



FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

"LITTLE BABIE STUART."

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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AN ANCIENT HAUNT OF PIRATES.

BY EUGENE V. SMALLEY.

It was on the 26th of February that we took leave of the hospitable home of our friend the Governor, on the lower Mississippi, and started for Grand Isle, which lies on the Louisiana coast of the Gulf of Mexico, separating the Bay of Barataria from the sea. There were two of us, I should explain,—the artist and the writer. We wanted to see the islands, bays, and bayous which, in the early part of the present century, were the haunts of the pirate brothers Pierre and Jean Lafitte. For a conveyance, we had a large half-decked cat-rigged boat, which happened to tie up at the governor's sugar plantation while we were visiting there. Her name was the *St. Mary*; and her crew consisted of the captain and one man. This man was called the mate; but his chief duties were to cook the victuals, hoist and lower the one sail, and laugh at the captain's stories. The captain was one of those roving fellows who are at home in any part of the world. A Welshman by birth and a sailor by choice, he had dug for diamonds in South Africa and, as a volunteer soldier, had fought with Bushmen, Boers, and Zulus. At the time we encountered him, his business was selling cheap jewelry to the negroes on the plantations, up and down the Mississippi, and buying old bottles, which he disposed of in New Orleans for three times what they cost him. He was an odd character, and was never tired of telling astonishing tales about his adventures in Africa.

The *St. Mary* drew only two-and-a-half feet of water, but that proved to be too much for the shallow bays and channels we were to cruise in, as

we soon found out to our sorrow. Before you go sailing, it is well to ascertain how deep the water is likely to be. This is one thing I learned on the trip to Grand Isle.

We started from the head of a canal (called Socorra's Plaquemines Parish Canal), into which boats are admitted, by locks, from the river. The Mississippi in all lower Louisiana is several feet higher than the surface of the country, and is kept from overflowing the land by levees, which are embankments of earth built close to the water. When you sail along the river, you look down into the fields and the door-yards of the houses, just as you do in Holland. It is very droll, and you wonder what would become of the people if the bank should give way. From the deck of our boat, in the canal, we could look away up to the grassy wall of the levee, behind which the swift, yellow waters of the mighty river were rushing on to the ocean.

For a little while we sailed between fields where negro farmers were plowing the ground to sow rice, and cattle were grazing. The canal was so narrow that the end of our boom frequently swished along among the reeds on the bank, making the water-rats dodge into their holes, and once frightening an alligator who was sunning himself in a soft place on the muddy shore. Soon all signs of human life were left behind, and we were in those great lonely marshes, raised only a foot or two above the tide and covered with rushes and wild cane, which border the Gulf of Mexico. The only objects that relieved the monotony of these vast,

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OUR CAPTAIN.

soggy plains were the occasional clumps of live-oak trees, thickly hung with the long, gray, trailing festoons of Spanish moss. The live-oak is a noble, courageous tree. As soon as the swamp is built up, by the overflow of the muddy river, so as to have the least solidity, with its sturdy trunk and wide-spreading branches it occupies the ground. And then comes the moss and fastens upon its limbs, even out to the smallest twigs, giving it a mournful look.

Now, as we go sailing along the canal and the bayou into which it leads, let us talk a little about

the famous pirates, the Lafittes, whose boats, loaded with the rich plunder of Spanish galleons, used to pass through these same water-courses. Our grandfathers knew all about them,—or at least thought they did,—for many was the thrilling romance printed at that time, and eagerly read by the boys, about the “Bold Buccaneers of the Gulf.” Much that was printed, however, was fiction, made up to sell. Pierre and Jean Lafitte did not call themselves pirates. They were, in their own estimation, nothing worse than smugglers and privateers,—and, consequently, gentlemen. A smuggler is one who brings dutiable goods into the country secretly, without paying tax to the Government. A privateer is a man who fits out an armed vessel and gets authority from some country at war, to prey upon the vessels of its enemy for his own profit. The name is also applied to the vessel he owns. Privateering is almost done away with nowadays by agreements between the great nations of the world that they will carry on war upon the high seas only with regular war vessels. Smugglers still exist, but they are sneaking fellows, and not bold, defiant men like the Lafitte brothers.

In the early years of this century, when there were slave insurrections in the West Indies, and wars for independence in Mexico, Central America, and South America, many people

were driven from their homes in these regions, and came to New Orleans as a place of refuge. Among them were two brothers, Pierre and Jean Lafitte. They were Frenchmen born in Bayonne, but they had lived for several years in the West Indies. Both were tall, handsome men; but Jean had the stronger character. For a time, they carried on the trade of blacksmithing. Their shop stood on St. Philip street, between Bourbon and Dauphine. It was pulled down only a few years ago. Bold and enterprising in disposition, and of commanding presence, the two brothers were fitted by na-

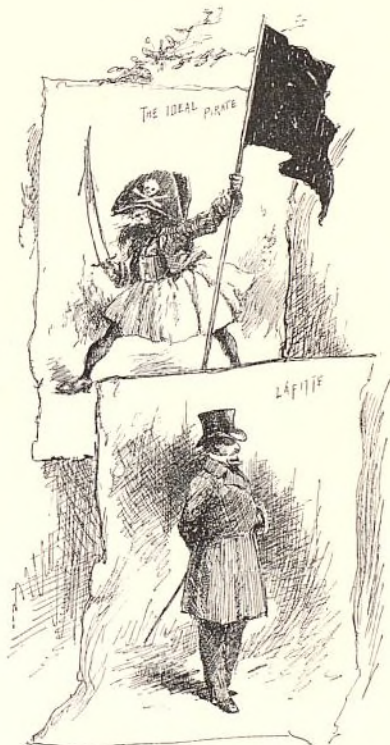
nature to be leaders of men. Jean, especially, was of an appearance so striking that strangers, meeting him on the streets, turned for a second look at him.

The brothers soon tired of the hammer and anvil, and surrounding themselves with congenial spirits, engaged in smuggling. At first, they were only the agents in New Orleans for smugglers who brought merchandise and slaves into the bays and bayous along the Louisiana coast; but it was not long before they became the chiefs of the most powerful organization of lawless men that ever existed in this country. In 1810, they made their headquarters on the islands at the entrance of the Bay of Barataria, where they built a fort and a village. They obtained from the republic of Cartagena, in South America, then at war with Spain for its independence, letters of marque which authorized them to capture Spanish vessels wherever found. They fitted out and armed fast-sailing schooners, which were the terror of the Gulf. According to common belief at the time, these vessels were pirates, which did not hesitate to pick up any merchant-ship they could overhaul, no matter what flag it might carry; but the Lafittes denied these reports, and insisted that they were honorable privateersmen, only attacking the ships of Spain, as, under the laws of nations, their letters of marque gave them the right to do. That they were smugglers, violating the laws of the United States, they did not deny. Louisiana had but lately been purchased from France, and the United States tariff-laws were not favored by the people. Likewise unpopular was the law which made the bringing of slaves from Africa a crime, putting it upon a par with piracy. Certain people of Louisiana wished more slaves, and they wished cheap foreign goods. They assisted the pirates of Barataria, buying not only the smuggled goods, but also the negroes brought over from Africa.

In vain did Governor Claiborne issue proclamations, commanding the people of Louisiana to arrest the Lafittes and their men. Jean and Pierre came often to New Orleans, and read the proclamations posted on the walls of the old government building, on the Place aux Armes. Once there was an effort made to arrest Jean, as he was passing through a bayou with a boat-load of smuggled goods. A party of custom-house officers attacked him from the shore. There was a fight, and Jean and his crew beat off their assailants. Afterward, Jean sent a polite letter to the captain of the custom-house force, in which he said: "I am a man of peace, and do not want to fight; but I would have you to know that I am at all times ready to lose my life rather than my goods."

It does not appear that the Lafittes went to sea

themselves. They hired bold and skillful men to command their ships, and themselves remained at Grand Isle, to manage the business of selling the goods and slaves and to govern the pirate community; dividing the gains, and settling the disputes of their reckless followers. They were, in fact, rulers of a wild band of smugglers and buccancers. They had agents in all the Louisiana towns. Occasionally they held an auction at Grand Terre, and many planters came from the interior to buy negroes and merchandise. After the sale, there would be feasting and dancing.



THE IDEAL PIRATE AND THE ACTUAL PIRATE.

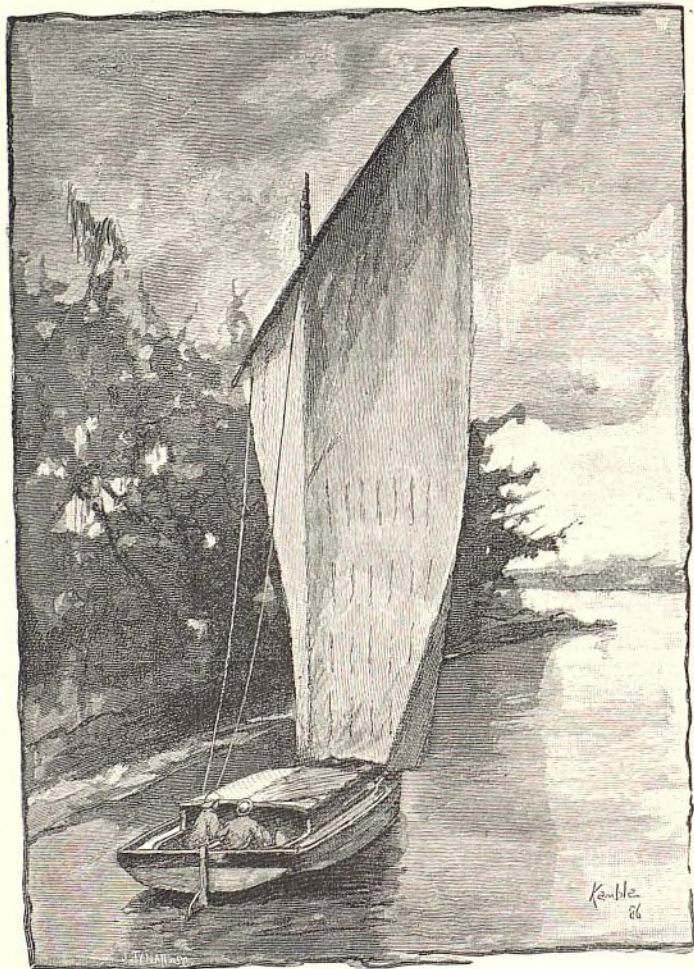
They became very rich, and at one time showed their power in the courts by securing the dismissal of a suit brought against them in New Orleans on account of the wounding of two customs officers in a fight with one of their boats. They employed two lawyers to defend them, agreeing to pay each twenty thousand dollars. One of the lawyers, whom we will call Marks, was at that time the United States Attorney, whose duty it was to prosecute the smugglers; but he resigned his office to take their case. The other we will call Mr. Henderson.

When they had won their case,—so the story goes,—the two lawyers consulted as to how to get their money from the Lafittes. "I dare not

go among them," said Henderson. "I am a respectable citizen, and they might hang me. Now, you, Marks, are a man of their kind. You and the pirates will get along together famously. Suppose *you* go, and get the money for both of

doubloons. He told his friends that it was too bad to call the Lafittes and their men, pirates; he had found them to be high-toned gentlemen.

When General Andrew Jackson came down to Louisiana to defend New Orleans against the Brit-



A "LUGGER." (SEE PAGE 328.)

us." "I'll go," replied Marks, "if you'll give me ten per cent. of your fee." "Agreed," said Henderson.

So Marks set out, in a boat rowed by a negro. He was met in Bayou Barataria by Jean Lafitte, in a fine vessel manned by men in handsome uniforms. According to some accounts, Marks was escorted to Grand Isle, the pirates' capital, and entertained in sumptuous style; others say the money was paid him on the bayou, and the very spot is pointed out. Certain it is, that he returned to New Orleans with his boat loaded with Spanish

ish, at the close of the War of 1812, he denounced the Lafittes as "pirates and banditti"; but he had then too much on his hands to think of breaking up their haunt on the Bay of Barataria. After a while the famous brothers offered their services and those of their men to help him protect Louisiana against the foreign foe; but he declared he would have nothing to do with pirates. A few months later, however, when the British landed a powerful army below New Orleans, and Jackson had only a few regiments of raw militia to oppose them, he was glad to call the Lafittes to his aid.

They were present at the battle of New Orleans, with most of their crews; and one of their lieutenants, who bore the odd name of Dominique You, commanded Jackson's artillery.

This was the one glorious episode in the career of the Lafittes. On account of their conduct in the battle, they were pardoned for all their previous offenses against the United States. However, they kept up their old trades of smuggling and dealing in slaves; and in 1816 the Government sent a force to Baratania Bay under Commodore Patterson and Colonel Ross which broke up their rendezvous, capturing several of their vessels and destroying their fort. Most of the pirates retreated to Dernier Isle, a little west of Grand Isle. Some remained on the islands as peaceful fishermen and farmers; but the more adventurous followed the Lafittes to the present site of Galveston, Texas. There the brothers intended to build a fort, and to carry on their warfare against Spain. Our Government thereupon sent a messenger to them, warning them that, as the United States claimed that part of Texas, it must not be fortified and made a base for attacks on Spain. It is believed that the Lafittes and their crew then went to Buenos

died, is not known. This, then, very briefly told, is the history of the famous pirate brothers.

Now, let us return to the cruise of the *St. Mary*, which was left sailing along the bayou. Just where the bayou empties into a lake, our boat stuck fast in the mud. Passengers and crew tried in vain to push her off with poles. The poles sunk deep into the soft ooze, but the boat would not move. A big lugger, with a red sail, came sweeping by. I suggested to the captain that he hail her and ask for help. "Dagos would n't stop for anybody," he said. "Dago" is a name indiscriminately applied in lower Louisiana to all Italians, who are fishermen, boatmen, or fruit-sellers. Perhaps it is a corruption of "Diego," a Spanish name.

Our captain, with his skiff, put his passengers ashore in the marsh, got out his ballast, and, after an hour's hard work, managed to set the craft afloat. The mate said the name of the lake was "Lac aux Cochons," or, Pig Lake; a good name for the muddy, shallow water, in which our boat almost wallowed. At its outlet we again stuck fast. No use to push with poles now, for they go down so deep in the miry bottom that it takes the united strength of two men to pull each up. Fortu-



THE LAWYER RETURNING FROM HIS VISIT TO "THE HIGH-TONED GENTLEMEN."

Ayres, in South America. They disappeared from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. What their subsequent career was, and where and how they

nately, the tide was coming in. "Let us have our dinner, and wait for the water to lift us off," I suggested. The men were quite willing. They



"JUST WHERE THE BAYOU EMPTIES INTO A LAKE, OUR BOAT STUCK FAST IN THE MUD."

took a long time to prepare and eat the dinner — not forgetting that we had hired them by the day. They had a peculiar iron pot, made for burning charcoal, and this they placed in the little undecked space at the stern of the boat. On the glowing coals, they cooked a big skilletful of rice mixed with pieces of salt pork; then made tea in a saucepan, produced some pilot-bread from a locker, and the dinner was ready. It tasted better to me than many a meal I have eaten at the great New York hotels.

At last, after two hours' delay, the rising tide lifted us out of the mud. We sailed through a wide bayou, and soon came out into Barataria Bay, a broad inlet of the sea, with low, desolate, marshy shores. Save the flocks of wild ducks that rose out of the reeds, there was no sign of life in those melancholy marshes. The salt wind dashed the water into white-caps, and gulls screamed around us. Everything told of the neighborhood of the sea. When night was approaching, our captain, not knowing the navigation of these waters, was unwilling to run any longer; so he ran the *St. Mary* close in-shore, in a narrow bay, and fastened her, hooking her anchor into the bank. We built a bonfire of drift-wood, and with our pocket-knives cut a lot of dry grass and reeds to make a bed in the hold of the boat,—a dog-kennel sort of a place, where there was not room

to sit upright. Then we ate some more rice and pork for supper — the sailors called it *cabian* — and turned in, to hear the rain rattling all night on the tarpaulin pulled over the hatch.

The morning brought fresh trouble. During the night, the wind had so driven our boat into the mud that, with the receding tide, it was impossible to push her off. The rain was falling steadily and drearily, and a strong north-easter was blowing. Here was a pretty fix.

Should we lie in our kennel and wait for the next high tide? The land was a miserable, soggy, uninhabited island. The storm might last for days. Ah! the rain moderates enough for us to see a big lugger lying at anchor out in the bay. We put our baggage in the small boat, and, wet and unhappy, row out to her. She was named the *Aida*. There were three men on board — "*Dagos*," our captain said. They proved to be very kind; they were Italians from Trieste, and agreed to take us to Grand Isle for four dollars; they offered us their best; put us down in the dry fore-castle, and made us some good, strong coffee. Then they weighed anchor and hoisted the one big sail. The lugger rig is unknown in Northern waters. A lugger has a very strong mast, and across it hangs, when hoisted, a long yard, about two-thirds of which is on one side of the mast. The short end is high in air, the yard hanging at an angle of

forty-five degrees with the mast. There is no boom, the sail being fastened to the deck at one lower corner, and held by the sheets at the other. A green lugger with a red sail produces a picturesque effect against a background of blue sky.

The rain abated long enough for us to enjoy the swift motion, the dash of the waves against the bow, the keen salt air, the sight of flocks of penguins and gulls, and of a big porpoise (which tried to run a race with the lugger, but was soon left astern). Soon the slender white shaft of a light-house appeared ahead, and, close by, the huge bulk of Fort Livingston, which commands the entrance

on Grand Terre are the light-house keeper and a Cuban gentleman, named Pepe Lulu, who used to make sugar until a tidal-wave ruined his plantation, and who now keeps cattle for a living. This Cuban used to be a famous duelist in his younger days. During the Cuban war for independence, he published a letter in a New Orleans paper, challenging any and all Spaniards to fight him. Nobody accepted the challenge, for he was known to be a dead shot.

A good story is told about this combative old gentleman. He had some difference with a former light-house keeper, who used to be his friend,



THE PARTY OF "DAGOS."

to Barataria Bay. Light-house and fort are on an island called Grand Terre. Only one man stays in the fort, an old sergeant, who looks after the government property. The other persons living

and for two or three years the two neighbors did not speak to each other. A mutual acquaintance ventured to remonstrate with Pepe Lulu.

"You two men are here alone on this island,"



THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND FORT LIVINGSTON.

he said, "and you ought to be on good terms with each other. You ought to meet and arrange your little difficulty to your mutual satisfaction. Now, let me see Douglas and tell him you will meet him."

"Very well," replied the Cuban, with his strong Spanish accent, "you may see Mr. Douglas, and say to him that I am ready to settle our little difficulty. I will be on the beach to-morrow morning with my shot-gun. Let him be there with *his* shot-gun, and we will settle to his entire satisfaction."

Pepe Lulu was on hand at the hour he appointed, but the light-house keeper did not appear, and their quarrel has not yet been adjusted.

West of Grand Terre lies Grand Isle. The two are separated by a narrow channel which leads out into the open sea. It was on Grand Terre that the Lafittes had their fort. Their people lived on both islands, but principally on Grand Isle. Behind the shelter of these islands their vessels were moored, when they returned from cruising; and the merchandise and slaves they had captured were put upon luggers and row-boats, and taken inland through the net-work of bays, bayous, and rivers which run back from the coast.

The captain of the *Aida* was not willing to run up a lagoon which skirted Grand Isle, so as to land us on the inhabited part of the island, and he put us ashore near the mouth of the lagoon, on a small islet, where a negro lived with his family. These black people were the only inhabitants. They had a sandy garden, where they raised early vegetables, and had also a small orange orchard. The man welcomed us to his cabin. Most of the space in its one room was taken up by three beds. There was a big fire-place, where something was being cooked in an iron pot; and before it sat a little black girl, with a tame chicken in her lap. There being two other daughters and the man's wife, the small space in the cabin was filled up, without admitting the strangers. There was, also, an old, battered-looking, white man, engaged in mend-

ing a bucket; and while we were talking the mosquito-netting over one of the beds was raised just enough to show a black head, tied up in a handkerchief, and a hand with long, claw-like nails. The owner of the head and the claws did not speak a word, but kept his black, glittering eyes fixed on the strangers.

Our host said the man was sick, and only stopping with him till he got well. So there were seven persons at once in the one room of the cabin. It had no window, but daylight enough came in through the cracks. The doors opened out, like those of a stable.

The white man said he owned the place, but did not usually live on it. He offered to take us up the lagoon in a sail-boat, and tried hard to do so; but there was a stiff wind blowing, and he could not make an offing. We were driven ashore in a marsh,—and it was lucky we were; for we should probably have been capsized in the lagoon, if we had fairly started on the voyage. The negro man came to the rescue, in a skiff. He impressed me afterward, when I had an opportunity to compare him with the white inhabitants of Grand Isle, as one of the most capable men in that region. He was efficient, prompt, and honest. His name, he said, was Abner Jones; but everybody called him Charlie Rigaud. His old master's name was Rigaud, but when the war made him a free man he took a new name. He had been a soldier in a Federal regiment during the war.

Abner set us ashore near a little group of brown houses. Some men were unloading a lugger, into carts, drawn by horses about as big as calves. To get to the lugger, they drove out into the water until it was almost up to the little horses' bellies. One of the buildings appeared to be kitchen and dining-room for the whole settlement. In it were a number of people, dressed in coarse, brown clothes. Abner told them, in French, that we wanted something to eat. An old woman shook her head and said they were poor people, and had

nothing fit to give us. I told her we had eaten nothing since the day before, and would be thankful for anything she had, and for leave to dry our wet clothes by the fire. Hearing me talk French, these people—who at first had been cold and suspicious—became cordial at once. The old woman made coffee and cooked some eggs. She had no milk or butter; but for hungry men, bread, black coffee, and eggs made a good enough breakfast. The oldest man in the company took us to an odd little house, near by, which he said was built by his grandfather one hundred and thirty

steel-engravings, of paintings by Le Brun, representing scenes in the career of Alexander the Great. They were made in Paris, in the time of the first Napoleon. The artist wished to buy one of them; but the old man shook his head, saying: "I am old; but these pictures are older. They belonged to my father. I will never sell them!"

When we left, these good people, poor as they were, would not accept money for their hospitality. So we shook hands all around; then, piloted by Abner, carrying the luggage, advanced into the island, admiring the trim gardens of the inhabit-



"PEPE LULU WAS ON HAND AT THE HOUR HE APPOINTED."

years ago. The artist made a sketch of it and of the old man's face, to the great delight of all the people, who chattered in French and followed with their black eyes every line he made. "*Ah, quel génie!*" said one. "*Voilà!—comme c'est beau!*" exclaimed another. "*C'est un grand artiste!*" declared a third. In the old house hung six large

ants, their little pink-and-green houses, and the gigantic live-oak trees, and listening with delight to the roar of the surf on the outer shore. Grand Isle is only a little strip of arable land. On one side is the sea; on the other the bayou with its marshes. The farms are narrow belts running from water to water. Along the backbone of the

island extends a grove of live-oaks. We stopped to rest at a store, approached through a gate in a high picket-fence. It was kept by a woman, who, when she saw strangers approaching, hurried into her house and covered her face with white powder. This is the custom of the women of the island. They think it improves their looks, but it gives them a ghastly appearance. The store-keeper was very friendly, and insisted on treating us to claret wine.

After a long walk through the fields, Abner quartered us for the night at the house of some people who did not understand a word of English.

They had an orange orchard and a field of cucumbers and squashes. Although it was in the month of February, the vegetables had already sprouted. Each hill was protected by a little hood, made of stakes and dry grass, which kept off the north wind from the growing plants. The season is about two weeks earlier on Grand Isle than in New Orleans, and the people get a good price for their vegetables, which they take to the city in luggers. Our hosts had one of the best houses on the island. It was pink, with green board shutters, and had bands of white and blue around it just above the ground. The stairs led up from the broad piazza, and the kitchen was in a separate building. Dinner was served on the piazza. It consisted of fresh eggs, bread, and very black coffee. All the French people in Louisiana make coffee so strong that a stranger hesitates to drink it. They think it is an antidote to the malaria that rises from the swamps and marshes.

After dinner we walked through the cucumber and squash fields, looking, with their rows of droll little hoods, like the encampment of a Lilliputian army; and, going in the direction of the sound of the surf, came suddenly out from among the live-oaks upon a broad sandy beach, strewn with broken limbs and trunks of trees. All this wreckage of forests is brought down to the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi river and then thrown back upon the shores by the waves. The river undermines its banks, and the trees fall in, to be whirled along in the yellow current of the river, perhaps for a thousand miles or more; carried out to sea, tossed and beaten by the salt waves, and, at last, blown ashore in some hurricane. Some of them then serve a useful purpose, for the beach is the store-house of fuel for all the people who live on the islands. Wood costs them only the labor of chopping the trunks and branches which the sea casts up almost at their doors.

The people of Grand Isle are of three kinds, — white, colored, and black. All of mixed blood are called colored. These three sorts of inhabitants associate together in the most friendly way, except at parties. There each keeps strictly to it-

self. Their children are not allowed to go to the same school, and as the islanders are too poor to maintain three schools, they now have none at all.

All the people on Grand Isle, and on the neighboring islands of Grand Terre and Le Chenier Comidada, speak of themselves as poor. They never suffer for lack of food, however, for they have but to wade out to the oyster-reefs in the bayous to fill their baskets with nice, fat oysters. Fish and wild fowl abound, and vegetables grow luxuriantly in the warm soil; so they always have enough to eat. But there is not much they can sell, and they have little money with which to buy fine clothes and luxuries. Books are scarce among them, and the only newspaper one sees is an occasional copy of *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*, which in English means, "The New Orleans Bee."

When we were ready to leave Grand Isle, Abner hired a lugger for us, and brought his skiff into a little inlet to take us aboard. The water was so shallow in this creek that the negro had to wade, pushing the skiff before him through the mushy mud. Our lugger was commanded by a black fellow named Isaac. I think he was the blackest negro I ever saw. He was a good sailor, and knew every turn in the intricate net-work of bayous, through which we were to sail to reach New Orleans. To assist him in working the boat, he had a Creole lad named Giovanni, who was mate, cook, and all hands.

Isaac provisioned the craft with oysters, rice, salt pork, bread, and coffee. The cruise, he said, would last two or three days, depending on the wind. At last all was ready. The anchor was lifted out of the mud, the great sail hoisted, and by the aid of much pushing with a pole, we slowly moved out of the lagoon into the broad Bay of Barataria. Beyond the bay were the salt marshes, threaded with innumerable bayous. Sedgy shores and brown waters all looked just alike to us; but Isaac knew them all. This jutting cape was "Camp aux Fricots," because the crews of passing luggers sometimes stopped to cook their suppers there; this broadening out of the channel was "Bai Sans Bois"; the other one, "Bai Baptiste"; this wider expanse, "No Name Lake." Every turn the lugger made among the sedges was a landmark to our black pilot. The day was superb. Although it was February, we lay upon the deck, without our coats, glad of the shadow of the sail as a protection from the hot sun.

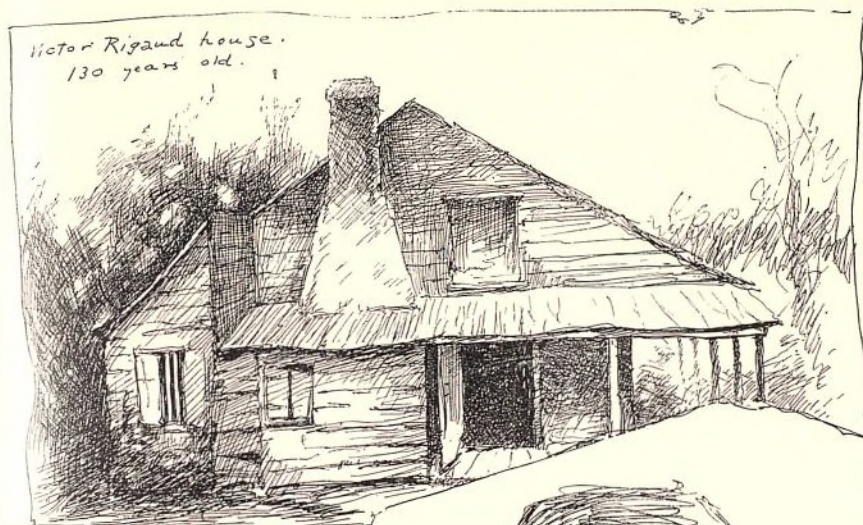
A porpoise kept ahead of us for a long time, and was followed by a sea-gull. The gull seemed to regard the porpoise as an intruder; and every time his arched back showed above the water, she would

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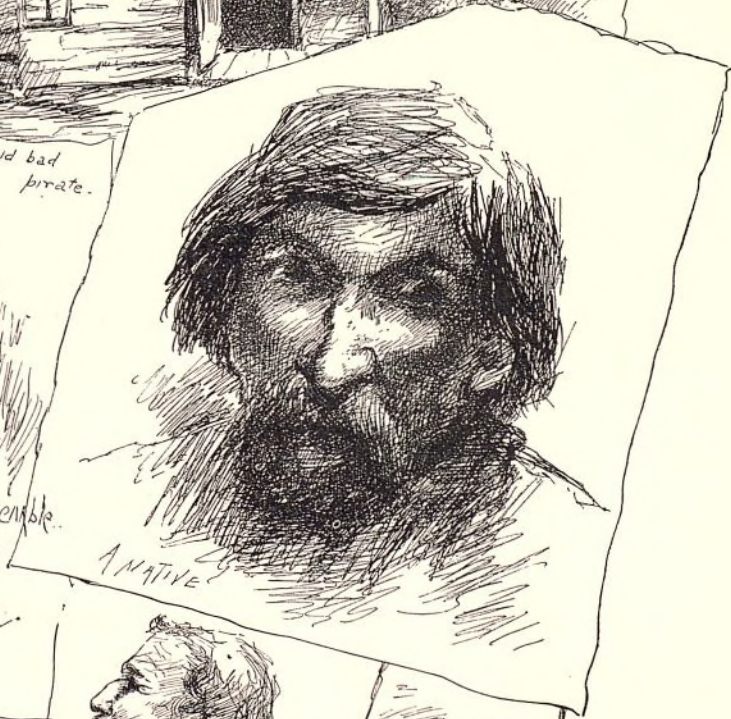
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Victor Rigaud house.
130 years old.



His grandfather was a bold bad
pirate.



A NATIVE



Alamy



Victor Rigaud



Madame Rigaud

swoop down with angry screams. We saw only one alligator. His ugly head, just showing above the surface of the water, looked like a big chunk of rotten wood. Isaac said alligators were getting scarce. There is such a demand for their skins, that many negroes make a business of hunting them. A large

damage to the rice crops. *Now* the rice farmers wish more alligators.

The only human habitations we saw that day were two shrimp-factories, run by Chinamen. The fishermen are "Dagos" and "Manilla men"; but the shrimps are put up by Chinese, who sell



GATHERERS OF DRIFT-WOOD.

skin is worth two dollars. In Plaquemines Parish, a local ordinance has been adopted, forbidding the killing of them. The alligators eat the water-rats, and the water-rats eat the rice. Since the alligators have been hunted so much, the rats have increased in number, so as to do considerable

them to their fellow-countrymen in California. We had expected to pass one or two nights on the lugger, and had filled her hold with dried reeds and grass, making a soft bed; but her progress was so slow that we abandoned her that night, and went on board the only steam-craft nav-

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"ISAAC PROVISIONED THE CRAFT."

gating these waters, — a little tug, commanded by Captain Mike, a jovial Irishman. Captain Mike's business was to take the shrimps from the factories up to the city, and also to buy from the hunters wild ducks and coon-skins, which he sold at a good profit. Black Isaac was sorry to part with his passengers; but when we paid him the ten dollars agreed upon as the hire of the boat for the whole cruise, he was grateful and delighted.

The tug tied up that night in a bayou, where there was a store kept by a "Manilla man." I asked him where his customers came from. He said they were hunters and fishermen, who came in boats. In summer, he put his goods in a sort of "Noah's Ark" flat-boat, which he showed us,

pulled up on the bank, and went cruising through the bays and bayous in search of trade.

We slept in bunks belonging to the cook and engineer of the tug, who obligingly passed the night on the floor of the little cabin that served as kitchen, dining-room and sleeping-room. Next morning we were in Bayou Barataria, famous in Louisiana for its beauty. The monotonous salt marshes were left behind.

Here we saw cultivated shores, frequent habitations, large groves of live-oaks, and, for a background on either side, the cypress swamps. We sat in the pilot-house, listening to Captain Mike's funny stories and anecdotes of the war. The cook brought up cups of strong, black coffee, and, at nine, invited us down to a substantial break-

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fast. The tug stopped occasionally to take on a bale of dried moss or a lot of wild ducks.

After the bayou came Lake Salvador; then another bayou, winding between desolate shores; then a long, straight canal; then a big lock, cut in the grassy wall of a levee. We knew that above us, and behind the levee, ran the swift, turbid flood of the Mississippi; but we could see nothing but the gates and muddy sides of the lock, until the water, surging in from the outer gates, slowly lifted the tug. What a striking change it was!—to be raised from the dismal swamp, with its sluggish

Right before us were the huge buildings of the Exposition. Below, the Crescent City stretched out its twelve miles of river frontage. Great white steamboats passed us. In the stream, two French men-of-war lay at anchor. We met a huge British steam-ship just come in from sea. All was life and animation.

Soon the tug was fast to the levee, and we were back in the busy life of New Orleans.

Yet it was only an hour before that we were in the solitudes of the swamp—the great world seeming far, far away.



THE "MANILLA" MAN.

water-courses, its reeds and sedges, and its mournful moss-covered trees, up into the sunlight and fresh air, and to sail out upon the mighty river.

And so, in a moment, our week's cruise near the ancient haunt of pirates on the Bay of Barataria came to an end.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

OF all the feats common to hunting-life and woodcraft, none seems to me half so wonderful as tracking or trailing. As practiced by man, tracking is wonderful enough; but far more marvelous is the power by which a dog or fox can follow its prey at full speed, guided only by scent without erring or being led astray.

To us, the word scent has but little meaning; it is the name of a power with which man is, comparatively, almost unendowed. We go into the woods and see nothing but a leaf-strewn ground, thinly scattered over with herbs and thickly planted with trees; we see no quadruped, and find no sign of any, perhaps, save the far-away chatter of a squirrel. But our dog, merrily careering about, is possessed of a superior power. At every moment of his course he is gathering facts, and reading a wonderful record of the past, the present, and even of the future. "Here," says his unseen guide, "is where a deer passed a minute ago," or "an hour ago"; "this was the course of a fox a week ago"; "that was the direction in which a rabbit flew by a few minutes ago, and, oh! there was a weasel after him!" "This is the track of a woodchuck leading away to yonder hole; there he lies still, and with the help of your master, you will take him home with you."

Such is the curious record of scent, revealed to the dog but hidden from the man, and even inexplicable to him; for though we have a theoretical knowledge of the subject, it is too imperfect to make us fully understand that not only has every kind of animal, but each individual animal, its own peculiar scent. Thus, the dog can distinguish not only the bucks, does, and fawns of the deer tribe, but can pick out of a dozen the track of the particular buck that he is following, and never leave it or lose it. Moreover, he can tell by the scent which way the animal is going, and he is never known to run backward on a trail. Now, when we compare this wonderful power with our own feeble sense of smell, we will be ready to admit that it is a faculty of which man, comparatively, has little.

Let us suppose that you were to awake some fine morning and find that, as in the old fairy tales, a mighty genius had conferred on you a new and

wonderful faculty, that enabled you to go forth and read the running records with even greater accuracy and ease than can the hound,—what a marvel it would be, and how intensely interesting its exercise to a lover of Nature! And yet this very miracle is what actually takes place every year in our northern country. The great genius is old Boreas, and the means by which he confers the new power is the first fall of snow.

This first snow-fall makes the beginning of the real hunting-season with most of the northern tribes of men; for until then it is chiefly by chance that the hunters find their game. Now the hunter has the power of the hound, in that he can follow a track, and read accurately the record of the animal's actions, its appearance, and even of its very feelings. And it was with a view to showing and explaining some of the curiosities of "the trail," that I made, in the woods, the notes and sketches here presented. The snow, at the time, was light and powdery, so that the minute details of each track were unseen, but to one with even a slight knowledge of the subject, the size and general form of the marks is enough to give all necessary information about the animal that made them.

In the beginning of this article, I alluded to a dog's power of reading the trails on the bare ground. Now here is a sketch of those trails as we would see them in the snow. First of all, the large, sharply defined tracks, ending at D, are those of a deer; not a very large one, because the marks are small and nearly in one line.

The trail marked F is that of a fox. The tracks are small, neat, and nearly in a straight line. The forking of his trail shows that he afterward returned for some distance on his old tracks.

H is the trail of a white hare, bounding at full speed, and over it are the tracks of his terrible enemy, the white weasel or ermine, the stroke in the middle of the ermine's track being made by the tail. The small track M, crossing the corner, is that of a mouse. He came up through the snow, but found the weather too cold, and decided to go down below again.

Thus, in this little square, we see a record, not

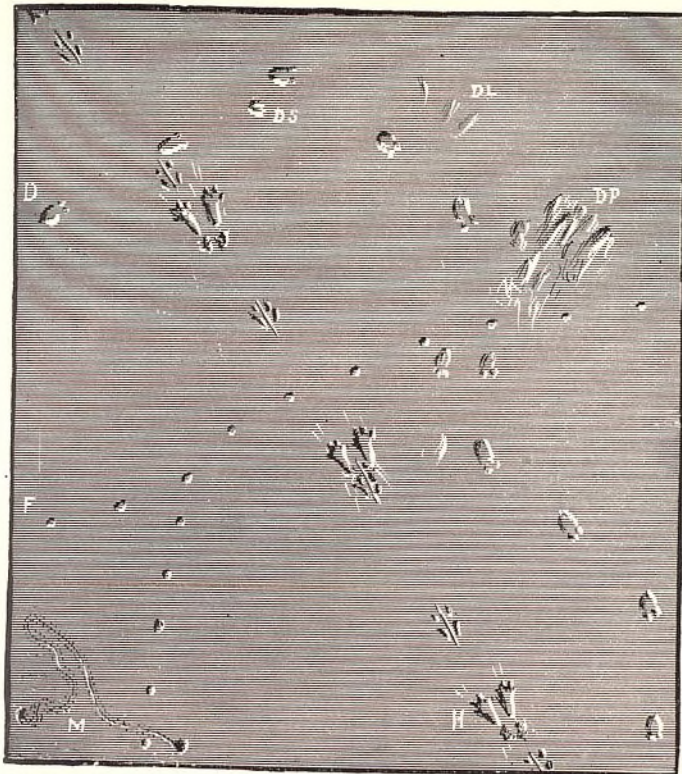


FIG. 1. FOOT-PRINTS, IN THE SNOW, OF A DEER, A FOX, A WHITE HARE, AN ERMINE, AND TRACK OF A MOUSE.

only of the animals, but of their actions. The deer was at first walking quietly along; at D P he had been pawing in the snow to seek for acorns; at D L he had stopped to lick up some snow; at D S he was startled by a suspicious sound or scent, and stood for a moment with one foot raised and barely touching the snow, and afterward he had somewhat increased his speed. The fox was evidently foraging, and the poor hare running for its life.

Even in the tracks of the hunters themselves we may read a curious history. Thus an old hunting comrade of mine, a broad, athletic man, made a track like C, in diagram No. 2. Another, a tall, thin man, made a track like B. A is the trail of an Indian; D is the trail of a European accustomed to wearing sharp-toed boots. The Indian's foot, you see, is set straight, and his stride is long; the track D shows that the Englishman's foot is much turned out, and his stride short; while the tracks of the moccasin-wearing white men are between the two extremes. I found that in the morning my feet were more nearly straight than at night — also, that by turning in the toes the length of the stride was increased. Another advantage from a straight-set foot is that

in returning on one's trail, it is easy to step exactly in the old marks, and in warfare, or in deep snow, this is often a very important advantage to the Indians. If D were to come back on his old tracks his feet would cross them at right angles.

Most of us have read stories in which Indians give accurate descriptions of persons from their tracks; and from this we may learn some real and applied science, and understand how scientific men have been able to describe, to some extent, certain extinct quadrupeds from tracks left in the mud which was once the shore of their marshy haunts.

The first diagram was taken from an open place on the edge of the woods near my prairie home; and now, in No. 3, we have an illustration of trails seen in the deepest woods. In this, the great track like a dumb-bell

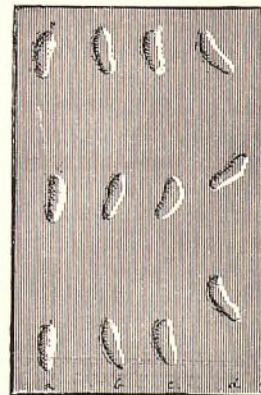


FIG. 2. THE TRACKS OF THE HUNTERS.

is that of a moose. The hoof of the animal went down, making the round opening at one end of the foot-print, through the deep snow till firm footing



FIG. 3. TRACKS OF A MOOSE, A PARTRIDGE, AND A LYNX.

rounded opening. At P A is seen a round hollow, which was made by a partridge alighting. After this, his zigzag trail shows that he had been picking off the buds of such twigs as protruded above the drift. But night was coming on, and he decided to retire; not into a tree, but down under the snow—for such is the habit of the species in cold countries. At P D is seen the hole through which he went down. At L we see the track of a prowling lynx, and at L A it again appears; he has noticed the zigzag trail and also the hole in the drift, and now the poor, unconscious partridge is indeed in greatest jeopardy. Slowly and cautiously, the crafty lynx approaches; already his nose indicates to him that the sleeping bird is almost within reach. He is preparing for a spring; but so near is he at this moment, that the faint grinding of his padded feet on the soft snow awakens the bird. Instantly the bird springs up, bursts through the roof of his cot, and, bounding up in the air, eludes the spring of the lynx, and, in another moment, is safe, far away.

It will be noticed that the partridge seemed to have turned in the drift, or he would have come out at X. I always found that this bird thus leaves its couch, by coming out at one side. The reason for this is simple: The breath of the bird freezes and hardens the snow that is just under X, in front, so that it can not easily force a way through this now

icy wall; while the snow at the sides is as light and powdery as ever.

Next after man and the wolverine, perhaps the wolf is the most cunning of all the foes against which harmless birds and beasts have to guard; and here, in diagram No. 4, we have an instance of its cunning in the record of a curious game of "diamond cut diamond"; for this represents the attempt of a hunter to entrap a wolf. At T, the man buried his steel trap under the snow; carefully covered it up, leaving as few traces as possible, and then, after throwing a few scraps of meat about, he passed on. The wolf, coming from W, scents the meat; but he also scents the trail of his enemy. With caution, therefore, he makes his approach; circling around to catch all possible scent. At the track in line with W T he turns and slowly approaches the coveted dainties; in another minute, if the trap is well laid, he will be trotting about picking up the scraps, and will almost surely put his foot on the "pan" and be caught. But he is not rash. Step by step he advances, sniffing the snow and the air, until almost within reach of the first bait. He is just about to seize it, when, suddenly, he stops. What is that? Too well he knows. Mingled with the delicious odor of the meat is a taint,—the scent of a human hand! Not so fast, O cunning trapper! You remembered to rub the trap with blood, that thereby it might bear scent of neither man nor steel; you thought you handled everything with gloves. But, in a heedless moment, you chanced to touch that scrap of meat with your bare hand, and so you spoiled your whole plot. Instantly the wolf checks his ravenous appetite, steps back in his own tracks with the utmost caution and precision, and, in spite of the hunger that is inwardly



FIG. 4. TRACKS OF A MAN AND A WOLF.

consuming him, sets out to seek his dinner somewhere else.

In diagram No. 5, we see inscribed an incident

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in the life of a hare. At A he had been sitting in his form or couch under a sheltering tussock; his sitting posture is shown by the deep hollow and the mark of his tail. But he heard something which made him move out. B, C, and D show his tracks at an ordinary pace; at E and F, he began

speed at which he flew. It may be a satisfaction to some young readers to learn that in a fair race, such as this, I never knew a fox to catch a hare.

But, in conclusion, I will add another chapter of hare history, read in the snow, and one in which the hare found a different and more dangerous enemy.

In a place where I had never before found a hare, I came on a fresh trail, which showed that Bunny had been flying from some foe,—but who or what his foe was, I could not learn from the signs.

After following a few yards, I found one of those sudden doublings, as at H, in diagram 5, and very soon another, and again a straight trail for a few yards, and more doublings, and then a few drops of blood. As I followed, there were more doublings and more blood, until at length I discovered the remains of the hapless hare. His enemy had eaten all but the head and the feet. It was plain that this was not the deed of a fox, nor a marten,—for no track was to be seen. A weasel might, indeed, have been clinging to the hare during the run, and so have left no track; but then a weasel, could not have eaten the hare, and would not have done much more than suck its blood. As I looked about for signs, my eye caught a broad, soft feather sticking to a sapling near by. "Aha! a hawk," I thought. But on looking again at the bloody place on the snow, I saw the faint print of a

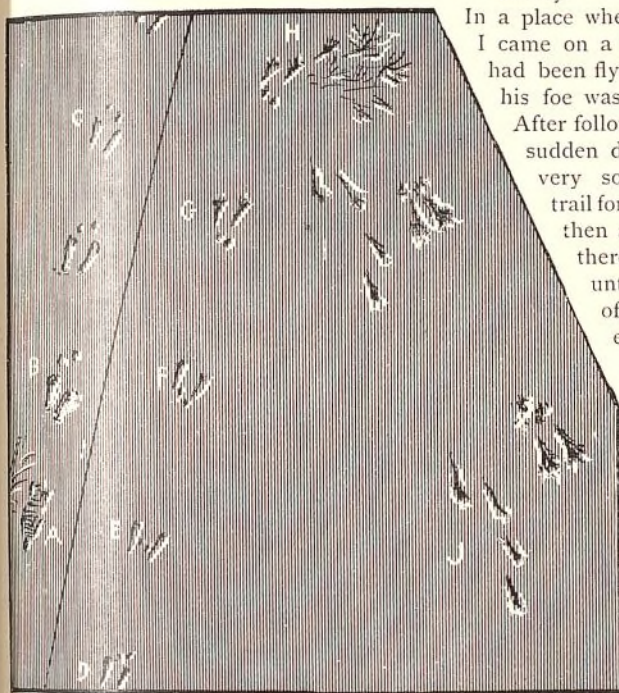


FIG. 5. TRACKS OF A HARE AND A FOX.

to go faster, and here we see a peculiarity of the hare's track. As he increases his speed the hind feet track as far forward as the fore feet, and at G the fore feet actually track behind the hind ones. But at H we see that the foolish creature had been running right into danger, and here for the first time we note the track of his enemy, the fox, pursuing at full speed (I and J). Poor Bunny's frantic efforts to turn about are plainly graven in the snow; and his widely spread feet, his vast bounds, and the far backward marks of the fore feet in the subsequent signs, show the tremendous rate of

large two-toed foot, and knew at once, by its size and shape, that it was the track of a barred owl. And then the mystery of the doubling and running from an unseen foe was solved.

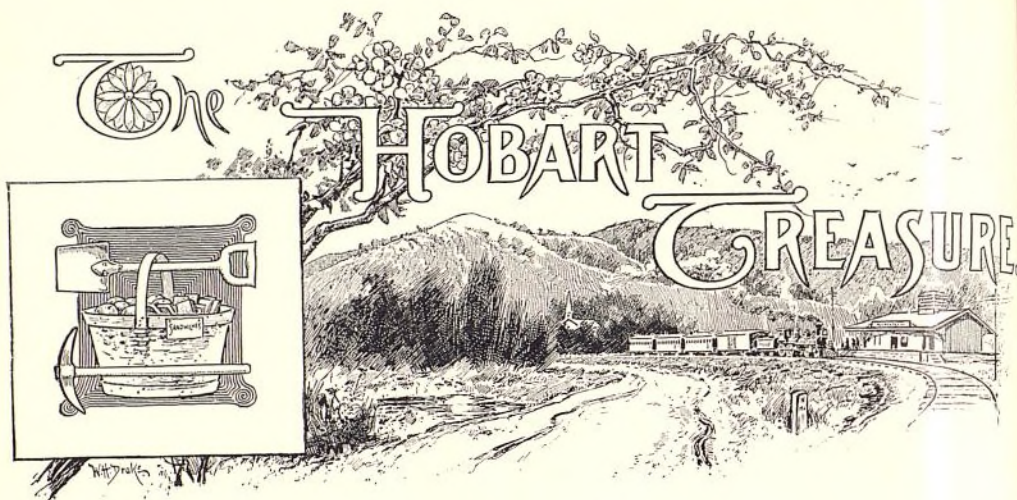
I left the spot; but on returning a few minutes later, I was startled by a loud screeching, and immediately the guilty one appeared. After flying around my head two or three times, he settled on a limb near by, and gave me an opportunity to sketch him,—I would rather have shot him, but I had no gun with which to avenge the death of the poor unfortunate hare.



FOOT-PRINT OF HAWK AND OF OWL.

D A WOLF.

his dinner some-
ribed an incident



BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE rain was over. Masses of clouds that had hung low all day, parted and flew before the fresh wind that shook the drops from the young leaves of the maples, and sent the falling apple-blossoms dancing under the arching branches of the elms which, for half a mile, made the glory of the village street. Jenny, as she stood in the door of the old house, at the turn just beyond their shadows, looked wistfully down the long arcade, as if waiting for something. Beyond her, on the other side, lay the valley and the winding river, and the blue mountain that kept watch over all. Her eyes turned to it now as if some token must come from it to her. Many times a day her eyes sought it involuntarily, for all her life she had felt as if it held strength, and quiet, and all good things; everything that she most needed to-day. She must tell Tom. It had been delayed long enough.

Tom, curled up in the corner of the window overlooking the orchard, was reading, when she went in, a lately printed history of the village that the old Doctor had lent him. He was amazed to find how much history the village really had. Nobody had ever told him any of these stories of the early settlement and of the Indian troubles, more exciting than any dime novel that had ever been smuggled into school. He had seen Captain "Tom" Hobart's grave among those of all the other Hobarts in the church-yard, and Uncle Sol, the village shoemaker and the village authority on all matters of family tradition, had once said that he was a queer case, and that Tom must n't take after him. Why had he not said more, for here,

in the book, was the whole story? Tom's cheeks were red and his gray eyes dark with excitement as Jenny came in and stood in the door-way. It was most extraordinary that nobody should say a word about it; and yet this man whose name, even, he had never heard, knew it all, and had written it here where all could read it.

"I 'd have stopped him," Tom muttered. "It was n't his affair. What business had he to write it all out?"

"Write what out?" Jenny said.

"All about the buried treasure, — the Hobart treasure."

"Oh, that old story?" said Jenny, indifferently. "I wish the Hobarts had a treasure. I should know what to do with some of it."

"Then you knew!" cried Tom, still more indignant. "And you never told! That's just like a girl! How do you know but what it's there now?"

"Don't be a goose, Tom. How many times do you suppose this place has been plowed up — every inch of it, since great-grandfather bought it? And it might have been in the wood-lot or anywhere. There are only two acres right here, and the 'jog' out of Judge Cushing's land, with the three old apple-trees on it. There is n't any treasure."

Tom shook his head.

"I don't believe it," he said. "He buried it somewhere, and nobody has ever found it. Now listen!" and Tom eagerly read the paragraph that had aroused his curiosity in the beginning:

"Israel Hobart, the second, married Hannah

Hapgood. They had four children, sons, all of whom served in the war of 1812; Thomas Hobart, the eldest, having been the captain of a privateer and having come into possession of much money. A portion was invested in real estate in the village and elsewhere, but the larger part he gave many to understand he had buried on the homestead, his sudden death preventing any further knowledge as to where or when. Diligent search was made, but no trace has ever been discovered, and the story has become a mere village tradition. There seems to be no question, however, that a sum was buried, and that its sudden discovery may one day enrich the few remaining descendants."

"There! What do you think of that?" Tom added, after an impressive pause. "Jenny, something ought to be done about it. You're not paying attention. What's the matter?"

"Tom, listen to me," Jenny said. "Do you know what was in that letter you brought me yesterday afternoon?"

"How should I? It was Mr. Branson's writing. Money, I suppose."

"Not one cent, Tom; there is n't any dividend. I don't know what we're going to do. I've been trying to think it out ever since."

Tom had dropped the book, and sat looking at her blankly.

"No dividend?" he said. "Why, but the dividend is what we live on! It's all the money we've got. Where is it? Is it stolen?"

"You must ask the directors," Jenny said, with a faint smile. "Mr. Branson says there has been cheating and bad management, but he thinks it will be arranged, after a while. In the mean time, here we are;—just fourteen dollars in money left, and not one cent coming in, so far as I can see, before next January."

"I'll hire out on a farm," said Tom. "Unless," he added, "you're going to borrow of somebody."

"Neither borrowing nor begging, Tom; nor hiring out, either, except to me. We've got the house, and the taxes are all paid. There are a great many things on hand; the hens and the cow will help us out. I've a plan, too, that you can help in. I depend on you, Tom. You're always to be depended on, when there is real trouble."

Tom colored a little as he caught the cadence in his sister's voice. He knew what it meant. They were the best of friends, but his carelessness in all ways had made her endless trouble in the two years that she had been his sole guardian.

"Read the letter," she said. "I like to have you know just what is said."

Tom looked up gratefully. Jenny always treated

him as if they were the same age. Even when she found fault, she always said: "Of course, if you stopped to think, Tom, you would know how it is"; and of late he had been making faithful effort to take more responsibility, and to become what she seemed so sure he wished to be. He read the letter carefully, finding nothing in it that her words had not already made plain.

"I'd choke 'em, every one, if I could get at 'em," Tom said, wrathfully. "If I don't hire out to a farmer, you'll have to put me to some trade, Jenny."

"That would n't bring any money for a good while. No, Tom; there is something else—and if you are willing, it need not interfere with school or anything else. But you'll hate it. It will be hard. I dare say you will feel ashamed."

"The Hobarts have never done anything to be ashamed of, yet," Tom said, proudly, "unless it was when that confounded great-uncle Tom buried that money. Uncle Sol says we've done more for the town than any six other families together, and that it's a great shame you have to work so hard."

"There are plenty that work just as hard, Tom, and have n't any one that they care much for to make it easier," Jenny said, with a look at which Tom sprang up and tumultuously threw his arms around her.

"By George, Jenny!—you're a brick. There is n't such another sister in town. Out with it! What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to turn peddler an hour each day."

"What?" shouted Tom.

"Wait a little. I've thought it all out. You know what a place that junction is, and that lunch-counter, with those fat, fried pies and chippy sponge-cakes. You know there is always ten minutes' stop there, and the poor passengers get out and look at the cold beans and the fried pies and the muddy coffee. Everybody is hungry, and sometimes they really buy something; but the last time I came from Boston, I heard a lady say: 'Some woman that knew what decent food meant might make a fortune here. I'd give anything for a really good sandwich and some fruit.' A good many had lunches, but there were more that had none. Now, Tom, it may come to nothing; but I want to make the experiment. There are those crowded express trains each way, and always new people to buy. You know how good my sandwiches are?"

Tom's mouth watered involuntarily, but he preserved a stern countenance. To peddle sandwiches struck Tom as the extremity of degradation; but Jenny's calm face gave no hint of any sympathetic recognition of such an opinion.

"You can't make enough to amount to anything," he said. "It's one thing to make them

for the sewing-society or a picnic, and quite another to prepare enough for a whole trainful of people. Who 'll help you?"

"I can get help, if I wish it, or need it. I've calculated it all, Tom: the actual cost of the bread and the ham, and everything else. What I wish to do is to give two good sandwiches and a ginger-cake, or something of that kind, tied neatly in a white paper, so that all will look fresh and attractive. I have that great flat basket that Cousin Myra had here three years ago. Line it with white napkins; have the whole thing dainty and spotless and I believe that you could sell enough in one hour a day to keep us till something better can be thought of—if anything *can* be. Now, Tom, will you do it for me?"

"Everybody in town will be laughing at us," said Tom. "I should n't think you 'd be willing, Jenny, to turn cook for Tom, Dick, and Harry, or to make me into a train-boy!"

Tom's tone was one of deep injury, and he looked reproachfully at Jenny.

"I've been cook for Tom so long that I don't see why I should n't be allowed the variety of catering for Dick and Harry," she said, laughing, although her eyes were troubled. "It 's either this, Tom, or taking in sewing, and I can not sit and sew all day. I want you to try this, for me; but, if you feel that you can not, I can get one of the boys in the Hollow. But you will do the thing like a gentleman. People will buy of you, who would not look at a common boy."

"I'll think about it," said Tom, thrusting his hands into his pockets and marching away; and Jenny, who knew that he would be ready when the time came, turned toward the sunny kitchen with a lighter heart. There were so few ways of earning money in this secluded village. At best there had been but little money, and she had had to learn during her father's long illness how to manage it with closest economy. He had been the village doctor, like his father before him, and Tom was to follow in their footsteps. In fact, Jenny's own ambition for him pointed in the same direction, but she had been recalled from school by her father's illness, and by her father's death she became sole guardian of Tom. He was seven years younger, and clung to her as if she were mother, rather than sister. Such money as there was had all been invested in railroad stock, which had in the beginning given large dividends, and seemed to promise even more. Then had come entanglements and a steady lessening of the income.

"It will take a turn. It is sure to take a turn," Dr. Hobart had said; but the turns had been for the worse, till now this final disaster was upon them. Jenny's courage had not failed. Tom

should go to college yet, and keep up the succession. She had tried to keep down all false pride, but she shared with him the feeling that the Hobart name must never mean less to the town in the future than it had in the past. At least, whatever came, they would neither borrow nor beg, and Tom was now old enough to agree with her in full. He loved the old home, and had no wish for city life; even a winter in Boston having failed to convince him that anything could take the place of the open air that was his life. Jenny made home so jolly; the boys looked up to her just as he did. Why should he want to leave it?

He went out now, and after an instant's hesitation walked down the garden path into the orchard. The thought of the buried treasure still so occupied his mind that it crowded out even any thought of what he felt himself pledged to do the next day.

There were a dozen or more young trees, apple and pear trees of different varieties, but in these he had no present interest. Beyond stood three old apple-trees whose chief crop had been blossoms, only a barrel or so of fruit having been gathered from all combined. Old Uncle Sol could remember when they were planted, for a butternut had stood there, and the great storm of 1836 had overthrown it.

Tom nodded as he looked. The tallest apple-tree was in the old tree's place, but the butternut roots had stretched far and wide. There, if anywhere, would be traces of the buried money, and he purposed to make such an examination as no one before him had had enterprise enough to undertake. He would do it alone. Nobody should know, and for this reason he would work only in the evening. He was strong; he could dig like any laborer along the railroad. With another wise shake of the head Tom rushed off for a game of base-ball. He loved study. There was no fear that he ever would shirk his work, but he loved with equal ardor games of all sorts, and Jenny had rejoiced to see the delicacy of his childhood giving place to sturdy boyhood. She was glad now, as from the window she watched him for a moment, and saw that his face was bright, and his playing as energetic as if no weight lay upon his mind. If only this plan might succeed so well that there need be no fear of failure! She minced the ham with an energy that rivaled Tom's base-ball, and then she made a seasoning according to a recipe used in the Boston Cooking School. When the smooth mixture was ready she put it away, with a conviction, born of actual knowledge, that a sandwich made from it would inevitably induce the buyer to call for more. There were still a few Spitzenberg apples in the cellar, and when she carried the ham downstairs, she brought them up and polished a dozen or two,

till they shone like satin. The long "brick" loaves, just the shape for a handsome slice, were baking; and by the time they were done, Jenny had her little pans filled with the mixture for "Grandmother's spice-cake," the rule for which was in an old book begun by the grandmother herself, her faded writing still plain enough to read. Like everything that Jenny made, they came out done to a turn, with a spicy smell which was an invitation in itself, and she eyed them curiously, wondering how many would come back to her. Three dozen little cakes and one hundred sandwiches to be made in the morning, while Tom was at school. Since he had had trouble with his eyes, she had allowed him to go for only half a day, and this left him free for the afternoon, excepting for his German, which she taught him orally. She was tired through and through when night came, quite as much from anxiety as from actual work, and after a little reading with Tom went to bed an hour before her usual time.

It was bright moonlight; and Tom, as the door closed behind her, seized his cap, went softly through the kitchen, and then for an hour dug with great energy on the northern side of the tallest apple-tree. He meant to do the work systematically, filling up one side as soon as he had settled definitely that there was nothing there, before he began upon another. The sod was tough and thick. It taxed all his strength, but Tom was patient and resolute, and not to be stopped by ordinary obstacles. He knew it would be no joke, and had made up his mind to do the work thoroughly if he did it at all. He went to bed sore, and woke up stiff, but did not mind it.

Jenny thus far suspected nothing, and the trees not being in sight from the road, he hoped to do the work undisturbed. In any case, there was nothing to be ashamed of. Noon came. Tom rushed home from school and ate his dinner without a word as to the new enterprise. The "up train" was due at 1:20, and the "down express" fifteen minutes later. The junction was exactly half a mile from the village, and the road went only to the station,—a fact on which Tom privately congratulated himself.

"Well, Jenny," he said, meaningly, after a general talk over the morning's happenings. Jenny opened the kitchen door and pointed to the basket.

"You are a blessed boy!" was all she said, and Tom, without a word, but with rather a grim countenance, took the basket and marched down the road, while Jenny watched him until he was out of sight.

"Home-made sandwiches," she had written on a bit of paper pinned to the basket. Tom would do better if he had no drilling beforehand. She

hurried through her work, her hands trembling nervously. It was ridiculous to be in such a state, and she forced herself to move slowly, and even tried to repeat the verse of German poetry she meant to teach Tom that afternoon. It seemed hours before she saw him coming, and then she could not determine from the way he carried the basket whether it were full or empty. There was no doubt five minutes later, for as Tom came to the turning and saw her at the window he tossed the empty basket into the air, and then made one wild rush up the hill and into the house.

Jenny stood there, quite pale, and as Tom shouted: "They're gone! Did you ever hear of such a thing?" she began to cry, the tears running down her cheeks as she stood looking at him.

"Why, Jenny!—why, Jenny!" Tom said, and then, deciding that the best medicine would be a full dose of all the particulars, pulled her down into a seat beside him on the sofa.

"I tell you, I hated it," he said. "But I just set my teeth, and the minute the train stopped I boarded it. That little Billy McGuire was there with oranges, peanuts, and bananas. 'Go ahead,' I said, 'I'm not going to interfere with you,' and I just called, 'Home-made sandwiches, ten cents.' I did n't think anything about the cakes, only I knew they were two for five cents, and I went along. That first car, I only sold five, but before I'd got through the second one, a man called me back. 'Here,—if you've got more of the same sort, I want half a dozen,' he said, and he took them. I was called back three times, that way. The down-train had an excursion party along, and I could have sold two hundred, as well as one. I got change for a dollar at the ticket-office, and—it's fun! And, Jenny, what do you think? A gentleman looked out of the parlor-car window. 'What kind of apples?' he said. 'Good for anything?' 'Spitzenbergs,' I said. 'By George!' he said. 'Come in here.' So I went. 'How much?' he said. 'Two for five cents,' I said, and he took every one, and after I'd gone on he called me back. 'I paid eighty cents a dozen for Spitzenbergs, last week, in Boston,' he said. 'Here's another quarter, and I'd like to know why a boy like you is peddling apples?' I laughed, and then he laughed, but I had to hurry to get off. It's fun, Jenny, though I never thought it would be. Only, one woman tried to beat me down, and said I ought to give more for ten cents. Here's the money, Jenny, and you won't have to talk to me any more. It's a go, and I'll do anything you like,—but that lunch-counter girl will be on the war-path. She just glared! Now let's count. Five dollars for the sandwiches, ninety cents for the cakes, and sixty for the apples, with

the quarter, thrown in — makes six dollars seventy-five! Hip, hip, hurrah! What a beginning!"

"We must try it for a week, before we brag," said Jenny, cautiously; but there was no doubt in her face; and, when the week ended, it was quite certain that the way to earn money had been found.

Tom kept up his digging with grim determination. Long before the week ended, Jenny knew about it. In fact he could not confine his work to evenings, but at last gave all his spare time, till every foot of earth had been searched and replaced again, when Tom gave up the quest with a determination to begin upon another point as soon as he could settle where he was most likely to find something.

In the mean time, the business grew. Billy McGuire was enlisted and carried a basket devoted to cakes alone, and his mother also found daily employment in helping with the mincing and kneading. Jenny made no change in her programme; her sandwiches had become famous, and it often happened that people looked out as the junction was reached, and called to Tom:

"Hallo! Are you that sandwich-boy?"

"I wish there were more Spitzenbergs," Jenny had often said, "but they all seem to have died out."

"Plant some more," Tom said, "and I'll go on a hunt for that gentleman and promise to make him take the lot at eighty cents a dozen."

Jenny laughed, but a few days later she came in from the garden and stood by Tom.

"Tom, if things go on all right," she said, "I think you will find that there is treasure under the old apple-trees, after all."

"Why?" Tom said, too deeply interested in his book to rouse himself readily.

"The little apples have not tumbled off this year as they have always done for years. They are firm and sound. I think your digging has given the old trees a new lease of life."

"Can't believe it," said Tom, returning to his book; but by fall he had changed his mind. The branches hung low with the weight of perfect fruit, and Jenny put away each as if it had been the last they were ever to see, and she was able to draw upon the stock all winter. Fried pies had no possible chance; and the "lunch-counter man," in disgust, decided to hold an interview with the young woman who was spoiling his custom; and, being sensible, suggested on the spot that if she could be induced to take an interest in the lunch-counter his fortune would be made.

To Jenny nothing could have seemed less probable; but, having spent a day in thinking it over, she decided that it would be quite profitable, provided she were left to carry out her own plans without interference.

How this was done need not be told here. It is sufficient to say that there is, on that particular line of road, one place where the traveler finds, to his amazement, food that can be eaten with a relish, and passes on wondering what mysterious power has brought about this result.

Jenny is the owner of a thriving orchard of young trees, producing the very choicest Spitzenberg apples, and, thanks to Tom's efforts, the old trees still yield. Tom is in college, and though the dividend is still in the future, other dividends come in with a regularity which renders ownership of railroad stock an unnecessary luxury.

"There is one Hobart treasure that is sure and certain," Tom says; "and if any one tries to take it, he'll have to look out for himself. It's a jewel of the first water, and its name is — Jenny."



THE PEOPLE WE MEET.

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" SERIES—TWELFTH PAPER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



IN our travels in the various countries through which I have conducted you, the people we have met have contributed very much to the interest of our journey. The natives of these countries attracted our attention because they were French, or Italian, or German, or Dutch, and had, as nations, some habits and customs quite different from our own; but in traveling about we naturally saw a great deal of other travelers, and the peculiarities of these people were very often odd and amusing.

You all remember that wherever we went it seemed impossible to get rid of memorials of the ancient Romans, long dead and gone. But we could not fail to notice that it was equally impossible to get rid of the modern English and Americans, who, very much alive, are to be found wherever we go. These two nations are great explorers and travelers; if there is anything worth seeing in any part of the world, they wish to go there and see it. There are now so many Anglo-Saxon tourists on the continent of Europe that it has become necessary in all good hotels to have some person who can speak English, and it is only in places which are seldom visited that we can find no one to whom we can talk in our native tongue. A German, Italian, or French waiter, who can speak English, finds it much easier to obtain employment at good wages than those who know only their own language; and many continental waiters and barbers go to London, and serve there without pay for the sake of becoming acquainted with the English language.

French used to be, and is still, the language most general in Europe, and one who speaks it readily can travel almost anywhere, and make himself understood; but in many parts of Europe.

English is now so generally taught in the schools, that it will not be long before our language will be as useful to travelers as the French.

Although the English and we ourselves both speak the same tongue, we do not speak it in the same way. An American in London can seldom say five words before the English people who may hear him will know that he came from across the Atlantic; and we, on our part, seldom mistake an Englishman for our countryman. It is in the tones of the voice and the methods of pronunciation that the differences exist, and when we first hear English people talking, and when they first hear us, there is often, I am sorry to say, a little inclination on each side to indulge in ridicule, but, if there were no other reason for refraining from such impoliteness, we should do so, because it stamps us as ignorant people who have not traveled much.

Both Americans and English, like all patriotic people, believe their respective countries to be the best in the world, and many of them consider it necessary, when they are traveling, to show this. Persons like these, however, be they Americans or English, do not belong to the better class of travelers. The more we travel, and the more we see of other nations, the better we become acquainted with their merits and virtues. Their oddities and their faults naturally are the first things which strike our attention; but if we have seen nothing but these, it is a proof, either that we have not traveled enough or that we are not qualified to travel with advantage. The more the right kind of an American journeys the more he is likely to be satisfied that he is an American, but the better he becomes acquainted with other nations and learns not only to avoid their faults but to imitate their virtues, the greater advantage is he to his own country.

Next to our own fellow-countrymen, I think we shall like the English better than any other travelers we meet. Most of us will know, if we think of it, that if our forefathers had not chosen to emigrate to America we should now be English people ourselves; and aside from any feeling of kinship, the English travelers we meet, and in whose company

we may be thrown, are likely, after we become acquainted with them, to prove very good-natured and pleasant people. As a rule, they are very well educated, and speak French fluently, and often German; but in almost every case we shall find them lamentably ignorant about America. We, who have studied at school the geography and history of England, and know just how that country is bounded, and what are its principal rivers and towns, besides a great deal about its peculiar manners and customs, are, naturally, so surprised to find that these well-educated English people know so little about America that we may be excused from supposing that in English schools there are classes where ignorance of America is taught to the pupils. An English lady who had traveled over the greater part of Europe said she had a great desire to come to America, and her principal object in doing so was to shoot Niagara. I rather opened my eyes at this, and said that I thought she must refer to the celebrated trip down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but she was very positive on the subject, and said she meant Niagara, and nothing else; she had understood that they did it in a steamboat, and she knew she should enjoy the sensation.

A well-educated middle-aged gentleman told me that the reason our civil war lasted so long was that we had no military men in our country, and that a war carried on entirely by civilians could not proceed very rapidly. If any of you have ever seen an English atlas you will understand why it is difficult to get from it a good idea of America. We shall find, in such an atlas, full and complete maps of every European country and principality, a whole page being sometimes given to an island, or to a colony in Asia and Africa; but the entire United States, with sometimes the whole of North America besides, is crowded into a single map. Some of these are so small that the New England States are not large enough to contain their names, and are designated by letters which refer to the names printed in an open part of the Atlantic Ocean. No wonder that the people who use these maps have a limited idea of our country.

But it is not only English people who appear to know very little about America. A German countess once asked me if we had any theaters in New York, and when I told her that there were not only a great many theaters in that city, but that it possessed two grand opera houses at which, at that time, two of the leading prima donnas of the world were singing on the same nights, she was a little surprised. It is quite common in various parts of the Continent to hear people speak of the late war between North and South America. They knew that the war was between the North and the South,

and as it was in America, the mistake is natural enough to people who have studied only European geography.

But, on the other hand, we meet with many travelers, especially English, who, if they do not know much about our country, are very kindly and sociable, and glad to talk about American things and people; and as travel is greatly increasing across the Atlantic Ocean, it will not be long before the people of the two continents learn to know each other better.

Some of the Americans who visit Europe are such odd personages that it is not to be wondered at if they give the people they meet a queer idea of our nation. Some of these are very fond of boasting that they come from a part of our country where currants are as large as grapes, grapes as big as plums, plums the size of peaches, peaches like melons, melons as big as great clothes-baskets, and other things to match. Others complain if they can not have ice-water and griddle-cakes in every European city they visit; while others again are continually growling and grumbling because waiters and drivers expect small fees, not considering that at home they not only pay very much more at hotels, and for carriage hire, but sometimes are expected to give fees which are ten times as much as the poor people of Europe are accustomed to receive. I once saw an American girl, whose parents had become very rich since her education had been finished, who was walking through the galleries of the Louvre. She had been looking at some

pictures by Raphael, all of which represented the Virgin Mary, and turning to a companion she said: "I do believe this painter must have been a Catholic!"

But such Americans are not true representatives of their country; and it is very certain that Europe contains no more delightful people than many of our countrymen and countrywomen with whom we become acquainted abroad.



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

The English people, whom we may visit at their homes, are very kindly and hospitable, and give us a welcome as strong and honest as they are themselves. Shopkeepers, and tradesmen of all sorts, are very civil and obliging. The officials on the English railways are peculiarly pleasing

to Americans, who contrast their agreeable and efficient way of taking care of travelers with the manners and customs of many of our railroad clerks and employees.

In France, the servants, shopkeepers, washerwomen, and nearly everybody who may serve us for money will be found to do what they have to do in a very kindly and obliging way. It is a pleasure to be served by such neat maids as we find in hotels and "pensions," or boarding-houses; and the women who wait on us in the shops always greet us pleasantly, and show a kindly interest in helping us to select what we want. Of course this may be attributed to a desire to sell as much as possible, but this is a very proper desire for people in business, and if they endeavor in this civil way to induce one to buy, it is far better than the rude and importunate manner of shopkeepers in some other parts of the world. There are places, particularly in Paris, where strangers will be dreadfully cheated if they make purchases without understanding their value, but people who spend their money without knowing what they are about must expect that.



FRENCH "BONNES" (NURSES) AND THEIR CHARGES.

French servants, as well as those of Italy, Switzerland, and some other countries, always salute us pleasantly when they enter our room, and are often intelligent, and one may be a little sociable with them without fearing that they will presume upon it; they are always ready to give us any information that they can, and if they can speak even a little English, they are quick to let us know it. Sometimes their courteous manners and expressions amuse us, as when a French dressmaker said to a lady who had expressed satisfaction with her work: "Ah, madame, the skies smile, when the



A FRENCH POLICEMAN.

gown pleases." One of the most polite and well-bred personages with whom I ever had conversation kept a little shop in the Latin quarter of Paris. She was a middle-aged woman, with sunburned face and coarse hands, and wore a blue cotton dress, and a plain cap. I frequently went into her shop, and though I often bought nothing more than a two-cent box of matches, she always welcomed me as cordially and courteously as if she were receiving me in a fine *salon*; and if she had not what I wanted, put herself to trouble to tell me where I could get it; and, when I went away, bade me good-bye as if I were a

friend of her family whom she hoped to see again.

It is particularly noticeable in continental shopkeepers, and persons of that class, that, although they are very civil, it is seldom that we meet with the servility and obsequiousness which is somewhat common among the London tradespeople. It will be found, also, that although the English servants are generally most admirably trained and efficient, it is not as advisable to speak to them as freely as we do to persons in like positions on the Continent, for the British waiters or maids are apt to lose respect for the person who is inclined to be in any degree sociable with them.

The French people, especially the middle and lower classes, have strong family ties, and in the country, when the sons and daughters marry, they generally remain in the old home, where the father or grandfather is head of the house as long as he lives. It is very pleasant to see the old grandmothers in the public parks and gardens, busily knitting, and taking care of the little grandchildren, who play about them. The French people have faults enough, but many of these, if the traveler does not look for them, are not apt to trouble him.

In Italy, as well as in France, we often find a pleasant disposition to offer service, even if it is not directly paid for. I was once in a city of northern Italy, where I needed some articles of

clothing. Having just arrived I was entirely unacquainted with the place, and inquired of a clerk at a forwarding or express office, where I had some business, the address of a good shop where I could buy what I wanted. He thereupon put on his hat and said he would go with me to one. I did not wish him to put himself to so much trouble, but he insisted that as I did not know the city it would be much better for him to accompany me. He took me to the best place in town, helped me in my selection, made suggestions to the shopkeeper, and when I had finished my business, offered to go with me to buy anything else I might want. It is possible that he may have been paid for bringing purchasers to this shop, but the price I paid for what I bought was so small that there could not have been much profit to anybody, and I do not believe that the large and wealthy firm by whom this young man was employed would allow one of their clerks to go out in this way merely to give him a chance to make a little money. Let any stranger in one of our cities enter an express office and try to get one of the clerks to go with him to a tailor's store and help him to select a suit of clothes, and when he has made known his desire, let him wait and see what happens next.

The Italians of the working-class are generally very industrious; for the poor are very poor indeed, and they have to work hard to live. Even in Naples, where idleness and beggary used to be so common, the people have very much improved of late years. Italian beggars, however, are very persistent, and stick to a stranger like a burr,



ITALIAN BEGGARS.

until they get something. The easiest way of ridding ourselves of them is to lay in a supply of small copper coins (they have coins here which are equal in value to a fifth of a cent, although

these are not often met with, except among the very poor), and when a beggar receives anything he usually will go. This is a sort of toll one has to pay on the roads about some of the cities of Italy, and a stranger must generally pay it, or be very much annoyed. Sometimes a miserable old beggar with a broken back, one blind eye, one arm gone and the other one withered, and with, apparently, only half a leg, bounds in some miraculous manner beside a carriage for a quarter of a mile or so, until some one throws him a copper. Then he stops, his back straightens itself, one



FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE.

arm comes back to him, and the other regains its power; his legs drop out to their natural length; and he walks slowly back to his post by the roadside, where, the moment he sees another carriage approaching, all his infirmities again seize upon him. Children are very annoying as beggars, especially in the south of Italy; for half a dozen of them will sometimes cluster around a stranger, imploring him to give them something. One of the St. NICHOLAS artists traveling in Italy had a curious way of ridding himself of these youngsters. He carried a toy watch which was a little out of order, and the hands of which, when it was wound up, would go round with a buzz, until it ran down. He would fix this in one eye like an eye-glass, and turn fiercely upon the importunate youngsters. The sight of this revolving and buzzing eye scared the little rascals, and they fled in every direction. They thought it was the "Evil Eye," of which they are very much afraid.

There is not much begging in and about Rome. Even the poorest people seem too dignified for that sort of thing. We shall meet on the street, however, men, women, and children who offer all sorts of things to us for sale, and if we buy any of these articles, we must be careful or we may pay too much for them. Even in respectable shops, Italians generally ask strangers more for their goods than they are worth, and it is necessary to bargain a good deal if we want to get things at proper prices. As a rule, purchases can

be made at a very moderate rate in Italy if we know how to buy.

It is easy to see that Italy is a country of Art, not only in her pictures, statues, and architecture, but in the costumes and manners of the people. They are very fond of bright colors and pretty effects, and even when they hang up tomatoes and



AN ITALIAN "MODEL" WAITING FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

cabbages in front of a shop, they arrange them as tastefully as if they were decorating a little stage for an exhibition.

In Switzerland we see this same disposition to arrange common things in a tasteful and orderly way; and although the Swiss are not so artistic as the Italians, and do not care so much for color, we sometimes find the winter's wood built up into the shape of a little dome or pagoda, and even the smallest piles are arranged as symmetrically and evenly as if they were never to be moved. The ears of corn, which we often see hung in a row on the fronts of houses, are carefully arranged with regard to their size, and hang in as regular order as if they were files of well-drilled soldiers. The Swiss cottages, although they are much more elaborately decorated with carvings and inscriptions than those of the poor people in any other country, would not be pleasant places for any of us to occupy. The cows and the people live too close together. In

some of the richest parts of the country, the barn, the stables, and the dwelling-house are all under one roof.

In our various travels we shall doubtless meet with a great many Russians, and, as a rule, we shall find them very intelligent people. I once met a Russian gentleman who not only spoke excellent English, but who knew more about American politics and our affairs in general than could be reasonably expected of any one who had never seen our country. All Russians, however, do not understand us so well. A young lady from Siberia who was very desirous of hearing about America, once asked me if it was true that people in our country could go out and look for gold, and when they had found it, could have it for their own. She could not understand why the Government did not require them to deliver it up. In Russia people can not go about digging gold and silver in uninhabited mountains and plains any more than they can walk into houses and take money and jewels; and she thought our Government very foolish to allow anybody who chooses, to go into the far West, and dig up the gold and silver that he may discover there. She had no idea of a country which truly belonged to its people.

It is likely that in Switzerland we shall meet with a greater variety of travelers of different nations than in any other country. Some parts of this land of lake and mountain are very pleasant in the summer-time, while other portions are agreeable in the winter. The living here is also very good and cheap, and there are probably more hotels and boarding-houses to the square mile than in any other country. At a hotel, where I once staid, there were English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Spaniards, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Swedes, Dutch, French, and a family from the Cape of Good Hope. I once met with a Parsee gentleman who had traveled a good deal in Europe, and had some idea of visiting America. He had heard that it was sometimes very cold here, and asked me how we heated our houses; he particularly wanted to know what kind of stoves we used. When I told him that these were generally intended for coal, but that in some places we used wood-stoves, he looked a little troubled, and after a moment's reflection asked me how we prevented the wood stoves from burning up when a fire was made in them. His knowledge of English was not sufficient to enable him to see the difference between "wood" and wooden.

Mistakes in regard to the meaning of expressions in English are, of course, quite common among continental Europeans. A Swiss lady once asked me if American women took much interest in poli-

tics now that they were allowed to vote. "But they are not allowed to vote," said I. She looked surprised: "Not allowed to vote!" she exclaimed. "What then is the meaning of the Emancipation Act of which we have heard so much?" When I assured her that this celebrated Proclamation merely referred to negro slaves, and had nothing



COPYING IN THE GALLERY.

to do with white women, she said she thought this was a very queer country.

When I was in Antwerp I met with a person who interested me very much. I was in the picture gallery there, and had walked through a long line of rooms to the end apartment. There I saw upon an easel a picture nearly finished, which was a copy of a very fine painting upon the wall. I was attracted by the beauty of this copy, which seemed to me as well painted as the original close by it; and I was just going away when I saw a tall, elderly man come into the room, and take his seat upon a stool in front of the easel. He wore large, loose slippers, and, to my astonishment, the first thing he did was to kick them off. Then I noticed that

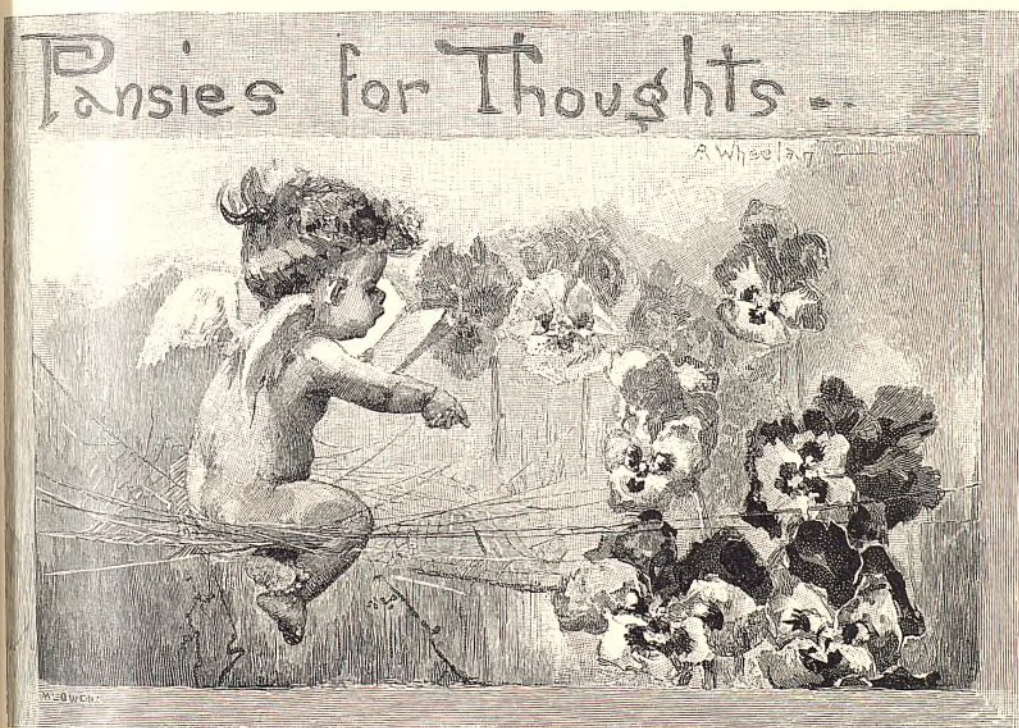
his stockings were cut off a little below the instep, leaving his toes exposed. Leaning back on his stool, he lifted up his two long and active legs and took up his palette and maul-stick with his left foot, putting his great toe through the hole in the palette, just as an ordinary artist would use his thumb. Then he took a brush between the first and second toes of his right foot, and touching it to the paint on the palette, he began to work upon the painting on the easel. This artist had no arms, having been born without them, and he had painted the beautiful picture on the easel with his toes. It was astonishing to see him leaning back, with upraised legs, and putting the delicate lights and shades into the eyes of the portrait on his canvas with a brush held between his toes. He has long been known as a most skillful and successful painter in certain branches, and his beautiful work is not only interesting in itself, but it points a moral which we can each think out for ourselves.

Wherever we go, in any of the galleries of Europe, we find artists copying the noted and famous pictures, sometimes two or three of them at work copying the same painting. In this way hundreds and thousands of copies, not only of the great works of the famous painters, but of their smaller and less celebrated pictures, are given to the world; and, in many cases, these copies are very good, and give a fair idea of the originals. There are artists, and some of them gray-headed, who never paint any original pictures, and make their entire living by copying paintings in the public galleries of Europe. This copying business, however, is often a great annoyance to visitors. Sometimes a person takes a great deal of trouble to go to see a famous picture, and when he reaches the gallery he finds that an artist's easel and canvas is set up before it in such a way that it is difficult for him to get a good view of it. A young copyist in the "Salon Carré," the room in which the finest pictures in the Louvre are collected, conceived the grand idea of painting the whole room, pictures, people, and all; and the immense canvas which he set up acted as a drop-curtain so far as a general view of this celebrated hall was concerned. In some galleries there are appointed times for the artists, and other times for the public.

It is very natural that we should want to find out all about the people we meet while we are traveling in Europe, but we shall soon discover that many of them are equally desirous of getting information from us. This is because we are Americans, and in the countries we have visited,—excepting, perhaps, France, where the people have but little desire to emigrate,—America is considered as a land, not very good to live in, perhaps, but as a great place to make money; a country where the

poorest person can go, accumulate wealth, and return to spend it in his own delightful native land. I remember a guide who took me through the ruins of Pompeii who was a very good instance of this tendency. He spoke good English, and was fond of conducting Americans through the dead little city. The desire of his heart was to go some day to America, and his mind was so full of this idea that he cared a great deal more to

ask us about things over here than to tell us about Pompeii. It was rather funny to see him sit down in the Temple of Isis, and to hear him talk about General Grant and the poet Longfellow, and other famous Americans whom he had served as guide. If some people in a higher rank of life were as anxious to inform themselves about things American as was this man, I think it would be well for them.



BY F. H. WHEELAN.

ONCE on a time a Cupid, who
For learning had a bent,
Insisted that young pansies should
To some good school be sent.

He sat him on a spider's web,
And said, with knowing wink,
"Since you young pansies stand for 'thoughts,'
You must be taught to think."

TOM'S RIDE.

BY ROBERT E. TENER.



It was a wild ride, and this is how Tom Pierce happened to take it.

Times were dull in San Francisco; for the first time in its history men were glad to work for a dollar a day. Tom's father, Joel Pierce, though he was a good mechanic, failed to find employment even at such wages; and so, leaving his wife and little daughter in the city, he took Tom with him and went to the country to seek work. But city and country were alike dull, and at last Joel was glad to find, a hundred miles from home, employment in the mountains as a wood-chopper.

Here he built a little cabin of boards split with the ax out of redwood-trees, roofing it with small, thin boards, called "shakes," similarly made. At one end he built a huge fire-place, of stone at the bottom, and of redwood-sticks and mud at the top. Opposite the fire-place was the door, and against one of the side-walls, two bunks, one above the other, served him and Tom for beds; while the rest of the space, lighted by a little window, was their parlor, kitchen, and store-room, all in one.

The hillside on which the cabin stood rose high above it at the back; while, in front, it sloped away to a little stream that ran not far below. Redwoods and pines, with a few other trees, grew thickly on all the hillside, both above and below the cabin. Near the foot of the hill ran a rough road, over which the cord-wood was hauled away during the summer; but in winter this road was hardly passable, even by horsemen. Two miles away on the road stood a farm-house, where lived Mr. Gregg, the nearest neighbor the Pierces had, and, ten miles farther on, was the town. To be sure, there were other choppers' cabins scattered about; some even nearer in a direct line than the farm-house, but to reach them it was necessary to climb steep hills, and to cross deep gulches, so that they were far more inaccessible than mere distance made them.

Thus it happened that Tom and his father sometimes for weeks together saw no other human being. But they were both too busy to feel lonely. Joel Pierce labored with ax and saw from sunrise

to sunset, happy to see the great pile of cord-wood growing, and to know that each blow he struck so sturdily meant food and clothing for his little ones.

To Tom's lot fell the cooking; he soon became an expert, and when not thus employed he had many ways of spending his time which seemed to him better fun than any game he had ever enjoyed in his city home. There were trout to be caught in the brook, and rabbits in the woods, while the beautiful Californian quail with nodding plume ran on every hillside. Tom sometimes borrowed an old shot-gun from the farm-house, and with this, and with traps of his own construction, plentifully supplied the cabin with food. To get a rifle and shoot a deer was now his great ambition, for more than once he had come upon fresh deer-tracks and lamented the uselessness of following them without a weapon. Nor did he fail to do a share, though a small one, of his father's work; for with his light ax he often added a little to the growing pile of cut wood, or lopped off the smaller branches from the trunks and limbs of the trees his father felled. In a few months Tom, who had been rather a pale and sickly little fellow, became so bronzed and active that his mother would hardly have known him. He learned, too, to ride fearlessly, though until now he had never even mounted a horse.

Joel Pierce kept a small mustang pony for convenience in making trips to the town when necessary. Most of the time the pony roamed the woods at his own will, finding abundant food in the wild oats and grasses that grew everywhere. At the beginning of the rainy season, a little hay was fed him, and Joel built an open shed for him not far from the cabin, where he could be sheltered from heavy rain. Tom hunted the pony up, when needed, and caught him by enticing him within reach with a hatful of barley.

On this wild, half-broken horse Tom took his first riding lessons, and met with more than one tumble before he learned to hold on in spite of the little mustang's rearing and bucking. When he did manage to stay on, though, the battle was won; for Jack, as Tom named the pony, seemed to feel kindly toward the boy, and obeyed his young master thereafter as he would obey no one else. Mounted on Jack, Tom explored every nook and corner in the hills for miles around, wherever a horse could go, and once every two or three weeks he rode into town to buy supplies, and to get from the post-office the longed-for letters from home.

Thus several months passed. The rainy season had begun early and was severe; and by Christmas many heavy showers had fallen, rendering the roads nearly impassable, raising high the waters of every mountain stream, and making the rich

grass start up on every hillside, lately so brown and bare.

On Christmas morning a heavy storm of wind and rain from the south-west came on, and raged all that day and night, nor did it cease the next day, nor the next. Joel went about the necessary outdoor work in water-proof from head to foot, while Tom was kept closely penned in the cabin, as a moment in such a rain would have soaked him through. The third day the rain abated a little, but the wind rose in fury, and the great trees groaned as it swept through their lofty summits. Now and then a branch would yield to the gusts, and, wrenched from the trunk, would come with a rush, like the roar of waters, to the ground. The great rain-drops, driven by the fierce wind, sounded like hailstones on the "shakes" of the roof, and many fell hissing on the fire through the broad chimney. But, though so much water was around them, the inhabitants of the cabin could have none for their own use without making a trip to the creek at the foot of the hill; and, on the third morning of the storm, Joel, buckets in hand, went out, as he usually had done to fetch each day's supply.

Tom was deep in the pages of "The Swiss Family Robinson," the delightful book which his father had given him on Christmas, and he read on after Joel left the cabin, only raising his head to glance out when an unusually heavy gust threw the rain sharply against the little window. But at last it occurred to him that he had read a long while, and he began to think it strange that his father had not yet returned. He became uneasy, and, opening the door, looked down the path as far as he could see. But only a few yards away it turned abruptly to one side, and the thick trees and brush hid the rest of the path from him. The slanting rain was still falling, and the wind, though a little less violent, was shaking the giant branches against the stormy sky. As Tom looked he saw one great limb snap off, and heard it fall to the ground with a rushing sound, like the dash of a great spray of water, carrying other smaller trees down with it.

"What if such a limb should fall on Father?" thought Tom, a sudden fear seizing him.

Hastily pulling on his rubber coat and cap, he rushed down the path. A little stream of water ran in the beaten hollow and struck against his heels; the rain poured from the rim of his cap, and the long, whip-like shoots of the hazel-bushes, swept by the wind, scourged him as he ran. The gaunt, gray, leafless branches of the buckeye mingled with the dark crimson of the madrona, and above them towered the redwoods, bowing their lofty tops before the gale.

Tom ran on, his anxiety increasing as he went, and in a few moments he found his fears only too well-founded. A redwood-tree lay across the path, its branches shattered by the fall into a mass of twigs and splinters. The trunk itself was smashed near the top; and the roots, forced from the ground by the tree acting as a great lever in its fall, had thrown up a mass of black soil on the hillside above. Tom heard a groan from among the branches, and cried:

"Father, oh, father! Are you there?"

"Yes, Tom, my boy, I'm here, sure enough!" replied his father's voice, and Tom, guided by it, forced his way to the center of the fallen tree.

Joel was lying on the path, the two buckets by his side. He had an ugly cut on the forehead, from which blood still flowed. His head and one arm were quite free, but the rest of his body was tightly pinned down by the tree. Luckily, the stumps of two broken limbs supported the trunk above him, so that he was only held and not crushed by it.

"It was a narrow escape, my boy," said he, as Tom reached his side. "This big fellow," waving his hand toward the tree, "turned up his toes just as I was passing, and I could n't get away in time, though I saw him coming. I guess I must 'a' been stunned by a tap on the head, for I did n't know a-thing for a while; and then, when I came to, I found myself in this fix. These branches are run deep into the ground, and they just hold the trunk high enough to let me breathe, but I can't move an inch."

"Let me get the ax and chop you out, father," said Tom.

"No, no, Tom, there's work for men, here. You must get me free, but not with your ax. I'm afraid my leg's broken, and besides, if this big log is moved it may crush me. Do you saddle Jack, and ride down to Gregg's, and tell them about me, so a lot of their men will come up and get me out. Then you, or some one, go on to town for a doctor. Don't be scared, Tom, I can stand it a while longer, only send the men quick."

Tom wasted no time in talk, but saying only, "All right, father!" he sprang up the path to Jack's shed, and quickly threw the saddle on his back and drew the straps tight, paying no heed to the vicious snaps the mustang made with lips drawn back from his white teeth. A moment later, he was plunging down the steep path that led to the road below, and Joel soon heard the quick hoof-beats die away as he galloped toward Gregg's.

Tom rode furiously along the rough road, and soon reached the farm-house. He swung the gate open without dismounting, and galloped to the

door. Withdrawing his foot from the stirrup, he kicked vigorously.

Mr. Gregg himself answered to the violent summons. He was a heavily built, square-jawed man, with a mass of black beard on his face. He frowned when he saw the boy on horseback.

"What do you mean, boy?" said he, in his deep voice. "Can't you dismount and knock properly?"

Tom interrupted him.

"Father's caught under a fallen tree, and his leg's broken. Won't some of your men go up and get him out?"

"Hello! you're Pierce's boy, I see," said Gregg. "All right, we'll go up right away. Say, Dick," he added, turning to a man in the room, "call the men together, and get a lot of saws and axes, and a couple of jack-screws. Where are you bound, my lad?" he said to Tom, who was turning his horse's head again toward the road.

"For the doctor," answered Tom; "father's right on the path to the cabin; you can't fail to find him, and I can better be spared than one of the men."

"You're a thoughtful boy," said Mr. Gregg. "Go ahead, only you'd better take the hill road, for the ford road is dangerous after such heavy rain."

Tom only nodded in reply, as he let the strap fall heavily on Jack's shoulders, and galloped away. The road lay for a mile along the middle of a little mountain valley, and then entered a narrow gorge. Here it forked,—one branch keeping along the crest of the hills, the other hanging on the side of the cañon wall. The first, Tom knew, was the safest, but then it was fully two miles longer than the other. No, he would not lose such precious time; and, scarcely pausing, he dashed into the ford road. As he went on, the road rose higher on the mountain-side, till it became a mere shelf with a precipice rising high on the right, and sinking away to depths on the left. The forest raised its mighty, bristling growth, like the lances of an army of giants, on the steep slope both above and below the road, but here and there Tom could catch a glimpse of the stream below, dashing in foam-covered currents among the stones. The last time he had ridden by, there had been scarcely any water in the brook's bed,—only a few quiet pools joined by a slender silver thread of trickling water. Now, the noise of the swollen stream rose above even the moaning of the trees and the whistling of the wind.

The narrow road was much washed in several places, but Tom did not slacken his pace on that account. He knew that every moment might be priceless to his father, and also that each moment

the water was rising higher at the ford beyond. As he listened to the roar of the stream below him, he almost repented choosing this road; but it was too late to return and, so far, he had met nothing to delay or to alarm him. The mustang's unshod feet seemed to cling like a cat's to the slippery ground; and though he sometimes made a misstep, he recovered himself, never falling. Tom's long lash often played round his shoulders, and the steady gallop did not pause for an instant. The rain, driven by the south-west wind, struck full in Tom's face and nearly blinded him; but he managed to see far enough ahead to avoid running full on a fallen tree, or over a land-slide. Most of the road was thus safely passed, and Tom began to hope that he would reach, without accident, the valley where lay the village, when Jack suddenly turned a sharp curve, and Tom had only time to see that there was a great gap where the road had fallen away bodily into the cañon below, leaving a smooth, sheer incline at the break.

Jack saw it also, and tried to check his headlong pace; but in vain — he was already on the treacherous, crumbling edge of the break, and his feet slid from under him. Tom felt the horse reeling beneath him, and had but an instant to kick away the stirrups and to grasp the low branch of a live-oak tree before the mustang, with a snort of terror, rolled headlong into the deep gulf below!

Tom could hear him crashing through the undergrowth after he was hidden from sight, and at last a splash showed that he had reached the stream. Tom knew that it was useless to attempt to recover the horse; for, even if by any chance he was unhurt, it would be impossible to get him up to the road again. He therefore swung himself down from his tree and looked about for means of continuing the journey on foot, heartily sorry now that he had not taken farmer Gregg's advice and chosen the hill road.

He examined the slide, and saw that it was made by a large portion of the hillside, just above the road, having fallen down upon it and having carried away the lower bank also. He saw that his only chance was to climb past above this avalanche of loose soil. Selecting a place where the bank was not very high, he clambered up, and then by the aid of the bushes and ferns on the hillside drew himself higher and higher, till, with much toil, he succeeded in crossing many feet above the break. The yielding earth sank under each footstep, and made his progress very slow; but once having begun his descent, it was as rapid as the ascent had been slow, and he soon regained the solid road on the townward side of the break. Unhorsed and weary, there were yet two miles of road and the ford between him and the town. Fortunately, it was all

down-hill, and he ran on as rapidly as possible, more anxious about the state of the ford than anything else.

The crossing was just where the cañon broadened out, opening into a large valley, and the road crossed the stream, continuing to the town, a mile away on the farther side. Tom, from the bank, viewed the ford with the first feeling of despair he had yet admitted. The stream, instead of being the shallow rivulet which only bathed the hoofs of the passing horse, was now a wide, muddy torrent, bearing on its turbid surface massive logs and roots, and every moment increasing in power and velocity. Tom knew that there was no other ford for miles below, and yet, how was he to cross here? He would certainly be swept away should he attempt it. If some of these logs which were drifting past would only lodge for a moment, he might try to cross on them; or, if that great, branchless, dead tree leaning over the water would but fall, what a bridge it would make! So thinking, he looked wistfully at the tree, and saw that the water was actually undermining its roots, and that, at any moment, it might fall as he desired. But then he had seen trees, apparently less firmly held, which had clung thus for years, defying wind and storm, and he had little hope that this one would fall just when it happened that its fall would be convenient for him. But, even as he doubted, he saw it topple and bend over the water. Slowly, then more rapidly, its top described part of a great circle in the sky, and then the tree struck the water with a blow that sent the spray high in the air.

Tom now had his bridge; still, he almost wished the tree had not fallen, for it made him shudder to think of crossing by it, though it reached from bank to bank, making a firm path. But there was no time to lose, and, gathering his whole stock of courage together, he jumped upon the fallen trunk. It was so large and free from branches that its rounded form did not interfere with firm footing. But the current ran angrily against it, and began to rush over it in the middle, like waste-water over a dam, and as Tom passed this part he had some difficulty in keeping his footing, and was glad to cling to some stumps of branches which here remained on the tree. An ominous crackling at the same time warned him to hasten, and, indeed, he had barely set foot on the firm ground upon the further side, when the tree, which was quite decayed within, parted in the middle, and was swept away down the stream!

Tom now tried to hasten on, but found his progress slower than ever; for the valley soil was a tough adobe, and stuck to his boots like wax, making each step an effort. But at last he arrived

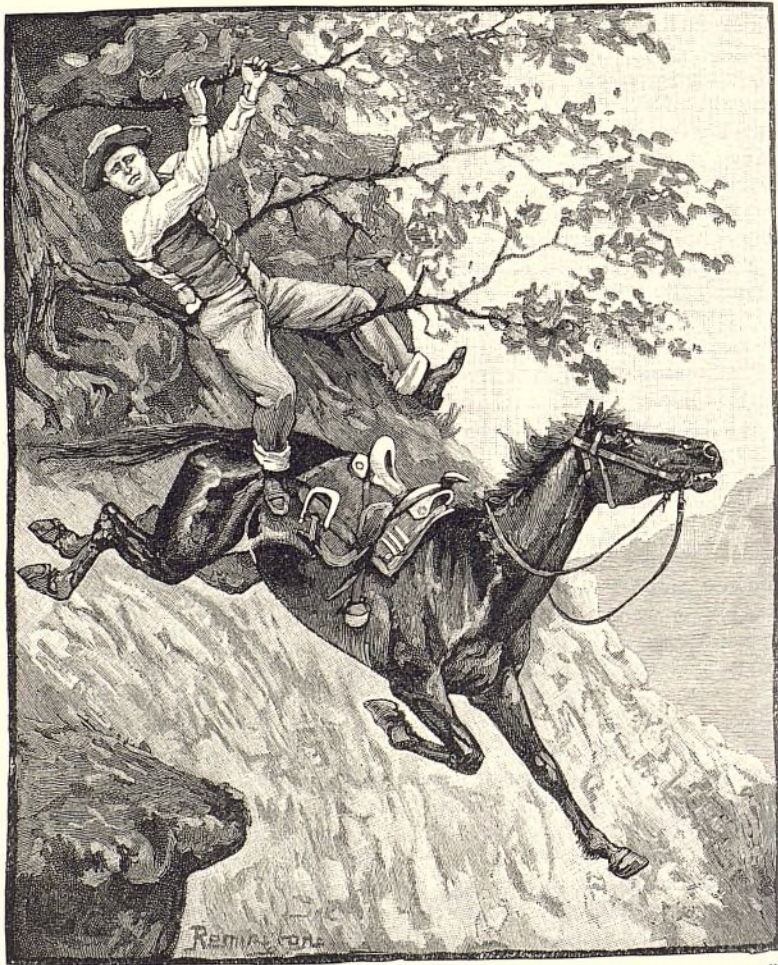
at the doctor's house, which, luckily, was the first one on that side of the village.

The doctor listened to a hasty recital of his adventures, and made him change to a dry suit belonging to his own boy, and swallow a cup of hot coffee; and Tom felt his troubles were over when, soon after, he was seated by the doctor in a buggy, speeding behind a pair of fine horses, back to his father's aid. But you may be sure the doctor took the hill road, and crossed the stream far up the cañon on a high bridge.

When they arrived at Gregg's they found Joel

and raising it by means of the screws, they were at last able to pull him out; and here he was,—badly bruised, to be sure, but nothing worse. So the only prescription the doctor could give was that everybody, himself included, should take a good rest; and he hastened home for his share of it, through the muddy road, under the trees, now covered with diamonds, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, which shone triumphantly over the fleeing clouds.

Two days later, Tom, to his amazement, found Jack in the shed. He was covered with scratches,



"TOM KICKED AWAY THE STIRRUPS AND GRASPED THE LOW BRANCH OF A LIVE-OAK TREE."

there, seated in an arm-chair at the fire, and with no broken bones after all.

He told them that Gregg's men had placed jack-screws under the tree trunk on each side of him, and then sawed out the section above him,

but otherwise unhurt. But never, after that ride, could his young master, either by coaxing or threatening, prevail on Jack to travel on the ford road, of which he retained so lively and disagreeable a remembrance.

THE BRONZED KID SHOES.

BY MARION DOUGLAS.



RIGHT, in the sun, as burnished gold,
And, in the shadows, brown,
A dainty little pair of shoes
My father brought from town.

For me! for me!
It could not be!

They seemed too fine to wear—
Less fit for treading dusty ground
Than skimming sunny air!

Not, till, close-fitted on my feet,
I saw them brightly shine,
And I had tied the strings, myself,
Could I believe them mine!
Then, with proud sense
Of consequence,
I felt them press my toes,
And wore them, with the full delight
That only childhood knows!

When Sunday came, thrice welcome day!
As if with sunlight shod,
Down the long street that led to church,
Exultantly I trod.
And when, alas!
It came to pass,
Some dust my shoes made gray,
I took my little 'kerchief out,
And wiped it all away!

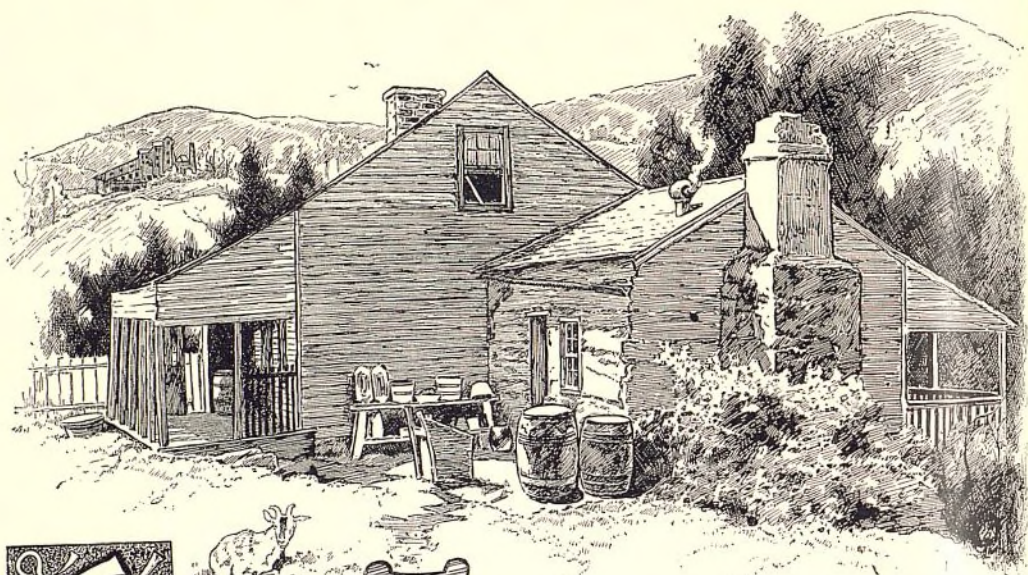
But the third time I put them on,
One morning in July,
I chanced, out in the mowing land,
A ruddy flame to spy;
A signal fire!
With glad desire
My childish course was turned—
For where it glowed, I knew the rare,
Tall meadow-lilies burned.

Quick as the thought, I climbed the wall,
And, through the grass, I sped,
Out 'mid the fern, and where the flags
Were higher than my head;
One bound I took,
And crossed the brook—
Nor, for an instant, stopped
Till, down among the lily-flowers,
All out of breath, I dropped.

But, as my hand was on the prize,
Soaked through with heavy dews,
And covered with the brook-side clay,
I saw my precious shoes!
A sorry sight!
Within the light,
No more they gleamed like gold!
But, dingy purple, seemed as though
They had, at once, grown old.

In vain I dried them in the sun;
I could not make them shine;
There was not, 'neath the sunny sky,
A heavier heart than mine!
O, what were all
The gay and tall
Black-spotted lilies then?
I lost them, one by one, as I
Went sobbing home again.

Since childhood's pride, that summer morn,
Those shining shoes brought low,
Ah, from how many glittering things,
I've seen the glory go!
Now old and wise,
Alone I prize,
As worthy of my care,
Those friends, those pleasures, that will
stand
The test of common wear.



W. H. Drake

Edward Athoy.

the home of
"Teddy."

BY ROY MCTAVISH.

ONE hazy October day, when the Sharp and the Red Mountains were decked in all the brilliant hues of the American autumn, one of those misty, dreamy days when vanishing summer seems reluctant to say farewell, a little boy was born. The cottage in which the little one first opened his eyes was perched high upon the side of Red Mountain. Its whitewashed clapboards, straggling slat-fence, the long eaves (so near to the steep hillside that a spotted goat had leaped to the roof and nestled against the huge stone chimney), and the coalshed, forming a part of the fence at the roadside, all indicated the home of a collier.

The big brown eyes looked their first look upon whitewashed beams overhead. A pretty baby, indeed; a laughing, crowing, healthful child, that seemed so soon to grow into a mischievous little urchin, who chased the chickens, whipped the hissing geese, rode the goat, and wrestled with the big white bull-dog which loved to sit upon the doorstep and dream dog-dreams in the warm sunshine. The good priest had baptized the child "Edward Athoy," so, all through the patch, he was known as "Teddy." In the pure air of the mountains, he became strong and robust.

Climbing the hills, gathering brushwood, driving the goats, frolicking with the falling leaves, and chasing the butterfly soon gave him strength and vigor, and tanned his cheeks until he looked as brown as a gypsy. His bright, happy life was a joy to himself and a joy to the toiling father, who, when returning from his work in the mines, would let the little fellow carry needle, or scraper, or some other light tool. Great was the boy's pride when he, for the first time, marched into the house with a large needle over his shoulder like a gun, and set it down in the chimney-corner with a resounding ring which could be heard at the garden gate.

As Teddy grew, cares were added to his childish pleasures. Two other little brown-heads, a brother and sister, came to keep him company. All about him Teddy saw that in the world the lot of the men was hard work, while the tasks of women, if not as hard, were seemingly never-ending.

For him, to be able to work was to be a man. To be unable to work was to be worthless and contemptible.

Early in the morning, before the dews were dry, the men went down into the deep mines, or into the

great, black breaker, of which the pointed gables could just be seen over the opposite hill-top. When at school in the winter, he heard the larger boys boastfully tell when and where they should begin work "next year." He looked forward to the day when he could go into the black breaker and earn thirty cents a day by picking slate as the time when he would begin to be a man.

At last the day came, and all too soon. When nine years old, his father bought him a little two-quart tin pail and a tin water-bottle. His mother packed the pail with bread and butter, bacon, and a "turned-over" egg; filled the bottle with sweetened tea; passed the long cord of the bottle through the bail of the pail, and then, putting the loop of the cord around his neck, gave him a gentle push, saying playfully: "Be off with you to your work."

Now he was to "work." It was a happy day. He tramped over the hillside, treading under foot the frost-touched, dew-decked maple leaves which looked so clear and fresh in the early morning sunlight. This was a memorable day, a day he would never forget. All the world seemed bright because he was so happy. As he mounted the crest of the hill, he looked back and saw against the opposite hillside his home, and his mother standing in the doorway, with his brother and sister on either side. He raised his cloth cap, waved it about his head, and gave a loud, glad shout, and then turned toward the breaker. Never before did it look so high, so black, and so dirty. The great culm-pile stretched far away along the mountain-side and far down into the deep valley below. As he put foot upon the first step of the ladder-like stairway which climbed the side of the building, how the whole structure seemed to groan and creak, and to tremble, like a thing of life! So it was; filled with life. Through the sashless windows were thrust dozens of heads. Paddy Dooley, Tim Murphy, little Mike Reilly, and Dutchy Kootzman—who walked all the way from Tremont, over three miles—were all there, and many, many other boys.

As he reached the top of the stairway and stepped within the door, he discovered the boys standing about a big iron stove. Their dinner-pails and water-bottles were hung on nails under a long row of windows without glass. There were big glass slides in the shingle roof, but they were so covered with dust that little light found its way through the panes. Huge dust-covered beams thrust their great black bodies out of one dark corner only to hide in another. At his feet were long troughs made of shining sheets of iron, and, at regular intervals, boards were placed across for seats.

As he looked up the incline of these shining

troughs, he saw the "big screen" turning, and felt the whirl and rumble of the great iron rollers which crushed the coal. The machinery was all in motion. Far down below, on the railroad track, he saw the locomotive push a long train of empty cars into the switch, and pull out a longer train of loaded cars piled high with the glistening coal. He had seen this many times before, but everything seemed different now. He felt that he himself was now a part of it all. He belonged to this great work-house, and, in an undefined way, it seemed, likewise, to belong to him. Never before had old Sandy MacGaw ("Old Scotty," the boys called him) looked so cross. He carried his long switch lightly clutched under his one arm while rubbing his iron-rimmed spectacles with a particular part of the tails of his ragged coat which he always selected for this especial purpose. Teddy, despite his joyous heart, felt just a little awed by his surroundings.

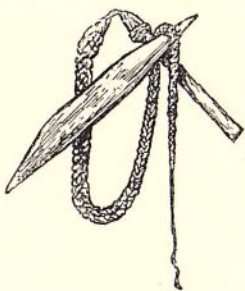
It was his first day. Would the boys play him tricks? Would they exchange his dinner-pail? Would "Old Scotty" switch him? Just as he was wondering what *might* happen, the whistle gave a long shriek followed by two little screams, and the machinery throbbed with increased life. All the boys took their places upon the seats and sat expectant. There were a few great puffs from the big engines,—clouds of steam blew through the open windows, and then came a short hush, followed by a heavy jar, a rushing, crushing sound, a stifling black dust, and then coal commenced running through the screen into the iron troughs. By these sounds Teddy knew that a car-load of coal had been lifted out of the deep shaft from the mines below, and was coming through the breaker. His quick eye soon saw the pieces of slate, dull and black against the bright coal running so swiftly beneath him. While his feet in the trough kept back the running coal his nimble fingers picked out the slate, and by a quick movement of the wrist tossed it into a box at his side. When the box was full an old man came with an empty box, and took the full one away. He looked its contents over carefully, picked out a few pieces of clean coal, which Teddy had carelessly mistaken for slate, then weighed the slate and dumped it into a hole in the floor. Old Scotty took the pieces of clean coal, showed them to Teddy, told him that he would get the birch if he was not more careful, and then turned around just in time to see Morgan Williams let a bushel or more of slate mixed with coal pass into the pockets below.

Morgan was not a "new hand," so the birch fairly cracked over his shoulders, while the boy, without moving a muscle of his face, quietly kept at his work.

Old Scotty was the "Slate Boss." His whole duty was to watch over the work of some fifty boys. He rarely spoke, but his birch rod was seldom idle all the day long. This was breaker "discipline." Such was Teddy's work and that of many thousands of boys in the coal regions, some even younger than he. Soon his face became black with dust, his eyes looked very white and bright, the lips unusually full and red, and every time he smiled his teeth looked like burnished ivory.

Day after day, month after month, year after year did Teddy stoop over the trough. Soon the novelty wore away. And how cold his fingers would get!—so numb that they felt dead. His feet, ever on the chilly iron, became like icicles; but still he must pick, pick, pick unceasingly, with bent back and drooping head in the dust-laden air.

The warm summer days seemed to laugh at him, and in mockery to ask whether he remembered the butterflies on the mountain-side. The great flakes of falling snow which in winter shut out the wooded mountains seemed so pure and soft that Teddy often wondered whence they came, looking so spotless and innocent. At last, he was promoted. He was put on the "dump," and drove a mule. He now received fifty cents a day.



A DRIVER'S WHIP, AND SPRAG FOR SCOTCHING THE WHEELS OF THE CAR.

He would open a sliding door in the side of the breaker, let the slate and coal, too fine for market, run into a car to which he had hitched his mule; and then he would drive along the mountain-side to the end of the great waste-heap, where he would "dump" the car. The mule was so accustomed to the work that Teddy had little to do except the

hitching and unhitching, or, whenever "Blind Jerry" refused to pull or became cross and kicked, to whip him with a long braided whip.

When twelve years old, Teddy took the next great step in this school of labor. He went into the mines. He became a "door-boy." With a lighted lamp on his hat, it was his duty to stand on guard at a great door which served to direct the flow of air into the workings. This door he would open whenever he heard the shrill whistle of the men who were running the coal cars through the dark passages of the mine. Far back in the darkness would be heard a shrill cry. In a few moments would follow a dull, rumbling sound of wheels; then the "trip" of cars would dash through the open door-way,—the lamps on the heads of the runners

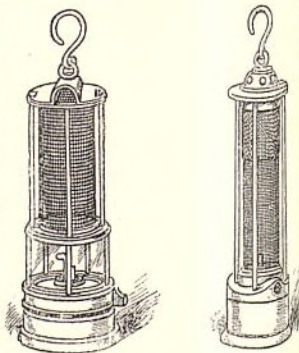
sending out long streams of fire, like the tails of miniature comets. The heavy door would then swing back with a muffled, booming sound, and Teddy would again be alone in the stillness and darkness.



A "DRIVER."

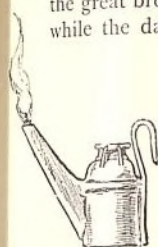
Each morning, at five o'clock, the men were lowered into the mine and remained there until six at night. In winter many never saw the light of day for weeks at a time,—excepting on Sundays; to such toilers it is a day of rest, indeed.

Being now a big boy, his next promotion made him a driver. With his mule hitched to a car he would traverse the long gang-way, stopping here and there to open a door in the great timbers overhead. Down through this door great masses of coal would fall, filling the car. Then the car was hauled to the main road where, with others, it was made up into "trips" and run to the foot of the shaft.



MINERS' LAMPS.

Great changes were coming to Teddy. One winter his little brother fell ill. "A cold," the doctor said. The little hands were hot and fevered; the great brown eyes looked ever for Teddy, while the dark ringlets were never at rest,



A MINER'S HAT-LAMP.



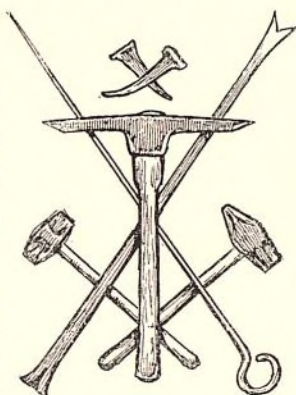
A POWDER CAN.

except when in Teddy's arms. When little Will grew worse, he cried so piteously while Teddy was away at work that the boy at last made up his mind to stay at home for the child's sake.

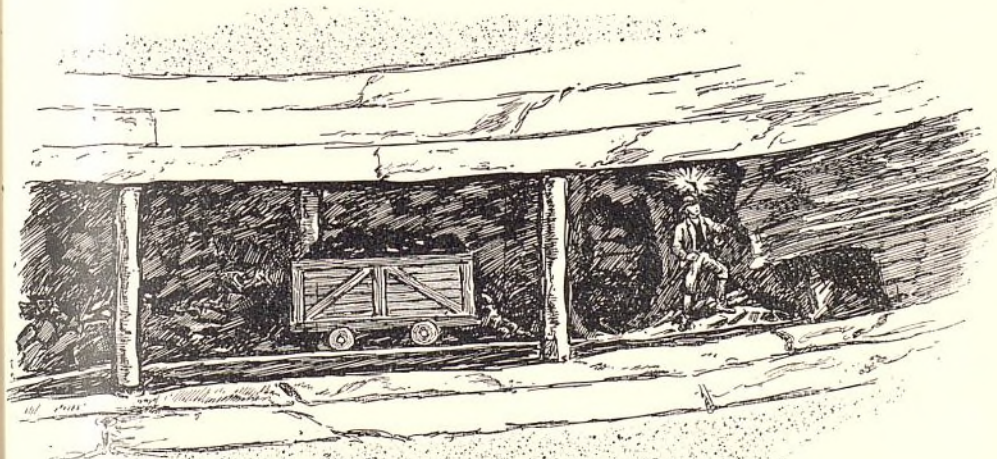
Not many days were lost. The little hands grew thinner, the little head heavier, as it lay against Teddy's arm. Once the child, nestling his fevered cheek against his brother's, clasped his little arms about his neck, and whispering, "Willie loves 'oo," sank into a tranquil sleep; so deep a sleep that the brown eyes did not again open, and the little form grew cold.

This was Teddy's first great grief. That winter

tavern or the store; and during the long winter nights, he would sit before the warm stove, in company of men no better than himself, telling, over and over again, the story of some great feat of work he had performed, or some great danger he had escaped. With each telling, the story departed further and further from facts, until it at last became of that weird, startling type so common to the coal regions; a type wherein the narrator is both the hero and the victim, or oftener the sole actor. For such a man the future had no promise. All that was worthy and creditable in his life was comprised in the "had been." Ambition, or even any high purpose, in however humble a sphere, was to him undreamed of and unknown. Labor, grinding labor, held him captive, and was his life; what he thought "good-fellowship" was his only pleasure. He was incapable of conceiving any other condition of life than toil, alternating with



MINERS' TOOLS.



A SECTION OF A "CHAMBER" IN A COAL-MINE.

small-pox raged in the patch. Sister and mother were laid beside the little brother. The father, without wife, children, or the comforts of even his lowly home, sought in drink to drown all thought and memory. He became an idler, frequenting the

ease, and he thought it happiness if he had enough money to satisfy his bodily wants for the time being. Strong drink produced a quick and violent excitement, was ready at hand, and, in consequence, was much resorted to. The future well-

being of his son, or his own failure to perform the duties of a father, gave him not a moment's disquiet. Though young in years, he would soon become an old man physically. Then he would be supported in idleness by his son. He had done a good work in life, this father, according to his way of thinking. He had "brought up" a strong, robust youth, who, until of age, would toil for the father's benefit. Teddy's father considered himself a manly man, and, in his own way, was perfectly happy. Though proud and boastful of his son's strength, he did not see any wrong in spending all of the son's earnings for his own sole benefit. For was not the boy under age, and did not the *Law* of Pennsylvania make the father sole guardian absolute? A boy could run away from home, to be sure; but so long as he had enough to eat, clothes to wear, a little money now and then, to spend at the church fair or a merry-making, did he not have all the law allowed? Certainly. The father

man to make good use of such opportunities. The page under his name was very one-sided,—very wrong-sided.

Teddy thought it perfectly right that his father should spend the money he earned. Though he often wished for better clothes, or for a little more spending money, yet he never for a moment thought himself wronged. On the contrary, he had a sense of satisfaction that his earnings were large enough to permit his father to work or not as suited the father's fancy. Michael Athoy was not, at heart, a bad man. He wronged his son because he knew no better, and the son was perfectly satisfied to submit. Month after month rolled by, without change in the life of either father or son. One day, while the boy was at his usual work, there came down the gangway a heavy gust of air, blowing out the lights and filling the place with stifling dust. Knowing there had been a fall of "top," or roof, somewhere along the gangway, and

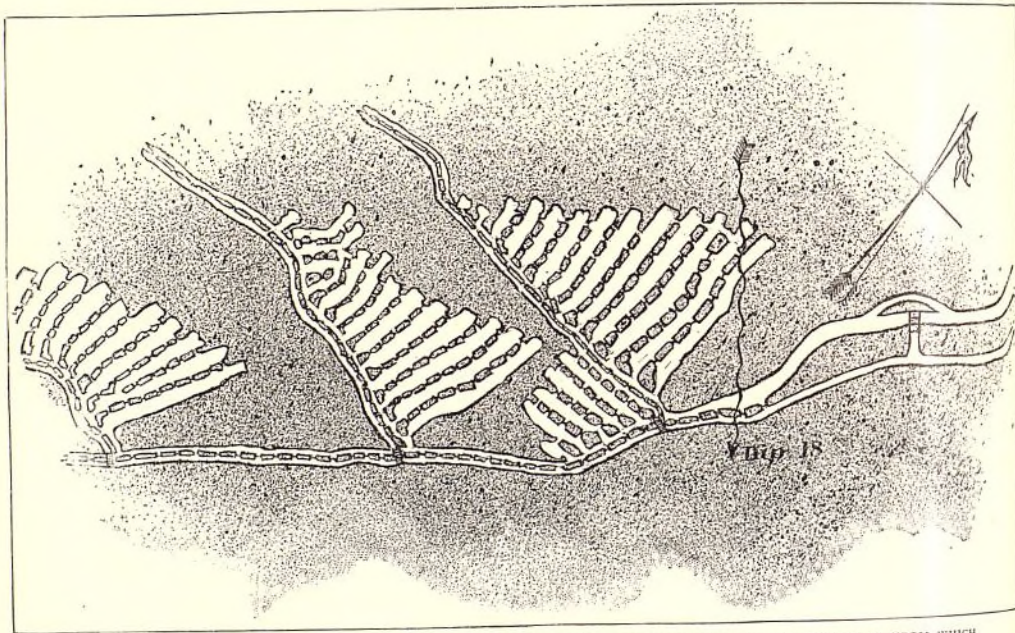


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE GROUND-PLAN OF A COAL-MINE. THE WHITE SPACES INDICATE CHAMBERS FROM WHICH COAL HAS BEEN TAKEN.

of such a fine, strong youth had a perfect right to his earnings.

The fact that the youth was a man in stature and in wage-earning ability, although lacking in the requisite twenty-one years, made the guardianship all the more desirable. There was more to guard. When earnings were squandered, was there not the "Company's store,"—that institution for the improvident, which is so apt to lead its patrons into debt? Michael Athoy was just the

it being against the rules to relight lamps, he and the "loaders" groped their way in darkness toward the lamp-station. Arriving there, he saw a mine-car approaching from the darkness, and there was a board laid across its top and something lying on the board.

He had seen just such a sight many, many times before, so he simply asked, "Who is it?" "It is Mike, your old man," was the answer. Teddy stood still for an instant, uncertain how to

act. A great lump rose in his throat when he thought of his little brother, his sister, and his mother. Now, the last link in this world that bound him to them had gone. The rough, but kindly mine-boss touched him gently and said:

"Dinna ye mind it over much, laddie."

Teddy choked down a sob, silently put his shoulder to a car and helped to push it to the shaft. It was only "an accident," one of those losses of life which occur daily, in one mine or another; the old, old story of careless indifference to danger. Rather than perform the extra labor of setting a few more timbers, Michael Athoy had been content to work in daily exposure to a danger threatening instant death. The fall of rock and coal came, as such falls usually do, without a warning, and two lives paid the penalty of his recklessness,—being snuffed out as quickly and silently as was the flame of Teddy's lamp.

This young boy, who had never been beyond the encircling range of mountains, was now utterly alone in the world. He was self-reliant and without dread of the future. The loss of his father did not crush him with the sense of his loneliness. Even in his sorrow it gave him a half-defined sense of freedom. Now he was his own master. Now he could spend his wages to suit himself. Now the "Company store" could not absorb all his earnings to cover and make good the folly, dissipation, and idleness of his father. To be sure, his father died in debt to the store, but that did not trouble Teddy at all. No sense of obligation weighed upon him. His training in life had not taught him the higher principles, and, as he had not incurred the debt in his own person, he did not think himself responsible for its payment. Teddy did not study out these questions for himself. Custom had clearly defined his course. An unwritten law guided him in every act. He did simply as others had done before him—he gave his father a costly funeral, and had masses said for the repose of his soul. Just as this course was established by many precedents, so, by as many was it enjoined that he should refuse to pay any of his father's debts. He obeyed the one custom just as unquestioningly as he submitted to the other.

One day, while listening to a miner, who was telling of the beautiful Wyoming Valley, where all the workings, being "flat,"—that is, not going down into the earth,—are different from anything he had ever seen, there stirred within the boy a desire to see more of the world beyond the surrounding mountains. To conceive a new idea was, to him, more difficult than to act upon it. Packing his few belongings into a carpet-bag, he bade his fellow-workmen "good-bye," walked to the railroad station at Tremont, and was soon on

his way to Pottsville. Here he took the train to Tamaqua, and from there, through the Nesquehoning tunnel, he rode to Mauch Chunk.

The rapidly changing views so charmed the boy that, pulling his cap tight down upon his head, he stationed himself on the rear platform of the last car, and gave himself up to the fullest enjoyment of the novelty of his surroundings. Past mine after mine, breaker after breaker, through towns and villages, along by yards surrounding blast-furnaces, and iron-works, the train rushed. At last it rounded a curve, bringing into full view the rapid, whirling Lehigh, with its "coal-chutes," "slack-water," and canal-boats, and the steep mountains on either side. After a ride of only a few minutes more the conductor cried:

"Mauch Chunk! All out!"

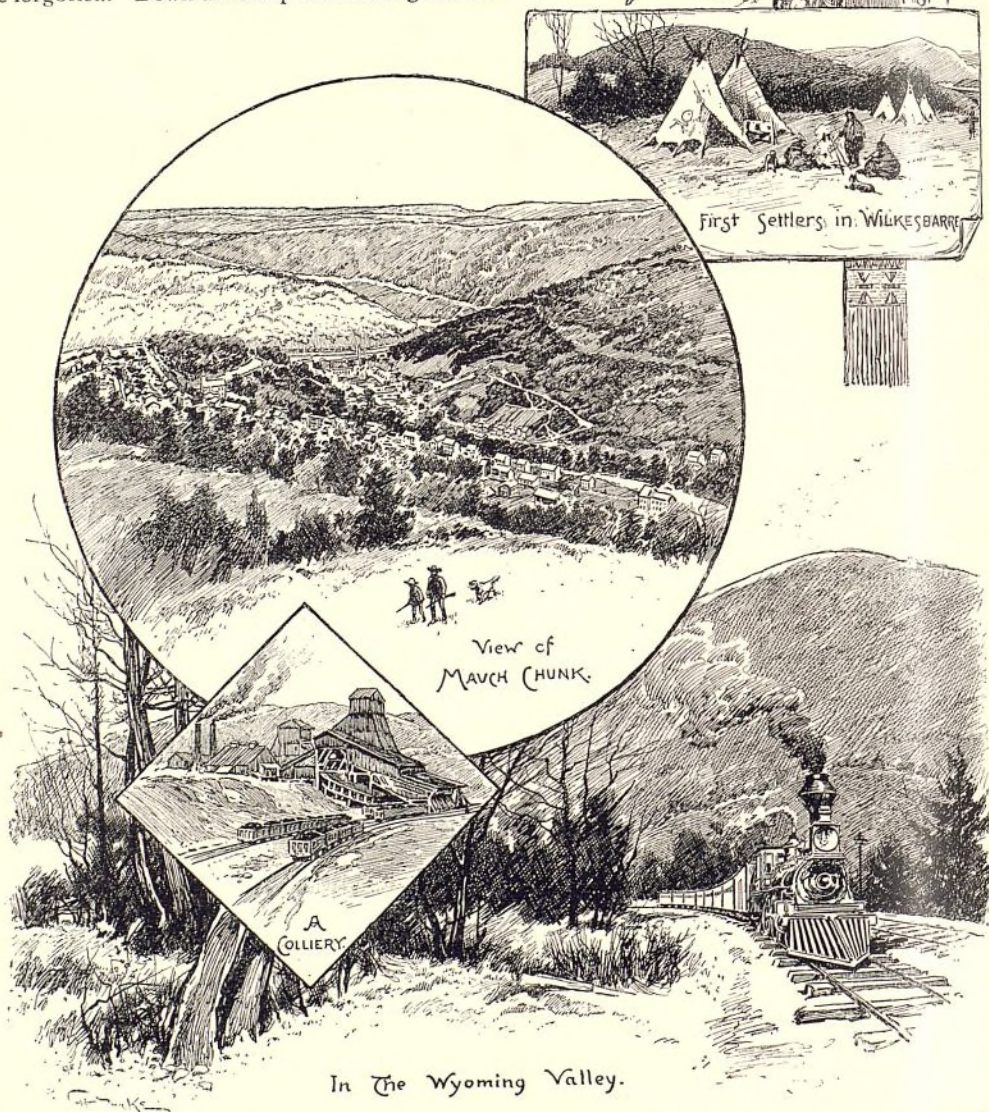
This was Teddy's first "outing." What a sense of freedom he felt. How his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed, when he looked, for the first time, upon the bustle and activity of a railroad town! Such a strange town, too. One street along the river was lined with stores having bright awnings, and hotels with wide verandas and cool, inviting, waiting-rooms. At every corner were fruit-stands, piled with bright-colored, tempting fruits from every clime. Then, too, the moving crowd seemed countless. Here was a railroad hand, with greasy, soiled "jumper and overalls"; there, a conductor, with gold-lined cap and brass buttons. Next there would be a lady, dressed in some beautiful white material, and decked with gay ribbons, or a little girl, wearing a great, wide-rimmed hat. Then he could see long rows of houses, rising one above the other, on the steep hillside. Teddy looked upon all this, and drew a long breath of delight. It was a different, and a brighter, fuller life. This he noticed. Though having but a few dollars in his pockets, he gave little thought to the future. He was strong, self-reliant, and perfectly happy.

A travel-worn tramp begged a few cents for a meal, and Teddy, touched by the story of hunger, weariness, and ill-fortune, gave liberally from his small store. He did not note the thankless grin which overspread the tramp's unshaven face, nor did he regret his generosity when he saw the alms expended for liquor. He had helped "the poor lad in hard luck," and never questioned whether he had been imposed upon.

Taking another train, a ride of two hours through the beautiful mountains of the Lehigh brought him to "Mountaintop." Far below lay the lovely Wyoming valley, golden in the light of the summer day. Far to the north stretched the wooded slope of the West Mountain, the peak of "Bald Mount" standing like a great sentinel, clothed in the dark green uniform of the pine and the spruce. Through this

mountain ridge the Susquehanna cut its way, stretching its length through the broad, flat valley, like a shining band of burnished silver, until shut in and lost between the wooded spurs toward the Nescopeck.

Almost at his feet lay the city of Wilkesbarre; throughout the length and breadth of the valley were the huge coal-breakers, with their clusters of black, steam-wreathed buildings; and near by were smaller towns and villages. It is a scene never to be forgotten. Down the steep mountain grade the



train rushed, and Teddy soon stood in the streets of Wilkesbarre. He did not know that it was one of the oldest towns in Pennsylvania. Its history—the long struggles with the Indians, the

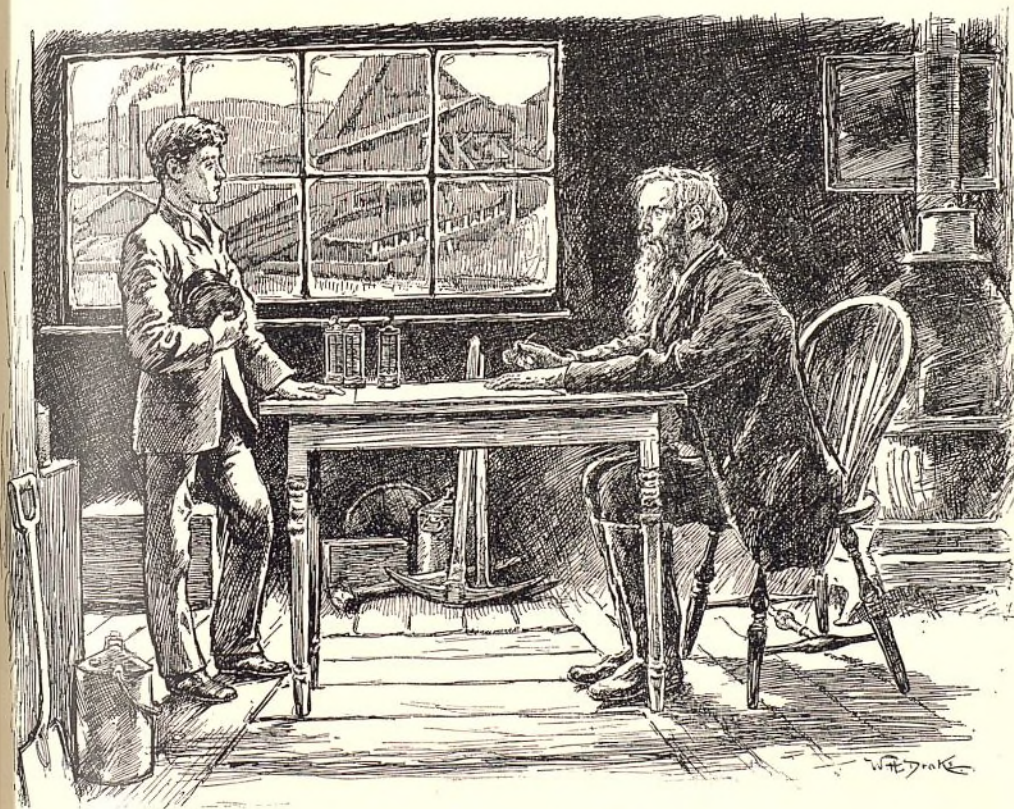
raid of Brandt and Butler, and the story of Wyoming—was all unknown to him. The Court-house Square, with its shops and street-peddlers, a brass band, and a roaming Hungarian with a dancing

bear were at once clearing his delighted attention. Wandering river-bank, he stood for hours watching the cross the covered bridge. He paid the toll and crossed, and then recrossed for the novelty of the experience. A little steamer attracted his attention, and he hastened down to the landing-float to take the first sail of his life. Within a very few days, Teddy found that his money had dwindled to a single dollar; so one morning he put on his working-clothes and started up the railroad track, inquiring for work at every colliery, until he at last reached the great head-houses of the "Prospect." Climbing the steep bank, he lingered about the engine-houses, watched

cerning wages were settled by the "Company rules,"—he simply asked for employment.

The man addressed was seated at a black oil-stained table, upon which were several "Davy" lamps, and was tracing a line with his grimy finger over a great painted map of the workings which lay unrolled before him. This was the "mine-boss." He turned to the door and saw a stout young lad with a frank, open face, large brown eyes, almost like those of a girl, and a broad, high forehead upon which fell a tangle of brown matted ringlets. His quick eye seemed to look the boy over from head to foot at once. He answered:

"Yes! When will you go to work?"



"CAN I GET A JOB A-DRIVIN', SIR?"

the upcoming cars of coal as the engines lifted them out of the black shaft, and at last stepped to the door of the little, weather-stained, dust-begrimed office, and asked the question, "Can I get a job a-drivin', sir?"

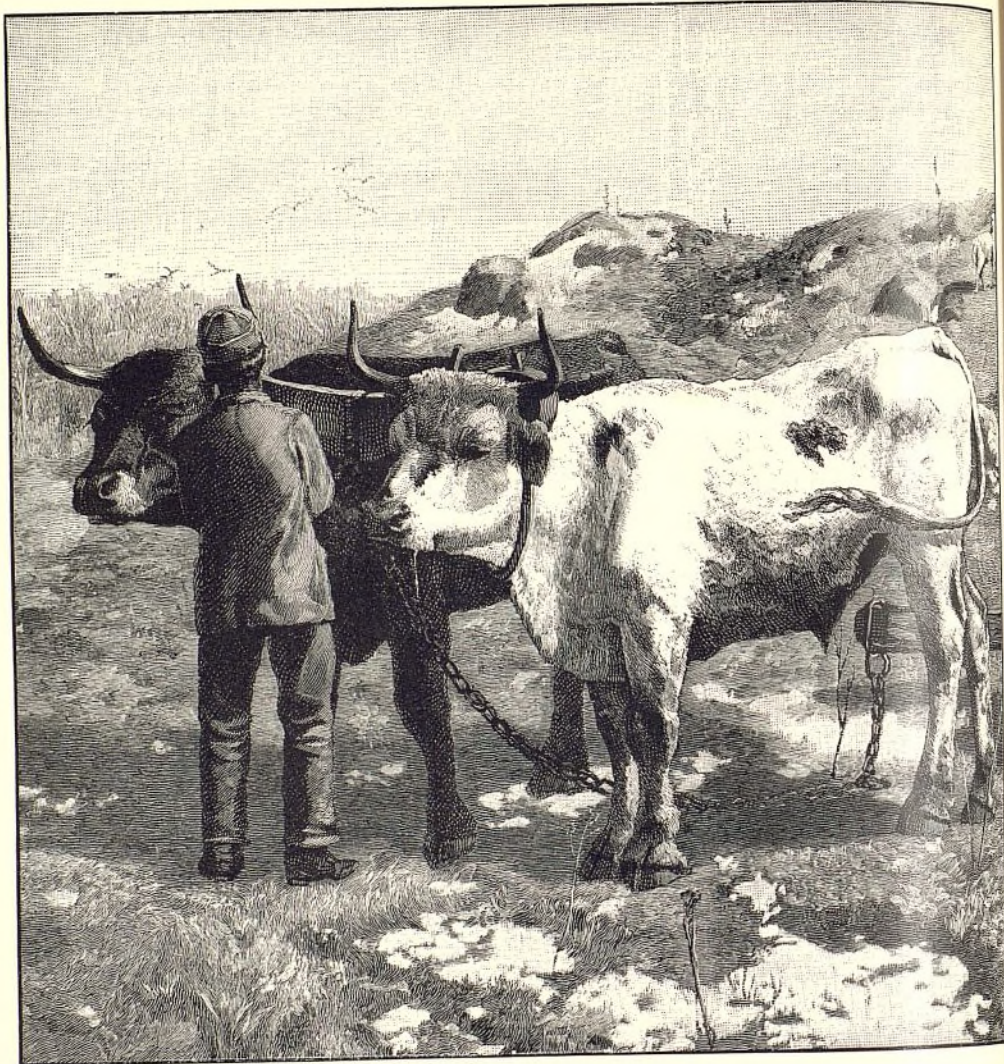
He did not ask how much he would receive for his work,—he knew that all questions con-

"Now," says Teddy.

"Well! At twelve-thirty, sharp, report to Jimmie Grady, the driver-boss, at the foot."

Teddy gave his name and then seated himself on an upturned mine-car to await the coming of half-past twelve, when the "noon-spell" would be over and work resumed.

(To be continued.)



READY FOR SPRING WORK.

GOOD ADVICE.

WE all are naughty, cross, or dull,
 Sometimes; so hear the cure, dear!
 Cast o'er your face a pleasant grace,—
 It will work its way in, sure, dear.
 For if you think it best to pout
 And wear a surly air, dear,
 That will not let bad temper out
 Nor evil thoughts repair, dear.

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CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

NO. III. "DANIEL DERONDA."

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

"EZRA COHEN" was the name inscribed above the window of a certain pawnbroker's shop, just out of the district of Holborn, London.

One morning, when Mr. Cohen was busy with a customer who had come "to borrow a small sum of money on the security of two plated stoppers and three tea-spoons," a gentleman came into the shop and asked to be allowed to look at some silver clasps that were on view in the window. Mr. Cohen, being engaged, first called his mother to his assistance; but then "two new customers entered, and the repeated call 'Addy!' brought from the back of the shop a group that the gentleman turned frankly to stare at, feeling sure that the stare would be held complimentary.

"The group consisted of a black-eyed young woman who carried a black-eyed little one, its head already well covered with black curls, and deposited it on the counter, from which station it looked round with even more than the usual intelligence of babies; also a robust boy of six, and a younger girl, both with black eyes and black-ringed hair. . . . The young woman answering to 'Addy' looked like a sort of paroquet in a bright blue dress, with coral necklace and ear-rings, her hair set up in a huge bush. . . . The boy had run forward into the shop, with an energetic stamp, and setting himself about four feet from the gentleman, with his hands in the pockets of his miniature knickerbockers, looked at him," as if to see what he was like.

"What is your name, sirrah?" said the gentleman, patting his head.

"Jacob Alexander Cohen," said the small man, with much ease and distinctness.

"You are not named after your father, then?"

"No; after my grandfather. He sells knives and razors and scissors — my grandfather does," said Jacob, wishing to impress the stranger. . . . 'He gave me this knife.' Here a pocket-knife was drawn forth, and the small fingers, both naturally and artificially dark, opened two blades and a corkscrew, with much quickness.

"Is not that a dangerous plaything?" said the gentleman, turning to the grandmother.

"He'll never hurt himself, bless you!" said she, contemplating her grandson with placid rapture.

"Have *you* got a knife?" says Jacob, coming closer.

"Yes. Do you want to see it?" said the gentleman, taking a small penknife from his waistcoat-pocket.

Jacob seized it immediately and retreated a little, holding the two knives in his palms" and looking at them thoughtfully. "By this time the other clients were gone, and the whole family had gathered to the spot, centering their attention on the marvelous Jacob: the father, mother, and grandmother behind the counter, with baby held staggering thereon, and the little girl in front, leaning at her brother's elbow, to assist him in looking at the knives.

"Mine's the best," said Jacob, at last, returning the other knife," as if he had been thinking of exchanging, but had decided not to do so.

"Father and mother laughed aloud with delight. 'You won't find Jacob choosing the worst,' said Mr. Cohen, winking," as if sure the gentleman must admire his little son's sharpness.

After this, Mr. Cohen and his customer returned to their business matters, which had been interrupted, and Jacob heard the gentleman propose to return in the evening to complete the arrangement they were making.

"Well, you know, this evening is the Sabbath, young gentleman," said Cohen, 'and I go to the *Shool*. The shop will be closed. But accommodation is a work of charity; if you can't get here before and are any ways pressed —' . . .

"I could be here by five — will that do?"

As Mr. Cohen assented, Jacob, who had been eagerly listening, said:

"You are coming again. Have you got any more knives at home?"

"I think I have one," said the gentleman smiling down at him.

"Has it two blades and a hook — and a white handle like that?" said Jacob, pointing to the waistcoat-pocket.

"I dare say it has."

"Do you like a corkscrew?" said Jacob, exhibiting that article in his own knife again, and looking up with serious inquiry.

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"Bring your knife, then, and we'll shwop," said

Jacob, returning the knife to his pocket, and stamping about," as if satisfied with the bargain.

The gentleman now turned to the little girl, and caressingly lifting her, he "seated her on the counter, and asked for her name also. She looked at him in silence, and put her fingers to her gold ear-rings, which he did not seem to have noticed.

"'Adelaide Rebekah is her name,' said her mother, proudly. 'Speak to the gentleman, lovey.'

"'Shlav'm Shabbes fyock on,' said Adelaide Rebekah.

"'Her Sabbath frock, she means,' said her father in explanation. 'She 'll have her Sabbath frock on, this evening.'

"'And will you let me see you in it, Adelaide?' said the gentleman.

"'Say yes, lovey — yes, if you please, sir,' said her mother, enchanted with this handsome young gentleman, who appreciated remarkable children."

When the gentleman "arrived, at five o'clock" that evening, "the shop was closed, and the door was opened to him by the servant. When she showed him into the room behind the shop, he was surprised at the prettiness of the scene. . . . This room "was agreeably lit by a fine old brass lamp, with seven oil-lights, hanging above the snow-white cloth spread on the central table. . . . The grandmother was arrayed in yellowish brown, with a large gold chain. . . . Young Mrs. Cohen was clad in red and black, with a string of large artificial pearls wound round and round her neck; the baby lay asleep in the cradle, under a scarlet counterpane; Adelaide Rebekah was in braided amber; and Jacob Alexander was in black velvet, with scarlet stockings."

He greeted the gentleman with pressing inquiries about the knife, which was promptly produced.

"'Is that the sort of thing you want, Jacob?'" he said.

Jacob looked at it carefully, examining the hook and blades, and drawing forth his own knife to compare them.

"'Why do you like a hook better than a corkscrew?'" asked the gentleman.

"'Caush I can get hold of things with a hook. A corkscrew won't go into anything but corks. But it's better for you — you can draw corks.'

"'You agree to change, then?'" said the gentleman.

"'What else have you got in your pockets?'" said Jacob, thoughtfully.

"'Hush, hush, Jacob, love!' said the grandmother," while the gentleman replied:

"'I think I must not tell you that. Our business was with the knives.'"

Jacob looked up at him doubtfully, for a moment or two, and then seemed to make up his mind, and said gravely: "'I 'll shwop.'" And he handed the corkscrew knife to the gentleman, who put it in his pocket.

A moment later Mr. Cohen entered the room, and Jacob immediately "seized a little velvet hat which lay on a chair and put it on, to approach his father.

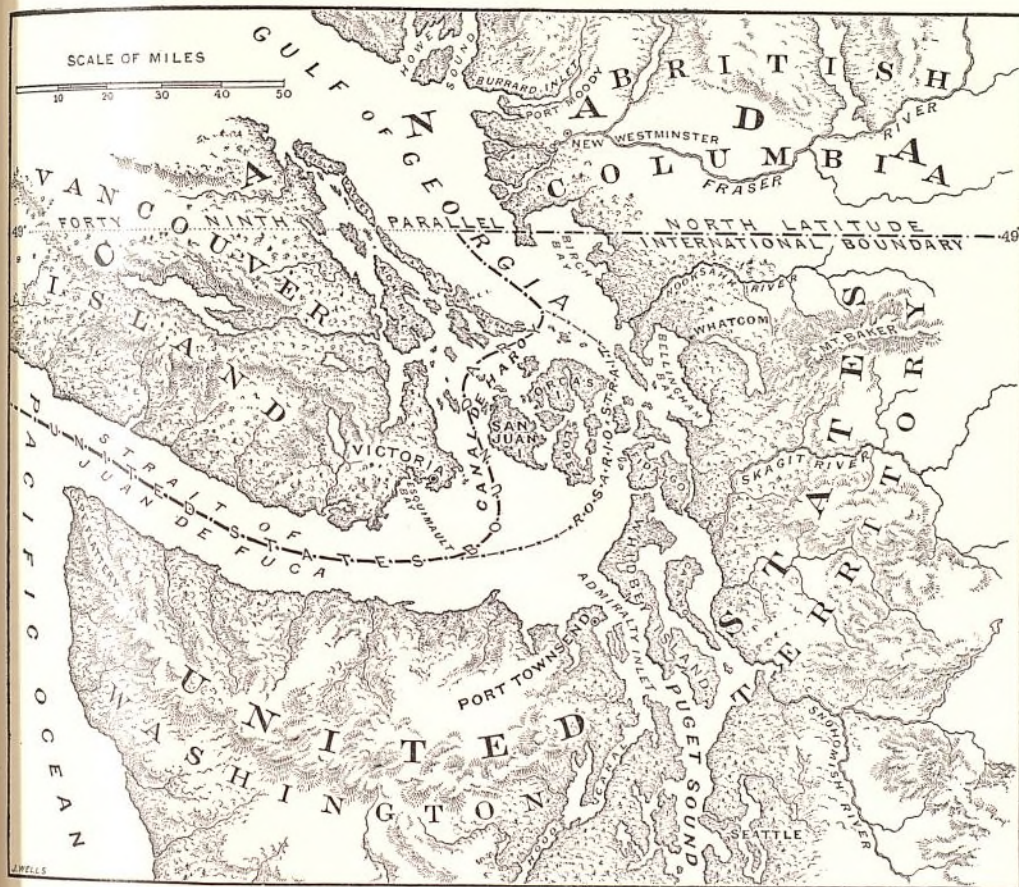
"Mr. Cohen kept on his own hat, and took no notice of the visitor, but stood still while the two children went up to him and clasped his knees: then he laid his hands on each in turn and uttered his Hebrew benediction; whereupon the wife, who had lately taken baby from the cradle, brought it up to her husband, and held it under his outstretched hands, to be blessed in its sleep."

Soon after this the family sat down to the table, the gentleman joining them, and watching, with much interest, the Hebrew ceremonials practiced at the meal. Mr. Cohen "washed his hands, pronouncing Hebrew words the while: afterward he took off the napkin covering the dish and showed the two long flat loaves besprinkled with seed,—the memorial of the manna that fed their wandering forefathers,—and breaking off small pieces, gave one to each of the family, including Adelaide Rebekah, who stood on the chair." Mr. "Cohen then began another Hebrew blessing, in which Jacob put on his hat to join with close imitation. After that, the heads were uncovered . . . and the meal proceeded without any peculiarity."

This was by no means the last visit the gentleman paid to the room behind the shop, and the children became quite used to seeing him. Jacob would call out "'Here's the young swell'" when he saw him coming, imitating words he had heard his father use, and the gentleman remembered the family so kindly that, after a while, when he was married, they were all invited to the wedding breakfast, where "Jacob ate beyond his years, and contributed several small whinnying laughs as a free accompaniment to his father's speech, not irreverently, but from a lively sense that his family was distinguishing itself; while Adelaide Rebekah, in a new Sabbath frock, maintained throughout a grave air of responsibility."

A PIG THAT NEARLY CAUSED A WAR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



MAP SHOWING THE DISPUTED BOUNDARIES.

There is no history that I have been able to find, and in no popular book of reference that I have seen, after a great deal of searching, is there any account of the fact that in the year 1859 a pig almost plunged us into a war with Great Britain. All the books mention the excitement, but only as a part of another matter. Yet, when I was in the beautiful, rose-garnished English city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, close to the Pacific coast of Washington Territory, I found many English subjects who had a great deal to say about that pig, and about the mischief caused by it. Our country was then on the eve of a war the most awful in all history, and this comparatively slight incident made but little impression upon our people, all

wrought up, as they were, over the great questions which turned upon the issue of that terrible conflict. It was very different with the people of Victoria and the great island of Vancouver. There was then, and has since been, a peaceful existence, and the shock and excitement caused when one of their pigs all but brought war to their doors made a deep impression on their minds.

There had been a great deal of trouble over that extreme north-western corner of our country. It was not definitely known until fifteen years ago where our territory ended and British soil began. The greater part of the corner now forming the State of Oregon and Washington Territory, and so highly prized by us, was claimed, at different times,

by Russia, by Spain, and by Great Britain. First Russia withdrew, and then, after Spain and England, in 1787, had almost come to blows over it, Spain gave up her claim. This left England to dispute the ownership with us; and forty years ago the dispute waxed so hot that a political party in this country favored going to war over it.

"Fifty-four, forty,—or fight!" was the watchword of this party, which was led by the great Stephen A. Douglas. By "54-40" was meant the parallel of latitude, $54^{\circ} 40'$,—so that this party of Americans claimed the land all the way to the southern end of Alaska. James K. Polk was our President during the heat of this excitement, in 1845. The more temperate of our statesmen advised fixing upon latitude 49 for our northern boundary; and in 1846 Great Britain agreed, and it is our present boundary line. But the Pacific coast, just at that corner of our country, is ragged, and little islands are thickly dotted along the shore. Between two groups of these islands run two narrow straits of water,—one called the Canal de Haro, and the other the Rosario Strait. Between the two is San Juan Island. It commands both water-ways, and hence it would be of great value to either country that owned it, in case the two nations should ever quarrel. The text of the agreement between the two countries reads that the boundary at this corner should be "the middle of the channel," without saying *which* channel. From 1846 to 1859, therefore, the dispute continued, though without the excitement there had been when there was doubt about the main-land.

The two channels lead for the British to the Pacific coast of Canada, and for us, to Alaska. One channel, the Canal de Haro, is straighter and broader than the other and deep enough for the largest war-ships. It washes the western shore of San Juan Island, a little green eminence fifteen miles long and, in the broadest part, seven miles wide. Although larger than Manhattan Island, upon which New York City stands, only five hundred people live upon it. The northern part is broken up into high hills, while the southern end is covered with lovely pasture-land. Coal and limestone are found in the hills, and off the shore there is splendid fishing for cod, halibut, and salmon. But it is on account of its fortress-like position on the main channel and commanding both water-ways to Canada and Alaska that it is most highly prized.

A man named Hubbs, who was pasturing sheep on the southern end of the island of San Juan, had for a neighbor, on the north end, a man named Griffiths. This Griffiths was employed to raise pigs for the Hudson's Bay Company, that old and famous institution which has existed for

two hundred and fifty years, and has been maintained by brave and hardy men solely for the purpose of trading with the Indians; giving them money, blankets, food, guns and ammunition, in return for the skins of wild animals. The pigs belonging to this company overran the island and caused Mr. Hubbs a great deal of trouble; so one day, in a moment of anger, he warned his neighbor Griffiths that if another pig came upon his land he would kill it. The very next day a pig did trespass there. It is altogether a pity that there is no record of its age, size, or color, or of whether it had a name; or, in short, of anything about it, except that it went on Hubbs's ground,—on that part where he was growing a few vegetables which the pigs kept by his neighbor had already damaged. If any one had dreamed what an important pig this was, all the facts would perhaps have been written down.

Mr. Hubbs kept his word and killed the pig.

Griffiths was then as angry as Hubbs had been, and immediately sailed over to Victoria,—the busy little city on Vancouver Island, where the officers of the Government, the soldiers, and the ships-of-war had their headquarters,—and obtained a warrant (or order issued by a court of law) for Hubbs's arrest. A warrant-server, or constable, went to arrest Hubbs, and to take him to Victoria for trial upon the charge of killing the pig. But Hubbs refused to go with him. He said he was an American citizen, and that therefore an English warrant was nothing to him. The constable departed, and Hubbs, well knowing the officer would come back and try to force him to go to Victoria, sent over to Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, for American protection. That part of our country was called by our War Department "The Puget Sound District," and was then in command of Brigadier-General William S. Harney. He is still alive, and has his home in St. Louis, where he is greatly admired and respected, as the oldest officer in our army. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, then in command of the Ninth Regiment of infantry, but now dead, was at Port Townsend, and General Harney sent him with a company of soldiers to encamp on the island and see to it that the English did not molest our fellow-citizen, Mr. Hubbs.

But, while our soldiers were setting up their tents on this green knoll in the great Pacific, there was the wildest excitement in Victoria. The governor of Vancouver Island was Sir James Douglas, a nobleman by nature as well as by title; and the English ships-of-war, harbored in a little bay near Victoria, were commanded by Rear-Admiral James C. Prevost. The admiral was very angry when he heard of the occupation of the island by the

soldiers of the United States. What he said has not been written down, but it is remembered, by those who heard him, that he threatened to take his great war-ships and "blow the Yankees off the island." He moved his war-ships over to one of the harbors of the island. His business was fighting, and his first thought was to do what might have begun a bloody and terrible war. Sir James Doug-

Americans supported their countryman, and the English approved of what the Englishman had done; so, at least along the coast, both sides wished to fight. As is so often the case, the soldiers were the least excited. The officers and men in our camp became well acquainted with the members of the English force, and the soldiers of the two camps not only visited one another, but actually



"MR. HUBBS KEPT HIS WORD AND KILLED THE PIG."

las, the governor, was more temperate; he pacified the admiral, but he thought it wise to send some British troops over to the island — not to fight the Americans, but to let them understand that the English meant to claim San Juan as their property. Captain Delacombe, of the Royal Engineers, was sent with a company of English soldiers, and their tents were pitched on the northern end of the island.

For five years that little island was occupied by soldiers of the two mighty nations. Each camp displayed the flag of its country on a high staff over the tents,—the Stars and Stripes fluttering over the pastures at one end, and the red banner of Great Britain among the hills at the other, only a few miles away. On either shore the people were greatly excited, and many on both sides favored war. They were no more temperate than the American, Hubbs, had been when he killed the pig, or than the Englishman, Griffiths, was when he tried to secure his neighbor's arrest. The

relieved the monotony of life in that lonely place by giving dinners and parties, when the men of one camp would entertain friends from the other.

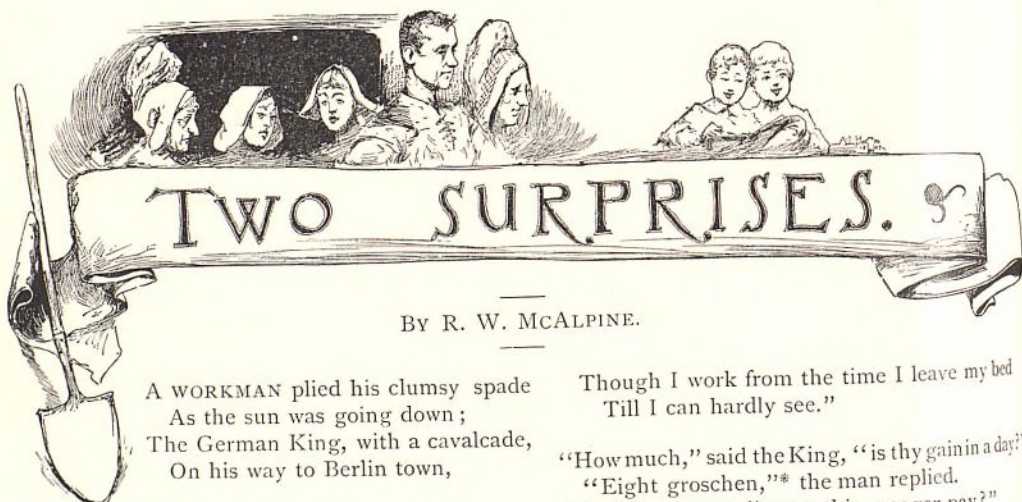
News of what had occurred was dispatched to Washington and London; and General Winfield Scott was sent posthaste, by way of Panama, to the scene. In the mean time all our available military force on that coast had been sent to San Juan. General Scott withdrew all our soldiers, except one company and induced Sir James Douglas to leave only one company of British soldiers on the northern end of the island. This arrangement was called "a joint military occupation." It was decided to leave to arbitration the vexed question of which channel was the boundary, and both countries agreed that each should present arguments in favor of what it believed to be just. Our Government wished the middle of the Canal de Haro to be the border line, because we claimed that it was the true ship-channel; but to this the British had never been willing to agree, since that

boundary would give San Juan to our country, and with that island went the control of the gate-way to the English possessions. They wished the boundary to be drawn along the middle of the Rosario Strait, leaving them San Juan, so that they could use the broader canal for their merchant vessels and ships-of-war, which could thereby sail in perfect safety to British Columbia or to our own Alaska, since both the San Juan side and the Vancouver side of the canal would then be English territory. When all the papers had been made ready (and the English admit that the American papers and arguments were far better prepared than theirs), it was decided to give them to the Emperor of Germany, and to ask him if he would not decide where the boundary should be.

Of course, the Emperor of Germany did not actually do this, personally; but he handed the papers to Herr Grimm, the vice-president of the Supreme Court of Germany, Judge Goldschmidt, of the German Tribunal of Commerce, and Dr. Kiepert, a great geographical authority of Berlin. They made their report to the Emperor, and, on October 23, 1872, the Emperor rendered his decision in writing, and gave a copy to Mr. Bancroft,

for this country, and to Lord Odo Russell, for England. He decided that the American claim was just, and that the middle of the Canal de Haro should be the boundary. One month later, the British cut down their flag-staff and left the island. It was a great disappointment to the people of Canada and of Vancouver Island, for it gave to the United States the important little island of San Juan, and the commanding position on the marine highway leading to the Pacific coast of England's American possessions, and thus our country secured a greater gain than many bloody wars have brought to fighting nations.

Time makes many changes, but it has not decreased the importance of that little island; for Vancouver Island has ceased to be a province and become a part of British Columbia. San Juan, therefore, lies in the water-way between British Columbia and its principal port, Victoria. So, although the pig was merely in search of something to eat (as pigs are, most of their time), and although Mr. Hubbs desired only to save himself from the consequence of an angry act, America well may be grateful to both — especially to the pig, for he lost his life for his country.



A WORKMAN plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down;
The German King, with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.
"My toiling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
"And I am always free;

Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groschen,"* the man replied.
"And thou canst live on this meager pay?"
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend,
For those who can't labor, you know."

*A groschen is a German silver coin, worth about two cents.

"Thy debt?" said the King; said the toiler, "Yea,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes.
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee."



"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"

"To my boys — for their schooling; you see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"I am thy King; give me thy hand,"—

And he heaped it high with gold—

"When more thou needest, I command
That I at once be told."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.

"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
All in the Father's name."

"For I would bless with rich reward

The man who can proudly say
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."



ONATOGA'S SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN DIMITRY.



ONATOGA IN THE FOREST.

ONCE, in the long ago, before the white man had heard of the continent on which we live, red men, who were brave and knew not what fear was in battle, trembled at the mention of a great man-eating bird that had lived before the time told of in the traditions known of their oldest chiefs.

This bird which, according to the Indian legends, ate men, was known as the PIASAU.

The favorite haunt of this terrible bird was a bluff on the Mississippi River, a short distance above the site of the present city of Alton, Illinois. There it was said to lie in wait, and to keep watch

over the broad, open prairies. Whenever some rash Indian ventured out alone to hunt upon this fatal ground, he became the monster's prey. The legend says that the bird, swooping down with the fierce swiftness of a hawk, seized upon its victim and bore him to a gloomy cave wherein it made its horrid feasts. The monster must have had an insatiable appetite or a prolonged existence, for tradition declares that it depopulated whole villages. Then it was that the wise men began to see visions and to prophesy the speedy extinction of the tribe. Years of its ravages followed one

upon another, until at length, according to the legend, was lost all reckoning of the time when first that strange, foul creature came to scourge their sunny plains. Years before had died the last of the wise men whose fathers once had hunted the mastodon, or chased the ostrich-like diornis, where now the grandsons followed the bison and the deer. The aged men, whose youth was but a dim memory, could say only that the bird was as it had always been. None like it had ever been heard of save in vague traditions carried from the far Darien Isthmus. There, the legends ran, near Dobayba, a wild hurricane had once brought a bird-fiend that plagued their coast for many a weary moon, until a wise man caught it in a snare. But no snare could save the men of the Illinois tribe, the "Illini"—they were doomed! Nets, arrows, stratagems planned by the most cunning warriors, alike had failed. Still the bird preyed upon them.

There was one, Onatoga, who began to ponder.

Now, Onatoga was the great leader of the Illini; one whose name was spoken with awe even in the distant wigwams north of the Great Lake. Long had he grieved and wondered over the will of the Great Spirit; that he should look upon the men of the Western prairies, not as warriors, but as

Stealing away from his tribe in the night, he plunged far into the trackless forest. Then, blackening his face, for a whole moon he fasted. The moon waxed full and then waned; but no vision came to assure him that the Great Spirit had heard his prayers. Only one more night remained. Wearied and sorrow-worn, he closed his eyes. But, through the deep sleep that fell upon him, came the voice of the Great Spirit. And this is the message that came to Onatoga, as he lay sleeping in body but, in his soul, awake:

"Arise, Chief of the Illini! Thou shalt save thy race. Choose thou twenty of thy warriors; noble-hearted, strong-armed, eagle-eyed. Put in each warrior's hand a bow. Give to each an arrow dipped in the venom of the snake. Seek then the man whose heart loveth the Great Spirit. Let him not fear to look the Piasau in the face: but see that the warriors, with ready bows, stand near in the shadow of the trees."

Onatoga awoke; strong, though he had fasted a month; happy, though he knew he was soon to die! Who, but he, the Great Chief of the Illini, should die for his people—for was it not death to look on the face of the Piasau?

Binding his moccasins firmly upon his feet, he



"ONATOGA, NEVER CEASING HIS CHANT, FACED THE PIASAU FEARLESSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

deer or bison, only fit to fill the maw of so pestilent a thing as this monstrous bird! Before the new moon began to grow upon the face of the sky, Onatoga's resolve was taken. He would go to some spot deep in the forest where by fasting and prayer his spirit would become so pure that the Great Master of Life would hear him and once again be kind and turn His face back, in light, upon the Illini.

washed the marks of grief from his face, and painted it with the brightest vermilion and blue. Thus, in the splendid colors of a triumphant warrior, he returned homeward. All was silent in the village when, in the gray light of early day, he entered his lodge. Soon the joyful news was known. From lodge to lodge it spread until the last wigwam was reached. Onatoga's quest was successful!

Then the warriors began to gather. Furtively,

even in their gladness, they sought his lodge, for the fear of the Piasau was over all. A solemn awe fell upon them as they gathered around the chief, who, it was whispered, had heard the voice of the Great Spirit. Without, on that high bluff, they knew that the fiend-bird crouched, waiting for the morning light to reveal its prey. Within, in sorrowing silence, they heard how the people could be saved; but the hearts of the warriors were heavy. All knew the sacrifice demanded — their bravest and their best!

Onatoga chose his twenty warriors and appointed them their place, where the rolling prairie was broken by the edge of the forest. Then, when the sun shot its first long shafts of light across the level grasses, the chief walked slowly forth and stood alone upon the prairie. The world in the morning light was beautiful to Onatoga's eyes. The flowers beneath his feet seemed to smile, and poured forth richest perfumes; the sun was glorious in its golden breast-plate, to do him honor; while the lark and the mock-bird sang his praise in joyous songs.

He had not long to wait. Soon, afar off, the dreaded Piasau was seen moving heavily through the clear morning air. Onatoga, drawing himself to the full measure of his lofty height, raised his death-song. The dull flutter of huge wings came nearer, and a great shadow came rushing over the sunlit fields. Onatoga, never ceasing his chant, faced the Piasau fearlessly. A sudden fierce swoop downward! In that very moment, twenty poisoned arrows, loosed by twenty faithful hands, sped true to their aim. With a scream that the bluffs sent rolling back in sharp and deafening echoes, the foul monster dropped dead! The Great Spirit loved the man who had been willing to sacrifice his life for his people. In the very instant when death seemed sure, he covered the heart of Onatoga with a shield; and he suffered not the wind to blow aside a single arrow from its mark,—the body of the fated Piasau.

Great were the rejoicings that followed and rich were the feasts that were held in honor of Onatoga. The Illini resolved that the story of the great deliverance and of the courageous love of Onatoga



"CUNNING CARVERS CUT DEEP INTO THE ROCK THE FORM OF THE PIASAU."

should not die, though they themselves should pass away. The cunning carvers of the tribe cut deep into the living rock of the bluff the terrible form of the Piasau. And, in later years, when young children asked the meaning of this great figure, so unlike any of the birds that they knew upon their rivers and their prairies, then the fathers would tell them the story of the Piasau, and how the Great Spirit had found, in Onatoga, a warrior who loved his fellow-men better than he loved his own life.

DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the library door closed behind Edward Dane, it seemed for a moment to Harry Wylie that he had not a friend left in the world; and he stood before the principal and General Long with somewhat of the same feeling in his heart that must have stirred the blood of a Saxon captive in the Roman amphitheater when first he stepped into the arena and found himself confronted with savage beasts from the imperial menagerie, or with still more savage men. Not that, in reality, either of the gentlemen was in character anything like the above-mentioned creatures; but the school-boy mind invests authority with strange terrors, and it was no rebellious feeling that threw back Harry's head and brought the glitter to his eye. It was the bracing of his strength to face the music; the idea that he was cornered and at bay—not a correct rendering of the situation, by any means; but still a natural one. For half a minute there was a pause, a silence broken only by the sharp crackle of the fire, that cast a ruddy glow upon the floor.

"Wylie," said the General, sternly, "did I not order you to report yourself here under arrest?"

"Yes, sir," answered the culprit straightforwardly.

"Why, then, did you not do so?"

"I was making up lost lessons, sir. Since I have been ill I do not seem to remember things very well—" and pausing, he drew his hand across his eyes with a perplexed and troubled gesture, that struck both men as singular. "I was reading Cæsar, and the time slipped by until I forgot it entirely."

"Forgot that you were under arrest!" cried the General.

To his martial mind the idea was quite incredible, and the doubt was plainly written on his countenance.

"Sergeant Dane will testify to my surprise, sir," and a bright red spot appeared in the boy's cheeks.

"It is not necessary, Sergeant Wylie," said the principal, quietly. "We have no doubt that it was as you say. You have been quite ill, I believe?"

"Yes, sir;" and Harry gave a grateful glance

in answer to the tone, losing not a little of his defiant bearing.

"Since you are now here, we will say no more about that," said the General, more mildly. "You were ordered under arrest for mutinous conversation while on duty. If you have any adequate explanation to offer, we will now hear it."

"I was not on duty, sir," said Harry, respectfully.

"No? What were you doing there, then?" and the General bit his lip, feeling that perhaps he had been too hasty after all.

"I was advised by the surgeon to take a short walk, sir, and did so. I went to the drill-hall from force of habit. I admit that what I said was not quite right or wise perhaps; but, as I was merely a spectator and not on duty, I considered myself free to express what I thought, even though it might be indiscreet," said Harry, candidly. "Here is the Surgeon's certificate," he added, presenting a folded paper.

The General took the paper, and mechanically opened it. The principal was smiling to himself, and remarked, after a pause:

"If you had explained that, Wylie, when you were ordered under arrest, there would have been no further trouble."

For a brief moment Harry was greatly tempted to explain then and there why he had not done so. But it was evident that he had won his case already, and further pursuit would be mere revenge, which was not in accordance with his sense of honor; hence, after saying only, "I suppose so, sir," he remained silent.

But the General had no idea of allowing the affair to be dropped in a stage of incomplete development, and spoke out frankly:

"I was at fault there, Wylie, in being too hasty to listen to you; and for that I owe you an apology—I beg your pardon."

If the ceiling had fallen, Harry could not have been more astonished. That stern martinet, the General, had begged his pardon! The idea was so novel that he wanted to laugh, and he was so thrown off his guard that he could only stammer out something to the effect that "it was of no consequence"; but a glow of satisfaction crept over him, and perhaps neither pupil nor preceptor ever

had a more thorough respect for one another than Harry and the General had at that moment.

"Sit down, Sergeant," said the principal, kindly. "I understand that you have serious objections to the drill as it is now conducted. As no human institution is perfect, I shall be glad to hear in what respect this does not come up to your ideal. Perhaps it may be that we can convince you that it is better than you think."

Wonders would never cease! He, the mutineer who had been conducted to headquarters by a sergeant with the relief detail, was invited to sit down and to informally explain his views! For a moment he had nothing to say; it would have been more in accordance with his expectations had he now been on the way to the guard-house under a week's sentence. He was quivering in every limb with excitement, and could scarcely control himself sufficiently to speak. In a moment, however, he straightened up and began:

"It is n't to the drill, in itself, that I object, sir. It is to the muskets, for one thing, and to the lack of exercise for another. The guns are too heavy for the smaller boys; they can not hold them steady, and they shake all about, which counts as a demerit. Then,"—he paused a moment, and again drew his hand across his eyes with the same perplexed gesture,—“when I came here, two years ago, I was an active, muscular boy, for one of my age. I did not have a superior in the class, in any sport; and in my studies, I think the books will show that I ranked fairly well.”

"Eighty-eight per cent.," remarked the principal, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Just so, sir; and the highest is not much over ninety. I have n't lost much from my studies; but it is harder to study now than then. I forget things, little things which I used to have at my fingers' ends. Then I was athletic; to-day I am—sick. Why, I do not know; but there must be a reason for it somewhere."

"But where does the drill come in, in the present case?" asked the General, a little impatiently. "For I am sure you can not lay your illness to that."

"Yes, sir, I can—and I do," said Harry, flatly. "The time occupied in drill should have been spent in useful exercise, instead of in walking around the drill-hall carrying a weight."

The General looked at the principal with a disgusted air, as though to intimate that he had heard enough of such inconsequential discussion; but the principal did not seem to take the hint. He looked steadily into the fire, with an abstracted air, as if thinking it over.

"How did you come to know so much about hygiene, Wylie?" he asked, suddenly.

"My brother Tom taught me, sir," answered Harry, his eye brightening at the recollection. "He was quite an athlete, and believed that every boy ought to educate his body as highly as he did his mind, since if he neglected the muscles he could not use his brain to the best advantage in after life. The old Greeks thought so, and he believed in them; so he taught me a great deal at one time or another; and then I am seventeen, and think for myself sometimes," he added, with a touch of boyish pride. "I don't say a word against the drill in other respects, sir," he ventured to add. "I know all the arguments that are used in its favor as a lesson in discipline, for I have read up the subject during the last vacation. In that respect I believe in drill as thoroughly as does the General. It is only because it does not combine proper exercise with its discipline that I object to it in its present shape; for not only is it not beneficial itself, but it takes up time that might be used more profitably. Then again, I have drilled two years now. When I came here, my figure was straight and symmetrical. Now, when I look in the glass, I see that one shoulder is lower than the other, pulled down by the musket's weight; and I feel one-sided, generally. A third of the other boys are in the same condition. Ask the tailor who fits the uniforms if he does not have to pad one shoulder more than he does the other, in order to make them 'square.'"

"Is that so?" asked the principal, startled. "I had not observed it. You seem to have unusual powers of observation, Wylie."

Harry colored with pleasure. He was a little proud of his eye-sight, and he had formerly boasted that he saw everything, but his brother had laughed him out of this as a bit of juvenile conceit.

"You are sure that you are not exaggerating in regard to the shoulders, Sergeant? That is a matter of considerable importance."

The principal looked serious; while the General tugged at his mustache, seemed about to speak, and then, as if thinking better of it, relapsed into silence.

"No, sir," said Harry, firmly; "I think that fully one-third of the second class will be found to be as I say."

"Let us hear what Mr. Garrett has to say about it, and see if his opinion is the same as yours,"—and the principal touched a knob.

For convenience, he had caused his study to be connected by wire with the school tailor-shop, that he might always have a repairer "on call."

Mr. Garrett soon appeared with his measuring-tape still around his shoulders, and, on being questioned, declared that one-third was a low estimate.

"I should say that fully half the second-year boys are similarly affected."

When the tailor had gone, there was silence in the room for some minutes. The General had nothing to say; the principal was deep in thought; and Harry, who had been more excited than, considering his recent illness, was altogether good for him, felt very light-headed and dizzy, and grasped his chair to make sure that it was not whirling about the room with the rest of the apparently hilarious furniture.

"How did you acquire your fine physique, Wylie?" the principal asked, suddenly.

"By hunting and fishing, sir," said Harry, rous-

that you would not be willing to take half of that time for gymnasium work?" and Harry was astounded at his own hardihood in suggesting the idea.

"Certainly not," said the General, severely.

"Well," said the principal, rising, "I shall give you a week's vacation, Wylie."

The General stared.

"You mean, I suppose, that I am suspended for that period," said Harry, smiling faintly. He had expected a severer punishment, although suspension in itself entailed sufficiently objectionable features.

"No. I mean to give you a real vacation. You



"WHEN HE CAME TO HIS SENSES AGAIN, HE WAS LYING ON THE LOUNGE, AND DANE AND THE PRINCIPAL WERE BENDING OVER HIM ANXIOUSLY."

ing himself. "Then, too, I was fond of archery and practised a great deal."

"Bow and arrows!" sniffed the General, with a little sarcastic laugh. "What we need is a good gymnasium, and there is plenty of room for it in one end of the drill-hall."

"Why are you smiling, sir?" he asked, sharply, as Harry failed to conceal a feeling of amusement, for he was reminded of what the Dutch cornet-player said when the bandmaster kept telling him to blow harder, "But vere is der vind ter come from?"

"We spend two hours daily in drill. I suppose

are overworked and need rest. I shall send you out to Farmer Brown's, and you are not to look at a book while you are there."

"But what about my class and rank, sir?" asked poor Harry, with his head in a whirl, and even yet hardly comprehending.

"I do the ranking," said the principal, significantly. "I shall expect a full report of all that you do, however, that I may judge whether your memory is improved."

Harry got upon his feet somehow, and made a military salute. The General seemed to be executing a war-dance around him, the chairs and tables

to be performing a hornpipe; and he was amazed to see the principal, the chairs, the tables, and the General suddenly begin to chase the squirrel around the room. Then the floor flew up and struck him with a loud crash. When he came to his senses again, he was lying on the lounge, with his collar unbuttoned, the window open, his hair dripping with water, and Dane and the principal bending over him anxiously, while the General held a basin and sponge. The floor, chairs, and tables had returned to their normal immobility and there was no evidence of their late unseemly conduct.

CHAPTER IV.

How quickly a vacation can pass has never yet been satisfactorily determined. Whether it is a week or a month, at the end it rarely seems in retrospect to have been of more than a day's duration. But when his leave was up, and Harry Wylie jumped from the wagon that brought him back, his long-bow in one hand and a fuzzy bundle swinging from the other, his face was many shades browner than when he went away; there was a healthy light in his eye, and a spring in his walk; and he had left friends behind him where there had been strangers. Farmer Brown had shaken hands in a reluctant farewell when Harry had come to say good-bye. Even Aminadab Doolittle, the hired man, had pressed upon him a remembrance from his scanty store of treasures, compelling him to accept an old fife, a relic of army days, in the use of which the boy was quite expert.

That same evening, Edward Dane rushed out of the hall door and seized the returned hunter by the hand, bow and all, with an odd quiver of suppressed excitement in his grasp.

"Come up to my study, old man! I've a jolly fire there, and when you get through with *your* side, I'll tell you a tale that will beat all your adventures out of sight. We are right on the eve of a mutiny!"

"On the eve of a mutiny!" repeated Harry, stopping short, but still holding his friend's hand. "Dane, are you—sane?"

"Never saner; but come up and I'll tell you all about it. What's that in your hand? Partridges, as I'm alive!"

"Right, old fellow! We'll have a partridge stew with baked potatoes for breakfast, if I can get the cook to make it. I must go and report myself, but I shall be back right away. Look after my traps, please"; and away went Harry toward "headquarters" on a run.

The principal was glad to see him, and questioned him in regard to his week's adventures at some length, but presently said:

"I see you have already heard of the state of affairs at the Institute and are impatient to hear more, so I will not detain you longer; I shall look to you, Wylie, for support, as far as your influence allows, since you are in part responsible for it. You will find a document upon your table"; and there was a queer twinkle in his eye as he noticed the boy's bewilderment.

"What on earth has happened?" Harry said to himself. What was it that he was responsible for, and what was the document the principal had referred to? That last question, however, was susceptible of speedy solution, which made him eager to get away; so he laid two of his grouse upon the table, with the request that the principal would accept them as part of the report, and edged out before the astonished preceptor could utter a word of thanks.

Dashing upstairs, three steps at a time, he rushed into his room, and felt around upon the table till his hand touched a long envelope; then, thanking his stars that it was Friday, and there were no lessons ahead, he hastened to Dane's room.

"Now, then, Ed, speak quickly, and tell me all about it."

"It's *broomsticks*, Harry!" said Ed, solemnly. "That's what it is! Broomsticks! Steady,"—as Harry made a gesture of impatience,—"I'm coming to it as fast as possible. You remember the factory across the lake? well, two days ago, a big, four-horse team came from that factory, loaded to the muzzle with broom-handles. They were left at the armory; and four hours afterward, every blessed musket in the racks was boxed up and sent to the railway station, marked for some town out West. When the boys went in to drill, instead of the guns they were given those broomsticks; and some of the fellows were so mad that they broke them across their knees."

"More fools they!" interjected Harry.

"But of course the principal soon stopped that. About twenty of them, led by Lieutenant Rankin, refused to drill, and every one of them is now in the guard-house. After they were settled, the principal condescended to tell us that it was only a temporary arrangement, and that the 'pikes' as he very politely called them, being borrowed, must be treated gently. But the boys are mad, clear through, and vow, to a man, that if they use those things, the battalion will be known as the 'Wild-Lake Witches.' The second lieutenant was the ringleader, and it'll cost him his shoulder-straps, or I'm a Dutchman."

Harry drew a long breath of astonishment.

"It was a stupid thing to do—to get up a mutiny," he remarked in a moment. "No good

could ever come of that, for of course the General would have to demonstrate his authority, and he is n't the most lamb-like man in the world under such provocation."

Ed burst into a laugh. "That's a fact," he asserted, "as you ought to know. I say, though, what's in that big envelope?"

"To be sure; I had forgotten it," said Harry, as he tore it open and began to read the inclosure, his eyes dilating with surprise.

"What on earth, Ed! just listen to this!

"TO SERGEANT HENRY WYLIE.

"SIR: A vacancy having occurred, in recognition of your general standing and attention to details while on duty, you are hereby appointed Acting Second Lieutenant, in place of Lieutenant Rankin, deserted. HOLWORTH LONG, General Commanding."

Fancy the grim smile with which the General wrote that!"

Ed looked at Harry, and Harry looked at Ed. Then simultaneously they broke into a laugh.

"I congratulate you, and, as I have remarked before, why was I not born with opinions worth considering?" said Dane, with a sigh. "But you must keep quiet over the share you had in turning us into broomstick-riders, old fellow, or you'll find your path rather a thorny one."

"It's only an acting commission, not a regular one; and it is likely to be canceled at any time when they deem Rankin sufficiently punished," said Harry, sagely. "I shall not put on any airs over it."

"Don't you believe it," Dane declared. "I have known three acting-commissions in my brief time, and every one of them was confirmed later on. You'll be Major yet!" and with that prophecy ringing in his ears, Harry rose and bade his friend good-night. There was not much sleep for him, however, he had so much to think of. How unspeakably jolly it would be! His letters would now come addressed to "Lieutenant" Harry Wylie, instead of the more plebeian "Sergeant." Yet, at the time, he had been proud of the step that raised him to the latter rank. How old Tom would rejoice, and shake his hand when they next met, and what a thing to have the boys at home know! He must write to Tom that very night. Then, without further delay, he must study up the duties he was to undertake, lest he should make mistakes in delivering his orders; and he straightway found his copy of "Upton's Tactics," and spent several hours very profitably in reviewing the manual, and putting himself and his command into imaginary situations, and then extricating them by rule.

As for Dane, he sat looking into his fire for a long time afterward, seeing visions. He saw the battalion marching out of the drill-hall into the

parade-ground, and forming. He saw himself a private in the ranks, with Wylie by his side. He heard the order read that made his friend a corporal, and was once more applauding with the rest. Then the scene and the time of year changed, and the same battalion was in the drill-hall, witnessing another promotion to corporal—this time his own. Then half a year later they were made sergeants together. But Wylie's first little start had widened, and his friend was "first" sergeant and he "second." Now the rift was opening still more, for the gap between first sergeant and second lieutenant was wider by far than that between the previous stages. Throughout, Wylie had kept just a step ahead. It was so, too, in the class-room. When his percentage was eighty, Wylie's would be eighty-five. He was like the horse that tried to walk fast enough to catch the hay that swung before his nose, and Ed moodily recognized the fact.

He was not actually jealous, nor yet envious. He would have scorned to do anything to pull Wylie down, but he could not help wishing that some lucky chance would arise to bring them more on a level, and to give him an even chance once more. But that does not often happen twice, either in a man's life or in a boy's career. The two had started as equals when they entered the Institute, and it was Dane's own fault that he had not profited more by his opportunities. If he had been as earnest as his friend had been, and less content to let well enough alone, he might have stood even above him, since Wylie was not an unusually bright scholar.

At about the same hour, the General sat in the library, examining the grouse which Harry had given to the principal, while doubt struggling against conviction was clearly expressed in his countenance.

"Do you mean to say that that boy shot these birds with a bow and arrow? Are you sure that they were not killed with a rifle? The wounds look to me like those made by a thirty-two caliber rifle-ball."

"The twist of the arrow in flying would produce much the same wound as a small-bore rifle-ball when it struck," said the principal, oracularly. Then changing the subject, he said: "But I have made up my mind definitely. It was high time for a reform, for Wylie's statement as to the physical condition of the boys was based on practical observation. He seems to be unique among them in quickness of eye—a result of his hunting habits, perhaps. It seems to me that for the last week I have done nothing but write letters to manufacturers and dealers. It was fortunate that I so easily found a market for the muskets, for otherwise the change would have cost a small fortune. I have found a manufacturer who has a reputa-

tion for honest work and low prices; and really, the terms which he offers leave a small balance in my favor. Do you know any one who understands quarter-staff play?"

"How should I?" said the surprised General.

"We must have some one, however," said the principal, musing. "There is that little Englishman at Fairhaven. I believe that he does. At all events, I'll write to him and find out."

"Well, Mr. Richards," said the General, rising, "as you know, I have n't much faith in the venture; but I will not be a drag upon it. I can not now promise any enthusiasm, but I will not fail to do my best with the boys, in sustaining you. Perhaps I am too old. We old fogies should give way to younger and more progressive men. I saw,

but it was because they did not understand my plans. When they comprehend them in all their bearings, they will regret having grumbled now and will have more faith in me in future. And that reminds me; what shall we do with Lieutenant Rankin? I do not wish to have him reduced to the ranks; it would be beneficial to the rest, perhaps, but would be very bad for him. I think it would ruin him."

"Nonsense! It will do him good, and take the conceit out of him," said the General, somewhat impatiently; but the principal shook his head.

"If there were time, it might; but he will be here only a year more, and he would go out under a cloud that would remain throughout his life. We must temper justice with mercy, my friend.



"JUST LISTEN TO THIS!" SAID HARRY.

however, that Boston recently voted ten thousand dollars for the purchase of muskets for its school battalions."

"Ten thousand dollars wasted!" cried the principal, with energy. "My broom-handles cost me but ten cents apiece, and the hard-wood ones ordered in their place, when ready, will be exchanged for them at an expense of only ten more."

"The boys revolted at the idea of broomsticks,

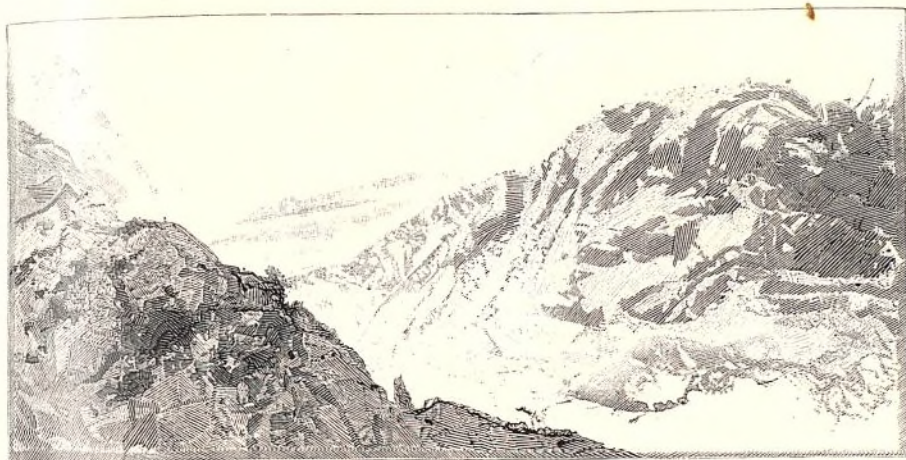
I have been thinking that we might appoint Sergeant Wylie a special instructor to assist you in the new drill, and, after a proper interval, we could reinstate the lieutenant."

"Well, it is your plan, not mine; and I must go to work upon the new manual of arms at once; but I may have to journey to New Mexico for material before it is finished, so beware of a heavy bill for traveling expenses," said the General, jestingly, as he left the room.

(To be continued.)

ACCIDENTAL HIGH ART.

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.



MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON — ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S MASTERPIECES.

"WANTED,— Something to do!"

Thus a great many young persons, and not a few of their elders, might word an advertisement truly embodying the wish which is uppermost in their minds. The greatest enjoyment which can be imagined by an active person is to have some pleasant work which will occupy brain and hand at the same time.

Most amateurs are tired of pretending to be wiser than they are, and yet, having formed a habit of making pictures, would like to exercise it, if only they could do so without seeming to pretend to be artists. For the name "artist" is one not lightly to be bestowed; although lately it has been taken down and dragged about until it has become rusty and dusty,—like some old garment, once worn at a wedding, which the children have been permitted to take for their masquerading. Of course we all know that there is nothing very new in this; in fact, I doubt whether there is such a thing as a very new truth; but, still, even some old things may be worth new consideration.

The other day, as I was thinking about our childish efforts to attain artistic results without having to undergo the toil and trouble of artistic labor, I was startled by a very emphatic slap on the back, and the whispered suggestion: "Try accidental pictures!" I was pleased with the idea, and, at the first opportunity, put it to the test of actual trial. Some years ago a friend told me of a similar plan, but all, beyond a recollection of its

results, was forgotten, and so I began by experimenting.

First, I took a saucer, put into it about a teaspoonful of water, and thickened the fluid by rubbing in it a stick of india-ink, till I had a mixture not quite black enough to write with, and still not light enough for any mere tinting.

Next, I got a soft, old, linen rag, some bits of paper of divers sizes and various grades, from note to heavy straw paper, and then I went to work.

Dabbling the rag in the ink, I soaked up a large portion of that somewhat irresolute fluid, and dropped the moist rag down upon a sheet of paper, taking care to smudge it a little, with my hand, before lifting. Result? Nothing, except inky fingers. I

tried it again, with fluid a little thicker, and the inky fingers became still inkier. Five times more,



PORTRAIT OF A LADY. (FROM THE JAPANESE OF CHINGLE YEDDI PAN.)



FELIS ANGORA ACCIDENTALIS.

and I was beginning to feel discouraged, when I thought I saw, upside down, something like a picture. I turned it around, felt encouraged, and went on, having frequently to replenish the saucer. Then all at once the rag, and the ink, and I, together, without consulting one another, produced a picture, to copy which would puzzle a Chinaman. It was a veritable *Felis Angora accidentalis* (you will not find that in any zoölogical work). On the whole it proved to be so fair a representation of an Angora cat that I shall give it to you now without a single additional touch.

This was inspiring; the more so as it was followed by two or three other masterpieces (with only a failure or two between), and each one showing a certain "freedom of handling," "grasp of subject," and "range of style," that would have made Turner mad with envy. I made up my

Continuing my artistic career, I soon came to the conclusion that a rag makes a very good labor-saving machine indeed, but requires a little practice if one would use it to the best advantage. For instance, if one gets a more closely packed and inkier wad at one end, and a sort of flowing skirt to trail off at one side or to sweep freely about, there will be much more likelihood of accomplishing a group of figures, or trees, or hop-toads, with an effective background of sky, water, or garden vegetables. A fine effect of strong lights and shadows, such as one sees in Rembrandt's etch-



REMBRANDT RANGE.

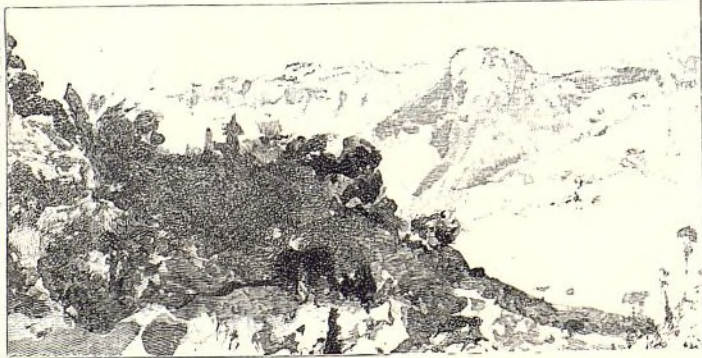
ings, may be attained by putting a great deal of decision into the ink, rolling the rag into small compass, and striking the paper in such a way as to take it entirely by surprise.

A "Claude Lorraine" can not be made in so simple a way, however; that takes much dexterous wrestling with the rag; and the result is apt to be smudgy, even after all your painstaking efforts.

For clear art, altogether untrammelled by subservience to any school or system, I can heartily recommend the method already described in this paper.

A still better way, especially if one wishes to keep within a limited field of action, is to have two

rag and two saucers of fluid — one a little lighter than the other. The first, if used moderately dry, lightly wrung out, will provide the sky and back-



THE HIGHEST UNKNOWN MOUNTAIN PEAK.

mind that the first magazine that wanted to employ so masterly a rag must pay me my own price, — and the price advanced with each new masterpiece.



"THREE TIMES 'ROUND WENT THE GALLANT SHIP."

ground; and the second, freely used, dashes in a foreground. Sometimes the light and dark rags may be used together, to advantage. Or—still another method—substitute a roll of thick tissue-paper for the linen, and work out your own variations.

The occupation is a fascinating one, and harmless, since india-ink, unlike ordinary ink, will readily

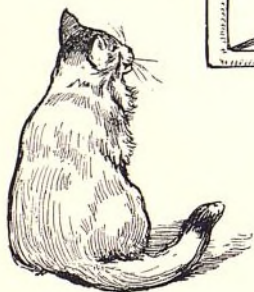
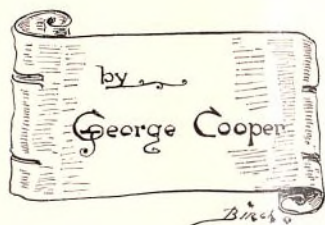
wash out. A thousand changes may be rung on the process, and still there is room for invention. Coffee may be used to stain the pictures, giving them the appearance of photographs; and sometimes a few lines added to a chance picture will make it "a thing of beauty," while the cheapness of the process is "a joy forever."



THE SLOW OLD METHOD.



BOY



HE was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed, awhile
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.



II.

He never could keep still a bit;
 The lookers-on thought ill of it;
 He balanced on his ear the kitchen-
 broom;
 And did some neat trapezing,
 Which was wonderfully pleas-
 ing,
 On every peg in Grandpa's harness
 room.



III.

From absolute inanity,
 The cat approached
 insanity
 To see him slide the
 banisters, so rash;
 But once, on that ma-
 hogany,
 While trying to tobog-
 gan, he
 Upset his calculations
 with a crash!



IV.

And since that sad disaster
 He has gone about in plaster,—
 Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
 But the kind the doctor uses,
 When the bumps and cuts and bruises
 Overcome a little, regular, live boy!





"His is wee MAMMY JOE"
 A-playing with his toe."

"Fondlest part, you know,
 He doesn't know it is his toe!"

ELSIE'S PET.

BY JANET E. RUUTZ-REES.



DID you ever see a Bullfinch? It is such a pretty bird. One day little Elsie was very good, and Mamma gave her a present. It was a sweet little Bullfinch, in a cage. He could whistle a tune. Elsie loved him very much, and she liked to listen to him. Besides, he was very clever. He soon learned to know Elsie, and when she called, "Bully! Bully!" and chirruped to him, he would put his head on one side and look so knowing! If she took a seed between her rosy lips and held them near the cage, Bully would look first one way and then another, with his bright eyes, and hop, hop, hop,—until he came quite near, and then he would give a quick, little peck with his beak, catch the seed, and eat it up! Oh, he was a bright little bird!

Every evening, when Elsie went to bed, Mamma opened his cage and

let him fly all over the room; and then she did not shut him up for the night, but let Master Bully perch where he pleased. Sometimes he would settle himself upon the table, or the bureau — standing with his bright eyes shut and his head under his wing. But every morning he woke up at the same hour; just as the clock was striking seven. He would perch on little Elsie's pillow and peck, peck, peck at her soft cheek till she awoke!

One cold frosty morning something sad happened. Nothing perched on Elsie's pillow, — no little Bully came to wake her up! When Mamma had



looked everywhere around the room for him, she found him, at last, on the mantel all cuddled up in a heap. She took him very gently in her soft hand, but poor little Bully shivered when she touched him. She tried to make him stand up, but she found that one little leg was quite crooked. Poor Bully was lame from the cold!

Little Elsie was so sorry! But Mamma thought she could help Bully, so she brought hot water and bathed his poor leg. Then she put some soft, white wool in his cage, and laid him down upon it, very tenderly. After a while Bully opened his beak, and gave a little "*chirp, chirp!*" When Elsie heard it, she sprang out of bed and said:

"Oh, I know he is hungry!"

Then she pattered about the room with her bare little feet, found the seed, and took some in her fingers and held it up to him. At first Bully would not take it; he scarcely opened his eyes; but, after she had waited a little, he gave a sharp peck, and caught it from her hand. Then Elsie gave him some more, and after a while Bully fell asleep. When Elsie was dressed she went to look at him again. His eyes were open, so Mamma bathed his poor foot once more.

Soon it was better, so that Bully could stand upon it quite well, and even hop about again; but Mamma was afraid to let him fly about the room at night. And now Elsie must wake herself in the morning, for Bully does not come to peck at her cheek!

SOME WORK FOR LENT.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

ONE day when Philip was very miserable with a horrid cold, and Harry — who was his sister, and not his brother — very cross with the same trouble, the children quarreled all the morning. Harry usually began the discussions, and she was the most disagreeable in them, because she was always "the most" of everything. She cried the loudest, and laughed the merriest, and scolded the quickest, and forgave the soonest. Her cold had been worse than Philip's, but she was getting well first. Their last quarrel was because she would pretend that her doll's music-teacher had come, and wanted her to take her lesson on the piano in the nursery, and Philip did not like it because his head ached. He said he would n't care so much if Harry could sing, "but she never got a tune right, and she banged so."

Harry replied that *she* was n't singing, it was Margery.

"If Margery *could* sing," he retorted, "she'd have a better voice than the one you lend her, and she'd have some sort of an idea of the tune to 'Hold the Fort.'"

"How do you know?" said Harry. "You don't know what my doll would do!"

"Well, I know what mine would if I had one. She would n't yell like that."

"Oh, your doll would do wonders," said Harry, and off she started again, but this time she sang "Annie Laurie," and poor Philip put his fingers in his ears.

It was then Jeanette looked up from her book.

"My goodness," said she to her mother, "if two sick children are so disagreeable, what must a whole hospital be?"

"They would n't have a dreadful old piano in a hospital," said Philip, in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh, Philip!" cried Harry, jumping off the piano-stool and throwing Margery into Jeanette's work-basket. "Let's finish our hospital cards!"

"Considering," said their mother, "that Easter is only two weeks away, and that you chose those cards for your Lenten work, and that not one-half of them are done, it would not be a bad idea to give some time to them."

By this time Harry had opened a table drawer, and had pulled out a pile of large, delicately tinted cards about seventeen inches long and thirteen wide. Next she had appropriated Jeanette's scissors

from the basket and her mother's from her lap, and pushed everything on the table out of the way. Then she dragged up the piano-stool.

"Come, Philip," she cried, "I'm all ready."

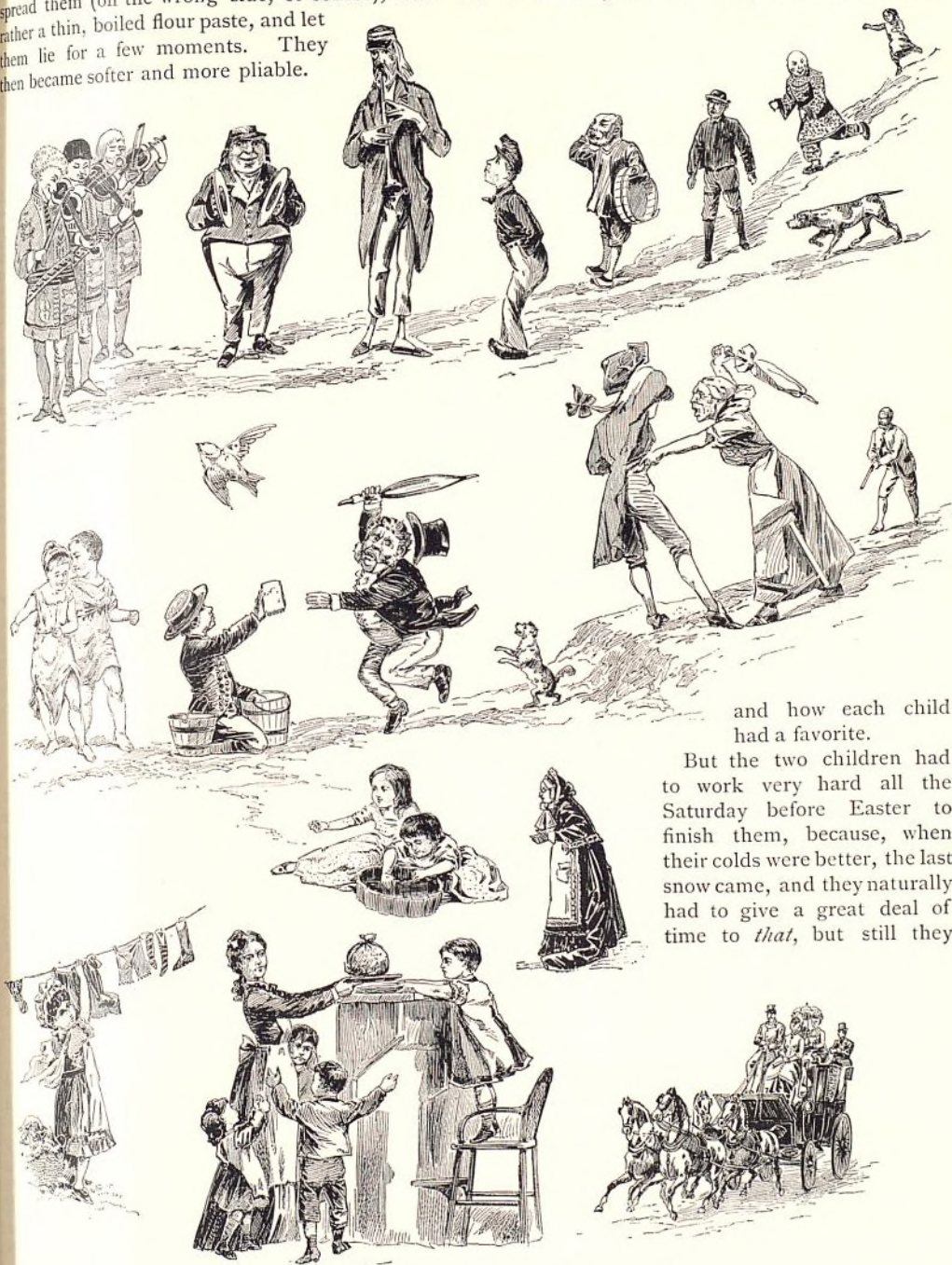
"Just have patience for one minute," said her mother, rising. She removed everything from the table, and spread out a newspaper. On this she laid the cards, the boxes containing the pictures for pasting, and the scissors. Philip brought the mucilage and sister Harry pulled up a comfortable chair for him.

Now they really were ready for work.

They had quite an assortment of gay advertising cards, and some Christmas cards, and plenty of figures cut from illustrated newspapers. They cut whatever figures they fancied, out of the cards, and then pasted them on the large sheets of cardboard. When they first thought of doing this work, they intended to make a picture scrap-book, but a friend told them that if they pasted the pictures on separate leaves, these, being divided among the children, could be seen by many at once.

Harry often said she hoped the sick children would get as much pleasure from the cards as they gave her and Philip, and they used to wonder if the others would guess out the stories they made up about the pictures. They put all sorts of figures together, such as are in the big illustration, where hardly two are from the same picture, and composed them into some funny groups. Then they made other kinds of cards; one of these was made up entirely of flowers, and a bright, pretty one it was. On another, Philip made a menagerie, and this contained only animals; and on still another was a "Noah's ark." This they made together. The procession wound all about from top to bottom of the card. It was a curious procession, and, I am sure, would have astonished Noah. There were dancing bears, and elephants with howdahs on their backs, and circus horses, and monkeys dressed like Italian *lazzaroni*, and pigs with apples in their mouths, and even a Christmas turkey carried on the heads of three geese. They spent days over this card, selecting the animals, and plenty of fun they had over it. The card which I borrowed from Harry, and of which the picture opposite is a copy, except that the pretty, bright colors are not given, is not the best of them, but it is one that was not finished when Easter Monday came, and so did not go to the hospital with

the others. Some of these figures, cut from stiff cards, were not easy to paste, but the children spread them (on the wrong side, of course), with rather a thin, boiled flour paste, and let them lie for a few moments. They then became softer and more pliable.



and how each child had a favorite.

But the two children had to work very hard all the Saturday before Easter to finish them, because, when their colds were better, the last snow came, and they naturally had to give a great deal of time to *that*, but still they

ONE OF THE HOSPITAL CARDS MADE BY PHILIP AND HARRY.

The young doctor in care of whom these cards were sent wrote the children the nicest of letters, kept their resolution, and it was on Easter Monday that the package was sent to the hospital.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MAKE way, make way for mad King March!
I hear his heralds in the larch
Above my head.
Blow on, ye braggart buglers, blow!
Ye can not fright us, well we know
Winter has fled.
Your king's wild reign is brief, at best;
Before the April robins nest,
Ye will be dead!

Yes, it is only fair, I suppose, to talk in this severe way to the noisy winds. But I do not do it of my own accord. A ST. NICHOLAS writer, Emma C. Dowd, "put me up to it," as you boys say. Yet March is a good old month, and, as I half suspect, not a bit more mad than other blusterers.

The Deacon says that March in former times was counted as the first month of the year. Now, as you know, he stands third on the list, and he is not overpleased, I suppose. Look into this matter, my dears,—that is, look into the Encyclopedias, if you can lift them,—and you'll see that the Deacon is right.

Poor March! Fair play is a good thing. This is the way the Little School-ma'am once talked to March:

DEAR, bustling March, my *Frühling*,* come!
First month to-day, as first of old.
Thine the fresh song and wakened hum;
Thine the glad rill's recovered flow,
And thine the stir the sod below.
Thy rap and tap and summons bold,
Startle the earth from slumber's hold.

O month content! My heart to thee!
No clamor now, no sudden throe—
The earth is roused; her soul is free;
How calm art thou, thy victory won,

* The German word for spring or spring-tide.

How restful, in the restful sun!
The maiden April cometh slow,
Thou'lt greet her like a king—and go.

INAUGURAL ADDRESSES.

HERE is a new subject for consideration. Inaugural addresses, to be sure, don't grow in my meadow, but boys do, and any American boy, if he is n't careful, is liable to bloom into a president under favorable circumstances, so you shall have Robert's letter:

DEAR MR. JACK: I have been reading about the inaugural addresses of the Presidents of the United States, and one statement, or rather several statements in one, concerning those of Abraham Lincoln, and a few other Presidents, specially caught my attention. So I shall copy the figures out carefully for you to show to the boys. It appears that the first inaugural address of President Lincoln (every one knows that he served two terms of office) contained 3588 words, and among these the pronoun *I* appears just 43 times; but the second inaugural address (March, 1865) contained only 588 words, and the pronoun *I* is used but once.

George Washington's two inaugurals, it appears, in disproportion were somewhat similar to Lincoln's. The first contained 1224 words, including 20 *I*'s; and in the second, which had 124 words, he said *I* only 6 times.

"Well, what of it?" some of the boys will say. That's just what I want to know. There is no steady law in the matter, either for James Monroe, who twice served as our President, gave the people 1144 more words in his second inaugural than he did in his first, and he used his personal pronoun 7 times oftener than on the former occasion, that is, 24 times. In fact, his second inaugural, which contained 4466 words (enough to fill nearly five pages of ST. NICHOLAS) is the longest inaugural with which any President has yet favored our country. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT S. F.

LONG AND SHORT LIVES.

SOME creatures flit through this life in a few hours, and some come to stay. As instances, there are the day-fly and the elephant. How long can a healthy specimen of each live? But I warn you not to attempt to give me their *united ages*. That sort of calculation has its malignant side, and can not be allowed near this pulpit.

WHAT IS IT?

My birds tell me startling stories of big foreign spiders whose webs are strong enough to take unwary little feathered songsters captive. They mention also the mygale, of South America. Now, what is that?

That story of the great spider-web puzzles me. My birds are truthful as the sunlight itself, and yet—well, I only know that every spider-web in my meadow vanishes at the very touch of a bird's wing, and, by the way, the spider himself generally remembers another engagement at that same moment.

GROWN-UP LITTLE FOLK.

DEAR JACK: Here is something that I read in a book, and I want you to please find out if it is a true account:

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet and five inches, and the average weight about seventy pounds. They are very swift of foot, and, as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red-ocher, these little men present a very strange appearance. Few travelers care to encounter any of these warlike mites, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equalled by their readiness to attack strangers.

Now, Jack, please, *is* this true? and if it is, what dear little things the Andaman children must be!

I should like so much to have one for a pet! If you cannot get the facts from your birds, do show this letter to the St. Nicholites (as my brother and I call the readers of our dear magazine). May be they will help me to learn more of these little islanders.

Your constant hearer,

ALICE B.

Now, my friends, how should you, who not so very long ago were in your cradles, like to hear about a rocking-stone big enough to set a thousand babies a-dozing?

You'd like it very much? I knew it. Therefore, we will proceed to read this account sent to my pulpit by Miss Florence Stoddard:

THE ROCKING-STONE.

A very wonderful thing is the great Piedra Monediza, or Rocking-Stone, which is poised on the top of the highest mountain on the eastern

coast of the far-off Argentine Republic, in South America. It hangs there as though it were as light as air, and could be blown away by the gusts of wind that always are playing about the mountain. Yet it is a huge boulder of at least twenty tons' weight, though it can be moved about in a small socket and rocked by pushing it with the hand. In very windy weather, too, it is seen to move perceptibly. Travelers put all kinds of articles beneath it, in the socket, to test its movement; for, when the stone rocks, anything that is under

it is crushed to powder; but, though it moves, no power can throw the huge stone from its place.

The peak on which the stone rests is one of the Tandil Mountains, in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres. There is a legend telling how this province, once very rich, was attacked by a much-dreaded Gaucho chief, who tried in vain many times to conquer it. Then, hearing of a tradition that this province could not be overcome so long as the stone remained in place, he determined to pull the stone from its seat. He caused ropes to be netted around it, and then harnessed to the ropes hundreds of wild horses, newly caught by his men with their lassos.

All were strong and vigorous animals, to which even the slight harness necessary to secure them to the ropes leading from the great boulder was an insult not to be tolerated for a moment. Imagine how they must have plunged, kicked and struggled when they felt the whip for the first time!



THE PIEDRA MONEDIZA, OR ROCKING-STONE.

When all was prepared, the poor beasts, already frantic with restraint and terror, were beaten and shouted at, so that, to get away, they pulled and tugged with might and main; but, for all their effort, the Piedra did not swerve from its place; and the chief, proud and mighty as he was, was obliged to acknowledge himself vanquished.

The stone hangs there still, and as it is the only wonderful natural feature in the whole country, the natives are very proud of it, and many curious visitors go to see it every year.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THOSE who have enjoyed Mary Cowden Clarke's "Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines," or are familiar with her famous "Concordance" to the plays, will be glad to know of a "Biographic Sketch" of her husband, Charles Cowden Clarke, which has just been printed in London. The unaffected simplicity and earnestness of the recital will more than interest our readers. It is written by herself, and is a beautiful picture of their long life together. The book is published by Novello, and if it cannot be procured in America, we hope that our young English readers, at least, will meet with this beautiful tribute from a wife who was in truth, as she says, her husband's "second self."

EIGHT years ago, this month, ST. NICHOLAS told its readers the touching story of "Babie Stuart," which was the pretty pet-name of an infant daughter of Charles I. It is more than two centuries and a half since she was born, and she died before reaching four years of age. We showed you then a picture of this sweet child; and now our frontispiece, this month, is another rendering of her portrait recently engraved for ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. T. Johnson, from Van Dyck's celebrated painting.

No one can look upon the face of this little princess without believing that during her short life she must have been a most lovable little girl; and that her parents dearly loved her none can doubt who knows how like other fathers and mothers, in tenderness for their children, were the first Charles of England and his wife, Queen Henrietta Maria.

THE Little School-ma'am requests us to say that in speaking of St. Cross Hospital (see ST. NICHOLAS for January), Jack-in-the-Pulpit should have described it as being just out of Winchester, instead of "two and a half miles from Westminster." Jack and herself are desirous that his accidental error should be corrected.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you with much interest, and often thought I would like to contribute to the "Letter-box." But this is my first attempt. In your December number, I like "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. I have often played with her youngest son, and I lived a neighbor to her for over a year. I also like "Three Miles High in a Balloon." I live in St. Louis and was present at the balloon ascension, and the illustrations are very true.

I remain yours devotedly,

LOTTA B. C.—

KILLMORE HOUSE, PENNYGHAE, }
ISLE OF MULL, SCOTLAND. }

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you for a year. A cousin in Washington sends you to us every month. This is the first time I have written to you, so I hope you will print my letter. I have never seen a letter in your box from this island. I like all your stories very much, but the one I like best is "Juan and Juanita."

We have a great many pets: three hawks, three dogs, two cats, two rabbits, a pair of pigeons, and a hoody crow. I have five sisters and three brothers. My youngest sister is called Iona, after the island where papa was born. The island is famous for having been the residence of St. Columba for a good many years. There are the remains of a fine old cathedral on the island, and in an old burying-ground quite close to the cathedral a number of kings are buried.

I must stop now, or my letter will be too long to print.

I am your Highland reader, FLORA A. P. MACV.—

THE RECTORY, CAMPOBELLO, N. B.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. We have taken your magazine for several years. We enjoy the stories very much. We live on an island eight miles long and four miles broad. It is very beautiful. There are a great many herring caught here. First they are salted with rock salt, then hung up in the smoke-house over a wood fire, then dried and packed in boxes for market. There are three large hotels on the island; their names are Tyn-e-coed, and Tyn-e-maer, and the Owen House. We have a very pretty little church and a large Sunday-school. Our day-school is close to the Rectory. I have a little brother nearly seven years old, and two big brothers, and a big sister; a Newfoundland dog, named Jack; a kitten called Ginger, and a canary bird. I am nine years old.

Your little reader,

AGNES P.—

NEWLANDS, NEAR HOBART.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen a letter from Tasmania in your "Letter-box," I thought I would write to you and tell about our pets. Our house is called Newlands, and I live near Hobart. I am eleven years old, and I have a sister a year older.

I think ST. NICHOLAS is the best paper for children ever published, and we have been taking it for nearly three years.

I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I wish you would have another story like "Davy and the Goblin."

Among a great many pets of all kinds, we have two very nice parrots—one green called Solomon, and one white, called Baby. They both came from the Solomon Islands. Baby is named so because he was so tiny when we first got him. He sleeps in my room at night, when we go to bed, and the first thing in the morning he comes to us to get warm. He is never in his cage except at night, and when he is shut up as a punishment for biting the children he is usually on the trees.

I think if I make my letter much longer there will not be room to print it; so good-bye. I remain your constant reader,

HEATHERBEL M.—

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been spending a month here, and I thought some of your readers would be interested in an account of a Florentine funeral. I saw one last week from the window of my parlor. The burial always takes place after dusk, and by torchlight. The funeral which I saw was that of a celebrated singer, and it made quite a sensation in Florence. I heard a noise in the street and went to the window. It was after five o'clock and very dark. This is what I saw:

First came a procession of monks dressed in black, carrying torches and chanting a hymn; then some members of the Misericordia (Mercy) Society dressed in black and masked; then came the coffin, which was carried by eight nuns in long white robes and wearing masks. The coffin was concealed by a black velvet pall, richly embroidered with gold, and this was quite covered with wreaths of flowers. After the coffin came six priests, gorgeously dressed in scarlet and gold; then a long procession of nuns in black, unmasked, and carrying torches. Then followed the funeral guests. They never have hearse in Florence, the coffin being carried on the shoulders of nuns, if the deceased is a woman, and of monks, if it is a man.

Every one in the procession is on foot, and, with the exception of the pall-bearers, they all carry torches.

The ceremony is very impressive, and rather ghastly.

I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I met Mr. Burnett last week, here, in Florence.

Yours sincerely,

C. ELEASOR S.—

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I was afraid I could not write a nice enough letter. But finally I made up my mind I would. I am a boy, twelve years old, and I have taken you three years. You were given to me for Christmas present, and I like you very much.

I have many pets; a pony, two sheep, and twelve chickens. I did have three rabbits, but they died. I like my pony best of all. He is very gentle, and I can ride him standing up even when he is going very fast.

I think the continued story, "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," is very good.

I am in the high room at school, and every Friday morning we have to give historical news items, and the ST. NICHOLAS helps us a great deal. I have several friends who take you, and they like you very much. With best wishes,

I remain your faithful reader,

MAYNARD H. S.—

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you ever since they came. As I have never written before, I thought that would I write and tell you about a paper which my brothers and myself publish and print. My oldest brother makes the cuts. His name is William, and he is fifteen years old.

Sam, who is thirteen, is editor and business manager, and I, who am two years younger than Sam, am printer and "devil" in general. We have been printing the paper for half a year. The contents are entirely original; poetry, or whatever you choose to call it, and everything else.

I liked "How the Hart Boys saw Great Salt Lake" very much, and "Juan and Juanita" much better.

Your loving reader,

THOMAS M. A.—

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old. I liked the new continued story "Sara Crewe," very much; but, of all your stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the very best. I have a baby brother, who was two years old on Christmas Day. We call him Carroll, and he calls me "brubber." He has a little dog named "Nig," and we are training him to ride on my vegetable. You don't know how funny he looks. Sometimes he loses his balance, and then there is a general collapse.

I remain your loving little reader, FIELDING J. S.—

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. My papa has taken you ever since volume three, in 1875. I was born that year, and of course I cannot remember when we have not had you to read. I was very much interested in "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's." Papa has all of the magazines bound. I took volume eleven to school last week, and read that very amusing story called "Griselda's New-Year's Reception." In the afternoon I read "Little Maud's Story." I have no sisters; only one brother, who is eighteen years old. I spend most of my time out of school in reading.

Your constant reader,

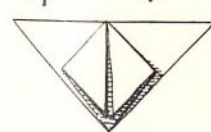
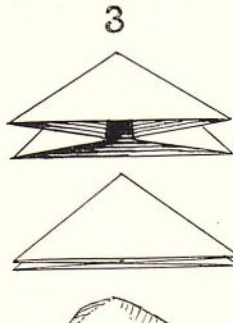
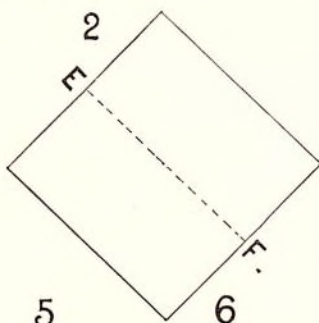
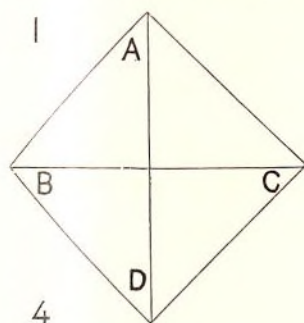
GRACE H.—

HOW TO MAKE A PAPER BALL.

BY GEORGE G. DEAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By following the directions given below, an inflated ball of paper may be made.

Take a square piece of paper, not too stiff, and fold it as follows (see Fig. 1): Bring together the corners marked A and D, making a crease diagonally. Then open, and bring together C and B in the same way, making another crease at right angles. Turn the paper over, and fold it on the line E, F (see Fig. 2). Open it flat on the table, having the same side uppermost as at first; hold the center with one finger, and bring together the ends E and F of the third crease made, and flatten the paper into a triangle (Fig. 3). Then, holding the longest side of the triangle away from you, fold the two farthest corners to the point which is toward you (Fig. 4). Turn the paper over and repeat the last folding, making a square. Bend the nearer half of the opposite corners of the square, marked G and H (see Fig. 5), to the center line, making them meet. Turn the paper over and repeat, making Fig. 6. One point marked I.



will be found to have four loose ends; bend these down, one by one, on the line K, L, and put them snugly into the little pockets J, K, on both sides of the paper. Then blow smartly into the opposite point, marked M (Fig. 6), and the ball will be inflated (Fig. 7).

Yours truly,

GEORGE G. DEAN.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before. I hope you will print this. I have taken you for five years. We have an ice-palace here every winter. It is beautiful. The

last one we had was 194 feet wide, 217 feet long, and 135 feet high. It looked like pictures of palaces you see in story-books. The ice carnival opened with the Ice King's entering the town and taking possession of his palace. The next day the Fire King came and tried to capture the ice-palace, but was driven off. But he was not discouraged, and tried again with his troops to help him. This time he succeeded, and the Ice King was driven off. The battles were fought with fire-works. The fire-works for one battle cost \$10,000. The Ice King had polar bears for an escort, while the Fire King had men dressed like demons, who blew fire out of their mouths.

Your constant reader,

ROB ROY T.—

STRATFORD, ONT., CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have never seen a letter from Stratford, in print, we thought we would write you one.

We have an Audubon Society here for the protection of birds. The society gets its name from John James Audubon, the great naturalist of North America. If there are any ST. NICHOLAS readers who would like to form a society where they live, they can get information from No. 40 Park Row, New York City. Many of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are doubtless members, since so many thousands have joined in the United States. Our mother is the secretary here, and we have ninety-two members. We have great fun in the winter tobogganing and skating. As there is a new rink just finished, and as we live in the hilly part of the city, we don't have far to go for sleigh-riding or tobogganing.

We are all very fond of you, like all your readers, and look forward to the new number every month.

Your affectionate readers,

BESSIE AND CHARLIE W.—

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I must write some time and tell you how much I admire you and your charming stories and pictures, the pictures of Mr. Birch being especially beautiful. I have lived all my life in the West, but have learned to draw a little by myself: so I drew a picture of a little girl who loves ST. NICHOLAS, and always hugs you when you come. I hope some day to be able to draw and write for you. As this is my first letter to you, I hope very much to see it in print; but if my letter is not good enough, I will make another attempt some time. Wishing you a long and happy life, I am

Yours truly,

M. W.—

ANGOL, CHILI, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like, best of all papers, ST. NICHOLAS, in it, "Prince Fairyfoot," "Maggie Grey's Bird," and several other stories; but "Little Lord Fauntleroy" especially. I like the little letters most of all, and "The Brownies." Mamma is very interested in "Juan and Juanita," and "Jenny's Boarding-house." I have

five dolls: one is called Electra, the other Irene, the other Carmine, the other Beulah, and I have one boy doll that is called St. Elmo. I have a pet dog, called Fanny. My sister, Gracie, had a pet dog, also, but it was run over by a hand-car. I have got a box of paints. Nearly every night I paint a little picture. First I mark them on paper, then paint them—but not very well.

From your devoted reader,

ANNETTA A. G.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We do get lots of pleasure from reading your book. I can't say which story we like best, because we enjoy

them all. We are a family of three girls and one boy. Year before last my papa gave you to my older sister for a birthday gift; this year you have been all *my own*, and next month is my last number. Next year you go to our "baby" Bertie. She is baby, but she is almost seven, and is going to school next week. We are all healthy, bright, and happy, and have lots of good times. I know you love children, and will be glad to hear we are all well, although you have never seen us, because you would not try so hard to entertain and make the moments pass happily, if you did not love children. With best wishes for continued success in your noble work, I remain your little admirer,

JULIA CONTEE G—.

CHICAGO, ILL.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your interesting book has been enjoyed by our family very much. I like the stories written by Frank R. Stockton and Miss L. Alcott best, though I like all the rest very much.

Yesterday I took my dog over and had his picture taken, but he had two noses, so I shall have to have him taken again.

Will you please ask Miss Alcott to write another of her pretty little stories?

I have a very naughty little brother named Hambleton; he is always getting into mischief. Mamma says, "He's a real boy."

My papa addressed a letter to me once, Miss Topsy B., and it reached me safely. Just think! I suppose I will have to stop now, though I hate to. So good-bye from your constant reader,

EDITH B—.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. I have some very nice pets: I have nineteen pigeons, a cat named Tabby, and a pony named Daisy, and whenever she sees me out in the yard she neighs at me and comes to me.

The other day, as I was coming home from school, she saw me coming in the front gate, and she came down to meet me and she followed me up to the door.

I have taken you for six years, but have never written to you before. I like your stories very much; my favorites are "Juan and Juanita" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

I tried the experiment of hanging a bottle by a match, and succeeded. I tried to make the "Nantucket Sinks," but I could not get Fig. 5. I could go no farther, of course, but I intend to get papa to show me how.

You are the most interesting magazine that I ever read.

Please excuse this long letter, but it is the first I have ever written to you. I remain your devoted reader, MARY E. H—.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly seven years old. I take you regularly, and am only sorry that you don't come every week. I have no little brothers or sisters, but my dog Frisky is equal to a whole nursery; mamma says, *woorse*. We live close to the "Alamo," and if your little friends don't know about that story they ought to read it. I like "Prince Fairyfoot" and "The Brownies," and "Did you ever since ever you ever were born?"

Your little friend, KATE D—.

WE thank the young friends whose names are given below for pleasant letters which we have received from them:

Helen S. H., Ada M. Langton, Stewart Moore, Fred, Lou, and Nan, F. W. F., Alice L. Feder, Ellen G. Barbour, R. G. Perkins, R. Richards, May E. B., Nannie and Mary Blake, Alice B., Robbie H. Weston, C. E. Langford, Jr., Mattie J. S., Lillie F., Clare F., Josephine D., L. Guernsey, Mabel M., A. T. Jones, Bertha Mann, Anna H., J. B., Emmet P., J. S. C. Robinson, Ollie S. Bryant, Elizabeth Bacon, Robert F. Howard, Mamie and Charlie Higgins, Mary E. H., Bianca, Maude and Naomi L., Bessie and Charlie W., Mary D. Maginnis, Mary W. A., Rob Roy Tallman, Carrie R. Gaulbert, Lewis D. Mackoy, Tom A. Clements, K. N. and F. E. Hilda Bragg, Annie Osborn, Bettie Jones Barksdale, Beulah W., Emma Lyons, Annie V. P., James Perry, Clare N., and Bessie R.

THE BOY WHO WAS SENT TO THE DENTIST.



"NO USE BOTHERING HIM NOW—THE PAIN IS ALL GONE!"

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

SPONGE ACROSTIC. Turkey. Cross-words: 1, daTes; 2, vaUlt; 3, daRis; 4, raKes; 5, paEan; 6, maYor.

BEHEADINGS. Lincoln. 1, L-aver; 2, I-mage; 3, N-ears; 4, Calms; 5, O-ive; 6, L-label; 7, N-acre.

A TRIANGLE: From 1 to 11, Mendelssohn; from 12 to 21, Washington. 1, m; 12, 2, we; 13 to 3, awn; 14 to 4, sued; 15 to 5, hinge; 16 to 6, Israel; 17 to 7, noxious; 18 to 8, galoshes; 19 to 9, Timbuctoo; 20 to 10, outstretch; 21 to 11, negotiation.

DIAMOND. 1, S. 2, Eke. 3, Erato. 4, Skating. 5, Eive.

ONE. 7, G. — **CHARADE.** Spend-thrift.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Arkansas. Cross-words: 1, steAmer; 2, spaRow; 3, masKers; 4, carAvan; 5, spiNner; 6, whiSide; 7, speAker; 8, parSnip.

ACROSTIC. Washington, Wellington. Cross-words: 1, Winning. 2, Alloguy. 3, Settler. 4, Hungers. 5, Inanity. 6, Novices. 7, Garland. 8, Tilling. 9, Objects. 10, Narwhal.

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 DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Russell Davis — Jo and I — "Kanuck and Yank."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Allan F. Barnes, 1 — E. and L. Grieninger, 1 — Maie H. Munroe, 2 — S. W. F., 2 — Noorna Bin Noorka, 3 — "Three Graces," 2 — M. D. M., 1 — "The Rs and Ss," 2 — P. V. Moses, 2 — Alice E. Traver, 2 — Marion Strong, 1 — Bertha Van Kleec, 2 — Louise B. Murphy, 1 — Clifford and Amy, 1 — B. F. Muckleston, 2 — "Peter G. and Patrick M.," 2 — Annie Van Pelt, 2 — Reuben C. Hale, 1 — L. Raymond B., 1 — Adele E. Hartrauf, 1 — Polly and B., 1 — Eleanor A., 2 — "We, Us & Co.," 1 — James M. Hobbs, 1 — Blanche, 2 — Josephine Hyde, 1 — E. M. and F. E. Kaiser, 1 — Carrie R. Gaulbert, 1 — George Seymour, 6 — Paul Reese, 10 — H. R. Metcalf, 1 — Samuel W. Boardman, Jr., 5 — Mary Louise M., 1 — Edna R. Fisher, 2 — Lulu Day, 1 — Anne B., 5 — Fannie H. Tolman, 1 — Marie Hubbard, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — W. E. S., 1 — Annie F. Burbank, 1 — Olivia B. Hazelton, 1 — K. G. S., 11 — A. Love R., 2 — F. E. and E. M. Kaiser, 4 — "Juan and Juanita," 2 — Amy Youngs, 1 — "Socrates," 5 — E. Daisy Eastlake, 10 — "Crystal," 3 — "Complexion," 2 — Twinkle Craig, 2 — Belle Larkin, 2 — Ida, 1 — Nellie and Reggie, 10 — "Puss," 1 — Alice B., 1 — A. C. Rowe, 1 — Alma and Francis, 5 — Alicia T. Hayne, 1 — Anne M. Susie R. and Amey L. Bingham, 6 — no name, St. Johnsbury, 8 — A., C. and M. Kane, 6 — S. T. Metcalf, 1 — A. Fiske and Co., 11 — "Alpha, Alpha," B. C., 6 — Joseph L., 3 — L. L. L. and E. M. L., 5 — "Livy," 3 — "Sally Lunn and Johnny Cake," 5 — Jennie S. Liebmann, 4 — A. H. R. and M. G. R., 9 — "Three Graces," 3 — "Bethlehemite," 5 — Elsie Davenport, 3 — "Dick and Co.," 6 — "Pop and I," 4 — Clifford and Herbert, 3 — Ethel H. Hart, 8 — Willie and Ned Gordon, 2 — "Hikeydum," 5 — Marie Anne S., 6 — "Ninepin," 8 — Crooks, 1 — Lila Higgin, 2 — Ali, Ella and Gerty, 7 — "Griffin and Whale," 4 — F. W. Islip, 11.

RHOMBOIDS. 1. Across: 1. Anile. 2. Oread. 3. Envie. 4. Serve. 5. Scems. 11. Across: 1. Duels. 2. Plead. 3. Mabel. 4. Flail. 5. Endow. 111. Across: 1. Bract. 2. Alarm. 3. Brief. 4. Parol. 5. Depot.

PI. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light,
Approach!
The incrustrated surface shall upheave thy steps
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.

BROKEN WORDS. Candlemas, Valentine. 1. Con-vent. 2. Adam-ant. 3. Neck-lace. 4. Dog's-ear. 5. Luck-now. 6. Even-tide. 7. Made-ira. 8. Alter-nation. 9. Sharp-ens.

WORD SQUARES. I. 1. Plea. 2. Lean. 3. Earn. 4. Anna. 11. 1. Eyes. 2. Yale. 3. Ella. 4. Seat. 111. 1. Arts. 2. Rare. 3. Tree. 4. Seen. IV. 1. Dogs. 2. Ogre. 3. Grin. 4. Send. V. 1. Nose. 2. Oven. 3. Send. 4. Ends.



How many can find a word-dwindle in the above line of music?

PI.

HiwT shuring diwn dan mogloy kises
Het kard dan brutsonb trinew seid:
Raf-fot, sunene, Sigppr laftiny scire,
Didbing elr lasteric hilded sear;
Charm!

HOOR-GLASS.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a word meaning to hate.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Accused. 2. Vervain. 3. A heating apparatus. 4. A feminine name. 5. In vervain. 6. An insect. 7. Poignant. 8. A dish. 9. Length of life. F. S. M.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD tiny, and leave a level, shaded walk. 2. Behead together, and leave tedious. 3. Behead angry, and leave to appraise. 4. Behead a plant on which the cochineal bug feeds, and leave a precious stone. 5. Behead to follow with exactness, and leave a lineage. 6. Behead a location, and leave a pretty fabric. 7. Behead to divert, and leave to ruminate. 8. Behead to drill, and leave to shower. 9. Behead to absolve, and leave to eject. 10. Behead hackneyed, and leave a ceremony. 11. Behead the name of an English general

who distinguished himself in India, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and leave active. 12. Behead a small anchor, and leave rim.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of the patron saint of Ireland. "V. D. WAKE."

CUBE.

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FROM 1 to 2, plentiful; from 2 to 4, to hesitate in speaking; from 1 to 3, unites firmly; from 3 to 4, to reel; from 5 to 6, to pray urgently; from 6 to 8, desires food; from 5 to 7, a wave breaking into foam; from 7 to 8, a famous king of Egypt; from 1 to 5, an animal which has ten legs; from 2 to 6, a decorative girdle; from 4 to 8, hastens; from 3 to 7, acid. "ODD FISH."

