low central arch. It was always a dangerous place, and especially so when the swift tide was rushing through.

But, as they drew near the semicircle they found against them another and more threatening tide of opposition — of an unexpected kind.

It was nothing less than the people themselves! They swarmed upon the parapet, they pushed out in boats from behind the smaller arches on both sides; and a shower of mud, and some harder missiles as well, came rattling about the royal boat, strik-

ing the rowers, and bespattering the resplendent queen. You may imagine the cries, the shouts, the reproaches with which also they assailed her in all her majesty, as they bade her go back; — and go back she did, mortified and enraged at the insult.

But this was only one of many occurrences in this reign by which the royal family were taught to know what it cost to oppress and exasperate the people. The king, himself, witnessed his full share of such manifestations, as you shall hear.

There was a certain powerful patriot and baron in the days of King Henry III., named Simon de Montfort. The king declared that he feared Lord Simon more than he feared thunder and lightning. There was reason; the cloud of rebellion in the kingdom had begun to look very black; the barons were its thunder, the people were the lightning, and Simon de Montfort, their leader, was the bolt which might at any instant fall.

When at last it did descend, it fell at London Bridge.

The king was in possession of the Tower, so Montfort marched for London with a great army; the barons wearing the white cross upon the back and front of their armor, as they had at Runnymede, to symbolize the holiness of their cause. They knew the populace of the city was in sympathy with them. The vanguard rode upon the bridge, but orders were given from the Tower, and the draw was pulled up, making it impassable. Then Simon de Montfort summoned the warders, and bade them lower the bridge. It was the voice of the people against the voice of the king. The citizens unloosed the chains, and the heavy draw came rattling into its place.

The populace sided with the patriots, as de Montfort knew they would. The result was a pitched battle, fought at some distance from London, in which the king was defeated and made prisoner. But the greatest result of the revolution was, that when the barons again assembled in parliament, representatives of the "commons," as the people were called, met with them, and what is known as the House of Commons, which is to-day the real ruler of England, came into existence.

When Edward I. came to the throne, he had learned wisdom by his father's experience. He proved to be a wise and good king, and the people were content. But his oppressive disposition was shown in another field. The king laid a heavy hand upon Scotland and crushed it. Down went its throne, over went its nobles. But its people were at length aroused to resistance by the spirit of one man, William Wallace.

After year  
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on August  
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After years of fighting, Wallace was betrayed, made prisoner, and brought to London. This was on August 5, 1305. Edward arraigned him as a traitor, in the judgment-hall at Westminster. The king even went so far as, in mockery, to crown the patriot with a garland of oak-leaves, to destroy his dignity as the defender of his country. He then had him hanged. With cruel barbarity, his body, cut in pieces, was sent to Scotland to carry terror to his adherents there; but the noble head of the hero was set up on the northern tower of London Bridge.

This was then a new use of the towers of the now ancient bridge, but it was only a beginning. As the years went on, many notable heads—sometimes those of the highest born nobles, executed for treason—were spiked to the parapet of the gate, to bleach in the sun, rain, and fog, a ghastly sight for the crowd always passing beneath; a sight more

heralds bearing shields and spears, soldiers in shining helmets, green-coated archers, throng the bridge from one end to the other, pouring in upon it from the streets, pouring out from it over the road that leads to France, until the head of the glittering column is lost to sight.

Who comes now? It is the grim King Edward; and, by his side, a golden-haired boy, not yet with helmet on, but wearing the plumed hat of a prince. His fair face is flushed with martial delight, as his horse prances beside the tall steed of his royal father. We know what is in his mind. He has had the promise of knighthood! He is to win his spurs in battle across the channel. History tells the rest. The scene of the knighting, on the sand of the sea-shore; the terrific battle of Crécy, won by the gallant boy, while his father looked on from the windmill; and the capture of the triple tuft of ostrich feathers, which with the motto



THE MOB ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE OPPOSING THE PASSAGE OF QUEEN ELEANOR'S BARGE.

worthy of African savages than of a civilized kingdom; and yet it was one which might be seen until almost within the memory of the living.

It was about forty years after Wallace's death that the bridge saw two splendid pageants.

The first was in 1346.

The streets of London resound with the heavy tread of a mighty army, marshaled by Edward III. He is going to conquer France. What a show of banners and pennons: richly clad knights,

"*Ich dien*," has been borne ever since as the crest or device of the Prince of Wales.

Now, eleven years have elapsed. Here is another pageant, but it is marching the other way. Far over the hills the army of England is seen on its return. London is bustling with preparation. The streets are filled with decorations; the house-fronts are covered with rich tapestries and carpets, with shields and breastplates, and with all the bright weaponry of the day, arranged in rosettes, like great



flowers of steel,—as we can now see them in the Tower. The day of peace has come. King John of France is expected, a prisoner in the hands of the Black Prince.

The people of London are all in comity with King Edward, who has been a long time at home. They enter into the spirit with which he desires the occasion to be celebrated. The trade-guilds are out in all their insignia and costumes. At Edward's

cloth of gold, is soon alive with the triumphant procession. The people's shouts almost drown the noise of the trumpets and clarions.

It is the day of chivalry, of courtesy to the vanquished, of honor to the brave. It is not Edward the Black Prince who receives the ovation. He tries to keep out of sight in the crowd, that all the glory may come to the King who remained fighting when his army had run; to the boy who, when



KING EDWARD III. AND THE BLACK PRINCE CROSSING OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

order, one thousand of the chief citizens come forth on horseback, crossing the bridge to meet the captive king and do him honor.

Amid a brilliant cavalcade he comes, more like a victorious than a vanquished prince. The great merchants close round him, doffing their hats and bowing low. The Tower booms with cannon. The bridge, all embowered with bright banners and

his father stood fighting alone, defended him—the noble little French Knight, Sir Philip the Bold.

## PART II.

RICHARD II. was, in some respects, as noble a son as even the Black Prince could have desired. He was very handsome, gallant, high-spirited, and

brave; full a line of k and this sp old when h sixteen wh with terril had the her by a glance

Imagine, ated men, of the coun their head, wark, and draw is pul they shoul of the city,

It is nov structure, b people, wh wronged. side. The tide is rush lifted draw. William W istrates, an Above in th his prelates tacle. But

The scen in strange c zens of Lo over the br such a tun known. T crossed the where the s greet him, and now, mob which bridge and against his

But such stayed by fiercely sho rattled, ba soon cover was on Ju proclaimed tance out o

He went with his h bridle—L him down. ger. The when Rich every inch "Tyler w



brave; full of the right-royal blood which becomes a line of kings. But he became a king too soon, and this spoiled him. He was only eleven years old when he mounted the throne. He was but sixteen when he quelled a mob which had rushed with terrible fury over London Bridge. The act had the heroic ring of true royalty, and he did it by a glance and a word.

Imagine, if you can, a hundred thousand infuriated men, pouring out of the farms and villages of the counties below London, with Wat Tyler at their head, breaking into the streets of Southwark, and making for London Bridge. But the draw is pulled up, and with good reason. If once they should enter London, what would become of the city,—what would become of the king?

It is now no pageant which throngs the old structure, but a maddened mass of the common people, who feel that they have been deeply wronged. Every boat has been taken to the other side. The bridge is the only way over, and the tide is rushing through the long gap made by the lifted draw. On the other end of the bridge stands William Walworth the Lord Mayor, with his magistrates, and the citizens armed for its defense. Above in the Tower stand Richard, his nobles and his prelates, looking down upon the exciting spectacle. But the boy-king feels no fear.

The scene now before his eyes recalled another in strange contrast to it. Five years before, the citizens of London had thronged out, brought him over the bridge, and placed him in the Tower amid such a tumult of rejoicing as never before was known. The child had stared in wonder as he crossed the river into the capital of his kingdom, where the streets were thronged with glad faces to greet him, and the very fountains spouted wine—and now, before his astonished eyes, here was a mob which, with its black mass, blotted out both bridge and river-banks, shrieking for vengeance against his throne.

But such a flood of human might could not be stayed by a mere lifting of the bridge. They fiercely shouted, "Drop the draw!" The chains rattled, barriers fell, the torrent burst over and soon covered the hill overlooking the Tower. This was on June 13, 1381. A herald from the king proclaimed that if they would retire to some distance out of the city, he would come to meet them.

He went out to them almost alone; Wat Tyler, with his hand on his dagger, grasped the king's bridle—Lord Mayor Walworth instantly struck him down. Now, if ever, was the moment of danger. The rebels drew their arrows to the head, when Richard, a beardless boy, but at that moment every inch a king, spurred his horse toward them. "Tyler was a traitor!" he shouted; "I will be

your leader!" His courage, his presence, overawed them. Soon the citizens of London came in force to the rescue. The rebels fell on their knees and asked for mercy.

If Richard had only been as true to his word as he was brave in giving it, what a leader to his people he might have been! But he grew up to be a tyrant over both nobles and people; a king of



RICHARD II., THE BOY KING.

pageants, banquets, and tournaments, only, with no thought but for his own pleasure and glory. I should be glad to dismiss him now, if it were not for two strange spectacles which, during his reign, took place on London Bridge; one of them will prove of especial interest to boys, the other will be better liked by girls.

It was Saint George's Day, 1390, that King Richard appointed for the first of these spectacles. A Scottish knight, named the Earl of Craufort, had a quarrel, or some dispute, with an English knight who had been ambassador to Scotland, named Lord de Wells. After the custom of those days a challenge passed between them, and they were to settle their difference by what was called a passage at arms.

Such things were of considerable moment to the parties concerned, even if no more than a friendly struggle to see which was the better man. Tournaments were the great amusement of the day, and they were often held at Westminster. Whether it was because one of the present combatants was from another country, and the nearest to neutral ground was required; or whether it was a whim of the king to give the greatest possible number of people a chance of witnessing the fray, no less dangerous a place was chosen for the combat than London Bridge. Here, accordingly, the lists were prepared. Tournaments on the water with



boats were frequent, as well as tournaments on land with horses, but this was to be on neither land nor water.

Of course they had no doubt that the English knight would knock over the Scotchman, for the knights of that country were not believed to be formidable.

There was a great array on the bridge, the king and most of his nobles being present there; and the populace covered the shores. Lord Craufort rode into the lists accompanied by twelve knights, who had been given a safe-conduct to attend upon him.

When everything was ready, the signal was given, they put spurs to their horses and, with their lances in rest, met in a fearful collision midway upon the bridge. The lances were splintered, neither man dismounted, but the Scotchman sat as immovable as a pillar of iron. The Englishman, though he stood it well, looked for a moment a little awry, like a tall stove that had lost one of its feet. This was rather a surprise to the Londoners.

After they had recovered their breath, and the Englishman had been set upright again, the two withdrew for another charge. Again came the dash, and the clash, and the splinters, and the dust, and the horses on their haunches,—but there sat the two knights, the Scotchman as firm as the parapet, but the Englishman somewhat arched over his saddle-bow. The people cheered, but they were angry with the Scotchman.

Then they drew off again. It was surely the best joust of the year. For the third time, they met. But this time Lord de Wells was hoisted out of his saddle, and landed on the hard pavement, like a mass of old iron. He could not even hear the cruel clang he made. His breath and his senses had been knocked out of him. He did not move a limb. Neither for an instant did the Scotchman, who, having reined in his horse, looked grimly down upon the ruin he had made.

Such defeat would never do. The enraged and ungenerous spectators raised the shout, "He's tied to his horse!" "He's tied to his horse!" Whereupon the knight lightly vaulted from his steed, and discomfited his accusers at once,—and what did he then? Vault back again, amid the loud plaudits they could not forbear to give? On the contrary, he turned his back upon his horse, and going quickly to the fallen knight, lifted him tenderly, and took off his helmet to give him air, while the king and all the rest thought he was going to ply the dagger, as was now his privilege. The chivalry in his brave heart proved to be as true as was the stroke of his iron arm. His heart had warmed to his gallant adversary, and to the amazement of every one, he watched by the sick bed of his foe for three

months thereafter, until Lord de Wells was mended of all his ills.

On November 13th, 1396, King Richard, having been on a visit to the French court, returned with a new wife. This was the second time he had celebrated a matrimonial pageant on London Bridge; and though the former occasion had been as gorgeous as was then thought possible, this celebration easily surpassed the by-gone splendor. He had made both a great match and a little one. His bride was Isabel, the daughter of the king of France. Every Londoner, with his wife, was out, of course. So was every Englishman who could get there. Such a concourse, such a crush, such an excitement, had never before been known. Nine people were trampled to death on the bridge. The crowd at the tournament had been nothing to this. What was the attraction? Was it the extraordinary splendor of the pageant? No. Was it to welcome the king back?—they wished he had never come back. The rumor that caused it had come on the wings of the wind, saying that the king, now a man of thirty, was bringing home a tiny queen of eight years old! Fresh from the nursery,—perhaps with her doll in her arms,—the bright little French princess was coming to London. This was enough to draw the multitude. ST. NICHOLAS some years ago contained a pretty sketch of the fairy creature, whose husband had to take her up in his arms whenever he would kiss her. But she did not wear her toy crown long, for Richard in three years more had lost his own, and she returned to France, a petite widow of eleven, to look back on an experience as wonderful as a child ever had.

I am glad, now, to turn to a nobler king, and to a more famous event on London Bridge; to a king more gallant than any who ever sat on the English throne—Harry of Monmouth—the victor of Agincourt. The school-boys attending service in Westminster Abbey have, from generation to generation, looked up at his helmet, shield, and saddle, where they hang high above his tomb; and they do so even to this day with a thrill of enthusiasm for the hero of that famous battle.

But it was London Bridge which could best tell how England felt about Agincourt. It had been another Crécy and Poitiers—couriers had spurred across the bridge, with news of ten thousand Frenchmen killed, of fourteen thousand taken prisoners, and all with a loss of only forty Englishmen. The news had come before the dawn, while the Londoners were still in their beds. But they ran to the churches, and in ten minutes every bell in London was ringing a joyful peal. A few weeks later, they heard of his landing at Dover, and of how the people had rushed into the water and borne

him ashore. they heard his magnificent pageant. Twenty thousand men and down to the usual, in the These trades as they were



very rich. work to the sight. They called a "curious taste and emblem together, like great amount conspicuous "that was full men courtes



him ashore. And so the excitement grew, until they heard he was close at hand. Then came the magnificent pageant of his reception.

Twenty thousand citizens went over the bridge and down the road to meet him; all of them, as usual, in the picturesque costumes of their trades. These tradesmen were organized into "guilds," as they were called, which were privileged, and all

The procession formed for crossing the bridge; the lord mayor and aldermen, in scarlet gowns and red and white hoods, took their places about the youthful conqueror; the "guilds" followed; the nobles, in splendid attire, completed the show. The trumpets and the horns sounded, the people shouted, the wind waved the bright banners over the Tower, and the bridge itself seemed lifted up with pride, as the glorious array passed under arch after arch of triumph spanning its parapets.

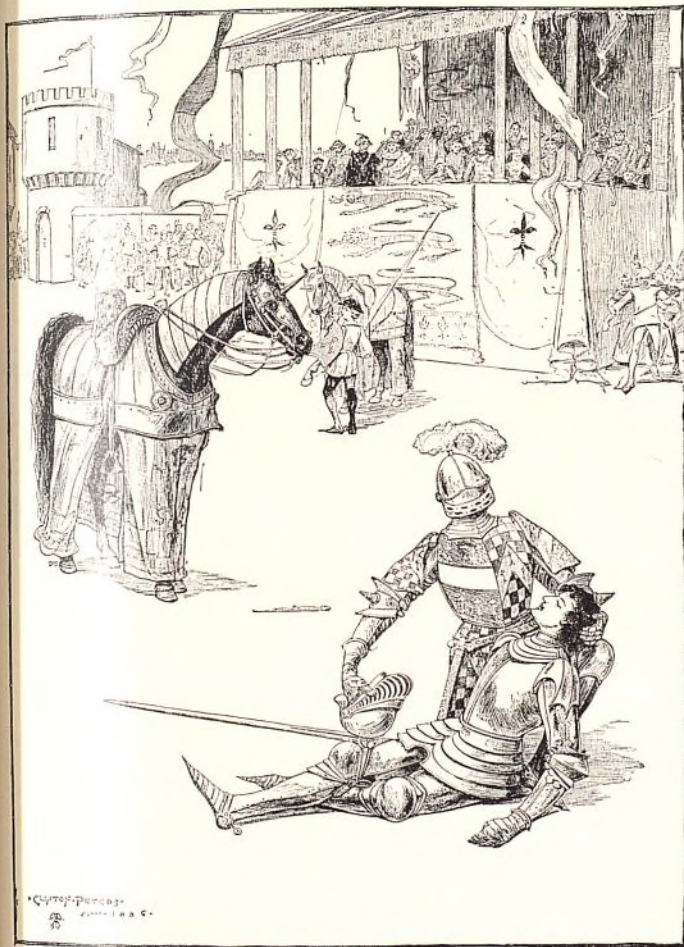
And the show on the bridge was only what was in all the streets, for three miles, until Westminster Palace was reached. Young girls and young men were foremost of all in showering laurel-boughs and gilded leaves upon Prince Hal's handsome head. Some played musical instruments, others sang anthems and songs. Behind the lattices were ladies and gentlemen, dressed in crimson, fine linen, and gold. The streets, like the bridge, were so densely crowded that the horsemen could scarcely make their way.

And, amid it all, the king in his purple robe rode along, —solemn, thoughtful, and devout, revolving yet greater plans, and thanking God for what he had been enabled to do. For, with all his glory, England had never a more high-minded king than he. He felt that Providence intended him to achieve a yet more wonderful work in France, for that country was in a fearfully distracted state.

And this made him soon return thither, to carry on

the war. Within seven years more, he had won the crown of France, he had married the French princess, and he had nearly restored to that land order and peace. Paris was as delighted with him as London had been. The cup of his success was fast filling to the brim, when it fell from his hand. He died in what seemed the midst of his great deeds.

What a gloom now fell upon London Bridge, when the black-robed courier came riding over it, with the sad burden of this news! What a pall lay



"HE TENDERLY LIFTED THE FALLEN KNIGHT."

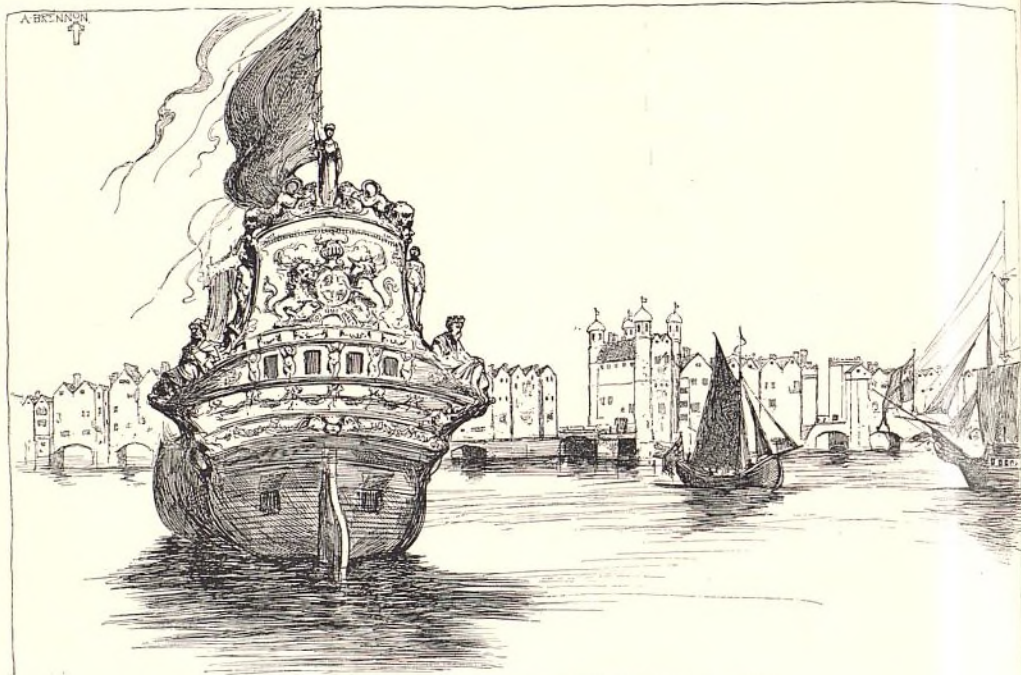
very rich. They escorted him through Southwark to the bridge, which presented a gorgeous sight. They had got up what was then distinctively called a "Pageant," upon it, wherein, after the curious taste of those days, were all sorts of figures and emblems, and rebuses; these, when put together, like the letters of the alphabet, gave out a great amount of meaning. On the gate-tower, conspicuous among them, stood a giant,—one "that was full grim of might, to teach the Frenchmen courtesy."



over the city when it heard that a funeral cavalcade, with measured steps and slow, was crossing France, from Paris to Rouen, and from Rouen to Calais! Soon a fleet bore his body to Dover, and now the citizens awaited the solemn, melancholy spectacle, which day following day brought nearer and nearer. The bridge was hung with black, as the

the city, and struck his sword on London Stone,\* shouting, "Now is Mortimer lord of the city!" and followed this claim by pillaging rich mansions, and other acts of violence, then his popularity ended, excepting among the mob where it began.

He retired to Southwark, but was resolved to enter the city again. This the citizens determined



A STATE BARGE IN THE TIME OF THE OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

funeral car passed over it, bearing a waxen figure of the king, in his robes of majesty, and surrounded by chanting priests, in white vestments, and knights and esquires in black armor. The young warrior's three chargers followed, and when the coffin was carried through the gates of Westminster Abbey, and up the long nave, those war-horses were led up to the very steps of the altar. It is the saddle of one of them which now hangs, with the king's armor, above his splendid shrine.

As a contrast to all this, we may stop a moment to see what happened at the bridge, only eighteen years after, during the weak reign of King Henry's son. It is the scene when London was defending itself against the followers of Jack Cade; a notorious fellow of common origin, who took the high-born name of Mortimer, and ran a curious race, as such upstarts always do. At first, Cade was popular with the citizens of London; but when, with vulgar ambition, he rode across the bridge, into

he should not do. They removed the draw, and barricaded the bridge. The insurgents made a grand rush upon it one Sunday night. But the Londoners were prepared, and the garrison of the Tower came down to their help. The fight lasted all night long; nor did it stop until nine o'clock next morning. Then Cade drew off his men.

They soon after dispersed, and deserted him. A large reward was set upon his head. Then there was a great chase, and at last he was caught. So he did get over London Bridge, after all; that is his head was set over the northern entrance—a kind of eminence he had not desired, but which was then thought to be very fitting for him.

Let us now pass on in our account to the reign of Henry VIII. If we were to linger long over this reign, we should be dazzled with pageants. There seems no end to them.

There is, first, King Henry going over in gorgeous pomp to make war in France. The records

\* A prehistoric monument, thought by some to be a landmark from which distances were measured.



fairly take our breath away with their accounts of it. Again, a few years after, Henry crossed to meet Francis I. on "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," the very name of which hints at the display of splendors on the way. In 1527, Cardinal Wolsey went over upon an embassy to France, in so glorious a style as to outshine the king himself; for he added the magnificence of a cardinal-prince of Rome to the grandeur of being Lord Chancellor in the Court of England. Then we hear of an imposing embassy from France, coming to invest Henry with the Order of St. Michael. In due time, Anne Boleyn appears on the bridge, riding beside Henry, to visit France. It was just after their return that they were secretly married. In 1544, Henry goes over again; but now to fight Francis, of "the Cloth of Gold," his former friend, and he crosses the channel in a ship the sails of which were made of cloth of gold. You can see his effigy to-day in the Tower armory, "armed at all points, upon a pined courser," just as he appeared when he set out. And here let us leave him. He was a great showman, but we can turn from him without regret.

But were I to tell of all whom he made to pass un-

highway" between the great judgment-hall at Westminster, and the Tower; and that the Tower had a gate opening on the water, called the Traitors' Gate. Need I tell you more? Think of the condemned men, who came down in boats with the headsman's axe turned toward them, stooping their heads as the axe itself was lowered while they shot under the low arch of the bridge into the gloomy archway of their prison. The sight was nothing new, and it did not end for many years; but the reign of Henry saw so much of it as to give me occasion for mentioning it now.

But my space is diminishing so fast that I must hasten on. Suppose we stop, a moment, and look at another insurrection with which the bridge again had something to do. It was in 1554. There was a rising of the "Men of Kent," under Sir Thomas Wyatt, against Queen Mary. They were opposed to her coming to the throne,—as they had good reason to be. Wyatt, with two thousand men, came toward London Bridge. The guns of the Tower blazed away at them over the river, but nobody was hit. When he reached the bridge, its gates were closed and its draw had been cut away.

There were signs of great confusion in the city.

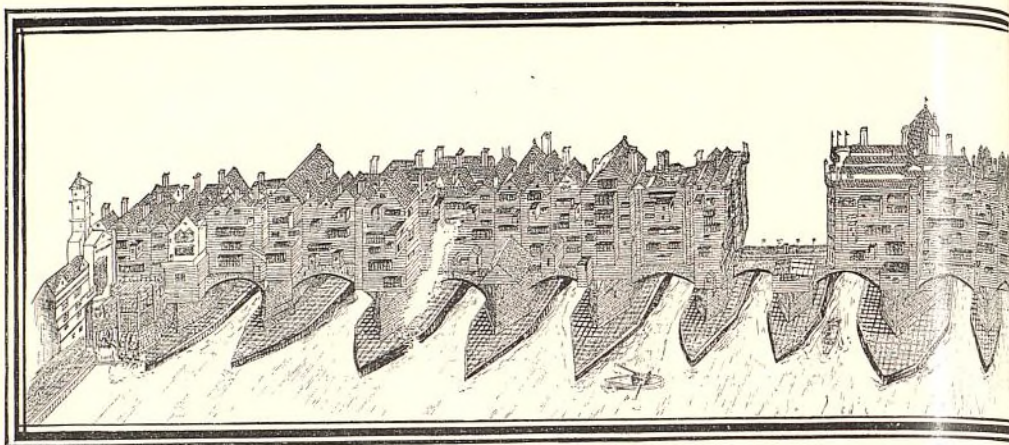


KING HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TO MEET FRANCIS I. ON "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD."

der London Bridge, you would think him a bloody-minded villain. I do not care to emphasize it; but you may know that the Thames was the "silent

The shops were shut, the women were shrieking, and the men were running about, seeking for weapons. Now appeared a proclamation offering a





OLD LONDON BRIDGE AS SHAKSPERE SAW IT  
(By permission)

thousand pounds for Wyat's head. To defy them the more, he stuck his name in large, bold letters on his cap—THOMAS WYAT. Three days passed. The bridge would not let him over. Then he went

Queen Mary had triumphed, but Wyat's brought Lady Jane Grey to the block, and came near causing the death of Elizabeth; and London to please the queen, now made great preparations

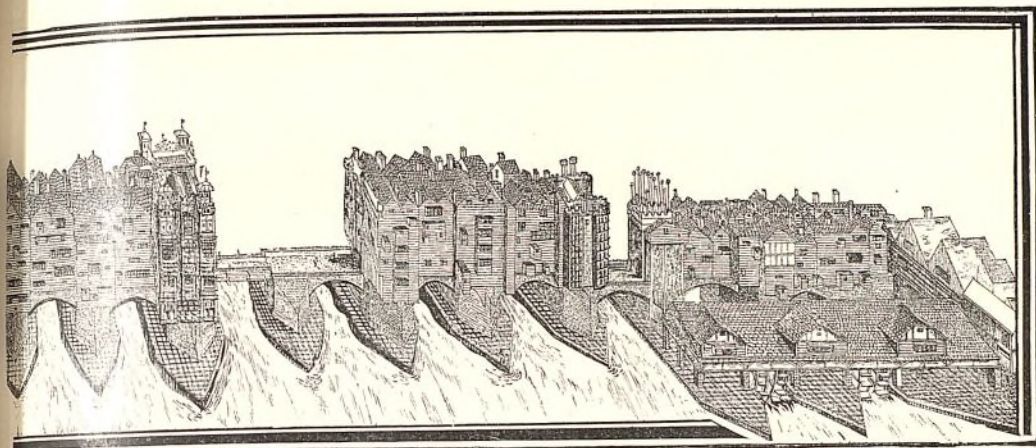


KING HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN CROSSING LONDON BRIDGE.

up the river and crossed in boats, coming down that way to the city. But all its gates were closed against him. He had a fight at Temple Bar, and then had to yield himself a prisoner.

receive King Philip of Spain, the proposed husband of Mary, as he came over the bridge;—this was the very man against whose coming Sir Thomas Wyatt had struggled.





AFTER 1576, WHEN THE TRAITORS' HEADS WERE REMOVED TO THE SOUTHWARK GATE.  
(By permission of the New Shakspeare Society.)

Never was London Bridge so full of gibbets, never the bridge so covered with heads, as after this rebellion. Bloody Mary began to win her name.

It perhaps surprises you that Sir Thomas Wyatt could have been so easily stopped by the bridge at that time. If it had been an open roadway, it could not have stopped him; but it was covered with tall houses, some of them three and four stories in height. They were dwelling-houses and shops, ranged along on both sides, and overhanging the parapets. The street between them was a narrow archway, only twelve feet wide, with wider spaces at intervals for foot-passengers to get out of the way of the vehicles. London had not only gone over the bridge, but had settled down upon it. This had occurred several times before, but the houses were but shanties and had been removed. Now, however, they were of quite a stately character. You may imagine its odd appearance, and wonder how a decent city could allow such an incumbrance along its greatest thoroughfare; but it was the way in those days. Everything was crowded together. The city itself was a jam of houses, with but narrow, crooked streets.

In the reign of Charles II. there came a sudden relief to this state of things upon the bridge—and a relief which made as summary a change in the metropolis. A terrific fire broke out, which burned down almost the whole of London. It began near the bridge, and then spread away in all directions. After a while it swept round and came back, plunging down the hill in a billow of flame, laying hold of the houses on the bridge, and leaving it nearly as bare as when it was built.

This was one of the bridge's wildest experiences. It had always been on the lookout against the water, and was prepared to let everything go over it, except

rebels and such people. But the fire was a friendly enemy, and the bridge yielded a passage to it very gladly, we doubt not, when the fire offered to relieve its old back from the burden of all those houses. It had nothing to fear for itself, though perhaps its aged stony spine might have been a little scorched.

The old bridge stood one hundred and seventy years after this, and looked on a London built much more substantially than ever before. It still bore up the increasing tides of its life, flowing back and forth, and was more and more famous every year, as its history grew more ancient and the people remembered what wondrous sights it had seen.

No longer now did its quaint old form appear in grave history only, but also in chronicles and stories, in romances and novels, and even in nursery tales; for it was interwoven with the joys and sorrows, the lights and shadows, of city life. Artists even found that they could never draw a true picture of London without putting in Old London Bridge. It has been pictured in many ways, by daylight and by moonlight, in the darkness of midnight and amid the mists of deep fogs.

The fame of it has gone everywhere, and can never pass away. Its traditions still linger close beside the magnificent granite structure which now spans the river in its stead. Some day you may stand on the parapet of the new bridge, and look at the place where the old bridge used to be, two hundred feet nearer the Tower; a place that will know it no more, except as it may be the haunt of an invisible ghost of the bridge, over which I have just tried to take you in a dream-walk, covering six hundred long years.

But do you know that its memory—the memory of its fame in the days gone by—has already been among you, in a way that you have proba-



bly never suspected? What would you say if I could prove that the bridge went over the Atlantic ocean to America generations ago? What would you say if I could show it to you in one of the very games which you have played — perhaps are playing now to amuse the little ones?

When in your very young days you sang:

"Lift up the gates as high as the sky,  
And let King George and his troops pass by,"

as two of the biggest among you locked hands and

formed an arch, which the others tried to "shoot," and were caught; and then when still other arches were formed behind these, and the great pull set in, all shouting together what the first arch had begun:

"London Bridge is falling down — falling down —"

what was it but an echo of the past, the ancient voices of the children in old London-town revived, chanting their belief in the gray old bridge, that never, like their own little hands, could unlock its arches from their hold, break apart, or fall!



"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN,—MY FAIR LADY!"

## LULLABY.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

THROUGH Sleepy-Land doth a river flow.  
On its further bank white daisies grow;  
And snow-white sheep, in woolly floss,  
Must, one by one, be ferried across.  
In a little boat they safely ride  
To the meadows green, on the other side.  
Lullaby, sing lullaby!

The boatman comes to carry the sheep  
In his little boat to the Land of Sleep;  
Upon his head is a poppy wreath;  
His eyelids droop, and his eyes beneath  
Are drowsy from counting, "One, two, three,"—  
How many sheep doth the baby see?  
Lullaby, sing lullaby!

One little sheep has gone over the stream;  
They press to the bank. How eager they seem!  
Two little sheep, alone on the shore,—  
Only two sheep, but he's bringing one more;  
Three little sheep, in the flowery fields,  
Cropping the grass which Sleepy-Land yields.  
Lullaby, sing lullaby!

Four little, five little sheep now are over;  
Six little, seven little sheep in the clover,—  
Deep in the honey-sweet clover they stand.  
Eight little, nine little sheep, now they land;  
Ten, and eleven, and twelve little sheep!—  
And baby, herself, is gone with them, to sleep!  
Lullaby, sing lullaby!

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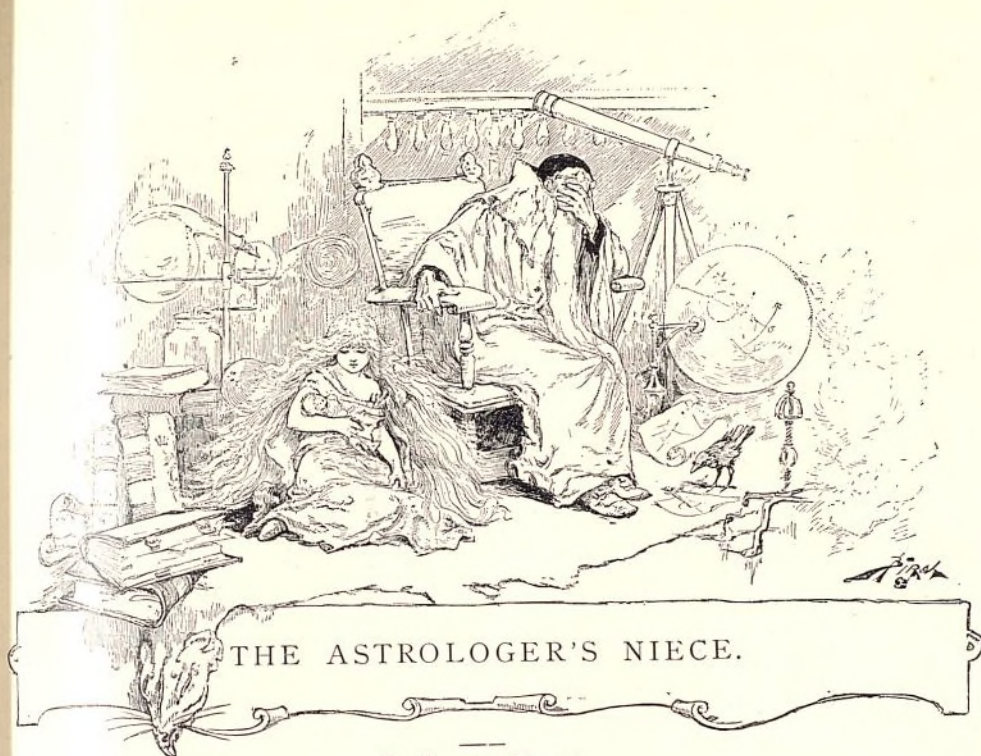
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## THE ASTROLOGER'S NIECE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

I AM not sorry that I became an astrologer. The work is monotonous but not wearing, and the hours are short. As an apprentice I was a hard student, and frequently consulted the stars; but now, without conceit, I think I speak within bounds in saying that I know all there is to know about planets, stars, asteroids, comets, nebulae, and horoscopes, and twice as much as any other astrologer of my weight; so I seldom refresh my memory by going, through my telescope, directly to nature.

I admit it is inconvenient to be obliged to wear a thick woollen robe on warm days. I also admit that a shorter beard would be less in my way, and that I might shave if my customers did not object. I do not deny that my raven, a second-hand bird which once belonged to Zadkiel, is a nuisance, because of his continually stealing my spectacles. As I have only one pair, it is very hard to find them when I have no spectacles to find them with. The bird is not sympathetic, and enjoys my annoyance over the search; croaking derisively as I go stumbling around among dusty old books and brittle glass crucibles. This irritates me; and I put him on bread and water, which irritates him.

My calculations are a bore; and I am very apt to pinch my fingers or entangle my beard in the

celestial globe. My customers are greedy, and insist upon being kings, duchesses, pirates, and so on, ignoring the indications which plainly show them to be intended for hurdy-gurdy players, scissors-grinders, or poets. The planets are all right; I have no particular fault to find with the fixed stars; but those vagabonds, the comets, will often act in the most unfriendly way,—spoiling my very best combinations. It makes customers ill-natured, and they hold me responsible, just as though I arranged the comets to suit myself! Perhaps it is not strange that I am a trifle touchy; I feel sure astrologers will agree that I am no more nervous than is excusable under the trials of the profession. Still, I repeat, I am satisfied with my vocation. I did hesitate between star-gazing and saw-filing; but I think my choice was not unwise; for, as an astrologer, I became more or less familiar with magic,—a pleasant recreation if pursued with proper discretion, but not fit for children. While I lived alone, I had no trouble with it; for although I made mistakes, I was indulgent enough to overlook them.

But when my only sister unfortunately died and left a lovely little daughter alone in the world, whom nobody else could be persuaded to adopt, I foolishly consented to bring up that child. It was



an amiable, even admirable, weakness—but, my stars! what curious things a child can do!

I had had no kindergarten experience. I was never in an orphan asylum, so far as I know, and I was an only son. I knew nothing of children, except such superficial acquaintance as enabled me to foretell their futures and to advise parents about bringing them up; and yet in my old age I was thus, by an accident, forced to take full charge of a small girl of very decided traits—born with Jupiter in the ascendant, and Mercury not far off! What bothered me most was her goodness. A bad child can be coaxed and punished; but an affectionate, mischievous, obedient, and innocent girl—what *can* be done with her?

I never thought of locking up my books of magic—and she must have read them, I suppose; for, before I knew it, that youngster was working spells and charms, fixing up enchantments, and making transformations which required more time to disentangle than I could readily spare from my business hours.

The first disagreeable experience resulted from her having read about some old flying horse in Greece, Turkey, or elsewhere, and she took to wandering about the fields keeping a bright lookout for him! I suspect she became discouraged, and resolved to make one for herself, since she caught a little colt, fixed a pair of wings by some



MY NIECE'S EXPERIMENT IN MAGIC.

spell or other upon the colt's shoulders, and attempted to harness him with flowers; whereupon he flew away! It could n't have displeased the colt,

for he was not at all sedate in character. But the farmer who owned him did not think of that. He came to see me about it, thoughtlessly bringing his pitchfork with him; so I found it best to promise to remove the wings. Luckily, she had left the book open at the very charm that had been used and I was able to undo it; though there was some delay, caused by the necessity of using a lock of hair from the head of the Sultan, who was kind enough to grow one for me as soon as he could.

Now that child did n't mean any harm; she could n't see why a horse should n't fly,—the little goose!—nor could I explain it to her very clearly. She promised, however, not to do so again, and of course we said no more about it.

The week after, coming home one day I found my room filled to the brim, so to speak, with an enormous green dragon who blew smoke from his nostrils so profusely that it gave me some trouble to convince the villagers that there was no fire and that they were nuisances, with their buckets and ladders!

Of course my magic-books were inaccessible, and we took lodgings with a neighbor until the dragon was starved out. The dragon's skin made an excellent rug, but the experience was not enjoyable. I could not reprove my niece for this, because she explained very frankly that she had made the dragon larger than she intended; it was only a misfit.

You may think me absent-minded; but it never occurred to me to forbid these practices, although, had I done so, she would have obeyed me. I forgot about it, except when some new prank brought the matter to my mind, and then I became absorbed in remedying the difficulty caused by her experiment. Once I tried to divert her mind by inducing her to adopt a doll which the raven had cleverly secured from somebody; but her care of it was so evidently due to a desire to please me that whenever she held it I was uneasy. When the raven took the doll away again (let us hope, to return it), we were both relieved.

For a time after the dragon incident, my niece was shy of using the magic-books, and I enjoyed this quiet interval very much. I was occupied in manufacturing a horoscope for the innkeeper, who was quite well-to-do. He had promised me a round sum for a favorable sketch of his future, and I was anxious to give satisfaction and to collect my bill. But the stars indicated that only the strictest economy would tide him over a coming financial crisis in his affairs—which made me fear there might be some uncertainty about my fee. Absorbed in this perplexity, I may have neglected my niece; at all events, she got into the habit of spending her time with the innkeeper's family.

A commercial magician from Lapland, of great

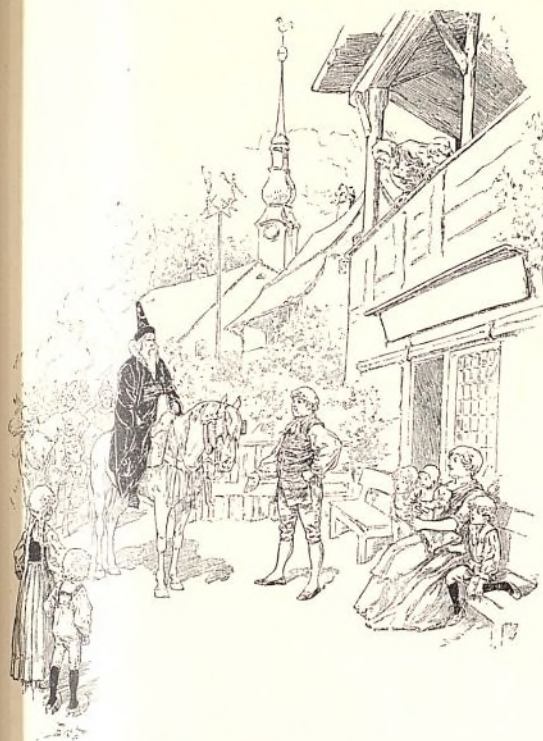
dignity and the inn wh his negotia

through the that the lo other compa reality, what his performi cinations d Imagine the ous mind of gician, with the table in reach it. Y It must h succeeded in these creatu forms. Ho what happer that afterno led my niece course, the r original shap bees! I wa as I saw the pened, and n When I a



dignity and little importance, chanced to arrive at the inn while my niece was there. Overhearing his negotiation with the landlord, she learned,

discontented. He failed to appreciate the child's ingenuity and enterprise, and really seemed inclined to speak hastily to the poor child, who stood looking on with an innocent pleasure in her success, which I found charming. But, since I was there, he only stared helplessly about and seemed anxious to say more than he could wait to pronounce, till I told him that he must have patience and fortitude. As he came to his senses, he showed signs of knowing what to do. He sent for the pepper-casters and vinegar-cruets, neatly changed them into divining-boxes, which straightway poured forth the proper necromantic fumes, and then — remembered that he needed his wand! A long search resulted in finding it up the kitchen chimney, after which a careful and laborious cleansing brought it into a suitable condition to be handled. All this, my niece greatly enjoyed. By that time, the magician was very much irritated and began a powerful invocation to a muscular spirit who would, perhaps, have brought the whole party back, in a jiffy! — but I interfered, and explained to him, at some length, that the whole episode was nothing more than a piece of girlish curiosity, not calling for any harsh methods or severe measures. I offered my assistance, which he declined, — without thanks. I shrugged my shoulders and was strolling indifferently away when he began to make an answer. I saw that he had not an easy



ARRIVAL OF THE COMMERCIAL MAGICIAN.

through the foolish talkativeness of the magician, that the long and imposing train of mules and other companions accompanying him were not, in reality, what they appeared to be, but were simply his performing company of manufactured hallucinations disguised in their traveling shapes. Imagine the effect upon the curious and ingenuous mind of my playful niece! The heedless magician, with equal carelessness, left his wand upon the table in the front hall, where anybody could reach it. You can foresee the result.

It must have been merely by chance that she succeeded in counteracting the spell by which these creatures were confined to their every-day forms. However that may be, you may imagine what happened while the magician was at dinner that afternoon. The inquiring spirit of childhood led my niece to make trial of the wand, when, of course, the mules and attendants returned to their original shapes and flew off, a buzzing swarm of bees! I was walking in the village, and so soon as I saw the swarm I understood what had happened, and must admit, I was amused.

When I arrived at the inn, the magician was

curiosity! — Where do you think that pack of irresponsible insects has gone? — I hope they will —

“What nonsense! — such a fix I’m in! — girlish



THE MAGICIAN BEGAN A POWERFUL INVOCATION.



Please to get away!" I withdrew. It was not my affair, but they told me that my niece, inadvertently I am sure, had injured the wand so that it failed to work, and that the magician made futile attempts to use it, until the boys laughed at him, when he desisted. Having lost all his attendants, materials, and supplies, and his wand being useless, the magician was almost distracted. He was unable to leave the village, and the landlord would not have him at the inn, so I took him to board on credit, at a reasonable charge.

When the magician took up his abode with me, my niece was somewhat fond of questioning him, but apparently found that it was not worth her time, for she seemed to lose interest in him very soon. In fact she forgot all about him and about me as well, and became entirely absorbed in an attempt to teach the raven to play Jack-stones — for which recreation he showed very little talent. As there was, necessarily, considerable noise in her course of instruction, I requested her to hold the sessions out-of-doors, and she kindly adopted the suggestion.

In order to occupy the magician's mind I gave him some copying, but he was not interested in his work. He was restless, and wandered out into the country searching high and low for the curious crowd of nondescripts which my careless niece had liberated in a praiseworthy attempt to gain knowledge. I called his attention to this view of the subject and asked whether he did not see it in the same light, but I must say he was quite unreasonable and prejudiced. He left the room abruptly, forgetting his hat, leaving the door wide open and his quill-pen behind his ear. He was gone for some time. In the afternoon he came back radiant, crying aloud:

"I have found them — I have found them!" and dancing with joy. His dancing was very good, but I was busy and paid no attention to him. If he had been a man of any tact, he would have felt my indifference; but some people can not take a hint, and he went on as eagerly as though I had shown some interest in the performance.

"As I was walking in the meadows," he shouted, "I nearly tripped over the body of a peasant lying flat upon the ground, studying an ant-hill with a magnifying-glass. I asked him what he was doing and he told me that he was The Sluggard, and that he had been advised to go to the ants and consider their ways and be wise. I inquired how he was getting on; he said he was getting on very well, that he had learned to gather all he could, to store it up where it would be safe, and to keep in out of the wet."

This bored me extremely, and I coughed significantly, but the magician continued rambling:

"I asked if I might look through the lens. He said I might, and I did. Now what do you suppose I saw through that lens?"

I had not recovered my good humor. I con-



THE SLUGGARD, CONSIDERING.

fess that I am sensitive and that my feelings are easily hurt. This foolish attempt to ask me rhetorical conundrums displeased me, and I made no reply. But that man was not discouraged. He repeated the question. Turning toward him, I spoke in a way he could not misunderstand.

"Upon applying your eye to the glass," I remarked, "you were astonished to perceive that the small creatures which you had supposed to be common black ants were in reality a colony of bees, who seemed for some strange reason of their own to have chosen an abandoned ant-hill for a hive! This anomaly seems not to have attracted your notice; but, if I had been with you, I could have informed you that you might have concluded from so very significant a fact that this was the swarm which you are so anxious to find. Does not reflection incline you to agree with me?"

He was disappointed. He had foolishly hoped to surprise me — such puerility! "You are right," he replied, in a muffled sort of voice.

"Very well," said I. "Now, in my turn, I will propose a question. Your wand being out of order, how are you to get those wanderers back?" I enjoyed his discomfiture. His face was a study, and I studied it until I learned that he had no suggestion to make. His face wore no expression whatever.

Then, in a kindly spirit, I said to him: "Bring me your little wand. Sit down like a magician, and don't dance about like a dervish, and I'll fix it for you." He was visibly moved by my kindness, and agreed to all I proposed. He brought the wand and, after a keen examination, I found a screw loose and with my penknife I tightened it. A sickly smile flitted over his face. "You are doing me a good turn," he murmured. I gave him a searching glance; but the smile was so faint, and



faded so quickly, that I decided he did not mean to be humorous. It was lucky for him, for astrologers are sworn foes to humorists; and I should have broken his wand into several fragments if I had detected the slightest levity. He said no more. Having mended the wand, I handed it to him, saying: "Go, recover your chattels!" He retired with briskness, and it gives me pleasure to record the fact that I have never seen him since.

My niece told me, casually, that she was glad that the magician was gone. I offered to tell her about his departure, but she assured me she took no interest in the subject. She did not say any more about it, and, since I do not believe in encouraging childish prattle, I made no more allusions to our boarder.

I have lately asked her whether she would prefer to qualify herself to study astrology, with magic as an extra, or would be better satisfied to learn saw-filing under some well-known virtuoso. She replied

with much discretion, that she thought a quiet life was the happiest after all. So, although she has not yet expressed herself more definitely, I feel sure she is giving the subject mature consideration. I admire her greatly, and predict that she will do well if carefully neglected.

As time passes, I notice that I grow older, and, although I cannot repent having chosen the career of an astrologer, if my niece chooses the saw-filing business, I may perhaps take up some similar musical pursuit, so that we may not be separated. Meanwhile my niece is attending a very excellent school, and makes good progress in her studies. In fact her progress was so rapid at first, that she came near graduating in about two weeks; but, as I then persuaded her to give up the use of the magic-books, she is now making slower and more satisfactory progress, being quite backward.

The dust lies thick on the magic-books. Magic is amusing, but it sometimes makes trouble.

# PICTURES FOR LITTLE FRENCH READERS. No. 1.

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Elizabeth B. Comins



## A LEGEND OF ACADIA.

By C. F. HOLDER.

WHO has not heard of the wonderful tides of Fundy, which are ever rushing up and down that great arm of the Atlantic, seemingly with the intention of making an island of Nova Scotia and so separating Acadia, with its beautiful legends, from the rest of the world?

Strange stories come to us from the Fundy shore. Now they tell of a drove of pigs in a wild race with the rushing current; again, some farmer's chickens wander down the flats and are borne home on the crest of the "roaring bore," as the great tidal flow is called. In fact, by a patient study of all the legends of old Acadia, we would find that these tidal waves were responsible for many strange and curious happenings.

One of these natural practical jokes, as they might be called, forms the subject of our story; and, although it is told as a legend, it is not only possible, but the old residents of the land of Evangeline state that just such an incident did take place, and that it is likely to occur again—whenever such a skipper and crew sail into Minas Basin.

It seems, according to the old story-tellers, that years ago the captain of a New England coaster determined to discover the exact location of "Down East." At every port he visited, from Cape Cod to Boothbay, the inhabitants all denied that *they* lived there, and when asked where "Down East" was, only pointed mysteriously up the coast. Finally, when the skipper of "The Dancing Polly" received a cargo of goods for Grand Pré, he was highly pleased, thinking that at last "Down East" would be found,—for, in those days, Nova Scotia was considered "the jumping-off place."

One fine spring morning, the schooner got under way, and sailed merrily up through the maze of islands that skirts the coast of Maine. Fair westerly winds favored them, and on the second day they entered the famous Bay of Fundy, or Fond de la Baie, as the French call it.

The skipper had never heard of the great tide there; and when, the following morning, the mouth of the Minas Channel appeared on the right shore, he bore away for it, wing and wing, and he was soon under the shadows of the old Acadian hills.

The rich green fields and the villages along-shore seemed to give a friendly greeting; and captain and crew decided that "Down East" was a very pleasant region.

But luck is fickle; and as they were bowling along, up the basin proper, they felt a sudden jar, then heard a scraping sound; and a moment later "The Dancing Polly" was aground, under full sail.

The small-boat was put out with a kedge, and the sails were braced this way and that, but all to no purpose,—the boat was aground hard and fast, the tide was going out, and skipper and "crew" would have to wait until the high tide came to float them off. It was quite late in the day, and ere long the captain, and the cook, the great Newfoundland dog, and a yellow-and-black cat, who constituted the crew, all went to bed.

Early the next morning, the captain was awakened by the dog; and when he crawled out of his berth, he found the floor of the cabin so aslant that he had to scramble on all fours to reach the ladder. The schooner was evidently heeled over. But the captain had expected this, and made his way on deck as best he could.

Was he dreaming? He certainly thought so; and then, having some doubts, he reached over and gently touched the yellow-and-black cat's tail. An answering wail assured him that he was awake, and that he and "The Dancing Polly" were really somewhere high up in mid-air.

The bewildered skipper crept to the rail, his astonishment all the while increasing. The broad stream of the day before had vanished. Not a drop of water was in sight, but far below him could be seen a vast basin of mud, in which pigs were rooting and grunting!

For some time the skipper stood and looked; then, noticing the cook standing by and, like himself, lost in wonder, he said:

"Wal, John, I reckon we 've reached here at last."

"Reached where?" exclaimed the cook.

"Down East," replied the old man solemnly.

"It looks more like 'up East' and on a powerful high perch, moreover," retorted the cook; "and I'm for striking inshore."

The two men started forward, and they soon found that the schooner was resting on a great ledge of rock like a tower that rose out of the mud. Lowering a rope over the side, they let themselves down upon the rock, and even then were several feet from the muddy surface.

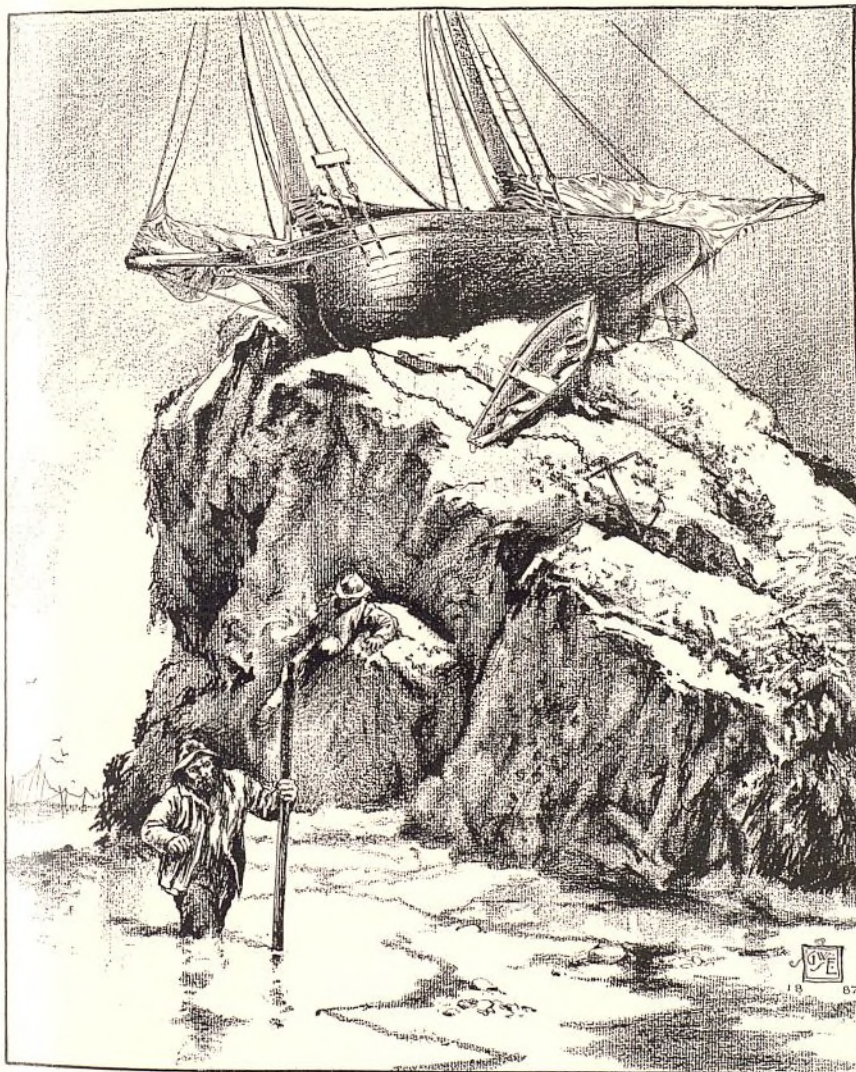
The great pedestal upon which they stood was



covered with olive-hued and black weeds, which concealed innumerable star-fishes, sea-urchins and shells, and it gradually dawned upon them that "The Dancing Polly" had not been transported inland, but that the water had gone seaward and left them.

How to get down was the next question, and

Then and there, the Yankee navigator first heard of the Fundy tides; and several hours later, from the deck of the little craft, he saw the "bore" come in;—first a small stream, growing rapidly wider and deeper until the entire basin was filled with the surging waters that rose higher and higher, until finally "The Dancing Polly" floated



THE TRICK PLAYED BY THE TIDE.

after a debate about leaving the dog and cat, the two men finally managed to slide, slip, and scramble to the plain below, and through mud waist-deep floundered to the shore, where they were received with roars of laughter by a group of fine-looking Acadians, who had been watching their descent and their difficult progress.

free, and once more sailed away in the direction of Grand Pré.

"You Down Easters have curious ways," said the captain to his Acadian acquaintances, after he was safely moored at the dock that night.

"Down Easters?" queried one of them.

"Is n't this 'Down East'?" asked the skipper.



"Oh, no!" was the rejoinder; and pointing his arm in the direction of the sunrise, the Acadian explained, "'Down East' is up the coast, a way."

"Then I shall never get there," replied the captain regretfully — and he never did.

The curious tides which still rush in and out of the basin just as they did in the olden times, are caused by the formation of the coast. The water crowds into the Bay of Fundy as the tide rises, and, being unable to spread out in the narrowing and shallowing channel, is forced to a very great height. In the Basin of Minas the spring-tide has been known to rise nearly seventy feet, and at other times it rises as high as forty or fifty feet; at Chignecto Bay the rise is usually between

fifty and sixty feet; and in the estuary of the Petitcodiac, where the tidal current meets the river, there is formed the so-called "great bore," which rushes on with such velocity that animals are often caught and swept away by it.

These great tides are by no means confined to the Bay of Fundy. The natives of the Amazon country tell of their *pororoca*, which really is a great roaring bore, where the tide-water, for a time kept back by the formations of the bars and of the channel, suddenly rushes onward in one or two or three great waves. A similar phenomenon is noticed in the Hoogly River, and in the Tsiensang in China, up which the tidal wave rushes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

## HOW A GREAT SIOUX CHIEF WAS NAMED.

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.



ALTHOUGH many Indian names seem to explain themselves, young readers no doubt have often pondered and wondered over the odd names of some of our Western Indians as published in the daily papers. Such appellations as "Hole-in-the-Day," "Touch-the-Clouds," "Red Cloud," "Spotted-Tail," "Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses," and scores of others which I might call to mind, must have excited curiosity. The names here given belong to individuals of the Sioux tribe, which is the largest tribe within the United States.

When these Sioux Indians were little boys and girls, so small that they had done nothing at all

worthy of notice, they had no names whatever; being known simply as "White Thunder's little baby-boy," "Red Weasel's two-year-old girl," "One of Big Mouth's twins," and so on, according to their fathers' names; and, occasionally, — if Sioux women were talking to each other, — according to the mother's name. The earliest striking incident in an Indian's life may fasten a name upon him. A little fellow, not able to take care of himself, is kicked by an Indian pony, let us say, and, until some more prominent event in his career changes his name, he will be known as "Kicking Horse," or "Kicked-by-the-Horse." Or, a little girl, while scrambling through a wild-plum thicket, may not realize how near she is to the bank of the stream until a small piece of ground gives way under her feet, and she goes tumbling head-over-heels into the water. When rescued and brought home, she is called "Fell-in-the-Water," which probably will be wrongly translated into English as "Falling Water"; and we, hearing her so called, say, "What a pretty name!" "How poetical the Indian names are!" We should never have thought so, if we had seen the ragged little miss screaming and clutching at the grass as she went, with a splash into the muddy creek. And even if the little girl herself could be brought to believe that it was a pretty name, I am sure she would insist that it was not a pleasant christening. Again, some little urchins, playing far away from the *tepees* (as the picturesque skin-tents or lodges are called), sud-



denly are overtaken by a thunder-shower, and they come home wet to the skin; thenceforth one may be called "Rain-in-the-Face," and another, "Little Thunder," if they are not already named. And so these slight incidents, some serious, some comical, give names to the little Sioux, until, as I have

grow before they could give him so pompous a name.

Once in a while, however, the names that the little ones have borne cling to them for life; either because nothing happens afterwards of sufficient importance to cause a change, or because they like



"HE WAS AS DELIGHTED AS A CIVILIZED CHILD WITH A COVETED TOY."

said, other occurrences or feats suggest other names, which they like better, or which they and their fellow-Indians adopt.

"Three Bears" got his name by killing three of those animals in one encounter, and he must have been well past his boyhood, or he could not have performed a feat of such valor.

"Pawnee-Killer" was not so called until he had slain a great number of Pawnees, a neighboring tribe of Indians, most bitterly hated by the Sioux. He, also, must have reached manhood before being named. Many names similarly given might be mentioned, for it is generally the names obtained late in life that are preferred, as one of these almost always recalls some great deed that redounds to its owner's credit; and this gratifies the savage vanity and pride, of which they have no small amount.

"Touch-the-Clouds" received his title from the fact that he was very tall,—over six feet in height, I believe; and of course they had to wait for him to

the old names, however simple they may be or however insignificant the event commemorated. Such was the case with the great Sioux chief, "Spotted Tail," a leader most famous among them, and one who has ruled over great numbers of that large tribe, for it should be remembered that the Sioux nation is not subject to any single ruler, but is divided into a number of bands of different names, each with a different chieftain, who has many sub-chiefs under him.

When this great chief was a very little fellow, his father left the lodge, or *tepee*, one morning, for a day's hunting after deer, which he expected to find in the brush and timber along the stream near the camp. It was an unlucky day, however,—the only thing he captured being a big raccoon, the skin of which he brought home. Coming to his lodge, and seeing one or two Indians sitting in front of it, watching the antics of his little son, he threw the raccoon's skin to the boy for a plaything. The



youngster, pleased with the present, spread it out carefully before the group of Indians; and when he pulled the tail, covered with black and gray rings, from under the skin, he was as delighted as a civilized child with a coveted toy, and he jumped up and down upon the skin, crying:

"Look at its tail, all spotted! Look at its spotted tail!"

Those around him joined in his childish glee. (For it must be borne in mind that the oldest boy-child of a Sioux warrior is a perfect prince in the household,—his mother and sisters being his slaves, and no one but his father above him in authority. So you can see why all tried to please him.) The incident was rather amusing, too, for the raccoon's tail was not spotted at all, but covered with black stripes, or rings. So, while the spectators were laughing, the youngster was immediately dubbed "Spotted Tail,"—*Sin-ta Ga-lis-ka*, in Sioux; *sin-ta* being tail, and *ga-lis-ka*, spotted—a name that has clung to him through all his eventful life. And certainly there was no lack of thrilling episodes which could have changed it, should vanity have made him desire a change. A warrior who had seen, and had been leader in, so many battles, of whom countless deeds of personal valor were recounted, and whose war-suit was trimmed with 650 scalps,\* could easily have had a pompous name had he wished it. But, like all really great men,

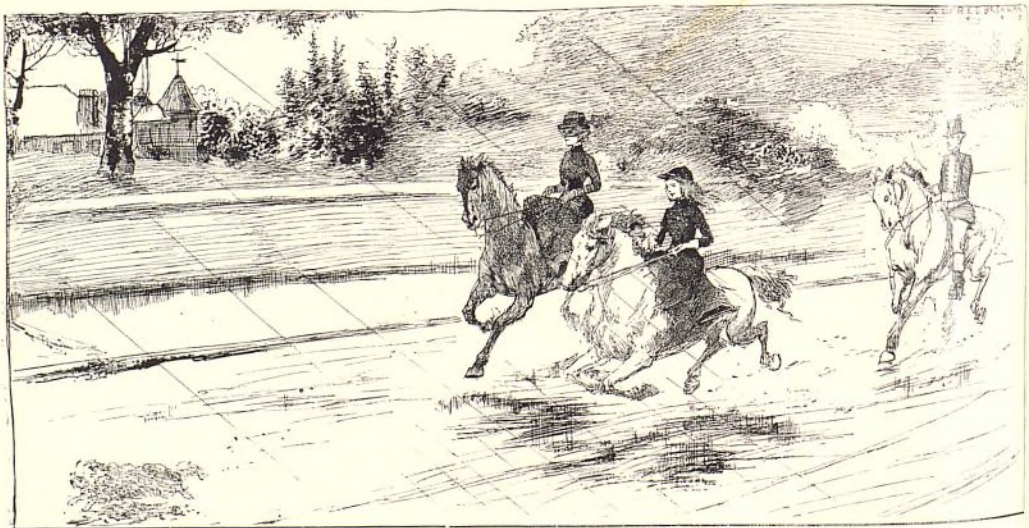
\* In trimming a war suit with scalps, only as much of each scalp is used as can be drawn through an eagle's quill, and these little tassels are then sewn in rows upon the buckskin shirt and leggings.

whether their lot be cast in civilized or in savage life, this great Sioux chief was modest; and in nothing is this better shown than in his satisfaction with the simple name of his baby-days, though it arose from such a trifling incident, and in his refusal to choose a name like "Pawnee-Killer," "White Thunder," or some other high-sounding title.

"Crazy Horse," the great Sioux chief, who was prominent in the Custer massacre, and who gained several other victories over us in war, is not given his right name, strictly speaking, for, in changing it into our language, it was misinterpreted. He was a superb rider, noted even among a nation of fine horsemen, and he could ride anything, however vicious, wild, or intractable. "Untamable Horse" would have been a better rendering of his name.

"Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses," the great Ogallala Sioux chief, is also not rightly named in English. He was very careful about his horses when on the war-path, in times of peril keeping guard over them all night—a very unusual precaution among Indians. "Man-Careful-of-his-Horses," or "Man-Afraid-of-a-Stampede-of-his-Horses," would be truer to his real Indian name.

I must leave you to imagine the origin of the titles "Hole-in-the-Day," "Red Cloud," "Two Strikes," "Little Big Man," "Good Voice," and other quaint and queer Indian names which you may see from time to time.



A SHORT CUT HOMEWARD.

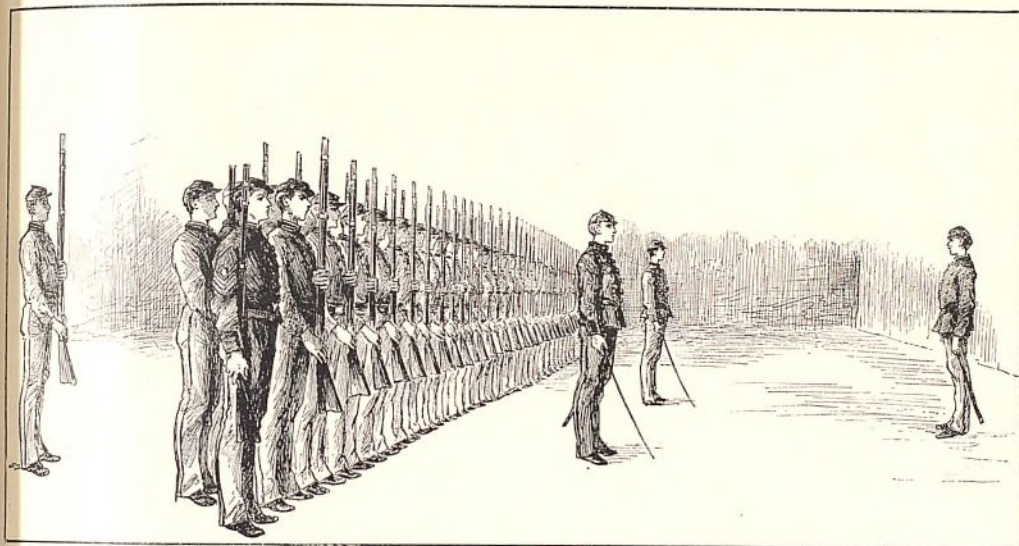


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## DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.



### CHAPTER I.

TRAMP: tramp: tramp: tramp: tramp: tramp: tramp: came the rhythmic beat of feet across the drill-hall floor. A hundred boys in blue were marching in a long double line that reached from side to side of the wide hall; and overhead the great beams and iron rods shook and quivered in tremulous accord with the throbbing of the feet below, as the dark-blue ranks swept from end to end of the long building.

Straight onward marched the battalion, under the command of the senior captain, as unwavering as though the wall in front was about to vanish like a curtain and leave a clear passage out into the world beyond.

Clear as a bell came the ringing command of the senior captain:

"To the rear"—yet on they went, until one more step would dash the front rank sheer against the wall—

"March!"

Then, as if by magic, each form whirled about with a single movement, and the ranks were marching in the opposite direction, with eyes fixed and impassive faces, so individually inexpressive as to lose for the time all distinguishing characteristics.

The light from the lofty windows fell upon the double row of gun-barrels in glittering lines, and shot glancing rays from the gleaming blades of the line officers. At the regulation distance to the rear, the sergeants followed their platoons, their guns at "shoulder arms," their arms decorated with chevrons.

Then came a quick series of commands, and the two ranks suddenly became a solid column.

"Left oblique — march!"

And they glided away at a diagonal like a huge crab with a sidelong movement, and what had been the corner was now the advance guard of the troop.

"Halt!"

Down came the upraised feet with a single thud, and the column was immovable for a second; then with a half turn they again faced toward the end of the hall. Another volley of commands, and the column changed from solid to open ranks, and the muskets rose to "right shoulder arms." Thus it went on, until the routine drill came to "in place rest" and the boys again stood in two long lines, but leaning on their muskets, drawing breaths of relief and indulging in brief conversation. The officers strolled toward the platform at the side of the hall, where the gray-mustached veteran,



General Long, was criticising the late drill and the appearance of the command as a whole. Sharp criticisms, too. The boys winced under them. He laid down the law without compunction, and the young lieutenant who was bearing the brunt grew red with mortification.

It was at Wild Lake Institute that all this happened, and in the great building which had once been used as a shelter for the exhibitors at the annual county fairs. Mr. Richards, the proprietor of the Institute, had at last secured the use of this building for a long term of years. So the windows that had looked upon piles of turnips and mammoth squashes earlier in the season, now lighted the evolutions of the school battalion during the daily two hours' drill. There was room enough for a regiment upon the floor. It was one hundred yards in length, and the lofty roof gave promise of good ventilation. No wonder that Mr. Richards felt a hearty satisfaction as he walked up and down the platform on his occasional visits, with his hands behind his back, or abstractedly pulling his nose, as he had a habit of doing. The welfare of the Institute was very dear to him, and he had a reputation, which was well deserved, of sending better prepared students to the Harvard examinations than any other teacher in the country. When he was present, the General was less of a martinet than at other times, and that, if nothing more, made the boys welcome him right gladly when he appeared.

To-day, however, he was absent, and the General had it all his own way. On the platform near a window, a young fellow with the chevrons of a sergeant on his arm stood leaning against a post. There was a discontented expression on his frank face, which was pale and rather thin. Another sergeant strolled up and spoke to him.

"Hullo, Harry! glad to see you around again. But what on earth are you looking so solemn over?"

"Drill!" was the sententious response.

"What's that to do with it? Has the General been stirring you up? He's been lecturing the second lieutenant for the last ten minutes, and, as I live, he's making his company go through the manual again!"

It was even so. With suppressed indignation, the unfortunate officer had got his men into line again, and was snapping out his orders with a pyrotechnic vim that sent an answering thrill through the ranks; then they went through the manual without the word of command, tossing their muskets into the various prescribed positions with practiced hands, and the precision of clock-work.

"See that, Ed!" said his brother sergeant,

Harry Wylie, with a red spot showing in each cheek. "That's the greatest piece of nonsense in the whole drill; and they keep it up for 'exercise!' where's the good of it? what muscles does it train? If they only laid claim to its usefulness in discipline I would n't say a word; but to declare that a beneficial gymnastic exercise is a humbug, I'm sick of it!"

"You'd better not let General Long hear you, if you expect to wear a sword next year," said Edward Dane, laughing, and stroking his own chevrons complacently. "Or is 'first sergeant' the height of your ambition?"

"Hang the sword!" exclaimed Harry, indignantly. "What's that to do with the principle of the thing? Besides,"—with a laugh—"it's the abstract, not the concrete, that I object to."

"Well, Harry, if the principal hears of your heretical notions, he'll abstract your name from the promotion list, as sure as fate; and if I were you, I'd stick a tompon into the muzzle of my discontent."

"Can't a fellow express an honest opinion?"

"Hum! That depends," said Dane, cautiously.

"I'm only saying what every mother's son of you believes in his heart of hearts. I came here to prepare for college, and as it is the best fitting-school that I know of, I shall stay here till I am ready to go; but that does n't imply that I mean to swallow a ramrod."

"Sergeant Dane, go to your post! Sergeant Wylie, go to your quarters, and report yourself after drill hours to Mr. Richards as under arrest for mutinous conversation while on duty!" With these words, the straight figure of the General suddenly appeared at the elbow of the astonished young officers.

Sergeant Dane drew himself up, saluted, turned on his heel and rejoined his company, which had been standing at "in place rest" near by. Sergeant Wylie also saluted, but began to say,

"Perhaps I'd better explain——"

"No explanations are desired, sir. Go to your quarters at once, or I will send you under escort!"

So Wylie again saluted, turned likewise upon his heel, and departed with a new light in his eyes and wrath in his heart.

"Too bad!" muttered a private in the ranks to Lieutenant Leigh.

"Hush!" said the lieutenant between his teeth. "The old General is on his dignity to-day. He would fill the guard-house as full as a plum-pudding, and would think nothing of stuffing in a whole platoon. I'm sorry for Wylie, but we can't do him any good."

And Leigh, on the whole, was glad that the

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order "Attention" was given just then, that conversation so dangerous might come to an end.

Wylie, meanwhile, found his way across the parade-ground, which was a wide field between the drill-hall and the Institute, and entered his own room. It was not a large room, by any means, but it was light and well ventilated, and the walls were decorated by a few well-executed sketches. Harry sat down upon his solitary chair with his arms resting on the back of it, and gazed long and earnestly up at a picture of his home, over which was hung a long bow and a sheaf of arrows.

"This is the very worst scrape that I've been in since I came here," he said to himself. "I've a mind to write home all about it—hang it, no! I'll fight it out by myself." And, jumping up, he straightened up his bolster against the wall, and bestowed upon it half a dozen scientific whacks, quick as winks, and with as hearty good-will as though the unoffending article of furniture had been the cause of all his trouble. Then the maltreated bolster doubled itself over, and fell across the end of the iron bedstead to the floor, and Harry straightened himself up with a hearty laugh, saying,

"Heigho! I may as well be studying, I suppose," and, taking down a book from a little hanging case upon the wall, he began to peruse "Caesar." The sunlight on the wall had moved several feet from its first position since he entered the room, and was gilding the wings of a stuffed "yellow-hammer"; the great clock upon the tower had tolled the hours twice, and there was a tramp of feet in the corridor and the hum of voices. Then the slamming of doors betokened the beginning of study hours, and all was quiet along the passages without. Harry had become deeply interested in "Caesar," and he minded the noise no more than he did the silence.

Suddenly the sentinel at the door of the hall challenged, and there was the rattle of presented arms, and then the measured tramp of feet along the corridor toward his room. His door was flung open suddenly, and there was a file of soldiers with Sergeant Dane at their head.

Harry sprang to his feet and snatched at his watch. Nearly three o'clock! and he should have reported himself as under arrest at two!

"Oh, glory! I forgot all about it."

Dane said not a word, the presence of the command preventing any audible expression of sympathy. But the look upon his face was eloquent enough, and said as plainly as speech itself, "I'm sorry for you, old fellow, but this *is* decidedly the worst scrape yet."

One minute later Harry Wylie was marching toward headquarters under escort.

## CHAPTER II.

"I'M afraid that you are a little too severe, General," said Mr. Richards. "The boys are not used to it when they come, and they need gentle handling or they get a distaste for the whole drill."

"I am sorry, Mr. Richards, that you decline to give me your support," said the General, throwing back his shoulders with an air of offended dignity. "The drill was simply absurd; half the boys in the second company were three seconds behind time, and their muskets went to the shoulder like a flight of stairs or an arithmetical progression. In the service we would have kept them at it till they could do it properly, if it required a week. But if you hamper me in inflicting punishments, you deprive me of all authority, and must be responsible for the demoralization that will result."

Mr. Richards laughed quietly, leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Now, seriously, General, do you think the failure to go through the manual properly, with six new recruits in the ranks, a crime that would warrant committing a platoon to the guard-house, or a company to extra duty? But that was not what I object to. What I feel the most deeply about is the free use that you make of sarcasm at times. Does it not hurt the boys' feelings needlessly? Remember they are defenseless, and must bear it silently."

The General rose and paced up and down the precincts of the library, his face expressive of conflicting feelings. The principal took up a book and leaned back in his easy-chair by the window that overlooked the campus, watching with a smile the antics of the boys who had come out from their rooms for a twenty-minute absorption of fresh air.

It did him good to watch them, and when some forty of them got up a break-neck race around the parade-ground he leaned forward eagerly to see which was the winner.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Richards," said the General, finally. "I would resign my position," he added, with a laugh, "if I did n't know that you would get a worse fellow next time."

"That is not to be thought of. I will tell you why I have such strong opinions on this question," and the principal, in turn, arose and began to pace the room. "When I was at school, a shy, sensitive, up-country lad, I once was under a teacher who had no respect for the rights of a pupil. He really insulted us often. The more hardened laughed; others were made doggedly obstinate. When the dullard of the class made some egregious blunder, he would say, 'why, even Richards ought to know better than that. I don't suppose he does, though.' And do you suppose that I



shall ever be able to forget those gratuitous, sarcastic flings? Was that the treatment necessary to bring out the good latent in every boy's heart? I have never met the man from that day to this; but for years I used to wake in the night with a start, after dreaming that I was back in that school-room. It has been said that no man can be a teacher for ten years without becoming more or less of a tyrant. When I adopted teaching for my profession, I registered a vow that I would disprove that, if it pleased God that I should live so long."

There was a sound of feet in the corridor, and the principal's little girl came running in, but stopped suddenly when she saw the General, and made a grimace of disappointment. The latter stooped and lifted her in his arms.

"What is it this time, pet?"

"I don't like you to-day, General. You scolded my boys when they did n't do anything!"

"Alice!" said the principal, quietly.

"Well, he did!" she asserted, rebelliously.

The General felt painfully embarrassed, and actually guilty, although he knew that he had but done his duty as he understood it.

"Alice!" said the principal again in the same quiet tone.

She hung her head a moment, and then looked up.

"I know I was naughty, General. I will kiss you now."

And the kiss was given. She lingered a moment when she was put down, but soon ran out of the room, leaving a silence of some duration.

"Well?" said Mr. Richards, at length, with an interrogative inflection.

"Well," echoed the General, "I give it up. You are a better disciplinarian than I." And they both laughed in unison.

They were old comrades, these two, and friends. When Mr. Richards projected his plan for the Wild Lake Institute, General Long was the first person whom he consulted, and it was by his advice that the military system of government had been adopted. The principal was not fully convinced of its usefulness in every respect, although he conceded that so far as it went it gave the best results attainable. Still, there were some phases of the discipline that did not altogether please him, and he had been meditating the advisability of just such a little private talk with the General, for some time. He was not sorry it had been carried through so amicably, as General Long had a veneration for "the service" and its customs amounting to idolatry; and, as we have hinted, he was something of a martinet in his ideas as to military exactions.

They had discussed the matter for some time, when the General suddenly started and pulled out his watch, while his face grew stern in an instant.

"I ordered Sergeant Wylie to report to you under arrest. He should have been here an hour ago."

"He has been ill," suggested the principal, gently.

"He was at the drill to-day.—With your permission—" The General reached out his hand toward the electric bell, with a look of inquiry. The principal nodded, and a pressure on the knob brought a sentinel to the door with a military salute. "Who is sergeant of the guard?" asked the General, answering the salute.

"Edward Dane, sir."

"Send him here."

Dane appeared in less than a minute, with the customary salute.

"Sergeant Dane, I ordered Sergeant Wylie to report himself here under arrest. He has not come. Take a squad and find him."

The sergeant disappeared, and soon the measured tramp of feet beneath the window, with the occasional jingle of accouterments, announced that he had departed upon his unwelcome mission. In about ten minutes the detail returned with Wylie in their midst, marching along with head erect and flashing eyes, but a face that was paleness itself. The two sergeants entered the library, the squad remaining outside, and saluted, after which Dane withdrew in response to a nod from the principal, giving a secret squeeze of sympathy as his fingers brushed those of his fellow-student.

"What is it all about, Dane?" asked one of the detail outside, the moment that the door closed between them and the prisoner.

"Why, the General ordered him under arrest, and Wylie forgot to report!" said Dane, leading the way to the hall where the guard held their rendezvous, and where the relief were expected to prepare their lessons.

A long whistle of astonishment followed the announcement. Such an act of rebellion had never occurred during the term of any of those present.

"But he really did forget," persisted Young. "There is no doubt about that. He jumped as though he had been harpooned when the sergeant opened the door. I wonder if some one of us ought n't to tell the principal of it?"

"Yes; I think I see 'some one of us' marching in upon the proceedings, unasked!" said Fred Warrington, ironically; and there was a general laugh at the picture which the suggestion had called up in each boy's mind.

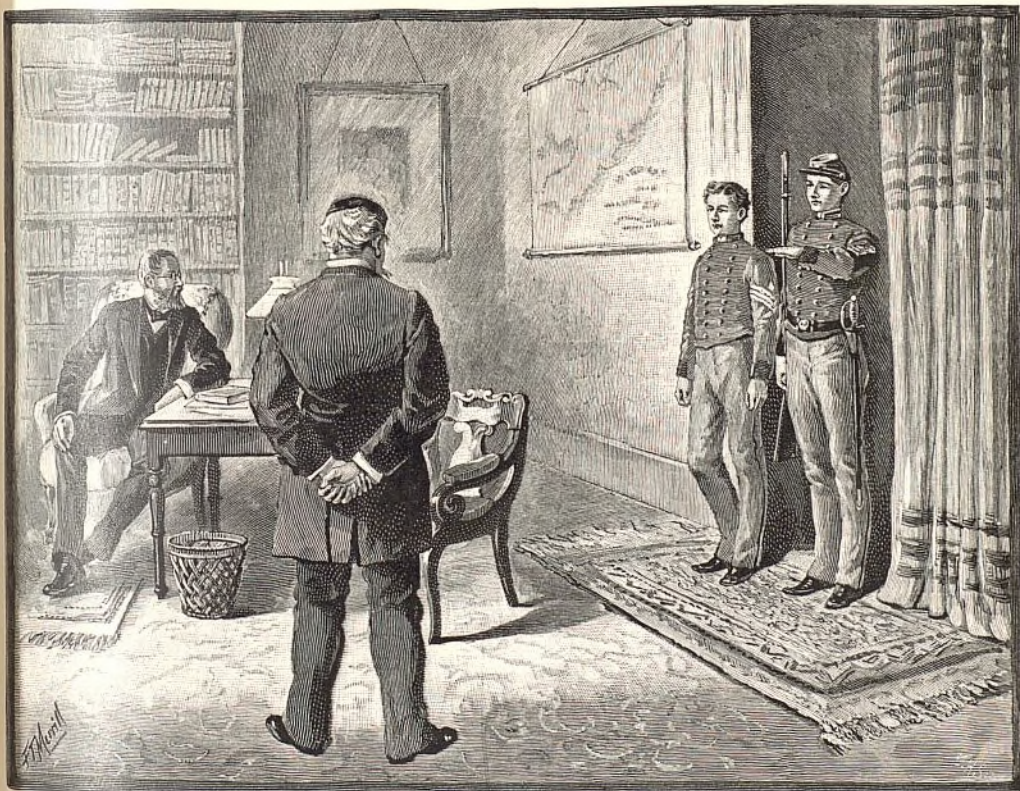
Dane moved uneasily around the room. Wylie



and he were fast friends and classmates, and it seemed like deserting his friend in trouble thus to have to leave him in the hands of the General, especially since Dane had been the unconscious cause of his being under arrest in the first place. Once, under a sudden impulse, he started for the library door, and had nearly reached it before the absurdity of that proceeding struck him. Manifestly, it would do no good to interfere, and might do harm, in that it would make it appear that the disaffection was wide-spread, instead of being, as Dane firmly believed, due merely to a fit of petulance in a

not be evaded. Strictly speaking, they ought to have done that before, and Dane, as the ranking officer present, was at fault in not enforcing discipline,—a fault that would have brought down a reprimand upon his head had the General made his appearance in season to catch them at their idleness.

As it was, however, he gravitated between the window and the door with the regularity of a well-educated pendulum. Then he had an attack of thirst, which demanded satisfaction at the water-tank in the corridor just beyond the library-door.



"THE TWO SERGEANTS ENTERED THE LIBRARY."

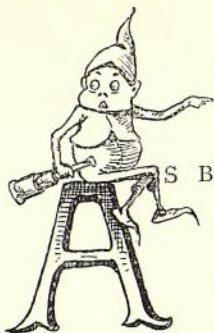
convalescent. Ordinarily, as he knew, Harry Wylie was an exemplary student, whether on parade or in the class-room. Indeed, he took higher rank there than Dane. Altogether, the sergeant of the guard was in an unenviable frame of mind.

The others betook themselves to their books, however, since lessons were imperative evils that could

The sentinel grinned when he saw him, but made no objection, and Dane was in no haste to finish his draught. He did finish it at last, and was about to return to the guard-room, when through the door of the library came a sharp exclamation; then the sound of a heavy fall, instantly followed by the quick, fluttering jangle of the electric bell.

(To be continued.)





## THE BROWNIES AND THE WHALE.

BY PALMER COX.

S Brownies chanced at eve to stray  
Around a wide, but shallow bay,  
Not far from shore, to their surprise,  
They saw a whale of monstrous size,  
That, favored by the wind and tide,  
Had ventured in from ocean wide,  
But waves receding by-and-by,  
Soon left him with a scant supply.

And gives him aid to reach the sea."  
I catch the hint!" another cried;  
"Let all make haste to gain his side—  
Then clamber up as best we may,  
And ride him 'round till break of day."  
At once, the band in great delight  
Went splashing through the water bright,  
And soon to where he rolled about  
They lightly swam, or waded out.  
Now climbing up, the Brownies tried  
To take position for the ride.  
Some lying down a hold maintained;



At times, with flaps and lunges strong  
He worked his way some yards along,  
Till on a bar or sandy marge  
He grounded like a leaden barge.  
"A chance like this for all the band,"  
Cried one, "but seldom comes to hand."  
I know the bottom of this bay  
Like those who made the coast survey.  
'T is level as a threshing-floor  
And shallow now from shore to shore;  
That creature's back will be as dry  
As hay beneath a tropic sky,  
Till morning tide comes full and free

More, losing place as soon as gained,  
Were forced a dozen  
times to scale  
The broad side of the  
stranded whale.  
Now half-afloat and  
half-aground  
The burdened monster  
circled 'round,  
Still groping clumsily  
about  
As though to find the  
channel out,





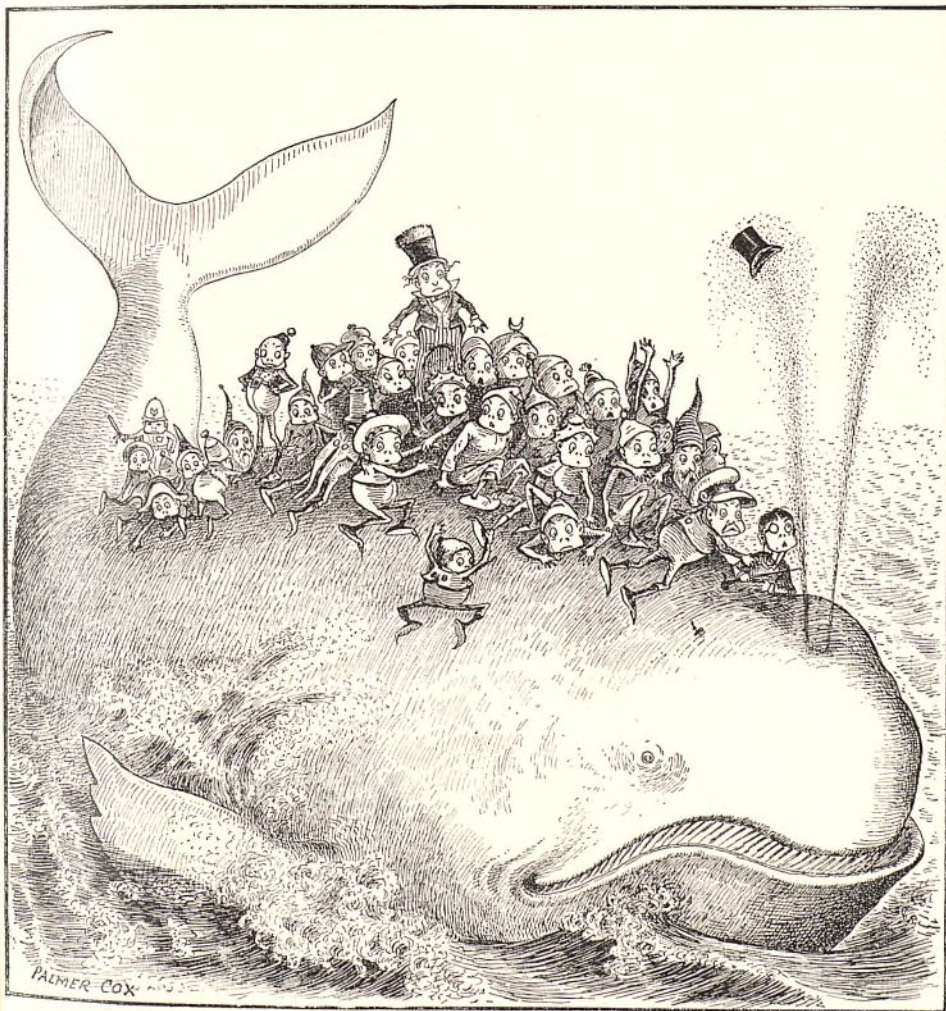
And Brownies clustered close, in fear  
That darker moments might be near.  
And soon the dullest in the band  
Was sharp enough to understand  
The creature was no longer beached,  
But deeper water now had reached.  
For plunging left, or plunging right,  
Or plowing downward in his might,  
The fact was plain, as plain could be —  
The whale was working out to sea!

A creeping fear will seize the mind  
As one is leaving shores behind,  
And knows the bark whereon he sails  
Is hardly fit to weather gales.  
Soon Fancy, with a graphic sweep,  
Portrays the nightmares of the deep;

While they can see, with living eye,  
The terrors of the air sweep by.



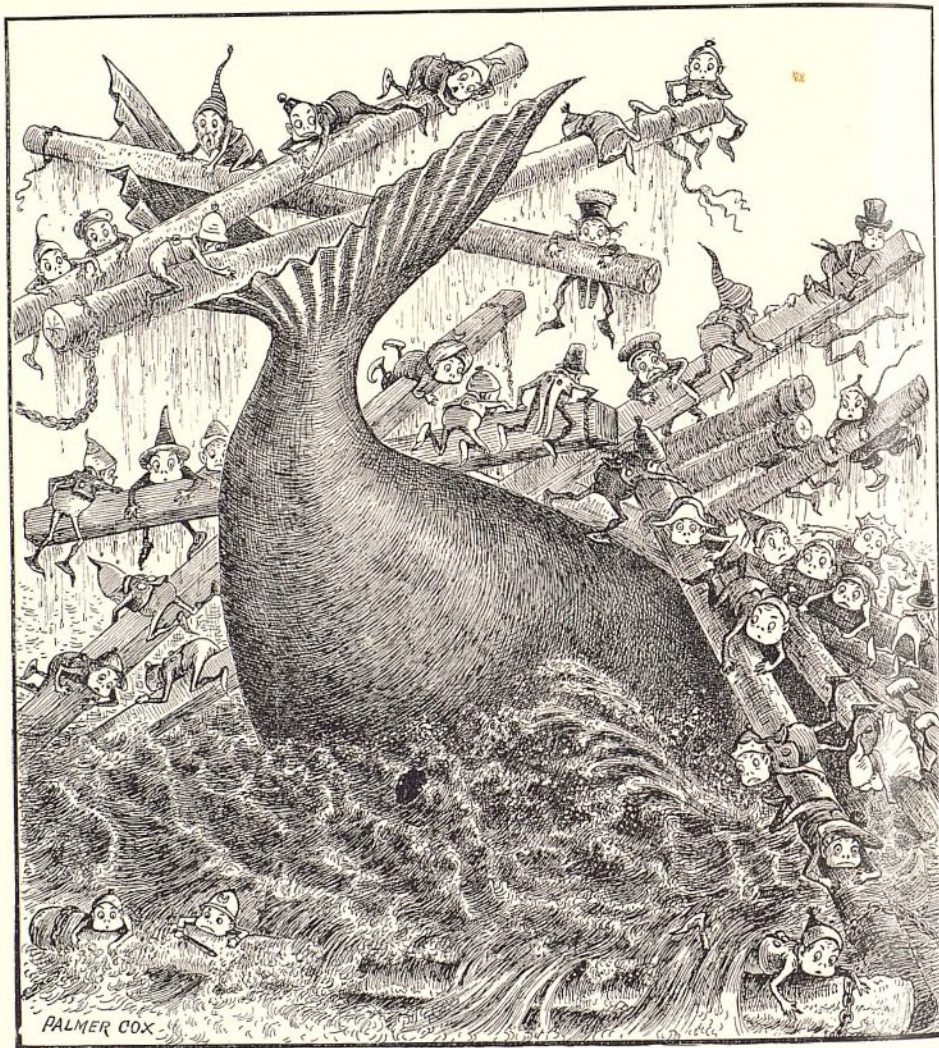
For who would not a fierce bird dread,  
If it came flying at his head?





And these were hungry, squawking things,  
With open beaks and flapping wings.

Such fear soon gained complete command  
Of every Brownie in the band.



They made the Brownies dodge and dip,  
Into the sea they feared to slip.  
The birds they viewed with chattering teeth,  
Yet dreaded more the foes beneath.  
The lobster, with his ready claw;  
The fish with sword, the fish with saw;  
The hermit-crab, in coral hall,  
Averse to every social call;  
The father-lasher, and the shrimp,  
The cuttle-fish, or ocean imp,  
All these increase the landsman's fright,  
As shores are fading out of sight.

They looked behind, where fair and green  
The grassy banks and woods were seen.  
They looked ahead, where white and cold  
The foaming waves of ocean rolled,  
And then, with woful faces drew  
Comparisons between the two.  
But, when their chance seemed slight indeed  
To sport again o'er dewy mead,  
The spouting whale, with movement strong,  
Ran crashing through some timbers long  
That lumbermen had strongly tied  
In cribs and rafts, an acre wide.



'T was then, in such a trying hour,  
The Brownies showed their nerve and power.  
The diving whale gave little time  
For them to choose a stick to climb,—  
But grips were strong; no hold was lost,

However high the logs were tossed;  
By happy chance the boom remained  
That to the nearest shore was chained,  
And o'er that bridge the Brownies made  
A safe retreat to forest shade.



## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

### THE STORY OF SMALL ROOSTER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



SMALL ROOSTER was a very fine bird. He was dressed in green and gold feathers, and he wore a high, bright-red comb. And oh, how proud he was. He was proud of his green and gold dress, and his high, bright-red comb, and he was proud because he could crow so long and loud. Not one of his three big brothers or his five big cousins could crow as long and loud. That was all very well, but he should not have always crowed so long and loud just at the break of day, when almost every one else was still asleep.

"Why *will* you do it?" said Pretty Hen to him one morning. Pretty Hen was his mother.

"I don't know," said Small Rooster.

"Well don't do it again," said his mother.

"Yes, ma'am — I mean no, ma'am," said Small Rooster.

But the very next morning, as early as ever, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo — Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!" crowed Small Rooster at the top of his



voice, waking all the fowls for a mile around and startling his mother so that she fell off the perch. Old Chanticleer ruled the roost, though he was too old to fly up to it. At the sound of Small Rooster's crowing, he opened his



"OLD CHANTICLEER OPENED HIS SLEEPY EYES."

(Copied by permission from an etching by Bracquemond, published by Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, London.)

sleepy eyes and clucked angrily to Pretty Hen: "He's a boisterous young scamp! Scold him well!" And then Chanticleer went back to his dreams.

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Then  
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"Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck," called Pretty Hen, as she picked herself up all covered with straw and sand: "What did I tell you only yesterday morning, Small Rooster?"

"Ma'am?" said he.

"What did I tell you only yesterday morning?" repeated she, shaking her toe at him.

"Not to crow again at break of day," answered Small Rooster.

"Then why did you do it?" said his mother.

"Because — because — I don't know," said Small Rooster.

"Well, if you do it again, and don't know, you 'll go without your breakfast," said his mother.

"No, ma'am — I mean — yes, ma'am," said Small Rooster, and the very next morning crowed longer and louder than he had ever crowed before.

Then, his mother was so angry she could scarcely cluck. But when Small Rooster saw her coming toward him, he called out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo — I know, I doo-oo-oo."

"Oh, you doo-oo-oo!" said his mother. "Well, if you doo-oo-oo, you 'd better tell me quickly, for I 'm out of all patience with you. And mind, if it is n't a good reason, no breakfast do you get."

"I crow so long and loud at the break of day," said Small Rooster, "because — because I want to wake the boy that lives in the house near our barn, so that he may be ready in time for school. It takes him a long time to get ready, because — because he does n't get out of bed for an hour or two after I crow."

"How did you know all this?" asked Pretty Hen.

"I heard the cat talking to the dog about it," answered Small Rooster.

"And now, I'd like to have my breakfast."

"Well, I can't see what good your crowing so very early does the boy after all," said his mother, "if he does n't get up for an hour or two after you crow. And then there 's Saturday and Sunday and all sorts of holidays, when you do just the same. But, dear me!" She went on wrinkling her forehead, and looking at him sharply. "What 's the good of talking. It 's my opinion that you crow just to hear yourself crow, as many older and bigger roosters do."

Then she gave him his breakfast, for she was his mother; and, as you all know, mothers are so forgiving!





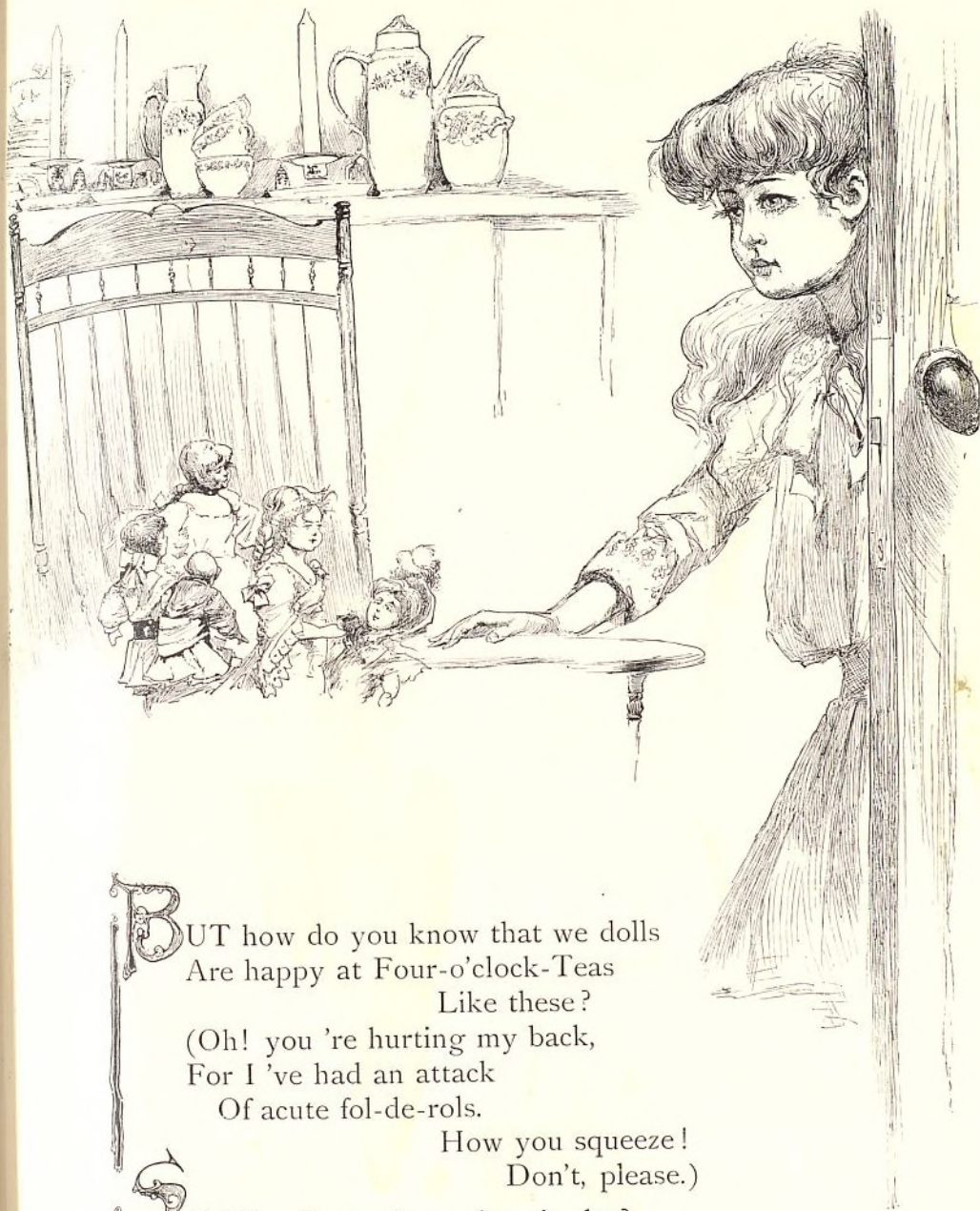
# The Dolls' Complaint

by  
M. P. Babcock



H! certainly, open the door:  
We have n't the least privacy;  
Dear me!  
You never *do* knock  
And we have n't a lock.  
So you 've come for a Four-o'clock-Tea,  
I see.





**B**UT how do you know that we dolls  
Are happy at Four-o'clock-Teas  
Like these?

(Oh! you're hurting my back,  
For I've had an attack  
Of acute fol-de-rols.

How you squeeze!  
Don't, please.)

**S**O Miss Fanny is coming, is she?  
And you want us to put on our *best*?  
We're dressed

Twenty-six times a day:

Oh! *you* call it play?

What *we* want, it must be confessed,  
Is rest."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Valentines! February is a short month, although this year—as I am told—it gives you an extra day, and even then does n't quite make a month of itself; but it has done a good turn for this country by giving us one *George Washington*, of whom you all have heard. So we must not complain.

Then, again, it's supposed to be rather an affectionate, even a sentimental month. It freezes, but then it thaws, too, and so lays claim to a goodly share of sensibility. I prefer January myself, or even blustering March—that one unconvinced juryman of the twelve, as the deacon calls him, who never gives in till he is almost ready to go. But, all things considered, perhaps, for twenty-nine days before March comes, we may as well agree to be satisfied with February, and to honor him for old Winter's sake.

AND now you shall have a letter from a school-girl, asking

## WHY HARTSHORN?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A girl in the red school-house recently took a bottle of smelling-salts from her pocket, and when asked by the dear little school-ma'am what she had there she replied, "hartshorn," and added that she used it "to help a slight headache."

The little school-ma'am, after expressing sympathy with our school-mate, asked if any of us knew anything about hartshorn, and why it was called by that name.

We all tried, but not one of us could answer her correctly, though some of us older girls said it had something to do with ammonia. I have found out since; but I think, with your permission, I'll pass along the questions to your larger class, dear Jack. The little school-ma'am says I may.

Your young friend,

A SCHOOL-GIRL.

## HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

A FRIEND of Deacon Green, Miss Ellen V. Talbot, has written some lines for ST. NICHOLAS, which go straight to the old gentleman's heart. He begs me, therefore, to show them to my boys with his best regards, and to say that it would have

saved him a good deal of unnecessary and fatiguing admiration of himself in early life, had he read just such verses at that time.

But if you imagine, from this, that our deacon undervalues a mother's praise, you are woefully mistaken, my friends. No, indeed. He only thinks that, as a rule, mothers do not always give quite so correct an idea of their sons' beauty as the average untouched photographs do. That's all.

A MOTHER once owned just a common-place boy,  
A shock-headed boy,  
A freckle-faced boy,  
But thought he was handsome and said so with  
joy;  
For mothers are funny, you know,  
Quite so—  
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but  
pug,  
And turned up quite snug,  
Like the nose of a jug;  
But she said it was "piquant," and gave him a hug—  
For mothers are funny, you know,  
Quite so—  
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the  
sun;  
But she said it was done  
As a mere piece of fun  
And gave an expression of wit to her son;  
For mothers are funny, you know,  
Quite so—  
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carroty love-locks that covered his head  
She never called red,  
But auburn instead.  
"The color the old Masters painted," she said;  
For mothers are funny, you know,  
Quite so—  
About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;  
Don't look in the glass,  
Like a vain, silly lass,  
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;  
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,  
Quite so—  
As good as you're pretty, you know.

## AN AMAZONIAN VILLAGE.

PARÁ, November, 1887.  
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You like, do you not, to hear about out-of-the-way places? So let me tell you of our experiences in an Amazonian bathing-place called Soure. This is near Pará, on a river in the great island of Marajó. The surf-bathing, except for scenery, is not unlike that at Elberon, New Jersey, though there are no ropes to hold on to, and the bathing-houses are palm-thatched *choupanos*. The Indian huts about are very picturesque, and not very untidy, so we often made thirst an excuse to get a glimpse of the interior and chat with the hospitable occupants. The church we passed daily was an oddity; the church and prison being in one building, and the convicts favored with considerable liberty. Soure is a fishing village, so we had an abundance of fish—of rather indifferent kinds, however.

Visits outside the town are made either by canoe or on ox-back: the poor, patient oxen looked so queerly when saddled.



The quaintest of all wells ever seen, I think, is the great public well of Soure. It is in the middle of the village green, glorious mango-trees bordering it; and here, at all hours of the day, come and go loitering, chattering blacks, carrying on their heads, like second heads, jars, pails, old kerosene and butter-tins—in fact, almost anything that can hold water.

Good-bye, from your constant listener (though at a long distance),  
AMY E. S—.

THE MAGUEY.

DEAR JACK: In reading an interesting book called "A Tour in Mexico and California," I came upon a part where the author, Mr. J. H. Bates, speaks of a curious way of obtaining ice. On one very hot day in February, not far from the city of Leon, in Mexico, he saw a great number of the leaves of the maguey lying upon the ground. These were filled with a thin layer of water, and they had been placed there by the natives in order to obtain the thin coats of ice which would be formed on each leaf during the night. These thin flakes, I believe, are collected and stored away in the ground for early use. Since then I have read more about the maguey, and as some of your hearers also may be glad to look into the subject, I send you this letter. Your faithful friend, MARY D—.

CACTUS FENCES.

TALKING OF Mexico, this same friend (Mary D) tells me that the cactus grows to a great height in

that country. One variety, the organ cactus, as she learns from Mr. Bates's book, "has a single straight stem, made up of parts several feet long, six-sided, and joined so as to make one perfect trunk, with joints hardly visible." The larger of these cactus-stems that Mr. Bates saw, not far from the city of Leon, are six inches in diameter. He says the people plant these organ cacti side by side, and so form close, strong, living fences that answer their purpose admirably.

A DESIRABLE LODGING.

ARROYO GRAND, CAL., Oct. 16, 1887.

DEAR JACK: There is a sycamore-tree on our land that appears to be a favorite nursery for birds. Three years ago a pair of flickers or high-holders made their hole in it; next year they, or others like them, used it again, and this year they used it still again. After they left this year, a pair of bluebirds made a nest in the hole and raised their young and went away. Not more than two days after they left, a pair of swallows came in, took possession, raised their children, and went off. Did you ever know of such a case?  
EDW. ALLEN.

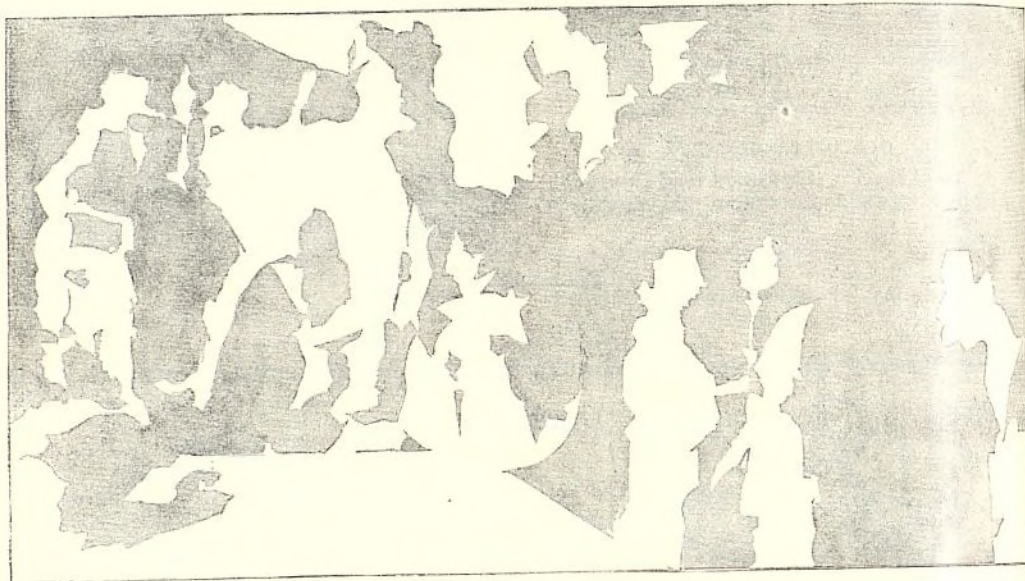


A BILL OF FARE FOR FEBRUARY.



## A WONDERFUL WALL.

BY S. MARY NORTON.



THE WALL, AS KARL FIRST SAW IT.

FOR nearly three months Karl lay in the children's ward of the hospital and looked at a piece of whitewashed wall. The window was at the head of his cot, so that he could not look out, and two screens shut out what was on either side of him. The doctor said he must not read nor have frequent visitors, and that he must sleep and "be stupid" as much as possible. But Karl could not sleep nor be stupid all the time, and in the long hours between the visits of the doctor or the comings of the nurse with beef-tea or milk, when there was nothing to do but lie still and look at the wall, he thought he would die of loneliness and pain. That, however, was before he really saw the wall. When he began to see the people in it, he would not have exchanged it for a window, a book, or several ordinary visitors. At first he only noticed that the fresh whitewash was chipped off in spots, and showed the dingier coat below. Then, suddenly, a soldier with a great hat came out,—a grave-looking soldier marching along,—with his head bent down as in a well-known picture of Napoleon. He was tall and thin, though—perhaps he was Wellington. But look! there behind him was an aid-de-

camp, and the grinning faces of two suspicious characters. The aid-de-camp did not look serious. Perhaps it was a holiday procession and the tall soldier was a drum-major, Karl thought. Why, of course; there was a funny Punchinello off at the rear, and in the front two dominos—one holding a torch. It was the carnival at Venice! Karl's father had read to him about it from a big volume a short time before. And there was a man with a wooden leg. Was he an old tar? Perhaps it was Mr. Wegg. Karl hoped it was, for Silas had been one of his favorites. Karl had read a great deal—a great deal too much, the doctor said, for a delicate boy of ten. But there had been little else for Karl to do out of school hours; for he could not play in the streets, and he had no brother nor sister nor mother to play with him at home, and his father was all day at the theaters, painting scenes. I don't know what he would have done in the little room at the boarding-house, if it had not been for his father's case of books; and I don't know what he could have done in the hospital if these people had not come out upon the wall; for he had a mind and heart that would not stay empty.





But every day he could see new figures. By and by, an old man with a gray beard — Friar Tuck, Karl thought — came to the carnival, holding a leather bag of wine. He poured some out into a champagne-glass that an old woman held. The next one that came was a most absurdly fantastic creature, who held her skirts with one bony hand and courtesied to the dancing bear with a queer head looking like a man's face put on crooked, so as to



look wrong side before, and Mr. Wegg. Then, behind, near the Punchinello, two solemn brothers turned their backs on the carnival, and went down into the Catacombs with a torch. At least Karl thought they were going into the Catacombs; though it puzzled him to think that the Catacombs were in Rome and the carnival was at Venice; and he was not sure, either, that any body but early Christians and modern tourists ever went into the Catacombs, and none of them dressed like monk, or bishop, or priest. But then there were a great

many puzzling things about the wall. Mr. Wegg's being at the carnival was one; and the Lady

of the Lake's being there, too, was another. She appeared one day in her little skiff, with a high cap. She seemed a great way off; but Karl was sure it was she, and rather hoped she might come nearer. One morning she came out with a smaller cap than she had worn the day before. There was a large-sized flake of whitewash on the floor beneath.

Karl could tell a great deal more about the delightful, strange, and queer people who came out of this wonderful wall by the time he became well enough to walk with the aid of crutches. He knew them very well indeed before then, and they made him happy for many hours. I don't know much more about them, except that the wall has been whitewashed again and that they are not there now.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

MRS. BARR'S Russian Christmas story, "Michael and Feodosia," printed in this number, was unavoidably omitted from the January issue (for which it was written), because the engraving of the large illustration could not be completed in time for its appearance last month. The story will be no less welcome to our readers, who in one sense are now gainers by this after-Christmas gift.

WE have received several letters complaining that the "Song of the Bee," recently printed in this magazine, had been published long before, and in several quarters; and, later, a communication from Marion Douglass has come to us, in response to our inquiries, stating that she wrote the poem in question for the "Nursery" in the year 1872.

We can only regret our recent reproduction of the same lines, under the signature of another writer. They were accepted in good faith by ST. NICHOLAS, as at that time we had, of course, no knowledge of the earlier publication.

### CAUTION TO YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A CORRESPONDENT at Cambridge, Mass., writing of the use of cyanide of potassium in making ferrotype pictures, calls attention to the danger arising from its character as a poison, and urges the use of hyposulphite of soda instead of the cyanide as advised in the paragraph on ferrotypes in the December ST. NICHOLAS. In making "tin-types" by the old method, cyanide is commonly held by photographers to produce a much better result than the "hypo," and is the ingredient in general use. Fortunately, the new dry-plate method of tin-typing does away with the necessity for using the poison. This new method, referred to in the November number, is, for this and other reasons, much better for the amateur. Hyposulphite of soda is used in fixing the dry-plates.

At the editor's request, I would here warn amateur photographers that they should remember that many of the chemicals they use are more or less poisonous. Sulphuric acid, for instance, used in making up developers, is to be handled with the greatest care. Bottles containing such acids should be kept in a safe place, and distinctly labeled. It is not a bad plan to wear a pair of gloves when handling them.

ALEXANDER BLACK.

### ANOTHER ME.

[An answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem, "My Other Me," in the ST. NICHOLAS for November.]

O CHILDREN in the valley,  
Do you ever chance to meet  
A little maid I used to know,  
With lightly tripping feet?

Her name is Alice; and her heart  
Is happy as the day;  
I pray you, greet her kindly,  
If she should cross your way.

But you need n't bring her back to me;  
To tell the truth, you know,  
I have no wish to be again  
That child of long ago.

Of course, it's lovely to be young,  
Sheltered from heat and cold;  
But let me whisper in your ear:  
"It's nice, too, to be old."

You see, my lessons all are learned;  
*Avoir* and *être* I know  
Clear through, subjunctive, *que* and all,  
That used to bother so.

Geometry I touch no more;  
And history I read  
Instead of learning it by heart  
As I had to once, indeed.

It's true, I don't read fairy tales  
With quite the zest of yore;  
But then I write them with a zest  
I never felt before.

Of course, I'm very old; but then,  
If I wish to play, you see,  
There is up here upon the heights  
Another little me.

He's ten years old and he's a boy;  
A mischievous young elf;  
But I like him every bit as well  
As I used to like myself.

You need n't send that little girl,  
Whose heart was full of joy,  
Back to me now; I'd rather keep,  
Instead of her, my boy!

Don't fear to climb, dear children,  
So slowly day by day,  
Out of the happy valley  
Up to the heights away.

I know it's lovely to be young,  
Sheltered from heat and cold;  
But let me whisper in your ear:  
"It's nicer to be old."

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLES.

HALIFAX, N.S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a letter in the November number about a kitten, and thought I would tell you about mine. It is a dear little Maltese kitten, and came all the way from St. John. I am sure my kitty enjoyed her day in the drawing-room at, although you may be sure she was not there much of the time. For from it—she was everywhere.

As my mother was leaving the station, she was handed through the window by the son of the lady whose mother had been visiting. The basket had a net over the top, but pussy soon got her head through that; indeed, it was wonderful she did not choke getting out of that basket. One minute she would be in the smoking-car, at some gentleman's back, and the next she would be sleeping peacefully in mamma's lap. However, she was brought home safely, and is now learning to jump and beg very nicely.

I enjoy your magazine very much, and indeed the whole family do, especially my father. I have taken you for five years.

Your admiring reader,

ESSIE T—

SONOMA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and live in Sonoma. I love to read you. "Juan and Juanita" was a very pretty story. I always enjoy the Letter-box. I think it might interest some readers to hear about my pets; as my dog is dead, I have only four, but one is a very rare one. I have a pony, who is rather old; a black cat, a canary, and a monkey. He is a very curious little fellow; his name is "Yetto"; his size is about one-half. "Yetto" has smooth gray and black hair, a small pink face, and a funny long tail; he has large, brown, expressive eyes. I have used for a year to tame him, but in vain; he runs and romps about on Papa's conservatory, and at night curls up in a box, in a soft chair. He lets me feed him with bananas, grapes, apples, and milk, and bread; but if I try to touch him he makes a queer noise, "chink," and rushes up the big gum-tree. I don't go to school, but take lessons at home, English, German, French, and music, and in the afternoon I play with my four little cousins,—our gardens lie opposite,—their names are Willy, Frida, Doris, and Ernest, the baby. We have glorious times, and splendid games together. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant reader,

AGNES D—



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I seldom see letters from this city in your "Letter-box."

I enjoy the "Personally Conducted" series by Mr. Frank R. Stockton the most of all. We take them to school, and our teacher reads them to us as we come to the countries. I hope that Mr. Stockton will write some more.

I have not any pets, as most of your correspondents have, but I have something that is much better, five brothers and sisters.

With hopes that you will publish my letter, I remain, yours truly,  
KATHARINE B.—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old. I was born here in Washington, and all my life have lived where I could see the beautiful Capitol, with the "Goddess of Liberty" on top of the dome. I used to think she was an Indian, when I was younger. We have been taking you a long time. I enjoyed the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" ever so much, and hope the same lady that wrote it will soon write another one as sweet as that was. I like your dog stories, too. We had a dear little dog. Her name was Belle. She was so smart! One day we went out for a ride, and shut her up in the back-yard; but when we returned she had dug a hole under the fence, and was having a fine frolic out in the street. The next day, when we went out, my brother chained her up in the stable. When we came home, she had hung herself by jumping over a beam. Fortunately, she was still alive. We concluded she was too lively for a city dog, and gave her to a kind farmer.

Your little friend,

PEARL L. H.—

DALLAS, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see in your Letter-box many questions and answers, so I thought I would get you to answer one for me; or, if you have not time, please publish it, and let any who will, answer it.

The distance from Station A to Station B, on the railroad, is five miles. The caboose of a freight-train one mile long leaves Station A; the conductor is on the caboose. When the engine reaches Station B, the conductor is on the engine, having walked the length of the train while it was moving. How far has he ridden? and how far has he walked?

I do not ask this for mere idle curiosity. I am seeking information; and by answering, you will greatly oblige.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

FANNIE F.—

STILLWATER, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen any letters from this place, so we thought we would write one. We are two "chums" (in school-girl language), and are members of a delightful club called the "Belmont." We have no dumb creatures for pets, as most boys and girls who write to the ST. NICHOLAS have; but one of us has a dear little baby brother, who is just the cutest and liveliest little fellow you ever saw. His name is Tom; and as the other has no pets, we "go halves," so to speak. We are looking forward to the completion of a high-school building with great delight, as we expect to enter the school as soon as the building is completed. We both think the ST. NICHOLAS the best and most interesting magazine published, and were wild over "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita," besides numerous other stories—especially Miss Alcott's. Hoping that our letter is not too long to be published, we remain

Your devoted admirers,

RAY S.—, and HELEN P. K.—

NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I hope my letter will be printed. I have taken you for more than a year, and like you very much. My two favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-house." I have just had one year's copies bound, and am going to have the same next year. We have just come home from the sea-side, where we were staying for two months; my brother and I bathed every day, and very often went out fishing. I am the only one at home, as my brother goes to school. We had two little canaries, but one died the other day, so now we only have one. It is so tame that it will perch on my fingers or my head. It flies about the room nearly all day, and once I found it in a room with the window open—but it never attempted to get out. I must now end, as I have nothing more to say. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EVELYN G.—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have two cats. Their names are Beauty and Smut. Smut likes pop-corn and candy. We have a weather-strip on our front door; it is loose at the bottom, and when we lock Smut outdoors she will knock on the door by pulling the weather-strip with her paws; we can hear her in the third story.

Beauty is timid and does not play so much, except when you pull a string around the room. She plays with the little kitten sometimes, not often.

Beauty will knock on the door if she is left out long enough. Once Beauty brought one of the little kittens up-stairs to the third floor from the cellar, but she had to drop it on every step; when she got on the last step she was so tired that she had to pant. One day my mother went up-stairs, and there was Beauty and the kitten. She went to the lounge and took the little kitten in her hands, but Beauty knocked it out. My mother thought it might be a mistake, but she did it again. Just then our dressmaker came in, and my mother told her about it. Then to show that it was true, she went to the lounge and took it in her hand, but Beauty knocked it out the third time. Smut will take pop-corn in her paws and eat it just the same as a squirrel would eat nuts. We think a good deal of our cats.

FRANK T.—

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question that I would like to ask your readers. Probably some of your English friends can answer it.

Why were not all the kings of England crowned immediately upon ascending the throne?

I will this Christmas commence my eighth year of taking the ST. NICHOLAS. I would n't give it up under any considerations.

Your friend,

M. M. M.—

STRATFORD, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, not yet seven years old. None of your little friends love you more than I do. My Uncle Jack who lives in Battleford, N. W. T., sends you to me. I have had you one year. I like your stories so much, and can read them quite well. This place is called after Shakespeare's birthplace, and the river, too, is called Avon, and the wards of the city after characters in his plays, such as Romeo ward, Hamlet ward, etc. We have great fun here in winter, tobogganing and sleigh-riding. I hope I may see this in print, for I have often written to you but never made my letters neat enough to send. I do not go to school—my mother teaches me for one hour every day.

Your loving little friend,

NORA M.—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Auntie says I may tell you how we saw the Prince of Wales.

We were walking in Green Park, London, when we saw a number of carriages passing, full of officers in full dress.

I went up to a very tall policeman. He said if we walked fast we would see the Prince go from Marlborough House to St. James's Palace. We got there just in time to see the royal carriages drive out. First came the carriage with Prince Christian in it, and in the second carriage (which was all of red and gold, with coachman and three footmen in red plush and white satin liveries, and lots of gold lace, and large white powdered wigs) sat the Prince of Wales in scarlet uniform and holding his hat in his lap. He is very handsome. As we walked back, we met the tall policeman; he asked if I had seen the Prince?

I said "yes," and asked why the footmen wore those funny wigs? He replied:

"O miss, it's to keep the 'eat off their 'eads."

How I did laugh.

Your devoted reader,

CELESTINE F. C.—

(aged 10 years.)

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: For eight years you have brought joy and pleasure into our home every month. I was nine years old when my grandmother sent you to me; I am seventeen now, but enjoy your interesting stories as much as ever. I can hardly await the day of your coming; and, when you do come, I have time for nothing else till I have read you through. Amongst all your charming stories, it is hard to say which I like best. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" very much in their time. "The Brownies" possess a kind of fascination for me, and I study them by the hour. "Fiddle John's Family," as well as "Juan and Juanita," I thought lovely stories. We live in the city in winter, and at Newport in summer. When here, I study at the Art Students' League—so you can well imagine what pleasure your pretty illustrations furnish me.

Ever your affectionate reader,

CLARE S.—

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see a great many letters in the "Letter-box," but have seen none from our town. I thought that the read-



ers of the "Letter-box" would like to hear a rather queer way to get a butterfly. One afternoon I found a butterfly-chrysalis and put it in a box. About two weeks after, when I looked at it, it was a butterfly. I think "Juan and Juanita" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are the best stories I ever read. I have taken you two years, and I don't see how I could get along without you. So good-bye.

Your affectionate reader,

G. C. R.—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your lovely magazine, and enjoy you so much. We take several magazines, but I like none of them so much as you. I enjoyed "Juan and Juanita" very much, and also "Jenny's Boarding-house." I love to read books, and write stories myself. I am eight years old.

Your loving reader,

CLARA LOUISE R.—

SIoux City, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you have never had a letter from Sioux City. Like many Western cities it has grown rapidly, and now numbers 30,000 inhabitants. Beginning October 3d, we had a grand harvest jubilee. The first corn palace ever erected was built and covered with ears of corn of various colors, arranged in many beautiful designs. A statue of King Corn sat on top over the main entrance. The palace was lighted by electric lights, and the President and Mrs. Cleveland honored it with their presence. At every crossing down our main street there were large arches of different colored globes, also one in front of the palace. The city was decorated in every possible manner with corn, and presented a fine appearance. There were street parades every day, including the different trades, and pioneer parades. Every afternoon there were Indian, horse, and bicycle races. Nearly all the Indians from the reservation were allowed to come into the city during the jubilee. Next year it is intended to build a much finer palace. This part of Iowa is noted for the fine crops

that are raised. I was formerly an Eastern boy, but came West a few years ago. Your beautiful magazine is enjoyed by many friends in Sioux City. I have taken it for three years. With best wishes for your future prosperity, I remain, your faithful reader,

FRED. R. H.—

ALEXANDRIA, Va.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have subscribed to you ever since I was a child, and yet this is my first letter. I have a question to ask which I hope some of your young readers will be able to answer, or give some explanation of.

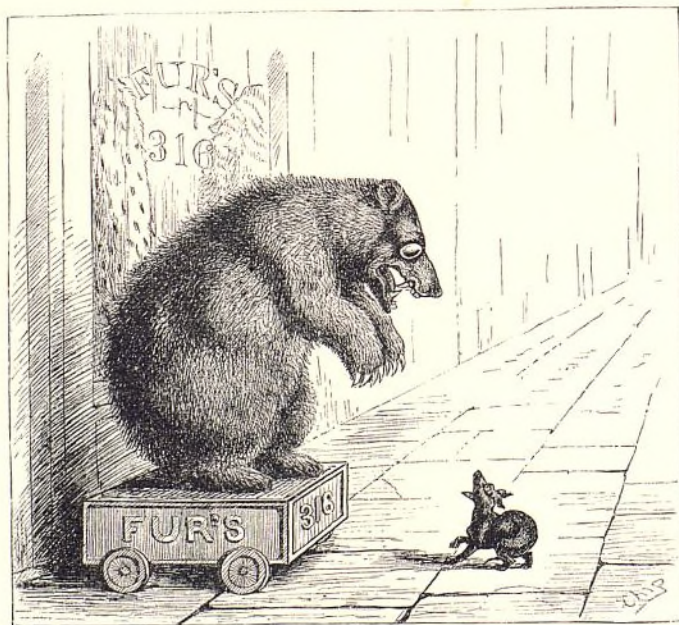
A person of moderate weight lies down on the floor, and six others stand around. Each of the six persons puts two fingers under the body of this person on the floor, and at a given signal each one of the seven holds his breath, and without the slightest effort the body can be lifted as high as the arms can reach.

Now, what is the explanation of this? I have seen the experiment tried, and I know that it can be done, if the directions are strictly followed.

Hoping that some of your readers will be able to explain this singular fact, I remain, yours truly,

FAITH M. I.—

THE young friends whose names here follow have sent us pleasant letters, for which we present our thanks: Hortense Lettingwell, Louise Murphy, Harrie P. Avery, Ralph W. McHoes, Ida S. E. S. Cox, Eleanor A., Amy Hamlet, Alice T. R., Joseph Holmes, Lillian H., Evalina Hamilton, "A Texas Cadet," Mabel H., Helen A. M. G., Bride Curtiss, Rita and Kitty C., Madge M. Lamb, Katie O'Meara, Neva M. Vail, Colette, Clara G. Ambrose, Sophia P., and Julia B. Hill.



SMALL DOG: "OH, HORRORS! WHAT IS THAT!!"



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

**SQUARE REMAINDERS.** S-par-k, m-ada-m, s-nap-s.  
**MALTESE CROSS.** 1 to 5, Polly; 6 to 8, tap; 9, n; 10 to 12, ice; 13 to 21, New Castle; 22 to 24, ask; 25, t; 26 to 28, tea; 29 to 33, screw; 34 to 39, Venus; 36 to 38, pea; 15, w; 19, t; 41 to 43, fly; 40 to 45, fresh; 3 to 31, Lancaster.  
**WORD-SYNCOPIATIONS.** Benjamin Franklin. 1. re-Bate-d. 2. r-Ever-end. 3. am-Nest-y. 4. re-Join-ed. 5. se-Arch-er. 6. s-Mart-ing. 7. cl-Inch-ing. 8. sen-Nigh-t. 9. de-Feat-ed. 10. be-Rate-d. 11. w-Aver-ing. 12. be-Numb-ing. 13. s-Kill-et. 14. col-Late-d. 15. f-Into-ed. 16. ho-Nest-y.  
**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Charade; finals, Enigmas. Cross-words: 1. Charge. 2. Hidden. 3. Alumni. 4. Rising. 5. Asylum. 6. Dahlia. 7. Easels.  
**EASY BEHEADINGS.** Grant. 1. G-oat. 2. R-ecl. 3. A-den. 4. N-ape. 5. T-ray.  
**WORD SYNCOPIATIONS AND REMAINDERS.** Edmund Burke. 1. Bayonet, e, botany. 2. Ponder, d, prone. 3. Thimble, m, blithe. 4. Bundle, u, blend. 5. Wonder, n, dower. 6. Candle, d, lance. 7. Marble, b, realm. 8. Scouter, u, cost. 9. Somber, r, besom. 10. Sketch, k, chest. 11. Hermit, e, mirth.  
**INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS:** 1. Pensioner. 2. Noctian. 3. Mealy. 4. Sly. 5. V.

**GEOGRAPHICAL BEHEADINGS.** 1. K-opal. 2. P-rone. 3. K-raw. 4. H-owe. 5. S-wan. 6. J-ava. 7. T-anna. 8. P-alma. 9. R-hone. 10. O sad-voiced winds that sigh about my door!  
 Ye mourn the pleasant hours that are no more,  
 The tender graces of the vanished spring,  
 The sultry splendor of long summer days,  
 The songs of birds, and streamlets murmuring,  
 And far hills dimly seen through purple haze.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

**FINAL ACROSTIC.** Napoleon. 1. HeaveN. 6. BananA. 3. EntraP. 2. GrottO. 8. BraziL. 4. ScrapE. 5. TomatO. 7. NapkiN.  
**COMBINATION STAR.** From 1 to 2, doubted; 1 to 3, dreaded; 2 to 3, dangled; 4 to 5, pouters; 4 to 6, patents; 5 to 6, saddles. Enclosed Diamond: 1. T. 2. Kit. 3. Tired. 4. Ten. 5. D. Easy Square: 1. Kit. 2. Ire. 3. Ten. Kitten.  
**HIDDEN ANIMALS.** 1. Llama, goat, buffalo, paca. 2. Bear, lamb, horse, ounce. 3. Tiger, jackal, deer, ermine. 4. Lion, camel, rat, panther.—CHARADE. Car-a-van.  
**ENIGMA.** A, A. D., or, do, ado, ore, rod, red, doe, roe, ode, add, dead, dear, read, road, dread, adore, adored.  
**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** A regularly orthodox jolly Christmas is suggestive of big fires, plum puddings, and family gatherings." ALICE FISHER.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Louise McClellan—"Willoughby"—Russell Davis—A. Fiske and Co.—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Jo and I—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—"San Anselmo Valley"—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Janet B. M., 1—Gladys Delavie and Violet Howard, 1—"Erminie," 1—Julia P. Mitchell, 1—"Tad," 1—Marie La Brede, 1—"Jolly Joker," 5—Fannie and Marion, 2—Mrs. Annie S. Baumann, 2—"Nance," 1—"January Shrub," 3—Paul Reese, 8—L. A. H., 1—H. Hirshinger, 1—Annie W. and Minnie C., 1—"Noornabin-Noorka," 3—Belle Larkin, 1—Isabel W., 1—Marion Strong, 1—C. and N. Willis, 1—"Jettry," 4—"Goosie," 5—Jennie F. Giblett, 1—"New York City," 2—Mary P. Farr, 1—"We, Us and Co.," 5—W. Leon Ingalls, 1—Annie Van Pelt, 1—"Sally Lunn," 8—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Maud S. and Martin C., 4—Frances S. Merriman, 2—"Genevieve," 1—Laura F. Warren, 1—"Buffie," 1—L. L. and E. M. L., 4—Max Miln, 1—"Lilian," 1—"Anne Hathaway," 1—Susanna Johana Riesa, 7—W. S. T. and A. E. T., 9—Harry and Peter, 4—Nellie and Reggie, 9—"Livy," 2—Jamie and Mamma, 9—M. B. Lersch, 2—Harry C. Carr, 1—"Miss Flint," 10—"Alpha Alpha, B. C.," 8—W. C. F., 3—F. W. and L. E. Maas, 1—Kafra Emerawit, 9—"May and 7p," 8—A. C. and M. Kane, 4—"Tomatoo," 2—L. Rettoy and others, 6—A. S. and A., 2—V. P. C., 1—E. A. S., 2—Sister and I, 1—L. Estelle S., 4—Katie Mather, 1—"Fox and Geese," 6—Hikeydum, 8—Hattie B. Weil, 3—Irvin Gillis, 4—"Diana Vernon," 1—"Eureka" and "Miss T. Roe," 5—A. C. R. and H. A. R., 10—"Lynn C. Doyle," 3—"Henry and Margaret," 1—Charles Leonard Rigby, 3.

### SINGLE ACROSTICS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Epochs. 2. A cellar. 3. Javelins. 4. Farming utensils. 5. A song of triumph. 6. The chief officer of a municipal corporation.

When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, one row of letters will all be the same, and the row next to it will form the name of an extensive country.

"P. UZZLER."

### BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a basin, and leave to assert. 2. Behead an effigy, and leave a magician. 3. Behead approaches, and leave parts of the head. 4. Behead pacifies, and leave charity. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave wide awake. 6. Behead a tag, and leave a Biblical name. 7. Behead an iridescent substance, and leave a piece of land. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous American.

### A TRIANGLE.

	1
12	2
13	3
14	4
15	5
16	6
17	7
18	8
19	9
20	10
21	11

1. A Roman numeral; 12 to 2, a pronoun; 13 to 3, a rista; 14 to 4, prosecuted judicially; 15 to 5, the joint on which a door turns; 16 to 6, one of two kingdoms into which the Jewish nation was divided

on the death of Solomon; 17 to 7, pernicious; 18 to 8, overshoes; 19 to 9, a town of Central Africa, in Soudan; 20 to 10, to expand; 21 to 11, a treaty.

From 1 to 11, the name of a famous musical composer, born on February 6, 1809. From 12 to 21, the name of a great and good man. GILBERT FORREST.

### CHARADE.

If a man will, too much, my first,  
 Ignoring, too much, my second,  
 When worst has come to worst,  
 He will the whole be reckoned.  
 And when he's reached the end,  
 Then, like the Lord of Linne,  
 He should resolve to mend,  
 And second, then begin. J.

### DIAMOND.

1. In sleigh. 2. To increase. 3. One of the Muses. 4. A winter amusement. 5. The name of a Scottish loch. 6. Single. 7. In sleigh. DVCIE.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-two letters, and am a quotation from Epictetus.

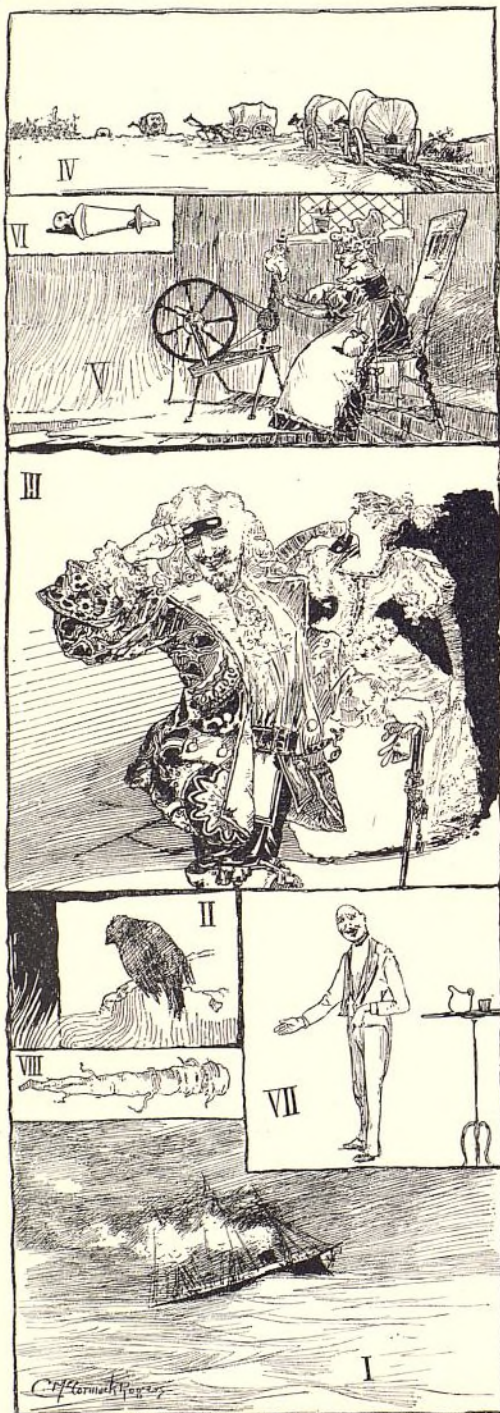
My 30-78-5-44 is the monarch of Persia. My 13-65-41-63-1-75-6-26-24-39 is excitable. My 55-57-67-43-11 is the reverse of salt. My 18-79-20-4-68-69-42-62 is an important class of animals. My 33-34-81-36-17-10 is to occur. My 35-72-14-80-22-23 is a seasoning. My 32-47-16-54-28 48-29-49-60 is often alluded to as Boreas. My 45-76-7-8 is a bird which the ancient Egyptians considered sacred. My 2-31-38-66 is store. My 50-3-64-56-9-46 is celebrated. My 25-37-73-53-19 is part of a door. My 61-59-53-70-82 is a prickly shrub. My 71-12-40-74 is part of a boat. My 21-77-51-52-27-15 is said by Emerson to be "its own excuse for being."

R. C. R. F. G.



## ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE eight words of this acrostic are pictured instead of described. When the words are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of one of the United States.



## RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. Imbecile. 2. A mountain nymph. 3. An old word meaning to endeavor to excel. 4. To work for. 5. Appears. DOWNWARD: 1. In salad. 2. Nay. 3. Rage. 4. Found in all optical instruments. 5. The edges of the roof of a building. 6. Dreadful. 7. A Biblical name. 8. A printer's measure. 9. In salad.

II. ACROSS: 1. Combats. 2. To supplicate. 3. A girl's name. 4. An instrument for threshing. 5. To enrich. DOWNWARD: 1. In weed. 2. Aloft. 3. A shade tree. 4. Part of a plant. 5. A valuable fur. 6. An ecclesiastical dignity. 7. A cover. 8. An interjection. 9. In weed.

III. ACROSS: 1. A small leaf. 2. To terrify. 3. Concise. 4. An oral utterance. 5. A store-house. DOWNWARD: 1. In bestow. 2. Letters which every English artist would like to place after his name. 3. An ecclesiastical tunic. 4. To find fault. 5. Three objects united. 6. A lake. 7. A dandy. 8. An interjection. 9. In bestow. "EUREKA" AND "DUCE"

## PI.

MECO wenh eth rasin  
Heav gazeld het nows dan holdcet eth restc whit cie,  
Wehil eht stahn nus fo brafyure sprou  
Tino eth browes a lodof fo tighl.  
Poarchap!  
Eth critnused acesurf halls pearub tyh petss  
Dan het borad chingar spaltor fo eth verog  
Weccolein yth rentgine.

## BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate a certain kind of cloth, and make a humble dwelling and a measure. Answer, cot-ton.

1. Separate a cloister and make to study and a small aperture. 2. Separate a very hard substance, and make a masculine name and an insect. 3. Separate an ornament, and make part of a bottle and a delicate fabric. 4. Separate the corner of a leaf in a book, turned down, and make certain animals and spikes of corn. 5. Separate a city in British India, and make fortune and at this time. 6. Separate a certain part of the day, and make smooth and current. 7. Separate an island in the North Atlantic, and make fashioned and a masculine name. 8. Separate reciprocal succession, and make to change and a people. 9. Separate renders keen, and make acid and entity.

The initials of the first words will spell the name of a religious festival celebrated on February 2d. The initials of the second words will spell the name of a saint whose festival occurs on February 14th.

CYRIL DEASE.

## WORD SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An apology. 2. To incline. 3. To gain by labor. 4. A feminine name.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Watches. 2. A famous college. 3. A feminine name. 4. A bench.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Artifices. 2. Scarce. 3. A vegetable growth. 4. Perceived.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Domestic animals. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. An affected laugh. 4. To dispatch.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A nozzle. 2. Part of a range. 3. To hurl. 4. Concludes.

ALL, GERTY AND ELLA.

## ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initial letters, reading downward, and the fourth row of letters, reading upward, will each name a famous general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Charming. 2. An old word meaning to address. 3. A colonist. 4. Longs for. 5. Frivolity. 6. Begins with. 7. A coronal. 8. Ploughing. 9. Motives. 10. The sea-anemone. "SCALY FISH."





triumph. 3. An dig  
for. 5. Appen  
4. Found in all  
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measure. 9. L.

3. A girl's name.

ade tree. 4. For  
al dignitary. 7. A

3. Concise. 4.

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An ecclesiastical  
l. 6. A lake. 7.

AND "DVICE."

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CYRIL DEANE.

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4. To dispatch.  
zzle. 2. Part of a  
ERTY AND ELLA.

e number of letters  
below the other, or  
downward, and the  
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ity. 6. Begimn  
The sea-anemone.  
"SCALY FISH."





FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

"LITTLE BABIE STUART."

(SEE PAGE 436)

It was o  
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Governor, o  
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