

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XV.

PART II., MAY, 1888, TO OCTOBER, 1888.

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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THE DE VINNE PRESS.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XV.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1888, TO OCTOBER, 1888.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XV.

MAY, 1888.

No. 7.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER I.



THE "Two Little Confederates" lived at Oakland. It was not a very handsome place, as modern ideas go, but down in Old Virginia, where the standard was different from the later one, it passed in old times as one of the best plantations in all that region. The boys thought it the greatest place in the world, of course excepting Richmond, where they had been one year to the fair, and had seen a man pull fire out of his mouth, and do other wonderful things. It was quite secluded. It lay, it is true, right between two of the county roads, the Court-house Road being on one side, and on the other the great "Mountain Road," down which the large covered wagons with six horses and jingling bells used to go; but the lodge lay this side of the one, and "the big woods," where the boys shot squirrels, and hunted 'possums and coons, and which reached to the edge of "Holetown," stretched between the house and the other, so that the big gate-post where the semi-weekly mail was left by the mail-rider each Tuesday and Friday afternoon was a long walk, even by the near cut through the woods. The railroad was ten miles away by the road. There was a nearer way, only about half the distance, by which the negroes used to walk, and which during the war, after all the horses were gone the boys, too, learned to travel; but before that, the road

by Trinity Church and Honeyman's Bridge was the only route, and the other was simply a dim bridle-path, and the "horseshoe ford" was known to the initiated alone.

The mansion itself was known on the plantation as "the gret house," to distinguish it from all the other houses on the place, of which there were many. It had as many wings as the angels in the vision of Ezekiel.

These additions had been made, some in one generation, some in another, as the size of the family required; and finally, when there was no side of the original building to which another wing could be joined, a separate building had been erected on the edge of the yard, which was called "The Office," and was used as such, as well as for a lodging-place by the young men of the family. The privilege of sleeping in the Office was highly esteemed, for, like the *toga virilis*, it marked the entrance upon manhood of the youths who were fortunate enough to enjoy it. There smoking was admissible, there the guns were kept in the corner, and there the dogs were allowed to sleep at the feet of their young masters, or in bed with them, if they preferred it.

In one of the rooms in this building the boys went to school whilst small, and another they looked forward to having as their own when they should be old enough to be thought worthy of the dignity of sleeping in the Office. Hugh already slept there, and gave himself airs in proportion; but Hugh they regarded as a very aged person; not as old, it was true, as their cousins who came down from

college at Christmas, and who, at the first outbreak of war, all rushed into the army; but each of these was in the boys' eyes a Methuselah. Hugh had his own horse and the double-barrelled gun, and when a fellow got those there was little material difference between him and other men, even if he did have to go to the academy,—which was really something like going to school.

The boys were Frank and Willy; Frank being the eldest. They went by several names on the place. Their mother called them her "little men," with much pride; Uncle Balla spoke of them as "them chillern," which generally implied something of reproach; and Lucy Ann, who had been taken into the house to "run after" them when they were little boys, always coupled their names as "Frank 'n' Willy." Peter and Cole did the same when their mistress was not by.

When there first began to be talk at Oakland about the war, the boys thought it would be a dreadful thing; their principal ideas about war being formed from an intimate acquaintance with the Bible and its accounts of the wars of the Children of Israel, in which men, women and children were invariably put to the sword. This gave a vivid conception of its horrors.

One evening, in the midst of a discussion about the approaching crisis, Willy astonished the company, who were discussing the merits of the probable leaders of the Union armies, by suddenly announcing that he'd "bet they did n't have any general who could beat Joab."

Up to the time of the war the boys had led a very uneventful, but a very pleasant life. They used to go hunting with Hugh, their older brother, when he would let them go, and after the cows with Peter and Cole. Old Balla, the driver, was their boon comrade and adviser, and taught them to make whips, and traps for hares and birds, as he had taught them to ride and to cobble shoes.

He lived alone (his wife had been set free years before, and lived in Philadelphia). His room over "the old kitchen" was the boys' play-room when he would permit them to come in. There were so many odds and ends in it!

Then the boys played blindman's-buff in the house, or hide-and-seek about the yard or garden, or upstairs in their den, a narrow alcove at the top of the house. The little willow-shadowed creek, that ran through the meadow behind the barn, was one of their haunts. They fished in it for minnows and little perch; they made dams and bathed in it; and sometimes they played pirates upon its waters.

Once they made an extended search up and down its banks for any fragments of Pharaoh's chariots which might have been washed up so

high; but that was when they were younger and did not have much sense.

CHAPTER II.



THERE was great excitement during the John Brown raid, and the good grandmother used to pray for him and Cook, whose pictures were in the papers.

The boys became soldiers, and drilled punctiliously with guns which they got Uncle Balla to make for them. Frank was the captain, Willy the first lieutenant, and a dozen or more little negroes composed the rank and file, Peter and Cole being trusted file-closers.

A little later they found their sympathies all on the side of peace and the preservation of the Union. Their uncle was for keeping the Union unbroken, and ran for the Convention against Colonel Richards, who was the chief officer of the militia in the county, and was as blood-thirsty as Tamerlane, who reared the pyramid of skulls, and as hungry for military renown as the great Napoleon.

There was immense excitement in the county over the election. Though the boys' mother had made them add to their prayers a petition that their Uncle William might win, and that he might secure the blessings of peace; and, though at family prayers, night and morning, the same petition was presented, the boys' uncle was beaten at the polls by a large majority. And then they knew there was bound to be war, and that it must be very wicked. They almost felt the "invader's heel," and the invaders were invariably spoken of as "cruel," and the heel was described as of "iron," and was always mentioned as engaged in the act of crushing. They would have been terribly alarmed at this cruel invasion had they not been reassured by the general belief of the community that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees, and that, collectively, the South could drive back the North with popguns. When the war actually broke out, the boys were the most enthusiastic of rebels, and the troops in Camp Lee did not drill more continuously nor industriously.

Their father, who had been a Whig and opposed

secession until the very last, on Virginia's seceding, finally cast his lot with his people, and joined an infantry company; and Uncle William raised and equipped an artillery company, of which he was chosen captain; but the infantry was too tame and the artillery too ponderous to suit the boys.

They were taken to see the drill of the county troop of cavalry, with its prancing horses and clanging sabers. It was commanded by a cousin; and from that moment they were cavalymen to the core. They flung away their stick-guns in disgust; and Uncle Balla spent two grumbling days fashioning them a stableful of horses with real heads and "sure 'nough" leather bridles.

Once, indeed, a secret attempt was made to utilize the horses and mules which were running in the back pasture; but a premature discovery of the scheme ended in such disaster to all concerned that the plan was abandoned, and the boys had to content themselves with their wooden steeds.

The day that the final orders came for their father and uncle to go to Richmond,—from which point they were ordered to "the Peninsula,"—the boys could not understand why every one was suddenly plunged into such distress. Then, next morning, when the soldiers left, the boys could not altogether comprehend it. They thought it was a very fine thing to be allowed

with pride the two glittering sabers which he had allowed no one but himself to polish, that "Ef them Britishers jes sees dese swodes dee 'll run!" The boys tried to explain to him that these were not British, but Yankees, — but he was hard to convince. Even Lucy Ann, who was incurably afraid of everything like a gun or fire-arm, partook of the general fervor, and boasted effusively that she had actually "tetched" Marse John's big "pistils."

Hugh, who was fifteen, and was permitted to accompany his father to Richmond, was regarded by the boys with a feeling of mingled envy and veneration, which he accepted with dignified complacency.

Frank and Willy soon found that war brought some immunities. The house filled up so with the families of cousins and friends who were refugees that the boys were obliged to sleep in the Office, and thus they felt that, at a bound, they were almost as old as Hugh.

There were the cousins from Gloucester, from



FRANK AND WILLY ATTEMPT CAVALRY PRACTICE IN THE "BACK PASTURE."

to ride Frank and Hun, the two war-horses, with their new, deep, army saddles and long bits. They cried when their father and uncle said good-bye, and went away; but it was because their mother looked so pale and ill, and not because they did not think it was all grand. They had no doubt that all would come back soon, for old Uncle Billy, the "head-man," who had been born down in "Little York," where Cornwallis surrendered, had expressed the sentiment of the whole plantation when he declared, as he sat in the back yard surrounded by an admiring throng, and surveyed

the Valley, and families of relatives from Baltimore and New York, who had come south on the declaration of war. Their favorite was their cousin Belle, whose beauty at once captivated both boys. This was the first time that the boys ever knew anything of girls, except their own sister, Evelyn; and after a brief period, during which the novelty gave them pleasure, the inability of the girls to hunt, or climb trees, or play knucks, etc., and the additional restraint which their presence imposed, caused them to hold the opinion that "girls were no good."

CHAPTER III.



IN course of time they saw a great deal of "the army,"—which meant the Confederates. The idea that the Yankees could ever get to Oakland never entered any one's head. It was understood that the army lay between us and them, and surely they could never get by the innumerable soldiers who were always passing up one road or the other, and who, day after day and night after night, were coming to be fed, and were rapidly eating up everything that had been left on the place. They had been coming so long now that they made scarcely any difference; but the first time a regiment camped in the neighborhood it created great excitement.

It became known one night that a cavalry regiment, in which were several of their cousins, was camped at Honeyman's Bridge, and the boys' mother determined to send a supply of provisions for the camp next morning; so several sheep were killed, the smoke-house was opened, and all night long the great fires in the kitchen and wash-house glowed; and even then there was not room, so that a big fire was kindled in the back yard, beside which saddles of mutton were roasted in the tin kitchens. Everybody was "rushing."

The boys were told that they might go to see the soldiers, and as they had to get off long before daylight, they went to bed early, and left all "the other boys"—that is, Peter and Cole and other colored children—squatting about the fires and trying to help the cooks to pile on wood.

It was hard to leave the exciting scene.

They were very sleepy the next morning; indeed, they seemed scarcely to have fallen asleep when Lucy Ann shook them; but they jumped up without the usual application of cold water in their faces, which Lucy Ann so delighted to make; and in a little while they were out in the yard, where Balla was standing holding three horses,—their mother's riding-horse; another with a side-saddle for their Cousin Belle, whose brother was in the regiment; and one for himself,—and Peter and Cole were holding the carriage-horses for the boys, and several other men were holding mules.

Great hampers covered with white napkins, were on the porch, and the savory smell decided the boys not to eat their breakfast, but to wait and take their share with the soldiers.

The roads were so bad that the carriage could

not go; and as the boys' mother wished to get the provisions to the soldiers before they broke camp, they had to set out at once. In a few minutes they were all in the saddle, the boys and their mother and Cousin Belle in front, and Balla and the other servants following close behind, each holding before him a hamper, which looked queer and shadowy as they rode on in the darkness.

The sky, which was filled with stars when they set out, grew white as they splashed along mile after mile through the mud. Then the road became clearer; they could see into the woods, and the sky changed to a rich pink, like the color of peach-blossoms. Their horses were covered with mud up to the saddle-skirts. They turned into a lane only half a mile from the bridge, and, suddenly, a bugle rang out down in the wooded bottom below them, and the boys hardly could be kept from putting their horses to a run, so fearful were they that the soldiers were leaving, and that they should not see them. Their mother, however, told them that this was probably the reveille, or "rising-bell," of the soldiers. She rode on at a good sharp canter, and the boys were diverting themselves over a discussion as to who would act the part of Lucy Ann in waking the regiment of soldiers, when they turned a curve, and at the end of the road, a few hundred yards ahead, stood several horsemen.

"There they are," exclaimed both boys.

"No, that is a picket," said their mother; "gallop on, Frank, and tell them we are bringing breakfast for the regiment."

Frank dashed ahead, and soon they saw a soldier ride forward to meet him, and, after a few words, return with him to his comrades. Then, while they were still a hundred yards distant, they saw Frank, who had received some directions, start off again toward the bridge, at a hard gallop. The picket had told him to go straight on down the hill, and he would find the camp just the other side of the bridge. He accordingly rode on, feeling very important at being allowed to go alone to the camp on such a mission.

As he reached a turn in the road, just above the river, the whole regiment lay swarming below him among the large trees on the bank of the little stream. The horses were picketed to bushes and stakes, in long rows, the saddles lying on the ground, not far off; and hundreds of men were moving about, some in full uniform and others without coat or vest. A half-dozen wagons with sheets on them stood on one side among the trees, near which several fires were smoking, with men around them.

As Frank clattered up to the bridge, a soldier with a gun on his arm, who had been standing by the railing, walked out to the middle of the bridge

"Halt! Where are you going in such a hurry, my young man?" he said.

"I wish to see the colonel," said Frank, repeating as nearly as he could the words the picket had told him.

"What do you want with him?"

Frank was tempted not to tell him; but he was so impatient to deliver his message before the others should arrive, that he told him what he had come for.

"There he is," said the sentinel, pointing to a place among the trees where stood at least five hundred men.

Frank looked, expecting to recognize the colonel by his noble bearing, or splendid uniform, or some striking marks.

"Where?" he asked, in doubt; for while a number of the men were in uniform, he knew these to be privates.

"There," said the sentry, pointing; "by that stump, near the yellow horse-blanket."

Frank looked again. The only man he could fix upon by the description was a young fellow washing his face in a tin basin, and he felt this could not be the colonel; but he did not like to appear dull, so he thanked the man and rode on, thinking he would go to the point indicated, and ask some one else to show him the officer.

He felt quite grand as he rode in among the men, who, he thought, would recognize his importance and treat him accordingly; but, as he rode on, instead of paying him the respect he had expected, they

began to guy him with all sorts of questions.

"Hello, bud, going to jine the cavalry?" asked one. "Which is oldest; you or your horse?" inquired another.

"How 's Pa—and Ma?" "Does your mother know you're out?" asked others. One soldier walked up, and, putting his hand on the bridle, proceeded affably to ask him after his health, and that of every member of his family. At first, Frank did not understand that they were making fun of him, but it dawned on him when the man asked him, solemnly:

"Are there any Yankees around, that you were running away so fast just now?"

"No; if there were I'd never have found you

here," said Frank, shortly, in reply; which at once turned the tide in his favor and diverted the ridicule from himself to his teaser, who was seized by some of his comrades and carried off with much laughter and slapping on the back.

"I wish to see Colonel Marshall," said Frank, pushing his way through the group that surrounded him, and riding up to the man who was still occupied at the basin on the stump.

"All right, sir, I'm the man," said the individual, cheerily looking up with his face dripping and rosy from its recent scrubbing.

"You the colonel?" exclaimed Frank, suspicious that he was again being ridiculed, and thinking it impossible that this slim, rosy-faced youngster, who was scarcely stouter than Hugh, and who was washing in a tin basin, could be the commander



IN THE NEGROES' QUARTERS.

of all these soldierly-looking men, many of whom were old enough to be his father.

"Yes, I'm the Lieutenant-Colonel. I'm in command," said the gentleman, smiling at him over the towel.

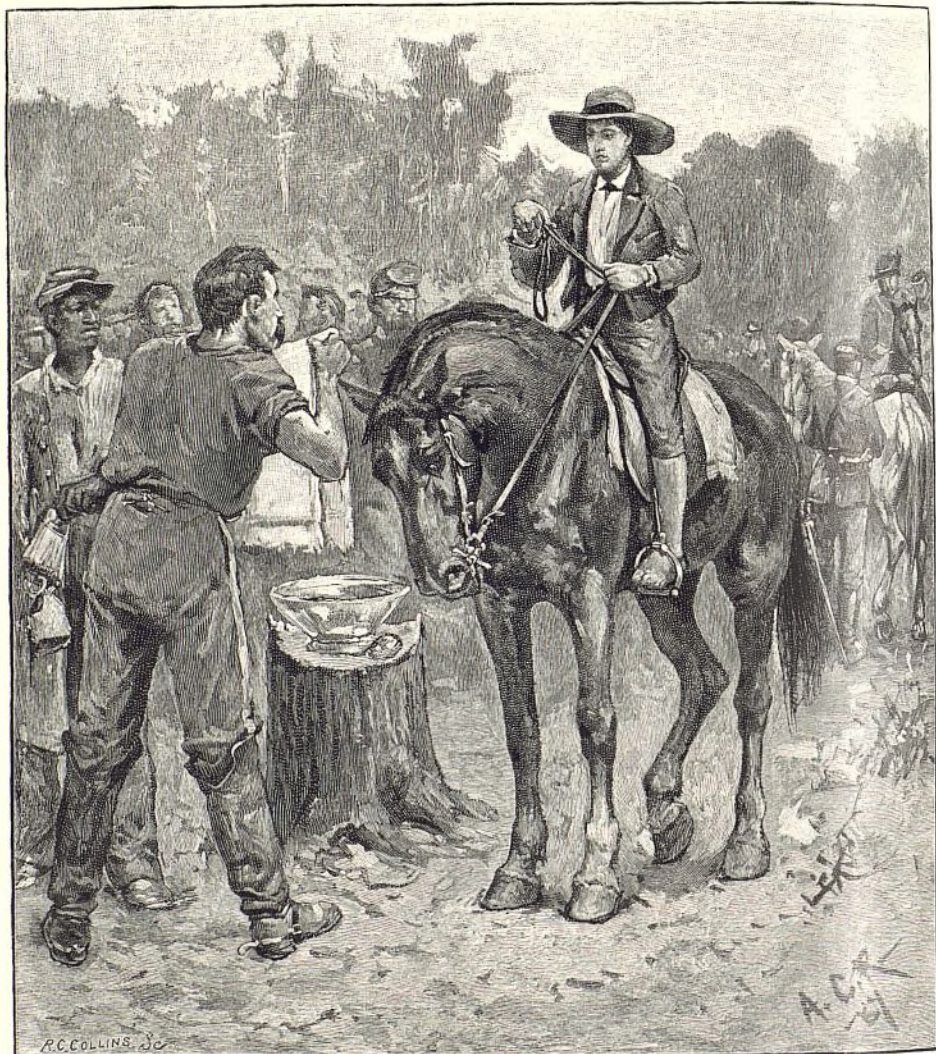
Something made Frank understand that this was really the officer, and he gave his message, which was received with many expressions of thanks.

"Won't you get down? Here, Campbell, take this horse, will you?" he called to a soldier, as Frank sprang from his horse. The orderly stepped forward and took the bridle.

"Now, come with me," said the colonel, leading the way. "We must get ready to receive your

mother. There are some ladies coming — and breakfast," he called to a group who were engaged in the same occupation he had just ended, and whom Frank knew by instinct to be officers.

with his coat tightly buttoned, his soft hat set jauntily on the side of his head, his plume sweeping over its side, and his sword clattering at his spurred heel, he presented a very different



"'I'M IN COMMAND,' SAID THE GENTLEMAN, SMILING AT HIM OVER THE TOWEL."

The information seemed to electrify the little knot addressed; for they began to rush around, and in a few moments they all were in their uniforms, and surrounding the colonel, who having brushed his hair with the aid of a little glass hung on a bush, had hurried into his coat and was buckling on his sword and giving orders in a way which at once satisfied Frank that he was every inch a colonel.

"Now let us go and receive your mother," said he to the boy. As he strode through the camp,

appearance from that which he had made a little before, with his head in a tin basin, and his face covered with lather. In fact, Colonel Marshall was already a noted officer, and before the end of the war he attained still higher rank and reputation.

The colonel met the rest of the party at the bridge and introduced himself and several officers who soon joined him. The negroes were directed to take the provisions over to the other side of the stream into the camp, and in a little while the whole regiment were enjoying the breakfast.

The boys and their mother had at the colonel's request joined his mess, in which was one of their cousins, the brother of their cousin Belle.

The gentlemen could eat scarcely anything, they were so busy attending to the wants of the ladies. The colonel, particularly, waited on their cousin Belle all the time.

As soon as they had finished, the colonel left them, and a bugle blew. In a minute all was bustle. Officers were giving orders; horses were saddled and brought out; and, by what seemed magic to the boys, the men who just before were scattered about among the trees laughing and eating, were standing by their horses all in proper order. The colonel and the officers came and said good-bye.

Again the bugle blew. Every man was in his saddle. A few words by the colonel, followed by other words from the captains, and the column started, turning across the bridge, the feet of the horses thundering on the planks. Then the regiment wound up the hill at a walk, the men singing snatches of a dozen songs, of which "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Lorena," and "Carry me Back to Old Virginia Shore," were the chief ones.

It seemed to the boys that to be a soldier was the noblest thing on earth; and that this regiment could do anything.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this, it became a common thing for passing regiments to camp near Oakland, and the fires blazed many a night, cooking for the soldiers, till the chickens were crowing in the morning. The negroes all had hen-houses and raised their own chickens, and when a camp was near them they used to drive a thriving trade on their own account, selling eggs and chickens to the privates while the officers were entertained in the "gret house."

It was thought an honor to furnish food to the soldiers. Every soldier was to the boys a hero, and each young officer might rival Ivanhoe or Cœur de Lion.

It was not a great while, however, before they learned that all soldiers were not like their favorite knights. At any rate, thefts were frequent. The absence of men from the plantations, and the constant passing of strangers made stealing easy, and hen-roosts were robbed time after time, and even pigs and sheep were taken without any trace of the thieves. The boys' hen-house, however, which was in the yard, had never been troubled. It was about their only possession, and they took great pride in it.

One night the boys were fast asleep in their room in the office, with old Bruno and Nick curled up on

their sheep-skins on the floor. Hugh was away, so the boys were the only "men" on the place, and felt that they were the protectors of the plantation. The frequent thefts had made every one very suspicious, and the boys had made up their minds to be on the watch, and, if possible, to catch the thief.

The negroes said that the deserters did the stealing. On the night in question, the boys were sound asleep when old Bruno gave a low growl, and then began walking and sniffing up and down the room. Soon Nick gave a sharp, quick bark.

Frank waked first. He was not startled, for the dogs were in the habit of barking whenever they wished to go out-of-doors. Now, however, they kept it up, and it was in a strain somewhat different from their usual signal.

"What's the matter with you? Go and lie down, Bruno," called Frank. "Hush up, Nick!" But Bruno would not lie down, and Nick would not keep quiet, though at the sound of Frank's voice they felt less responsibility, and contented themselves with a low growling.

After a little while Frank was on the point of dropping off to sleep again, when he heard a sound out in the yard, which at once thoroughly awakened him. He nudged Willy in the side.

"Willy — Willy, wake up; there's some one moving around outdoors."

"Umm-mm," groaned Willy, turning over and settling himself for another nap.

The sound of a chicken chirping out in fright reached Frank's ear.

"Wake up, Willy!" he called, pinching him hard. "There's some one at the hen-house."

Willy was awake in a second. The boys consulted as to what should be done. Willy was skeptical. He thought Frank had been dreaming, or that it was only Uncle Balla, or "some one" moving about the yard. But a second cackle of warning reached them, and in a minute both boys were out of bed pulling on their clothes with trembling impatience.

"Let's go and wake Uncle Balla," proposed Willy, getting himself all tangled in the legs of his trousers.

"No; I'll tell you what, let's catch him ourselves," suggested Frank.

"All right," assented Willy. "We'll catch him and lock him up; suppose he's got a pistol, your gun maybe won't go off; it does n't always burst the cap."

"Well, your old musket is loaded, and you can hold him while I snap the cap at him, and get it ready."

"All right — I can't find my jacket — I'll hold him."

"Where in the world is my hat?" whispered

Frank. "Never mind, it must be in the house. Let's go out the back way. We can get out without his hearing us."

"What shall we do with the dogs? Let's shut them up."

"No, let's take 'em with us. We can keep them quiet and hold 'em in, and they can track him if he gets away."

"All right;" and the boys slowly opened the door, and crept stealthily out, Frank clutching his double-barrelled gun, and Willy hugging a heavy musket which he had found and claimed as one of the prizes of war. It was almost pitch-dark.

They decided that one should take one side of the hen-house, and one the other side (in such a way that if they had to shoot, they would almost certainly shoot one another!) but before they had separated both dogs jerked loose from their hands and dashed away in the darkness, barking furiously.

"There he goes round the garden," shouted Willy, as the sound of footsteps like those of a man running with all his might came from the direction which the dogs had taken.

"Come on," and both started; but, after taking a few steps, they stopped to listen so that they might trace the fugitive.

A faint noise behind them arrested their attention, and Frank tiptoed back toward the hen-house. It was too dark to see much, but he heard the hen-house door creak, and was conscious even in the darkness that it was being pushed slowly open.

"Here's one, Willy," he shouted, at the same time putting his gun to his shoulder and pulling the trigger. The hammer fell with a sharp "click" just as the door was snatched to with a bang. The cap had failed to explode, or the chicken-eating days of the individual in the hen-house would have ended then and there.

The boys stood for some moments with their guns pointed at the door of the hen-house expecting the person within to attempt to burst out; but the click of the hammer and their hurried conference without, in which it was agreed to let him have both barrels if he appeared, reconciled him to remaining within.

After some time it was decided to go and wake Uncle Balla, and confer with him as to the proper disposition of their captive. Accordingly, Frank went off to obtain help whilst Willy remained to watch the hen-house. As Frank left he called back:

"Willy, you take good aim at him and if he pokes his head out—let him have it!"

This Willy solemnly promised to do.

Frank was hardly out of hearing before Willy was surprised to hear the prisoner call him by name in the most friendly and familiar manner, although the voice was a strange one.

"Willy, is that you?" called the person inside.

"Yes."

"Where's Frank?"

"Gone to get Uncle Balla."

"Did you see that other fellow?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd shot him. He brought me here and played a joke on me. He told me this was a house I could sleep in, and shut me up in here,—and blest if I don't b'lieve it's nothin' but a hen-house. Let me out here a minute," he continued, after a pause, cajolingly.

"No, I won't," said Willy firmly, getting his gun ready.

There was a pause, and then from the depths of the hen-house issued the most awful groan:

"Umm! Ummm!! Ummmm!!!"

Willy was frightened.

"Umm! Umm!" was repeated.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Willy, feeling sorry in spite of himself.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm so sick," groaned the man in the hen-house.

"How? What's the matter?"

"That man that fooled me in here, gave me something to drink, and it's pizenened me; oh! oh! oh! I'm dying."

It was a horrible groan.

Willy's heart relented. He moved to the door and was just about to open it to look in when a light flashed across the yard from Uncle Balla's house, and he saw him coming with a flaming light-wood knot in his hand.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE MOON

by Bessie Chandler.



Mama, look!
The little moon
Makes just the
Letter C,

And if it had another line
I would make the letter G.

And if there was another moon,
put opposite just so -
'T would make another letter there,
and that would be an O

I think it's funny that I see my letters up so high;
I thought they only were on blocks, but there they're in the sky.

I seem to see them everywhere, whenever I'm at play; -
I lay my drumsticks on my drum and there's the letter




At dinner when I sit and play with knives and forks, I see
All kinds of letters 'round my plate, T, V, X, Y, and Z,

When Bridget's good and lets me have the clothes-pins on the floor,
I make H, I, L, M, and N, and lots of letters more.

My papa looks for hours and hours at letters in a book,
With not a picture there at all at which I care to look.

I think that letters are quite nice for little boys like me;
But why a Man should care for them, I really cannot see.

The Duke's Jest.



HIS Grace, the Duke of Noodledom,—
 A man of mighty name,
 Commander, Conqueror, Sovereign Lord,
 Omnipotent, to praise or blame,—
 Of honor rightly his, made light,
 And yearned to win a different fame.

His Grace the Duke of Noodledom,
 A noted wit would be.
 Who praised his realm must also praise
 His skill at puns and repartee;
 And woe to him with eyes too dim
 His Grace's famous jokes to see!



F is friends and followers, and the
 rest
 Who sought his smiles to win,
 Hung on his lips, when pleased
 my lord
 Some pleasant drollery to
 begin,
 And met each pause with loud
 applause,
 Exactly where the laugh
 came in.



Your pardon, Duke," Yacomo
 said,
 "What did Your Grace re-
 mark?"
 The Duke, amazed, re-
 hearsed the joke,
 His brow with gathering
 fury dark.
 Yacomo frowned, gazed on
 the ground,
 And, thoughtful, scanned the distant park.



"They
 talked all day,
 explained
 all night."

A stranger at the Court, one day,
 A man obtuse though wise,
 Walked with the Duke, who,—thinking thus
 The grave Yacomo to surprise,—
 Cracked for his guest his favorite jest,—
 A thing to melt the sternest eyes.

"I fear your meaning still I miss,"
 With suave regret he said.
 The gentlemen who stood about,
 Shook in their silken shoes with dread,
 While once again, in rage and pain
 The hapless joke was hazarded.



Then, when Yacomo silent stood,
Outstormed his angry Grace:
"What! Not a smile? Dull
fool, your life
Is yours but for a moment's
space!
Down, wretch, and pray! Your
head shall pay
For what is lacking in your
face!"

Yacomo fell upon the ground,
"My doom is just!" said he.
"But, ere I am forever dumb,
One boon I beg, on bended knee;
I pray that I, before I die,
May have the joke explained to me!"

"T is well," the softened Duke replied,
"I grant your last request.
Go you, my learned ministers,
Elucidate to him the jest.
The executioner, when you
Have made it clear, will do the rest."

They talked all day, explained all night,
The next day, and the next;
Expostulated, argued, urged,
Until their very souls were vexed,
And still he gazed like one amazed,
His brow with anxious thought perplexed.

The weeks went by; the months, the years,
His counselors grew gray.
The man who could not see a joke
Was marked by children at their play.
The Duke was to his promise true,
And waiting, spared him day by day.



And when at last, His Grace
had made
A final joke, and died,
And Noodledom had quite for-
got
The wit which once had
been her pride,
Still in his cell, alive and
well,
Yacomo rested satisfied.

LITTLE ROSALIE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

IT was a little "play-acting girl," as the children's nurse called her. Her name, on the advertising bills posted up at every street corner, was "LITTLE ROSALIE"; and the great delight of the children was to be allowed to go to a matinée on a Saturday afternoon when they could hear and see her. It made no difference to them who else was on the stage. Irving, himself, or Booth, Patti or Nilsson, might have figured there; to the children they would have been merely as aids to "Little Rosalie"; there was no play to speak of till she appeared; or, if there were, it was only because it led up to her appearance; and, when she vanished, it was all flat and unprofitable till she came on again.

When they went home they used to talk over the afternoon's experience untiringly, by the nursery firelight and even after they were in their beds. But the subject of their talk was never the mystery and excitement of the play, the charm

of the scenery with its lovely landscapes and splendid drawing-rooms, the beauty of the leading lady, the sweetness of the music, the drollery of clown, or comic man—it was always and only, Little Rosalie.

Sometimes Little Rosalie was one character in the play, and sometimes she was another. Once she was a moonlight fairy, in a little, white silk gown whose long folds fell about her feet; her soft hair was loose on her shoulders, a star gleamed on her forehead, and another star tipped the lily's stem she held for a wand; with her eyes uplifted, and a white light on her face, she sang, and the children thought a little angel from heaven would sing and look in just that way. And then a rosy light shone on her and made her lovely and luminous; again this changed to a pale-blue light, while a mist gathered about her and she seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer, singing more and more faintly, and now—she was gone! The

children knew nothing of the way in which folds of lace, drawn one after another between her and themselves, had caused her to disappear; all seemed to be due to Rosalie's own powers and perfections. And when, in another scene, she came dancing on in short, gauzy skirts, with two butterfly-wings of peacock-feathers upon her shoulders and, springing upon a cloud, went sailing up out of sight as the play ended with soft music, they always found it difficult thoroughly to believe that she was not a fairy indeed; and the next time they were taken to see her, they felt some misgivings as to whether she really would be there. And when she did appear, but as a poor little street-girl selling trifles from her basket, then it seemed as if she had been a poor little street-girl all her life, and that her fairy existence were all a dream of their own.

What they would have said, at first, if they could have known that Little Rosalie acted the part of a street-girl selling trifles for her mother and the rest at home, in so lifelike a manner, because Rosalie was in truth and reality working for her own mother and the others at home, I do not know. They never thought of her as living a life apart from that at the theater. It never occurred to them to ask what became of her in the times when she was not tripping and dancing hither and thither in the midst of colored lights and enchantments; whether she was packed up and put away with the stage properties, or whether she lived perpetually in the light and atmosphere in which they saw her play her mimic part. But there was no lady in all the land, nor in all the story-books, nor in all dear Maidie's histories, nor in all the tales that Aunt Nan had to tell, who was one tithe as interesting to them as Little Rosalie. And when they put a penny aside for their church money and their missionary money, they were very apt to put two pennies aside for the ticket that was to be an "open sesame" to Little Rosalie's domain; and even their own savings were not enough, but had to be helped out by Uncle John or Aunt Sophy—for there were so many of them that they usually had found it best when they went to the theater to take a box, and that required quite a sum of money.

But it was not so very often, after all, that this indulgence was permitted them. Not half a dozen times a year were they allowed so great a treat; but once, for themselves, and with their own money; and once, because it was Christmas week; and once, because some lady came with a young daughter of her own to be entertained; and once, when their cousins came up from the country,—and oh, how they wished they had cousins to come up from the country every week!

"No," said Mamma. "When you have been having hard lessons, when Maidie has been struggling with her 'compound proportion'—"

"The rule of three perplexes me, and practice drives me mad," sang Tom, half under his breath.

"And Tom, laboring over his Natural Philosophy, and Bessy has mastered her 'complex fractions,' and Fanny learns a new line in the multiplication table; and John, and Joe, and all, have been doing their best;—then I think an excursion into Fairyland does you no harm, and I let you go and see Little Rosalie. But if you went as often as you wish to go,—why, it would be like a dinner that is all dessert! And that, you know, would never do."

"I suppose not, Mamma," said Maidie, a little sorrowfully.

"Going to see Little Rosalie," said Tom, "is n't like going to the theater, generally. It's—"

"It's just because we love her so," said Bessy.

"And wish to see her," added Johnny.

"And I really think she knows us now," said Maidie. "I should have liked so much to throw her my bunch of violets, if I had dared, the very last time we were there."

"Why did n't you tell me?" said Tom. "I'd have thrown them for you."

"Because I knew you would, I suppose," answered Maidie. "And I did n't know whether it would do, you know."

"That's just like a girl!" said Tom.

"You don't expect me to be like anything else, do you?" said Maidie, with her sweet, roguish smile.

"Mamma," said Kitten, returning to the subject, "is she weally alive, or do they only wind her up and make her go?"

"I don't believe she's alive just as we are," said Fanny. "She has those lovely wings, you know."

"She does n't have them all the time," said Joe. "She does n't have them when she's kneeling by her dying mother, or selling the things in the street."

"Oh, then," said Bessy, "she's *acting*! And the wings are probably folded up under her ragged gown."

"But I should think they'd show, just a little bit."

"Well, they don't. Oh, should n't you like to know her, Maidie, and talk with her once!" But Maidie was busy just then in comforting Kitten, who had hit her head against some corner.

"The idea!" said Aunt Lydia, who did not live with them, but was calling. "I should certainly be afraid, Margaret, that being so fascinated by her, they might some time become acquainted with this child-actor."

"And what if they should?" said their mother.
"I am acquainted with her."

"You, Mamma, you?" came a chorus. "Oh, Mamma, you can't mean so!—how did it happen?—tell us all about it, please!"

"Is she a *truly* person?" asked Kitten.

"Does she live in the theater?" asked Johnny.

"Has she a mother, or anybody?" asked Maidie.

"Yes, she is a 'truly' person," answered their mother. "She lives on a street around the corner a little way from the theater. She has a mother,—a very sick mother, and an old grandmother, and a number of brothers and sisters. And she takes care of all of them."

"Takes care?" asked Maidie, drawing her puzzled brows together.

"Yes, actually takes care. In the first place, there is no money for the family but that which she herself earns. Out of her salary she pays the rent of their rooms, buys their coal, and all their food, their clothes, their medicines, and everything else they have. Of course, they do not have a great deal. And more than that. This lovely little fairy creature who seems to you a being of wings and colors, of light, music, and grace, of dancing, and of miraculous fairy-powers, rises in the morning and makes the fire, and dresses the children,—the two youngest are twins,—and they all are younger than she herself, too young yet to do any work worth mentioning. Then she prepares the breakfast, and makes her mother comfortable, helps her poor old grandmother, and arranges the rooms. Some of the littler ones help her in that. And then she goes to rehearsal; that is, to the empty theater, where they practice portions of the evening work, with nobody to look on or applaud."

"Oh, how I should like to be there!" cried Maidie, "I mean, if all the rest of us could be."

"It would n't attract you in the least," said Aunt Lydia. "All that part of the house where the audience sits is dark; black cambric covers the seats, and keeps the dust from the velvet and gilding; and on the stage the scenes are not set, so you see only odd pieces of painted boards and ropes and pulleys; while carpenters and their men are running about without their coats. The players are in their everyday clothes, and rattle over their parts, going through only the necessary motions, or trying certain of the mechanical effects,—the things that are done by machinery, you know,—such as riding away on clouds, or sailing upon a river, and so on. Oh, they are not at all interesting, rehearsals," said Aunt Lydia. "You make the thing altogether too attractive, Margaret."

"Well then, rehearsal over," resumed their mother, with a smile, "our Little Rosalie goes

to market, and comes home, gets dinner and clears it away. And if she has a new part to learn, she sits down to study it; and the study is severe, for she has to learn by heart every word she is to say, every gesture she is to make, and every step she is to take. She has to practice her dances, sometimes for hours, and her songs, too. Oh, she works every day for many hours harder than you ever worked any hour in your lives. She has also to make and mend for the others, though the old grandmother gives some little help; and, when night comes, the twins and the three other children put themselves to bed, while off she goes with her basket of costumes on her arm. Nobody thinks of troubling her, for all the policemen and people about there know her and are on the lookout to see her safely on her way.

"When the play is over she comes out of the stage-door into the night. It is often snowy and slippery, or dark and muddy from a heavy rain, with not a star to be seen, the long reflections of the street lamps shining on the wet pavements. Sometimes she has a little supper with her grandmother before she creeps into bed, tired out; but often she goes to bed hungry.

"I suppose she may be able to play her fairy and childish parts for some years yet; for poor food and not enough of it, late hours and little sleep, and her hard life, altogether, will perhaps have the effect of making her grow very slowly, and it is probable she will always be rather undersized. But her beautiful voice ought to be carefully trained."

"Oh, Mamma!" cried Maidie, with tears in her sweet eyes, "I think it is so cruel. If she could only come and live with us!"

"And what would become then of her mother and grandmother, of her sisters and brothers? They have nobody but Rosalie to do anything for them, and would have to go to the almshouse or die of starvation if it were not for her earnings."

"Oh, I forgot!"

"Papa could take care of them!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Do you think Papa could take care of another family of eight persons, and educate and bring up the younger ones?"

"I suppose you think he is made of gold!" cried Joe.

"There are people worse off than these," resumed Mamma; "people who have n't even any Rosalie to earn money for them. And such people need all the time and money that Papa and I have to spare."

"But it all seems so strange," said Fanny, "that I can't get quite used to it. She lives around the corner there, in some rooms, and cooks, and sweeps,

and sews, and has a mother, and brothers, and sisters, as we do?"

"Yes; and I suppose her mother's heart aches to have poor little Rosalie doing so much; no doubt she often grieves over it. I've no doubt, too, that she may feel a sort of terror, dreading what would become of the other children if anything happened to Rosalie. So, too, all the children look upon Rosalie as the one who gives them everything they have, as their protector — in short, their

cut his hand and Maidie made him forget the pain by talking about Rosalie — and she said that perhaps, when the lights were put out, Rosalie went down through one of the trap-doors and into a narrow passage that ran far away under all the city, and was lighted by a moon at the very farthest end; a moon setting in the sea, for the passage comes out in a cave on the sea-coast; and that the cave was all lined, on top and sides, with bell-tones; and every time that the light of the



LITTLE ROSALIE AT HOME.

guardian-angel. When you saw her in that singing-play hovering over the children asleep in the wood, with the great rosy wings arching up above her head and pointing down below her feet, you did n't dream that she really was a guardian-angel to so many, — did you?"

"Oh, Mamma," cried Maidie, with tears in her eyes, "and I am of no use at all!" and she could n't see a word of Bessy's French exercise, which she had been looking over for her sister, when the talk began, because of those tears.

"I think," said Bessy, "I don't like it quite so well to know about her really, though. Tom said once that when the play was over she was changed into a footlight and somebody turned her off, and when it was lighted again, she stepped out. But Maidie said that could n't be; — it was the night Joe

little breaking waves glanced up and struck them, all the bell-tones were set ringing, and it was little Rosalie's work to polish off the bell-tones and tune them and make them ring just right, and when this was done those tones were what made all the music in the world."

"I did n't believe it," said Johnny. "How do her bell-tones make Mamma's voice sing, I'd like to know?"

"How does the sunlight make this fire shine?" asked Tom, loftily.

"Go along with your conundrums! You think, just because you're in Philosophy, that nobody else knows anything!"

"I said 'perhaps,' Johnny," said Maidie, gently. "It was all only 'maybe,' you know."

"Well, I'm sure Rosalie makes just as much

music in the world in the way she does, as she could in that way," said Tom.

"Can't we go and see her at her real home, Mamma, or have her come to see us?" asked Maidie, wistfully.

"There it is, Margaret! Just as I told you!" said Aunt Lydia.

"I am afraid it would do her no good, my dear. It is no kindness to make her discontented with her own home. And ours is very different."

"At any rate," said Fanny, "you said we might go to see her when Cousin Alice comes."

"So I did, if you had money enough between you for a box."

"It is ten dollars for a box," exclaimed Aunt Lydia.

"But there are so many of us that it is cheaper to have a box, and in some respects it is more convenient."

"I don't like a box half so well," said Tom. "There's always somebody that does n't see anything."

"Well, it is never *you*, Tom!" said Aunt Lydia.

Tom colored up so that it was certain he would have answered back and spoiled everything, if Maidie's hand had not stolen gently to his arm. Still he must say something sharp.

"Fan does n't care," he remarked, "if I do have the best seat for seeing, so long as she's in the front of the box where people can see her long curls."

"Oh, I should think you'd be ashamed, Tom!" cried Fanny. "I never wished anybody but Rosalie to see them."

"And we all wish Rosalie to like us," said Maidie.

"Rosalie's too busy for that sort of thing!" said Tom, with great contempt.

"I don't know that she is," said Maidie. "Once—I—I never told anybody,—but once, when she was so very near our box, you know, I really did throw her a little lace bag full of chocolates—those lovely chocolates that Uncle John gives us. And she caught it, and looked over and laughed, and actually slipped one into her mouth—"

"Then they weally do eat chocolates in fairyland," murmured Kitten, as she climbed into Maidie's lap, for as yet she had by no means settled everything clearly in her little head.

"Well," said Tom presently, looking up from the heavy calculations that he had been making with a pencil on his wristbands, "we can't go yet,—unless Aunt Lydia 'chips in'—"

And to everybody's amazement Aunt Lydia did 'chip in' a bright two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece on the spot.

"That settles it!" said Tom. "We *could* have borrowed some of our church-money, and let that wait, but Maidie said it would n't do. Now,—Nurse, and Aunt Lydia, and Mamma are three, and all the rest of us are—how many? No matter; we can all squeeze in, I guess. And I say, Maidie," and here Tom's voice softened to a whisper, "have you any more of the chocolates?"

That night, in their little beds in the big bedroom, most of the children, as usual, could hardly close their eyes for joy over the expected outing.

"Say, Maidie, are you asleep?" whispered Bessy.

"Of course not," answered Maidie. "How do you suppose I can sleep, when I'm going over in my mind the music that Rosalie's going to sing and dance to, next Saturday?"

"Oh, what is it like, Maidie?"

"Yes, what is it like, Maidie!"

"Well, it begins like a wind in the woods,—every little leaf whispers like a flute, and then they all bend with the wind that comes sighing along, and that wind is an oboe; you know the oboe. And it goes sighing along out of sight. And far, far, far off, the violins are humming, all in a confusion, and the sound of them grows slower and more distinct, and you hear it, and it is rain. And then come long, heavy chords from the violoncellos, that mean clouds. And, suddenly, the tone of a great, strong violin goes spurting into the rain and cloud, and comes leaping and dancing down, and that is the brook; and then the brass things,—the horns, you know, and the cymbals and those,—make everything all sunshine, and the violins soften down, and you hear harp-tones,—oh, in such a soft, bright, lovely air! And that is Rosalie, the Spirit of the Brook, coming on. And she is all in palest folds of gauze, palest blue, and palest green, like great blocks of ice; she is sparkling with jewels, and her eyes and smile sparkle, too, and—oh, Bessy, how beautiful it is for anybody to do all the good that Rosalie does in the world! Oh, if I could only be of use to people—"

"Oh, you are, Maidie dear, you are of the greatest use to me! I don't know what I should do without you!" exclaimed her little bedfellow, clasping Maidie in her arms, and able to speak her heart fully because it was dark. "You see to my work, and you make up our quarrels, and you get Mamma to let us do things, and —and —"

"But, you see, if I died,—to-morrow, say,—you would all get along as well without me in a little while. I'm not really *necessary* to anybody. And she is really necessary just to keep ever so many people alive, and to bring them up and help them on in the world. And then, think to how many people she gives pleasure; and how many children just count the days, the way we do, before

they go to see 'Little Rosalie.' How perfectly lovely it must be to give people pleasure, like that. Oh, if I could but be as useful in the world as she is—"

And there Maidie stopped her confidences, for the faintly murmured assents showed that Bessy would soon be sound asleep in spite of herself.

What a merry party it was, that set out for the "Old Prospero" that frosty Saturday afternoon. Something detained the mother at home; but Aunt Nan went in her place, and there was Nurse, and Aunt Lydia, and—the door-keeper laughed to see the rest of them; he did n't pretend to count them, and so why should I? It is no affair of anybody but the door-keeper, how many went into that box; nor that Nurse had a luncheon for Kitten; nor was it even *his* affair that Tom and Johnny did a good deal of pushing and shoving before finding the seats they wished; nor that Joe hung over the red velvet cushion in front, to see whether, if he fell, his head would alight on the bass-drum or the snare-drum in the orchestra, while Aunt Lydia clutched at his heels and very nearly made him fall; nor that Maidie, as usual, was crowded into the very front corner next the stage, where, if Joe had fallen, it would not have hurt him; and where she could see less of the play than any of the others; where, had she chosen, she could have climbed over and at a single step have mingled in the scene; and where she could see so much of the ropes, and ladders, and coils of hose, and pieces of scenery, and everything going on in the wings, that it destroyed a good part of the illusion.

Maidie laughed though,—she could n't help it,—when Aunt Lydia, after settling herself, took a splash of water from her muff.

"There!" said Aunt Lydia. "I never go to the theater without it. For you know if there should be a fire, and one were in danger of suffocating from the smoke, only let the handkerchief be wet in cold water and held over the mouth and nose, and one can breathe through that and keep alive a great while longer—"

"Nonsense, Lydia!" said Aunt Nan. "What do you want to frighten the children for? As if there were one atom of danger in such a well-regulated place as this, with all these doors, and with firemen behind the scenes!"

"There is always danger, Anna, in the best of them," said Aunt Lydia severely. "And even if the firemen should put out the fire, the fright, the crazy panic, that would be caused, would do as much harm as the fire; for there would be a rush and a jam, and people would be thrown down and trodden and squeezed and suffocated to death. I was in a theater once," she continued, as the children

listened open-mouthed, "when there was an alarm of fire, and everybody started up, and some screamed, and some fainted, and great heavy men in the front rows went walking right over the backs of the seats—oh, we got out alive! But I declare I don't see how! There are the Clingstone children,—little dears,—do you see them, Maidie?"

But as Maidie heard Aunt Lydia her eyes grew bigger and bigger,—far too big to see anything so near as the Clingstone children; so big that she could see only the daily danger in which Little Rosalie lived; and the terrible thought of it all, prevented any pleasure she might have taken in the strange and lovely opening scenes. But after a while, and when Little Rosalie had come on the scene, Maidie forgot that trouble in her present delight. "Ain't you glad you comed, Maidie?" whispered Kitten; and, taking Maidie's answer for granted, added with a sigh of contentment, "So 'm I!" But Maidie did not hear her—she was so rapt in seeing a huge blossom open and let Rosalie out, to the sound of soft music, all her fays following from other unfolding flowers. She leaned far from the box in her forgetful gazing; and soon it seemed as though Rosalie, whirling very near in her pirouette, gave them a smile of recognition, and then none of the children had either eyes or thoughts for anything but this floating, flashing sylph, swift as a flame and beautiful as a flower.

At that moment a child down in the audience cried about something, and diverted from the stage, for half a thought, the glances of the occupants of the boxes, and of the rest of the audience as well,—the glances of all but Maidie. In that brief moment her eye beheld a dreadful sight seen by but one other person in front of the stage.

Some one on the stage, however, had seen it, had uttered something, not in the part, to the one nearest, and the next instant down rolled the drop-scene and hid the stage from view.

But not a moment too soon. For a spark had shot out and fallen on some inflammable substance, and one little flame had sprung up and another had followed it, racing and chasing upwards till a hundred tiny tongues of fire, little demons, were flying up the inner drapery and far aloft. At the same instant some one in the back of the audience shouted "Fire!"

It is a terrible sound in a crowded building. It makes the heart stop beating for a second. It made Aunt Lydia's heart stop beating for that second, and then she began to cry in spite of Aunt Nan's calm voice, and to huddle the children together to rush for the door. But it came upon Maidie in that moment that if everybody rushed to the door at once, nobody could get there. Those in

front, she saw at once, would be crowded on and knocked down by others piling upon them, and all buried under one another, stifled, and killed,—so that fire itself could do no more. As the thought, lightning-swift, ran through her mind, she saw people rising excitedly in the front, and she knew there would be a panic the next moment, a rush, a jam, and fearful trouble. Oh, why was there nobody to prevent it? If Papa were but there! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven, he was not,—if there was no escape! Could nobody hinder? If she, herself were only of some use! And these countless children here, whose mothers would be broken-hearted; and the mothers, who would never see their homes again,—homes that would be desolate! This was all realized in two breaths. And in a third breath the drop-scene was pulled aside a trifle, some of the orchestra took up the music that had stopped for only a few beats, and out bounded Little Rosalie with her long scarf and basket, spinning and pirouetting half-way across the stage, and pausing in the middle of the prettiest attitude of the “Great Bonbon Act,” while out of the charming basket on her arm she caught and whirled hundreds of bonbons as far as her hand could throw them among the babies in the audience. It was done in far less time than it takes me to tell of it. But as one of these very bonbons fell into the box, the thought rushed into Maidie’s mind that the stage people were afraid of the panic and the crush, and so had sent Little Rosalie out with the bonbons, to dance as if nothing were the matter, hoping thus to distract the attention of at least enough of the audience to prevent the sudden attempt of so many to get out at once,—whereby a number would certainly be killed in the panic,—by making them think it must be a false alarm if the play could still go on and this child dance so composedly, and that in the mean time they themselves were trying to put out the fire.

For Maidie herself had seen the fire. And she knew it was actually in there, spirting and spouting and climbing higher and higher; and she could hear, from where she was, the breathless movements of those behind the curtain who were trying to smother it.

But something else rushed over Maidie, too,—for thought is wondrous quick and full. It was that if Little Rosalie stayed there another moment she would herself be burned alive, and then what would become of the mother and the grandmother and the twins, and all the rest who had nobody but Rosalie in the whole wide world! And before Maidie fairly knew what she was doing, and while poor Aunt Lydia was still clucking and calling to the family, she sprang up and from the box,—it was but a single step,—and had run across the stage, be-

fore all the bewildered people, and had clasped Little Rosalie, crying quickly and softly, as she dropped her arms, “Oh, run, run, Little Rosalie, run! Save yourself! For I really saw the fire! And,” as Rosalie did not run, “what will they do at home without you, if you are killed here? And there are so many of us at home that nobody will miss me very much! I will stay instead of you!”

Poor Maidie! As if her staying would have been of the least use! But she never thought of that. She only thought that if some child must stay there it would better be she than Rosalie. And even while she pleaded, up went the great drop-scene, rolling to the top, and out flocked all the players of the scene, and a few of the orchestra, who had not at first had courage to remain, slipped back and swelled the music; and a motley throng surrounded Rosalie and Maidie, and whirled them back and out of sight, and from the front there came a perfect storm of clapping hands that was almost terrific. And then a group of the strangest looking people were caressing Maidie, and Little Rosalie herself was hanging on her neck one moment, and somebody took her by the hand,—she was now pretty thoroughly frightened, and had a vague idea that she was to be carried out to the “sea-cave,” after all,—and led her round by some back way to the box again. Here Aunt Lydia was just resuming her seat and smoothing her ruffled feathers, but was still quite determined to go out and take the children with her, as soon as this could be done without attracting too much attention. The children were quite as determined not to go. And, indeed, their pleadings finally carried the day.

But that night Maidie’s father came into the room where she lay in her little bed much too excited to sleep. “It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of,—Little Rosalie’s act,” said he. “Such a child as that must not be wasted. And a subscription is to be taken up that will bring a sufficient sum to complete her education in whatever way is thought best.”

“Oh, you don’t mean so, Papa!” came a chorus from all the beds. “Oh, how glad I am! And to take care of all her folks at home, too, Papa?”

“But as for you, my little darling,” continued her father to Maidie, “how could you possibly think you were of so little use at home as to be willing to break our hearts by risking the loss of your life? What if I had come home to-night and found no Maidie to meet me?” And Maidie started up and threw her arms about her father, touched to the heart by her sudden feeling of what his grief might have been. “I want you never to forget, little daughter,” he went on in a husky voice, “that you are of great and important use in

the family. Does not your mother rely on you as her first aid? Are you not my little comforter? How are all these children to grow up without the example and the care of their eldest sister? Our duties all begin at home. Heroic actions are great and admirable. But there are other actions just as admirable. Among these are the daily acts of duty done, with which you make life pleasant and easy for your mother and me, for Tom, for Kitten, and for all of us. When I remember that I never saw my Maidie out of temper in my life ——"

"Nor heard her say 'I can't' when you ask her to tie your ribbons, or to do your sum, or to find your needle," added Fanny.

"Nor knew her to do anything but to try to make everybody about her happy, and keep her own sweet soul white in the eyes of heaven," continued her father. "When I remember this of Maidie, I think all this daily service is of as much worth as the one heroic deed that risks life to save the lives of others."

"I don't," said Johnny. "I think it's splendid



"OH, RUN, RUN, LITTLE ROSALIE, RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!"

"Nor heard her speak rudely to any one," interrupted the listening Bessy.

"Nor knew of her telling anything but the truth," cried Tom from the other room.

to save folks' lives. I'm not going to do anything else, when I grow up. Are you, Joe? Only, I wish I'd thought before Maidie did, and had begun by trying to save Little Rosalie!"

MOTHER IS "GOAL."

BY MARY B. BRUCE.

"THE weather is cross," the children say,
"Or else forgets it's a holiday."
Down in torrents the cold rain pours,
No chick or child may peep out of doors.

Good little scholars, the school week through,
On Saturday pant for something to do.
And when the fun begins to flag,
What is so fine as a game of tag?

Over the carpets go nimble feet,
Boyish laughter peals loud and sweet.
"Mother is goal!" the racers cry.
To mother in turn the racers fly.

Dear little sons, in life's real race,
When hardest you struggle to win your place,
Pressed by pursuers that mean you ill,
"Mother is goal," be your watch-word still.



A SMALL AND SELECT MAY PARTY.

A MOVING STORY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



THEY were a very moving family. It seemed, as Grandma Standwell said, to be a family trait, like a quick temper, or a Roman nose. It began with the very first Standwells they knew anything about, who came over from England in the third ship after the "Mayflower." Grandma said she never could understand how they escaped coming in the very first;—but Grandma was not of Standwell blood. They made up for any time lost in not doing so by moving all over the colony in the first two years, in spite of (or, perhaps, generally on account of) poverty, and bears, and Indians. They went like inch-worms, a little way at a time; so, although the successive generations had kept on moving, the family had reached only Connecticut when Grandma and Grandpa were married and settled down to—moving. Grandpa had a book that told all about the prowess of his ancestors in those early days, and they really were very valiant people; but Grandma never seemed to be impressed with anything but the number of times they had moved. Once she had been heard to say that if she had read that book *before* she married Grandpa,—but that was when the moving-men dropped a frying-pan upon a piece of Sèvres china that was an heirloom from her French ancestors.

Grandma had moved twenty-nine times. She counted them up one day after she and Grandpa gave up housekeeping and went to live with their son Arad. Maria, Arad's wife, groaned; but the children, Peter and Polly, and Dave and Nan, and little Lysander, thought it must have been rather good fun.

Grandpa said he could n't see how they had happened to move so many times; for he was sure he was never one that liked to move; but there was the time that Nancy (that was

Grandma) said the roof of the old house at Hammersfield never could be repaired so that it would n't leak; and the time she said she could n't live any longer in the house with her cousin Jane, because there was always the smell of frying doughnuts, and Jane *would* argue against "piscopalians"; and the time she said they ought to move to Hartford on account of the schooling privileges—"certingly, she did." Grandpa always said "certingly" when he wished to be very impressive.

Grandma laughed; she was very good-natured and could laugh even about such trials, and said she believed the "moving-disease" was contagious, as well as hereditary. Arad's wife said she did hope Arad never would have it, and Grandma said she did n't know but she should die, if he did. Arad said, somewhat to the disappointment of the children, that there was n't the least danger. He had almost paid for the house they lived in, and he was n't going to move until he could buy a brownstone front on Fifth Avenue. Grandma said, with a sigh of relief, that would not be in *her* time.

The children immediately went into the back yard and played "moving"; and Nan, who was "realistic," sacrificed her second-best tea-set to imitate the fate of Grandma's Sèvres china.

They lived uptown in New York, and they had—only think of it!—an apple-tree in their back yard. A great, gnarled, wide-spreading apple-tree that looked as if it had strayed from a country orchard, but which made the best of the bit of sun and sky and air that it could get, and blossomed and bore fruit as industriously as if it realized that its responsibilities were greater even though its privileges were less than those of a country apple-tree.

It was the family Calendar; everything dated

from "the year when the graft first bore," or from "the year when they had seven barrels of apples," or the year of "the May frost that killed half the blossoms." The trunk was covered with notches where the children measured their growth; they said it was quite wonderful how the tree came down to them; even little Lysander found that it was not half so tall as it was when he was small. Each had his own seat among the crotches of the great boughs. Peter's was away up, almost out of sight; but it was not little Lysander, but Polly, whose seat was on the lowest bough, for the tree never came down to Polly.

I don't know quite how to say it—they were all so sensitive about hearing her called a dwarf—but the truth is that Polly had never grown at all since she was six years old; which was the result of a spinal deformity. She was now almost thirteen, and although she was comparatively well she would never grow any taller. But Polly was not unpleasant to look at, although her shoulders were far too broad for her height, and were a little, only a very little, rounded. She had a pretty, yellow, curly-thatched head, and a pair of cheerful, brown eyes through which a merry and loving heart sent its bright beams. "Oh, play something else, children, and don't talk about moving. Only think, we should have to leave the apple-tree!" cried Polly, sitting down on the broad doorstep where the sunlight sifted through the apple-tree boughs upon her yellow head.

"If you were to die and go to Heaven, you would have to leave the apple-tree," remarked practical Nan, to whom, in truth, an apple-tree more or less in the world did not seem of great account—except when the apples were ripe.

"Do they have them there, Polly?" asked little Lysander, anxiously.

"I don't know, dear," answered Polly, a little wistfully.

It seemed strange, but only just a month after Grandpa and Grandma came to live with them, Papa Standwell came home one night and said they were compelled to move. An old friend, whose note he had indorsed, had failed to pay, and he was obliged to sell the house to meet the indebtedness; otherwise, he should fail in business. That misfortune would be so much the greater that, after the first shock, his wife began to feel quite reconciled. She had suspected that Arad was troubled about something, she said, and it had worried her so much that now she was really thankful that it was nothing worse. After a while she quite brightened up over the prospect of another house; it would be a hired house and smaller even than this, for they must be very economical now, but some things she would be sure

of: the door of the dining-room closet should not open the wrong way, so that one was obliged to shut another door to get into it; and there should not be a dark bed-room; nor a ridiculous old-fashioned paper, all over lambs and shepherdesses, on the walls of the spare chamber. It would be a comfort to have a more modern house, altogether; she had never wished Arad to buy this one, which began to look quite ridiculous among the handsome new blocks of brick houses. Grandpa—well, he had been accused of looking longingly at the laden furniture wagons that went rushing about on the first of May, so he said very little, but he certainly was surprisingly cheerful.

The children were hilarious, all except Polly. It seemed to her too bewildering, too dreadful, to be true. She stole away by herself up into her apple-tree seat to think it over. How *could* they live in another place? It was almost too much for Polly's imagination to grasp. That closet door was troublesome, especially when one was in a hurry; and the dark bed-room was certainly pokerish—little Lysander entertained the opinion that a Huggermugger giant had a permanent residence there—but what a triumph it was when one first dared to go in there alone! It was used as a store-room for goodies, which was the reason, perhaps, that little Lysander's belief was not more sternly discouraged, and there was a mysterious fascination even about its faded chintz *portière*, with a pattern of blue peacocks. In one corner was kept the great bag of chestnuts which Uncle Amos sent them every autumn; Polly had not yet ceased to be proud that she dared to go, all in the dark, and get them to roast in the evening. As for the "shepherdess" paper in the spare chamber, Polly thought *that* perfectly beautiful; it had beguiled many a weary hour of illness for her, and the shepherdesses and their sheep seemed almost like old friends. It had never troubled her mother seriously until Aunt Caroline, who was rich and had had her house "decorated" by an artist, said it was "impossible."

Good or bad, every inch of the house, every nook and cranny, was *home*. Polly could not possibly see how they could ever have another one.

And their apple-tree! Would it live on just the same, shooting out its tiny, woolly buds, which appeared so miraculously in the spring, after old Boreas and Jack Frost had bent and beaten and snapped its bare branches, until it seemed impossible that the tree could have any life in it? Would it put forth its blossoms, making a pink and white glory of itself, and perfuming the whole neighborhood, getting up the loveliest of mimic snowstorms, and then setting its firm, round little apples that would grow plump, and spicy, and red-

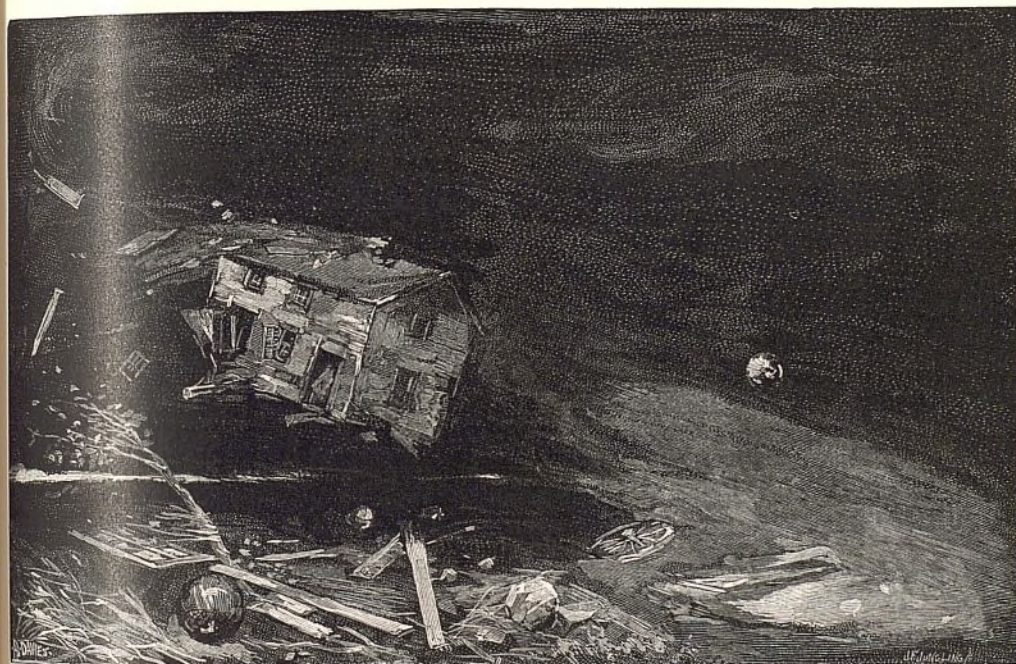
cheeked,—and *they* not there? Polly felt as though her heart were breaking.

Grandma missed her, and came in search of her. She laughed at her and scolded her, and insisted that she, being young, ought to enjoy the prospect of a change; and all the time tears were trickling down her own soft, wrinkled, white cheeks.

"Bless the child, I'm afraid she's like me," said Grandma to herself, as she went into the

Polly, who usually had been first and foremost when "good times" were in prospect. She could n't be made to understand that moving was a "good time." It could n't be because she was so old; for Grandpa, who was nearly eighty, was as pleased as any of them.

Little Lysander was one day overcome by a pang at the thought of leaving the apple-tree, but he was speedily consoled by Nan's reported discovery



THE STANDWELL HOUSE TAKES A FINAL MOVE. (SEE P. 508.)

house. "But she'll get over it. Moving is a toughening process."

One day Papa Standwell came home and said that, after all, they need n't move unless they chose, as the man who had bought the house wished to let it. But that was after they had almost decided upon a house, further down town, and in quite a fashionable street; and Mamma Standwell said, that since they would be obliged to pay rent anyway, they might as well pay for a house that suited them; and since the change had been decided upon she had been discovering, every day, other defects in the house beside the closet-door, and the dark bed-room, and the "shepherdess" paper,—until she quite wondered how she could have been contented to live there.

No one observed how Polly's face brightened, then darkened again pitifully, unless, indeed, Grandma may have done so.

The children did n't know what to make of

of a candy-shop just around the corner from the new house, where chocolate "Jim Crows" were sold two for a penny. Little Lysander felt that such a neighbor could assuage even a deeper grief.

When the day of the "fitting" came, they all felt a trifle sad. When they saw the rooms looking so forlorn and desolate, they remembered all the good times they had had there, but there was no time to indulge such emotions for the children had to run here and there at every one's bidding. Peter was obliged to mount guard over his collection of butterflies and birds' eggs, to see that they were safely loaded; and Nan had all she could do to protect her dolls' house, which already had one of its chimneys broken by being packed carelessly upon the load. Mary Ann, their one servant, gave immediate warning because "moving made a respectable gyurrl too *remainkable*;" and Dandy, their precious pug, whose peace of mind had been destroyed by the arrival of Grandpa's dog, Ranger,

decided that the old order was now changing quite too much for his endurance, and ran away. They never saw him again.

Sarah, the cat, securely fastened into a stout basket, was carried to the new home by Peter; but objected so vociferously all the way that a crowd gathered, and Peter was seriously embarrassed.

They thought their trials would be over when they were fairly in their new home; but Mamma Standwell declared that she found them only just begun. For, nothing would fit; their newest furniture looked shabby; the chimney would not draw, and the plumbing was out of order so that the floors had to be taken up,—and there was not a bit of a back yard! Peter mourned a broken gun, and Nan's Paris doll had been crushed in its box and transfixed by the poker, so that its sawdust strewed the street!

Grandma consoled them by saying they would know better how to pack, when they had moved as many times as *she* had.

The homesick ones, Grandma and Polly, tried to make the very best of it, but little Lysander roared mightily because he "felt as if he were somebody else," and the cat disappeared and was found, after a long search, in the apple-tree at the old house, a mile away, meowing piteously.

After all, they lived in that house only six months and a half, for Papa Standwell failed in business in spite of his effort to prevent it. He tried to secure some work in the same business, because he knew nothing of any other, and, after much waiting and worry, work was offered him—in Chicago.

Mamma Standwell was not happy about this moving. She said one moving had taught her a lesson, and she was sure she should never find a house so charming as their old one.

Grandma openly wept this time, but she said it was some comfort that no one could say they were "going like inch-worms," *now*.

Grandpa was joyful, although in a subdued way. He said he had always meant to move out West, when he was a young man, and he talked about it to Peter and Dave until they felt that their lives so far had been wasted, because they had not lived in Chicago.

Polly did not seem to mind it very much, anyway. She had grown quiet and listless; she was no longer first and foremost in good times. Her mother said the child must take cod liver oil.

The house in Chicago had a back yard; and, although there was no apple-tree in it, there was a great heap of ancient and dilapidated theatrical properties—masks, tin swords, gilded crowns, and tinsel ornaments, which went far to mitigate the children's pangs of home-sickness. They were all a little homesick this time, for there was no

familiar face or scene. And Peter would not be a king; he said he did not feel equal to playing any part but "The Man Without a Country."

Before they had lived there three months, Papa Standwell discovered that they were on the wrong side of the city. He wished he "had known more about Chicago" before he came, and declared the location "positively unhealthy." So they moved.

Grandma said that was apt to be the way when people once began.

Mamma Standwell did not care so much, now, whether things fitted or not. She said they had all lost the "home-feeling," and it did not seem worth while to try to make the house pleasant.

Papa Standwell was becoming discouraged; he said his work was like a treadmill; that it did not agree with his health; that the physicians told him that an outdoor life was the only thing for him; and he had heard of an opportunity to buy, "for a song," a prairie farm, away out at Big Bear Creek. The children thought the name very promising; they could not find it on the map, but they discovered that it was in the region of Indians, and cowboys, and buffaloes, and Dave thought that now life was to be "like a story-paper,"—in which particular he had hitherto been disappointed. Peter, with spirits quite restored, tried, in the privacy of his own bosom, to decide whether he should be a "cattle king" or a "silver millionaire." Mamma Standwell shed a few tears, but said she supposed she ought to be reconciled if it would be better for Arad's health; and perhaps the change might do Polly good, too.

Grandpa, in the best of spirits, helped little Lysander to knot up the new clothes-line to make a lasso for buffaloes. Grandma said, trying her best to be cheerful, that there was one good thing about it—they should have a home of their own again, and not be likely to move.

Papa Standwell laughed, and said they could not, for there was no where to move to; and they could not come back because he should have spent all the money on the farm.

It was a long, long journey; railroads and stages, and even houses and people, gave out before they reached the end; and around them there were only great prairies, rolling and rolling like the waves of the ocean, and away off, as far as the eye could reach, they rolled into the sky. There was only now and then a tree,—a forlorn, scrubby little tree, which, Peter said, looked as if it had moved from somewhere.

It was somewhat disappointing that there were no bears; it appeared that little Lysander had expected to see them in great numbers, along the road and up in the trees, all quite amiable and waiting to be taught to dance, like the bear which

for him represented the entire species—one he had seen in the circus.

Polly confided privately to Grandma that she had hoped for an apple-tree.

But it was some compensation that the creek was almost a river; and that there were Indians, peaceful and friendly (which was disenchanting to Dave), but quite attractive in appearance; for, although one wore a commonplace tall silk hat, he had stuck a feather into the band, and draped a gay blanket over his suit of shiny broadcloth.

It was spring, and there were great fields of grain already green, and promising abundant harvests. The house was comfortable; and in the barn, beside cows, and oxen, and horses, was a charming little Texan pony for Polly, and when he went scampering over the prairies with her on his back, really a faint, rosy color came to Polly's cheeks.

The boys were somewhat cast down because there were no enemies to conquer, "save winter and rough weather."

"There ain't no b'ars round here, nor no fightin' Injins this side of Liberty Gulch," said Uncle Peter Ramsdell, their nearest neighbor, who lived five miles away, but who hastened to pay a neighborly visit upon their arrival. "But Nater, she gets on the rampage once in a while and makes things lively. I've fit b'ars and I've fit Injins, and they ain't nothin' more 'n trifles compared to Nater when she gets a-goin'! I expect you've heard tell of cyclones? Jake Cam'ell, that lived here before you did, he made that kind of a dug-out, back in the field, and he scrambled into it, with his whole family and his stock, about every time he see a cloud. But these few years back the cretur's gone tearin' off to the south'ard, without so much as givin' us a touch of its hoofs, and I hope to mercy it will keep a-goin' that way. It laid Carter City level with the ground, except the meet'n'-house,—and it ketched that up and tossed it into the river."

"So that 's what that great square hole is for," said Dave. "We supposed some one had dug a cellar, meaning to build a house. I wonder if we shall ever scramble into it?"

Privately Dave was of opinion that it might be fun, for indeed he understood what a cyclone was but little better than did Lysander, who had gathered from Uncle Peter Ramsdell's discourse a vivid impression that it was a wild beast with four horns and a fiery tail.

They were on the lookout for one, for several weeks; and then they gradually forgot about it. They ceased to take any notice of passing clouds, and the dug-out was used as a play-house. Nature sent them long, golden days, and just enough

soft, warm rains, as if she were thinking of nothing but their harvests; and seemed altogether so lovely and gracious that they could not believe she would ever "get on the rampage," as Uncle Peter Ramsdell had expressed it.

In the late summer Grandpa had a stroke of paralysis, and that drove everything else from their minds. Poor Grandpa!—he could still speak, and retained his senses perfectly, but his limbs upon one side were useless. He was very patient and cheerful; but he said he had begun to think that perhaps the land was better in the next county, on the other side of the creek, and if Arad should ever wish to move there, he hoped *he* should n't be any hindrance. Grandma laughed and cried, and said she hoped she had n't complained too much, and declared she would be willing to move to the ends of the earth with him if he could.

One day in September, Papa and Mamma Standwell and Grandma went to Young America, shopping. It was a twenty-mile drive, and they started at daylight. Their maid-of-all-work, Uncle Peter Ramsdell's niece, had been summoned home because her mother had erysipelas, and Polly was left in charge of the children and of Grandpa.

Peter and Dave were in the pumpkin-field, when Dave, looking up suddenly, said:

"Is n't that a queer-looking little cloud just above the horizon? It's like a cannon-ball,—so round and black."

Peter turned pale as he glanced at it, and dropped the pumpkin he held, and started at a run for the house.

"It's rushing toward us! See how it grows! It's a *cyclone*, Dave!" he cried while he ran.

"Polly! Polly!" they shouted as they came near the house. "Get into the dug-out, you and little Lysander, quick! We're going to get the cattle in. There's a cyclone coming!"

Polly caught up little Lysander, who had been building a Tower of Babel and had his hands full of blocks, and ran to the dug-out, as well as she could with such a burden. Nan was already there, with her best doll and her pet rabbit, and the tin cooky-box. Little Lysander cried for his kitten, and Polly ran and brought it. The cattle and horses were frightened, and Polly's pony would have broken away if she had not soothed and caressed him.

The sky was growing dark, and there was a stillness that seemed frightful.

"Now I am going back to stay with Grandpa. I've tried to think of some way to get him here, but we can't; he is too heavy. Take care of them all, Peter!"

They tried to dissuade her.

"You can't do any good! You are foolish," cried Peter.

"He's old and ill, and he is frightened," said Polly, as calmly as if she herself were not trembling in every limb. She heard a distant rushing and roaring as she closed and barred the house-door.

"Polly! Polly! don't leave me alone!" cried Grandpa Standwell, half rising from his couch, as no one supposed he could. "But—you'd better go, child! You'd better go!" he murmured the next moment, falling back helplessly. "What does it matter about an old man like me?"

"I shall stay, Grandpa. Don't be afraid," said Polly, stoutly. She threw her arms around his neck, and waited.

In the dug-out Peter and Dave found it a hard task to quiet the frightened animals. Old Mac, the strong farm-horse, trembled, and the oxen lowed pitifully.

Little Lysander's kitten escaped from his arms, scrambled out of the dug-out, and ran away.

"I'm going after it!" said Nan. "There'll be time——"

"Stay where you are!" said Peter, sternly. Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when there was a great blackness, a rushing, a roaring, and a crash! Little Lysander said afterward that he felt the sky come down and hit him. Breathless they crouched in the bottom of the dug-out.

As the noise was stilled the atmosphere cleared, and gradually the sky brightened.

Peter was the first to look out.

Was it the same place, or had they been blown away?

There were no cornfields, no fences. Where were the house and the barn?

"The house has moved away!" cried little Lysander.

Papa and Mamma Standwell and Grandma, driving home from Young America, were only a

few miles out of the course of the cyclone, and their hearts were almost bursting with suspense and fear when they met Uncle Peter Ramsdell.

"There's a house that looks to be your 'n clapped down, all stan'in', t' other side of the creek; and your barn was goin' down river, till it got driv' ashore down by the bend. I would n't take on, if I was you, for the cretur has often hove things 'round like that without hurtin' a hair of the folks's heads that was in them!" said Uncle Peter.

They found that Uncle Peter understood "the cretur," for Grandpa and Polly were safe and sound. Grandpa was cheerful, even jocose: and said he had moved again in spite of them!

The shock to Polly's nerves caused a long fainting fit, and at one time they feared that Polly, as little Lysander remarked innocently, would "find out, now, whether there were apple-trees in Heaven."

But Polly has lived to own a great apple-orchard in *this* world. It is planted on the spot to which the cyclone carried them, for it was Government land, where any one could take up a claim. It was more fertile than that from which they had been taken, nearer to neighbors, close to a church and school. Uncle Peter Ramsdell insisted upon buying their old farm on the other side of the creek. He said he wanted it because a cyclone, like lightning, was not apt to strike twice in the same place.

Their barn, which had sailed down the creek, was moved back to its place beside the house; and although the barn had to be entirely rebuilt, part of the hay was unhurt, and there, on the hay-loft, was little Lysander's kitten, sound in body, though disturbed in mind.

Grandpa maintained that the cyclone had done them a good turn, the new location was so much more desirable than the old.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, and according to the latest advices, they are living there still, and I hope they always will; but I think, with Grandma Standwell, that when people once begin to move——



GIRARD COLLEGE.

BY ALICE MAUDE FENN.



WAS utterly unprepared for the sight that met my eyes when I drove through the wide lodge gates of Girard College. Within a wall surrounding forty acres of land, were nine

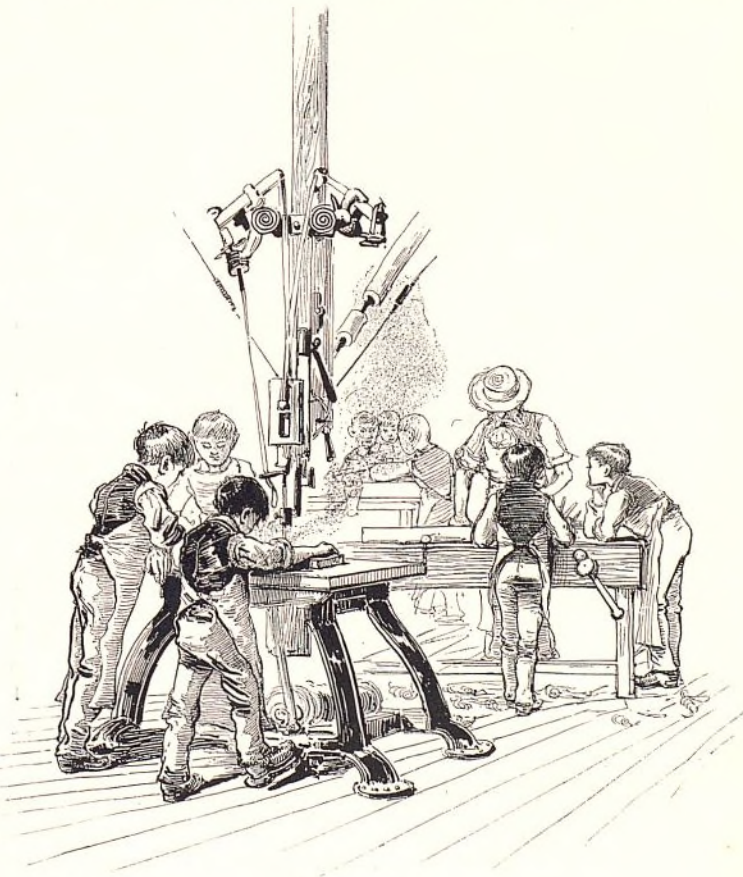
There are two dining-halls, one seating eight hundred and the other, four hundred. I know of some boarding-schools where the pupils would be very much surprised and delighted to sit down to as good a dinner as was served on the day of my visit. While the roast beef and pudding were rapidly disappearing, the thought of the orphans in "Oliver Twist" came to me. There each boy had a basin of gruel and no more,— "The bowls never wanted

buildings of white marble, the main structure looking like a restored Greek temple. Half-a-dozen gardeners were at work on some magnificent flower-beds, and as I glanced along the avenues and over the perfectly kept lawns, I wondered if it were possible that nearly fourteen hundred boys were ever let loose in this great garden.

Was this the home that Stephen Girard designed for "poor white male orphans?"

The playgrounds were alive with boys, of all sorts and sizes, running, screaming, playing, or talking together in groups. Suddenly a bell rang. Every noise ceased, and in less time than

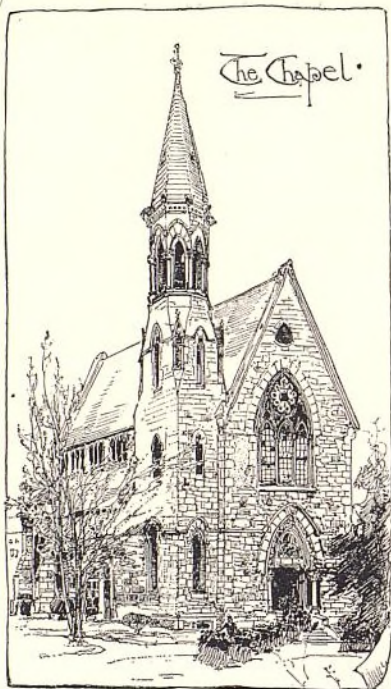
it takes to describe it, the merry boys were all in file and marching away to the dining halls, in the most orderly and soldier-like manner.



IN THE WORK-ROOM.

washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation . . . they would sit

staring at the copper with such eager eyes,—as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously,



with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon." In contrast to this account, I will cite some items of a collation given on the anniversary of Girard's birthday: 900 quarts of ice-cream; 3480 eggs; 350 pounds of lobsters; 18 boxes of raisins; 250 pounds of almonds; 50 bunches of bananas; 18 boxes of oranges.

But they do more than feed boys at Girard. The course of study includes Algebra, Trigonometry, Geometry, Surveying, Navigation, Chemistry, Natural History, French, Spanish, Book-keeping, and Drawing; and, lately, Type-writing has been introduced.

Technical instruction in working in metal and wood is also a recent addition. There is no attempt to teach a trade or to secure a product, but effort is made simply to accustom the pupils to the use of tools. The Mechanical building cost about \$93,000, and it is supplied with the best machinery procurable. The boys show a decided preference for carpentering, over working in metal. Even the youngest among them do very careful, creditable work.

Every day the boys spend four hours in the playground. Each Saturday afternoon in the summer,

there is a base-ball match, the college nine playing against the various clubs of Philadelphia and the vicinity. There is much excitement as the score of the Girard nine rises or falls, and rousing cheers from the thirteen hundred eager partisans welcome every fine play. The club uniform is red, white, and blue, and generally eclipses in glory that of any opponent.

Every Friday afternoon the cadet battalion, commanded by its Major, drills in full uniform opposite the main building. The boys present a fine appearance and perform some of their military maneuvers with precision and accuracy. Their uniforms and rifles are of the latest patterns and finest make. The band is one of the best features, though some of the little fellows are almost hidden behind their drums, and have to stretch their small legs to keep step with the older musicians. In the winter they drill in the Armory, which is quite spacious enough for the practice of the various exercises directed by the Major, in that unintelligible shout used by all military officers.

Close to the main building is a very handsome monument erected to the memory of the Girard graduates who were killed during the war. Around the base are the words:

ERECTED, A. D. 1869,

To perpetuate the memory and record the services of pupils of this College who, in the then recent contest for the preservation of the American Union, died that their country might live.

"Fortunati omnes! Nulla dies
Umquam memori vos eximet aevo." *

"Especially I desire that by every proper means a pure attachment to our republican institutions shall be formed and fostered in the minds of the scholars."

This second quotation is an extract, from Girard's will, in reference to the educational system to be adopted. On Decoration Day the battalion always pays due honors to the memory of its brave predecessors. The monument is draped and decorated with flowers, and at noon the cadets form in a square, around it. An address is made by some prominent military man.

There is one great objection in the minds of many people to Girard College. This arises from the fact that the founder directed that no clergyman of any sect, for any purpose, should ever pass the lodge gates. Therefore every visitor has to sign both name and profession before he is allowed to enter. There is an amusing story told of a stranger who presented his permit and asked to be shown over the college. According to the rule he wrote his name and, after it, "Minister to Brazil." The lodge-keeper immediately looked severe and solemn, and remarked:

"It is a law, sir, of Girard College, that ministers can not be admitted."

* A literal translation of this Latin inscription reads: "Fortunate all ye! No day shall e'er remove you from a mindful age."

It is an erroneous supposition that Girard made this rule because of prejudice against religion, as can be proved by an extract from his will, which reads as follows:

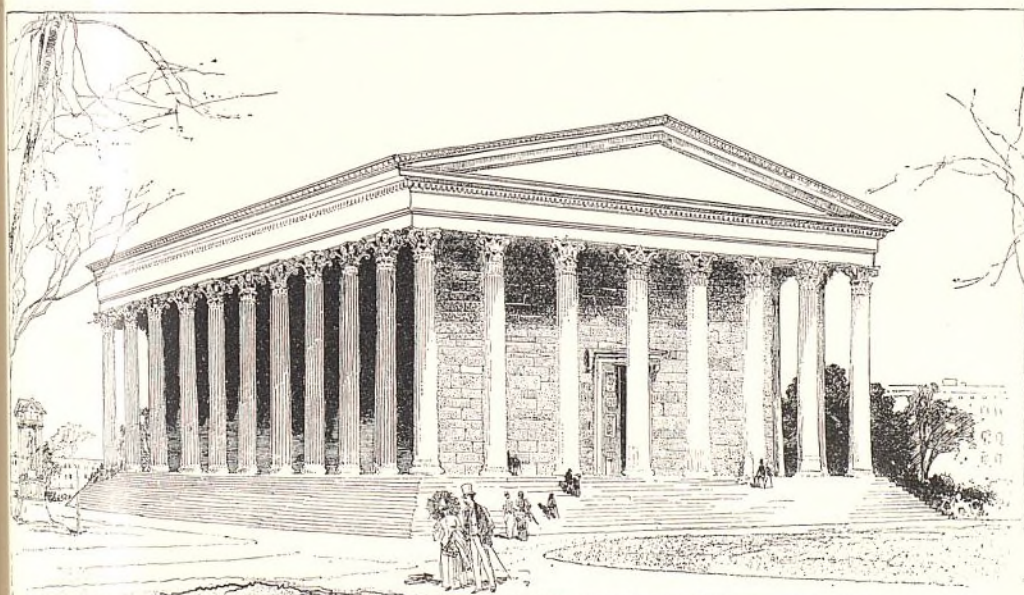
"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister, of any sect whatever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated for the purposes of said college. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting, at the same time, such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

There is a chapel in the grounds where short service is held twice every day. A hymn is sung and a prayer is offered by the President or Vice-President. It is an interesting sight to see almost fourteen hundred boys take part in the simple service, and join in the hymn as if they enjoyed singing. Occasionally, one or two mischievous boys have to be suppressed, but as a rule all are orderly and attentive. On Sunday a short sermon is delivered, prominent laymen of the city or distinguished visitors making the address. I once heard a relative of Livingstone, the great

Girard, and some have even entered the ministry.

The President of the College is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. He is young enough to enter into the feelings of the boys, and yet a man who must inevitably command the respect of all. The very expressions of the students as they greet him is enough to assure any outsider that the pleasantest relation exists between President and pupils. He has a wonderful memory, and can tell you the name and standing of nearly every one of the fourteen hundred boys at a moment's notice. The most hardened little offender, whom the teachers may find incorrigible, usually leaves the President's room softened and sorry, with every good impulse strengthened by his quiet talk with the man who takes the place of father to so many hundreds of fatherless boys. Every day the President uses at his own dining-table a napkin-ring upon which is engraved, "From a little friend." This was a gift from the sister of one of the boys as a token of gratitude for the President's kindness to her brother, and I know that it is valued more than the finest that could be bought.

An applicant for admission to the College must



The Main Building

Girard College.

explorer, speak at the college. He introduced enough stories and incidents to interest and attract the boys, and thereby held their eager attention.

Many of the boys join churches after leaving

be more than six, and less than ten years of age. Preference is given, by the will of Girard, in the following order: To the children born in the city of Philadelphia; to those born in the State of

Pennsylvania; to those born in the city of New York; to those born in the city of New Orleans.

The boys remain at the college until they are eighteen. They are not allowed to wear a uniform, except as cadets. Each pupil has three suits of clothes; one for "every day," one for Sun-

and a very few who are really unworthy. Occasionally some ringleader will incite several of the boys to run away. Last winter three little fellows thus disappeared, and much time and money were spent in tracing them to New York, where they were finally discovered, half-starved, forlorn and cold.



A BALL GAME ON THE PLAY-GROUNDS, GIRARD COLLEGE.

day, and one for visiting. They have fresh linen twice a week, over two thousand of their shirts, alone, going to the laundry every week. The cost of educating, maintaining, and clothing each pupil is about three hundred and twelve dollars annually. On leaving the institution, every boy receives an outfit of clothing of the value of fifty dollars.

I believe there are two United States Senators who were formerly "Girard" boys, as were many other now prominent men. The architect who has lately been at work on the college also was once a student there. Of course, there are all sorts of boys among so many; some who finish their course with honors, some who are mischievous and naughty,

in a soap-factory. Their deplorable appearance when they reached the college, for a while deterred even the most adventurous from attempting to seek their fortunes in that manner.

A few particulars about the main building will not be without interest. It is a large building in the classical Corinthian style; the outer wall is formed by thirty-four columns, the bases of which are over nine feet in diameter. The columns themselves are six feet through, and each column weighs one hundred and three tons, and cost thirteen thousand dollars. They are sixty-six feet high and surmounted by elaborate capitals. I looked very carefully at these capitals when I was told that each

Occasion-
of the boys
ellows thus
were spent
they were
and cold,

represented one man's work for a year. Little huts were built in the grounds in which the carvers could do their work protected from the inclemency of the weather.

After climbing the great marble steps, one passes the huge iron door, and stands face to face with the statue of Stephen Girard, behind which is a sarcophagus containing his body. An Assyrian sarcophagus, made for some king, had been sent from the East for Girard's body, but his executors decided that the simple marble tomb would be more appropriate. The two marble staircases leading from the hall are of unusual construction; the end of each step is secured in the wall, and only an edge rests on the step below. When a party of Sioux Indians, who visited the East some time ago, were shown about the college, they refused to mount this stairway, which seemed to project from the wall without support.

a-dozen boys hard at work here during play-hour. The library is also in this main building. Nine thousand volumes and various papers and magazines, including *ST. NICHOLAS*, are provided for the use of the pupils.

In the "Relic-Room" is a collection of quaint furniture and other things once belonging to Girard. His old one-horse gig stands there beside a few old pieces of fine furniture, and there are piles of boxes containing papers relating to his various ships. A story is told of a party of Quakers who came to the college, and asked, in the manner peculiar to them,—that is, using only the first name,—to see "Stephen's old clothes." There happened to be a Professor Stevens teaching at the time, and so the strangers were conducted to his house. There a servant opened the door, and, in answer to their query, said: "Mrs. Stevens is out, but you can find all the old clothes in the



THE "GRAPHIC ROOM," GIRARD COLLEGE.

One of the most interesting class-rooms is the "Graphic Room," where the boys "draw from the round," that is, from the object, instead of from another picture. The model is placed in the center of a large circular table, around which are two rows of adjustable desks. I have often seen half-

garret." It was not until they had climbed several flights of stairs to behold the cast-off coats of the learned gentleman, that they discovered their mistake, and explained that they were not "old-clothes men," but visitors wishing to see the relics of Stephen Girard.

Stephen Girard was a remarkable man, and one who certainly holds a place among the prominent men of America. He was the son of a distinguished naval officer, and was born in Bordeaux, France, in the year 1750. When still a little fellow, he lost the sight of one eye. He was burning oyster-shells in a bonfire, and a hot splinter flew into the most sensitive and vital part of his right eye.



THE STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

He was a restless, energetic boy, never content to remain at home. When he was fourteen his father purchased a half-interest in the cargo of a vessel, and sent Stephen to sea in the novel capacity of half-owner and cabin-boy. At the age of twenty-three, he was captain of the ship. In 1774, he sailed for New York, and, in 1776, first arrived in Philadelphia. In the latter place he was very successful in all his ventures, and so the Quaker City became his home. For some strange reason he was regarded with suspicion and dislike by his fellow-citizens, who seemed jealous of the success of the fortunate and skillful Frenchman.

He believed strongly in work, for every one, and set all his employees an example of steady industry.

Girard was a man who would not brook disobedience. He sent a young supercargo to the Dead Sea in charge of a cargo, with orders to sell it at a port which he named. The enterprising young man, finding he could make \$6000 more by selling his cargo at another port, did so, expecting to please his master by his business capability, and proudly handed Mr. Girard the extra thousands. But the Frenchman, so far from showing delight, informed the officer that this disobedience would compel him to dispense with his services in future.

In 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. There were four thousand and thirty-one deaths in the city from the first of August to the ninth of November. Here the nobility of Girard was shown, for when many of the rich fled, he remained and performed most humble and self-sacrificing offices for the sick and the dying, devoting many hours every day to nursing in the hospital. In Mr. Ingram's "Life of Girard" is quoted an extract from the *United States Gazette* of 1832, in which a merchant records that he saw a carriage drive up to a house during the pestilence. "A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach and entered the house," and on emerging from it "his arm was around the waist of a sick man, whose yellow face rested" upon his shoulder, as he carried the invalid, and the sick man's feet were "dragging helpless along the pavement." He was driven to the hospital in the carriage of the man whom Philadelphia looked upon with dislike. A few years later Girard opened a bank bearing his own name. We learn from Ingram, that during the war of 1812 "Girard's bank was the very right hand of the national credit, for when other banks were contracting, it was Girard who stayed the panic by a timely and liberal expansion,—and frequent were the calls made upon him by the Government for temporary loans, which calls were invariably responded to immediately." In 1814, Girard risked his whole fortune, at a time when all the prominent capitalists held back and failed the Government in its time of need.

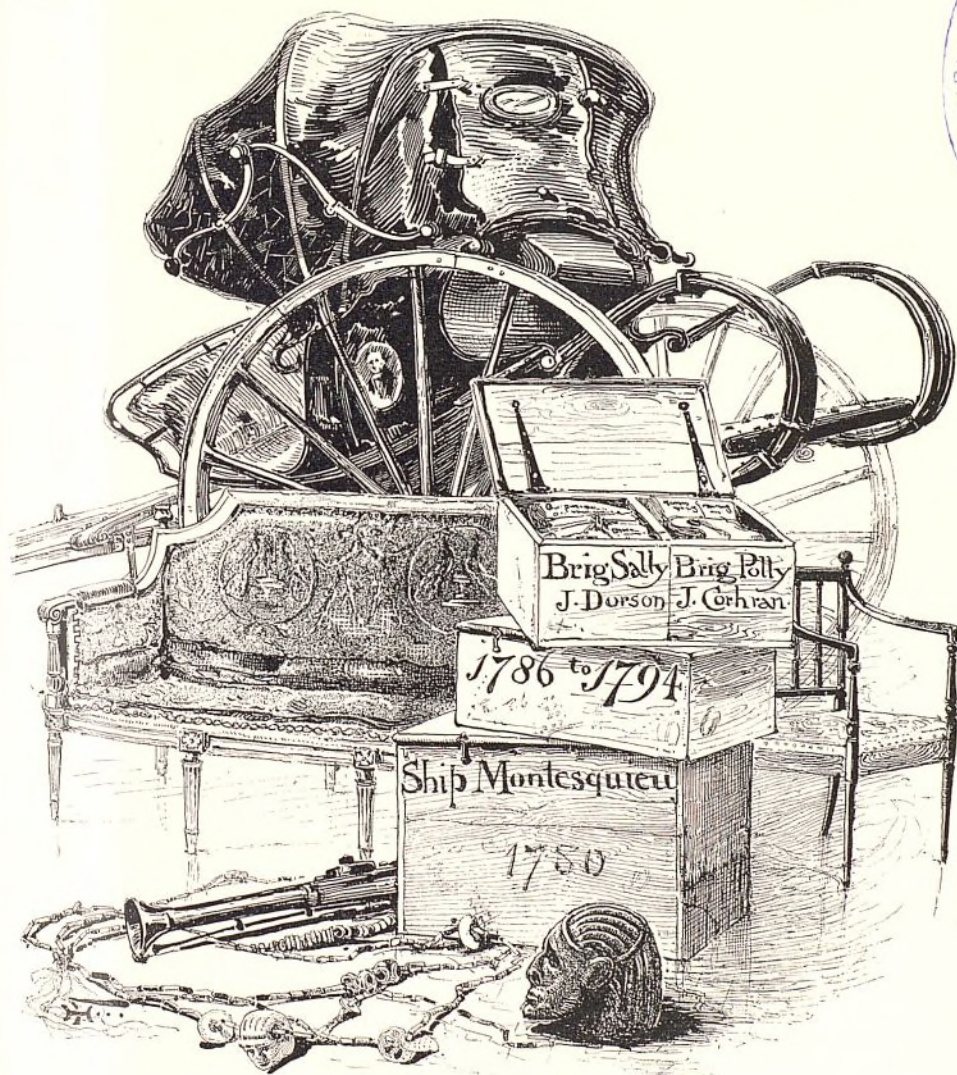
Girard was a warm friend of Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon I. They dined together very often in the merchant's quiet home in Philadelphia. Prince Murat and Baron Lallemand were also intimate with Girard, who had few friends among the natives of the country of his adoption. When he died, in 1831, at the age of eighty-one, the city gave him a public funeral. Flags were hung at half mast, and a civic procession marched through the streets to do honor to his memory.

Girard married a lovely Philadelphia girl, who,

after some years, lost her reason. They had no children, which is probably the reason why this lonely millionaire formed the idea of leaving his enormous wealth to benefit children. He at first purchased land for the proposed college in what is now the heart of the city; but later

probably be as many as two thousand in a few years from now.

The estate, from which the college draws an income of almost one million dollars annually, consists of 18,297 acres of land, of which about one-fourth are coal lands. The quantity of coal from



IN THE RELIC-ROOM OF GIRARD COLLEGE. SEE PAGE 513.

secured the property upon which the college is situated.

The will contains page after page of most minute directions intended to secure the well-being of the orphans. The buildings were begun in 1834 and finished in 1847, and cost the enormous sum of nearly three millions. Forty years ago the college was opened for the reception of one hundred pupils, and there will

these mines, from the time of their owner's death, to 1883, was 16,953,196 tons. The immense block of coal, weighing three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, that was exhibited at the New Orleans Exposition, came from the Girard collieries.

I think even this slight sketch of so remarkable a man as Stephen Girard will make the boys of America agree with me that he was a man worthy of respect and honor.



(From the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.)

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

THE mighty Oleg of the wars,
Preparing still for fray,
Went forth to meet the wild Hasars,
And their misdeeds repay.
Bright the Byzantine mail he wore,
And proud the steed that Oleg bore.

As near the forest's edge he rode,
He met an aged seer,
Who in the gloomy shades abode,
Perún* alone to fear.
Devout and wise, this hermit old
The future's mysteries foretold.

"Magician, by the gods beloved,"
Said Oleg, "speak my fate!
Shall I be soon to rest removed?
That joy my foes await.
Fear not, but say the truth to me,
And yonder horse shall be thy fee."

"I fear no prince," the sage replied,
"And all thy gifts I scorn.
The tongues of prophets are not tied —
Their words are heaven-born.
The future years lie dim in mist,
But thy clear brow by Fate is kiss'd.

"Heed thou my words: Thy name is sung
For deeds of valor great.
Thy shield in triumph thou hast hung
Upon Byzantium's gate.
Thou dost command o'er lands and seas;
Thou 'rt envied of thine enemies.

"Upon the wave, in tempests high,
Thine seemed a charmed life.
Arrow and lance have passed thee by
Amidst the battle's strife.
Thy armored breast did never feel
Perfidious assassin's steel.

"And thou dost ride a worthy steed —
Courageous, gentle, proud.
To battle's storm he gives no heed,
He courses like a cloud.
A nobler creature ne'er drew breath;
Yet from that horse shall come thy death."

A shadow passed o'er Oleg's face:
A silence grim he kept.
Aside he mused a little space,
Then from his saddle leapt,
And leaned, with mournful tenderness,
To give his horse a last caress.

* Perún, the Jupiter of Russian mythology.

"Farewell, old comrade tried and true,
For we must part at last.
Go take the rest that is thy due —
Thy glorious days are past.
Forget me not! Henceforth my feet
Thy golden stirrups shall not meet.

Years passed. The troublous wars had ceased.
Prince Oleg and his band
Were merry at a mighty feast,
Their silver cups in hand.
White-haired, like some grand snow-crowned hill,
They talked of glorious combat still.



"AS NEAR THE FOREST'S EDGE HE RODE,
HE MET AN AGED SEER."

"Ho, friend! conduct my horse away —
I leave him to your care.
Caparison and carpets gay
For him, and choicest fare."
He was obeyed. The Prince bestrode
Another steed, and onward rode.

"My horse! — my battle-comrade bold —
Where is he?" Oleg cried.
Is he as fiery as old?
As full of strength and pride?"
They answered, "Long ago his bed
Upon the grassy hill was made."

In sorrow drooped the Prince's head.
 "Old sorcerer," thought he,
 But for thy false prediction dread,
 My horse alive might be."
 Then to his followers he said:
 "Come, we will see where he is laid."

He went, with Igor* by his side;
 The warriors followed soon,
 To where, beside the Dnieper's tide,
 The horse's bones were strewn.
 Rain-bleached were they, with sand o'erlaid
 Tall feather-grasses o'er them swayed.

Said Oleg, "On thy lonely bed,
 My comrade, softly sleep.
 No blood of thine, when I am dead,

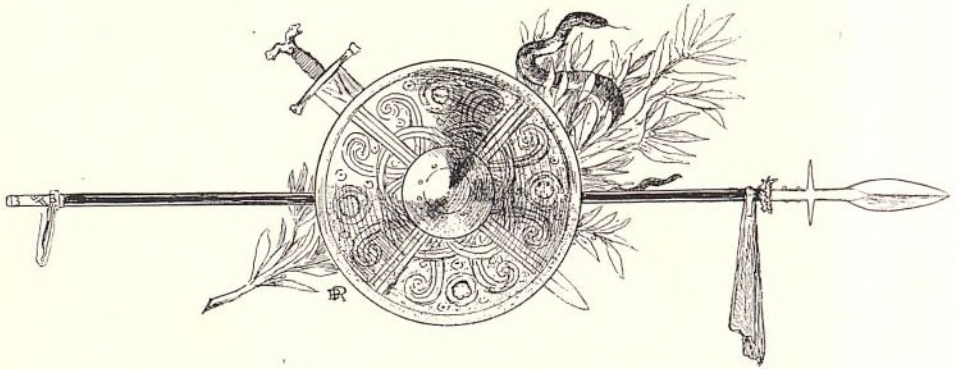
* Igor was the nephew and successor of Oleg.

My ashes cold shall steep." †
 The while his musing thus he kept,
 Upon the skull he lightly stept.

Unseen, a serpent glided out;
 Up at the Prince it sprung;
 Tightly it wound his leg about—
 Then Oleg started, stung!
 "Ah, here my peril lurked!" cried he.
 "My steed has held my destiny."

Again the foaming cup goes round;
 'T is Oleg's funeral.
 Igor and Olga on the mound
 Sit, while the warriors all
 Below are gathered on the shore,
 Still talking by-gone battles o'er.

† Horses were sacrificed on the graves of the pagan Russian princes.



GINSENG-HUNTING.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I WONDER how many country boys, or how many city boys who spend their summer vacations in the country, know the ginseng, and have tasted its sweet, pungent, aromatic root? It is in many respects the most famous plant that grows in our northern woods, because its root brings two dollars a pound, and hence it is sought more than any other plant. The Chinese believe it has rare medicinal virtues, and buy all that is gathered in this country. It is said that in China the native root, before the introduction of our ginseng, was worth its weight in gold.

In nearly every back-settlement in New York

and New England may be found one or more ginseng-hunters, half-wild men, who support their families in a precarious sort of way, by fishing, hunting, and looking for wild-honey and ginseng. I shall long remember two ginseng-hunters that passed my camp in the Catskills near the close of a summer day. They paused, and we had a little chat. I never should have guessed their occupation, nor what there was in their bags, had they not told me. They had been roving all day in the woods, up and down the mountain-side, searching for ginseng. And their search had been rewarded by several pounds each. They were both

armed with a short-handled tool, apparently made from one of those long, curved-necked, pointed hoes. The hunters had a decided woods-y flavor.

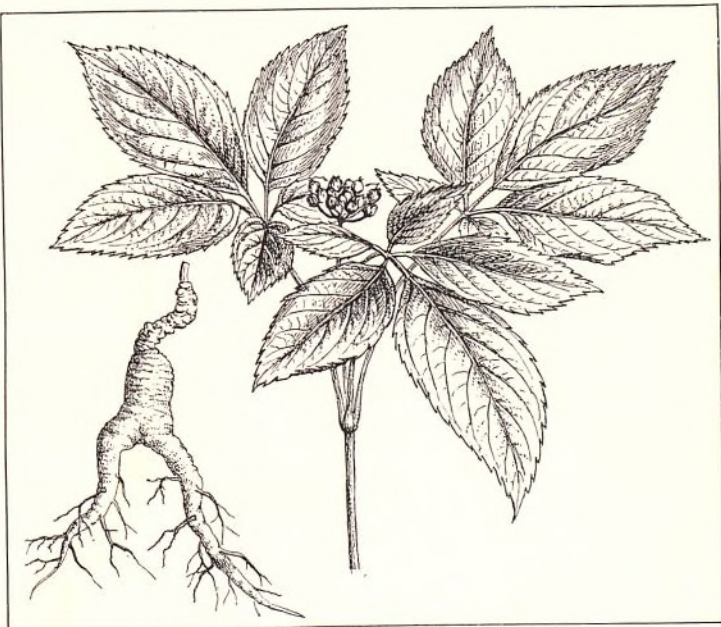
Last summer, while we were staying in the Catskills, we heard of one man at the head of the valley who, in a single day, had gathered eight pounds of the root. Another man crossing the mountain from our house gathered a two-quart pail full. My little boy suggested that we might go ginseng-hunting. If we did not get more than five or six pounds, it would add considerably to his bank-account.

So, one bright afternoon in early September, we set out for the mountain. I had never seen the growing plant, but felt sure I should recognize it from the botanical description. They told us at the farm-house that we should be more likely to find it in the vicinity of bass-wood trees. Our course took us through the pasture, into the "sugar-bush," and thence up into the primeval forest that still clothes the sides and summits of most of these Catskill mountains; sugar-maple, the master-tree, easily dominating all others; next, yellow-birch, more shaggy and unkempt; then beech; and then bass-wood, most trim and smooth-shaven of all. Bass-wood is a tall and stately tree, but it is not of the sturdy, heroic type. Its wood is soft, softer than pine, and decays quickly. The large old trees are very likely to be hollow, some of them with a cavity like that of a great water-main. Out of these trees the farmers used to make their leach-tubs. What countryman has not seen a bass-wood leach-tub, perched upon a broad flat stone, slightly tilted, and standing somewhere in the rear of the house, or wood-pile? Into its great cavity the ashes were put, and, at the annual soap-making, were leached, and the lye boiled in a large kettle which stood near.

Out of these hollow bass-wood trees also has been made many a bee-hive—rustic hives, as pleasing to the eye as the old style of straw hives, and as warm and acceptable to the bees. But now one may travel a long way without seeing any of these things.

We scan the ground everywhere for the signs of the plant of which we are in quest, expecting first to catch sight of its bunch of red berries. Wild

sarsaparilla, a plant belonging to the same family, was very common, but it lacked the scarlet fruit. Jack-in-the-pulpit, or wild turnip, attracted us from a distance by its red fruit; but only for a moment. Here and there, we paused to look into the open door of a woodchuck's hole, but never could tell whether the "chuck" was at home or not. In these mountains are real woodchucks, not yet enticed from the ancient domains of their race to the open fields and meadows. They should be wilder, more supple, less fat and gross than their cousins of the open, and I think they are. These dwellers in the woods can climb trees. One day while walking through the woods I heard my dogs barking fiercely, and on going to them found they had driven a woodchuck up a pine-tree. The trunk of the tree was straight and limbless, but the bark was rough. By means of the rough bark the animal had climbed about fifteen feet, to where there was a single dry limb. Over this he had thrown one paw and was thus holding on, and looking down at the dogs. His hold was so slight, and he was so nicely poised, that I saw he must surely fall if nudged a little with a stick, but whether I



ROOT, LEAVES, AND FRUIT OF THE GINSENG PLANT.

gave him the fatal nudge or not, I decline to say.

We peered into many openings of hollow trees, to discover if perchance a "coon" lived there. In one we kindled a fire; but the smoke found no outlet at the top, and came back into our faces. Still no ginseng. We were far up the mountain-side, beyond the range of the cattle, except in

seasons of drought. Glimpses of farms and settlements and villages, in the valleys below us, could be had here and there through the tree-tops, but the dash of scarlet amid the green that was to guide us to the ginseng was yet undiscovered.

A group of thrifty yellow-birches, their straight forms thickly hung with rags and rolls of thin, crisp, paper-like bark, detained us. With a match they were quickly singed of their curly locks. Up and up leapt the flame, till, for a moment, the main branches, and even one tree itself, seemed doomed

to appear in its bark. Any peculiar flavor or property which it may possess is there concentrated.

From this point we took an oblique course down the mountain-side toward the upper fields, having abandoned all hopes of finding ginseng.

But as it so often happens that after we have ceased to look for, or to expect a thing, lo, there it stands before us, so in this case, when we were within a rod of the open fields, my eye caught the brilliant bunch of berries rising from the center of three wide-branching, compound leaves, and I knew



GINSENG-HUNTERS.

to destruction. But a minute more, and the flame is out, and the tree uninjured, save perchance where a few of its tender, green leaves have felt the effects of the heat and smoke. Further along we find another yellow-birch, prostrate, and all decayed except its bark. This was nearly intact and held the rotten fragments together, as if it had been a coat of mail. We gathered large sheets of it, after ripping it open with our knives, and took it home with us for kindlings. What virtue there is in a tree is sure

the plant we were seeking was before us. If there was any doubt about it, the sweet, pungent flavor of the thick, fleshy root settled the matter. Where there was one there ought to be at least another, we said, but we explored the locality in vain for its fellow. We bore this one home in triumph, and its dried root I carried in my pocket for months, and whenever I wished to have a peculiarly agreeable taste in my mouth, I would gently nibble it.

TO MY BOY—ON DECORATION DAY.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

IF ever the dread day should come again
When the whole country needs her boys in blue,
How could I bear, dear lad, among the men
Marching to war and danger, to see you?

My heart sinks as I watch them through the glass;
And yet I know one thing were worse to bear:
That underneath my window they should pass
And I should look — and find you were not there.

MADAME ARACHNE

BY CELIA THAXTER.

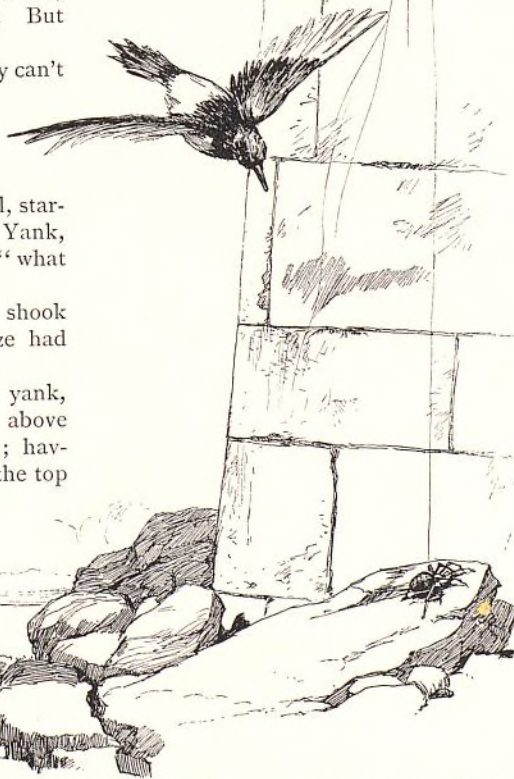
MADAME ARACHNE* sat in the sun at her door. From a spider's point of view she would have been considered a plump and pleasing person, but from a human standpoint she had perhaps more legs than are necessary to our ideal of beauty; and as for the matter of eyes, she was simply extravagant, having so many pairs that she could see all round the horizon at once. She had built her house across the pane of a window in a light-house, and sat at her door, in all the pride of possession, patiently awaiting flies. The wind from the south breathed upon her pretty web, and rocked her to and fro. Many tiny midges, small as pin-heads, flickered and fluttered and stuck to the web. But Madame did not stir for them.

"Bah!" she said; "such small-fry! Why can't a fly of proper size come this way?"

The sea made a great roaring on the rocks below, the sun shone, it was a lovely day. She was very content, but a little hungry. Suddenly a curious small cry, or call, startled her; it sounded as if some one said, "Yank, yank, yank!" "My goodness!" cried she, "what can that be?"

Then was heard a sharp tapping, which shook her with terror much more than the breeze had shaken her.

She started as if to run, when, "Yank, yank, yank!" sounded again, this time close above her. She was not obliged to turn her head; having so many eyes, she saw reaching over the top



[* Arachne, pronounced A-rack-ne, was the name of a Greek girl who is said to have been transformed into a spider for presuming to contend with Minerva for supremacy as a spinner. From this name the class in which spiders are included is called "Arachnida."]

of the window a sharp, black beak and two round black eyes belonging to Mr. Nuthatch, who also was seeking his supper, woodpecker fashion, and purposed to himself to take poor Mrs. Arachne for a tidbit. There was barely time for her to save her life. She precipitated herself from her door by a rope which she always carried with her. Down, down, down she went, till at last she reached the rock below; but Nuthatch saw, and swept down after her. Her many legs now served a good purpose,—she scampered like mad over the rough surface and crept under the shingles that lapped over at the edge where the foot of the light-house met the rock,—and was safe. Nuthatch could n't squeeze in after her,—he probed the crack with his sharp beak, but did not reach her; so he flew away to seek an easier prey. After a while, poor Madame Arachne crept out again, and climbed to her window, looking all about with her numerous eyes while she swung. "Ugh!—the ugly monster!" she whispered to herself, as she reached the pane where her pretty house had been built,—no vestige of it was left. He had fluttered about in every corner of the window, and with wings and feet had torn the slight web all to pieces. Patiently Madame Arachne toiled to make a new one; and, by the time the sun had set, it was all finished and swinging in the breeze as its predecessor had done. And now a kind fate sent the hungry web-spinner her supper. A big, blustering blue-bottle fly came blundering against the glass. Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced on him, with terrible dexterity had grabbed him and bound him hand and foot. Then she proceeded to eat him at her leisure. Fate was kind to the spider; but alas, for that too trustful fly! Presently she sought the center of her web and put herself in position for the night. I suppose she was n't troubled with a great deal of brains; so it did n't matter that she went to sleep upside-down! She was still a little agitated by the visit of Mr. Nuthatch, but she knew he must have gone to roost somewhere, so composed herself for slumber.

Ah, how sweet was the warm wind breathing from the sea; how softly the warm blush of the sunset lay on rock, and wave, and cloud! She heard a noise within the light-house,—it was the keeper lighting the lamps in the tower; she heard a clear note from the sandpiper haunting the shore below. "He does n't eat spiders," said she; "there is some *sense* in a bird like that! He eats snails and sand-hoppers, that are of no account. One can respect a bird like that!" The balmy summer night came down, with its treasures of dew and sweetness, and wrapped the whole world in dreams. Toward morning, a little mist stole in from the far sea-line, a light and delicate fog. The

light-house sent long rays out into it through the upper air, like the great spokes of some huge wheel that turned and turned aloft without a sound. The moisture clung to the new-made web. "Bless me," cried Madame, looking out, "a sea-turn, all of a sudden! I hope I shan't catch a rheumatism in my knees." Poor thing! As she had eight legs, and two knees to each leg, it would have been a serious matter indeed!

At that moment, there came a little stifled cry, and a thump against the glass of the lantern high above her, and then a fluttering through the air, and a thud on the rock beneath. What was happening now? She shuddered with fright, but dared not move. She could not go to sleep again; but it was almost morning.

At last the pink dawn flushed the east, the light mist stole away with silent footsteps, and left the fair day crystal-clear. Arachne still clung to her web, which was beaded with diamonds left by the mist. She did not know that Lord Tennyson had written about such a web as hers in a way never to be forgotten. He was talking about peace and war, and he said:

"The cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more."

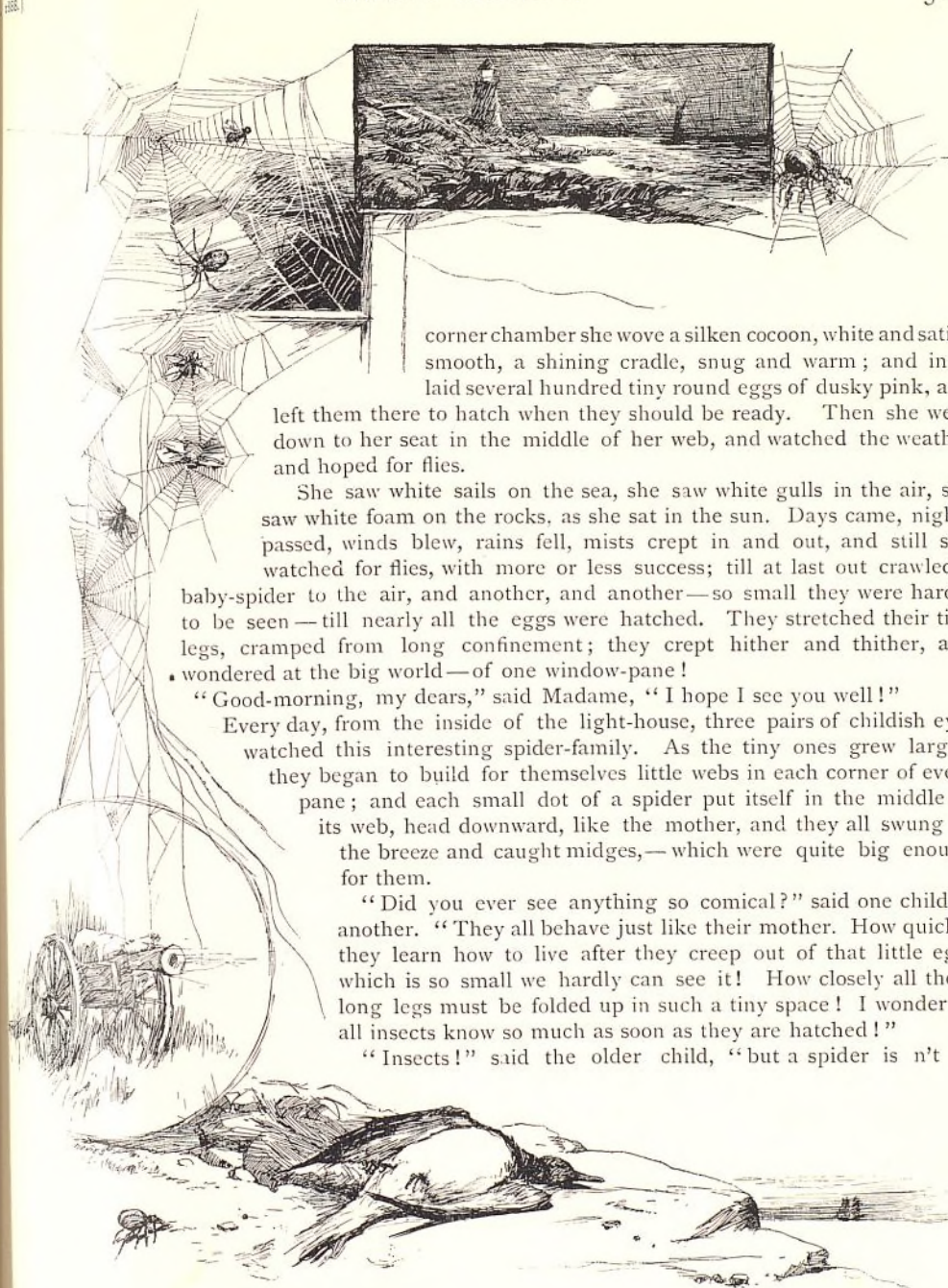
Her web was only woven across a window-pane from sash to sash, but it shook its threaded tears in the wind, that morning of late summer, and was very beautiful to see; but not so beautiful as the poet's thought.

She wondered what could have happened,—what the sound could have been, which had frightened her in the night. She crept to the edge of the window-ledge and looked down,—it was too far, she could not see. By her convenient rope, she swung herself down to the rock and was startled at what she beheld. There lay her enemy, Nuthatch, stone-dead, with his pretty feathers all ruffled, in a pitiful plight indeed. He had seen the long ray from the light-house top and, dazzled, had flown toward it, taking it for sunrise, followed it with a rush, and struck his head against the clear and cruel glass. That was the end of poor Nuthatch!

"Well, well!" cried Madame Arachne, "upon my word, I'm glad you're dead! Now I need n't be afraid of you. But what a silly thing! That's what all creatures do who have wings;—they flutter and flutter around a light till they are banded or burned to death. Better have nothing but legs. Who would want wings? Not I! No sensible person would."

Such is spider-wisdom.

She climbed her rope, hand over hand, and reached her airy dwelling. There she proceeded to bestir herself in the early morning. High in a



corner chamber she wove a silken cocoon, white and satin-smooth, a shining cradle, snug and warm; and in it laid several hundred tiny round eggs of dusky pink, and left them there to hatch when they should be ready. Then she went down to her seat in the middle of her web, and watched the weather and hoped for flies.

She saw white sails on the sea, she saw white gulls in the air, she saw white foam on the rocks, as she sat in the sun. Days came, nights passed, winds blew, rains fell, mists crept in and out, and still she watched for flies, with more or less success; till at last out crawled a baby-spider to the air, and another, and another—so small they were hardly to be seen—till nearly all the eggs were hatched. They stretched their tiny legs, cramped from long confinement; they crept hither and thither, and wondered at the big world—of one window-pane!

"Good-morning, my dears," said Madame, "I hope I see you well!"

Every day, from the inside of the light-house, three pairs of childish eyes watched this interesting spider-family. As the tiny ones grew larger, they began to build for themselves little webs in each corner of every pane; and each small dot of a spider put itself in the middle of its web, head downward, like the mother, and they all swung in the breeze and caught midges,—which were quite big enough for them.

"Did you ever see anything so comical?" said one child to another. "They all behave just like their mother. How quickly they learn how to live after they creep out of that little egg, which is so small we hardly can see it! How closely all those long legs must be folded up in such a tiny space! I wonder if all insects know so much as soon as they are hatched!"

"Insects!" said the older child, "but a spider is n't an

insect at all! Don't you remember how Papa read to us once that spiders belong to the Scorpion family?"

"Oh, a scorpion must be a horrid thing!" cried the younger, "—a *real* scorpion! I'm glad they don't live in this country. I like the spiders; they spin such pretty webs, and it's such fun to watch

them. They won't hurt you if you don't trouble them; will they, sister?"

"Of course they won't," said the little girl's re-assuring voice.

Madame Arachne heard them discussing her and her affairs. "They are good enough creatures," she said to herself. "They can't spin webs,

to be sure, poor things! But then these three, at least, don't destroy them, as that odious Nuthatch did. They seem quite harmless and friendly, and I have no objection to them,—not the least.

So the little spiders grew and grew, and spun many and many a filmy web about the old white light-house for many happy days.

But, late in the autumn, a party of merry birds, flying joyously through the blue heaven on their way south, alighted to rest on the rock. They filled the air with sweet calls and pretty twitterings. Many of them were slim and delicate fly-catchers, exquisitely dressed in gray and black and gold and flame. Alas, for every creeping thing! Snip! snap! went all the sharp and shining beaks,—and where were the spiders then? Into every crack and cranny the needle-like beaks were thrust; and when the birds flitted away, after a most sumptuous lunch, not a spider was visible anywhere. It was one grand massacre,—yet,

again Madame saved herself, behind a friendly shingle; and some days afterward the children saw her creeping disconsolately about her estate in the light-house window.

But the little island soon had another visitor in the shape of Jack Frost, Esq., who came capering over the dancing brine, and gave our poor friend so many pinches that she could only crawl into the snugest corner and roll herself up to wait till the blustering fellow should take his departure.

"She 's quite gone," said one of the children, as they looked for her, one crackling cold day.

"Never mind," said the eldest. "Spring will wake her up and call her out again."

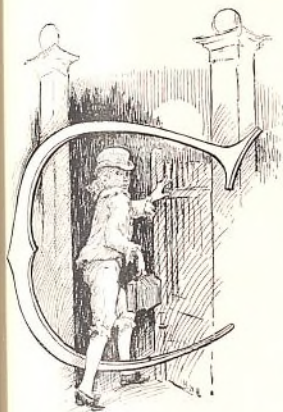
And so it did.

Now, would you like to know how I happen to have found out about Madame Arachne and her adventures? I will tell you, dear children. I was one of the little folk who watched through the old light-house window and saw them all.



RAN AWAY TO HOME.

BY NOAH BROOKS.



CHARLIE REDMOND was his name, and he lived in a big old-fashioned house in the old-fashioned town of Fairport, on the Penobscot Bay. To this house there often came an old-fashioned aunt of the family, Mrs. Dorcas

crowned white beaver hat, from beneath which flowed the flaxen ringlets of a lad who was esteemed in his time as "one of the prettiest boys of Fairport."

It is needless to tell here of Charlie's happy journey to Doesport; how he caught enchanting glimpses of the Penobscot River winding among the green hills, and how he saw strange villages of which he had only heard, and which had seemed to him as far off as Timbuctoo, or Nova Zembla. Let it suffice to say that the stage-coach duly arrived at Doesport, early in the afternoon, having accomplished the eighteen miles of hilly and stony road in five hours.

The first survey of Aunt Dorcas's premises did not rouse Charlie's enthusiasm. There was a long walk in the middle of a garden in front of the house, bordered with hollyhocks and sweet-williams; but outside of these were cabbages and other vegetables growing vigorously. To the small critic's taste, this was not nearly so nice as the beautiful lawn in front of his mother's house in Fairport. Aunt Dorcas's cottage, which he had somehow pictured in his mind as very fine, was extremely small; and when he got inside of it he noticed a stived and moldy smell, as if the honeysuckles and woodbines that covered the house had kept out light and air.

It was a very quiet house; so quiet that when Master Charlie went to bed that night, after a very unsatisfactory afternoon, he was scared by the stillness. At home, as he knew very well, his big brothers were at that hour racketing up and down stairs,—making ready, very unwillingly, for bed. The Redmond house could not be otherwise than noisy at bedtime. Here, it was as still as if nobody were alive. It was very lonely. The truth must be told,—Master Charlie was homesick. A big lump rose in his throat; and rolling over on his face to stifle his sobs he cried himself to sleep.

Next day, he found to his great disappointment that his best clothes were very much in the way of his expected fun. His aunt was continually calling after him to "be keerful of his clothes." Then there was another thing: The very next house to his aunt's was so near that the hens belonging to the family, the Peabodys, were con-

Joslin, who resided in Doesport, some eighteen miles up the river from Fairport. She was a sort of Lady Bountiful, and whenever she came to the Redmond House she brought with her goodies and queer little knick-knacks for the children. There were eight of these young Redmonds. Charlie was the youngest of the whole brood.

Once upon a time, when Charlie was eleven years old, it came to pass that after much discussion he was allowed to go to Doesport to pay a visit to good Aunt Dorcas. The lad had never before been away from home in all his life; no, not so much as for a night. The prospect of going to Doesport to stay a week was very delightful to this small traveler; and when they set out in the old-fashioned stage-coach, Charlie's excitement was so great that he could hardly sit still.

I wish I had a picture of the boy as he looked at that time, for it would be curious to my readers to see how a boy of eleven was dressed in those far-off days, for all this happened in 1842. He wore low shoes and long stockings. His small trousers came to just below the knee, where a white cambric ruffle, fastened on the inner edge with bastings of thread, made a delicate finish to the legs. His jacket was a roundabout, coming down to a point behind, and embellished in front with a double row of brass buttons, known as "bell buttons," shaped exactly like balls of brass. His collar, confined at the neck by a broad black ribbon, was of cambric muslin, very wide and bordered by a full ruffle. On his head the little man wore a low-

tinually coming over and scratching up the beds in Aunt Dorcas's garden. This made the good aunt very angry, and her hired man was obliged to chase the fowls out with sticks and stones, many times in the day. And, after a while, Aunt Dorcas with a tone of reproach in her voice said she should think Charlie might "spell" Jotham (that was the hired man's name) in chasing the hens over the fence. To Charlie, who was the youngest of eight, this seemed very degrading business. He had not been used to chasing hens, except in the way of personal amusement.

And that night, after several unsuccessful attempts to visit the town, which had greatly attracted him, Charlie was sent on an errand by good Aunt Dorcas. The Peabody hens had been unusually troublesome that day, and Charlie was told to go into Judge Peabody's and say to the family that unless the Peabody hens were kept at home Aunt Dorcas's hired man, Jotham, would be ordered to kill them. This was to Master Charlie a very mortifying errand. He thought it insulting to the Peabody family, and cruel toward the hens, who, being only hens, knew no better.

But he went. Ushered into a pleasant sitting-room, he saw a happy family assembled around a table, variously employed; while one — Almira Peabody — whom he had secretly admired from a distance, was reading aloud. It was a pretty picture, and Charlie's heart sunk within him at the thought of disturbing it. He awkwardly declined the chair that was set for him, mumbling out something about having lost his ball over the fence, and got out of the house as quick as he could. Aunt Dorcas asked him what Judge Peabody had said.

"He said, 'Good-evening,'" Charlie replied.

"What else did he say?" demanded Aunt Dorcas.

"Nothing much," replied Charlie.

"Well, you *are* a stupid boy. You go right to bed!" And Charlie obeyed her, nothing loath.

When Charlie went to bed the next night, he thought that the end of his week's visit was a long way off. He seemed to have been gone from home at least a year. I must confess that Charlie was very, very homesick. But, before he again cried himself to sleep, he resolved that he would run away to home when the town clock struck ten. When he awoke again, he was in great perplexity. He could not even guess what hour of the night it was. Looking out of the window to see if he could discover the time by the moon, he beheld a young man going down the front walk. This person, he guessed, was visiting his cousin, Maria; for Aunt Dorcas had an only daughter, a very quiet miss, and Maria had a beau. This was he, and as he paused at the gate the village clock struck ten.

Charlie was very much astonished. He had thought it nearly morning.

Dressing himself quickly, and as quietly as possible, but keeping his shoes in his hand, the lad took with him his little bag (a glazed leather satchel in which were packed a night-gown, a pair of stockings, a ruffled collar, a tooth-brush, and some small pocket-handkerchiefs) and crept down the back stairs, his heart beating so that all the way along into the kitchen he could hear it thump. His hat was in the front entry; but the sitting-room and dining-room doors being open, he guiltily stole in, snatched it from the table and retreated.

With eighteen miles between him and home, Charlie felt that he must provide something to eat. He had not been in the house for nearly two days without finding out where the gingerbread was kept. It was in a big wooden firkin in the dining-room closet. There was a huge sheet of gingerbread. Charlie took it, looked longingly at it, and then broke it in halves. Half, he thought, would last him to Fairport. Breaking this into quarters, he stowed one piece under his jacket and the other in his satchel. Then he stopped to think. He had been brought up with very strict notions as to theft, and he felt guilty. He reflected that a sheet of gingerbread could be bought in Fairport for five cents, and of course some of that was the storekeeper's profit. He did not believe that his Aunt Dorcas would be willing to take any profit from him; so, extracting from his pocket two large copper cents, such as were used in those days, he laid them softly on the cover of the firkin, and with a light heart stole out of the kitchen-door.

Over the fence and into an alley in the rear, then quickly around the corner into the main street, and thence along the river bank and into the highway leading southward, was the work of but a very few minutes, and Master Charlie was on his way home. The moon was still high in the heavens, but the silvery luster made big black shadows in the road where there were borders of alder-bushes and birches. Occasionally he passed a farm-house, dark and gloomy, sleeping in the white light of the moon; or a great barn loomed up beside the road, casting a dense shadow across his way; or a watch-dog, hearing the patter of small feet on the highroad, set up a tremendous barking. It was a lonesome journey. Sometimes he was sorry that he had started. He was ready to turn back; but then he thought of the shame of the thing, of cross Jotham, of the Peabody hens, and of Aunt Dorcas; so he kept on. His shoes were wet with the dew, and much walking began to hurt his feet, for the way was rough. His small

legs were shaky under him; but, sustaining his sinking spirits with an unsteady and quavering song once in a while, he kept bravely on until he came to a sign-board at the forking of the ways. "Shinning" up this, he read, "To Doesport, 3 m." "To Dorbury, 5 m." Then he knew he was still fifteen miles from Fairport. It was a discouraging outlook.

The moon was sinking in the west and a cold and chilly mist was drifting upward from the river, when Charlie, footsore and scarce able to crawl, so sore were his blistered feet, found himself unable to go any farther. What should he do? He dared not approach any house. He could walk no more. He feared he might be picked up and stolen by gypsies if he lay by the side of the road. So, seeing in a fence-corner close by the highway a half-used hayrick, he crawled over the rails, regarding with tearful envy the cows that chewed their cud contentedly in the next inclosure, wondered who lived in the red house near at hand, and then, cuddling down in a cave-like chasm in the side of the hayrick, went to sleep in an instant. His sorrows were forgotten.

It was broad daylight when Charlie awoke with a sobbing, sighing noise full in his face. He started with a little scream, for he felt the warm breath of an animal on his forehead. A stupid cow that had been snuffing at this strange figure, as she poked her nose through the fence-rails, snorted wildly and dashed away from the fence. "Whoa! Hoish! yer blamed fool, Nance. What are yer scared on?" said a voice; and a good-matured, freckled face, surmounted by a ragged straw hat, looked over the fence.

Resting his arms on the top rail, and regarding the small and very rueful figure sitting up under the lee of the hayrick, dusty with travel, and with tear-stained face, Elkanah Watson, Reuben Grindle's hired man, simply said: "Well, I'll be blamed."

Charlie resolutely repressed the rising tears, and said: "How far is it to Fairport?"

"It's a matter of eight or nine mile, young feller. Be you goin' to Fairport?"

"Yes, I am," said Charlie. "And I must be pegging away." With that he got on his feet, but, cramped by his unusual sleeping-place, and being lame in the knees and feet, he nearly fell down again.

"See here," said Elkanah, noting the plight the boy was in, "you must n't go no fuder till you have been fixed up a bit. You're clean tuckered out. What's your name, anyhow?"

"You can call me Jim," responded Charlie.

"Jim what?"

"Nothing," he replied brazenly. "Just Jim."

"Wal, you come into the house, Jim, and we'll see what we can do for you. The folks will be gittin' up right off, and I guess Mis' Grindle will slick you up before she lets you go on." With that, Elkanah reached over, took the lad by the arms, and lifted him over the fence. Then, balancing himself on his stomach across the top rail, he swooped down and picked up the boy's beaver hat, restored it to its rightful owner, putting it on wrong side foremost, and again saying, "Wal, I'll be blamed!" led him into the red house.

A bowl of milk, warm from the cow, greatly refreshed the little runaway, so that, when Mrs. Grindle came down and pausing in the door said, "Wal, I never!" he looked up with an air of some amusement. He found himself, for the first time in his life, an object of interest.

"Old Nance found the little chap herself, unbeknownst to anybody," said Elkanah, puffing away at the fire that he was trying to kindle in the kitchen fire-place. "Mebbe she took him for one o' them new-fangled Durhams that they are makin' such a to-do abaout, down to Fairport," he continued, addressing Mrs. Grindle. And Elkanah giggled and gurgled as he blew the kindling flames.

At the mention of Fairport, Charlie spoke up, "That's where I live."

"What! You live to Fairport? And what is your name?" said Mrs. Grindle.

Charlie hesitated. For some reason that he never could understand, even in all the years afterward, he thought he must not give his real name.

"It's Jim; just Jim," said Elkanah, grinning. "Did ye ever see a boy before with only one name? 'Just Jim.' Oh, go 'long with yer nonsense!"

At this, Reuben Grindle, master of the house, came down the stair, his big boots in his hand. He regarded the small boy perched on the chair with open-eyed amazement, and said: "Why, I declare if that is n't Master Redmond's boy! Be n't you Master Redmond's boy?"

The boy nodded. His father was a master ship-builder, well known through all the country round as "Master Redmond."

"Why, he says his name is Jim," cried Elkanah Watson.

"It's no such thing," said Reuben Grindle, sternly. "His brother Jim is a man grown. What is your name, youngster?" he asked.

"Charlie Holmes Redmond," answered the child, as was his wont.

"Wal, I never!" said the good woman, shocked at this youthful depravity. But, as if impressed by the idea that he was Master Redmond's boy, she took off his stockings and bathed his poor wounded feet; then, threading a large needle, and drawing

the thread across a piece of yellow soap, she tenderly passed needle and thread through the watery blisters with which the soles of his feet were sprinkled.

"Now, if I only had a clean pair of socks," she

"I've got a pair in my bag. Oh, where is my bag?" he cried, in a sudden panic.

"Where did you have it last?" asked big Elkanah, who was regarding all these preparations with evident sympathy for the tired boy.

"I had it under my head when I lay down in the hay-rick."

"Then old Nance has eat it up by this time," said Elkanah, but he stalked out and soon returned in triumph bearing the little shiny satchel. "There's eatables in it, and Nance *would* have chawed it up if she had only got at it," said the shrewd Elkanah, with a very wide grin.

A wholesome breakfast gave the youngster new life for the remainder of his toilsome march. When he had comfortably filled himself, during which pleasing task Mrs. Grindle, aided and abetted by Elkanah and Reuben, drew from him all the particulars of his journey and his reasons for the same, the good woman said:

"Now, you lie down and take a nap. The down stage won't be here till nearly dinner-time, and you look as if a good sleep would do you good."

"Oh, I can't ride home. I have n't got any money. I must be going, right off," said Charlie.

"Land sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Grindle. "Do listen to him! As if Master Redmond would n't pay your stage-fare when you get home, and glad enough, too. Besides, Mose Copp 'll sure

trust you; don't you worry about that."

But Charlie was resolute. He said nothing more about going. But, when Reuben and Elkanah



"THIS WAS TO MASTER CHARLIE A VERY MORTIFYING ERRAND."

said, eying with some dismay those that Charlie had so painfully worn all night. They were nearly past wearing any more.

[MAY,

had gone to work and the good wife was busy about her household matters, the lad, watching his chance, slipped out at the door and took to his heels down the road as fast as he could go, nor did he stop until he had put at least a half-mile between him and the hospitable house of the Grindles.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Grindle, returning from her dairy, saw with dismay that he had fled. Looking down the highway, she beheld Charlie making toward Fairport, which was still many miles away. Smiling to herself, she said aloud, "Wal, that boy does beat all!"

When the stage rattled up, later in the forenoon, she went out, having waved her apron as a signal to stop Moses Copp, and told him that if he saw a small boy limping along the highway, foot-sore and lame, he must take him in and carry him to Fairport.

"And if he won't go, Mose, you must grab him and carry him along, willy-nilly. He's Master Redmond's son, and land only knows what his folks will say if you let him go on alone."

"Oh, I know all about him. There was the very

chickens to pay, up to his aunt's, when they found out that he had run off," said Moses. "The old lady was nigh distracted, and I promised her I'd pick him up; and I will, if he don't get to Fairport before we do. G'lang there!"

The stage-driver loudly cracked his whip and the stage rumbled away, leaving Mrs. Reuben to follow it with her eyes.

But Master Charlie had calculated upon this. He knew that his Aunt Dorcas would instruct Moses Copp to pick up her vagrant nephew; and he was in terror every time he heard wheels behind him on the road.

He was determined to walk home, unless his little legs gave out beneath him. More than once, at some sort of false alarm, he hopped over the fences and lay quiet among the bushes while a country wagon clattered by. Finally, he heard the well-remembered rumble and rattle of the Concord stage that Moses Copp so grandly drove from Fairport to Doesport. Over the fence he went like a flash, lame as he was. And there

he lay in a mass of golden-rod, laughing softly as Moses drove by, driver and passengers scanning both sides of the bushy road as they passed on.

When the stage reached Fairport, and Moses Copp had delivered his tidings to Master Redmond, that jovial gentleman only laughed and said:

"Oh, he's plucky. He'll be home by midday."

But midday came and went, and so did many hours after, and no Charlie appeared.

"Father, you must take the horse and go look for the boy," said the anxious mother. Just then there was a shout in the rear of the house, toward which sloped a long field from the highway on the hill beyond. Mother and father, with the brood of children at their heels, ran to the back door. There was the fugitive, looking very much the worse for his long tramp.

"Oh, I'm all right!" he shouted, boastfully. But catching a look at his mother's anxious face, and taking in at one swift glance the beloved home, so strange and yet so dear after an absence that seemed an age, the little chap burst into a passion of happy tears. The loving mother clasped him



"IT WAS BROAD DAYLIGHT WHEN CHARLIE AWOKE."

to her bosom, laughing and crying by turns. Brothers and sisters stood around rejoicing, and half envious of the youngster, who had suddenly become a hero.

The mother dried her eyes and, too glad to think for a moment of berating the child, said: "'For this my son was lost and is found.' He has made his first flight from his mother, and has run away—to home."



LADY DAFFODIL.

BY MARY E. SHARPE.

My dainty Lady Daffodil
Has donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
Sparkles her golden crown.

The conscious bluebells softly sway,
And catch the yellow light —
And violets, among their leaves,
Breathe low their young delight.

The sweet old-fashioned almond flower
Brightens its pallid red,

And flings its petals, daintily,
Over the garden bed.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my Lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state
She reigns a queen alone.

And thus, my Lady Daffodil
In gorgeous, amber gown,
Holdeth her court this sun-warm day,
Wearing her golden crown.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE FRENCH READERS. No. IV.



By Proxy



IV.
 Young Timothy Timid is cautious and wealthy ;
 He has heard that bicycle owners are healthy ,
 And being himself but a weak-chested youth ,
 He bought him a wheel, - and a beauty, in truth .
 "A pity," he said, as he viewed it with pride ,
 "To scar it and batter it learning to ride ;
 And worse (what is likely) to batter myself .
 I cannot do better than hire with my pelf
 Some cycler to ride in my stead , and be rid
 Of all danger and worry and work ." So he did .



AN ADVENTURE WITH A MAN-EATER.

BY WALTER CAMPBELL.



It is now a good many years ago since I killed the man-eating tiger; but I remember it all as vividly as if it happened yesterday, and as I write, the whole wild scene rises before me,—the group of half-clothed natives gloating with eager faces over the corpse of their enemy, the waving palm-trees above, and as for the heat, I can almost *feel* that! It was far away in Southern India, the home of the Royal Bengal tiger, that the adventure took place.

You must know, first of all, that the tiger as seen cooped up in a cage at some circus, or in a zoölogical garden, is very different from the animal as he appears in his native jungle. In the circus he is so “cabined, cribbed, confined” that he is never able properly to stretch his muscles, and the roar with which he greets the keeper who is bringing his food, resembles the roar with which he awakens the echoes of the forest, as the piping of a tin trumpet resembles the screech of a steam-whistle. It is difficult to describe the roar of a tiger when he is angry. It is not like the lion’s, which is more nearly a “bellow,” but perhaps you can realize it when I say that it is as if a thousand tom-cats gave one wild and prolonged “meow.” Tigers are generally hunted in two ways: one is, shooting from the *howdah* of a “pad” elephant, which is a comparatively safe method; and the other is to shoot them from a *meechaum*, or platform of boughs fixed in a tree. When the latter method is adopted a bait, in the form of a bullock, either alive or dead, is generally used to attract the tiger; or else the *meechaum* is built within range of the place to which the animal is accustomed to come for his morning drink. The latter is perhaps the commoner way, as shooting tigers from the back of an elephant is rather expensive work and only within reach of those who have long purses.

It was during the hot weather of 1876 that, in company with a friend who was an officer in one of the native Indian regiments, I went on a shooting expedition for a few days in Travancore,

Southern India. We were some days’ march from any English settlement, and were on our way to pass the night at a native village, said by our guide to be near at hand. We had with us two *sowars*, or troopers, of my friend’s regiment, who acted as *shikarees*, or hunters, to beat up the game and make themselves generally useful in camp. We were not looking especially for tigers, but were ready for anything that came; and we soon arrived at the village where we were to pass the night.

What a lovely place it was, and how cool and pleasant it seemed to our tired eyes and overheated bodies! It was built on the shore of a small lake, or “tank,” and was shaded by groves of palm and cocoanut trees, and altogether there was an aspect of peace about it that was very pleasing. But when we came near, we were considerably astonished to hear none of the usual signs of welcome. Usually, when a European enters a native village, he is saluted by the furious barking of innumerable curs, and the inhabitants eagerly flock to see the *sahib*. But now all this was wanting, and everything was as silent as the grave. Not a sign of the inhabitants was to be seen, and, as we went from door to door seeking some one and failed to find a living soul, we thought we had found a city of the dead. We were about to give up our quest, when from one of the huts there crawled a man, bent with age. Slowly he approached with many *salaams*, and in reply to our queries as to what had become of the rest of the inhabitants, informed us that they had all forsaken the town on account of a man-eating tiger. He was the only person left, being too old to leave his home. He informed us that the terrible tiger had visited the village three times, and each time had borne away a victim. Then the people could endure the danger no longer, and all had fled.

“But, oh!” continued the old man, “all will be right now; the *sahibs* will slay the tiger, and once more the people can come back to their beautiful village.” We agreed to make at least an attempt to kill the tiger, but were considerably handicapped by the lack of a guide who knew the ground where the tiger generally lay. The old man told us, however, that he was momentarily

expecting a visit from his grandson, who was to bring him some rice, and that the grandson could fetch some of the villagers to act as guides. Accordingly we decided to remain in the village all night, and to start upon the tiger's trail in the morning.

a man-eater in the neighborhood, it behooved us to keep the closest watch during the night. In order to do this more effectually, we built a big fire and divided the night into watches. One of the *sowars* had first watch, and we gave him strict orders that he was not to sleep even so much as a wink, for



"THE TIGER CRAWLS UP SO QUIETLY THAT THE VICTIM HAS NO WARNING OF THE CRAFTY ANIMAL'S ATTACK."

Soon after we had encamped, the old man's grandson appeared. We sent a message by him to the villagers that we were there to slay the tiger, and asked them to send their best hunters, with a bullock to be used for bait. We had our own tent with us, and this we set up on the outskirts of the village. Knowing that there was

his life depended upon his vigilance. A tiger will never hesitate to attack a sleeping man, and he crawls up so quietly that the victim has no warning of the crafty animal's attack until the catlike spring is made upon the prey. We ourselves lay down inside the tent, previously, however, covering the sights of our rifles with pieces of white

cotton, so that we might have something to guide us if we should have to aim them suddenly in the dark. It seemed to me that my eyes had hardly been closed for five minutes, when I was startled by the most unearthly shriek I ever heard. It was but one terrifying cry, and then all was silent. But too



IN THE JUNGLE.

him and carried him off to the jungle. We fired our rifles in the direction the brute had taken, not with any hope of hitting, but trusting that the sound of fire-arms would make the beast drop his victim. We followed him a short distance, and then, seeing how useless it was to continue, in the darkness, we returned to camp. Early next morning we found traces of the poor *sowar* close to the camp. At one place we found his belt, and in another his turban. We could not find the body, and the tiger had evidently dragged it into the recesses of the jungle. Soon after, some of the villagers arrived, bringing a white calf for a bait. Guided by them,

we made our way to a place about a mile away, close by a stream, where they said that they had seen the tiger's tracks, showing that he came there to drink. He was not to be expected until evening; so, after reconnoitering the ground and selecting in a suitable tree a place to build a *meecham*, we returned to the village. In the evening we returned to the stream, and the first thing we did was to build the *meecham* in the tree. We did not intend to shoot the tiger from the tree, but made



well I knew what it meant. The *sowar* on watch had fallen asleep, and the tiger had pounced upon it only as a place in which to pass the night, until we could "stalk" the tiger to the spot

where the bait should be placed. Accordingly we tethered the white calf in the middle of a clear space, some two or three hundred yards away, and when all preparations were complete we returned to the *meechaum*. You may be sure not one of us slept a wink that night; we were far too anxious, and when the very faintest streak of dawn appeared we slid down the tree, and slowly and carefully crept to where the calf was tethered. When we came near, we at first could see nothing of the calf, and thought that the tiger had carried him off bodily; but our eyes were becoming better accustomed to the gloom, and as it was rapidly growing lighter, we soon discerned something white lying on the ground, and every now and then moving a little; and — yes! sure enough, there was something else beside it! In the East daylight comes almost as quickly as does the evening darkness, and it was not long before we could make out the tiger and “the lashing of his tail.” He was lying full length on the calf’s body, and evidently, since the calf still moved, had not yet killed it. On the other side of the open ground there was a dead tree, and I thought: “Master Tiger, if I can get behind that, you are a dead tiger,

and will go to the happy hunting-grounds of Tiger-dom.” I arranged with my friend that he should stay where he was, to shoot the tiger if he turned in that direction, while I should steal over to the dead tree and try to get a shot from there. I arrived at the tree all right, and, slowly taking careful aim at the tiger so that I might hit him right behind the shoulder, I fired. “Me-ow-w-w!” — what a roar he did give as he sprang into the air! I had hit him hard, and he faced directly toward me, with his eyes glowing like red-hot coals.

Then he gave one frantic bound toward where my friend was standing, but it was his last leap, for the short, sharp crack of a rifle rang out, and, with a bullet through his heart, the great man-eater lay dead!

Oh! what joy there was among the villagers, who now came running up. Their enemy was dead, and once more they could return to their beautiful village. How they danced round him and spat upon him, and called the tiger by all the abusive epithets in the Indian vocabulary. Then they tied the paws together and slung the body on a pole, and we all returned in triumph together. And so ended my adventure with the man-eater.

LITTLE JOSEF HOFMANN.

BY MARY LANG.



HO is he? A Polish boy only ten years old, with a sweet round face and large dreamy-looking eyes, who can play the piano-forte. Many boys can do that, but not as little Josef does — for he possesses that rarest of all great gifts — genius; and his wonderful playing has stirred his audiences to the greatest enthusiasm, and made them feel that they have been fortunate enough to see and hear a second “boy Mozart.”

He was born at Warsaw, on the 10th of June, 1877. His father was then an orchestral conductor and professor of the piano-forte at the Warsaw conservatory. Thus Josef was born into a musical atmosphere, and we believe he has

received his entire musical instruction from his own father.

When scarcely six years old he played in public at some of the principal European towns, and with extraordinary success. On June 9th, of last year, he first played before a London audience. While in London he gave four piano-forte recitals, and achieved his greatest triumph at the final concert of the Philharmonic Society by his interpretation of one of Beethoven’s Concertos — a work which tests the capabilities of even a mature and experienced musician.

I wonder if you have ever heard of Charles Hallé? He is one of the best living conductors, whose band of over one hundred performers is celebrated throughout England. He gives a series of concerts every season in Manchester, and at one of these I first heard little Hofmann. The great Free Trade Hall was crowded, and all were filled with eager anticipation. Josef Hofmann

was to perform a Concerto of Mozart's, and the audience was not more interested than were the artists who were to play with him. A concerto, as perhaps you know, is a composition for a particular instrument in which the performance is partly alone and partly accompanied; and to render the principal part in a concerto is a task that usually is attempted only by artists of marked ability and experience.

Could this be Josef? A dear little fellow who looked not more than six years old, dressed in black knickerbockers and a white-flannel Garibaldi? This baby-boy to play Mozart's Concerto? Impossible!

Not a trace of nervousness or embarrassment does he display as he trots across the platform, and, with a merry little nod to the audience, seats himself at the piano-forte. I can not say how others felt; but I fairly held my breath until the first movement was over, for the wonder of it quite overcame me.

I shall never forget the scene — the gray-haired conductor, the band of experienced artists, and in the center the child playing as if imbued with the very spirit of Mozart. Each movement was played correctly and with true artistic finish. At the close, in response to the enthusiastic recalls of the audience, he nodded his head to them, as though he had not done anything at all wonderful, and ran off the platform.

I must not forget to tell you that when the little fellow is seated at the piano his feet do not reach the ground, so that the tiny musician is obliged to use pedals specially arranged for him, as the ordinary piano pedals would be much below his feet.

In the second part of the programme he played alone,—first, a Waltz by Chopin, and then two pieces, a Romance and a Waltz, both of these his own compositions.

Was it possible that such tiny hands produced that full, rich tone, those delicate turns, those bird-like trills? Could it be little Hofmann, or was it the Spirit of Music embodied in the child?

They tell us that he practices for only an hour and a half a day. I can well believe it, for, though his execution is amazing, no mere practice could have produced such results at his age. It is just a gift from Heaven for little Josef to play as he does, and he plays as naturally as other boys breathe.

Music is the language in which he speaks.

He seems such a lovable little fellow, aside from his genius, that I don't wonder the Princess of Wales, when he had played for her, took his face between her hands and kissed him. It is what many would like to have done.

Some one asked if he did n't find Music very

difficult, and he answered, "Oh, no; *Music* is very easy,—but *lawn-tennis* is hard. I must learn to play lawn-tennis."

He is now in America, and I hope all the American readers of ST. NICHOLAS who love music will be able to hear him for themselves. And music-loving boys and girls must not be discouraged if, after they have heard him, they feel how poor is their own performance, but rather should be inspired to renewed efforts.

The unstinted praise which heralded the arrival of the child-pianist in America, while assuring a welcome, also made it seem impossible that the expectations of a new public, prepared for a great wonder, could be satisfied.

Every one knew that the little boy could play, but there were lingering doubts whether his achievements in music had not been over-praised.

Now, in his own pretty, modest, and charming way he has made his boyish nod to the most critical audiences of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Brooklyn, and has convinced the most skeptical that he is not an imitator nor an automaton, nor a little specimen of precocity; but simply a young musical genius, of whom, perhaps, even the whole truth had not been told. That Josef is a genius, a born musician, the American people now believe; that he is a natural, fascinating, and lovable small boy, withal, all of his many friends warmly attest.

THE CHILD JOSEF HOFMANN.

BY A FELLOW-VOYAGER.

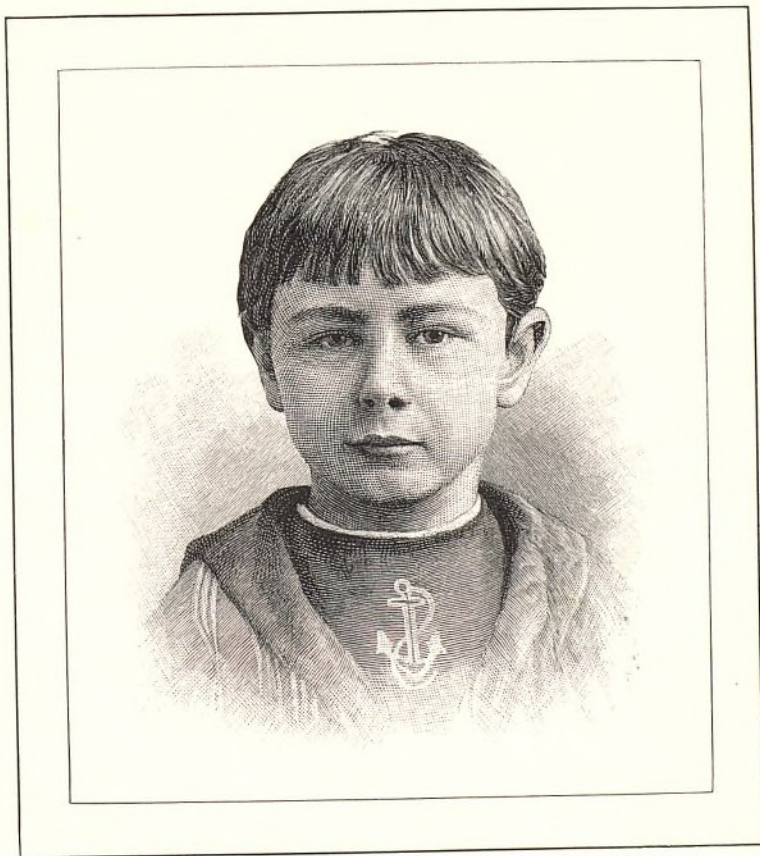


WOULD you like to know more of the great child-pianist? It is not of Josef's genius I wish to tell you; but of the real little boy Josef, with whom I crossed the ocean in the steamship "Aller," and whom I knew and loved for his bright little self before I wondered at him and admired him for the sake of his music. Indeed, one saw in him none of the precocity one would expect to find in such a genius; he was as much of a rough-and-tumble boy as any of you or your school-fellows. When I first saw him, he had just come on board warmly clad for the voyage in the huge fur cap and fur-lined coat in which he has been so

often photographed. He ran about investigating with great curiosity the boat which was to be his abode for the next eight days, and chatting in German with every one. I soon became one of his friends, and his small figure was often the first to greet me when I went up on deck in the morning; at that time his low bow and manner of kissing my hand were worthy of a small prince, though prompted by an impulse most childlike and affectionate. He showed, however, that he cares little for the plaudits and flowers, so often showered upon him after a performance, by his remark, when a friend on board said he would send him a bouquet at his first concert, "Oh," said Josef, "let it be a toy instead." He delighted in games of any description, and particularly in sleight-of-hand tricks. Some one had taught him how to insert a coin through the small neck of a bottle; he was extremely proud of this accomplishment, and was always greatly pleased when any one asked to see it. There were some children on board of whom he was very fond, and one evening he amused himself with drawing an "*andenken*" (remembrance) for each of these young friends; one, I remember, was an absurd caricature of himself, seated at a huge piano, his hair standing out in all directions, in a most ridiculous manner. He became so absorbed in this occupation that no persuasion was strong enough to induce him to go to the piano, until some one promised to teach him a new and fascinating card trick. Before the fifth day of the voyage, the piano had scarcely been heard, and for a very good reason,—that which usually controls all things in steamer life,—namely, the weather; but on the morning of that day we passengers all gathered in the saloon to personally test the reports we all had read and heard of our young friend's genius. Of course, our expectations were most fully realized; his playfellows listened, awestruck by his wonderful playing, and indeed it was quite impossible for any not to feel a tender

reverence for the child-hands endowed with power so marvelous. His small feet hardly reached the pedals, and, to his great amusement, it was necessary to call a steward to come and steady his chair, as the motion of the ship threatened to dislodge him from his seat; but it never interfered with the harmony of his music.

He gave several of his own compositions, and while playing would often speak with some one standing near him; and his sly winks at his admiring playfellows were most amusing. When his short performance was over, he did not care to hear our many praises, but soon ran away to his



JOSEF HOFMANN.

play. Music, thus begun, continued all the afternoon, and Josef, though most unsparing in his criticisms, listened with pleasure to the poorest performance. Toward evening he came to me on the deck, begging me to go with him into the saloon to hear some singing, which he said was so bad "*das es wirklich amusant war*" (that it was really amusing). That evening a small concert was arranged in which Josef's playing was, of course, the principal feature. His father sat

beside him while he played, and only to him did the child care to look for a nod of approval — which invariably greeted him. Indeed, if you have watched closely at one of his concerts, you have found that from the time of his appearance on the stage, Josef's attention is directed toward a dark, intelligent-looking man seated back of the orchestra; and, though he has those charming little bobbing bows of his for the audience, and occasionally a grimace for his friends among the admiring orchestra, yet, to one who knows him, it is easily perceived that he considers the true spirit of the

music to be rightly appreciated only by his father and himself. I have been told by his personal manager that often, after an apparently most successful performance, the little fellow has burst into tears, insisting that he has failed in the true rendering of some composition.

But all this is not of the *boy*, and now I can only say, as I did when I saw him descend the gang-plank to these (to him) unknown shores where he was so soon to gain fame and popularity, "May life and renown deal gently with the wonderful boy!"

DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER VII.

It was night; and the round November moon hung poised in space undimmed by mist or cloud, an orb of radiant silver, and poured through the tree-tops a flood of mellow light. The wind was from the south; it ruffled the waters of the lake in sudden flashes edged with blackness; rattled the bare branches overhead, and, sighing wearily, swept back into the mazes of the forest the windrows of dry leaves that still were lying here and there; shook the windows in their casings, and the loose shingles on the roofs; slammed an unfastened blind fitfully against wall and window by turns, and breathed a warmth unusual to the season.

In the west dormitory all was still, and half the wide windows were open. The curtains were drawn back from the alcoves to allow free circulation of the refreshing air, and now and then the low breathing of some sleeper was distinctly audible, so quiet was the room; while the silence within was otherwise unbroken, save by the

"Sad, uncertain
Rustling of some silken curtain,"

as the breeze that blew through the open windows lifted it for a moment; or by the unexpected, sharp little rattle of a coal falling from an open grate. The night guard sat by the grate nearest to the head of the stairway, quarter-staff in hand, casting

an eye around the hall for a moment, and then idly drawing geometrical figures in the ashes on the hearth. After a brief rest, he resumed his slow pacing along the hall, with noiseless feet.

"Toll-l-l!"

It was the great clock upon the distant tower, striking the hour of midnight.

"Toll-l-l!" and each stroke sent a lonely throb echoing again and again, from wall to wall, and flying out upon the lake to die away in the distance.

"Toll-l-l!" and at the last stroke the quick-eared sentinel caught the muffled sound of feet along a corridor, stood at "ready" with his quarter-staff, received the salute of the relief, gave up his staff to a comrade, and betook himself to his couch and dreamless sleep; rejoicing in the fact that his guard-duty exempted him from rising on the morrow at reveille; while the new sentinel began in turn his silent march back and forth, back and forth, with a measured tread as regular as a pendulum.

In the study nearest to the stairs Harry was sleeping profoundly, but in dreams was still alert. The jar of the swinging shutter had given form to the phantom scenes which his mind created, and caused him to dream that it was again summer, and sunrise, and that from the old fort far away across the level lake came the dull boom of the morning gun.

He was still listening to those fancied echoes among the distant hills, when he was rudely

awakened by a terrific explosion that shook the building as though it were a house of cards, and sent him to his feet with a convulsive start.

The hurried footfalls on every side, shouts of alarm, eager questions, hasty answers, told him plainly that it was no dream, while amid and above the confusion came a strange, hissing, seething noise from the lower part of the building, sounding like the rush of water aft from the paddle-wheels of an enormous steamboat.

Then came another explosion, and another, and another, and another, in quick succession, sharp, irregular; and with the cry, "It's the chemicals in the laboratory," the night guards plunged down the stairs with the fire-extinguishers. A thick column of stifling smoke swirled up from the hall below, and simultaneously rang out that which, heard at night, is the most startling of all cries, — "Fire!!"

Were you ever in a hotel at night when such an alarm was given? Do you remember the fright, the shrieks, the wild, panic-stricken rushing to and fro, the attempts at saving what was not worth saving, and the neglect of valuables? Do you remember how insidiously the gushing smoke eddied around the corners, and hung in dense clouds along the corridors; and how, through all, was heard the snapping crackle of the flames splitting the timbers in their fiery jaws? Do you remember the set look of deadly terror upon some of the faces which appeared like ghosts in the darkness, and the dazed, undecided, uncomprehending look upon other faces, and the wild eyes of those others who for the time had lost all reason? Thus it was in the school.

In an instant the dormitory halls were filled with white forms rushing for the stairway, but the throng surged back as it met the smothering smoke. There was another rush for the windows and the fire-escapes, but the crowd was so great that no one could gain access to them, and some narrowly escaped being hurled from the windows by the frantic pushing of those in the rear. There was none to direct, none to assist another, but each thought but of himself and fought blindly for life. A hundred voices were shouting at once.

It was all in an instant. When Harry rose to his feet his first impulse had been to rush out as the rest had done; the next thought was, that as it was November, a little more substantial protection than his present attire would be useful. He was perhaps ten seconds in dressing, and then he hurried out to the stairway. He stopped, aghast at the crush around the stairs at the moment. Then the throng surged in a solid mass, like a school of catfish, to the other end of the hall, and jammed helplessly against the windows; while

the shouts of the boys in the upper halls were added to the cries from below; and down the upper staircase those who could get through the crowd came plunging in groups of two or more, to add themselves to the mob below. For just one instant the lieutenant stood as though riveted to the spot, and gazed with horror upon the scene. Then, as an upper-hall boy flew past him like the wind and clattered down the stairway with flying leaps, he turned and sprang with a single bound to the recess where hung a great war-gong (which a sea-captain and former pupil had sent, as a trophy from a piratical Chinese junk). He seized the beater.

"Whang!"

Even in the panic the habit of discipline asserted itself for an instant, and, all over the building, a sudden silence followed, in which could be distinctly heard the "crackle-crackle" of the flames, mingled with the hiss of the water from the fire-extinguishers. In the next breath, Harry, ex-lieutenant Rankin, and Dane upon the floor above, shouted as with one voice:

"Fall-l-l in!"

It was an inspiring sight to see those three young fellows, who stood cool and self-possessed in all that turmoil and panic, and the blind obedience of the dazed, half-smothered throng of boys who tumbled over one another as they struggled into line.

"Fall-l-l in!"

Even in their terror they recognized by instinct that in discipline was their only hope of safety, and the ringing command was the one gleam of light upon their darkened minds.

No more fugitives came down the upper stairs.

Harry darted into his study for a second and as quickly re-appeared by the side of Rankin, who stood at the recess by the war-gong; a quarter of a minute later the cheery notes of Aminadab Doolittle's fife shrilled out through the darkness, playing, in double-time, "The Campbells are Coming," filling the building from roof to basement with the inspiring melody, while simultaneously came the stentorian cry of Rankin, the ex-lieutenant, echoing from corridor to corridor, "Ri-ight face! Double-time,— MARCH!"

It was heard all over the building, and in the dormitories outside, and was so much louder than the necessity required, that Dane, in the room overhead, broke into a hearty laugh, his fun-loving soul recognizing the humor of it, even then. It was singular how that laugh, ringing down the stair, put an end to the panic. The rapid "tramp-tramp-tramp" of feet upon the iron steps kept time to the cadence of the fife. The smoke, poisonous, laden with death-dealing fumes of the chemicals, curled and eddied in stifling wreaths

about the lieutenant and the disrated officer, but not a step moved either from his post. The notes of the fife piped on unfalteringly, and Rankin's voice was as steady as ever it was on parade, when he ordered the ranks to cover their mouths and nostrils before entering the clouds of suffocating and nauseous vapors below. But there was a strange ringing in the ears of the boys, and a mist gathered before their eyes. The deadly cloud was too much for them,—or would have been, had not Dane seen them reeling backward as he followed this impromptu command down the upper staircase. Instantly divining the trouble, he threw the

greeted by a hearty round of cheers; and there, below them, were those who so lately had been occupants of the dormitory; in ghostly raiment, it is true, but drawn up in line with all the precision of a competitive drill, while three or four of the night guard came out from the lower story, one of them limping, all of them wet and dripping, and reported to the General himself.

"All out, sir!"

They did not refer to the fire, but to the boys; the fire, however, by their prompt action was fairly dead—but it was an exceedingly narrow escape! Harry and the ex-lieutenant sat down upon the



"RANKIN STOOD BY THE WAR-GONG, AND AMINADAB DOOLITTLE'S FIFE SHRILLED OUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS."

heavy boots, which he carried in his hand, one after the other with such accurate aim as to dash out the entire window at the end of the hall; and thus caused a flood of life-giving air to come rushing through it. Then he passed the loiterers, with his men upon the run, flashing back a swift: "Keep it up, fellows," as he went, that brought back their senses as only a cheery, inspiring word can.

But how long it seemed before the sergeant at the end of the last file passed them, and they could take their turn! In reality, it was just one minute since the first notes of the fife. And as they stepped out upon the fire-escape, instead of descending by the stairs, they were astonished at being

landing of the fire-escape, instead of descending, and leisurely surveyed the scene.

"Did you ever see such a looking crew, Harry?" asked Rankin, with a chuckle. "This will go down to posterity as the 'great un-dress parade.'"

But Harry could not laugh; he was too much excited. He wished to find Dane, one of whose boots he had picked up on the fire-escape; so he rapidly swung himself down the ladder, and reaching the "jumping-off place," let himself drop. It was this gap that had determined Rankin to send the boys down by the stairway, in preference, so long as the stairs were not actually in flames. He had taken command because Harry could not

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give orders and play the fife, too, and he was very doubtful whether the General might not now regard this as presumptuous since he was a private.

But the General met them at the foot of the ladder; he had already heard all about it.

Regardless of etiquette, the old martinet grasped their hands and squeezed them until the boys winced, his face glowing with satisfaction. He was proud of his boys, and of the triumph of discipline. Without saying a word, he grasped Harry and Rankin by their shoulders and marched them over to the front of the line of boys, paused a moment, and said briefly:

"Company—attention! Acting-Lieutenant Wylie's commission is hereby made permanent, and he will be appointed to special duty. Private Rankin, for conspicuous bravery, is hereby restored to his former rank of Second Lieutenant. Break ranks,—march!"

And those nearest to the General always declared that the light which glistened in his eyes was the reflection of moonbeams upon tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BREAK ranks,—march!"

Can you not imagine how with shouts that woke the echoes, the boys rushed for the dormitory and dispersed to their rooms? Harry found Dane, and surrendered the boot with a word of hearty thanks; and the twain, with Rankin,—now flushed and proud over his recent restoration to rank,—peered inquisitively into what was left of the laboratory. The fire was confined to the laboratory-room, and an immediate consequence was the transfer of that institution to a small building at a safe distance from the rest.

Dane himself was particularly happy, and rather silent, over something that the General had said to him; and, for once, did not remark that he had been "born without any ideas, worth considering."

The attractions of the ruins were not great at one o'clock in the morning, however; the scene was nearly shrouded in darkness, with broken glass underfoot, charred timbers to rub against, and a wet burnt-wood smell, mixed with various "quaint and curious" odors (for the most part unpleasant) arising from the remains of destroyed chemicals which originally had not been intended for such wholesale compounding.

"It's like the famous 'city of Cologne,'" said Rankin, holding his nose. "I shall smell all sorts of horrible things for the next week; come, we'll go inside."

"It's lucky that there was n't any nitro-glycerine in there, or we should all have been turned into

shooting-stars!" answered Harry, as he turned away. "Just hear the fellows upstairs!"

It was evident that, as yet, *they* had no intention of going back to bed, judging by the noise; and, for once, the powers that be were inclined to be lenient and overlook it.

The boys gathered around the fire-places in knots; and, in spite of the cold air rushing in through the broken window, but few had put on more clothing than they had worn through the fracas. They were still too much excited to shiver, although it would have been but common prudence to guard against colds without delay; but sleep was out of the question so soon after such excitement, and it is hard to say what evils might have arisen had not the little Doctor suddenly appeared with a pile of towels on his arm and carrying a pail of water. Short, curly-headed, quick-spoken, he took his stand by the gong, and shouted:

"Let every officer, of whatever grade, come here at once!"

There was a rush for the Doctor instantly, while the privates ceased conversation and curiously drew near. Dane was the first officer to reach him, and the Doctor, dipping a towel in the water, thrust it into his hand.

"Sergeant Dane—Lieutenant Wylie—officers in general!—take a towel apiece, soak the end in the water and wring it out."

A dozen officers at once reached for towels and crowded around the water-pail, nearly upsetting it in the turmoil; and, for a moment, the dignified officers were to be seen wringing out wet cloth like Bombay washerwomen, while still the unsuspecting privates looked on with amused curiosity.

"Now, have all of you towels? You that have, go for the rest! If any student wants one he knows where to get it," he added, holding up a handful.

Such a shout went up!

"Gi' me a towel!" "And me!" "And me!"

A mob rushed upon the little Doctor.

Wylie jumped to the front, swinging the damp, heavy cloth.

"Charge!"

And whack! came the wet towel over the foremost head; and whack!—whack!—whack!—went the towels of the other officers amid a pandemonium of shrieks and yells and laughter.

Straight through the crowd charged the officers; with Wylie at their head, even as Richard the Lion-hearted with his armed knights was wont to cleave a way through the ranks of turbaned Saracens; and backward, sideways, swayed the privates, dodging, jumping, falling, scrambling,—any way to escape the stinging blows,—snatching towels from the merry Doctor and, armed in turn, rushing into the writhing fray. A dozen or more of the privates

combined, and made a rush at Dane, Harry, and Rankin, who, nothing loath, stood back to back, at bay in the center of the ring. Each guarded a quarter-circle, and around their feet lay towels jerked from the incautious hands of would-be assailants who in vain tried to regain them, being unable to face the startling whacks of the heavy towels swung by the practiced fencers. Three other officers guarded a corner, two more held a window-seat against all comers; for the privates outnumbered them ten to one; and, once more to recall feudal times, a thought flashed into Harry's mind that this was not unlike a scene in the hall of some castle which has been besieged and overpowered, when the few remaining defenders have gathered to make a last stand; knights fighting against men-at-arms, not hoping for their lives, but with the grim, Norman determination to make their deaths costly to the foe. This fancy gave an impetus to his arm, a force to his blows that caused his quarter of the circle to be avoided by all save the most daring. And these kept cautiously out of reach, craftily endeavoring to entice him beyond his post and thus expose the others; but he instantly saw through their stratagem.

"Keep close, fellows," he said, speaking over his shoulder. "If they get between us we shall catch particular fits!"

And the trio stood close. But what craft could not accomplish accident brought about; for it happened that Dane and Harry struck out at the same instant, and as they swung back their towels for a new blow, the weapons became lovingly entwined, and Harry's blow was so much the stronger that in the twinkling of an eye Dane found himself flat upon his back, with his shoulders feeling out of joint, and a myriad of blue and white stars scintillating before his eyes as the blue-flashing electricity gleams around a dynamo.

Twenty towels arose in the air, heavy as bludgeons; the ring broke and closed in with shouts of exultation; but Harry took one step backward, and standing across Ed's prostrate form, forced all back, again and again, while Rankin coolly guarded his quarter-circle as before. The ring became formed again, and there was a pause in the strife; Harry glanced around for a moment, and then bent forward to assist Dane to rise. As he did so, Mitchell stepped suddenly up from behind and swung his towel around his head. Thud!

Harry Wylie fell forward over the body of his friend without a word.

There was a loud laugh, a hiss or two, and then a rush. But Harry did not rise. Some one quickly seized Mitchell's towel, which seemed to hang very heavily,—a lump of sea-coal was found to be knotted into the end!

Elsewhere around the hall the fun was still seething, fast and furious. Only in that little knot in the center was there rest, like the still calm that marks the center of a cyclone, the hollow core around which wheel the lightning winds.

No one noticed them save to rub against them by accident and to fly spinning off at a tangent. The building shook and trembled under rushing feet, the alcoves echoed and re-echoed, the ewers and pitchers in the sleeping-rooms rattled and clattered against one another, and now and then a faint crash told of the fall of some insecure ornament.

The little Doctor still stood by the recess, with hands clasped behind his head, watching the frolic with twinkling eyes and a general air indicating that he, too, should enjoy nothing more than to grasp a towel and rush in among them. But the instant that his quick eye caught symptoms of impending trouble,—the flash of an angry glance, the doubling of a fist,—he stepped backward to the great gong and swung the beater lustily around his head.

"Whang!"

At the stroke every voice was silent, every form motionless; as though the Doctor had been another Perseus and had held aloft the Gorgon's head. Even those upon the floor made no attempt to rise, but sat there, panting.

"Let each boy drop his towel just where he is!" the Doctor shouted. "Into your beds, every one of you, while you are warm, and, if you don't have colds in the morning, thank your stars that your physician is an Irishman! — *March!*"

"Hurrah for the Donnybrook Doctor!" shouted a private in the rear, amid a roar of laughter, as they scuttled toward their beds, save three or four in the center of the room, two of whom were holding Mitchell, each grasping a wrist with one hand, and holding the other hand upon his shoulder in threatening proximity to his throat.

Harry was just struggling to his feet, a little dazed from the heavy blow, but not much hurt, for his thick hair and the towel acted as cushions to deaden its force.

"Let him go, fellows, quick! don't bring the Doctor down!" he whispered, hastily. "Oh, confound it! it's too late," for the little man was striding down toward them with rapid steps. The boys loosed their hold upon Mitchell, however, and when he reached them they were adjusting some buttons, in the most innocent manner, while, as the only light in the hall, save the glow of the grates, was the feeble moonlight, their faces were not tell-tales.

"Why do you not obey orders, Wylie?" said the Doctor, a little sternly.

"If you please, sir, Ed and I have a few bumps, and we would like an examination," and Harry gingerly felt of his own cranium, on which, to judge by external appearances, the organ of veneration had suddenly doubled in size.

"Have you been fighting?" asked the Doctor, bluntly.

"No, sir; there has n't been any fight, — rough handling, that's all. And I would like to have Ed stay with me for the night — what's left of it — if he may."

Mitchell slipped away, thoroughly ashamed of himself. The Doctor prescribed cold water for the bumps, and gave the desired permission, satisfied that while something was concealed, it was wise to avoid looking deeper, and went his way to report "all quiet," to the principal, who was still in the library with the General. The preceptor listened to Doctor McCarthy's report with a twinkle in his eye and an amused smile.

"I'm afraid that there will be a big washing-bill next Monday," he observed.

"Better that, than a bill at the apothecary's," the physician answered, stoutly, while the General rubbed his hands in satisfaction over the vindication of strict discipline afforded by the night's experience.

In the dormitory, the two wounded heroes, instead of sleeping, discussed matters, with wet bandages around their heads. Dane was of the opinion that Harry ought to report Mitchell's attack; this was decidedly opposed by Harry.

"I'm not going to preach, but you would n't do it yourself, if you were in my place, old fellow. Do you remember what my mother wrote in your autograph album?"

Ed did; and he was glad that the darkness hid the flush in his face as he thought of the sweet-faced lady with gentle voice who had treated him, a motherless boy, with almost the same care and affection that she had lavished on her sons and daughters; guiding and advising as though he were indeed her son, and not a neighbor only. Besides, — what would Harry's sister, May, think, if she knew what advice he was giving to her brother? And May, being four years his senior, was looked up to by Ed as a superior being.

He remembered how she had read those verses to him after her mother had written them, and seemed again to hear the voice whispering them softly in the darkness. They were simple words, perhaps, — only a stanza with a brief refrain; but their burden of thought was the old-time watchword, "*Noblesse oblige*."

(To be continued.)



"PROMPTING 'S NOT FAIR."



May Day

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

OH! 't is bland, and oh, 't is bloomy, for it's
May;
Could there be a more delightful season,
pray?
How the sunbeams skip and scatter,
And the sparrows chirp and chatter,
And the sweetly scented breezes softly
stray!
And we're gladsome, and we're gleeful, and
we're gay,
And we're highly happy-hearted,
For we're blithely, briskly started
For a joyful, jocund, jolly holiday.


And oh, 't is glum and gloomy, though 't is
May!
Could there be a more distracting season, say?
We must hustle, we must hurry,
In a flutter and a flurry,
For the sky is direly dark and grimly gray,

And we'll have to hasten home the shortest way;
And we scuttle and we scamper! —
What a doleful, dismal damper!
What a dreary, drizzly, dreadful holiday!



THE ADVICE OF MISS ALCOTT.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.



THE readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have met with a great loss. Before this is read by you, the telegraph will have carried the sad news far and near that our dear "Aunt Jo" has passed away. How many happy hours are due to her! How many young lives are the better, and braver for the words she wrote, and the examples of her little men and women! There will be many a story told of her own unselfish kindness; but I wish to let her own words once more speak for themselves, feeling sure that the advice which so met the needs of the country boy, for whom they were first written, will be of equal value to other boys and girls, who would follow in her footsteps.

Once, in the audacity of youth, I wrote to Miss Alcott a letter, the tenor of which is indicated by her prompt, characteristic reply, herewith shown you. It may help some of you young people as it did me.

CONCORD, Oct. 24th.

J. P. TRUE:

DEAR SIR: I never copy or "polish," so I have no old MSS. to send you, and if I had it would be of little use, for one person's method is no rule for another. Each must work in his own way, and the only drill needed is to keep writing and profit by criticism. Mind grammar, spelling, and punctuation, use short words, and express as briefly as you can your meaning. Young people use too many adjectives and try to "write fine." The strongest, simplest words are best and no *foreign* ones if it can be helped.

Write and print if you can; if not, still write and improve as you go on. Read the best books and they will improve your style. See and hear good speakers and wise people, and learn of them. Work for twenty years and then you may some day find that you have a style and place of your own, and can command good pay for the same things no one would take when you were unknown.

I know little of poetry, as I never read modern

attempts, but advise any young person to keep to prose, as only once in a century is there a true poet, and verses are so easy to do that it is not much help to write them. I have so many letters like your own that I can say no more, but wish you success and give you, for a motto, Michael Angelo's wise words: Genius is infinite patience.

Your friend, L. M. ALCOTT.

P. S.—The lines you send are better than many I see, but boys of nineteen can not know much about hearts, and had better write of things they understand. Sentiment is apt to become sentimentality, and sense is always safer as well as better drill for young fancies and feelings.

Read Ralph Waldo Emerson, and see what good prose is, and some of the best poetry we have. I much prefer him to Longfellow.

Years afterward, when I had achieved some slight success, I once more wrote, thanking her for her advice; and the following letter shows the kindliness of heart with which she extended ready recognition and encouragement to lesser workers in her chosen field.

CONCORD, Sept. 7, '83.

MY DEAR MR. TRUE: Thanks for the pretty book, which I read at once and with pleasure, for I still enjoy boys' pranks as much as ever.

I don't remember the advice I gave you, and should judge from this your first story that you did not need much. Your boys are real boys, and the girls can run, which is a rare accomplishment now-a-days, I find. They are not sentimental either, and that is a good example to set both your brother writers and the lasses who read the book.

I heartily wish you success in your chosen work, and shall always be glad to know how fast and how far you climb on the steep road that leads to fame and fortune.

Yours truly, L. M. ALCOTT.



A CHINESE MARKET.

BY YAN PHOU LEE.

"BIRDS of a feather flock together." In China, shops of a certain kind will be found side by side. If you will walk with me through a long avenue in my native place, you will find the dry-goods stores, where all sorts of silk, woolen, and cotton cloth are sold, at one end of the street, with possibly a book-stall or pharmacy sprinkled here and there between, and the shops which deal in food at the other end.

Let us take our basket and hand-scales and walk through a real Chinese market. You will need the scales, if you don't wish to be cheated by some of the rascally dealers. Human nature is the same there as elsewhere, you know; and you must take away the temptation to sin. I dare say that very few will give you short weight willfully, but it is just as well to provide against mistakes, and you see that almost every buyer is similarly provided.

The scales are a simple affair, being a polished and graduated wooden rod, dotted with brass pegs which mark off the ounces and "catties" (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) and having two hooks fastened to the larger end. The goods to be weighed are fastened to the hooks, and an iron weight is put on the other end, and so placed as to balance them.

Thus doubly armed, with scales and alertness, let us follow the crowd through the narrow thoroughfare. You notice that the street is paved with long granite slabs, worn smooth by the tread of thousands of pedestrians for many years. It is so

narrow that you may conclude that horse-teams are not supposed to pass through. Indeed, there are no carriages and wagons to be found in southern China, except in the foreign settlements. But occasionally a sedan-chair passes by, to which you must yield the right of way.

The shops open upon the street, and all their wares are displayed to the best advantage. The meat markets are rather dark-looking and unpleasant within, for there they not only sell their meats, but slaughter the animals on the spot and roast them as well. The butchers stand behind a long table facing the street, and sell you lamb, or mutton, or pork, and sometimes venison,—all raw, or roast pork, roast chicken and roast duck, in any quantity you may desire.

The way the meats are roasted may be of some interest. After the animals are slaughtered and well cleaned, inside and out, they are hung on iron hooks. The oven is of brick, very large, and about four feet high and three feet in diameter at the top, and is now heated red-hot by a blazing wood-fire. The animals are put in the oven after the wood is burned down to coals, and suspended by means of iron rods across the top, which is then tightly covered up, as is also the draught. You would be surprised to see how quickly the meats are roasted. It takes hardly fifteen minutes for them to be thoroughly cooked, and ready for sale. The meats thus roasted are delicious. The skins turn red and those of pigs

are very crisp. Cut half a pound, or a quarter if you wish, and pay fifty or twenty-five cash, which, respectively, equal five and two-and-a-half cents of American money. The mottoes pasted up in this and other shops are suggestive: "We cheat neither young nor old;" "May wealthy customers visit us often;" "As fast as the wheels may our goods circulate;" "May wealth increase in my presence."

Each shop has, usually under the table or the counter outside, a shrine dedicated to the God of Wealth, before which incense is burned morning and evening; and on the first and fifteenth of each month, when offerings of food also are made, candles are burned before it.



A PURCHASER WITH HIS SCALES.

Dried fish of many kinds are sold in the stores, but fresh fish, and sea-food generally, are usually sold by men who bring them from a great distance, early in the morning or the afternoon, in

baskets. Behind these they squat, and hawk their wares in loud tones. That is the reason why a Chinese market is so noisy and animated. You ask the price of shad, for instance, or of crabs, and the dealer raises the price of an ounce by so many cash, which you have to beat down. What Adam Smith called the "higgling of the market," exists here in its perfection. After wasting considerable time in talking and splitting differences, you at last decide to buy, or the trader concludes to sell. But however much you may congratulate yourself on having made a good bargain, you can not be certain that others may not make much better bargains with the same man. Vegetables are sold by other dealers, and the same process must be gone through before you can make a fair purchase. Grocery stores are plenty, and there you will find on sale all sorts of sauces, preserves, sugars, and so forth, in fact whatever is dealt in by grocers in America.

Beef is not often eaten by the Chinese, on account of their religious scruples, most of them being tinged, more or less, with Buddhism, but espe-

cially because the ox is used in ploughing. Occasionally you will find a stall for the sale of beef. Through the same prejudice, little cow's milk is used by the people, and that little is made into thin cakes, well salted, to be taken as a relish.

But a kind of cheese is made of bean curd. The beans are ground in hand-mills and dissolved in water, then strained and steamed. The result is a perfectly white cake, something like blanc-mange. It is eaten with shrimp sauce. This cake is also dried. There is also a sauce made from beans.

You perhaps wonder why I have not described the cats, kittens, and dogs, which are said to be the common food of the Chinese people. The reason is because no such things are to be found in the market. In fact, I know of no place where such articles of food can be had, except in a low part of Canton, where people who are almost starved



A CHINESE BUTCHER.

will buy almost anything to sustain life. The Chinese people live on wholesome food, as you will learn from good authorities. They eat rice as you eat bread. They make cakes of wheat, too.

Potatoes, cabbages, greens, melons, and the various cereals, are raised in great plenty and sold comparatively cheaply. The reason why things are sold so cheaply there, compared with the prices in America, is because gold and silver, being wholly imported, are very dear. Prices will rise there quickly enough as soon as they have exchanged their tea and silk for a great quantity of those metals.



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. III.

DRYING AND IRONING.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Allegretto.

1. In the breez-y sun - shine, On the dew - y grass,

p

Ped.

Here she tip - toes reach - ing, There she spreads for bleach - ing,



II.

When the sunny breezes
Made her washing white,
Wrapping, smoothing, holding,
Sprinkling, rolling, folding,
Comes the busy sprite.

III.

Passes and repasses,
Folds so deftly laid,
Now the iron sliding,
Passing now and biding,
She's a sonsy maid.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

BY G. A. WOODS.

NOT many years ago there lived a young girl who was exceedingly fortunate.

Her home had massive walls and towers, with a great dome, beautifully ornamented, through which the light came with ever-changing effects. She had a large fortune, and among her jewels were, a golden crown that no one could imitate, a very large diamond, and a great many smaller ones. There was, besides, a great gold locket, with a picture in it; while she had more pearls than she could use.

Surrounding her home was an immense park that abounded in wild game and beautiful trees and flowers. Every one who came to see her brought a precious gift. Some even brought her everything they had to give. Every year she took a long journey and saw the most beautiful sights. Her traveling trip never tired her in the least.

Would you not like to have been in the place of this fortunate young girl?

In that same locality there lived a girl who, you will think, had a hard time of it.

She lived in a log-hut in the woods, and dressed in coarse clothes. She had to work hard, for her mother was ill a great deal of the time; and as she was an only child, a large part of the household duties fell to her. Then every day she had to search the woods for their cow, and milk her; and in their season she had to gather blackberries and

raspberries and blueberries to help out their scanty supplies. Would you not dislike to have such a fate? How much rather you would live like the first girl I spoke of! But what would you say if I should tell you they both were one and the same person? Let us see how that may be.

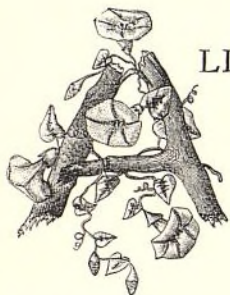
The massive walls and towers of which I spoke were the grand, high mountains around her valley-home; and the great dome was the sky, which was just as much hers as if it had been created especially for her. Her great fortune consisted of youth, health, sunshine, pure air, good looks and good nature, flowers and fruits, and a thousand and one of the best things of this world.

That golden crown you will guess to have been her beautiful golden hair, of which I am afraid she was a little vain. Her diamonds were the sun and stars, and she never worried for fear they should be stolen. Her golden locket was the moon, and the picture the one we all can see in it. Her pearls were dewdrops; the precious gift that every one brought was love, and this she well deserved. The long journey she took every year was the wondrous journey around the sun to Springland, Summerland, Autumn, and back to icy Winter. Every night revealed new glories in the heavens; every morning brought renewed life and health.

Now, if you wish a moral to my story, search carefully, and perhaps you may find it.

THE STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



LITTLE girl one day in the month of May dropped a morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said: "Now, Morning-glory Seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet-flowers." But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow at all. So, after lying patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights, it said to the ground around it: "O Ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine!" But the ground said: "That you must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "O Rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the rain said: "I can not unless the clouds hang lower."

So the seed called to the clouds: "O Clouds, please hang lower and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the clouds said: "The sun must hide first."

So the seed called to the sun: "O Sun, please hide for a little while so that the clouds may hang lower, and the rain come down and wet the ground around me. Then will the ground give me a few drops of water and my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" "I will," said the sun; and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the ground began to get wetter and wetter, and the seed-coat began to grow softer and softer until at last open it burst!—and out came two bright green seed-leaves and the Morning-glory Seed began to be a Vine!

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Five little maidens all in a row
And each is trying her best to show
How big she is from top to toe.

ONE LITTLE SHOE.

BY AMY E. BLANCHARD.

"I belong," said the little shoe,
"To a baby fair with golden hair —
With dimpled smiles
And cunning wiles
And eyes of blue."



"What do you do,
you little shoe,
All the day?
Tell me, I pray,
Little shoe, what you do?"

"Upstairs and down," said the wee shoe,
"Two little feet,
Dainty and sweet,
Patter about
Indoors and out,
And take me, too."

"What do you hear? Now, tell me true,
How they talk,
Where you walk,
You little shoe?"

"What do I hear?" said the dainty shoe;
"Tender words, songs of birds,
Baby-sighs, lullabies,
And laughter, too."

"Where do you go, you dear wee shoe?
Do you weary
For land and sea,
For something new?"

"Sometimes I sail," said the wee shoe,
"Across the sea;
'Twixt you and
me,
It is not best
To tell the rest! —
I'm Baby's shoe."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, dear May lovers and May queens! It is delightful to see you here in this bright spring weather. By-the-way, have you all remembered to put on your overshoes? If so, stand around and listen to this letter which comes to propound

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

ALBANY, JANUARY 25, 1888.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just been reading your February talk in ST. NICHOLAS, and have decided to write and ask you a question which has been bothering me for some time. Can you tell me the difference between a vegetable and a fruit? I have asked a great many people, but nobody has been able to answer. When I first thought of it I supposed I had only to ask and be told, but found to my surprise I had propounded quite a difficult question. Surely, dear Jack, you should know, if any one does, being a sort of cousin to both.

Your friend and well-wisher,

ANNA M. TALCOTT.

It will never do, my chicks, for you to allow this query to remain unanswered. It requires careful consideration on your part, so we must give you time. Fruit of the earth is one thing. And fruit of the market is another, I suppose. The dear Little School-ma'am, who knows everything, can not give me terse, satisfactory definitions of fruit and vegetable that are calculated to relieve Anna Talcott's mind. The dictionaries and cyclopædias, I'm told, have formed a league to keep up the confusion. Elsie Goodrich, a little girl in the Red School-house, says the only way to find out is by cooking. If you can eat it raw and enjoy it, it's a fruit; if it must be cooked to be good, it's a vegetable. That is well enough, as far as it goes, but I'm sure it will not satisfy Anna Talcott. All you can do is to study and observe, and bother older

persons with questions till further notice. It is a hard world.

Here is trouble for Elsie Goodrich! The Little School-ma'am has just informed me that the happiest boy in the Red School-house eats, on an average, ten raw turnips a week, and that he has many followers. And how about olives?

ARBOR DAYS.

ARBOR Days, or tree-planting festivals, are happy days for our country, and I am glad whenever my birds tell me of any such celebration. They are held in many parts of the United States, and are frequent in the far West, I am told. The Little School-ma'am says that on one Arbor Day in April, a year or two ago, nearly a million trees were planted in Kansas alone. So, cultivate Arbor Days, children, and teachers of children, and do your part toward keeping this sunny land green and flourishing. My birds assume that trees are designed only for their benefit—the dear little innocents! But think, my hearers, of all the uses to which trees are put; think of their beauty, their value, and the important work they do in the economy of nature!

As to this last point, it might be well for you to inquire further. There is a great deal to be learned, I am told, in regard to the effect of trees upon the atmosphere, even upon the climate. But I am not quite able to inform you on these matters. Certain it is, however, that in one way or another, there is a steady demand for trees, and if nobody plants fresh ones there is danger of the supply giving out, in time. So says my old gray owl, and he *knows*.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

DEAR JACK: We think that we have heard of blue anemones, but we are not quite sure. Are there such things? And if there are, where do they grow? We have often seen white anemones, and also pink ones. Soon they will be coming again, and we four are glad.

With love to the Little School-ma'am, your loving friends,
FANNY, MARIAN, DIANA, and ELEANOR.

WAKING THE BRANCHES.

Now is the time of year for tempting the little sleeping branches to wake up somewhat earlier than usual. Carefully cut a few from fruit trees, maples, willows, even from stiff and leafless garden shrubs, however drear and wintry they may appear. Put them in water (which should be changed every day); give them sunshine and shelter, place them in-doors and watch for the waking! Soon you will see swelling buds, then the blossoms, and, later, the green leaves, if you have pear or cherry branches, or cuttings from flowering-almond bushes, or from Forsythia or *pyrus Japonica*. In this way my young city-folk may enjoy the sweet spring blooming even before it comes to their country cousins.

HENRY OF BLOIS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a devoted reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and particularly your part of it. In the January number I came across the question, "Who was Henry of Blois?" He

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y of Blois?" He

was brother of King Stephen, and Bishop of Winchester and Cardinal Legate of the Pope as well. He seems to have been haughty. Every reader of English history knows Stephen unjustly kept the crown of England from the only heiress and daughter of Henry I. Well, Henry of Blois, though brother of Stephen, was not brother of this cause, but adhered to that of the Empress Matilda. Unfortunately, the Empress Matilda was rude and haughty and offended Henry de Blois and lost his friendship. I am indebted for the above facts to Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," a book I am very fond of reading.

Your interested reader,

AGNES STEVENS.

A RIVAL OF BRUCE'S SPIDER.

You all have heard of Bruce's spider? Yes? I thought so. Well, here is a wren that also deserves to be remembered, though, so far, no interesting historical person has utilized him, so to speak. I learn of this bird through a newspaper scrap that has just blown in upon my pulpit. It is very fitly headed:

"A PERSISTENT WREN."

A WREN built its nest in an old fruit-can, nailed to the gate-post of A. J. Diehl, of Normal, Ill. The nest was destroyed, but was renewed twelve times on twelve successive days, having been pulled to pieces each time by an inquiring naturalist as soon almost as built. The bird was then left in undisputed possession.

And now, with everybody's permission, while we are thinking of these energetic and seemingly intelligent little birds, I will take up something written on purpose for you by an observing young friend of ST. NICHOLAS:

THE WREN ARCHITECTS.

THE stories that we love best are the ones that Papa tells us, beginning, "When I was a little fellow," instead of "Once upon a time," a "truly, truly, black and bluey" story, and this is one of them:

"When I was a little fellow, your grandfather moved from the city, and I, for the first time, lived something of a country life. Everything was full of interest to me; but, above all, I was interested in the bird-life about me. It was spring-time, and the birds were having a right busy time of it, look-

ing up their new homes. One family, a pretty pair of wrens, interested me particularly. They chose the leader from the piazza-roof of our house for the site of their new home.

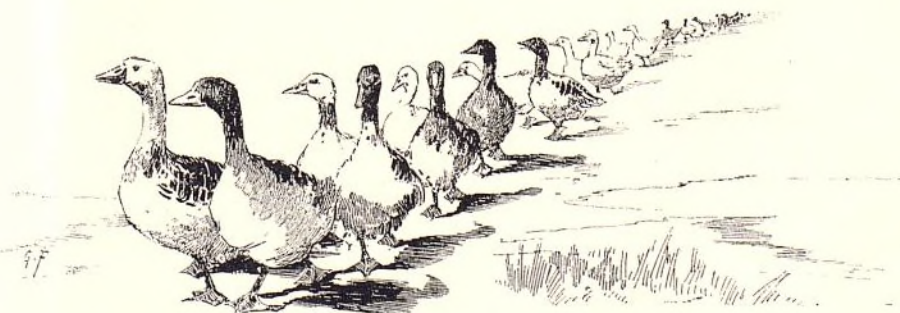
"You know the leader is the tin pipe that carries the water from the roof, and this one was a particularly large one. How I wished I might safely stop them at their work, knowing, as I did, that the first real storm would wash away their home nest, resting so daintily at the very mouth of the pipe.

"Well, it so happened that they hardly had finished their nest, when a severe storm came and tore away the new wren-home. As the water dashed through the leader, the poor wrens flew distractedly about, and finally settled on a neighboring branch of a tree.

"When the storm had cleared, they continued to twitter and fly about for a long time, and then flew away. To my surprise, the next day the pair were busily at work again in the very self-same place over the leader! And by and by I felt quite sure that there must be some tiny eggs in the little nest, as I saw Papa Wren flying back and forth all alone, politely carrying home a limp worm in his beak. I really dreaded another rain, and resolved, if possible, to watch the unfortunate little family when it should come.

"At last the storm came, and, to my amazement, the water came freely from the leader, apparently creating no commotion whatever. When the rain had ceased, I took a long ladder and climbed up to investigate the leader puzzle. Sure enough, there was the tiny nest (for wrens are very little birds, you know), with the mother-bird's bright eyes peeping over the edge; but beneath the nest, so that the nest rested safely upon it, was a perfectly arched little bridge built of pliable twigs, and under this bridge the water had run safely, leaving the little family really high and dry."

Now, dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit, this is a true story, for Papa says it is. I have two beautiful birds' nests that I found deserted by their builders; but I have not yet found one with a bridge built under it.



GOING FOR A SWIM.



PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Gentleman (having heard the little girl speaking French as he entered the elevator): "I wish that I could learn to speak French as well as you do, my child!"

Little Girl: "Then your nurse must be French, and you must never, never speak a word of English,—it is the only way! A French nurse, you know, can not talk English."

BOATING.

By ERIC PALMER.—A VERY YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I. MAKING THE BOATS.

ONCE upon a time, there were two boys whose names were Billy Fray and Tom Dray.

One fine day, while Billy and Tom were deciding what to play, Tom started up and said:

"Let's make some boats; one of us can make a row-boat, and the other of us can make a sail-boat. The sail-boat will be a yacht, and a fishing-vessel, too, if we want to; don't you think it will be nice?"

"Yes," said Billy, "if we can ever make them; but why not buy them?"

"Why, we have n't money enough, of course," said Tom: "boats cost like everything; I don't know but some cost over a thousand dollars."

"Phew!" said Billy. "I never knew they cost as much as that."

Then Tom laughed heartily. They worked all the afternoon until evening.

In the midst of it Tom said:

"Well, after all, I don't think it will be worth the trouble"; but Billy coaxed him until he went on. After the boats were done, they were just as good as if they had been bought.

The next day after they were done, the boys thought they would have a row and sail in the newly made boats.

Tom did n't know how to row, so Billy taught him. Since they lived right on the sand, they did n't have very far to drag their boats to get them into the sea.

When Tom was just beginning, Billy thought he'd play a trick on Tom; so one time, when they were out rowing together, Billy said:

"Why don't you catch a crab?"

And Tom said: "I don't know how."

"Why, just put your oar deep down into the water, and then take a long sweep with it, so as to let the crab have time enough to get on, and then take it up and see what you have on the end of your oar."

So he did as he was bid, and instead of getting anything on the end, he just got pulled over in the bottom of the boat, and he said when he had got up:

"I thought you might be playing a trick on me!"

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER II. THE STORM.

"WELL," said Billy, "I can't play any more tricks on you like that."

"Well, I'm glad," said Tom, "for I did n't like that very much."

"I should n't think you would," said Billy, "for the first time I had that trick played on me, my head went against one of the seats and hurt a little."

"I should think it would; did it make your nose bleed?"

"No, of course not," said Billy indignantly. "A little thing like that would n't make my nose bleed; would it yours?"

"Yes, I don't know but it would; it might—and it might not," said Tom, a little slowly.

That afternoon they resolved to try the yacht, which afterward they called "The Mayflower." They tied their row-boat (which they called "The Hepsie") to the stern and started off.

It was a nice day, but they had n't been gone half an hour before a storm came up; and just before that Billy said:

"Let's go home, for it is getting a little late; see, it's getting dark, but I noticed the clock as I came out of the house, and it said a'clock exactly, and now it must be about 5. Now, should n't you think so?"

"Why, yes, I should," said Tom: "let's steer home."

"All right, go ahead," shouted Billy. "I guess we can get home in time for dinner, even if we are one or two miles from our beach; don't you think so?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Tom; "but stop! stop! Put on all sail; I feel some drops of rain, and a storm is coming up; put on all sail as quick as you can, before the storm gets any worse."

When they got on all sail, they went skimming along mighty fast, and it almost took the breath away from them. It went so fast the water came up on deck, but they did n't mind that, they just wanted to get home before the storm came up; and Tom rowed as best he could, and so did Billy, but neither of them seemed to make their little skiff go fast enough; they leaned over so as to prevent the water from coming into their eyes.

The little skiff rocked to and fro, and one time when she made a great lurch to one side, over she went. Fortunately for the two children they knew how to swim very well, and they were not far from land, so they struck out with all their mights, and were getting tired and saying, "Oh, dear me! I think I shall drown!" when their feet touched the sand, and then they shouted "Hurrah, we are saved!" and went into their houses dripping wet.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER III. GETTING THE BOATS.

It's a few days the boys wanted to take another sail; so when their mothers did n't know it, they slipped out-of-doors and ran.

Pretty soon Billy said:

"Let's take another sail."

"All right," said Tom, "get your boat."

"Come along with me," said Billy, "and I'll get the boat quick enough." So they went to the place where they had kept her, and he saw she was not there; then he said, with blank amazement, "Where is she?"

"Why, out at sea; don't you remember a few days ago?"

"Oh, yes! now I remember—she got tipped over a few days ago, did n't she?"

"Yes, we did; but how are we going to get the boat and go out in it, and get her up in some funny way? But maybe we can't get her over at all, and even if we do, it will be all full of water, and we'll have to bail it out, and that will take two or three days, and I don't think it worth the trouble, do you?"

"Well, yes, I do; but where is your row-boat?" said Tom, with a laugh inside of him that he would n't let out because he did n't want Billy to know his trick, and he said to himself, "You've played a trick on me, so I'll play a trick on you."

Then Billy said, "Oh, yes, we tied our boat on behind the 'Mayflower,' did n't we? Oh, yes! I'm forgetting all the time. Is n't it funny?"

"I'll tell you a way to get the boats, and that is, to go to one of

our neighbors and ask to go out with them and get the boats up; don't you think that's a good way?"

"Yes, a very good way."

"All right, let's do it, then."

"Very well, come ahead."

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER IV. ANOTHER STORM.

"WELL," said Billy, "after all this trouble, do you think we have had as much fun out of these boats as we meant to have?"

"Well, I don't know," said Tom, "but I think just about as much as we ought to have; don't you think so?"

"No," said Billy, "I don't, for that time we tipped over was n't very nice."

"That's so," said Tom; "but we've had a good lot of fun out of 'em, anyhow, have n't we?"

"Yes, a pretty good lot," said Billy, a little suspiciously.

That night, before going to supper, the boys planned to have a sail the next morning after breakfast, unless it was cloudy or showed any signs of a storm. So the next morning they were up and dressed early, for they wanted to make plans before breakfast, and carry them out after breakfast, if nothing happened to prevent.

Right the minute they were done breakfast, without asking to be excused, or to fold up their napkins or anything, they hurried as fast as they could.

This time they thought they would leave the row-boat behind. "Because," said Tom, "if we get tipped over again, and get to shore, we can have it to get the 'Mayflower' in."

"Very true," said Billy solemnly, for the thought of the wreck made him shiver.

Well, they went out; and suddenly—very suddenly—a storm came upon them.

The night they got wrecked their fathers gave them a long instruction how to manage a sail-boat; so this time they did as their fathers told them to, and they got on pretty well for a short time, when all at once a gigantic wave came up and gave a great sweep over the little uncontrolled skiff, then another just like the one before it, and knocked the little thing right over; and this time the boys were farther away from land than they had ever been before, and, even good swimmers as they were, they thought they should drown, because they knew they just could swim to land before. So Tom said, "We can't swim to shore, because we are farther out than we were before, and we just got to land then, so I'm going for good." Then he made a great plunge and never came up again, and so did Billy, and neither of them came up again.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER V. MOURNING.

AFTER the two fathers had talked over the matter for a little while, they appointed that at 10 o'clock they would start out and inquire if any of the people had seen two boys out in a sail-boat in a storm, and a lot of people said "No, they had n't." So then they had to ask the next person that came along until they got a lot of people going along with them, and some were the boys' friends, and some were total strangers; but they all were anxious to get the boys back again if they could. By a little instruction from one of them, and by going where he told them to, the men and women found out that the "Mayflower" was gone from her mooring-place, and by looking through an opera-glass they could see far out at sea a ship blown over on her side, and they could make out these words on the side uppermost, "The Mayflower."

Then, just as soon as the two fathers saw these words, they both cried out, "That is our sons' ship. I remember 'The Mayflower' was her name. Our sons are drowned! Our sons are drowned! Now, how can we get our sons up from the bottom of the sea?" "I don't know," said all the others that were standing around, "unless you take a well-trained diver and send him down to the bottom, and he'll get them up for you."

"Well, that would be a good way, but where are we going to get a diver? and even if we do get one, he may not go down for us. And then, when we get a diver, where shall we get our boat?"

"I can get you both, sir, for I am the diver, and here is the boat. When would you like them?"

"Now, if you please, sir; you're very kind."

"Oh, not at all, sir; I do such things often for people."

After they had got the boys they had a funeral, and on the grave-stone of Billy there were these words:

Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and made thee feed by the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice, making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?

And on Tom's grave-stone there were these words:

Little lamb, I'll tell thee, little lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name, for he calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild; he became a little child;
I a child and thou a lamb, we are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee! Little lamb, God bless thee!

The End.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Erratum—The reference beneath the frontispiece of the March St. NICHOLAS to p. 436 should have read "See p. 396."

A friend sends us a bit of information concerning a place mentioned in Mr. E. V. Smalley's article relating to the famous Lafitte brothers, in St. NICHOLAS for March. Our correspondent writes: "The author of the interesting article 'An Ancient Haunt of Pirates,' in your March number, omits to tell us the origin of the name of Barataria Bay. Lafitte and his followers always claimed that their offense was not piracy, but barratry—in Spanish, *barateria*, which means a 'cheat.' Barataria Bay is simply Barratry Bay, or the bay where cheating is going on."

WHITNEY'S POINT, BROOME CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you how much I like your magazine. I think it is *decidedly* the best magazine published, with no exceptions. I have taken it as long as I can remember, and there never was a time when I did not like it, and I do not think there will ever be a time when I shall tire of it. Mamma and the older members of the family enjoy it as much as I do. I think that Louisa M. Alcott and Mrs. Burnett are my favorite authors. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the most beautiful story I ever read.

I took part in two St. NICHOLAS plays which were acted here, "The Land of Nod" and "The Magic Pen." The parts were all taken by girls,—there was not a boy in either play.

I think the "Letter-box" is a great institution, and I love to read the letters.

I think I will ask a conundrum which all who love St. NICHOLAS as I do, can guess very easily. "Name something that can not be improved?" The answer is "St. NICHOLAS," of course. I have written quite a long letter now, and so I will close with "Long life to St. NICHOLAS."

GRACE F. E.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy six years old. I have taken you one year, and hope I may always have you for my Christmas present. I like you very much. I thought I would make a few pictures for you. I made three this morning while my mamma was busy. I asked her if I might send them, and I saw her smile. She said "Yes." I would like to see them printed in my St. NICHOLAS. Your "Brownies" are funny little men. Good night, dear old St. NICHOLAS. Your little friend, ROBERT C. COLE.

We thank our young artist for the pictures which accompanied his letter, and regret that our engraver has been too busy to engrave them.

SCOUGHALL, NORTH BERWICK, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of our fellow-readers would like to hear about the "Bass Rock," to which we often go in summer, as we live close to it. We take a little steam launch from "Canty Bay," for the rock is two miles from shore. It is four hundred feet high, rising sheer up out of the sea, except on the south side, where we land, at one spot when the wind is east, and at another when it is west.

Next to the rock itself, the solan geese take up most of our attention. These birds have some very curious habits; they lay their single eggs on ledges of the rock, some of which are so narrow one would think there was scarcely room for the egg (which is about the size of a turkey's), much less for the parent bird, which hatches the egg by standing with one foot upon it; hence its name (sole on), some people think. These geese only inhabit one other rock in Great Britain (Ailsa Craig). They all go away for the winter months, and come again in spring, nearly always on the 1st of February. When the bird is quite young it is a little downy ball, but becomes covered with black feathers, which gradually each season become more and more speckled with white till, at five years old, it is entirely white, with only black tips to each wing, and measures six feet from tip to tip. The "Bass mallow," peculiar to the rock, has been almost all carried away by botanists.

There are many other birds besides the geese on "the Bass," such as sea-gulls, guillemots, kittiwakes, cormorants, and quantities of pretty little "janninories" with their red legs and bills, which dive in every direction. There is a cave right through "the Bass,"

which venturesome people can explore in calm weather when the water is low. There is also an old chapel and a prison on the rock, in one of the cells of which an old ancestor of ours, Colonel Blackadder, the martyr, was confined for seven years, and then died there. This Blackadder was a "Covenanter" and suffered for his religion.

"The Bass" was the last stronghold in Great Britain that held out for the Stuarts. This shore is very rocky, and they say people who lived here long ago were so bad they were called "the pagans of Scoughall," for they would tie a horse's head to its knee, and with a lantern attached to the cord, drive it along the cliffs on a stormy night to look like a vessel riding at anchor, and so cause a wreck by alluring any passing ship on to the rocks; then the inhabitants would kill any survivors and take the spoils. People say the cellars under our house used to be filled with smuggled brandy. We still have many wrecks, but we try to save the lives instead of destroying them. Our papa is captain of a volunteer life-saving corps, which has done good service. Only two miles from here is Tantallon Castle, which Sir Walter Scott mentions in "Marmion." They have just opened an underground entrance from the inside of the castle into the outside dungeon, and are also clearing out many built-up rooms and staircases. The battle-field of Doune Hill and Dunbar Castle are also within sight of our windows.

I am your constant and admiring reader,

AGNES DALE.

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been taking you more than ten years I have never written to you before, and probably you have not missed it, as you have so many letters from all over the world; yet I don't think I ever saw any from this part of Virginia. We have been living here for about seven years, ever since Papa bought the place, which consists of the "Bridge" and about 3000 acres of land.

Our cottage stands not more than one hundred feet from the top of the "Bridge," but we are very careful not to venture near the fearful precipices, which are over 215 feet high.

My sister and I have a great many pets of every description; among others, four dogs (a pug, a mastiff, a collie, and a Newfound-land), two little ponies that we brought from Florida last winter, twelve Jersey cows, and three lovely goats; and last, but not least, an English bullfinch which can whistle two tunes perfectly.

We have grown too large to ride our ponies, but we drive them in a little phaeton, and have great fun. I am afraid we drive them very recklessly, as you will think when I tell you that we have worn out three pairs of wheels since last spring.

Should St. NICHOLAS chance to be traveling this way we would be glad to see him at Natural Bridge, and be sure to send your card to

GRETCHEN PARSONS,

"Jefferson Cottage."

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you, as I have not seen any letter from here, and tell your readers something: If you take an egg and shake it twenty or thirty minutes, and then put it on a perfectly level surface, it will stand up straight. I have both seen it and done it myself a great many times. I take you constantly, and have a little fox-terrier dog, and my sister has a canary-bird that always looks for me in the morning to pick my finger. I can also hitch my dog to a sled, and he will pull me on a run.

Your little friend,

GERALD B. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write to tell you of the fun we boys and girls had by acting some plays published in your pages. "The Jolly Old Abbot of Canterbury" is in Vol. III., page 123. I took the part of the Jolly Abbot. The parts were very easy to learn, and the audience enjoyed it immensely. Then we had "The Magician's Lesson," which is in Vol. VI., page 60. Then we had charades, which were also found in your columns. I hope other readers who see this will get up these plays, as they afford pleasure and instruction at the same time. My sister has taken you since you first came out in November, 1873, and had you bound every year.

Your affectionate reader, ASA BIRCH C.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your cheery red cover brightens my house every year, and makes us glad to see you.

I am an only child, and am generally very lonely, as I don't go to school on account of my health, but I will tell you about my pets. I have three cats and two dogs. The cats' names are "Pequo," "Pollade," and "Noctie." I do not like common names. When I want the cats to look extra nice I take a sponge and smear a *very little* rich cream all over them, which they immediately lick off, and this gives them a fine gloss. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for seven years, and enjoy it more than any other magazine.

Your devoted friend, M. J. DUNCAN.

WASHINGTON BARRACKS, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been reading your lovely magazine. I think that "Sara Crewe" was splendid, and I am so sorry it is finished. My Papa is in the army, and we live a long way from the city. I go to school every morning at 8 o'clock, and do not get back until 4 in the afternoon. I think Mrs. Cleveland is very pretty, and I am going to one of her receptions very soon. Another little girl and I sent her our birthday books, and she and her husband wrote in them. It is time I was stopping, for my letter is getting long.

Your devoted reader, JENNIE D. H—.

LYMM, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number, among the letters from your American correspondents, I read one asking the question, "Why were not all the kings of England crowned immediately upon ascending the throne?" I think there are two very good reasons why they should not be crowned: First, it is a grand public ceremony, and therefore needs a great deal of preparation, which certainly could not be begun till after the former king's death; and secondly, it would not be thought kind or respectful to have such a scene of rejoicing too soon after a king's or queen's death. We have taken you for nearly seven years, and think you nicer than any other magazine. I am always very interested in the "Letter-box." We thought "Sara Crewe" was going to be a much longer story, and hope Mrs. Burnett will soon write another.

I remain yours sincerely, IDA S—.

THE MANSE, HYDE PARK, BELFAST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since 1880, and enjoy you greatly. I am a little Irish girl, and think Ireland is a lovely place. I love all your stories, especially "Miss Minchin's School," and "His One Fault."

I am your delighted reader, B. CRAIG HOUSTON.

ONEKAMA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My kind Grandpa, who lives in Canada, has been sending you to me for more than two years. I guess it must be because he knows I have no brothers nor sisters, and few playmates. We live by a pretty lake, with hills and woods around it, and lots of beautiful little brooks running into it, which all come from springs. Some of them are mineral springs and taste queer. People come here in summer and live in a hotel near our home, so that they can drink the spring water, and go sailing and fishing. I shall be glad when the snow and ice are gone, so that we can ramble about as we please, once more, and watch the steamboats and schooners sail in and out from Lake Michigan, which is three miles off. When the boats run, my Aunts and other friends come often to see us; but now the snow is three feet deep, and it is dull and solemn everywhere outdoors. Last night though, when the sun went down, the sky was beautiful, and there was a big, fiery streak that seemed to shoot straight up out of Lake Michigan. I am eight years old, and am learning to read and write at home, because I have not been as strong as most boys, and school is a good way off; but I am to begin in the spring. I got Papa to write this letter down so that you could read it easier. Mamma reads to me every night. I think ST. NICHOLAS stories are the nicest, and "Juan and Juanita" and "The Brownies" the best of all. I like the war stories too, and draw monitors on my blackboard.

Yours truly, L. S. HARMER.

SYCAMORE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of seventeen, but my sisters and I still like ST. NICHOLAS as much as ever. We have been taking it since 1881, and have had the volumes bound. We all like the stories, especially the continued ones. My sisters are again reading their favorite—"Little Lord Fauntleroy." They take "Youth's Companion" and "Harper's Young People," so that we are well supplied with reading matter.

Noticing in one of my old books the extraordinary ages of different animals given, I thought I would mention my mother's canary—Fritz, by name. He lived in our family ten or eleven years. He died literally from old age, as he was, to the best of my knowledge, thirteen, or possibly fourteen years when he died.

This is a city of about four thousand people, and, if I do say it, one of the prettiest west of Chicago. We have three ward schools (graded) and a high school. I am a senior in the high school. I am a bicyclist, using a Columbia, 57-inch, and I wish that you would publish more bicycle stories.

A reader,

DAN. P. WILD.

SARATOGA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and have taken you for over a year. I have two brothers and two sisters, and we all enjoy hearing Mamma read your nice stories to us. We liked "Juan and Juanita" the *best of all*; and Papa brought us home a dog when we were reading it, which looked a good deal like "Amigo" in that story, so we named ours Amigo, too, and we think she is just as smart as theirs, only in a different way. I want to tell you some of her smart tricks. If we throw a stone or a ball in the air, she will jump higher than our heads and catch it in her mouth. And last Christmas eve she brought me at my feet what I thought was a stone, but when I picked it up I found it was a *lovely little vase* of Indian pottery. Where she got it I can not imagine, but I am sure she wanted to make me a Christmas present, and I think more of that little vase than of any other gift. Papa has had a toboggan slide built for us this winter in our grounds, and I tell you it's a "ripper." The chute is forty feet and the runway is about 250 feet. We each have a toboggan, and we and some of our little friends have formed a club, and I am the president, and we all wear badges and have fine sport riding.

I wish Mr. Palmer Cox would make some pictures of the "Brownies" tobogganing. It would be so funny to see the "Dude" riding down.

Your little friend, S. RESTON S—.

We are glad to be able to tell Reston S. that Mr. Palmer Cox once showed "The Brownies Tobogganing," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1886.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Salt Lake City in your "Letter-box," and I think I will write to you and tell you what happened one time when we were in Big Cottonwood canyon. I went into the tunnel of an old mine with my sister and my two big brothers. The tunnel had been abandoned for a long time. There was a shaft in it about ten feet deep, and we had to crawl along next to the wall to get past the shaft. The tunnel was very dark, and when we got in about two hundred feet we heard a growl and a whine, and, turning around and going in the direction of the noise, we saw a black object coming towards us. We had no other weapon than an old mining pick, which my big brother held, waiting for the beast to come on. Just as it reached the shaft, close to where we stood, my brother raised the pick he had in his hands and was about to strike, when the bear, as we thought it was, laughed and got up. It was a foolish boy who had seen us go into the tunnel and thought he would scare us, but he just escaped death himself. All this happened when I was quite a small boy. I am eleven years old now. I like the story of "Sara Crewe" very much.

Truly yours, GATES E. PADDOCK.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in Japan, and am thirteen years of age. Every Christmas or birthday mother gives me two volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. I have read the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and have liked it very much. "The Brownies" amuse us all, too. I have a little dog (pug) called "Putzica," which means in the Croatian language "the little girl." I possess, too, a lot of birds—canaries, who sing beautifully. It is not cold enough here in Japan to have a large skating-pond, but there is a rice-field where people throw water, and it freezes up. It is exceedingly small. I tried to skate the other day for the first time and fell down about twenty times, but, happily, did not hurt myself. There were a lot of Japanese children around the place, and whenever anybody fell down they began to laugh and cheer you, and made a dreadful noise.

I remain your loving reader, MARY —.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy seven years old. I have written a good many letters to my friends, but I never wrote to you before. But I like you so well that I think you must be one of my friends. Any way, I am one of *yours*, so I think I will write to you. I like your "Letter-box" very much, and I like "The Brownies," too, and "Jack-in-the-pulpit," because he tells us so much of Natural History, of which I am very fond. Indeed, I like everything between your covers. I have a pet cat named Muffi. He is very affectionate, and shows his love by bumping me with his head.

Your little reader, GEORGE M. R—.

NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live here in the Navy Yard, and every morning I go over to Portsmouth to school in a tug called "Emer-

ald." There are many naval ships here at the yard. Among them are two famous ships, the frigate "Constitution" and the "Kearsarge." The last named was famous in the last war on account of the fight with the "Alabama." The "Constitution" is the famous "Old Ironsides" of the war of 1812. I do not know much about these wars, as I am only ten years old. There are several children in the yard, and we have very nice times together. I like the St. NICHOLAS very much, and can hardly wait for it to come each month. I read all the letters in the "Letter-box" and wonder if I shall see mine there. I must not make this letter too long, so will say, good-bye ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant reader,

EDITH M. B.—

LEWISTOWN, PA.

A motherless little girl of six years, able to write only in the form of printed letters, wants her grandmamma to write you something for ST. NICHOLAS. Little Zella is quiet so long as there is any St. NICHOLAS to read, and that is about the only still time we have, as her feet, tongue, and fingers, when not thus absorbed, are next to motion perpetual. As you have not much about Indians she asks me to say that, from our back windows, she can see the blue Juniata where the "bright Alfarata" was wont, in the long ago, to paddle her own canoe. Now it is the white Juniata, held in its bed with a crystal covering of ice two feet thick and covered with snow. And a few steps from the front door will take her to the bank of a beautiful creek retaining its Indian name, Kish-a-co-quillas.

She has an aunt who is musical instructor in an Indian girls' school in Philadelphia, where she visited for several days early last spring, and became acquainted with the hundred or more pupils, among them being the Lizzie Spider, who has become known as the model for one of the principal figures in the group of a statue representing America, lately introduced into Fairmount Park. Your young readers would be greatly interested in a doll made by her and sent to little Zella after her return home. It is dressed as the Indian mothers do their children in their far-away homes, with leggins, moccasins, blanket, and beads, the latter wherever they could be put on neatly and tastefully. The hair, in braids, is from her own ample supply, black as a raven, straight and coarse, and the name given the doll was "O-yah-tah-washta," and that is what Zella calls it.

ZELLA.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Ethel M. Tunnison, Willie Giffin, Harold

Kidner, James C. Mendel, Hubert C., J. C., "Garth," Bertha E. Williams, Carter A. Hudson, Jennie Tracy, Cora and Clara Kapplinger, Flaxie F., Oliver R. Wade, Ray O., Nina V. Cooper, Susie Ward, Sidney W. Smith, Therese Erhard, Mary W. Ward, Carrie H., Faith E. Babcock, Mamie Walt, Elsie Cocker, LeRoy B., W. and L., E. S., Bessie P. S., Ethel E. B., Louisa Ermburg, Alex. S. E., "Daisy and Buttercup," S. M. S., Edward S. Hine, Elsie S., Ethel Pine, Ruth Merriam, Agnes E. R., Daisy S., Louise M., Sue H. D., Albert, Ollie N., Fannie and Edith Tolman, Leadean Royden, Roy I. Bratton, Theodora A., Charley Alexander, Lena Edge, Julia, Sallie and Margaret C., Hiram C. Jenks, Kate and Minna, Marie and Nellie B., Hannah R. Sprague, Yula Campbell, Ida Ellis, Jennie S. Smith, Florence Thayer, Rebecca F. D., Alice Chubbuck, Charles W. Gamwell, Miriam H., Hortie O'Meara, Bertha D., J. W. Haines, Henry D. C., Willie W. Curtiss, Alice S. Conly, Lilly Minneoka, Roxalene O. Howell, Tom P. Baldwin, Helen D. Rafter, Don Goodrich, Edith Bishop, Louise B., Robert R., Elsie M. G., Clara Whitmore B., Jessie and Eleanor, Ethel P., Maude L. H., Fannie Munkle, Roberta S. Caldwell, Amelia H. and Evalina Hamilton, Margaret G. King, Hatty K., Harry Kirtland, Helen Bugg, Lettice W., Effie J. C. Holland, V. B. and D. C., F. B. Miner, Lucie O. Smith, Pansy, Bertha B., Lillie Towner, Reba, Dorothea L. Somers, A. C. L., Sue, Marion C., Helen A. B., Lola and Allie, M. E. Mercer and O. L. Darling, Grace and Dillie, Mamie Hicks, Mabel L. Bishop, Olivia Bloomfield, Lotta B. Conklin, Harry Hayden, Gracie Hoag, Olive Shaw Steuart, Annie L. D., Fannie E. L., Edith G. Temple, Mary S., Alice Hubbard, Pastora E. Griffin, E. Lewis Higbee, M. A. E., Henrietta and Juliet, Florence L., L. A. Prioleau, Annie B., Elsie M. Routh, H. H. H., Lottie H. C., Belle Mumford, John Stewart, Claude and Harvey Morley, Eddie A., Annie C., George F. Gormly, Katharine and Isabel, Dell B., Annie E. Hamilton, Margery Sheppard, Beulah W., Mabel G. M., Violet Pitman, Bessie Smith, A. H., Fawn Evans, Maud M., Franklin Carter, Jr., Joseph E. Merriam, Mary E. Foster, J. C., Arthur H. C., Cornelia H., F. S. W., Nellie T. W., George W. Leavitt, Edith S. Barnard, Alice, H. H. R., Ethel Moran, Ruth G. and Agnes A., May and Blossom, Sadie Myers.



THE CAT SAYS: "THINK OF THAT SELFISH MOUSE EATING AWAY, AND ME STARVING OUT HERE."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

EASY HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Consent. Cross-words: 1. dis-
cuss. 2. prout. 3. oNe. 4. S. 5. nEw. 6. caNon. 7. con-
tent. — **CHARADE.** Fare-well.

COMBINATION STAR. From 1 to 2, boaster; 1 to 3, blesses; 2 to
3, reasons; 4 to 5, staters; 4 to 6, satiate; 5 to 6, systole. En-
closed Diamond: 1. T. 2. Mad. 3. Tares. 4. Den. 5. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

The pilot of our literary whale.

A totitit twittering on an eagle's back.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Raphael; finals, Raphael. Cross-
words: 1. RimoR. 2. AromA. 3. PolyP. 4. HarsH. 5.
JuraA. 6. ElitE. 7. Level.

DIAMONDS. 1. P. 2. Cat. 3. Cital. 4. Patriot. 5.
Tint. 6. Lot. 7. T. II. 1. S. 2. Lid. 3. Limes. 4. Simi-
lar. 5. Delay. 6. Say. 7. R.

DROPPED SYLLABLES. 1. Em-broid-ery. 2. Low-er-ing. 3.
Boast-er. 4. A-sy-lum. 5. En-coun-ter.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Pictures. 2. Illustration. 3. Altogether. 4.
Slaughter. 5. Aspirants. 6. Repentance. 7. Hostages. 8. Per-
sistent.

TRIANGLE. From 1 to 7, earning; 1 to 13, estates; 1, E; 2, 8,
45; 3 to 9, tat; 4 to 10, Nora; 5 to 11, idiot; 6 to 12, needle; 7 to
13, guitars.

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 FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Louise
McClellan — Grace Kupper — Harry H. Meeder — "Miss Flint" — M. Josephine Sherwood — M. R. S. — Edith and Mabel — Mamma
and Jamie — "Meawls" — Ruth C. Schropp — "Marquise" — K. G. S. — J. R. Davis — Sydney — "Missie, Neddie, and Jamie" — No name,
New York City — "Infantry" — Nellie and Reggie — Belle Murdock — Gus and Tow — S. and J. Edsall — "The Three Graces" — Ella
and Co — Henry H. Esselstyn — "Sally Lunn" — Bertha H. — Paul Reese — "Orange and Black" — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — Kenneth
G. Warner — Harry and Bert — D. L. O. and S. B. O. — Kafran Emèrawit — Nan and Bob Kitchel — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" —
F. W. Islip — "Twice 15" — Louise Ingham Adams — "Willoughby" — "Jo and I" — Albert S. Gould — Annie Floyd — Charles C. Norris
— "Tillie Boy" — Elsie Davenport.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. Hamersly, 1 — Nyleptha and
Sonia, 1 — Noël and Lois di Cesnola, 3 — Alex. C. Johnston, 1 — "Nick or Methusalem," 4 — L. J. Rose, 5 — G. J. N., 1 — P. J. Clephane,
1 — "Punch and Judy," 2 — L. M. Gillingham, 1 — M. L. Radcliffe, 1 — P. F. Stevens, 11 — "Mistletoe," 5 — Frank and May, 2 — H.
O'Meara, 1 — K. L. and J. S. Anderson, 1 — "Ruby Preston Who," 4 — Twinkle Craig, 10 — R. A. Provan, 1 — L. Hickman, 1 — E. A.
Ammer, 1 — S. Park, Jr., 1 — C. Thomas, 1 — "Tchoupitowlas," 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 3 — A. M. Renter, 1 — B. Coleman, 1 — E. H.
Rooster, 3 — B. Bolles, 1 — K. Peet, 1 — Celeste Willis and Mary Small, 1 — E. T. Lewis, 1 — C. L. S., 2 — R. Cummings, 1 — E.
R. K., 1 — F. and H. Hooper, 6 — G. Olcott, 3 — "O. Leo Margarine," 2 — "Idyle," 9 — J. Z. and J. C. Smith, 2 — E. W. Fullam,
1 — W. R. Moore, 11 — "Lady of the Lake," 3 — "Three Graces," 3 — S. Penman, 1 — A. S. Baumann, 3 — E. W. S. and J. McL. S.,
2 — J. H. Sayres, 2 — L. F. Armington, 5 — B. S. Merriman, 2 — "The Two B's," 3 — W. E. Smith, 2 — H. K. Hill, 10 — Skipper,
6 — "Alpha, Alpha, B. C." 6 — E. S. Hine, 3 — M. P. Barker, 1 — "Budget," 1 — "The Three C's," 3 — S. L. B., 1 — S. and B. Rhodes,
11 — G. Elcox, 3 — "Merry Three," 7 — J. S. Liebman, 5 — S. Ward, 1 — F. Runyon, 11 — I. O. A. I., 7 — I. R. and L. Rettap, 8 — Obie,
1 — Nella, 3 — "Chingachgook and Uncas," 4 — "Leo," 1 — G. and N. Wentworth, 1 — Ali, Ella, and Gerty, 10 — Mamie E. H., 6 —
No Name, Hooper St., 1 — A. Mintel, 1 — "Red, White, and Blue," 2 — "Right-hand neighbors," 7 — A. M. and S. R. Bingham, 7 —
"May and 79," 10 — W. B. and G. D. Sleight, 7 — "Twin Elephants," 6 — J. C. and J. G. Smith, 1 — "Kettle-drum and Patty-pan,"
1 — G. Hodson, 1 — C. C., 2 — "Lehte," 11 — Maud S. and Em C., 5 — E. A. Bessey, 1 — John and Bessie, 3 — Two Claras, 4 — F. C.
H., 7 — Tyb Tee and Matti B., 7 — L. I. and J. Moses, 2 — "Rag Tag," 6 — N. L. Howes, 11 — H. W. Pence, 2 — Jay Laret, Jr.,
10 — "Lake View," 10 — "M. A. Bel," 8 — Millie Day, 2 — H. A. H., 11 — E. M. S., 5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A COVERING for the lower part of the face and the shoulders. 2.
A genus of succulent plants, found in warm countries. 3. A girl's
name. 4. A well-known leguminous plant. "BELLA DONNA."

CUBE.

1	2
.
.
5	6
.
.
.
.
3	4
.
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, the apparent junction of the earth and sky; from 2
to 4, pertaining to nebulae; from 1 to 3, a large sea-fish; from 3 to 4,
an instructor; from 5 to 6, sage; from 6 to 8, the windpipe; from
5 to 7, a place of exile; from 7 to 8, the admiral of the successful

BEHEADINGS. Lafayette. 1. L-arch. 2. A-loft. 3. F-lung.
4. A-bout. 5. Y-ours. 6. E-rase. 7. T-aunt. 8. T-ease.
9. E-vent.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, April fools; from 11 to 20,
Wordsworth. Cross-words: 1. Allowing. 2. Spurious. 3. Barriers.
4. Resisted. 5. Mildness. 6. Afterwit. 7. Orthodox. 8. Mono-
gram. 9. Militate. 10. Forsooth.

QUINCUNX. I. Across: 1. Spar. 2. Hop. 3. Fare. 4. Eft.
5. Fete. II. Across: 1. Tray. 2. Wax. 3. Fine. 4. Ink. 5. Ares.

AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE. Resuscitation.

CHANGES. 1. Saline, aliens. 2. Rugose, grouse. 3. Thread,
death. 4. Cutlets, scuttle. 5. Piston, points. 6. Damson, nomads,
monads.

PI. First the blue and then the shower;

Bursting bud, and smiling flower;

Brooks set free with tinkling ring;

Birds too full of song to sing;

Crisp old leaves astir with pride,

Where the timid violets hide,—

All things ready with a will,—

April's coming up the hill!

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Grants. 2. Repeat. 3. Aporia. 4. Neroli.
5. Tailor. 6. Stairs.

fleet in the naval victory at Actium; from 1 to 5, the Scythians
who conquered Pannonia, and gave it its present name; from 2 to 6,
cleanly; from 4 to 8, the genus of animals to which the frog belongs;
from 3 to 7, a garment worn by the ancient Romans. M. V. W.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters;
when these words are rightly guessed, and placed one below another
in the order here given, one row, reading downward, will spell typog-
raphy and another row will spell devised.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To murmur. 2. A large strong wasp. 3. To
quake. 4. Dogmas. 5. A common plant somewhat like mint.
6. The shop of a smith. 7. Upright. 8. A city, famous in ancient
times, founded by Almanzor. "KATASHAW."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A girl's name. 2. Relating to a node. 3. Worthi-
ness. 4. What Coleridge, in "The Ancient Mariner," says is
"beloved from pole to pole." 5. The mollusk to whose pace Shak-
spere compares the school-boy's.

DOWNWARD: 1. In kettle. 2. An article. 3. A boy's nick-
name. 4. The fifteenth day of certain months. 5. Noblemen of Eng-
land ranking above viscounts. 6. A legal claim. 7. Always on the
supper-table. 8. A mixed mass. 9. In kettle. N. O. AND M. M.

A DIAMOND.

1. IN ROCOCO. 2. Fortune. 3. A boy's name, common in France.
4. Principal. 5. A manager. 6. Adorned fantastically. 7. To
inhume. 8. A deity. 9. In rococo. SIDNEY J.

PI.

KARM! hwo ew temie tehe
Ta dwan fo wyde yda!
Khar! who ew trege heet
Thwi rou dorylunea!
Hilew lal eth dogloy stingh hatt eb,
Ni thare, dan ria, dan maple ase,
Rea wingak pu ot molewee tehe,
Touh rryme thonn fo yam!

ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters.
When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the
other, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the
title of a book, and the third row will spell the name of the writer of
it, who was born in 1823. She was an English woman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A horse and carriage kept for hire. 2. A hedge-
hog. 3. Pertaining to a mountain-city in Cyprus. 4. An altar-
piece. 5. Slanting. 6. A confederate. 7. Capable of being rated.
8. Insnare. 9. Makes more intense. 10. An observation. 11. Fal-
low ground. 12. Belonging to a yeoman. 13. A phantom. 14. Doing
menial services for another, — especially at an English school. 15. The
close of the day.

LOUISE MCCLELLAN.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the month which takes its name from the god of war,
and leave roguish; curtail this and leave a segment of a circle. 2.
Behead to expiate and leave a sound; curtail this and leave a meas-
ure. 3. Behead an old word meaning "given," and leave level;
curtail this and leave the beginning of the night. 4. Behead a place
where milk is kept, and leave unsubstantial; curtail this and leave

atmosphere. 5. Behead to reform, and leave to improve; curtail
this and leave "children of a larger growth." 6. Behead to long
for, and leave to merit by labor; curtail this and leave part of a
skillet.

The beheaded letters will spell a day which young people fre-
quently devote to outdoor festivities.

L. H. L. AND D. M.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters.
When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below another,
in the order here given, the zigzags (beginning at the upper left-
hand corner) will spell the name of a famous battle fought in the
month of May.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A very small apartment. 2. Imposture. 3. A
clique. 4. The coat of the seed of wheat. 5. Nice perception. 6. A
small water-fowl. 7. A swimming and diving bird. 8. Pertaining
to wings. 9. A liquid globule. 10. Horse trappings. 11. Mighty.
12. To avouch. 13. The steinbok. 14. Charity. 15. A nimbus.
16. A river of Germany.

"AUGUSTUS G. HOPKINS."

MALTESE CROSS.

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

FROM 1 to 3, a Turkish governor; from 4 to 5, a unit; from 6 to 7,
performance; from 8 to 10, to burst asunder; from 11 to 13, a well-
known drug; from 14 to 15, an animal; from 16 to 17, a river of
Scotland; from 18 to 20, a famous king of Corinth; from 2 to 9,
knowledge duly arranged; from 12 to 19, to enrage. ARTHUR G.

A King's Move Puzzle.



THE above one hundred squares contain the names of a number of novelists, which may be spelled out by what is known in chess as the "king's move." This, as all chess-players know, is one square at a time in any direction. The same square is not to be used twice in any one name. In sending answers, indicate the squares by their numbers, thus: Burney, 37, 36, 47, 56, 65, 66.

A separate list of solvers of this puzzle will be printed. If, however, so many solutions are received as to make the list of inconvenient length for printing in the magazine, only the names of those sending especially good lists will be printed. Answers will be received only until May 20, excepting those sent from abroad.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.

improve; curtail.
Behold to long
leave part of a
young people fre-
L. AND D. M.

number of letters.
he below another.
t the upper left
tle fought in the

imposture. 3. A
perception. 6. A
8. Pertaining
11. Mighty.
15. A nimbus.
G. HOPKINS."

unit; from 6 to 7,
11 to 13, a well-
to 17, a river of
th; from 2 to 9,
ARTHUR C.

known in chess as
to be used twice in
ist of inconvenient
ll be received only

