



"IT WAS A SPLENDID SIGHT WHEN THE GLADIATORS CAME MARCHING IN."

(SEE PAGE 568.)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

VOL. XV.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 8.



BY PROF. ALFRED CHURCH.

Hipponax of Colonus, in Rome, to his cousin and fellow-townsmen Callias,— Greeting :

I have been greatly at a loss, my dearest Callias, ever since I came to this city, to decide whether I should rather admire or loathe these Romans. It must be confessed that at this moment, when I recall to my mind the things of which I was yesterday a spectator, I incline rather to hatred than love. How brutal they are!—how cruel!—how they delight in unmeaning show and extravagance! With what a thirst for blood are they possessed, keener than that of the most savage wild beasts,—keener, I say, for beasts are content when their hunger is appeased, but the appetite of these barbarians (for barbarians they are, notwithstanding all their wealth and luxury)

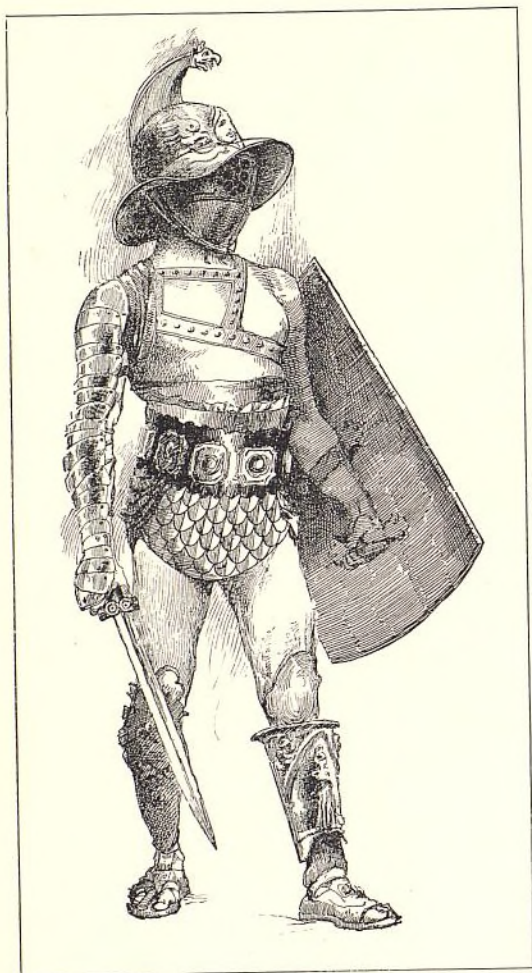
can never be satisfied. Yet, when I see with what unwearying diligence, with what infinite labor, they prepare even their pleasures, I am beyond measure astonished. For yesterday's entertainment, they had ransacked the whole earth; nor could a spectator, however hostile, forget that though they are vulgar in taste and savage in temper, they have conquered the world. But let me relate to you in order the things which I saw.

Trajan the Emperor,—who, by the way, both in his virtues and vices, is a Roman of the Romans,—having added seven new provinces to the Empire, resolved to exhibit to the people such a show as never before had been seen in Rome; and it is confessed by all that he has attained his ambition. The day before yesterday, my host, whose office imposes upon him part of the care of these

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matters, took me to the public supper at which the gladiators who were to fight on the morrow took leave of their friends and kinsfolk. The tables



A "SAMNITE." (SEE PAGE 568.)

were spread in the circus itself; and there were present, I should suppose, not less than two hundred guests (so many gladiators being about to fight on the morrow), for whom most bountiful provision of the richest food and most generous wines had been made. They were of all nations; but chiefly, as I was told, from Gaul and Thrace. From Greece, it rejoices me to say, there were but very few, and most of these Arcadians who, now that the Romans have established peace over all the world, are compelled to hire out their swords, not for honorable warfare, but for these baser strifes.

Most of the guests were, I thought, intent only on indulging in as much pleasure as the time

permitted, and ate and drank ravenously. Some of them loudly boasted of what they would do on the morrow, and were heard by their admirers, among whom were some of the noblest youths in Rome, with no less reverence than is a philosopher by his disciples. Others were more modest and more silent; and these, I noticed, were also more sparing of the wine-cup, which moderation would doubtless receive the reward of a clearer sight and steadier hand for the arena. There were not wanting sights which touched the heart. One such I observed in particular, because my host was concerned in it. I should say first, that some of these



A "NET-MAN." (SEE PAGE 568.)

gladiators, though they themselves are slaves, yet have slaves of their own who receive by no means inconsiderable gifts when their masters are victorious; and not seldom, also, some share of the wages

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"AMONG THE SPECTATORS SAT MANY WOMEN, HABITED WITH MUCH VARIETY OF COLOR."

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which the gladiators win through their prowess. As we were walking among the tables, a certain Pleusicles, who was known to my host, plucked his gown and begged him to stay awhile. This Pleusicles was a gladiator of nearly ten years' standing, and would be entitled to his discharge (usually conferred by the presentation of a wooden sword) if only he should safely pass through the dangers of the morrow. By his side stood a man of about sixty years, a Syrian, as I should judge, who was weeping without restraint.

"Most noble Pontius," said the Greek, "will you condescend to be the witness while I set this man free?"

At these words the Syrian broke forth into tears more vehemently than ever. "I will not suffer it," he cried; "'t is of very worst omen that a gladiator should do such a thing. As well might you order the pinewood, the oil, and the spices for your funeral."

"Be silent," said the other, with a certain kindly imperiousness. "Shall I not do as I will with mine own? If to-morrow should —"

At this the old man clapped his hand upon the speaker's mouth, crying, "*Good words! Good words!*"

"Well," said Pleusicles, "should anything happen to me to-morrow, how will you fare, being still a slave? Say, if I had not bought you three years since, when your old master of the cook-shop sold you as quite worn out, would not you have starved? 'T is not every one, my masters," he went on, turning to us, "that knows this Dromio. He is the most faithful and the bravest of men — and makes withal the most incomparable sausage-rolls! Nay, Dromio, you shall be free whether you will or no. If all goes well, you shall not leave me; if otherwise, there is a legacy of fifty thousand *sestertii* [about \$2000] with which you can set up a cook-shop of your own."

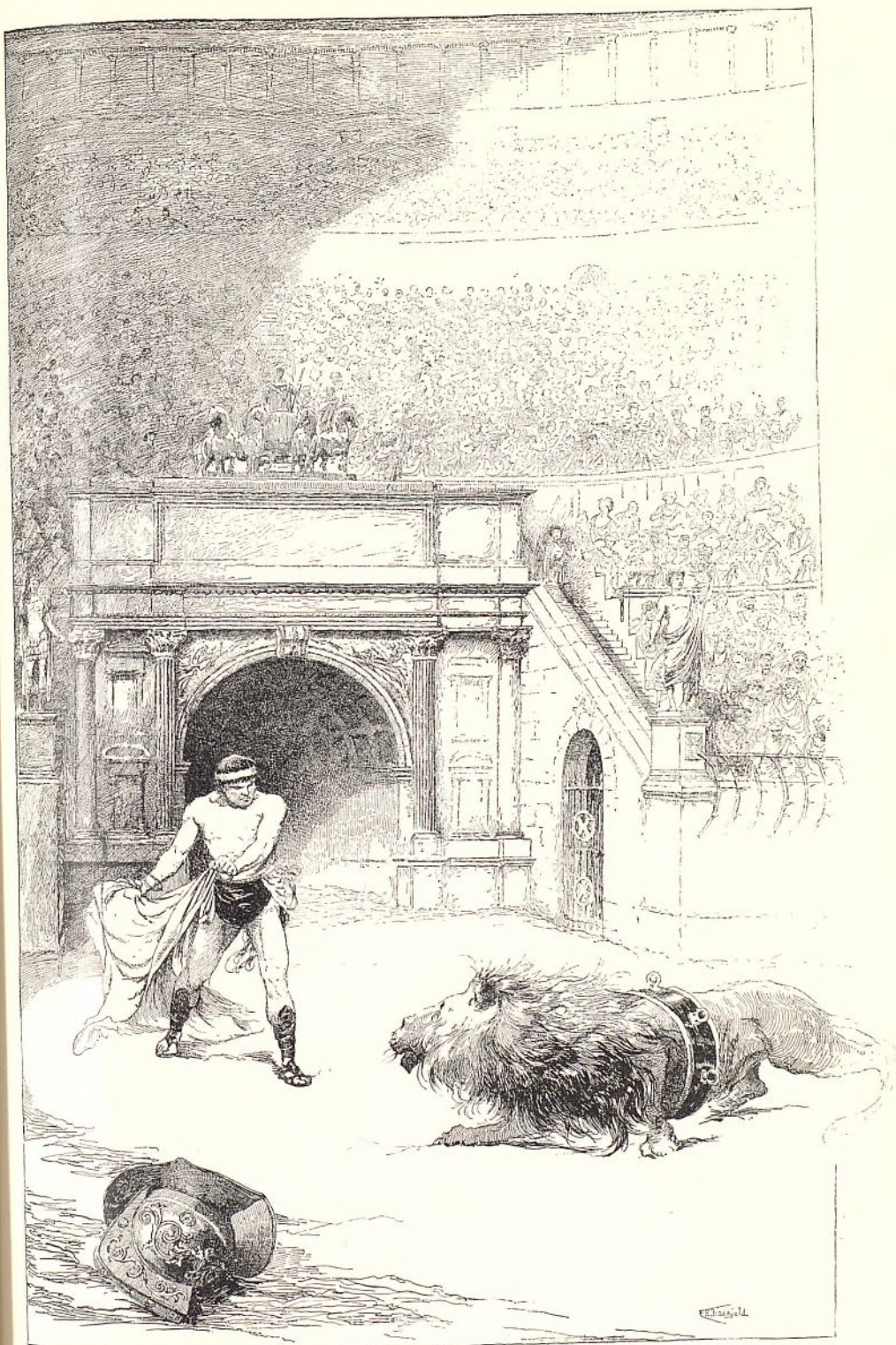
Pleusicles had his way, and, I am glad to say, escaped on the morrow unhurt.

A little further on I saw a parting which also moved me not a little. A young freedwoman was clinging with her arms around the neck of a most stalwart champion. They were a singular pair; she, more than commonly fair and of a delicate beauty; he, a Libyan, from the other side of the Atlas, and blacker than I had conceived it possible for any man to be. I wondered somewhat at her choice, for in his face, which was as flat as a bee's, there was little enough of the Apollo; but his stature (which was at least four cubits) and his broad shoulders and sinewy arms were truly heroic, and therefore I could excuse her admiration. Close by stood a little nurse-girl, carrying a child in whom were most admirably mingled the

hues of night and morning; nor am I ashamed to confess that there were tears in my eyes when the black Hector took this little whitey-brown Astyanax in those mighty arms and tenderly kissed him. I do not know how it went with the father in the combat.

But I must hasten on to the show itself.

I will not deny that the first part filled me with unmixed delight and admiration; for the place, with the concourse of spectators, formed a most noble sight. There were gathered together more thousands of men than I had ever seen before, each robed in a spotless white gown and wearing a garland on his head. Among them sat many women, habited with much variety of color. I myself sat with my host, his wife and daughter, in one of the front rows; and from there the sight was one of uncommon splendor. The purple and red awning, too, which was stretched over our heads, with the sun partly shining through it, gave a most brilliant effect. And then, the spectacle first exhibited was of incomparable rarity. Such curious and beautiful creatures were brought before our eyes as I had scarce known even in my reading. And, as if their natural beauty were not enough, art had been called in to increase their attraction. There were ostriches — 't is a bird, if you will believe me, of full six cubits in height — dyed with vermilion; and lions whose manes had been gilded, and antelopes and gazelles, which were curiously adorned with light-colored scarfs and gold tinsel. I should weary you were I to enumerate the strange creatures which I saw. Besides the more common kinds, there were river-horses ('t is a clumsy beast, and as little like to a horse as can be conceived, except, they say, as to the head when the upper half is protruded from the water), and rhinoceroses, and zebras (beasts curiously striped and not unlike to a very strong and swift ass); and, above all, elephants. Though I liked not the artificial adorning of some of these creatures — which, indeed, I thought proof of a certain vulgarity in these Romans — I could not but admire the skill with which all these animals had been taught to keep in subjection their natural tempers and to imitate the ways of men. This was especially manifest in the elephants. One of these huge beasts, balancing himself most carefully, walked on a rope tightly drawn. Other four, on the same most difficult path, carried between them a litter in which was a fifth, who represented a sick person. And even more wonderful than these were the lions and other beasts of a similar kind. It has always been a favorite marvel of the poets, how Bacchus was drawn in a chariot by leopards which he had trained to be as docile as horses. But here I saw Bacchus out-



"WITH WONDERFUL ADROITNESS HE THREW THE CLOTH OVER THE LION'S EYES."

done. Lions and tigers, panthers and bears, appeared patiently drawing carriages; lions being yoked to tigers, and panthers with bears. Wild bulls permitted boys and girls to dance upon their backs, and actually, at the word of command, stood up on their hind feet. Still more wonderful again than this was the spectacle of lions hunting hares, catching them, and carrying the prey in their mouths, unhurt, to their masters. The Emperor summoned the lion-tamer who had trained the beasts in this wonderful fashion, and praised him highly for his skill. The man answered with as pretty a compliment as ever I heard. "It is no skill of mine, my lord," says he; "the beasts are gentle because they know whom they serve."

But, in good truth, there was little more of gentleness to be seen after this. The Romans have an unquenchable thirst for fighting. These curious shows of rare creatures and rare accomplishments (I had forgotten to say that there was an elephant that wrote the Emperor's name on the sand) soon gave place to the serious business of the day. But previously, to whet the appetite of the spectators for that which was to follow, came various spectacles of beasts fighting against one another. First, a Molossian dog (famous, as you know, for strength and courage) was set on a bull. Then a lion was matched with a tiger, but most unequally; for the lion, being inferior in strength and courage, was speedily killed. Then came a combat of a bull with a rhinoceros. With what fury did the people roar (not liking to be balked of their sport), when the great beast declined the combat, and willingly would have retreated from the bull into its den. It had manifestly no liking for the fight, and could scarcely be urged into it by the keeper, though the man put hot iron to its hide (which, indeed, is marvelously thick), and blew into its ear with a trumpet. The bull, though savage enough of his own accord, also was urged on with fluttering pennons of red. So, at last, they got the two to engage; and then the rhinoceros, tossing up his head, sent the bull flying into the air, as if it had been no more than a truss of straw. When the bull came to the ground, he was absolutely dead, his enemy's horn having pierced a vital part.

These were but a few of many combats. Then came as many — nay, twice as many — fights between men and beasts. I am told that men sometimes are sent unarmed into the arena, having been doomed for some great crime to die in this way. Four men devoted to some strange superstition, which is called after one "Christus," perished in this way last year. But to-day all were armed; and, indeed, they acquitted themselves with mar-

velous skill and success. I noticed especially one man, a famous performer, who was matched against a lion; he had no protection but a cloth in his hand and a small dagger that seemed made rather for show than for use. With most wonderful adroitness he threw the cloth over the lion's eyes, completely blindfolding them; and then, when the beast was struggling with the incumbrance, fastened a rope to a leathern belt that was round the creature's belly (most of the larger animals were so harnessed for convenience in managing them). With this rope the lion was finally dragged back into his den, the man retiring amidst shouts that could have been no louder had he saved the city from destruction. On the whole, there was little damage done, though some were wounded, and my heart, it must be owned, beat fast more than once at seeing in what peril the combatants stood. I thought, also, that those who managed the spectacle were chary of the lives of the rarer and more precious beasts, much to the vexation of the commoner sort of people, who look upon the bodies of all animals killed at such times as perquisites of their own.

These combats being finished, the bodies of the slain animals dragged away, and fresh sand strewn over the whole place, there fell upon the entire assembly the silence of great expectation. Some, who had been sleeping, awoke; others, who had been talking with their neighbors, were silent; for now was to come the sight which goes to the inmost heart of these savages: — men fighting with men.

It is not to be denied that it was a splendid sight when a hundred of the gladiators, who were to play the "first act," so to speak (they were a mere fraction of all the performers to be exhibited), came marching in, two by two. They were armed mostly as soldiers, but with more of ornament and with greater splendor. Their helmets were of various shapes, but each had a broad brim and a visor consisting of four plates, the upper two being pierced to allow the wearer to see through them. On the top also there was what one might liken to the comb of a cock; and fastened to this, a plume of horse-hair dyed crimson, or of crimson feathers. Some were called "Samnites" (the name of an Italian tribe that once nearly brought Rome to her knees). These carried a short sword and large oblong shield. Others were armed as Thracians, or as Greeks. Others, again, were distinguished by the symbol of a fish upon their helmets. But the most curious of all were those called "net-men," who were equipped with a net in which to entangle an antagonist; having so disabled him, the net-man stabs him with a three-pronged harpoon. These have no helmets, and are equipped as lightly as

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You will



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possible, for if they miss their cast they have no hope of safety but in their fleetness of foot.

You will not think the worse of me, my dear

Indeed, had I continued to look, undoubtedly I should have fainted. But I could not but observe that the young Fausta, my host's daughter, a



"TILL YESTERDAY I HAD THOUGHT HER THE FAIREST MAIDEN I HAD SEEN."

Callias, if I acknowledge that I can not describe this part of the spectacle. The truth is that after a certain dreadful fascination, which held me while the first strokes were given, I turned away my eyes.

maiden of about seventeen, had no such qualms, for she gazed steadfastly into the arena the whole time, and her face (for I looked at her more than once) was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with a

most inhuman light. Till yesterday I had thought her the fairest maiden I had seen; but now the very girdle of Aphrodite could not make her beautiful in my eyes. Can you believe, my Callias, that this young girl, who a week ago was weeping inconsolably over a dead sparrow, cried aloud, "He has it!" when some poor wretch received the decisive blow;—aye, and when, not being wounded mortally, he appealed for mercy, that she made the sign of death?—which they do by pointing with the hand as if in the act to strike. Verily, they have the wolf's blood in their veins, these Romans, both men and women!

But what will you say when I relate to you my last experiences? Hearing my neighbor say that the spectacle was over for the day, I ventured to look up; and what, think you, did I see? Some sixty bodies lay on the sand, and there came out the figure of one dressed as Charon, the ferryman of

Styx, who examined the prostrate forms to try whether there was life in them. Finding that none were alive, he returned to the place whence he came, and there followed him presently another person, this one habited as Hermes, bearing in his hand the rod wherewith the messenger of the gods is said to marshal the spirits of the dead when they go down to the shades. At his bidding some attendants removed the poor victims. This done, fresh sand was strewn over such places as showed signs of conflict, and thus was finished the first day of the great show, wherewith Trajan is to please the gods and the Roman people.

It will be continued for many days; how many I neither know nor care, for I go not again. Next year I hope to see among the planes and olives of Olympia the bloodless sports which please a kinder, gentler race of gods and men.

Farewell.



BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

THE butterfly quoth to the rest-harrow * flowers:

"Cousins, good day!

"I paused on my way,

"To make ye acquaint with the kinship that's ours."

The rest-harrow flowers
Flew off in pink showers.

"If that, sir," quoth they

"Be true, as you say,

"Pray, why do we fly

"But once, ere we die?

"And then only, morco'er,

"When we're *bidden* to soar?

"We are powerless, quite

"Till a wind gives us flight!"

* See note in "Letter-box," page 636.

Said the butterfly: "Nay,
"I know not — Good day.

"But, still, ye 're my cousins; ye rest-harrow
flowers;

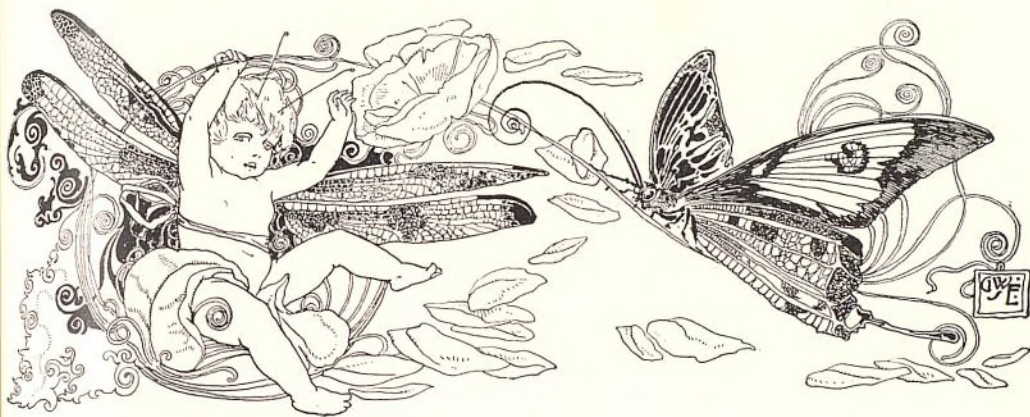
"I do not dissemble,

"Look, now we resemble,

"When thus ye do tremble!"

And the rest-harrow flowers still flutter and
sway,

And strive to be butterflies, unto this day!



TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER V.



As the man in the hen-house groaned horribly, Willy, relenting, was about to look in, when he saw Uncle Balla coming with a flaming light-wood knot in his hand.

Instead of opening the door, therefore, he called to the old man, who was leisurely crossing the yard: "Run, Uncle Balla. Quick, run!"

At the call, Old Balla and Frank set out as fast as they could.

"What's the matter? Is he done kill de chickens? Is he done got away?" the old man asked breathlessly.

"No, he 's dyin'," shouted Willy.

"Hi! is you shoot him?" asked the old driver.

"No, that other man 's poisoned him. He was the robber and he fooled this one," explained Willy, opening the door, and peeping anxiously in.

"Go 'long, boy,—now, d' ye ever heah de better o' dat?—dat man 's foolin' wid you; jes' tryin' to git yo' to let him out."

"No, he is n't," said Willy; "you ought to 'a' heard him."

But both Balla and Frank were laughing at him, so he felt very shamefaced. He was relieved by hearing another groan.

"Oh, oh, oh! Ah, ah!"

"You hear that?" he asked, triumphantly.

"I boun' I 'll see what 's the matter with him, the roscol! Stan' right dyah, y' all, an' if he try to run shoot him, but mine you don' hit me," and the old man walked up to the door, and standing on one side flung it open. "What you doin' in dyah after dese chillern's chickens?" he called fiercely.

"Hello, ole man, 's 'at you? I 's mighty sick," muttered the person within. Old Balla held his torch inside the house, amid a confused cackle and flutter of fowls.

"Well, ef 't ain' a white man, and a soldier at dat!" he exclaimed. "What you doin' heah, robbin' white folks' hen-roos'?" he called, roughly. "Git up off dat groun'; you ain' sick."

"Let me get up, Sergeant,—hic—don't you heah the roll-call?—the tent 's mighty dark; what you fool me in here for?" muttered the man inside.

The boys could see that he was stretched out on the floor, apparently asleep, and that he was a soldier in uniform.

"Is he dead?" asked both boys as Balla caught him by the arm, lifted him, and let him fall again limp on the floor.

"Nor, he 's foolin'," said Balla, picking up an empty flask. "Come on out. Let me see what I gwi' do wid you?" he said, scratching his head.

"I know what I gwi' do wid you. I gwi' lock you up right whar you is."

"Uncle Balla, s'pose he gets well, won't he get out?"

"Ain' I gwi' lock him up? Dat 's good from you, who was jes gwi' let 'im out ef me an' Frank had n't come up when we did."

Willy stepped back abashed. His heart accused him and told him the charge was true. Still he ventured one more question:

"Had n' you better take the hens out?"

"Nor; 't ain' no use to teck nuttin' out dyah. Ef he come to, he know we got 'im, an' he dyahson' trouble nuttin'."

And the old man pushed to the door and fastened the iron hasp over the strong staple. Then, as the lock had been broken, he took a large nail from his pocket and fastened it in the staple with a stout string so that it could not be shaken out. All the time he was working he was talking to the boys, or rather to himself, for their benefit.

"Now, you see ef we don' find him heah in the mornin'! Willy jes' gwi' let you git 'way, but a *man* got you now, wh'ar' been handlin' horses an' know how to hole 'em in the stalls. I boun' he 'll have to butt like a ram to git out dis log hen-house," he said finally, as he finished tying the last knot in his string, and gave the door a vigorous rattle to test its strength.

Willy had been too much abashed at his mistake to fully appreciate all of the witticisms over the prisoner, but Frank enjoyed them almost as much as Unc' Balla himself.

"Now y' all go 'long to bed, an' I 'll go back an' teck a little nap myself," said he, in parting. "Ef he gits out that hen-house I 'll give you ev'y

chicken I got. But he ain' *gwine* git out. A *man*'s done fasten him up dyah."

The boys went off to bed, Willy still feeling depressed over his ridiculous mistake. They were soon fast asleep, and if the dogs barked again they did not hear them.

The next thing they knew, Lucy Ann, convulsed with laughter, was telling them a story about Uncle Balla and the man in the hen-house. They jumped up, and pulling on their clothes ran out to the hen-house, thinking to see the prisoner.

Instead of doing so, they found Uncle Balla standing by the hen-house with a comical look of mystification and chagrin; the roof had been lifted off at one end and not only the prisoner, but every chicken was gone!

The boys were half inclined to cry; Balla's look set them to laughing.

"Unc' Balla, you got to give me every chicken you got, 'cause you said you would," said Willy.

"Go 'way from heah, boy. Don' pester me when I studyin' to see which way he got out."

"You ain' never had a horse get through the roof before, have you?" said Frank.

"Go 'way from here, I tell you," said the old man, walking around the house, looking at it.

As the boys went back to wash and dress themselves, they heard Balla explaining to Lucy Ann and some of the other servants that "the man them chillern let git away had just come back and taken out the one he had locked up"; a solution of the mystery he always afterward stoutly insisted upon.

One thing, however, the person's escape effected — it prevented Willy's ever hearing any more of his mistake; but that did not keep him now and then from asking Uncle Balla "if he had fastened his horses well."

CHAPTER VI.

THESE hens were not the last things stolen from Oakland. Nearly all the men in the country had gone with the army. Indeed, with the exception of a few overseers who remained to work the farms, every man in the neighborhood, between the ages of seventeen and fifty, was in the army. The country was thus left almost wholly unprotected, and it would have been entirely so but for the "Home Guard," as it was called, which was a company composed of young boys and the few old men who remained at home, and who had volunteered for service as a local guard, or police body, for the neighborhood of their homes.

Occasionally, too, later on, a small detachment of men, under a leader known as a "conscript-

officer," would come through the country hunting for any men who were subject to the conscript law but who had evaded it, and for deserters who had run away from the army and refused to return.

These two classes of troops, however, stood on a very different footing. The Home Guard was regarded with much respect, for it was composed of those whose extreme age or youth alone withheld them from active service; and every youngster in its ranks looked upon it as a training school, and was ready to die in defence of his home if need were, and, besides, expected to obtain permission to go into the army "next year."

The conscript-guard, on the other hand, were grown men, and were thought to be shirking the very dangers and hardships into which they were trying to force others.

A few miles from Oakland, on the side toward the mountain road and beyond the big woods, lay a district of virgin forest and old field-pines which, even before the war, had acquired a reputation of an unsavory nature, though its inhabitants were a harmless people. No highways ran through this region, and the only roads which entered it were mere wood-ways, filled with bushes and carpeted with pine-tags; and, being traveled only by the inhabitants, appeared to outsiders "to jes' peter out," as the phrase went. This territory was known by the unpromising name of Hometown.

Its denizens were a peculiar but kindly race known to the boys as "poor white folks," and called by the negroes, with great contempt, "po' white trash." Some of them owned small places in the pines; but the majority were simply "squatters." They were an inoffensive people, and their worst vices were intemperance and evasion of the tax-laws.

They made their living—or rather, they existed—by fishing and hunting; and, to eke it out, attempted the cultivation of little patches of corn and tobacco near their cabins, or in the bottoms where small branches ran into the stream already mentioned.

In appearance they were usually so thin and sallow that one had to look at them twice to see them clearly. At best, they looked vague and illusive.

They were brave enough. At the outbreak of the war nearly all of the men in this community enlisted, thinking, as many others did, that war was more like play than work, and consisted more of resting than of laboring. Although most of them, when in battle, showed the greatest fearlessness, yet the duties of camp soon became irksome to them, and they grew sick of the restraint and drilling of camp-life; so some of them, when refused a furlough, took it, and came home.

Others staid at home after leave had ended, feeling secure in their stretches of pine and swamp, not only from the feeble efforts of the conscript-guard but from any parties who might be sent in search of them.

In this way it happened, as time went by, that Hometown became known to harbor a number of deserters.

According to the negroes, it was full of them; and many stories were told about glimpses of men dodging behind trees in the big woods, or rushing away through the underbrush like wild cattle. And, though the grown people doubted whether the negroes had not been startled by some of the hogs, which were quite wild, feeding in the woods, the boys were satisfied that the negroes really had seen deserters.

This became a certainty, when there came report after report of these wood-skulkers, and when the conscript-guard, with the brightest of uniforms, rode by with as much show and noise as if on a fox-hunt. Then it became known that deserters were, indeed, infesting the piny district of Hometown, and in considerable numbers.

Some of them, it was said, were pursuing agriculture and all their ordinary vocations as openly as in time of peace, and more industriously. They had a regular code of signals, and nearly every person in the Hometown settlement was in league with them.

When the conscript-guard came along, there would be a rush of tow-headed children through the woods, or some of the women about the cabins would blow a horn lustily; after which not a man could be found in all the district. The horn told just how many men were in the guard, and which path they were following; every member of the troop being honored with a short, quick "toot."

"What are you blowing that horn for?" sternly asked the guard one morning of an old woman,—old Mrs. Hall, who stood out in front of her little house blowing like Boreas in the pictures.

"Jes' blowin' fur Millindy to come to dinner," she said, sullenly. "Can't y' all let a po' 'ooman call her gals to git some 'n' to eat? You got all her boys in d' army, killin' 'em; why n't yo' go and git kilt some yo'self, 'stidder ridin' 'bout heah tromplin' all over po' folks's chickens?"

When the troop returned in the evening, she was still blowing; "blowin' fur Millindy to come home," she said, with more sharpness than before. But there must have been many Millindys, for horns were sounding all through the settlement.

The deserters, at such times, were said to take to the swamps, and marvelous rumors were abroad of one or more caves, all fitted up, wherein they

concealed themselves, like the robbers in the stories the boys were so fond of reading.

After a while thefts of pigs and sheep became so common that they were charged to the deserters.

Finally it grew to be such a pest that the ladies in the neighborhood asked the Home Guard to take action in the matter, and after some delay it became known that this valorous body was going to invade Hometown and capture the deserters or drive them away. Hugh was to accompany them, of course; and he looked very handsome, as well as very important, when he started out on horseback to join the troop. It was his first active service; and with his trousers in his boots and his pistol in his belt he looked as brave as Julius Cæsar, and quite laughed at his mother's fears for him, as she kissed him good-bye and walked out with him to his horse, which Balla held at the gate.

The boys asked leave to go with him; but Hugh was so scornful over their request, and looked so soldierly as he galloped away with the other men that the boys felt as cheap as possible.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the boys went into the house they found that their Aunt Mary had a headache that morning, and, even with the best intentions of doing her duty in teaching them, had been forced to go to bed. Their mother was too much occupied with her charge of providing for a family of over a dozen white persons, and five times as many colored dependents, to give any time to acting as substitute in the school-room, so the boys found themselves with a holiday before them. It seemed vain to try to shoot duck on the creek, and the perch were averse to biting. The boys accordingly determined to take both guns and to set out for a real hunt in the big woods.

They received their mother's permission, and after a luncheon was prepared they started in high glee, talking about the squirrels and birds they expected to kill.

Frank had his gun, and Willy had the musket; and both carried a plentiful supply of powder and some tolerably round slugs made from cartridges.

They usually hunted in the part of the woods nearest the house, and they knew that game was not very abundant there; so, as a good long day was before them, they determined to go over to the other side of the woods.

They accordingly pushed on, taking a path which led through the forest. They went entirely through the big woods without seeing anything but one squirrel, and presently found themselves at the extreme edge of Hometown. They were just grumbling at the lack of game when they

heard a distant horn. The sound came from perhaps a mile or more away, but was quite distinct.

"What 's that? Somebody fox-hunting?—or is it a dinner-horn?" asked Willy, listening intently.

"It 's a horn to warn deserters, that 's what 't is," said Frank, pleased to show his superior knowledge.

"I tell you what to do:—let 's go and hunt deserters," said Willy, eagerly.

"All right. Won't that be fun!" and both boys set out down the road toward a point where they knew one of the paths ran into the pine-district, talking of the numbers of prisoners they expected to take.

In an instant they were as alert and eager as young hounds on a trail. They had mapped out a plan before, and they knew exactly what they had to do. Frank was the captain, by right of his being older; and Willy was lieutenant, and was to obey orders. The chief thing that troubled them was that they did not wish to be seen by any of the women or children about the cabins, for they all knew the boys, because they were accustomed to come to Oakland for supplies; then, too, the boys wished to remain on friendly terms with their neighbors. Another thing worried them. They did not know what to do with their prisoners after they should have captured them. However, they pushed on and soon came to a dim cart-way, which ran at right angles to the main road and which went into the very heart of Hometown. Here they halted to reconnoiter and to inspect their weapons.

Even from the main road, the track, as it led off through the overhanging woods with thick underbrush of chinquapin bushes, appeared to the boys to have something strange about it, though they had at other times walked it from end to end. Still, they entered boldly, clutching their guns. Willy suggested that they should go in Indian file and that the rear one should step in the other's footprints as the Indians do; but Frank thought it was best to walk abreast, as the Indians walked in their peculiar way only to prevent an enemy who crossed their trail from knowing how many they were; and, so far from it being any disadvantage for the deserters to know *their* number, it was even better that they should know there were two, so that they would not attack from the rear. Accordingly, keeping abreast, they struck in; each taking the woods on one side of the road, which he was to watch and for which he was to be responsible.

The farther they went the more indistinct the track became, and the wilder became the surrounding woods. They proceeded with great caution, examining every particularly thick clump of bushes;

peeping behind each very large tree; and occasionally even taking a glance up among its boughs, for they had themselves so often planned how, if pursued they would climb trees and conceal themselves, that they would not have been at all surprised to find a fierce deserter, armed to the teeth, crouching among the branches.

Though they searched carefully every spot where a deserter could possibly lurk, they passed through the oak woods and were deep in the pines without having seen any foe or heard a noise which could possibly proceed from one. A squirrel had daringly leaped from the trunk of a hickory-tree and run into the woods, right before them, stopping impudently to take a good look at them; but they were hunting larger game than squirrels, and they resisted the temptation to take a shot at him,—an exercise of virtue which brought them a distinct feeling of pleasure. They were, however, beginning to be embarrassed as to their next course. They could hear the dogs barking, farther on in the pines, and knew they were approaching the vicinity of the settlement; for they had crossed the little creek which ran through a thicket of elder bushes and “gums,” and which marked the boundary of Holatown. Little paths, too, every now and then turned off from the main track and went into the pines, each leading to a cabin or bit of creek-bottom deeper in. They therefore were in a real dilemma concerning what to do; and Willy’s suggestion, to eat luncheon, was a welcome one. They determined to go a little way into the woods, where they could not be seen, and had just taken the luncheon out of the game-bag and were turning into a by-path, when they met a man who was coming along at a slow, lounging walk, and carrying a long single-barrelled shot-gun across his arm.

When first they heard him, they thought he might be a deserter; but when he came nearer they saw that he was simply a countryman out hunting; for his old game-bag (from which peeped a squirrel’s tail) was over his shoulder, and he had no weapons at all, excepting that old squirrel-gun.

“Good morning, sir,” said both boys, politely. “Mornin’! What luck y’ all had?” he asked good-naturedly, stopping and putting the butt of his gun on the ground, and resting lazily on it, preparatory to a chat.

“We’re not gunning; we’re hunting deserters.” “Huntin’ deserters!” echoed the man with a smile which broke into a chuckle of amusement as the thought worked its way into his brain.

“Ain’t you see? none?”

“No,” said both boys in a breath, greatly pleased at his friendliness. “Do you know where any are?”

The man scratched his head, seeming to reflect.

“Well, ’pears to me I hearn tell o’ some, ’roun’ to ’des that-a-ways,” making a comprehensive sweep of his arm in the direction just opposite to that which the boys were taking. “I seen the conscrip’-guard a little while ago pokin’ ’roun’ this-a-way; but Lor’, that ain’ the way to ketch deserters. I knows every foot o’ groun’ this-a-way, an’ ef they was any deserters roun’ here I ’d be mighty apt to know it!”

This announcement was an extinguisher to the boys’ hopes. Clearly, they were going in the wrong direction.

“We are just going to eat our luncheon,” said Frank; “won’t you join us?”

Willy added his invitation to his brother’s, and their friend politely accepted, suggesting that they should walk back a little way and find a log. This all three did; and in a few minutes they were enjoying the luncheon which the boys’ mother had provided, while the stranger was telling the boys his views about deserters, which, to say the least, were very original.

“I seen the conscrip’-guard jes’ this mornin’, ridin’ ’round whar they knowed they war n’ no deserters, but ole womens and childern,” he said with his mouth full. “Why n’t they go whar they knows deserters *is*?” he asked.

“Where are they? We heard they had a cave down on the river, and we were goin’ there,” declared the boys.

“Down on the river?—a cave? Ain’ no cave down thar, without it’s below Rockett’s Mill; fur I’ve hunted and fished ev’y foot o’ that river up an’ down both sides, an’ t’ ain’ a hole thar, big enough to hide a’ ole hyah, I ain’ know.”

This proof was too conclusive to admit of further argument.

“Why don’t *you* go in the army?” asked Willy, after a brief reflection.

“What? Why don’t *I* go in the army?” repeated the hunter. “Why, I’s *in* the army! You did n’ think I war n’t in the army, did you?”

The hunter’s tone and the expression of his face were so full of surprise that Willy felt deeply mortified at his rudeness, and began at once to stammer something to explain himself.

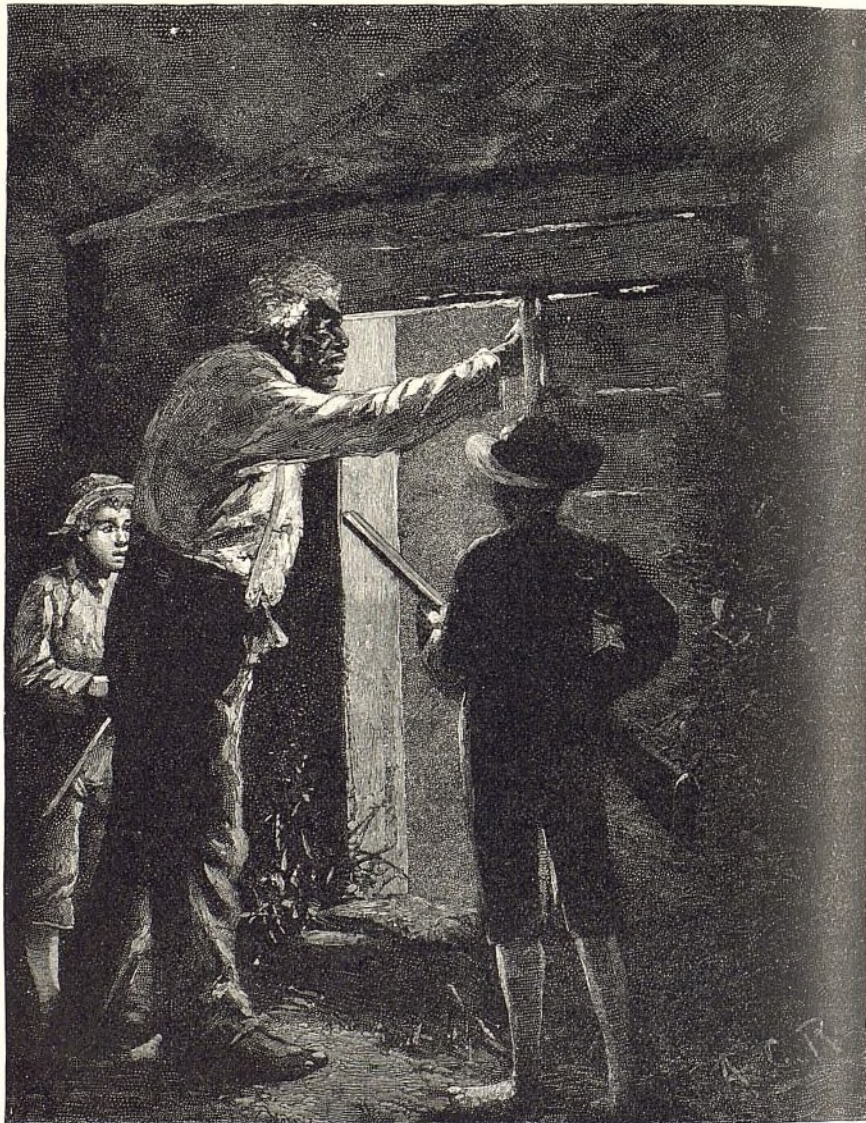
“I b’longs to Colonel Marshall’s regiment,” continued the man, “an’ I’s been home sick on leave o’ absence. Got wounded in the leg, an’ I’s jes’ gettin’ well. I ain’ rightly well enough to go back now, but I’s anxious to git back; I’m gwine to-morrow mornin’ ef I don’ go this evenin’. You see I kin hardly walk now!” and to demonstrate his lameness, he got up and limped a few yards. “I ain’ well yit,” he pursued, returning and dropping into his seat on the log, with

his face drawn up by the pain the exertion had brought on.

"Let me see your wound? Is it sore now?" asked Willy, moving nearer to the man with a look expressive of mingled curiosity and sympathy.

nothin' 'bout that," and he opened his shirt and showed a triangular, purple scar on his shoulder.

"You certainly must be a brave soldier," exclaimed both boys, impressed at sight of the scar, their voices softened by fervent admiration.



"THE OLD MAN WALKED UP TO THE DOOR, AND STANDING ON ONE SIDE FLUNG IT OPEN."

"You can't see it; it's up heah," said the soldier, touching the upper part of his hip; "an' I got another one heah," he added, placing his hand very gently to his side. "This one 's whar a Yankee run me through with his sword. Now, that one was where a piece of shell hit me,—I don't keer

"Yes, I kep' up with the bes' of 'em," he said, with a pleased smile.

Suddenly a horn began to blow, "toot—toot—toot," as if all the "Millindys" in the world were being summoned. It was so near the boys that it quite startled them.

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"That 's for the deserters, now," they both exclaimed.

Their friend looked calmly up and down the road, both ways.

"Them rascally conscrip'-guard been tellin' you all that, to gi' 'em some excuse for keepin' out o' th' army theyselves,—that 's all. Th' ain't no deserters any whar in all these parts, an' you kin tell 'em so. I 'm gwine down thar an' see what that horn 's a-blowin' fur; hit 's somebody's dinner horn, or sump'n'," he added, rising and taking up his game-bag.

"Can't we go with you?" asked the boys.

"Well, nor, I reckon you better not," he drawled; "thar 's some right bad dogs down thar in the pines,—mons'us bad; an' I 's gwine cut through the woods an' see ef I can't pick up a squ'r'l, gwine 'long, for the ole 'ooman's supper, as I got to go 'way to-night or to-morrow; she 's mighty poorly."

"Is she poorly much?" asked Willy, greatly concerned. "We 'll get mamma to come and see her to-morrow, and bring her some bread."

"Nor, she ain't so sick; that is to say, she jis' poorly and 'sturbed in her mind. She gittin' sort o' old. Here, y' all take these squ'r'r'ls," he said, taking the squirrels from his old game-bag and tossing them at Willy's feet. Both boys protested, but he insisted. "Oh, yes; I kin get some mo' fur her."

"Y' all better go home. Well, good-bye, much obliged to you," and he strolled off with his gun in the bend of his arm, leaving the boys to admire and talk over his courage.

They turned back, and had gone about a quarter of a mile, when they heard a great trampling of horses behind them. They stopped to listen, and in a little while a squadron of cavalry came in sight. The boys stepped to one side of the road to wait for them, eager to tell the important information they had received from their friend, that there were no deserters in that section. In a hurried consultation they agreed not to tell that they had been hunting deserters themselves, as they knew the soldiers would only have a laugh at their expense.

"Hello, boys, what luck?" called the officer in the lead, in a friendly manner.

They told him they had not shot anything; that the squirrels had been given to them; and then both boys inquired:

"You all hunting for deserters?"

"You seen any?" asked the leader carelessly, while one or two men pressed their horses forward eagerly.

"No, th' ain't any deserters in this direction at all," said the boys, with conviction in their manner.

"How do you know?" asked the officer.

"'Cause a gentleman told us so."

"Who? When? What gentleman?"

"A gentleman we met a little while ago."

"How long ago? Who was he?"

"Don't know who he was," said Frank.

"When we were eating our snack," put in Willy, not to be left out.

"How was he dressed? Where was it? What sort of man was he?" eagerly inquired the leading trooper.

The boys proceeded to describe their friend, impressed by the intense interest accorded them by the listeners.

"He was a sort of a man with red hair, and wore a pair of gray breeches and an old pair of shoes, and was in his shirt-sleeves." Frank was the spokesman.

"And he had a gun,—a long squirrel-gun," added Willy, "and he said he belonged to Colonel Marshall's regiment."

"Why, that 's Tim Mills. He 's a deserter himself," exclaimed the captain.

"No, he ain't,—*he* ain't any deserter," protested both at once. "He is a mighty brave soldier, and he 's been home on a furlough to get well of a wound on his leg where he was shot."

"Yes, and it ain't well yet, but he 's going back to his command to-night or to-morrow morning, and he's got another wound in his side where a Yankee ran him through with his sword. We know *he* ain't any deserter."

"How do you know all this?" asked the officer.

"He told us so himself, just now — a little while ago, that is," said the boys.

The man laughed.

"Why, he 's fooled you to death. That 's Tim himself, that 's been doing all the devilment about here. He is the worst deserter in the whole gang."

"We saw the wound on his shoulder," declared the boys, still doubting.

"I know it; he 's got one there,—that 's what I know him by. Which way did he go,—and how long has it been?"

"He went that way, down in the woods; and it 's been some time. He 's got away now."

The lads by this time were almost convinced of their mistake; but they could not prevent their sympathy from being on the side of their late agreeable companion.

"We 'll catch the rascal," declared the leader very fiercely. "Come on, men,—he can't have gone far"; and he wheeled his horse about and dashed back up the road at a great pace, followed by his men. The boys were half inclined to follow and aid in the capture; but Frank, after a moment's thought, said solemnly:

"No, Willy; an Arab never betrays a man who has eaten his salt. This man has broken bread with us; we can not give him up. I don't think we ought to have told about him as much as we did."

This was an argument not to be despised.

A little later, as the boys trudged home, they heard the horns blowing again a regular "toot-toot" for "Mellindy." It struck them that supper followed dinner very quickly in Holetown.

When the troop passed by in the evening the men were in very bad humor. They had had a fruitless addition to their ride, and some of them were inclined to say that the boys had never seen any man at all, which the boys thought was pretty silly, as the man had eaten at least two-thirds of their luncheon.

Somehow the story got out, and Hugh was very scornful because the boys had given their luncheon to a deserter.

CHAPTER VIII.

As time went by, the condition of things at Oakland changed—as it did everywhere else. The boys' mother, like all the other ladies of the country, was so devoted to the cause that she gave to the soldiers until there was nothing left. After that there was a failure of the crops, and the immediate necessities of the family and the hands on the place were great.

There was no sugar nor coffee nor tea. These luxuries had been given up long before. An attempt was made to manufacture sugar out of the sorghum, or sugar-cane, which was now being cultivated as an experiment; but it proved unsuccessful, and molasses made from the cane was the only sweetening. The boys, however, never liked anything sweetened with molasses, so they gave up everything that had molasses in it. Sassafras-tea was tried as a substitute for tea, and a drink made out of parched corn and wheat, of burnt sweet-potato and other things, in the place of coffee; but none of them were fit to drink—at least so the boys thought. The wheat crop proved a failure; but the corn turned out very fine, and the boys learned to live on corn-bread, as there was no wheat-bread.

The soldiers still came by, and the house was often full of young officers who came to see the boys' cousins. The boys used to ride the horses to and from the stables, and, being perfectly fearless, became very fine riders.

Several times, among the visitors, came the young colonel who had commanded the regiment that had camped at the bridge the first year of the war. It did not seem to the boys that Cousin Belle liked him, for she took much longer to dress when

he came; and if there were other officers present she would take very little notice of the colonel.

Both boys were in love with her, and after considerable hesitation had written her a joint letter to tell her so, at which she laughed heartily and kissed them both and called them her sweet-hearts. But, though they were jealous of several young officers who came from time to time, they felt sorry for the colonel,—their cousin was so mean to him. They were on the best terms with him, and had announced their intention of going into his regiment if only the war should last long enough. When he came, there was always a scramble to get his horse; though of all who came to Oakland he rode the wildest horses, as both boys knew by practical experience.

At length the soldiers moved off too far to permit them to come on visits, and things were very dull. So it was for a long while.

But one evening in May, about sunset, as the boys were playing in the yard, a man came riding through the place on the way to Richmond. His horse showed that he had been riding hard. He asked the nearest way to "Ground-Squirrel Bridge." The Yankees, he said, were coming. It was a raid. He had ridden ahead of them, and had left them about Greenbay depot, which they had set on fire. He was in too great a hurry to stop and get something to eat, and he rode off, leaving much excitement behind him; for Greenbay was only about eight miles away, and Oakland lay right between two roads to Richmond, down one or the other of which the party of raiders must certainly pass.

It was the first time the boys ever saw their mother exhibit so much emotion as she then did. She came to the door and called:

"Balla, come here." Her voice sounded to the boys a little strained, and they ran up the steps and stood by her. Balla came to the portico, and looked up with an air of inquiry. He, too, showed excitement.

"Balla, I want you to know that if you wish to go, you can do so."

"Hi, Mistis—" began Balla, with an air of reproach; but she cut him short and kept on.

"I want you all to know it." She was speaking now so as to be heard by the cook and the maids who were standing about the yard listening to her. "I want you all to know it—every one on the place! You can go if you wish; but, if you go, you can never come back!"

"Hi! Mistis," broke in Uncle Balla, "what is I got to go? I wuz born on dis place an' I 'spec' to die here, an' be buried right yonder"; and he turned and pointed up to the dark clump of trees that had marked the grave-yard on the hill, a half

mile away, where the colored people were buried. "Dat I does," he affirmed positively. "Y' all sticks by us an' we 'll stick by you."

"I know I ain' gwine nowhar wid no Yankees or nothin'," said Lucy Ann, in an undertone.

"Dee tell me dee got hoofs and horns," laughed one of the women in the yard.

The boys' mother started to say something fur-

glowing on the horizon, and on this every one's gaze was fixed.

"Where is it, Balla? What is it?" asked the boys' mother, her voice no longer strained and harsh, but even softer than usual.

"It's the depot, madam. They's burnin' it. That man told me they was burnin' ev'ywhar they went."

"Will they be here to-night?" asked his mistress.

"No, marm; I don't hardly think they will. That man said they could n't travel more than thirty miles a day; but they 'll be plenty of 'em here to-morrow—to breakfast." He gave a nervous sort of laugh.

"Here,—you all come here," said their mistress to the servants. She went to the smoke-house and unlocked it. "Go in there and get down the bacon—take a piece, each of you." A great deal was still left. "Balla, step here." She called him aside and spoke earnestly in an undertone.

"Yes'm, that's so; that's jes' what I wuz gwine do," the boys heard him say.

Their mother sent the boys out. She went and locked herself in her room, but they heard her footsteps as she turned about within, and now and then they heard her opening and shutting drawers and moving chairs.

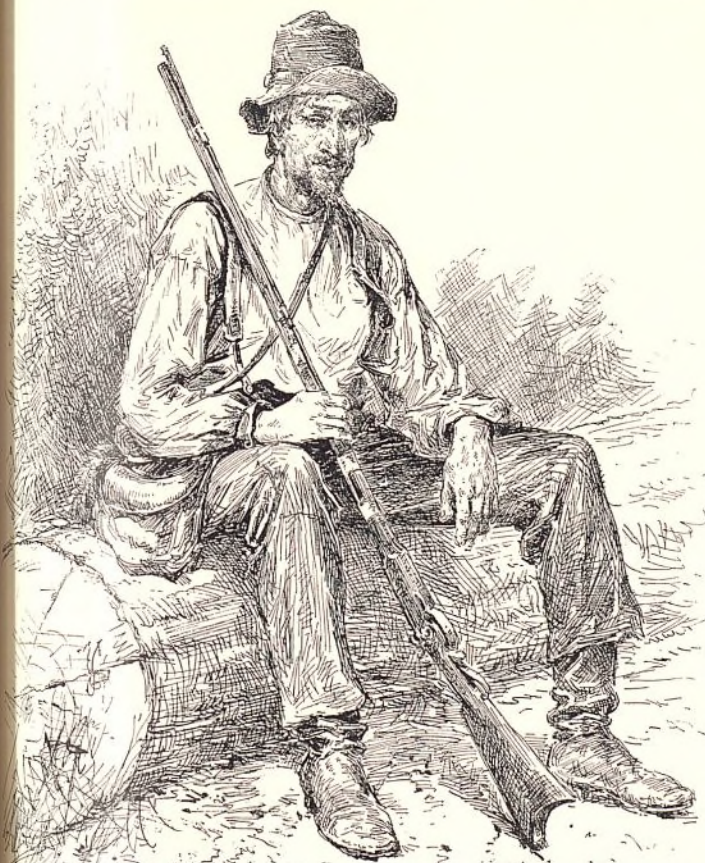
In a little while she came out.

"Frank, you and Willy go and tell Balla to come to the chamber door. He may be out in the stable."

They dashed out, proud to bear so important a message. They could not find him, but an hour later they heard him coming from the stable. He at once went into the house. They rushed into the chamber, where they found the door of the closet open.

"Balla, come in here," called their mother from within. "Have you got them safe?" she asked.

"Yes'm; jes' as safe as they kin be. I want to be 'bout here when they come, or I'd go down an' stay whar they is."



"WHY DON'T I GO IN THE ARMY?" REPEATED THE HUNTER. "WHY, I'S IN THE ARMY!"

ther to Balla, but though she opened her lips, she did not speak; she turned suddenly and walked into the house and into her chamber, where she shut the door behind her. The boys thought she was angry, but when they softly followed her a few minutes afterward, she got up hastily from where she had been kneeling beside the bed, and they saw that she had been crying. A murmur under the window called them back to the portico. It had begun to grow dark; but a bright spot was

to bear so important a message. They could not find him, but an hour later they heard him coming from the stable. He at once went into the house. They rushed into the chamber, where they found the door of the closet open.

"Balla, come in here," called their mother from within. "Have you got them safe?" she asked.

"Yes'm; jes' as safe as they kin be. I want to be 'bout here when they come, or I'd go down an' stay whar they is."

"What is it?" asked the boys.

"Where is the best place to put that?" she said, pointing to a large, strong box in which, they knew, the finest silver was kept; indeed, all excepting what was used every day on the table.

"Well, I declar', Mistis, that 's hard to tell," said the old driver, "without it 's in the stable."

"They may burn that down."

"That 's so; you might bury it under the floor of the smoke-house?"

"I have heard that they always look for silver there," said the boys' mother. "How would it do to bury it in the garden?"

"That 's the very place I was gwine name," said Balla, with flattering approval. "They can't burn *that* down, and if they gwine dig for it then they 'll have to dig a long time before they git over that big garden." He stooped and lifted up one end of the box to test its weight.

"I thought of the other end of the flower-bed, between the big rose-bush and the lilac."

"That 's the very place I had in my mind," declared the old man. "They won't never fine it dyah!"

"We know a good place," said the boys both together; "it's a heap better than that. It's where we bury our treasures when we play 'Black-beard the Pirate.'"

"Very well," said their mother; "I don't care to know where it is until after to-morrow, anyhow. I know I can trust you," she added, addressing Balla.

"Yes 'm, you know dat," said he, simply. "I'll jes' go an' git my hoe."

"The garden ain't got a roof to it, has it, Unc' Balla?" asked Willy, quietly.

"Go 'way from here, boy," said the old man, making a sweep at him with his hand. "That boy ain't never done talkin' 'bout that thing yit," he added, with a pleased laugh, to his mistress.

"And you ain't never give me all those chickens either," responded Willy, forgetting his grammar.

"Oh, well, I'm *gwine* do it; ain't you hear me say I'm gwine do it?" he laughed as he went out.

The boys were too excited to get sleepy before the silver was hidden. Their mother told them they might go down into the garden and help Balla, on condition that they would not talk.

"That 's the way we always do when we bury the treasure. Ain't it, Willy?" asked Frank.

"If a man speaks, it 's death!" declared Willy, slapping his hand on his side as if to draw a sword, striking a theatrical attitude and speaking in a deep voice.

"Give the 'galleon' to us," said Frank.

"No; be off with you," said their mother.

"That ain't the way," said Frank. "A pirate

never digs the hole until he has his treasure at hand. To do so would prove him but a novice; would n't it, Willy?"

"Well, I leave it all to you, my little Buccaneers," said their mother, laughing. "I'll take care of the spoons and forks we use every day. I'll just hide them away in a hole somewhere."

The boys started off after Balla with a shout, but remembered their errand and suddenly hushed down to a little squeal of delight at being actually engaged in burying treasure — real silver. It seemed too good to be true, and withal there was a real excitement about it, for how could they know but that some one might watch them from some hiding-place, or might even fire into them as they worked?

They met the old fellow as he was coming from the carriage-house with a hoe and a spade in his hands. He was on his way to the garden in a very straightforward manner, but the boys made him understand that to bury treasure it was necessary to be particularly secret, and after some little grumbling, Balla humored them.

The difficulty of getting the box of silver out of the house secretly, whilst all the family were up, and the servants were moving about, was so great that this part of the affair had to be carried on in a manner different from the usual programme of pirates of the first water. Even the boys had to admit this; and they yielded to old Balla's advice on this point, but made up for it by additional formality, ceremony, and secrecy in pointing out the spot where the box was to be hid.

Old Balla was quite accustomed to their games and fun — their "pranks," as he called them. He accordingly yielded willingly when they marched him to a point at the lower end of the yard, on the opposite side from the garden, and left him. But he was inclined to give trouble when they both reappeared with a gun, and in a whisper announced that they must march first up the ditch which ran by the spring around the foot of the garden.

"Look here, boys; I ain't got time to fool with you children," said the old man. "Ain't you hear your ma tell me she 'pend on me to bury that silver what yo' gran'ma and gran'pa used to eat off o'—an' don' wan' nobody to know nothin' 'bout it? An' y' all comin' here with guns, like you huntin' squ'r'r'ls, an' now talkin' 'bout wadin' in de ditch!"

"But, Unc' Balla, that 's the way all buccaneers do," protested Frank.

"Yes, buccaneers always go by water," said Willy.

"And we can stoop in the ditch and come in at the far end of the garden, so nobody can see us," added Frank.

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"Bookanear or bookafar,—I 'se gwine in dat garden and dig a hole wid my hoe, an' I is too ole to be wadin' in a ditch like chillern. I got de misery in my knee now, so bad I 'se sca'cely able to stand. I don' know huccome y' all ain't satisfied with the place you' ma an' I done pick, anyways."

This was too serious a mutiny for the boys. So it was finally agreed that one gun should be returned to the office, and that they should enter by the gate, after which Balla was to go with the boys by the way they should show him, and see the spot they thought of.

They took him down through the weeds around the garden, crouching under the rose-bushes, and at last stopped at a spot under the slope, completely surrounded by shrubbery.

"Here is the spot," said Frank in a whisper, pointing under one of the bushes.

"It's in a line with the longest limb of the big oak-tree by the gate," added Willy, "and when this locust bush and that cedar grow to be big trees, it will be just half-way between them."

As this seemed to Balla a very good place, he set to work at once to dig, the two boys helping him as well as they could. It took a great deal longer to dig the hole in the dark, than they had expected, and when they got back to the house everything was quiet.

The boys had their hats pulled over their eyes, and had turned their jackets inside out to disguise themselves.

"It's a first-rate place! Ain't it, Unc' Balla?" they said, as they entered the chamber where their mother and aunt were waiting for them.

"Do you think it will do, Balla?" their mother asked.

"Oh, yes, madam; it 's far enough, an' they got mighty comical ways to get dyah, wadin' in ditch an' things—it will do. I ain' show I kin fin' it ag'in myself." He was not particularly enthusiastic. Now, however, he shouldered the box, with a grunt at its weight, and the party went slowly out through the back door into the dark. The glow of the burning depot was still visible in the west.

Then it was decided that Willy should go before—he said "to reconnoiter," Balla said "to open the gate and lead the way,"—and that Frank should bring up the rear.

They trudged slowly on through the darkness, Frank and Willy watching on every side, old Balla stooping under the weight of the big box.

After they were some distance in the garden they heard, or thought they heard, a sound back at the gate, but decided that it was nothing but the latch clicking; and they went on down to their hiding-place.

In a little while the black box was well settled in the hole, and the dirt was thrown upon it. The replaced earth made something of a mound, which was unfortunate. They had not thought of this; but they covered it with leaves, and agreed that it was so well hidden, the Yankees would never dream of looking there.

"Unc' Balla, where are your horses?" asked one of the boys.

"That 's for me to know, an' them to find out that kin," replied the old fellow with a chuckle of satisfaction.

The whole party crept back out of the garden, and the boys were soon dreaming of buccaneers and pirates.

(To be continued.)





BY CELIA THAXTER.

"O COSETTE, you are the *dearest kitty!*" And little Max, who spoke, laid his golden head against the soft fur of the big Maltese cat, and hugged her tight with both arms.

A gypsy fire of light driftwood sticks was sparkling and crackling on the hearth; the children were gathered about it, Robert and Rose, Lettice, Elinor, and little Max. The rain was falling merrily on the roof of the low, brown cottage where they had come to live for the summer. Mamma, with her work, sat in the corner of the sofa near.

"Well, how it does pour!" said Letty, going to the window. The rest followed her, and stood looking out. They saw the gray sea, calm and silvery, slowly rolling toward the gray sand, breaking in long, lazy lines of white foam at the edge of the beach. A few small boats were moored near; to the left, not far away, a cluster of fish-houses, old and storm-worn, their roofs spotted with yellow lichens, stood on the shore. There were no sails in sight,—only dim sea, dim sky, and pouring rain.

"We can't go out to-day at all!" said Rose.

"Not all the long day?" questioned Max, wistfully.

"Oh, perhaps it will clear off by and by," Elinor, the elder, said. "Who knows? Never mind if it does n't, we can have a good time in the house; can't we, Rob?"

"Yes, we can!" Rob cried. "I'm going to make boats for us all, a whole fleet! Won't that be a good thing, Mamma? And then, as soon as it clears off, we'll launch them and send them off to Spain. You find some stiff white paper, girls. Mamma will give us some; I'll go out to the shed for lumber to build my ships," and away he went. Mamma provided scissors and paper. Elinor turned back the rug to make a place for Rob to whittle; presently he returned with a basket of driftwood, bits of many sizes and shapes, some worn smooth as satin by the touches of millions of waves, having floated on the ocean, Heaven alone knows how long.

"Now, is n't this fun!" he said, as they all sat together round the basket, Rose and Lettice with the scissors shaping sails under his direction, while he proceeded to turn out of his pocket the fifty things, more or less, that go to make up the freight a boy generally carries; of course, the knife, being heaviest, was at the bottom. A roll of stout, brown twine caught Max's eye.

"Please, Rob, let me have it to play with, for reins to drive Rose," he begged; so Rob tossed it over to him where he sat curled up with his kitty.

"There it is, Maxie! Now, let's begin to name our boats, girls. I'm going to call mine the 'Emperor,' 'cause it's going to lead the fleet!"

"Mine shall be the 'Butterfly,'" said Rose.

"That's good! What for yours, Letty?"

"I think the 'Kittiwake' will be a good name for mine."

"Yes, that will do. And what shall yours be, Letty?"

"Oh, the 'Albatross,' because he flies so fast without moving his wings!"

"That's fine! Now, Max, what are you going to call your boat?"

Max was turning over the bits of wood in the basket. Inside the edge he had just found a brown, woolly caterpillar. "Oh," he cried. "See! A pillow cat! A pillow cat!"

"You mean a caterpillar, dear," said Letty.

"Do let him call it a pillow cat, Letty dear," said Mamma; "he is n't much more than my baby yet, you know."

"But you don't want your ship called the 'Pillow Cat,' do you, Max?" asked Rob. They all laughed, tried this name and that, but nothing seemed to suit Max, who said "No" to everything; so they left it to be decided afterward. They watched their ship-builder with great pride and interest, but after a while they grew tired.

"Let's play cat's-cradle with Max's string," Rose said to Letty at last, and they proceeded to try; but Rose did not know how, and Letty only half remembered, so they appealed to Rob.

"Do please leave off whittling a minute and show us how, Rob."

Being a good-natured brother, he threw down his knife and stood up before Letty while he showed her the ins and outs of the complicated web. Very soon she learned how to make it, then taught Rose, and they amused themselves for some time while Rob worked away, and Max played with his dear kitty, and Mamma and Elinor were sewing and talking together. Soon as the "Butterfly" was finished, the girls rigged her with the square, white paper sails, and she was "stowed" (as Bob nautically expressed it) on the mantel-piece, for safety. Then the "Emperor" was begun, but before it was half done lunch was ready: still it rained, perpendicularly pouring. Papa had been busy in the study all the morning, but after lunch he sat with the children, taking Max upon his knee.

"I'll begin Max's boat," he said. "Now, Mamma, won't you tell us a story? We can work so much faster, you know."

"Elinor is the story-teller of the family," Mamma replied. "Let her try." So Elinor began. Rose curled up on the rug, Letty held Cosette, Max laid his pretty head against Papa's shoulder, and all watched the whittling while they listened to Elinor.

"Once upon a time," she began, and her pleasant voice went on and on; the rain pattered gently and steadily; the long surf whispered with a soft, hushing sound, and presently, before they knew it, Max was sound asleep. Papa laid him among the cushions by Mamma's side and went back to his books; then they found Rose had fallen sound asleep too. But the rain went on, and the story, and the whispering rush of the water, till suddenly Rose laughed out in her sleep so loud that she waked, sat up, rubbed her eyes, and then began to laugh again.

"What *is* the matter, Rosy?" they asked her.

"Oh, such a funny dream," she said. "Such a queer dream. I thought I was standing down by the marsh where the cat-o'-nine-tails grow, you know;—the moon was just coming up over the water, yellow, and big, and round, and I thought it had such a funny face with two eyes that kept blinking and winking, first at me and then at the tall reeds; and suddenly I heard a rustling, and up the long stalks I saw a gray mother-cat climbing, and after her five little gray kittens,—oh, so pretty and so tiny. They had such hard work to climb, for the bending stalks were slippery,—and they bent more and more the higher the little cats climbed. But they kept on, one kitty outstripped the rest and almost reached the brown, heavy reed-tops, when all at once I saw that the ends were hung with little cradles,—real cradles, with real rockers,—and the first thing I knew, that foremost kitty had jumped in and cuddled down in the nearest cradle, and there she swung, to and fro, up and down (for the wind was blowing too), and she looked so pretty with her little ears sticking up and her bright eyes shining, as she watched the other kittens climbing after her, for there was a cradle for every one of them to rock in. Then when they were all in, it was so comical I laughed aloud, and that woke me. But I wish we had the kits and the cradles to play with here!"

"Cat's-cradle!" said Elinor; "why would n't that be a good name for Max's boat?"

"Why, yes," they cried; "would n't you like it, Max? Shall your boat be called the 'Cat's-Cradle'?"

"Yes," answered Max, who had waked and listened with interest to Rose's dream, "kitty shall go sail in her, rock, rock, on the water." So it was settled.

"Just look at the sun!" cried Letty, for a great glory suddenly streamed in from the west, where the sun was sinking toward the sea, and flooded the room with gold.

"Fair day to-morrow!" cried Rob. "All the fleet can start for Spain!—'Cat's-Cradle' and all, for that is done, too," and he ranged the little

vessels in a row on the shelf. Mamma laughed to see her mantel turned into a ship-yard; and the children went to rest that night full of glad hopes for the morrow.

The day rose bright and fair. After breakfast they prepared to go down to the beach for their launch.

"Let's man all the boats," said Rob; "let's take Max's Noah's Ark and put passengers on board every one, out of the Ark!"

"If Max is willing," suggested Elinor.

"Are you, Max?" asked Letty. "Oh, yes! We'll send Noah to Spain in the 'Cat's-Cradle'! That will be fun! Are you willing? Yes?" and away she ran upstairs and came back with the toy in her hand, shaking dogs, cats, elephants, and rats together with Noah and his family in hopeless confusion.

Cosette was rubbing her head affectionately against Max's stout little legs.

"Let's take the kitty, too; she wants to go," he said; and out they flocked together, Cosette following, all dancing and capering toward the low rocks where the fish-houses stood, to reach a small, pebbly cove beyond, where the water was smooth as glass. Old Jerry, the fisherman, sat mending his net on the shore; he greeted them as they went skipping by, each with boat in hand.

"Fine mornin' for your launch," quoth he; "wind off shore and everything fair."

"Yes, they're all bound for Spain," said Rob in great glee. "Do you think they'll get there to-day?"

"Should n't wonder," answered Jerry, with a smile. "You never know what may happen in this 'ere world."

Max stood with Cosette in his arms watching his brother and sisters man the fleet.

"I think Father Noah ought to sail in the 'Emperor,' don't you?" asked Rob, "because he must lead the ships, you know. Shall he, Max? Oh, yes, he's willing! Then Mrs. Noah shall go in the 'Albatross,' and Ham in the 'Kittiwake,' and Shem on board the 'Butterfly,' and who shall go in the 'Cat's-Cradle,' Max?"

"I want to go myself!" was Max's unexpected reply.

"Oh, you dear baby! don't you see that you're too big?" cried Rose.

"No—boat's too small," said Max. "Put Noah's kitty in,—she's little enough."

"Well, she can go with Japhet," and they sought among the wooden beasts till Noah's kitty was found; then off started the tiny vessels together; first the "Emperor," with Father Noah standing up straight and fine in the stern; then the "Albatross" with Mother Noah; after them

the three other boats, their stiff, white sails shining in the sun and taking the wind bravely. The children watched breathlessly as the small ships lifted over the ripples, making their way out of the quiet cove, till they felt the stronger wind beyond and began to sail rapidly away. For a while they kept quite near together, but at last they strayed apart, though still obeying the outward-blowing wind.

"Look at old Noah," cried Rob, "standing up so brave! Oh, he's a great commander!"

"Dear me, but see Mrs. Noah! She's fallen over!" cried Letty. "Poor thing! She must be frightened."

"No, she's only dizzy. There's so much more motion than there was in the Ark!"

A long time they stood watching till the little white sails were a mere shimmer on the water.

"When will they come back?" asked Max. "At supper-time?"

"Not so soon, I'm afraid, Max dear."

"Well, to-morrow, then. Will they come back to-morrow?"

"I cannot tell."

"But I want them to come back," the little boy said, half crying. "I want to go and get them and bring them home."

"But, Max, it takes a long time to sail all the way to Spain," Rose explained. "You'll have to wait with patience till they are ready to come back."

Max's lip curled grievously. "I want my boat, my 'Cat's-Cradle,' and my Noah," he said.

"Now, Max, never mind! Come and see what Jerry is doing! He's building a fire of sticks and he's going to mend his boat with tar. Just come and look at him!" They drew the little brother away. For a while he was interested in Jerry's work, but soon his eyes turned wistfully again to the water.

"I see them!" he cried. "'Way, 'way off!"

The others looked; they could see just a glimmer of white in the blue; they could not really tell if it were a white gull's breast on the heaving brine, or their flitting skiffs.

"Now, let them go, dear Max! We'll get some baskets and go after berries up beyond the pasture, and we'll find some flowers to bring home to Mamma; that will be lovely; Cosette shall come, too"; and Max cheered up, took a hand of Rose and Letty and turned from the glittering blue sea.

"You go on," Rob said; "Nelly and I will get the baskets and follow you." So the three went up the scented slope together, through the sweet-fern and bayberry, where here and there a golden-rod plume was breaking into sunshine at

that way and then over so, and round so; then you take these two ends in your hands and hold them loosely, and Rose takes the other two ends, and when I say, 'now!' pull both together, and see what a tight square knot it makes! Now, you try, Max!"

try, Max!"



Max took the string and the knot.

"I can *untie* it," he said; and forthwith began picking at it industriously with his little fingers till the ends began to loosen; he would really have accomplished the undoing had not Elinor and Rob arrived with the baskets; then they began picking berries in earnest. It was not long

began picking berries in earnest. It was not long

before they had their baskets full. They gathered early asters and yellow rudbeckia for Mamma, and among the trees beyond the pasture they found the red wood-lilies burning like beautiful lamps in the green shade. When Max was tired, Elinor and Rob made a carriage for him, clasping each other's wrists with their crossed hands; so he rode home triumphant; and they trooped in together, weary, rosy and happy with their treasures.

"My boat sailed away, Mamma," said Max, as they sat at table.

"But all our boats went with it to keep it company, you know," said Letty.

"Yes, but I want to go after it and bring it home," insisted Max; and again they had to divert his mind from his loss.

In the afternoon they went down to play on the sands as usual, Max's nurse, Molly, accompanying. Jerry's mended dory was floating in the shallow cove; they begged to be allowed to get into it, "just for fun," and the old man put them in, Cosette and all, for kitty went with them everywhere. They put Max in the bow with his cat in his lap, and rocked the boat gently to and fro.

"Oh, look at the white gull!" cried Letty, as one swept over them; "Look, Max! It is white as Mamma's day-lilies in the garden!" But his eyes were fixed on the horizon line, where shining sails were dreaming far away in the sunshine.

"There they are! They're coming home!" he cried.

"No, Maxie; those are bigger boats than ours."

"But where have they gone, Rose? Let's go after them, now, in this boat. I can untie the rope," he cried, and he began to work on the knot which fastened the boat's "painter" to the bow. They let him work, since it seemed to amuse him so much, but they did not notice that he really made an impression on the large knot (which was not fastened very firmly) before they left the boat. When Jerry lifted him out, he whispered in the old man's ear, "To-morrow may I go in your boat to find Noah and the 'Cat's-Cradle'?"

"Oh, yes, to-night, if you want to go," said Jerry.

"And Cosette, too?"

"Sartin! sartin!" laughed Jerry, so Max was comforted. "They're all gone," he said to Letty, looking out over the sea, "but we are going after them to bring them home, Cosette and I."

"Really, Max?"

"Yes, Jerry said so."

"Jerry should n't promise," Letty said; but she did not wish to grieve her little brother afresh, so she let the matter drop.

Molly gave him his supper and put him into his

small white bed; tired and sleepy, he was soon in the land of dreams.

The rest of the family were at dinner. From the dining-room windows they saw the great disk of the full moon rising in the violet east, while the west was yet glowing with sunset. The sea was full of rosy reflections; across the waves fell the long path of scattered silver radiance the moon sent down; a warm wind breathed gently from the land.

"Oh, Papa," said Elinor, "let's go and ask Jerry to take us out sailing in the 'Claribel.' It is so lovely on the water!"

"Well, my dear, I'm willing, but Mamma does n't like sailing, you know."

"I'll stay with Mamma. I don't like sailing, either," said Letty. "We don't mind, do we, Mamma?"

"Why, no," said Mamma. "Do go! Letty and I will take a walk together. It is much too beautiful to stay indoors."

So Papa with his little flock set out for Jerry and the "Claribel," while Mamma and Letty made ready for their walk; but before leaving the house they went into the nursery to see that Max was asleep and comfortable.

"We are going out, Molly," said Mrs. Lambert to the nurse. "Take good care of Max."

"Sure and I always goes to look at him every little while, ma'am," said Molly.

"Yes, I know you do. Come, Letty, are you ready?" and they went out into the fragrant dusk together, strolling toward the pasture inland.

The boat meanwhile, with its happy crew, had been fanned away quite a distance from the warm land. A few faint clouds had gathered, which floating slowly up the sky helped to deepen the balmy darkness. The brown cottage was left quite alone except for slumbering Max, the servants, and Cosette who lay luxuriously napping on the parlor rug. Presently she woke, stretched her long, lithe body, sat up and looked about. All was dark and still. I suppose she wondered where everybody was; at any rate, she went out of the door, up the stairs, and finding the nursery door ajar—as careful Molly had left it so that she might hear Max if he should call—Cosette walked in, jumped up on her little master's bed, and began purring affectionately and rubbing her whiskers against Max's rosy cheek. He half woke, and spoke out of his dreams. "Cosette," he said, "now it's time to go and find Noah and all the boats, and the 'Cat's-Cradle,' and Noah's kitty; is n't it time, Cosette?"

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The moon at that moment was clear and filled the room with light.

"Cosette," he whispered; "let's go, you and I, in Jerry's boat."

Cosette purred and cuddled close to him. He slipped out of his low bed and took the cat into his arms. Molly was having her tea downstairs; no one was nigh. His little bare feet made no noise on the stair; the front door was open; there was nothing to hinder them. A few minutes more and they were out on the sands. Nobody saw the small white figure, with gold hair softly blown about, carrying the gray cat slowly down to the water. They reached the little cove and Jerry's dory. A battered log of driftwood lay half in and half out of the water. Max pushed the cat before him and climbed on this, and so crept over the edge of the boat into the bow.

"I can untie the rope, Kitty, I know the way!" and he began to work at the knot. It was so loose that he soon had it untied.

"Why don't we sail away?" said the little boy, and forthwith began leaning from side to side, rocking the boat as he had learned to do in the afternoon. Presently she began to move and slide off; the tide was ebbing, the wind blew from the land, both helped her away till she drifted slowly out of the cove, beyond the rocks and out to sea. Max was delighted. "Now, we're going to find them, Kitty! Now we'll bring them all back to Letty, and Rose, and Rob!"

The dory floated away into the dark. Nobody saw it, nobody knew. The wind over the water was cooler than on shore, and Max's little night-dress was thin. He looked about everywhere over the dark waves, and shivered.

"Where's Mamma?" he said. "Will we find the boats soon, Cosette?" Again the light clouds sailed across the moon. He shrank from the sight of the dark water; presently he slipped down into the deep bow of the boat, protected from the wind and hugging the warm kitty fast. "By and by we'll get to Noah," he said, drowsily. The lulling sound of the light ripples and the rocking of the drifting dory soon sent him into dreamland again;—so they floated away on the wide sea and no one knew anything about it.

Molly finished her tea and went to the stairs to listen for any sound that might come from the nursery. All was still.

"Sure it's tired the darlin' do be," she said, "trampin' round on his two little futs the long day! He sleeps sound when he sleeps at all," and she went back to continue her chat with Betty the cook. She stayed longer than she thought; it was full half an hour before she crept upstairs to look at her pet. She was surprised to find the nursery door wide open. Entering hurriedly she saw the little white bed empty and cold. "Max!

Max, darlin'! where do ye be hidin' from Molly?" She ran from one room to another seeking him, calling till her voice brought the cook and the maid rushing upstairs to see what was the matter. "He's gone!" cried Molly. "Mother of Heaven! he's gone!" and she began to wail and cry like a banshee.

"Stop your deavin', Molly," cried the frightened Betty. "Sure and it's only downstairs he's gone. We'll find him below." They ran down. Here, there, everywhere over the whole house they went; not a trace of him could they find.

"Oh, it's kidnapped he is, sure! Oh, what'll I do, what'll I do!" cried Molly, and she ran out-of-doors to meet Mrs. Lambert and Letty who were coming up the path to the house.

"Oh, Missis, have yez seen him?" she cried, half distracted.

"Who, Molly?" cried Letty, and the mother's heart stopped beating as the maid answered:

"The baby! Sure the baby's gone entirely. I can't find him in the whole house!"

"Molly! are you wild? What *can* you mean! Max gone?" She flew upstairs, followed by Letty dumb with fear. There was the little empty bed, with a dimple in the pillow where the golden head had lain. Pale with anxiety, they sought him everywhere, at last ran out of the house and up and down the sands, but never a sign of Max or Cosette could they find.

Meanwhile, Jerry's whaleboat, the "Claribel," was making its way back, beating up toward the shore against the light and baffling wind with the happy party on board. The moon gave but a faint luster through the light clouds, by which they could see the outlines of the land. The girls had turned up their sleeves, and held their arms as deep down as they could reach into the water to see the phosphorescence blaze at every movement, outlining their fingers in fire and rolling in foamy flame up to their elbows; the boat's keel seemed cutting through this soft, cold flame; it was wonderful and beautiful, and they never tired of watching it.

"I should be glad if the wind would freshen a little," their father said, presently. "This is all very charming, but we are going to be late home for little folks, I'm afraid," and he drew Rose to his knee.

"Are n't you tired, little girl?"

"No, Papa," but she laid her head on his shoulder. "Shall we soon be there, now, Papa?"

"I hope so," he replied. "Rob, what makes you so silent?"

"I don't know, father, whether I'm asleep and dreaming, or not, but it seems to me every moment as if I heard Cosette mewing. Now just keep still

a moment, all of you, and listen. There! did you hear? You have n't got a cat on board the 'Claribel' in the cuddy, have you, Jerry?"

"Why, no," replied Jerry, "but I've been thinking I heard something queer myself."

"Father!" suddenly cried Rob, "what's that black speck on the water down there?" He pointed to leeward. At the same time a faint sound, sharp enough to pierce the soft breeze that blew against it, reached their ears.

"If 't was daytime I should say 't was the gulls cryin'," said Jerry, "but they don't fly nights."

"Is that a dory anchored, with somebody fishing?" asked Mr. Lambert.

"No, sir; whatever 't is, it's movin'. Shall we sheer off a little and run down and see what 't is?"

"Do," said Mr. Lambert. As the "Claribel" turned on her course, again the sharp cry came, this time quite clearly to their ears.

"Somebody's got a cat somewhere, now that 's sartin!" said Jerry. They all looked and listened eagerly, fixing their eyes on the dim black speck. The boat with a free wind sailed faster; soon they were near enough to distinguish the outline of a small body sitting up on the broad seat in the stern of a dory.

"'T ain't big enough for a human critter," said Jerry. "Sure 's you're born, it's a cat in a dory! How upon earth did it get there?"

"I do believe it is Cosette!" cried Rob.

Again the moonlight broke through the rifted cloud, showing them plainly Cosette sitting upright; her long, anxious, distressed mews were pitiful to hear.

"Upon my word, it *is* Cosette!" said Mr. Lambert.

"And that 's my dory," said Jerry, as he ran the sail-boat past the skiff, then, luffing to bring her alongside, caught her by the gunwale, as they reached her, and held her fast. Cosette stood up, and with a flying leap landed in the midst of the astonished group.

"What 's that white thing in the bow?" cried Elinor. "*Papa!*" she screamed, for the white thing began to move, and a little voice said:

"I'm bery cold, Papa——"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mr. Lambert "Max! Max, is it you?" as he snatched him out of the dory and clasped him close in his arms,

"with only your night-dress on! all alone! Oh, Max! how did you get there!"

Elinor sprang with a large shawl she had brought, and wrapped it closely round him;—she could not speak, but put her arms round her father and little brother and leaned her head down on Max's curly pate.

"My little boy! My dear little boy!" Mr. Lambert said, over and over, and he gathered him closer and held him fast, as if he never could let him go again.

"Oh, Max!" cried Elinor at last, seeking for his bare, cold feet under the shawl and cherishing them in her warm hands, "how *did* you get there?"

"We did n't reach to Noah," Max said in his sweet voice. "We went to find the 'Cat's-Cradle,'—Cosette and I,—and Noah and all the boats, and we could n't see them and I was cold, and Cosette cried, and I wanted Mamma and we could n't find anything, and I want my Noah," the little story ended in a sob.

"Oh, you poor little darling," cried Rose.

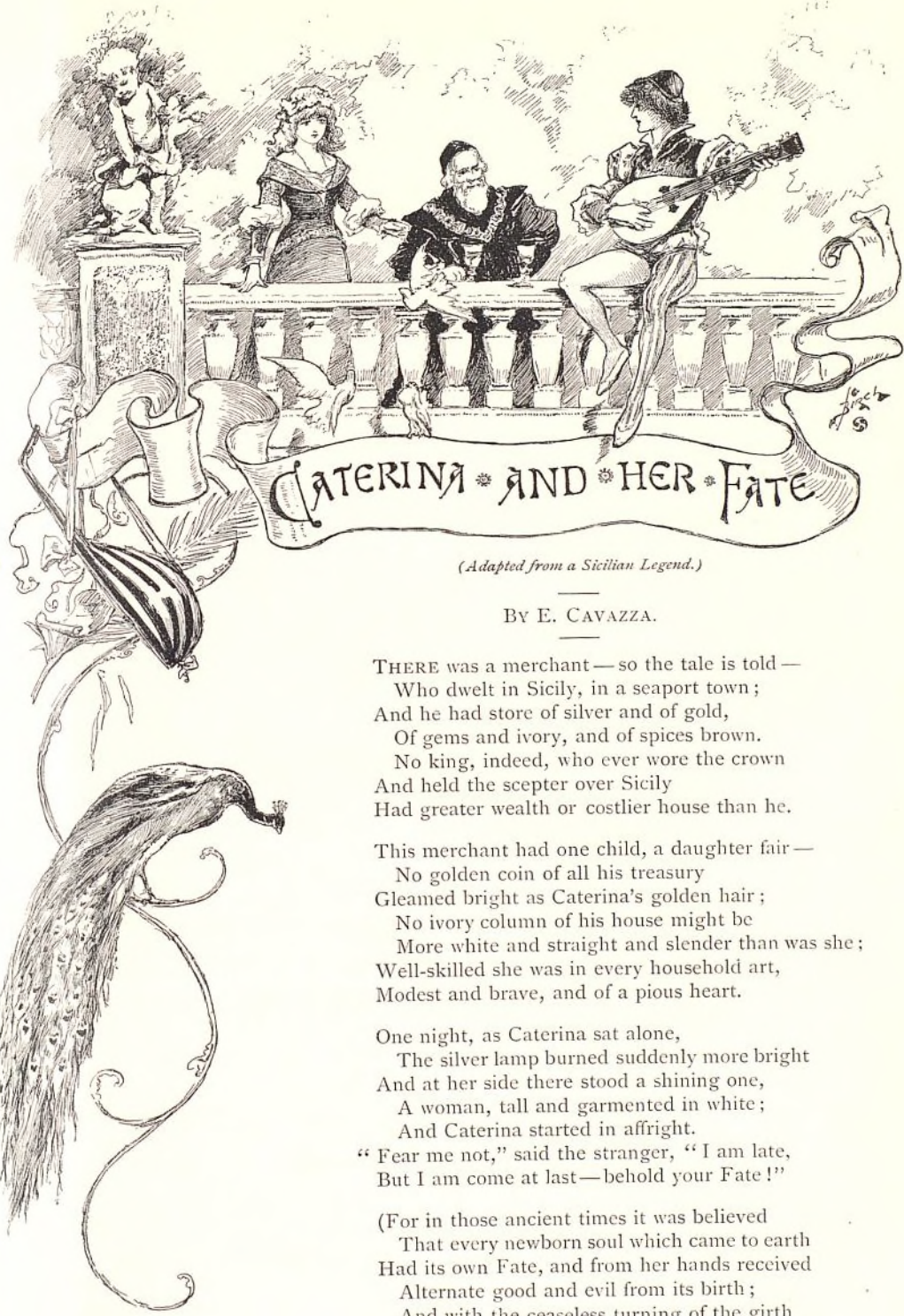
"If it had not been for Cosette we never should have known anything about it," said Rob.

"I wonder if they have missed him at home," said Elinor. "Poor Mamma! Oh, Papa, I wish we could sail faster!"

It seemed a long time before the boat neared the landing so they could disembark. Some time before they reached it they saw dark figures up and down the beach, and guessed that the poor mother was wildly searching for her boy. They shouted as soon as they could make themselves heard: "He's here! He's safe!" and when the blessed sound reached her ears, poor Mrs. Lambert fell on the sand, perfectly overpowered, thanking Heaven silently with all her soul.

It was not long before she had her treasure in her happy arms, clinging about her neck, while the other children clustered eagerly round Father and Mother, talking, laughing, crying, wondering and rejoicing, all at once, as they trooped into the house together.

"Cosette!" they cried, after Max had been safely tucked up in his little bed once more and that little bed moved into Mamma's room, close at her side,— "Oh, Cosette! if it had not been for you, we never, never, *never* should have found our dear Max again! Oh, Cosette, you are the best and dearest kitty in the world!"



CATERINA AND HER FATE

(Adapted from a Sicilian Legend.)

BY E. CAVAZZA.

THERE was a merchant — so the tale is told —
Who dwelt in Sicily, in a seaport town;
And he had store of silver and of gold,
Of gems and ivory, and of spices brown.
No king, indeed, who ever wore the crown
And held the scepter over Sicily
Had greater wealth or costlier house than he.

This merchant had one child, a daughter fair —
No golden coin of all his treasury
Gleamed bright as Caterina's golden hair;
No ivory column of his house might be
More white and straight and slender than was she;
Well-skilled she was in every household art,
Modest and brave, and of a pious heart.

One night, as Caterina sat alone,
The silver lamp burned suddenly more bright
And at her side there stood a shining one,
A woman, tall and garmented in white;
And Caterina started in affright.
“Fear me not,” said the stranger, “I am late,
But I am come at last — behold your Fate!”

(For in those ancient times it was believed
That every newborn soul which came to earth
Had its own Fate, and from her hands received
Alternate good and evil from its birth;
And with the ceaseless turning of the girth
Of Fate's most variable and inconstant wheel,
Mortals were given their part of woe and weal.)



With gentle act did Caterina rise ;
 The immortal woman did her wheel arrest,
 And looking on the maid with serious eyes,
 Said to her, " Tell me now which thing were
 best :

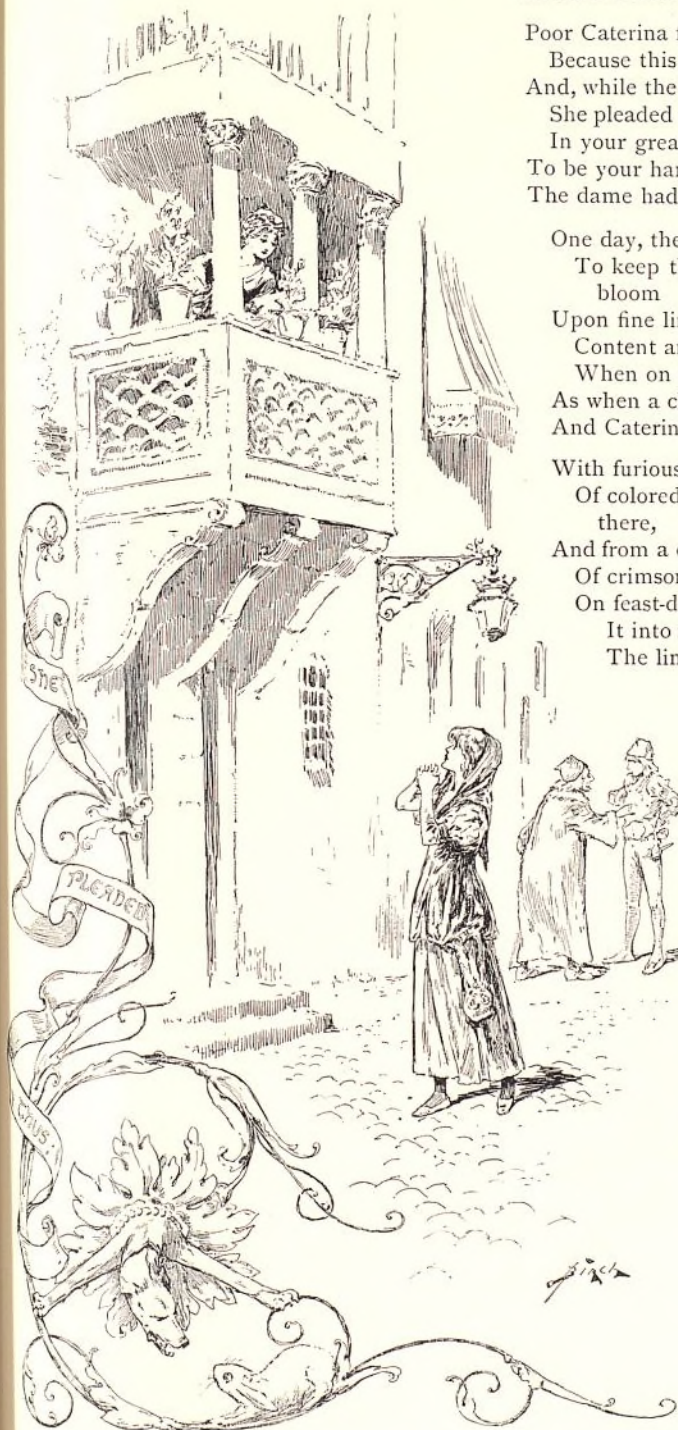
In youth to suffer, and in age have rest ;
 Or, first have joy, then sorrow. What shall be
 For youth and what for age ? — the choice is free."

" Hardly," said Caterina, " can I tell,
 Since grief at any time is hard to bear.
 Yet surely, as I think of it, 't were well

In my late years to take of good my share
 And end my life not laden down with care.
 Yea, in my youth the will of Heaven be done."
 " A wiser choice than this," said Fate, " were none."

And soon — to make the olden tale more brief —
 To the rich merchant sorry things befell:
 The pirates burned the ships that bore the chief
 Of all his ventures ; he was forced to sell
 His goods, estate, the house where he did dwell ;
 And wounded in his heart and in his pride,
 He turned his face against the wall, and died.

So all alone was Caterina left ;
 An orphan, penniless and without a home ;
 And since her hands to sew and spin were deft



She would take service, howso wearisome,
 And forth she went. At last she saw, being come
 Before the houses of a distant town,
 A woman from a window looking down.

Poor Caterina felt her heart more bold
 Because this woman had a kindly face ;
 And, while the tears from her sad eyelids rolled,
 She pleaded thus : " I pray you, of your grace,
 In your great house give me a little place,
 To be your handmaiden and sew and spin."
 The dame had pity of her, and took her in.

One day, the mistress left alone her maid
 To keep the house ; and broidering leaf and
 bloom

Upon fine linen, Caterina stayed
 Content and busy in her little room,
 When on the sunlight fell a sudden gloom
 As when a cloud arises full of rain —
 And Caterina's Fate appeared again !

With furious hands she threw the basket down
 Of colored threads, and tossed them here and
 there,
 And from a carven chest she took the gown
 Of crimson silk the dame was wont to wear
 On feast-days, and with all her force did tear
 It into rags ; nor did she spare to spoil
 The linen wrought by Caterina's toil.

Then, as the Fate stood still at
 last, amid

The ruin that her envious
 hands had made,
 Poor Caterina fled the house, and
 hid

Among the brambles in a
 field,—afraid
 Of heavy blame that might on
 her be laid.

Later she rose, and wandered
 sadly down
 The road that led her to an-
 other town.

The maiden gone, at once, with-
 out delay

The Fate began her ravage to
 set right.

The silken gown, made whole, was
 laid away,

The broidering appeared untorn
 and bright.

And when the mistress home-
 ward came at night,

All was in order set, and to her
 mind —

But Caterina never could she find.

The maid again took service; and again
 Came Fate to seek her, tearing as before
 Her well-wrought linen web. Seven years in vain,
 Driven by her Fate forth from each friendly door,
 She wandered to new cities; and once more
 Became the handmaid of a noble dame,
 And day with day her duty was the same.

Once, when her daily task was done, at night
 She wandered, lonely, up a mountain way,
 And in a cavern saw a flickering
 light.

Within the hollow of the
 rock there lay
 Her Fate asleep, with
 tangled hair astray
 That veiled on either
 side her face,
 and hid
 The dream-spun
 damask of her
 coverlid.

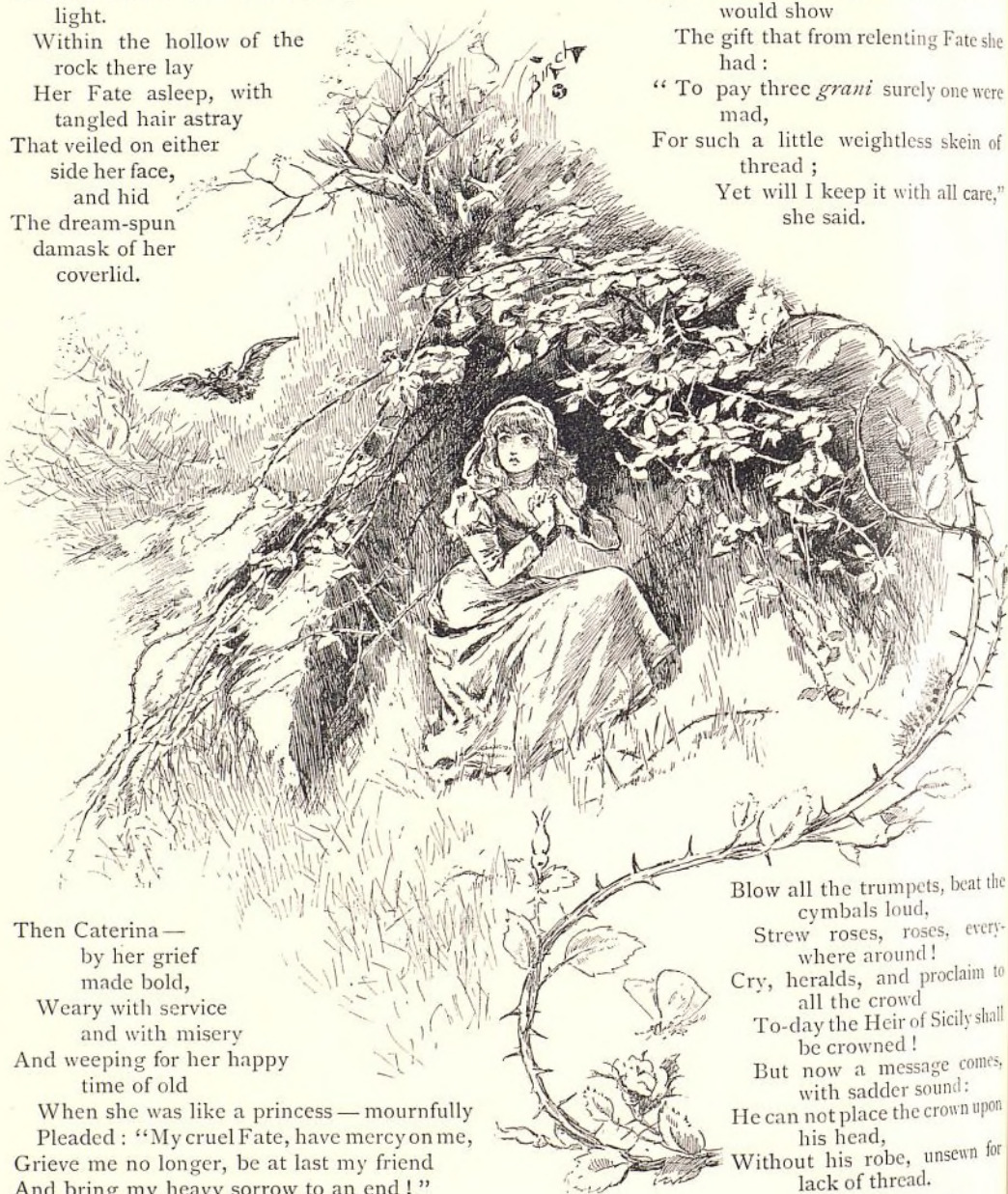
Then Caterina —
 by her grief
 made bold,
 Weary with service
 and with misery
 And weeping for her happy
 time of old

When she was like a princess — mournfully
 Pleaded: "My cruel Fate, have mercy on me,
 Grieve me no longer, be at last my friend
 And bring my heavy sorrow to an end!"

Beneath her coverlid the drowsy Fate
 Stirred languidly, while Caterina spoke
 In piteous words her painful case to state
 And tell how grief her patient spirit broke.
 At last from dreams forgetful, Fate awoke:
 "Preserve my gift and it shall bring thee gain,"
 She said, and gave the maid a silken skein.

Then down the hill did Caterina go,
 Yet was the heart within her nowise glad;
 And when to her good mistress she
 would show
 The gift that from relenting Fate she
 had:
 "To pay three *grani* surely one were
 mad,
 For such a little weightless skein of
 thread;
 Yet will I keep it with all care,"
 she said.

Blow all the trumpets, beat the
 cymbals loud,
 Strew roses, roses, every-
 where around!
 Cry, heralds, and proclaim to
 all the crowd
 To-day the Heir of Sicily shall
 be crowned!
 But now a message comes,
 with sadder sound:
 He can not place the crown upon
 his head,
 Without his robe, unsewn for
 lack of thread.



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Throughout the realm of Sicily they sought
To match the color of the coat, in vain;
No thread was found. The garment lay
unwrought

Without it; and the prince declared again,
Uncrowned and scepterless would he re-
main,

Nor ever seat himself upon the throne
Until his coronation robe were done.

Then Caterina's mistress to her said:

"Is not thy skein of silk the very hue
Required to sew the royal robe, my maid?"

And Caterina, taking heart anew,
Carried her skein of silk, as sapphire blue,
To prove it with the garment of the king—
And silken thread and cloth seemed one same
thing!

The prince commanded then the treasurer
To bring the scales and weigh the weight in gold
Of Caterina's skein, and give it her.

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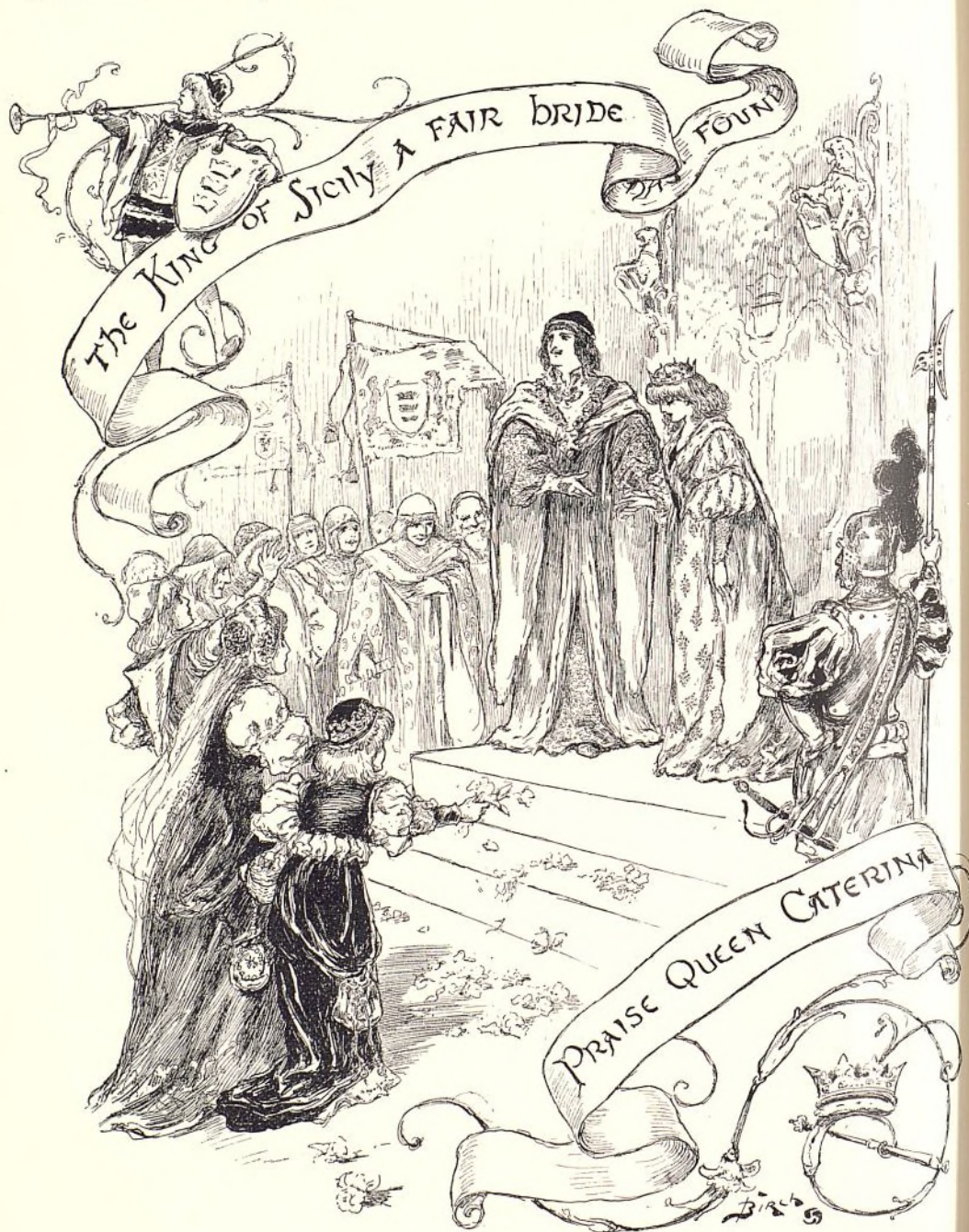
One golden coin and then one more was told—
The silk was heavier. Streams of money rolled
From wide-mouthed sacks; and in the scale was laid
All Sicily's treasure. Still the silk outweighed.

Then all his gems the prince, much marveling,
Offered; his wealth of ruby, emerald, pearl;
He bade the treasurer, most reluctant, bring
Diamonds, and opals with strange fires that curl,
And weigh them for the payment of the girl.
Still were they all too light. At last the crown
Was added to them—and the scale went down!

Then cried the knights and ladies: "Lo, behold
That this poor maid shall be a Queen, the sign!
For not the weight of all the royal gold
And jewels could, without the crown, combine
To balance her small skein!" "She shall be
mine,
Mine own dear Queen!" the Heir of Sicily cried,
And Caterina was the royal bride.

Sound ye the trumpets, beat the cymbals loud,
Strew roses, roses, everywhere around!
Cry, heralds, and proclaim to all the crowd
The King of Sicily a fair bride has found!

Lay cloth of gold upon the very ground
That they may walk thereon in royal state—
Praise to Queen Caterina and her Fate!



THE BOBOLINK'S SONG.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

WHEN little Teddy heard a merry bobolink,
He said, "Mamma, that bird is laughing, I should think."

Still rang the wondrous song,
So varied, clear and strong,
Out in the sunny weather;
And listening Teddy cried,
"Why! I should think he tied
A lot of songs together!"

DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

PART I.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S DOG.

In the summer of 1880, when the first delegation of enthusiastic politicians came trooping up from the Mentor station through the lane that led to "Lawnfield," in order to congratulate General James A. Garfield on his nomination for the Presidency, there was one member of the Garfield household who met the well-meaning but noisy strangers with an air of astonishment and disapproval, and, as they neared the house, disputed further approach with menacing voice.

This was "Veto," General Garfield's big Newfoundland dog; and not until his master had called to him that it was "all right," and that he must be quiet, did he cease hostile demonstrations.

After that, whenever delegations came — and they were of daily occurrence — Veto walked around among the visitors, looking grave and sometimes uneasy, but usually peaceful. General Garfield was very fond of large, noble-looking dogs. Veto was a puppy when given to him, but in two years' time had grown to be an immense fellow, and devotedly attached to his master. He was named in honor of President Hayes's veto of a certain bill in the spring of 1879.

The bill was one for abolishing the office of marshal at elections. It did not meet with the President's approval, and he returned it to Congress unsigned, — an action which greatly pleased General Garfield, and suggested the name for his dog.

Although quiet, as he had been bidden, Veto was never reconciled to the public's invasion of the Mentor farm. He was a dog of great dignity, and could not but feel resentment at the familiarity of the strangers who, on the strength of their political prominence, overran his master's fields, spoiled the fruit-trees, peered into the barns and poultry yard, and were altogether over-curious and intrusive. He had been told that it was "all right"; but these actions by day, and the torchlights and hurraing by night, wore on his spirits and temper. This evident unfitness for public life caused a final separation from his beloved master; for when, in the following spring, the family moved to Washington to begin residence at the White House, they thought it was not best to take Veto with them, so he was left behind in Mentor.

Poor fellow! all his doubts and fears for the safety and peace of him he loved and guarded were indeed well-founded. That first invasion of Lawnfield was but the beginning of what was to end in great calamity and bitter sorrow. Veto never saw his master again.

After the death of General Garfield, Veto was taken to Cleveland, O., where he spent his remaining days in the family of J. H. Hardy — a gentleman well known in that city.

Several anecdotes are related by Mr. Hardy which prove the dog's great intelligence. He slept in the barn, and seemed to consider himself responsible for the proper behavior of the horses, and the safety of everything about the

barn. No one not belonging to the family was allowed even to touch any article in it. Veto's low thunder of remonstrance or dissent quickly brought the curious or meddlesome to terms.

One night he barked loudly and incessantly. Then, as this alarm signal passed unnoticed, he

shut up in the barn—howling and scratching frantically at the door. When it was opened, he rushed directly to another barn some rods away, belonging to and very near a house occupied by a large family, who all were in bed and asleep. He scratched at the door of this barn, keeping up at the same time his dismal howl, and paying no attention to the repeated calls and commands to "come back and behave" himself. Just as force was to be used to quiet him, a bright tongue of flame shot up through the roof of the barn, and, almost in an instant, the whole structure was in a blaze. Before the fire department reached the spot the barn was consumed, and the house was saved from destruction only through heroic efforts of the neighbors.

And so Veto's quick scent and wonderful sagacity in, as we must believe, giving the alarm, not only saved the house, but probably averted serious loss of life.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S DOG.

"SPEC" was a little terrier born at Fort Hamilton, New York. One day, while he was yet a puppy, an army officer with two little boys came to the kennel to choose a dog for themselves. They picked out Spec from a litter of puppies, as the brightest and prettiest, and bore him off in great glee to headquarters. The army officer was the late General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia.

Not long after, the General was ordered to Mexico; and Mrs. Lee and the children went to Arlington to remain during his absence. Spec went with them. While General Lee was away, the little dog showed no signs of missing

him, but when, after the long absence, he unexpectedly returned home, Spec happened to be the first of the household to greet him. The little fellow seemed crazy with delight. He jumped up, licked his master's hands, and sprang around in so excited a manner that notwithstanding the great joy of the family he attracted the attention of all.

One of the General's little sons, now General W. H. F. Lee, of Ravensworth, Virginia, writes: "I



GENERAL GARFIELD AND "VETO," AT MENTOR.

howled until Mr. Hardy was forced to dress and go to the barn, where he found a valuable horse loose and on a rampage. Veto had succeeded in seizing the halter, and there he stood with the end in his mouth, while the horse, disappointed of his frolic and his expectation of unlimited oats, was vainly jerking and plunging to get away.

Another time, upon returning late at night from a county fair, the family heard Veto—who was

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have often heard my father say that he believed the dog thoroughly recognized him, and was overjoyed at his return."

Several years passed, and General Lee was ordered to West Point. Meanwhile Spec had grown old, and was failing in mind as in body; else he never would have strayed on board one of the New York excursion boats that touch daily at West Point, and allowed himself to be carried away to some place from which he could not return. He was never heard of afterward.

The whole family, most of whom had been his playmates, long mourned for him, but none more sincerely than his master.

EDWARD EGGLESTON'S DOG.

"TYCHO BRAHE" was his full name, and he was a bull-terrier living in the village of Vevay, Indiana. He was given to Edward Eggleston when that author was only six years old; and there never existed a more peaceable, good-natured, affectionate dog, except when duty was involved; then he was as stern and brave as a Roman sentinel.

Mr. Eggleston's father kept many horses and dogs, and had a very classical taste in naming them all; so such appellations as "Hector," "Messana," and "Cæsar" became household words.

Edward was allowed to choose between "Talleyrand" and "Tycho" as a name for his puppy, and selected the latter because the first one, to his childish imagination, sounded too much like "tallow," and suggested candles.

Tycho early showed extraordinary sagacity, and, as befitted a dog bearing the name of a great astronomer, clearly understood the difference between day and night. He was never known to express any opposition to the coming of a visitor in the daytime, but when once darkness set in no stranger could enter the door-yard. He did not bite, he only stood still and growled; and no one was ever known to disregard that warning; but when the person at the gate called the name of any one of the family, or was recognized by the dog, no further opposition was made.

Once he was left alone for two days in charge of the house, and for forty-eight hours stood guard on the doorstep, which he never left except when called by a neighbor to be fed.

Mr. Eggleston says: "I have had other dog-friends, but Tycho was the noblest, and I shall always remember him with affection." And yet he lost his life by an act of folly. A vagabond dog went through the street one day, and the more respectable of the canine family pitched into him for bringing the race into discredit—or for violating some other rule of dog propriety.

Tycho rushed in with the rest. A week or two later, the poor fellow moped; then he gnawed the bark of a peach-tree, snapped at those who spoke to him, and showed other signs of being rabid. He died, as such dogs do, by means of a neighbor's gun, and all the family wept bitterly for the dear old fellow, who had been their companion for eight years, and made strong resolutions never again to set their hearts on a dog.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S DOGS.

OUR beloved Quaker poet was a farmer's son, and therefore was brought up among dogs and horses and cattle, and became fond of them all.

He is rich in dogs. At Oak Knoll, where he spends his summers, he has three: Roger, Robin, and Dick. As he could be none other than a kind, gentle master, we can readily imagine how these three dogs adore him; and how, when he returns to Oak Knoll in the spring, they greet him with frantic barks and yelps of delight, with rapturous waggings and thumpings of tails.

Roger guards the barns; Dick is a Scotch terrier; and Robin is a shepherd-dog. The latter two are the more favored because, being house-dogs, they have opportunities for intimacy with the poet not possible to Roger. They can more frequently watch their master's face for signs of loving recognition, can insinuate a nose between his book and eyes, or with ever-ready tongue take a dog's loving liberty with his hand. But we presume there are no jealousies on that account, nor heart-burnings, and that all are good friends, leading lives of gentle dignity befitting the dogs of John G. Whittier, the poet of peace.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON'S DOGS.

"PETER TRONE, ESQ.," was a little black-and-tan terrier living in Cleveland, Ohio, whose deeds and qualities often have been chanted in unpublished prose and verse by his gifted mistress, Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Peter Trone, Esq., had many accomplishments and many cultivated tastes. He was fond of grapes and knew the proper time to eat them. After dinner he would help himself to dessert, probably thinking that he had been forgotten. His mistress often watched him while he did this. He would trot slowly down the path that led by the trellis, selecting and biting off, as he passed, a particularly fine grape.

He could fish! Once, in the country, when Miss Woolson's young brother had unexpectedly caught a large fish over a dam, and was puzzled to know how he should draw the fish up with a slender line,

Peter Trone, Esq., in great excitement, plunged into the water below the dam, caught the fish in his mouth and brought it to the boy.

He could carry a note tied to his collar to a distant place, take it to the person for whom it was intended, wait for the answer, and bring it safely

proper to the occasion was furnished before the services began.

At the appointed hour, the Woolson children and their cousins walked in procession to the grave, which was made in the garden. Old Turk was lowered into his last resting-place, his yellow paws



"ROBIN," A SHEPHERD-DOG BELONGING TO THE POET, WHITTIER.*

back. He needed but little training in order to do anything within a dog's possibilities, and Miss Woolson never discovered the limits of his wonderful intelligence.

Pete Trone, Esq., could walk a long distance on his little hind legs. The Woolson children made him a pair of scarlet trousers, a little scarlet coat, and a scarlet cap and feather. It was a funny sight to see him marching on his hind legs down Euclid Avenue arrayed in these garments. He was very proud of them.

The family had two other dogs,—who were, of course, Pete's most intimate friends,—“Old Turk” and little “Grip.” Turk was a magnificent old fellow, and well known in Cleveland. He lived a long life, and when it was ended, the children held a funeral over him.

All the dogs in the neighborhood were formally invited, by card. They began to arrive early in the morning, and were tied to different trees in the yard; and so most of the howling and mourning

folded, his breast covered with flowers, and his requiem, composed by Miss Woolson, sung to the tune of “Old Dog Tray.” All the dogs were then brought up to take a last look at the old patriarch. Pete Trone, Esq., was chief mourner.

THE DOGS OF MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THIS charming writer for ST. NICHOLAS is an enthusiastic lover of dogs. She has had in the course of her life several canine pets, all—as naturally would be expected of anything belonging to the author of “Little Lord Fauntleroy”—very interesting animals. Each is declared to have been thoroughly original in his manner and ways, and quite unlike the others; and all have been conspicuous figures in her personal history.

The first great sorrow of her childhood, amounting in her eyes to an awful tragedy, was occasioned by love of a dog. Some one gave her a New-

* In a note Mr. Whittier says, the dog, as shown in this picture, happens to be “lying at the foot of the largest Norway spruce in New England.”—ED. ST. NICHOLAS.

foundland puppy, named Rollo,—a black ball of curls which tumbled over its own legs and was the "idol of her soul." Only ten days after he came to her, and while she was wild with the first rapture of possession, a covetous boy, who had vainly tried to beg or buy the puppy, sent a servant to borrow him to show some one, and never returned him. How he managed to evade all demand or inquiry, she never understood. It was all a dark mystery; but she mourned so passionately and persistently over her lost dog that her mother became alarmed about her, and hastened to secure another one to take his place in her affections. This was an exquisite little Italian greyhound named Florence, who remained her friend and companion for years.

When Mrs. Burnett was a child her family lived in Tennessee. There they had—as she expressed it—"colonies of dogs," many of them disreputable ones, that came and asked to stay, or stayed without asking—any way to insinuate themselves into the household. One of these was dubbed "Pepper," because of his touchy, contradictory disposition, which led to habits and ways that were sources of great amusement to the children. He followed Mrs. Burnett's brother home one day, and intimated that he had come to remain. He pretended to be a dog who was highly strung and sensitive, and that these traits had not been appreciated where he came from, but the children soon discovered that his sensitiveness was but temper.

The moment he was reproved for improper conduct, he went out of the front door and trotted home to the other family, who lived about four miles away. The children would stand on the piazza to watch him till he was out of sight. He had a long hill to trot over, and the intolerant scorn expressed by his tail and little hind legs, as he jogged along, never deigning to cast a glance behind, showed in the most scathing manner that, in his opinion, the family he had turned his back upon were people of no refinement of sentiment whatever, and could not be expected to understand the feelings of a dog of real delicacy. He always went away when lectured; and probably came back whenever the other family did not approve of his actions, because he kept running away and coming back for a year or two; finally, however, deciding that the children were worthiest of his continued patronage. But their principal dog at that time—their staple dog—was "Mr. K.," a big, yellow canine who, when found, was living a wild life in the woods, not far from the house. He had been a dog of bad reputation, evidently undeserved,

for after Mrs. Burnett's sister Edith had beguiled him to go home with her, he at once settled down and became a reformed domestic character who adored every member of the family.

But there was one flaw in his otherwise perfect demeanor,—he *would* fight. As soon as he saw another dog, particularly if it was large, he arose with a mild and forbearing expression, apparently without any prejudice or bitterness of feeling, and went out and tried to obliterate that dog from the face of the earth. He then would return covered with wounds and glory, wearing an apologetic, even remorseful air, especially when Edith scolded him well, pointing out the folly of such behavior and what a disgrace he was to the family. At such times he would thump his tail unceasingly on the floor and look from under his eyelids, greatly embarrassed; but he always attended to the next dog as impartially as though he never had been remonstrated with in his life. If none came to the house he would sally forth to seek them, and this conduct finally brought disaster upon him.

The house stood on a hill. At the foot of it lived a "colored" dog, named Tige, owned by some negroes. The children could not decide whether or not it was a matter of race prejudice, but there was a feud existing between Tige and "Mr. K." Whenever they met, which was two or three times a week, they fought—and Tige always was beaten. Finally, this so exasperated him, that he held a consultation with his friends. The children were



"PETE TRONE, ESQ.," MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S DOG.

convinced that he did so, because several times they saw dogs talking together in twos and threes, and wondered what the discussion was about. The result was that these dogs attacked "Mr. K." in a body, and left him for dead in a pool of water; but he crawled home, scarcely alive, and covered with mud and gore.

The children nursed him all the following winter; for rheumatism set in, and he had to be kept in a corner of the kitchen wrapped in a blanket and covered with hot stove-plates, which Edith considered good for his complaint. And when any one said, sympathetically, "Poor Mr. K.!" an innate sense of politeness led him to acknowledge the attention by trying to rise and wag his tail, whereupon all the stove-plates would roll off and clatter on the floor.

Poor fellow! The fighting mania that was so implanted in his constitution proved his destruction. One day he rushed out to attack a howling dog that was running past the house, and when he returned was so bitten that he had to be killed, and the children all cried themselves ill.

In later years, Mrs. Burnett has had at different times three other dogs. The first was a Chihuahua puppy, sent to her from Mexico; and when he arrived he weighed only a pound and three-quarters. But she was away from home at the time, and he took advantage of her absence to grow. He was always very much ashamed of it afterwards, and when she returned, and he saw how disappointed she was at his size, it seemed to depress him and make him anxious to hide in corners. His remorse was so evident that Mrs. Burnett tried to encourage him by pretending that she did not care so *very* much, and that, for all she cared, he might have been even larger. But he was never happy, and so she gave him to a little girl who had never expected him to be smaller.

The gentleman who had presented him to Mrs. Burnett was very much disgusted with him. He felt that the dog had betrayed his confidence, and to make up for this duplicity, and to console Mrs. Burnett, he sent her a beautiful Japanese pug named "Toto," with fluffy, silken, black and white hair, a tail like a curled feather, the shortest, puggiest black nose, and the largest, rounded eyes imaginable. He kept his pink tongue always

thrust out of the right side of his mouth with a most derisive air, and he was lovely!—but he had no soul. He loved nobody, and cared for nothing but his scarlet and yellow satin bows, his dinner, and his cushion. He died at a hospital, where he had been sent to be treated when taken ill.

Mrs. Burnett's present dog is an English pug, upon whose collar is engraved, "Monsieur le Marquis."

He came to her as a puppy, and she has had him for years. He began life with a nature too frank and ingenuous, and Mrs. Burnett has seen him develop from a confiding puppy of impulse into a pug of the world. They are great friends and confide in each other freely, but the dog mingles in society more than he did in the first flush of their affection. Mrs. Burnett has been very ill; consequently they have been separated, and he has had to entertain himself with the world. He is a very interesting little animal, and his pretty ways and intelligent tricks would fill a volume.

While Mrs. Burnett was convalescing in Nahant last summer, she wrote:

"Just now I am greatly interested in a small, shaggy, yellow dog which, about once a day—usually in the evening—trots with serious mien through the grounds. He comes in the gateway at one end of the avenue, and goes out at the other. He looks neither to right nor left, and utterly ignores all blandishments, however seductive. He seems absorbed in deep reflection, and to have some business project in view. As I am a visitor only, I don't know him. I don't know where he comes from or where he goes. I cannot decide whether he is an unsocial dog, or a proud dog, or a reserved dog, or simply a busy dog, with care and responsibilities. Sometimes I imagine that he goes to meet a friend who is indisposed, or that he has been expecting a letter of importance, and calls regularly at the post-office for the mail."



A MEXICAN DOG'S SOLILOQUY.

Said a poor little dog without any hair,
"It seems to me to be very unfair
That I should be such an odd conceit,
While my friend is covered from ears to feet."

"THE MEN WHO DIED."

BY RUTH HAYS.



"MAMMY, what 's 'Morial Day for?"

Mammy stood in the cabin doorway with arms akimbo, the sunset light shining on her broad, kindly face, and lighting up the gay handkerchief she wore about her head. She took the short pipe from her mouth as she good-naturedly answered the boy:

"Laws, honey! ain't you 'member dat yet? I done tole you more 'n forty times, fo' sure. 'Bout de men who died, don't you know? Dat 's what it means."

Joe did n't appear to be much enlightened. "De men who died?" he repeated questioningly, looking up with those bright eyes of his.

He was the blackest little specimen that ever was. The ace of spades was nothing to him—"Charcoal would make a white mark on him." But the white teeth gleamed, and the big eyes shone, and the woolly hair knotted itself into the funniest little fuzz you ever did see. As for his costume, it was n't much to boast of; nothing but rags, and not too many of them. But Joe did n't care,—not he! He was as free as the birds, and lived as careless and irresponsible a life. When the sun shone, and all was bright, he rejoiced as they did; when it was cold and dismal, he crept into his own little nest of a cabin, rolled himself up in all the rags he could gather, curled into a small heap, as close to the fire as he could get, and waited for fair weather.

He had two treasures: Jack, a thin, gaunt, yellow cur (I really can't call him anything else), and Billy, an old goat once white, but not at all particular about his present appearance, and with the beard of a patriarch. Belonging with Billy was a cart made of an old box perched between two wheels much too high for it, and with a board nailed across, on which Joe would sit as proudly as any dandy young Englishman in his dog-cart.

This wagon was usually perilously loaded with "light-wood," picked up here and there; and to see Joe driving over the rough, uneven sidewalks, now on the planks, now off; now with a wheel caught in a crack, now tilting over so far that one wondered the whole rickety concern did n't go to destruction altogether,—really, it was an exciting experience. Jack was usually in close attendance, trotting as close behind the cart as the sharp ends of the light-wood, stuck in all sorts of ways, would permit. In this rig Joe would drive along certain streets which he considered his special property, and try to sell his cargo. Sometimes he got five or ten cents; sometimes, if nobody happened to want any light-wood, he still got something to eat. In one place there was a lady from "up north." She always gave him doughnuts, but she wanted him to learn to read and spell, and Joe suspected her of designs to enforce this desire. So he usually steered clear of her, preferring corn-bread and liberty.

Mammy took in washing, when she could get it, carrying the full basket poised on her head as she went and came. She went out scrubbing and cleaning, too, whenever her services were called for. They earned little, but they wanted little. It was a miserable, shiftless way of living, but then it was the best they knew, and as long as they were neither cold nor hungry, they were perfectly content, and found life good, as the birds and squirrels do.

The cabin was a small log affair with bare ground all about it—not very tidy, certainly. The wooden shutter was thrown back, and the sunshine streamed pleasantly in at the window, which boasted neither sash nor glass. The open door sagged a good deal, and the whole place had that unmistakable *darky* look about it, everywhere. A few hens and some half-grown chickens roamed about, and a little black pig followed his own sweet will hither and yon, not disdaining the shelter of the cabin when it pleased him. And, indeed, why should he? He was one of the family, and Joe, at least, always gave him cordial welcome. He was n't quite so sure of Mammy's.

It was seldom that Joe troubled himself or Mammy with questions of any kind; but to-day he had happened to hear two women talking of

Memorial Day, and something about the procession and flowers. Now, if there was anything Joe loved, it was a procession—and who did n't? Why, there was n't a dinky for miles around that did n't turn out to see every one that marched. A circus was a wild delight. Joe had only seen one procession of that kind, and it had remained a joy forever. But he was n't critical; a wedding or a funeral, so there was a procession, was a joy to him. Of course he had seen several Memorial Days, but he took little note of time, and somehow it had never occurred to him before that they recurred regularly like Christmas,—the one great holiday. And now he wanted to know what for. So Mammy told once more, and very graphic she made the story. Unfortunately, she had had a very harsh master, in slavery days, and she drew so vivid a picture of how Joe would have had to "stan' roun' if ole marse had got hold" of him, that the boy looked apprehensively about for that dread personage, and was much relieved to know that he was dead. "Killed in de war, honey, like all de rest." And then she told of the coming of the Northern army—"Marse Linkum's men"—and of the brave soldiers—some of them mere boys who laid down their lives there, "the men who died," and who slept peacefully enough under the pines, with all discord over at last. And Joe, as she told of the day set apart to keep their memory green, resolved that he, too, would march in the procession to-morrow and carry flowers for "the men who died."

He did n't say anything to Mammy of that, though, for he knew she would object. "Laws, honey!" she would say, "you ain't got no legs fo' dat"; and, indeed, poor Joe's crippled limbs and limping gait were poorly fitted for processions, however willing his stout heart might be. No, he would n't say a word; but he'd get up early to-morrow, and go for flowers,—there were gay pink and yellow ones in the swamp, way up the Branch—a long way for him to hobble, but he knew of none nearer. Then he'd get back in time to join the procession, and would carry his posy with the biggest of them. Mammy'd be proud enough when she saw him there.

So he and Jack were astir betimes, and soon toiling along the dusty road. It was a bright, warm morning, and Joe sang like a little black-bird as he limped along; past the log cabins like his own, where swarms of children were already about, and dogs of all sizes came yelping out, and gave them noisy welcome; past the broad fields where lately the kale and spinach had been cut, where the level country stretched away on either hand, unbroken by wall or fence, the boundary lines being ditches or low hedges, till he turned

off to follow the Branch, only a narrow creek, up into the swamp lands where the flowers grew. Oh, what a wealth of them, as if on purpose for Joe!—all he had hoped and more. He picked and picked, meantime looking warily about for occasions. His posy would be the biggest and gayest of them all, he said to himself, as at last he tied his flowers into a great, straggling bunch with a strip torn from his rags. Rags are very convenient, sometimes. He was tired now, and the sun was hot, but there was no time to lose; so, trying carefully to shield his precious posies with his torn hat, he shuffled along, bare-headed, the weary way home.

Jack had been rushing about everywhere; back and forth, here, there, and yonder, now diving under the bushes, now jumping the creek; but he, too, was tired now and followed close behind Joe, panting very dejectedly, paying no heed to anything about him—as if he were a mournful procession on his own account; and so, at last, they reached home.

The old goat slumbered in the doorway, and the little black pig scurried away with shrill squeals, as Jack, roused again, made a dash for him. But Jack was only in fun, and piggy knew that very well. He was squealing only to carry out his part of the performance.

Mammy had gone out, too well accustomed to Joe's vagabond roamings to wonder where he was. There was corn-bread on the shelf, and potatoes, too; and Joe and Jack ate their breakfast together as soon as the flowers had been put in water. Joe hid them behind the cabin. He wanted to surprise Mammy. *She* did n't know he was big enough to march in the procession with the rest.

Later in the day the dreary little procession was moving slowly along the narrow, dusty streets of the straggling Southern town, toward the road leading to the cemetery where "the men who died" had their humble graves. It was a meager little procession, indeed. A drum and fife furnished the music; there were a few white men who led, and then a straggling line of colored people, men and women, too, each carrying a little bunch of flowers; and behind them all hobbled little Joe. Even their slow pace was too fast for him, weary and foot-sore as he was; but he struggled bravely to keep up, and held his head high, and carried his big posy proudly,—the biggest of all, as he had thought it would be. But no; Joe was n't *quite* the last one—Jack was last, close behind Joe, and much impressed with the dignity of the occasion.

Ah! how shall I tell the rest? The little procession had just passed a narrow cross-street, and there, hidden by the buildings on either side, a carriage had paused, the spirited horse held in

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with difficulty till the slow line filed past. It dashed forward impatiently when the way was clear, and then there was a scream from the spectators, a rush to the street as the horse flew by, and in the dust lay little Joe, bleeding and senseless, the

few minutes later, "'Morial Day" and all days on earth for little Joe were over!

In the quiet, lonely field where the colored people lay their dead is a narrow little grave, and there, still, as Memorial Day comes round, poor Mammy



"HE STRUGGLED BRAVELY TO KEEP UP, AND CARRIED HIS BIG POSY PROUDLY."

big bouquet still clenched fast in his poor little hand.

They picked him up, and carried him into a warehouse close by, and, as they laid the little fellow down, and Mammy, with wild sobs and wails, took him tenderly in her arms, he slowly opened his eyes, and feebly tried to put the flowers into her hand.

"De men — who died," he said, faintly, and, a

brings her flowers and lays them down with bitter tears for the boy who was her last and dearest care. And Jack looks wistfully into her face, and whines and lays his head down upon the grave as if begging the child to come again.

But Joe sleeps peacefully, like the brave men he would have honored; and some day, we trust, in that brighter world, Mammy shall have her boy again, and Joe be lame no more, forever!

TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER.

CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT. No. V.*

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.



TOM and Maggie Tulliver lived with their parents at Dorlcote Mill, a picturesque old place on the river Floss. Tom was the elder, and though he was not so intelligent as Maggie many people liked him much better, because he had none of the peculiarities which made Maggie seem different from other children. "He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and, at

twelve or thirteen years of age, look as much alike as goslings—a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows—a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which nature seemed to have molded and colored with the most decided intention."

Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver were given to frequent discussions of their two children, the father always taking the part of his little favorite Maggie, over whom Mrs. Tulliver used to sigh and shake her head, because she was so odd and unmanageable,—and the mother always extolling the eldest-born, Tom,—whom Mr. Tulliver, in spite of his fatherly affection, considered "a bit slowish."

"The little un takes after my side, now," said Mr. Tulliver, in the course of one of these discussions; "she's twice as 'cute as Tom. Too 'cute for a woman, I'm afraid. . . . It's no mischief much while she's a little un."

"Yes it *is* a mischief while she's a little un, Mr. Tulliver, for it all runs to naughtiness. How to keep her in a clean pinafore two hours together passes my cunning. An', now you put me i'

mind,' continued Mrs. Tulliver, rising and going to the window, 'I don't know where she is now, an' it's pretty nigh tea-time. Ah! I thought so—wanderin' up an' down by the water like a wild thing: she'll tumble in some day.'

"Mrs. Tulliver rapped the window sharply, beckoned and shook her head—a process which she repeated more than once before she returned to her chair.

"You talk o' cuteness, Mr. Tulliver," she observed as she sat down, 'but I'm sure the child's half an idiot i' some things; for if I send her upstairs to fetch anything, she forgets what she's gone for, an' perhaps 'ull sit down on the floor i' the sunshine, an' plait her hair an' sing to herself like a Bedlam creatur', all the while I'm waiting for her downstairs. That nivr runs i' my family, thank God, no more nor a brown skin as makes her look like a mulatter. I don't like to fly i' the face o' Providence, but it seems hard as I should have but one gell, an' her so comical.'

"Pooh! nonsense! said Mr. Tulliver; 'she's a straight black-eyed wench as anybody need wish to see. I don't know i' what she's behind other folks's children; and she can read almost as well as the parson.'

"But her hair won't curl all I can do with it, and she's so franzy about having it put i' paper, and I have such work as never was to make her stand and have it pinched with th' irons.'

"Cut it off—cut it off short," said the father rashly.

"How can you talk so, Mr. Tulliver? She's too big a gell, gone nine, and tall of her age, to have her hair cut short; an' there's her cousin Lucy's got a row o' curls round her head an' not a hair out o' place. It seems hard as my sister Deane should have that pretty child; I'm sure Lucy takes more after me nor my own child does. Maggie, Maggie,' continued the mother, in a tone of half-coaxing fretfulness, as this small mistake of nature entered the room, 'where's the use o' my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll tumble in and be drownded some day, an' then you'll be sorry you did n't do as mother told you.'

"Maggie's hair, as she threw off her bonnet, painfully confirmed her mother's accusation: Mrs.

* "Mill on the Floss."

Tulliver, desiring her daughter to have a curled crop 'like other folks's children,' had had it cut too short in front to be pushed behind the ears; and as it was usually straight an hour after it had been taken out of paper, Maggie was incessantly tossing her head to keep the dark, heavy locks out of her gleaming black eyes—an action which gave her very much the air of a small Shetland pony.

"Oh dear, oh dear, Maggie, what are you thinkin' of, to throw your bonnet down there? Take it upstairs, there's a good gell, an' let your hair be brushed, an' put your other pinafore on, an' change your shoes—do, for shame; an' come an' go on with your patchwork, like a little lady."

"Oh mother," said Maggie in a vehemently cross tone, "I don't *want* to do my patchwork."

"What! not your pretty patchwork, to make a counterpane for your Aunt Glegg?"

"It's foolish work," said Maggie, with a toss of her mane—"tearing things to pieces to sew 'em together again. And I don't want to do anything for my Aunt Glegg—I don't like her."

"Exit Maggie, dragging her bonnet by the string, while Mr. Tulliver laughs audibly."

A few days later Mr. Riley, a neighbor of Mr. Tulliver's, happened to come to the house, and in a conversation which followed, Maggie heard these words:

"It's a very particular thing. . . it's about my boy Tom."

At the sound of this name, Maggie, who was seated on a low stool close by the fire, with a large book open on her lap, shook her heavy hair back and looked up eagerly. There were few sounds that roused Maggie when she was dreaming over her book, but Tom's name served as well as the shrillest whistle: in an instant she was on the watch, with gleaming eyes, like a Skye terrier suspecting mischief or, at all events, determined to fly at any one who threatened it toward Tom.

"You see, I want to put him to a new school at Midsummer," said Mr. Tulliver; "he's comin' away from the 'cademy at Lady-day, an' I shall let him run loose for a quarter; but after that I want to send him to a downright good school, where they'll make a scholar of him. . . I don't *mean* Tom to be a miller and farmer. I see no fun i' that: why, if I made him a miller an' farmer, he'd be expectin' to take to the mill an' the land, an' a-hintin' at me as it was time for me to lay by an' think o' my latter end. Nay, nay, I've seen enough o' that wi' sons. I'll never pull my coat off before I go to bed. I shall give Tom an eddication an' put him to a business, as he may make a nest for himself, an' not want to push me out o' mine."

"This was evidently a point on which Mr.

Tulliver felt strongly, and the impetus which had given unusual rapidity and emphasis to his speech showed itself still unexhausted for some minutes afterward in a defiant motion of the head from side to side, and an occasional 'Nay, nay,' like a subsiding growl.

"These angry symptoms were keenly observed by Maggie, and cut her to the quick. Tom, it appeared, was supposed capable of turning his father out-of-doors, and of making the future in some way tragic by his wickedness. This was not to be borne; and Maggie jumped up from her stool, forgetting all about her heavy book, which fell with a bang within the fender; and, going up between her father's knees, said, in a half-crying, half-indignant voice,

"Father, Tom would n't be naughty to you ever; I know he would n't."

"What! they must n't say any harm o' Tom, eh?" said Mr. Tulliver, looking at Maggie with a twinkling eye. Then, in a lower voice, turning to Mr. Riley, as though Maggie could n't hear, "She understands what one's talking about so as never was. And you should hear her read—straight off, as if she knewed it all beforehand. And allays at her book! But it's bad—it's bad," Mr. Tulliver added, sadly, checking this blamable exultation; "a woman's no business wi' being so clever; it'll turn to trouble, I doubt. But, bless you! . . . she'll read the books and understand 'em better nor half the folks as are growed up."

Maggie's cheeks began to flush with triumphant excitement: she thought Mr. Riley would have a respect for her now; it had been evident that he thought nothing of her before.

Mr. Riley was turning over the leaves of the book, and she could make nothing of his face, with its high-arched eyebrows; but he presently looked at her and said,

"Come, come and tell me something about this book; here are some pictures—I want to know what they mean."

Maggie, with deepening color, went without hesitation to Mr. Riley's elbow and looked over the book, eagerly seizing one corner and tossing back her mane, while she said,

"Oh, I'll tell you what that means. It's a dreadful picture, is n't it? But I can't help looking at it. That old woman in the water's a witch—they've put her in to find out whether she's a witch or no, and if she swims she's a witch, and if she's drowned—and killed, you know—she's innocent, and not a witch, but only a poor silly old woman. But what good would it do her then, you know, when she was drowned? Only, I suppose, she'd go to Heaven and God would make it up to her. And this dreadful blacksmith with

his arms akimbo, laughing — oh, is n't he ugly? — I'll tell you what he is. He's the devil *really*' (here Maggie's voice became louder and more emphatic), 'and not a right blacksmith.'

"Why, what book is it the wench has got hold on?" burst out Mr. Tulliver at last.

When Mr. Riley named the work and added, rather reproachfully, "'How came it among your books, Tulliver?" Maggie looked hurt and discouraged, while her father said,

"Why, it's one o' the books I bought at Partridge's sale. They was all bound alike — it's a good binding, you see — and I thought they'd be all good books. . . . But it seems one must n't judge by th' outside. This is a puzzlin' world."

"Well," said Mr. Riley, in an admonitory patronizing tone, as he patted Maggie on the head, 'I advise you to read some prettier book. Have you no prettier books?'

"Oh yes," said Maggie, reviving a little, in the desire to vindicate the variety of her reading, 'I know the reading in this book is n't pretty, but I like the pictures, and I make stories to the pictures out of my own head, you know. But I've got *Æsop's Fables*, and a book about kangaroos and things, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

"Ah! a beautiful book," said Mr. Riley; 'you can't read a better.'

"Well, but there's a great deal about the devil in that," said Maggie, triumphantly, 'and I'll show you the picture of him in his true shape, as he fought with Christian.'

"Maggie ran in an instant to the corner of the room, jumped on a chair, and reached down from the small bookcase a shabby old copy of Bunyan, which opened at once, without the least trouble or search, at the picture she wanted.

"Here he is," she said, running back to Mr. Riley, 'and Tom colored him for me with his paints when he was at home last holidays — the body all black, you know, and the eyes red, like fire, because he's all fire inside, and it shines out at his eyes.'

"Go, go!" said Mr. Tulliver. "'Shut up the book and let's hear no more o' such talk. It is as I thought — the child'll learn more mischief nor good wi' the books. Go — go and see after your mother.'

"Maggie shut up the book at once, with a sense of disgrace; but, not being inclined to see after her mother, she compromised the matter by going into a dark corner behind her father's chair, and nursing her doll, toward which she had an occasional fit of fondness in Tom's absence, neglecting its toilette, but lavishing so many warm kisses on it, that the waxen cheeks had a wasted, unhealthy appearance."

Mr. Tulliver's consultation with Mr. Riley resulted in the determination to send Tom to school to a Mr. Stelling, a clergyman who took a few boys as pupils into his own home. Mrs. Tulliver was called in, and after a great deal of discussion, the thing seemed settled.

"Father," broke in Maggie, who had stolen unperceived to her father's elbow again, listening with parted lips, while she held her doll topsyturvy, and crushed its nose against the wood of the chair — 'Father, is it a long way off, where Tom is to go? Sha'n't we ever go to see him?'

"I don't know, my wench," said the father, tenderly. 'Ask Mr. Riley; he knows.'

"Maggie came round promptly in front of Mr. Riley, and said, 'How far is it, please, sir?'

"Oh, a long, long way off." . . . 'You must borrow the seven-leagued boots to get to him.'

"That's nonsense!" said Maggie, tossing her head haughtily, and turning away with the tears springing in her eyes. She began to dislike Mr. Riley: it was evident that he thought her silly and of no consequence.

"Hush, Maggie, for shame of you, asking questions and chattering," said her mother. 'Come and sit down on your little stool, and hold your tongue, do.'

So Maggie was obliged to be content without any more exact information.

"It was a heavy disappointment to Maggie that she was not allowed to go with her father in the gig when he went to fetch Tom home from the academy; but the morning was too wet, Mrs. Tulliver said, for a little girl to go out in her best bonnet. Maggie took the opposite view very strongly; and it was a direct consequence of this difference of opinion that, when her mother was in the act of brushing out the reluctant black crop, Maggie suddenly rushed from under her hands and dipped her head in a basin of water standing near, in the vindictive determination that there should be no more chance of curls that day.

"Maggie, Maggie," exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, sitting stout and helpless, with the brushes on her lap, 'what is to become of you if you're so naughty? I'll tell your Aunt Glegg and your Aunt Pullet, when they come next week, and they'll never love you any more. Oh dear, oh dear, look at your clean pinafore, wet from top to bottom.'

"Before this remonstrance was finished Maggie was already out of hearing, making her way toward the great attic that ran under the old high-pitched roof, shaking the water from her black locks as she ran, like a Skye terrier escaped from his bath. This attic was Maggie's favorite retreat on a wet

day, when the weather was not too cold; here she fretted out all her ill-humors, and talked aloud to the worm-eaten floors and the worm-eaten shelves, and the dark rafters festooned with cobwebs; and here she kept a Fetish which she punished for all her misfortunes. This was the trunk of a large wooden doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes above the reddest of cheeks, but was now entirely defaced." She had many a time "soothed herself by alternately grinding and beating the wooden head against the rough brick of the great chimneys that made two square pillars supporting the roof. That was what she did this morning on reaching the attic, sobbing all the while with a passion that expelled every other form of consciousness—even the memory of the grievance that had caused it. As at last the sobs were getting quieter, and the grinding less fierce, a sudden beam of sunshine, falling through the wire lattice across the worm-eaten shelves, made her throw away the Fetish and run to the window. The sun was really breaking out; the sound of the mill seemed cheerful again; the granary doors were open; and there was Yap, the queer white and brown terrier, with one ear turned back, trotting about and snuffing vaguely as if he were in search of a companion. It was irresistible. Maggie tossed her hair back and ran downstairs, seized her bonnet without putting it on, peeped, and then dashed along the passage lest she should encounter her mother, and was quickly out in the yard, whirling round . . . and singing as she whirled, 'Yap, Yap, Tom's coming home!' while Yap danced and barked round her, as much as to say, if there was any noise wanted, he was the dog for it.

"'Heh, heh, Miss, you'll make yourself giddy, an' tumble down i' the dirt,' said Luke, the head miller."

"Maggie paused in her whirling, and said, staggering a little, 'Oh no, it does n't make me giddy, Luke; may I go into the mill with you?'"

"Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill, and often came out with her black hair powdered to a soft whiteness that made her dark eyes flash out with a new fire. The resolute din, the unrelenting motion of the great stones . . . the meal forever pouring, pouring—the fine white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like a faery lacework—the sweet pure scent of the meal—all helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her outside every-day life. The spiders were especially a subject of speculation with her. She wondered if they had any relations outside the mill, for in that case there must be a painful difficulty in their family intercourse—a fat and floury spider, accustomed to take his fly well dusted with

meal, must suffer a little at a cousin's table where the fly was *au naturel*, and the lady-spiders must be mutually shocked at each other's appearance. But the part of the mill she liked best was the topmost story—the corn-hutch, where there were the great heaps of grain, which she could sit on and slide down continually. She was in the habit of taking this recreation as she conversed with Luke, to whom she was very communicative, wishing him to think well of her understanding, as her father did.

"Perhaps she felt it necessary to recover her position with him on the present occasion, for, as she sat sliding on the heap of grain near which he was busying himself, she said, at that shrill pitch which was requisite in mill-society,

"I think you never read any book but the Bible—did you, Luke?"

"Nay, Miss—an' not much o' that,' said Luke, with great frankness. 'I'm no reader, I are n't.'"

"But if I lent you one of my books, Luke? I've not got any *very* pretty books that would be easy for you to read, but there's *Pug's Tour of Europe*—that would tell you all about the different sorts of people in the world, and if you did n't understand the reading, the pictures would help you—they show the looks and ways of people and what they do. There are the Dutchmen, very fat, and smoking, you know—and one sitting on a barrel."

"Nay, Miss, I'n no opinion o' Dutchmen. There be n't much good i' knowin' about *them*."

"But they're our fellow-creatures, Luke—we ought to know about our fellow-creatures."

"Perhaps you would like *Animated Nature* better: that's not Dutchmen, you know, but elephants, and kangaroos, and the civet cat, and the sun-fish, and a bird sitting on its tail—I forget its name. There are countries full of those creatures, instead of horses and cows, you know. Should n't you like to know about them, Luke?"

"Nay, Miss, I'n got to keep count o' the flour an' corn—I can't do wi' knowin' so many things besides my work."

"Why you're like my brother Tom, Luke,' said Maggie, wishing to turn the conversation agreeably; 'Tom's not fond of reading. I love Tom so dearly, Luke—better than anybody else in the world. When he grows up, I shall keep his house, and we shall always live together. I can tell him everything he does n't know. But I think Tom's clever for all he does n't like books: he makes beautiful whipcord and rabbit-pens.'

"Ah!' said Luke, 'but he'll be fine an' vexed as the rabbits are all dead.'

"Dead!' screamed Maggie, jumping up from her sliding seat on the corn. 'Oh dear, Luke!

What! the lop-eared one, and the spotted doe that Tom spent all his money to buy?"

"As dead as moles," said Luke.

"Oh dear, Luke," said Maggie in a piteous tone while the tears rolled down her cheek. "Tom told me to take care of 'em, and I forgot. What shall I do?"

"Well, you see, Miss, they were in that far tool-house, an' it was nobody's business to see to 'em. I reckon Master Tom told Harry to feed 'em, but there's no counting on Harry."

"Oh, Luke, Tom told me to be sure and remember the rabbits every day; but how could I, when they did n't come into my head, you know? Oh, he will be so angry with me, I know he will, and so sorry about his rabbits — and so am I sorry. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came, — the quick, light bowling of the gig-wheels, — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door and even held her hand on Maggie's offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

"There he is, my sweet lad!"

"Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, 'Hallo! Yap — what! are you there?'"

"Nevertheless he consented to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered toward the croft, and the lambs, and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Maggie," said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at those games — she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swapped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!"

and he drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's . . . a . . . new . . . guess, Maggie."

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back in his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

"Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, 'Well, then, it's a new fish-line, — two new uns, — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I would n't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I would n't. And here's hooks — see here! . . . I say, won't we go and fish to-morrow down by Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything: won't it be fun?'"

"Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

"Was n't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I need n't have bought it if I had n't liked."

"Yes, very, very good. . . . I do love you, Tom."

"Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one before he spoke again.

"And the fellows fought me because I would n't give in about the toffee."

"Oh dear! I wish they would n't fight at your school, Tom. Did n't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his fingers along it. Then he added,

"I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that's what he got by wanting to leather me; I was n't going to go halves because anybody leathured me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — would n't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean, in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat

people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it.'

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him.'

"But if you had n't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking, just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we could n't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

"Tom paused, and at last turned away con-

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! You're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits.'

"Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth, at once; but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own.



"IT WAS ONE OF THEIR HAPPY MORNINGS." (SEE PAGE 611.)

temptuously, saying, 'But the lion *is n't* coming. What's the use of talking?'

"But I like to fancy how it would be,' said Maggie, following him. 'Just think what you would do, Tom.'

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"Tom,' she said timidly, when they were out-of-doors, 'how much money did you give for your rabbits?'

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence,' said Tom, promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom, "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket to spend, you know, and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

"Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. 'You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot,' he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. 'I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You sha'n't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day.' He walked on again."

"Yes, but I forgot—and I could n't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you if *you* forgot anything—I would n't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you!"

"Yes, you're a silly; but I never *do* forget things—I don't."

"Oh please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

"Tom shook her off and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, 'Now, Maggie, you just listen. Are n't I a good brother to you?'"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

"Did n't I think about your fish-line all this quarter and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and would n't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I would n't?"

"Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite all for nothing."

"But I did n't mean," said Maggie; "I could n't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you sha'n't go fishing with me to-morrow."

"With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry."

"Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be, and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything if Tom did n't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Had n't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom—had never *meant* to be naughty to him."

"Oh, he is cruel!" sobbed Maggie aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her Fetish; she was too miserable to be angry."

"Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself—hide herself behind the tub and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they did n't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now, would he forgive her? Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But, then, she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down, if Tom did n't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick foot-step on the stairs."

It was Tom's step, but he was not coming, as she ardently hoped, of his own free will, to make friends with her, and say he had forgiven her. The truth was he had been so busy talking to Luke, and visiting all the old familiar haunts, that he had not thought of Maggie until tea-time came, and he was questioned by his father and mother about his little sister, and sent off, when he had

just begun on the plum-cake, to search for her. Maggie "knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, 'Maggie, you're to come down.' But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, 'Oh, Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things—do love me—please, dear Tom?' "

"Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling, so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say,

"'Don't cry, then, Magsie—here, eat a bit o' cake.'

"Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company; and they ate together, and rubbed each other's cheeks, and brows, and noses, together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"'Come along, Magsie, and have tea,' said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

"So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms could n't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it did n't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful—much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge 'stuff,' and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly: they could n't throw a stone so as to hit anything, could n't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

"They were on their way to the Round Pool,—that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago. No one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good-humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amiable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, 'Look! look, Maggie!' and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

"Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bounding on the grass.

"Tom was excited.

"'Oh, Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket.'

"Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows, and the reeds, and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

"It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger, and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming,—the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses,—their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple, plummy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterward—above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man—these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disad-

vantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing 'the river over which there is no bridge,' always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash."

Mrs. Tulliver was a woman who thought a great deal of her family, and it was always her habit, before entering into any serious undertaking, to ask her sisters and their husbands to her house, for a family council; so they were now bidden to come and confer about sending Tom to Mr. Stelling, before the final arrangements should be made.

Tom, for his part, "was as far from appreciating his 'kin' on the mother's side as Maggie herself; generally absconding for the day with a large supply of the most portable food when he received timely warning that his aunts and uncles were coming. . . . It was rather hard on Maggie that Tom always absconded without letting her into the secret."

On the day before the arrival of the expected guests, "there were such various and suggestive scents, as of plum-cakes in the oven, and jellies in the hot state, mingled with the aroma of gravy, that it was impossible to feel altogether gloomy; there was hope in the air. Tom and Maggie made several inroads into the kitchen, and . . . were induced to keep aloof for a time only by being allowed to carry away" a sample of the good things.

"Tom," said Maggie, as they sat on the boughs of the elder-tree, eating their jam puffs, "shall you run away to-morrow?"

"No," said Tom, slowly, when he had finished his puff and was eying the third, which was to be divided between them, "no, I sha'n't."

"Why, Tom? Because Lucy's coming?"

"No," said Tom, opening his pocket-knife, and holding it over the puff, with his head on one side in a dubitative manner, . . . 'what do I care about Lucy? She's only a girl; *she* can't play at bandy.'

"Is it the tipsy-cake, then?" said Maggie, exerting her hypothetic powers, while she leaned forward toward Tom with her eyes fixed on the hovering knife.

"No, you silly; that'll be good the day after. It's the pudden. I know what the pudden's to be—apricot roll-up—oh, my buttons!"

"With this interjection, the knife descended on the puff, and it was in two, but the result was not satisfactory to Tom, for he still eyed the halves doubtfully. At last he said,

"Shut your eyes, Maggie."

"What for?"

"You never mind what for—shut 'em when I tell you."

"Maggie obeyed."

"Now, which'll you have, Maggie, right hand or left?"

"I'll have that with the jam run out," said Maggie, keeping her eyes shut to please Tom.

"Why, you don't like that, you silly. You may have it if it comes to you fair, but I sha'n't give it to you without. Right or left—you choose now. Ha-a-a!" said Tom, in a tone of exasperation, as Maggie peeped. "You keep your eyes shut now, else you sha'n't have any."

"Maggie's power of sacrifice did not extend so far; indeed I fear that she cared less that Tom should enjoy the utmost possible amount of puff, than that he should be pleased with her for giving him the best bit. So she shut her eyes quite close till Tom told her to 'say which,' and then she said, 'Left hand.'"

"You've got it," said Tom, in rather a bitter tone.

"What! the bit with the jam run out?"

"No; here, take it," said Tom, firmly, handing decidedly the best piece to Maggie.

"Oh, Tom, please have it; I don't mind—I like the other; please take this."

"No, I sha'n't," said Tom, almost crossly, beginning on his own inferior piece.

"Maggie, thinking it was no use to contend further, began too, and ate up her half puff with considerable relish as well as rapidity. But Tom had finished first and had to look on, while Maggie ate her last morsel or two, feeling in himself a capacity for more. Maggie did n't know Tom was looking at her; she was seesawing on the elder bough, lost to almost everything but a vague sense of jam and idleness.

"Oh, you greedy thing!" said Tom, when she had swallowed the last morsel. He was conscious of having acted very fairly, and thought she ought to have considered this, and made up to him for it. He would have refused a bit of hers beforehand, but one is naturally at a different point of view before and after one's own share of puff is swallowed.

"Maggie turned quite pale. 'Oh, Tom, why did n't you ask me?'"

"I was n't going to ask you for a bit, you greedy. You might have thought of it without, when you knew I gave you the best bit."

"But I wanted you to have it—you know I did," said Maggie, in an injured tone.

"Yes, but I was n't going to do what was n't fair, like Spouncer. He always takes the best bit, if you don't punch him for it; and if you choose the best, with your eyes shut, he changes his hands. But if I go halves, I'll go 'em fair—only I would n't be a greedy."

"With this . . . Tom jumped down from his

bough, and threw a stone with a 'hoigh!' as a friendly attention to Yap, who had also been looking on while the eatables vanished, with an agitation of his ears and feelings which could hardly have been without bitterness. Yet the excellent dog accepted Tom's attention with as much alacrity as if he had been treated quite generously.

"But Maggie . . . sat still on her bough, and gave herself up to the keen sense of unmerited reproach. She would have given the world not to have eaten all her puff, and to have saved some of it for Tom. Not but that the puff was very nice, . . . but she would have gone without it

many times over sooner than Tom should call her greedy and be cross with her. And he had said he would n't have it—and she ate it without thinking—how could she help it? The tears flowed so plentifully that Maggie saw nothing around her for the next ten minutes; but by that time resentment began to give way to the desire of reconciliation, and she jumped from her bough to look for Tom. . . . She ran to the high bank against the great holly-tree, where she could see far away toward the Floss. There was Tom; but her heart sank again as she saw how far off he was on his way to the great river."

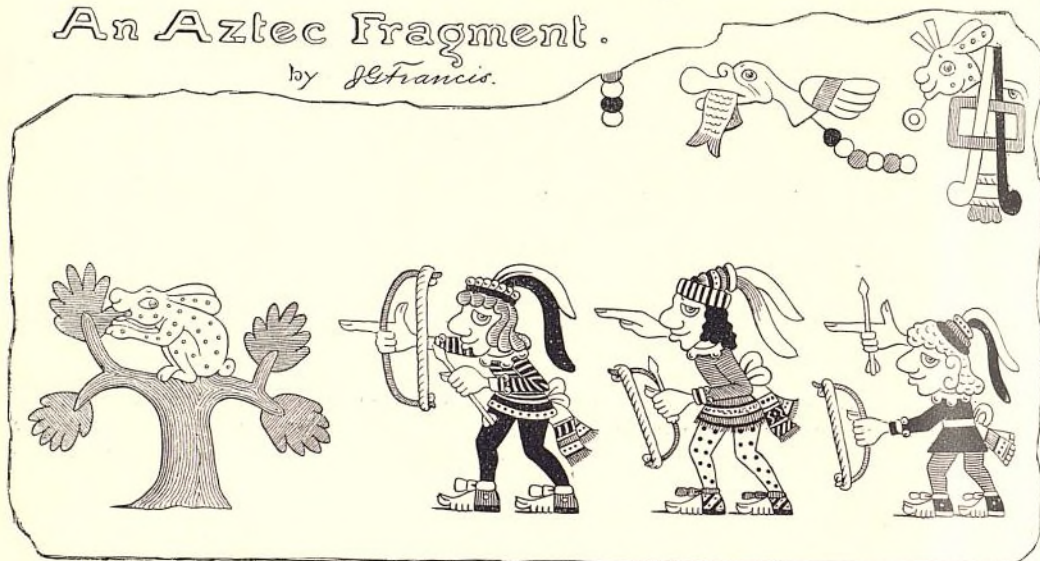
(To be concluded.)



The Rabbit Hunters.

An Aztec Fragment.

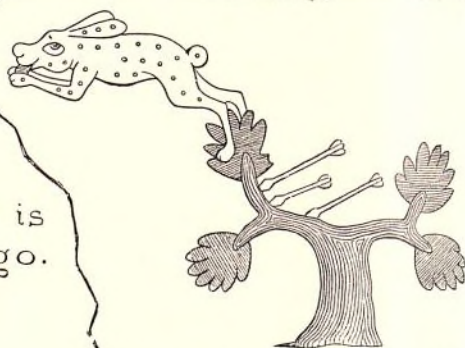
by J. Francis.



Each Hunter, with his strongly corded bow,
Seems to say, "I'll hit that Rabbit, don't you know."
And it's possible
they will,
If the creature's
only still, -



But a Rabbit is
so liable to go.



YOUNG TIMOTHY-GRASS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

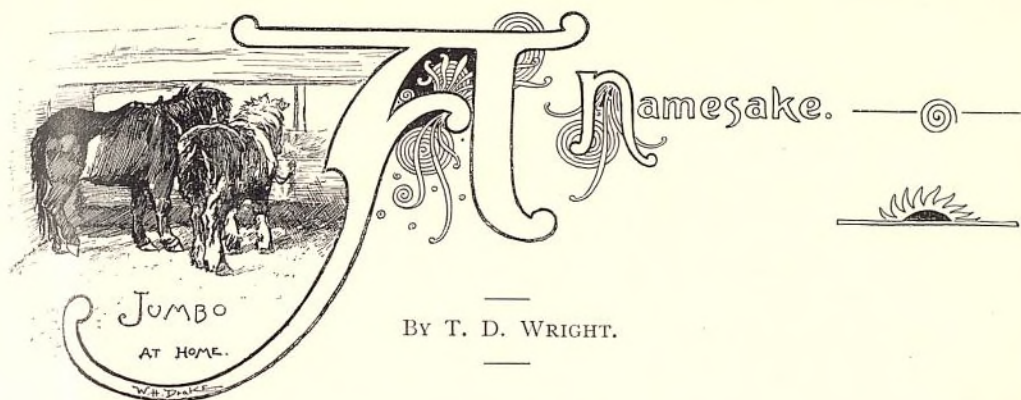
BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

YOUNG Timothy crept to the old meadow bars,
And, between the brown rails peeping through,
Saw,—what do you think,—on the opposite
side?

Two eyes of the prettiest blue.

Two eyes of the prettiest, bluest of blue,
Forget-me-nots hid in the grass;
But he could n't climb over, and could n't crawl
through,

And he's peeping, still peeping, alas!



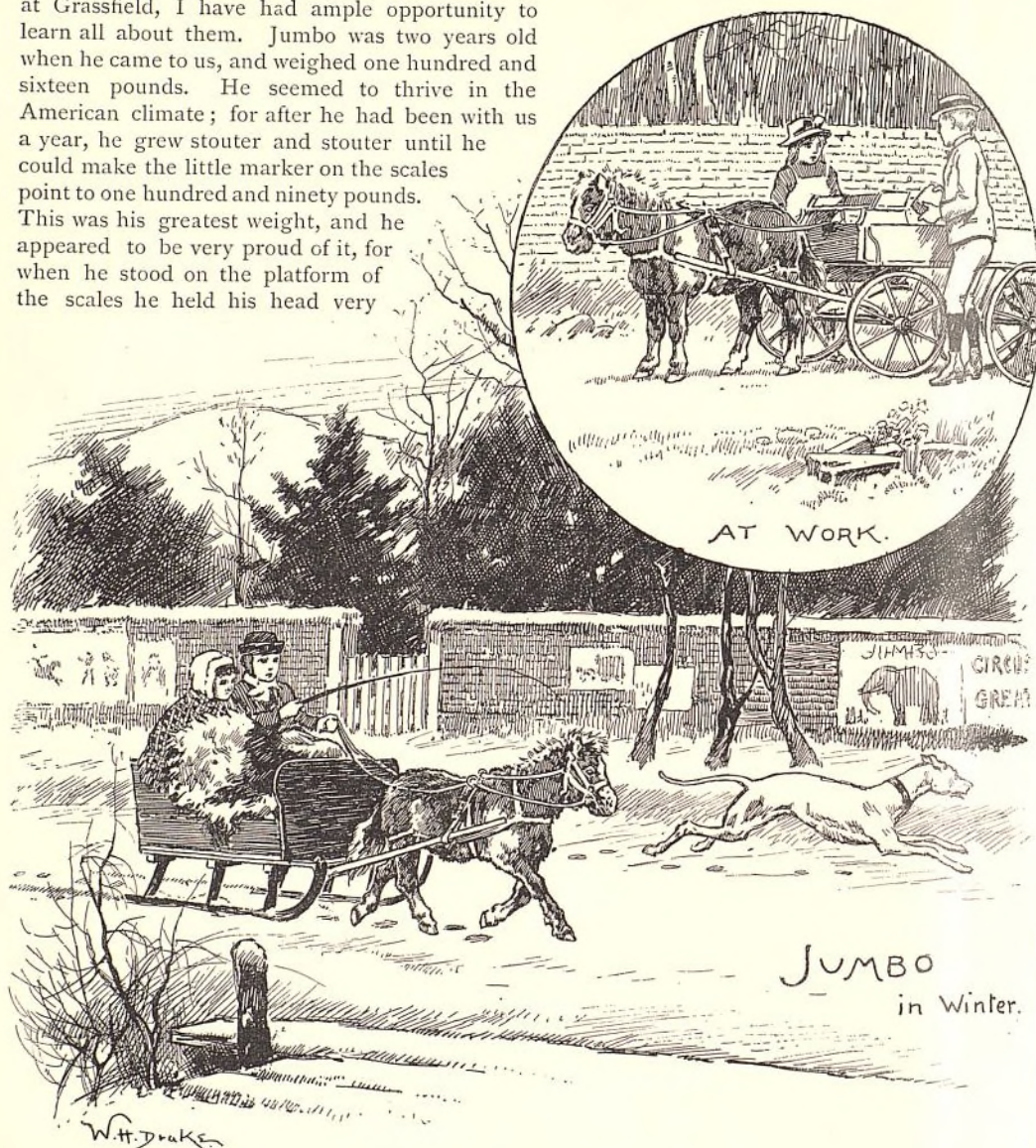
WHILE the ship which carried Barnum's great elephant from London to New York was plunging along through the ocean, another ship, carrying another Jumbo, was sailing from Lerwick in the Shetland Islands to the port of Granton. It was a long and tedious journey from his island home between the Atlantic and the North Sea, touching at three different ports and changing ships at each, then across the wide ocean to New York. He did n't seem to mind it though, and I dare say he

felt fresher and in better spirits than his namesake, who made the voyage in three weeks less time, and was the heavier of the two by thousands and thousands of pounds. All of you have seen Shetland ponies at the circus, and perhaps many of you have your own ponies which you ride every day in the park; but I doubt whether any of you ever saw so small a pony as Jumbo. I know *I* never did; and as there have been always from thirteen to twenty full-grown Shetland ponies in the pasture



"JUMBO WAS AS GENTLE AS A KITTEN, AND OF COURSE BECAME THE PET OF THE GIRLS AND BOYS."

at Grassfield, I have had ample opportunity to learn all about them. Jumbo was two years old when he came to us, and weighed one hundred and sixteen pounds. He seemed to thrive in the American climate; for after he had been with us a year, he grew stouter and stouter until he could make the little marker on the scales point to one hundred and ninety pounds. This was his greatest weight, and he appeared to be very proud of it, for when he stood on the platform of the scales he held his head very



JUMBO
in Winter.

erect and neighed, as if to say, "There! I am a very big pony, after all!"

When Jumbo was first turned into the pasture, and introduced to the other ponies, he galloped first to one, then to another, and so on through the whole herd, as if to become acquainted with his new friends. Many of the ponies were afraid of him at first, and one or two of the older ones bit at him and kicked him; but he did not seem in the least discouraged by this rude reception, and soon made himself perfectly at home. It was not long before he was on good terms with every one of the ponies except old Gypsy. She was a very bad-

tempered animal, and whenever anything displeased her she would raise her hind feet into the air, like the kicking mule which the clown rides at the circus. Of course Gypsy was very unpopular with the other ponies, just as cross people always are with their associates. I ought to say, as excuse for her, that she was very old, and her grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren played around her in the pasture. That may be the reason she was not dealt with more harshly; for, perhaps, ponies—like some little children—are taught to respect old age.

Jumbo was as gentle as a kitten, and of course

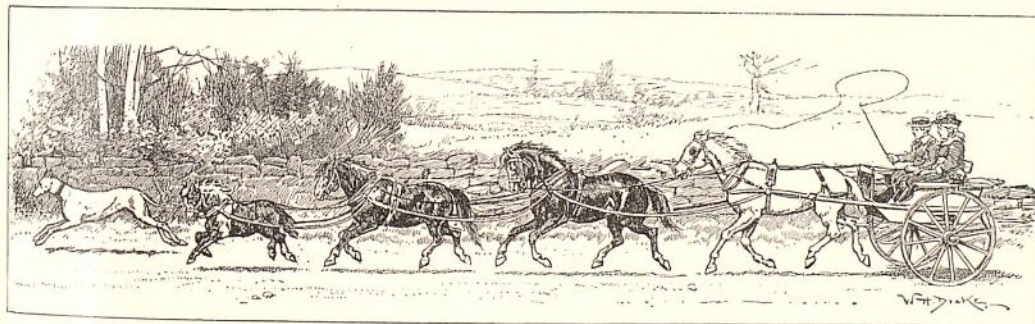
became the pet of the girls and boys. In fact, they grew so fond of him that the poor little fellow never had a moment's rest from morning till night, during the summer vacation. Whenever there was an errand to be done at the village, it was Jumbo who had to be saddled, and bridled, and ridden up and down that long and tiresome hill. It was Jumbo, too, who must be harnessed to the little cart whenever stones were to be cleared away from the carriage road, or whenever a pail of water must be carried to the men in the hay-field. Then, too, Jumbo was taught to churn the butter on the endless chain; and he did this work so much better than "Shep," that the dog had to resign the office to him, which lazy Shep was only too glad to do. When there were visitors at the house, Jumbo was often led on to the front piazza and then through the front door into the main hall. He seemed to appreciate the honor, and his conduct in the house was quite exemplary. He would quietly eat an apple or a lump of salt from somebody's hand, and he was very careful to spill nothing on the floor. This may have been because he was anxious not to lose a bit of his luncheon, but I prefer to think it was a proof of his good manners.

A favorite amusement of the children was to drive tandem; or to drive even four ponies in single

file. In these cases Jumbo was always placed at the head of the procession, where he seemed fully to realize his importance as leader. He would trot along at a brisk pace, his head held in the air, raising his feet high from the ground at every step, that he might not stumble. He looked his best, however, when he stood on his hind legs, and balanced there as long as he could. He was also trained to lie down at the word of command. One of his tricks was to stand still while we lifted Shep to his back, and then to gallop furiously around the carriage road, until the dog would jump to the ground in fright.

Jumbo was not a black pony, like most of those you have seen. There was a broad stripe of white along his back, extending under him, all the way around. Then, too, there was some white on his forehead, and on his tail.

After telling you all about him, it seems too bad to have to end by saying that Jumbo is dead. The odd part of it is, that he died the same spring, and just the week after the elephant Jumbo. I wish that I could have seen them standing side by side. What a contrast there would have been! There is a little colt of his in the pasture now, which is marked exactly like him. We have named this colt Huckleberry Finn.



"JUMBO WAS ALWAYS PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION."

TWO LITTLE ROSES.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

ONE merry summer day
Two roses were at play;
All at once they took a notion
They would like to run away!

Queer little roses;
Funny little roses,
To want to run away!

They stole along my fence;
They clambered up my wall;
They climbed into my window
To make a morning call!

Queer little roses;
Funny little roses,
To make a morning call!

Still
mein
Kindchen,
deine
Mutter
ist
nahe.



DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was no reveille in that dormitory on the morning after the fire; and although nearly all the boys awoke from force of habit at the hour when it should have sounded, they were ordered by the Doctor, after he had satisfied himself that though tired they were in good condition, to turn over and go to sleep again. This order they were not slow in obeying. Lessons were shortened that day, at roll-call, and drill as well; which led Fred

Warrington to remark that he wished a fire would occur every fortnight; though the novelty of the new manual was still fresh, and the boys enjoyed their quarter-staff play as much as ever. For steady exercise, however, both the principal and the Doctor were of opinion that it was too violent; while as a relaxation it was of use in enlivening the monotony of drill, and awakening new faculties in minds wearied by hard study.

"It is not my whole plan to make much of it," observed the principal, in answer to some protest

from Doctor McCarthy. "There is more and better to come, as soon as my preparations are completed. The quarter-staves serve meanwhile to fill up a gap; and, when the time comes, will be relegated to their proper place in the system which I am evolving, and from which, contrary though it be to all school canons, I confidently expect great results."

"But why not have retained the muskets until you were ready?" asked the Doctor, curiously. "It would have saved some expense."

"You misunderstand me; I do not intend to retire the staves altogether. The guards, for instance, will still carry them when on duty, and once or twice a week there will be a general fencing bout. For the rest of the drill—well, that is still a secret," and the principal, laughing, turned away to the room where the senior class was awaiting him, leaving the Doctor, and some few of the boys who had been listening eagerly, in a state of unsatisfactory tantalization that can be imagined better than described. But the news which they could garner from the chaff was important, to wit: that there was yet more to come, and that they had not "seen the bottom of the basket." Wylie was sent for by the General, and had a long conversation with him on some subject unknown to the rest, but of which he was manifestly aching to tell.

"Tell you what, Ed, I'd surrender my commission for the privilege of telling you all about it, if I could with honesty. It's just the biggest thing that ever was heard of since the palmy days of Athens in the age of Pericles, and will make a stir that will be known of all over *this* continent, and perhaps some others as well," and Harry hugged himself in a vain endeavor to repress the feelings struggling for expression.

"What's the good of telling me that much and stopping there?" said Ed sulkily, and savagely biting a lead-pencil until he broke it; whereat Harry laughed provokingly, and went to have another talk with the General.

When he came away from headquarters, instead of returning at once to his room he walked down to the shore of the lake and looked off over the level expanse in a meditative way. The day was cold; it was one of those stinging days that come suddenly without any warning in the midst of mild weather; when the mercury drops far below the freezing point and the air itself seems to sparkle with frost.

One or two boats which had not yet been put into winter quarters lay frozen in, while the whole lake was apparently ice-bound. It would be "skate-able" before night if the weather held. It was already strong enough to bear, along the shore; and Harry cautiously crept out a little way to as-

certain that important fact. When he returned he asked and obtained permission to go to the village, drawing a small sum from the money which the principal held in trust for him. Harry then made several purchases: two cane fishing-rods, a leather strap or two, some stout cord, a number of yards of cloth, and an iron tube about three inches long, which he discovered in a heap of old iron in a hardware shop. Then, when he returned, he had an interview with the tailor, and as he whittled and sewed away in his own room, so much whistling came from the little study that the guard threatened to report him if he did not stop. In the early dusk, Harry slipped out unobserved from the building with his skates in his overcoat-pocket and a prodigiously long bundle under his arm, while in his hand he carried a little lantern. Shortly afterward a light might have been seen careering along the shore of the lake, waving wildly as though swung from the top of a pole. Then a gust of wind blew it out. Soon after Harry returned, but his bundle he had left behind.

It was Thanksgiving morning. Down the lake the wind came whistling clear and cold, wafting the odors of many a roasting turkey from the kitchen chimneys along the shore. The ice was many inches thick, and scores of skaters, in dark-blue uniforms, were cutting figures of all sorts upon the glassy surface. The whole Institute was out in force, and even the principal was gliding by with long and stately strokes, answering the many respectful salutations with a pleasant smile and bow, and quietly indulging in a laugh at the gyrations of the little Doctor, who was performing strange "podographic" feats.

Dane was there, vainly looking around for Harry, who had vanished some time before most mysteriously.

Far down the lake a white sail shot out from behind a headland and went skimming along diagonally across the wide expanse, swifter than the wind itself which drove it. They could see the sail bend before the blast as the flaws came, and then straighten up as springily as a sapling when the gusts had spent their force.

"An ice-boat!—an ice-boat!" and all eyes were directed toward it.

"Funny kind of ice-boat, I should say," said Rankin, who was experienced in such matters. "See how stiff she stands up to it. If it had been an ice-boat of any kind that I know of, she would be lying down from the wind; but see there!—the thing is actually leaning against the wind."

It was, indeed, acting in a manner quite foreign to well-bred winter-yachts; and although looking with all their eyes they could see no semblance of

a hull; yet it certainly was not far enough away to be "hull-down," although the smallness of the sail had given the impression that it was at a greater distance than it was in fact.

Suddenly it tacked sharply, to avoid running ashore, and the skipper laid his course back across the lake almost directly toward the gazing skaters. They could see one figure standing by the mast, grasping it with one hand; but if there was any helmsman he was hidden by the sail. The flag at the end of the long lateen yard streamed out gayly, a thin, scarlet streamer; and now and again a white streak flashed for an instant as the steel shaved up a feathery flake of ice when the swift craft yawed under the unsteady breeze, and the spectators fancied that they could hear the ringing hiss of the polished blades beneath.

The ice gave a great crack as the craft glided on, and the sound went booming up and down the lake for miles and miles, echoing from shore to shore like a martial salute from the rocky fortresses of winter to the flag-ship of some foreign squadron.

Dane brought his hand down upon his thigh with a slap.

"As I live, it is Harry Wylie!"

The next moment, with a rush, the craft flashed by them and the flakes flew like foam, as it rounded to and shot up into the wind's eye for a moment, and then, gathering sternway, came rapidly down toward them.

"Of course! I ought to have known," said Rankin, who was a New Yorker, a little mortified that he had not solved the mystery. "But who would have expected to see a skate-sail up here, and of such a strange pattern as that?"

"What 's a skate-sail?" asked Dane, as he and Rankin joined the crowd around Harry, foremost among whom were the professors.

"Why, you see, it's an ice-boat, of which a fellow's own skates are the runners! Just a sail, held up before the wind; only this is an odd kind that I never saw before."

The crowd looked on admiringly while Harry explained his device. He had strapped to his foot the iron tube which he bought, and in this was stepped a short mast, of cane, about six feet high; at right angles to this and just above his ankle a long boom swung horizontally, while from the forward end of the boom another ran backward at an acute angle, crossing the mast at about the height of his shoulder, and extending back until the area of sail at that side of the mast was about equal to the area on the other side. This made a large triangle, with one side parallel to the ice; and a short rod was loosely attached at one end to the forward angle, the other end being held in the hand.

"You see, I can hook my arm around the mast,"

said Harry, explaining it, "and lean back against the wind, keeping the nose of the sail steady with the rod; and if it blows too hard, I slide down at arms-length and lean hard, keeping my other foot well under me, so that if the wind drops suddenly I shall keep right side up. I might have rigged a reef that could be adjusted while under sail, if I had cared to have it."

"How?" asked one of the boys, who was deeply interested.

"By using, above this yard, another lateen, sliding up and down the mast; to reef, all that one would have to do would be to drop the other yard down, letting the baggy sail fall outside of the second lateen. It would be heavy, though, and rather awkward to manage."

"It strikes me that it is not easy to go before the wind, as you have rigged your sail, Wylie"; the objection came in the clear voice of the principal across the crowded heads.

"It is n't easy, sir," said Harry, frankly. "It would be if I had fastened the socket further forward on my foot instead of at the instep, but I could not make it secure there using only what I had to work with, and it matters the less since it is swiftest *on* the wind."

But to the boys it seemed perfection, and half a dozen of the more knowing drew out from the rest and instituted a headlong chase along shore toward the village, each straining every nerve to be the first at the fishing-tackle dealer's, lest he should find that the most available canes had been sold before his arrival. Holiday though it was, before night a dozen sails were skimming across the ice in every direction, and an impromptu race was arranged at a moment's notice. It was a fine sight to see the white sails bending, one after another, before the blast, then rising, like reeds, when the gust lessened in force, and shooting past each other as now one, now another, obtained an advantage. Lieutenant Rankin was the winner by a long distance, as he was an experienced yachtsman, and found it easy to adapt his nautical knowledge to the changed circumstances. Harry Wylie was next, with Mitchell a close third,—so close that at one time he nearly succeeded in being second.

CHAPTER X.

It required some little patience among the boys at the Institute to enable them to exist contentedly for the next week. Skate-sailing was the prevailing craze, and yet time was wanting to enable them to gratify it. But there were compensations—symptoms that the long, mysterious planning and preparation were about to come to an end. The

workmen had finished their work at the drill-hall and had departed. Two great sails hung in heavy folds, one at each end of the hall; a second canvas having been hung after the General had sent for and apparently consulted with Lieutenant Wylie (whose seemed to be "wanted" rather often in these days). A long timber, with two-inch auger-holes bored at intervals through it, was laid across the hall, some six feet from the curtain, holes uppermost; and a similar beam also encumbered the floor at the other end of the hall. They caused much speculation, but in no wise assisted in solving the problem; nor did the next public proceeding add to the enlightenment of the students. Harry had superintended the manufacture of a series of pulleys attached to the wall; through these he rove cords with handles at one end, and a series of detachable weights at the other,—such contrivances as are common in all gymnasiums now, but they were new to the Institute boys. Then for days, during drill-hours, student after student was summoned to one of these pulleys and made to pull the handle out from the wall with one hand, drawing it across the chest; and weights were added by degrees until the maximum of effort had been attained,—all of which was duly entered, in pounds avoirdupois, upon the pages of a ledger-like volume which the Doctor never allowed out of his sight for a moment. In other columns were entered the height of the student, length of arms, and girth of arms and chest, as well as a number of other personal statistics of similar import, until every student in the Institute had been thus carefully examined and put on record; after which Harry and the Doctor seemed to have a vast amount of figuring to carry through, which apparently was not connected with any of the

branches of mathematics upon the class list, since it was never referred to in recitation. Dane declared, laughingly, that it was all a humbug, and that in his opinion the work had been



HARRY TRIES A LITTLE SOLITARY PRACTICE WITH HIS SKATE-SAIL.

copied bodily from the pages of Colburn's Arithmetic.

Whatever it was, however, it came to an end at last, to Harry's great relief; and the results were carefully tabulated and sent in to the principal.

Then the inevitable four-horse team from the factory crossed the lake upon the ice, laden as before with broom-handles, which were duly unloaded, carried within, and set up in the auger-holes in the timbers previously mentioned, until the poles extended entirely across each end of the hall at intervals of about six feet. They looked

like a miniature telegraph line ready for the wire, or like a Brobdingnagian comb.

"I vow!" declared Dane, when he saw this, "I was right after all. 'O my prophetic soul!' we are to have the cockshys, sure!"

"But what have the stakes to do with them?" asked a skeptical student, who declined to accept the hypothesis so confidently advanced.

"Why, to put the teacups on, to be sure; won't we just raise the price of crockery, though!"

"But I don't see what all that measuring has to do with it," continued the doubter, laughing, "and the Doctor is n't the man to cipher for two weeks just for the fun of it!"

"Oh, the measuring!" said Dane, a little less confidently. "I had forgotten about that. Perhaps—the General wanted to know who could hit the hardest, and smash the most china."

But his theory, ingenious though it was, failed to win adherents. Harry declined even to hear his friend's argument—to the effect that he knew more about the game than the lieutenant and therefore was a proper person to be called to the General's assistance—and was thereby nearly provoked into betraying the whole matter. The boys present pricked up their ears and were all attention, when he suddenly bethought himself, cried, "You are a set of humbugs, all of you!" and darted away to his room at full speed, tingling in every nerve as he thought of his narrow escape. He resolved to give Master Dane a highly moral lecture on the duties of friendship when next they met.

At high noon on the same day, however, a dray quietly entered the grounds directly from the railroad station, heavily laden with long parcels most carefully protected by many wrappers and handled by the man in charge as gingerly as though they had been dynamite cartridges. The boys were at dinner, and only the principal was at the drill-hall. The packages were carried within and stored in a dark room, Mr. Richards assisting. The dray departed, and no one was the wiser.

It was quarter-staff day, and the boys were apt to be on hand even before the hour for drill, to snatch a moment for polishing and oiling their staves; they were particularly proud of them, and vied with each other in bringing out the rich color in the greatest perfection. These now presented an appearance very different from that of the tallow-hued sticks with which the students had first been armed, and, in spite of their inherent toughness, the staves bore many a dent.

Company D, having just finished their fencing bout, stood at rest with folded arms, in their proper places on one side of a hollow square, with staves leaning against their shoulders, and still wearing helmets, when the General appeared upon

the platform which ran along the room behind them.

"Attention—Battalion!"

Every boy in the battalion straightened up instantly, and brought his staff to the shoulder, and officers who had been conversing with their friends hastily returned to their proper positions.

"Company D, about—face!"

Around spun the helmets like animated tops, and the General then looked down upon a line of wire-gauze faces, instead of ochre-hued heads.

"Company C, right wheel—march!"

With the student at the extreme end of the line and nearest to the platform, as a pivot, the line swept around without a waver, just clearing the boys of Company B, who had faced them upon the opposite side of the square, and who had been marched backward a few paces to make room.

"Company B, forward—march!" and it returned to its former position.

"Left wheel—march!" and as the other company had done, they, too, swung around and fell into line behind it.

"Company A, forward—march!" and that company moved forward toward the General and halted behind Company B. Thus the companies stood, with the shorter boys at the front and the tall forms of Company A bringing up the rear.

The General stepped aside, and Mr. Richards came forward slowly, with his hands behind him.

"Parade—rest!" The battalion stood at ease.

"Boys, the time has come when I can explain my plan for your physical improvement, and I wish to thank you for the patience with which you have borne the many and unexpected delays. It has proved more expensive than I had at first supposed, but if I can send you out from the Institute with strong, well-trained bodies and equally well-trained minds, I shall regret no outlay.

"As you are aware, the Greeks of old placed a well-developed set of muscles upon a somewhat higher plane than an equally well-equipped brain; for the highest prize in the land was the crown of wild olive bestowed upon the winner of the Olympic games. It was before the age of gunpowder,—before the personal prowess of the warrior had given way to the tactic and skill of the general. But the winners of the games are forgotten. Their very names are scarcely known to us; while the men who relied upon intellect for their fame have sent their names ringing down the ages, and made their time the golden age of Greece.

"Yet the Olympian festivals were, in another way, of incalculable benefit to all the nation; for they stimulated to the highest degree that regard for physical exercise which brings the body nearest to perfection, and gave strong frames to men

who knew their value; who knew that the man who would wield that mighty engine, the human intellect, and make it do all that it is capable of doing, must possess a frame commensurate to the strain. Otherwise, he some day might overtax its endurance and thus wreck it utterly. As you are aware, it has been my ambition to send you from me out into the world prepared, not merely to pass examinations, but to work. I have endeavored to give you the best preparation for accomplishing that work, which is known to modern progress. What I now have prepared for you is an innovation in educational methods; and it rests with you whether it shall be a success or a failure. If it succeeds, as I confidently believe it will, you will find its good effects following you throughout life.

"I will now let Lieutenant Wylie explain the plan; he is thoroughly conversant with it in all of its details, and, moreover, is one of yourselves."

The principal ceased. During his brief speech the students had been very quiet,—so silent that not a muscle moved among them all, lest they might fail to catch some important word. But when he ceased, and Harry Wylie, at a sign from the General, mounted the platform and came forward rather diffidently, a stir began, irrepressible, increasing, until at last the ends of the staves dropped to the floor with a sharp rattle, and a volley of hand-clapping burst from the ranks like the sound of many waters.

It was hard for Harry. He was never much of an orator, and nothing but his earnestness of purpose saved him from utter failure. As it was, although the color rose in his face, he resolutely put everything out of mind save the one thing for which he was there.

"Boys, how many of you have ever belonged to archery clubs?" was his first, seemingly irrelevant, question. Fifteen or twenty of Company A raised their staves to right shoulder shift, in indication of assent, according to the custom at the Institute, and here and there among the rest there were others. Harry's face lighted up with surprised satisfaction at the number. Stepping quickly back to the door of the store-room he vanished for a second, and as quickly returned, bringing in his hand a long bow, made of sassafras wood. "The problem has been, boys, to unite the advantages of a gymnasium with the habit of obedience and the discipline of our present military drill. This"—holding up the bow—"is the means of obtaining that result. Every time that you draw this to the head of a twenty-eight-inch arrow you expand the chest, bring into play the muscles of both arms and shoulders, straighten the back, strengthen the legs, and accustom the eye

to look at things at a distance, thus counteracting at once nearly all the unhealthful tendencies of student life. It will make us strong and straight, and will prevent our becoming near-sighted. You have wondered what all this measuring has been for,—and some of you have nearly badgered the life out of me to find out!"

A low laugh rippled through the ranks at this boyish remark.

"Every bow is a certain number of pounds in weight. That is, it requires so many pounds to draw it twenty-eight inches, and the measuring was to ascertain what weight each student needed to develop his muscles without injuring them; for too strong a bow would strain, rather than strengthen."

Harry then went through with the movements of a manual of arms which the General had devised; while that officer gave the words of command, and the boys looked on with most eager attention. Then those who had been archers were ordered upon the platform, and put through the same manual; which, as they understood the reason for every motion, was an easy task. Each had been supplied with a bow from the store-room, according to a number opposite his name, which the Doctor read from the ledger; and each was required to write his initials upon a little tag that hung with the tassel at the end of the bow-string. When these had been fairly perfected in everything save the actual use of the arrow (which was not as yet to be intrusted to them) the battalion was broken up into squads which were placed under temporary command of the more experienced archers for instruction; while Harry kept a careful watch over all, with the General's assistance, and corrected whatever mistakes came under his notice. When the gong rang for the suspension of drill, there was a universal petition that for this once they might continue a little longer. The General declined to assent, and made them hang up their bows, incased in flannel bags, from hooks within the store-room. Habits of discipline were not to be trifled with. But when they had departed he said to the principal, who was looking on with much satisfaction:

"This settles it, Mr. Richards. I believe in the new drill, heart and soul, and will make those boys the sturdiest specimens of young humanity that ever went out from this school. The days of the musket are over. I only hope that the world will not look on the innovation with its usual suspicion until we have time to show results!"

"It's only a new application of an old remedy, General," and Mr. Richards laughed quietly to himself. "When I was a boy, sassafras shoots were considered good for me!"

(To be concluded.)

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ON Tuesday, March 6th, a loss, which will be very widely deplored, befell the world of readers in the death of Miss Louisa May Alcott, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. Her father, crowned with years and with honor, had died three



L. M. Alcott

days before, at the age of eighty-eight; and it seemed reasonable to hope for a long life for the daughter who had inherited so many of his gifts, and added to them an affluent and powerful originality. But as if these two—who had been so closely united here for more than half a century—could not long be parted, even by death, the strong, pure soul of the daughter went forth—on the very day on which her father was carried to the grave—to join him somewhere in that other world in which his faith was so absolute and so unwavering.

There is material for a volume in this life which I must sketch for you so briefly that I can give you only its merest outline; yet even an outline may show you how full it was of noble endeavor and noble achievement. Miss Alcott had the supreme good fortune to be descended, on both sides, from high-minded, God-fearing men and women, with keen intellectual instincts. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, was born in Wolcott, Connecticut, just at the end of the last century. His early life was full of experiments. Clock-maker, peddler, divinity student, school-teacher,

—all these, before he became the serene philosopher of whom Emerson wrote to Carlyle as “a majestic soul, with whom conversation is possible.”

In 1830 he married Miss Abby May, a descendant of the Sewells and the Quincys of Boston, who loved him well enough to give up, for his sake, the substantial prosperity of her father's house, and enter with him on a life which was destined to be a very hard struggle indeed, until that glad day when the splendid and phenomenal success of their daughter Louisa turned poverty out-of-doors forever. These improvident, unworldly lovers were married in May; and in the November of the same year they removed to Germantown, Pa.; and it was in Germantown, on November 29, 1832, that Louisa May Alcott was born. Concerning this date she once wrote me: “The same day was my father's own birthday, that of Christopher Columbus, Sir Philip Sidney, Wendell Phillips, and other worthies.”

In 1834 the Alcotts removed from Germantown to Boston, where Mr. Alcott opened a very remarkable school. Miss Elizabeth Peabody afterward described it in her book, entitled “Record of Mr. Alcott's School.” One of Mr. Alcott's methods was to cause those who had failed in their duties to punish him, instead of to be punished by him; and one of his theories—the one which led to the final disruption of his school—was that a colored boy is as well worth teaching, and as much entitled to instruction, as a white boy.

In 1839 Mr. Alcott finally abandoned school-teaching; and in 1840 the family removed to Concord, Mass., where, with the exception of two brief experimental sojourns elsewhere, they continued to reside until within the last two or three years, much of which has been passed in Boston.

I like to think of busy little Louisa,—eight years old when she was taken to Concord. She was full of glad, physical life. She used to run in the fields, tossing her head like a colt, for the pure pleasure of it. She tasted thoroughly the joy of mere bodily existence; but she was full, also, of the keenest intellectual activity and interest. She made, at eight, her first literary essay, in the form of an “Address to a Robin,” which her proud

mother long preserved with tender care; and from that she went on rhyming about dead butterflies, lost kittens, the baby's eyes, and other kindred themes, until, suddenly, the story-teller's passion set in, and the world began to be peopled for her with ideal shapes, and soon she began to write out these tales in little paper-covered volumes, which gradually formed quite a manuscript library in "the children's room."

When Miss Alcott was sixteen, she wrote—for Ellen Emerson's pleasure—her first real book. It was entitled "Flower Fables," and was afterward published, though not until 1854, when the author was twenty-two. It was too florid, and too full of adjectives, and it made no real impression. At sixteen, besides writing this book, Miss Alcott began to teach school,—an employment she never liked, though she pursued it, in one form or another, for some fifteen years. Her first full-grown romantic story was published when she was nineteen, in "Gleason's Pictorial," and brought her the sum of five dollars,—the sufficiently small and humble nest-egg of the fortune which had amounted, before her death, to more than a hundred thousand. The next year she wrote a story, for which she received ten dollars; and this she herself dramatized, and it was accepted by the manager of the Boston theater, though, owing to some disagreement among the actors, it was not put upon the stage.

One November day—November seems to have been an important month in her life—she went away by herself to Boston, and had there the experiences which she afterward wove into her book entitled "Work." The real story was quite as pathetic as the romance. She had a trunk—"a little trunk," she told me, filled with the plainest clothes of her own making—and twenty dollars that she had earned by writing. These were her all,—no, not her all, for she had firm principles, perfect health, and the dear Concord home to retreat to in case of failure. But she did not fail. By teaching, sewing, writing,—anything that came to hand to be done,—she not only supported herself during the long, toilsome years before any grand, paying success chanced to her, but sent home ever-increasing help to the dear ones left behind. Ah, what a beautiful life it was—lived always, from first to last, for others, and not for herself!

There was one break in those busy, unselfish years which witnessed a devotion more unselfish still. In the December of 1862 she went forth, full of enthusiasm, to nurse in the Soldiers' Hospital; blessing scores of dying beds with her bright presence, and laboring unweariedly until she herself was stricken down with fever. "I was never

ill," she once said to me, "until after that hospital experience, and I have never been well since."

"Hospital Sketches" was first published in 1865, but was republished with considerable additions in 1869. Even before "Hospital Sketches," "Moods" had been issued by Loring; and that also was subsequently reprinted, with much revision. In 1865, Miss Alcott first went to Europe, as the companion of an invalid lady. She was gone nearly a year, made many desirable acquaintances, and greatly enlarged her outlook on life.

In 1868—twenty years ago—Roberts Brothers, of Boston, became Miss Alcott's publishers; and it was at the suggestion of Mr. Niles, of this firm, that she wrote "Little Women,"—a story founded on the home life of herself and her sisters. The first part of this story was published in the October of 1868, and was cordially received; but it was not until the issue of the second part, in the April of 1869, that the world went wild about it, and all in a moment, as it seemed, Miss Alcott became famous. Since then she has known nothing but success; and now, the summons of the King has called her to come up higher.

"Little Women" took such hold upon the world,



LULU NIERIKER.

that when "Little Men" was issued its publication had to be delayed until the publishers could be prepared to fill advance orders for fifty thousand copies. The list of her works, besides "Flower Fables," "Moods," and "Hospital Sketches," includes twenty-two volumes,—twenty-five books in all,—and all, save "Flower Fables," bear the imprint of Roberts Brothers, who publish not only the juveniles, but the revised editions of "Moods" and "Hospital Sketches." I must not omit a

twenty-sixth book, sent forth to the world anonymously, "A Modern Mephistopheles," a novel included in the "No Name" series of her publishers.

Nearly all of her later books — "Eight Cousins," "Under the Lilacs," "Spinning-Wheel Stories," etc. — first appeared in the pages of *ST. NICHOLAS*; and hundreds of letters to the editor, from children all over the English-speaking world, attest their dear love for the author of these charming tales.

In writing to the editor of *ST. NICHOLAS*, just before Christmas, Miss Alcott asked for the bound volumes of last year, and added, "My Lulu adores the dear books, and has worn out the old ones."

The "Lulu" thus alluded to was Louisa May Nieriker, the daughter of Miss Alcott's beloved sister May, who was married in Paris in 1878, and died there in 1879, leaving her newborn baby to the care of her sister Louisa, whose dearest treasure the little one has ever since been. To lose this so tender care, — ah, what an irreparable misfortune it is to the bright young life!

While Miss Alcott was engaged on "Jack and Jill," she wrote to the editor of this magazine:

"Don't let me prose. If I seem to be declining and falling into it, pull me up, and I'll try to prance as of old. Years tone down one's spirit and fancy, though they only deepen one's love for the little people, and strengthen the desire to serve them wisely as well as cheerfully. Fathers and mothers tell me they use my books as helps for themselves; so now and then I have to slip in a page for them, fresh from the experience of some other parent, for education seems to me to be *the* problem in our times.

"'Jack and Jill' are right out of our own little circle, and the boys and girls are in a twitter to know what is going in; so it will be 'a truly story' in the main."

And in another letter to the editor of *ST. NICHOLAS*, Miss Alcott wrote:

"If I do begin a new story, how would 'An Old Fashioned Boy' and his life do?"

You proposed a revolutionary tale once, but I was not up to it. For this I have quaint material in my father's journals, letters, and recollections. He was born with the century, and had an uncle in the war of 1812, and his life was very pretty and pastoral in the early days. I think a new sort of story would n't be amiss, with fun in it, and the queer old names and habits. I began it long ago, and if I have a chance, will finish off a few chapters and send them to you."

How many plans that would have borne fruit for the world's good and pleasure died with this good and true woman when she died! The last years of her life have been fuller of care and anxiety than of literary work.

In 1882, Miss Alcott's father was stricken with paralysis, and of her devotion to him since then it would be impossible to speak too strongly. His life has been a placid and not unhappy one, in these years of failing strength; and he died peacefully on Sunday, March 4th, at the house of his only other daughter, Mrs. Pratt, in Louisburg Square, Boston. Only the Thursday before his

death Miss Alcott went to see him. He could not speak. "What are you thinking of, Father?" said the dear, well-known voice, which still had power to call the light into his eyes, and a faint smile to his speechless lips. He looked up toward heaven, with a little gesture, by which his daughter understood that his thoughts were already gone before him, to the far world where the blest abide. "Great Expecter!" Thoreau once called him; — he has followed Thoreau, now beyond our vision, into the world of fulfilled expectations.

Miss Alcott was not with him at the last. It is, perhaps, a year and a half since she came to see me, one day, and spoke of her sufferings from something she then called "writer's cramp," but which is now supposed to have been the beginning of paralysis. She broke down completely nearly a year ago, and placed herself under the care of Dr. Lawrence, of Roxbury, with whom she has since then resided.

A week before she died she wrote to a friend: "You shall come and see me as soon as the doctor will permit. Don't be anxious about me. I shall come out a gay old butterfly in the spring." And the very Saturday afternoon before she died she wrote to a dear old friend: "I am told that I must spend another year in this 'Saints' Rest,' and then I am promised twenty years of health. I don't want so many, and I have no idea I shall see them. But as I don't live for myself, I will live on for others." Farther on, in the same letter, she referred to her father's impending death, and added: "I shall be glad when the dear old man falls asleep, after his long and innocent life. Sorrow has no place at such a time, when Death comes in the likeness of a friend."

Very soon after these words were written came the attack which was to end all for her. She was never once conscious after it had seized on her. As one who falls asleep, she went out of this life, having lingered, unconscious, upon death's threshold, from Saturday night till the early dawn of Tuesday morning. Had not Death come as a friend, even to her, so loved, and missed, and mourned for, — Death, who led her on, past fear, past pain, past sorrow, past hope and dream, into the eternal light, where her mother waited for her; where was Beth, the loved, lost sister of her childhood; and May, the dearest companion of her maturer years; — where even he, their long survivor, "the dear old man," who had lived in Eternity, while yet he lingered on the shore of Time — had gone before her. Fond sister, loving nephews, and little Lulu, dear darling of her last busy years; — friends, seen and unseen — ah, how they all will miss her; but she — can she miss anything who has found the very rest of God?



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. IV.

KNEADING BREAD.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Moderato

1. Stir - ring it, pour - ing it, dredg - ing it o - ver, Fold - ing with

mf

Ped

fin - gers and press - ing with palms; Light as a feath - er and



II.

Rolling it, rocking it, turning it over,
Pinching with fingers and pushing with palms;
Light as a feather and sweet as the clover,
Puffing and springing 'neath fingers and palms.

III.

Turning it, rocking it, rolling together;
Cutting it, moulding it, fingers and palms;
Sweet as the clover and light as a feather,
Into the pan with it, fingers and palms.



IN THE SWING.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

HERE we go to the branches
high!
Here we come to the
grasses low!
For the spiders and flowers
and birds and I.
Love to swing when the
breezes blow.
Swing, little bird, on the
topmost bough;

Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;
Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;
But none of you have such a swing as mine.

Dear little bird, come sit on my toes;
I'm just as careful as I can be;
And oh, I tell you, nobody knows
What fun we'd have if you'd play with me!
Come and swing with me, birdie dear,
Bright little flower, come swing in my hair;

But you, little spider, creepy and queer,—
You'd better stay and swing over there!

The sweet little bird, he sings and sings,
But he does n't even look in my face;
The bright little blossom swings and swings,
But still it swings in the self-same place.
Let them stay where they like it best;
Let them do what they'd rather do;
My swing is nicer than all the rest,
But maybe it's rather small for two.

Here we go to the branches high!
Here we come to the grasses low!
For the spiders and flowers and birds and I
Love to swing when the breezes blow.
Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough;
Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;
Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;
But none of you have such a swing as mine.

THE IN-TER-RUPT-ED LITTLE BOY.

BY DE W. C. LOCKWOOD.

HAVE you ever seen a tailor sitting on a bench in his shop? Because, if you have n't, just peep through the window of the first tailor's shop you pass, and take a good look at the man inside. He will not mind your looking at him, if you don't stay too long, and I want you to know just how Tim looked one morning as he sat on the floor. Not that Tim was a tailor,—for he was nothing at all but a boy,—yet he sat there just like a tailor, with his little legs curled up under him, and he was trying to draw a horse.

He began with the horse's head, drawing in the nose, ears, eyes (that is, one eye), the mouth, and last the teeth. Tim took great pains with the teeth, and put in as many as he could.



It was some time before the head was done; and Tim was about to go on with the rest of the body when his grandfather, who was mending the garden gate, called out:

"Tim, my little man, run up to the barn and bring me the big hammer."

Tim was sorry to leave his work, but he was a good boy, and also he liked to have his grandfather call him his "little man."

The "little man" did the errand in such a hurry that he was nearly out of breath when he reached the house, but was soon hard at work again.

The horse's fore-feet did not give Tim much trouble because he had made up his mind precisely how he was going to draw them.

Tim once saw a circus-horse dance to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and he remembered exactly how the horse put one leg straight out before him while he curved up the other in a very graceful way. So Tim drew the fore-legs just like those of the dancing horse. At this point the boy heard a great noise among the chickens in the barn-yard, and he knew at once that Rover had broken loose and was chasing the fowls all over the yard. So he threw down his paper and pencil and rushed out.

As soon as the big dog caught sight of the little man, he walked back to his house very meekly, as



if he was not at all glad to see his young master. But the chickens were very glad, indeed.

Tim tied Rover up again, and once more went back to his task.

For a long time, in fact for nearly a year, he had had an idea that the back of the horse might be made more convenient for riding without a saddle, and that there would be less danger of falling off if the back were curved in more; and, although he did not know just how to bring about this much-needed change in the shape of the living horses he had seen, he drew the back of the pictured horse as he thought the back of a horse should be made. Suddenly there was a loud ring from the front-door bell. The boy knew that Sarah, the maid, was out in the wash-house and that his mother was busy upstairs, so he laid aside his work and went to the front-door.

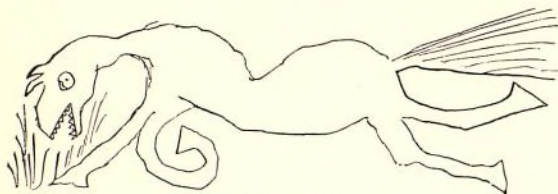
The visitor proved to be an old man who wanted to know whether "Mr. Jones" lived there?

Now, Tim did not know any one of that name, but, as he wanted to help the stranger all he could, he told him that a young friend of his who lived on the corner of the first street below had a cousin who knew some one of the name of Jones. Then the man thanked him, and the little fellow trotted back to his place on the floor.

Like a great many other boys, Tim was fond of horses with long tails, and he liked to see them spread out as they are when horses are leaping. Tim drew the tail as he liked to see it; then he made the two hind-legs, and after putting in some grass for the horse to eat, so that he should not be hungry, the picture was complete. Tim held the picture up before him and did n't seem to think it the least bit strange that the horse should be nibbling grass while his fore-feet were dancing and the other two going over a fence! He was quite sure, though, that he could have made a much better horse if he had n't been called away so many times, and he felt very sorry about it. I think the horse looked sorry too.

A few moments later Tim carried the picture out-of-doors to show to his grandfather, who was still at work on the gate. The good old man laid down his hammer on the ground and looked the picture over with a great deal of care; he did n't

laugh, as many people would; and this is a very good thing about grandfathers—they seldom make fun of little boys, but help them when they can.



FINISHED AT LAST!

Tim told him what trouble he had to finish the drawing, and then his grandfather said:

"Well, my little man, there is one thing about

it, you did n't *in-ter-rupt* yourself"—that was the very word he used. "It was not your fault that you could n't finish the drawing all at one time, and I am very glad that you did n't put down your paper and pencil to play with your tool-box or express wagon, or to run out for a frolic with Rover, but that you did your best to finish the picture before taking up anything else."

Then Tim's grandfather again took up his hammer, while the little artist walked slowly back to the house with the picture held out before him.

"Anyway," said Tim, as he thought of his grandfather's words, "I did n't *in-ter-rupt* myself!"

And this thought was a great comfort to him.

A KIND-HEARTED PUSS.



THIS is no fancy picture. It is taken from a photograph of a real cat and her adopted family of chickens.

The lady who made the photograph, and kindly sent it to ST. NICHOLAS, tells this story in an accompanying letter:

"The owner of our good-hearted puss raised a great many chickens; and out of each brood of fifteen or twenty, when but a few days old, several

were quite likely to be weakly, and not able to follow the old hen around with the rest of the brood.

"These weak little chicks, therefore, were carried into the house, and put with the cat on her cushion by the fire. Though at first somewhat surprised, she soon cuddled them up and purred over them with apparent pleasure and pride; and when she had looked after them for a day or two, she did not take at all kindly to their removal."

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

About Bébé and her new Doll, and,
about John, the gardener, his new Dog.



One fine morning Bébé found that
somebody had given her a new Doll:



This is the Doll.



So Bébé had the Doll to
breakfast with her.



Then they went to see John
the gardener; and here they are.



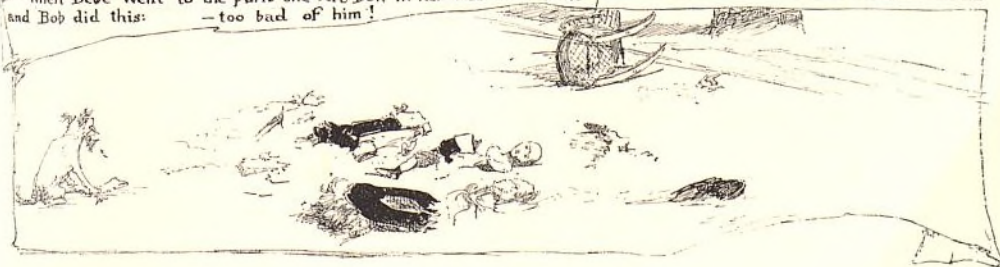
Now John had, on that
very day, a new dog named Bob:
— this is the Dog.



When Bébé went in to luncheon she left
Doll in her swing and when she came
out again Bob was only looking at the
Doll, so Bébé gave him part of her cake.



But in the afternoon
when Bébé went to the park she left Doll in her "wee Rock-Rock"
and Bob did this: — too bad of him!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I CAN see the coming June in your bright young faces, my friends, and with all my best joy I welcome her. What would this world be without June—the rosiest, sweetest month of all the twelve! And do you notice how wistfully May lingers, as if longing to stay awhile with her! And June always seems to come in saying, “Don’t go, May. There is room for both of us.”

THIS reminds me that spring fashions are not yet quite out of date. Here they are—the very latest, as reported by your faithful J. M. L.:

SPRING FASHIONS.

THEY say bright red and purple will be the “latest thing,”
And worn by all the tulips in garden-beds this spring.
The hyacinths and crocuses prefer much paler shades;
The daffodils wear yellow—the color seldom fades.

Of course, for small field-blooming the styles are not so bright.
The daisies still continue to dress in simple white;
And clovers wear last season’s shades—all honor to their pluck—
With now and then an extra leaf to bring the finder luck.

THE TERRIBLE MYGALE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The Little School-ma’am says that her birds complain of great spiders that kill them, especially of the mygale. As I have to-day been reading about them in a delightful book, called “A World of Wonder,” I send an extract for your young hearers:

In the large tropical spiders the venom is so active that it instantly kills animals of much greater bulk, and is employed against birds,

which the spider attacks on trees. The great bird-eating spider of South America, the “Mygale,” is the most noticeable spider of this class, and is dreaded by human beings as well as by the birds, its legs attaining nearly a foot in length.

There are also spiders nearly as large as the fist, that sometimes fasten on chickens and pigeons, seizing them by the throat and killing them instantly, at the same time drinking their blood.

So you see the birds have a good cause for alarm. M. K. D.

A STRANGE MIRROR.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The old city of Rouen, in France, has a pretty sight that is worth describing to your crowd of young folk. The little men and maids are fond of looking-glasses. I know; but I doubt if they all have heard of the queer one of which I shall now tell them. Near the west door of the church of St. Ouen, in this city of Rouen, is a marble basin filled with water. It is so placed that the water acts as a mirror, and in the face of it one sees all the inside of the church. Look down into the water, and you see pillars, and the ceiling, and pictures and statuary, and nearly all the interior ornamentation of the building. The stately basin seems to take pride in holding its beautiful picture of the church. I wish you and all your hearers could see it.

Yours truly, M. E. L.

A NEW KIND OF MOUSE-TRAP.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about a new kind of a mouse-trap. It is the turtle. I never saw one catch a mouse, but my cousin told me about it.

She said they oiled its back and put it in the cellar where there were a great many mice. After a few days there did not seem to be many mice around; but as she did not think the slow turtle could have caught them, she asked her boys to watch.

So one day they put a mouse in the room, and they sat upon a table. Pretty soon the mouse came up and ran upon the turtle’s back, and when it was near the head, the turtle’s head came out in a hurry and caught the mouse. But I don’t believe the turtle really ate the mouse; I think it only squeezed the body between its shells. They oiled its back so that the mouse would be attracted by the odor.

Yours truly, A. K. W.

PICNIC PRISONERS.

DEAR JACK: Can I give you something that I found in a delightful book called “Among the Azores”? It is about convicted criminals in Flores, one of the Azores, where the law actually compels a prisoner to become his own jailer! He is given the keys of the establishment, and is expected to keep himself closely confined, but with extenuating privileges. The liberties he enjoys, his freedom from toil, the friends whom he admits to keep him company, render his prison life rather a luxury than otherwise. The windows of the prison are always inviting to gossiping loungers, and it is rumored that prisoners have been known even to

take pleasant rambles through the streets of the city after dark. There is supposed to be a jailer connected with the establishment, but he has an easy time of it.

"Ridiculous as this method of punishment may at first sight appear," the book says, "there is perhaps slight need for more rigid discipline. The little island, only ten miles long by seven wide, where everybody knows everybody else, would afford the escaped prisoner scant opportunity for concealment, while the visits of vessels are so few and uncertain that the hope of flight to foreign lands is equally futile. Then, too, the people are far from being vicious, and crime is not common. The judge informed us that no murder had been committed for at least thirty-five years. Further back than that the records fail to show, but not even the tradition of such a crime exists. Thieving is almost unknown, and what little is discovered is charged upon wicked visitors from other islands. This is the record of a community of twelve thousand people. What wonder that such a state of affairs lulls the natives into a feeling of security which leads them to sleep at night with the doors of their houses standing wide open."

SOCIETY COWS.

MRS. LIZZIE HATCH asks me to tell you of a little Jersey cow of her acquaintance. This cow, she says, "comes and opens the gate into our grounds when securely latched, and then she turns round and shuts it tight, so that she may enjoy the rich clover in peace and quiet."

"That reminds me," says the same lady, "of a little curly black cow my grandfather brought from Russia. The animal would have died of home-sickness if she had not formed a friendship with a pig, on board ship; so Grandfather bought the pig, and they were comrades for a long time. The cow was named Bess, was very affectionate, and she called on the neighbors every day. She always knocked at their kitchen doors, and never went in unless she was invited. They were fond of her. One day Grandfather had an informal dinner-party. The guests insisted on having Bess; so Grandfather asked the man 'tending table' to open the doors leading out upon the lawn, and called, 'Bess! Bess!' Grandmother was quite shocked, but Bess soon walked in. She behaved charmingly, walked up to each one, put down her head for a pat, and walked out again."

"THE TOAD'S NEW SUIT."

DEAR JACK: Of course you know that snake-skins often are found in hedges and out-of-the-way places. But did you ever hear of a toad-skin being discovered in the same way? I think not, and the reason is that although toads cast off their old

skins they do not leave them lying about as the snakes do.

One afternoon in early June, my little daughter called me to see a toad in the grass that was "acting queerly," she said; he would keep perfectly motionless for a moment, and then wriggle and shake and convulse himself just as a very fat person does when laughing heartily. Next he put both hands on the sides of his neck, and pulled and tugged at what would be the collar of his coat; then, reaching still further up, as if to scratch his back, he took a good hold with both hands, stretched out his legs straight behind him, lay flat on his front, and pulled his whole skin over his head, shutting and flattening down his two big eyes completely. He did not put the skin on the ground, however, but directly into his mouth, and swallowed it. Then he yawned two or three times and brought himself together into his usual squatting position, seeming mightily well pleased to find himself in a bright spotted coat, tight, speckled breeches and gloves, and a wonderfully snug-fitting white vest, and every article of them perfectly new. A. L. B.

A WATCH-DOG BATTALION.

WHO can give me correct information concerning the watch-dog battalion of the Prussian army? I am told that there is such a thing, and that the dogs are extremely capable and useful.

By the way, there are some dogs in my neighborhood who have my full permission to go to Prussia and enlist.

A FABLE. BY THE DEACON.

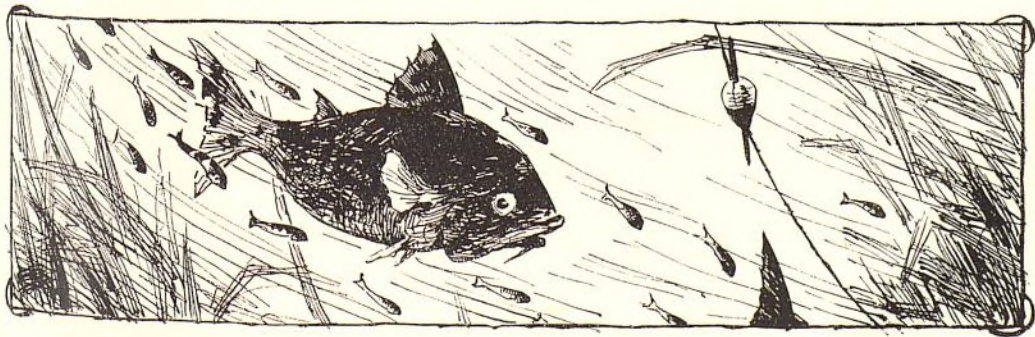
A FISH who was of the unfortunate sort,
And always complaining — a habit unwise,
Once saw a companion dart after a prize,
Sent down by some innocent lover of sport.

"He's got it! and so like my luck! I declare,
He shot right a-past me! Such things are not
fair!"

Sobbed the fish who had missed it — with other
remarks

Quite common to fish-folk, from minnows to
sharks;

But learning, in time, of that cruel hook, baited:
"Ah, how providential," he cried, "that I
waited!"



THE GAME OF GROMMET-PITCHING.

BY C. W. MILLER.

THE game of grommet-pitching has helped people through many hours on shipboard, and I see no reason why it should not be equally pleasing on land. It is a great improvement on ring-toss, which it somewhat resembles, and it has agreeable features unknown to that game. The "grommets" are rings of rope, made by the sailors; they are light and pleasant to throw, never break, and are very pretty when covered with bright ribbons or braid. They are not difficult to make, and are suitable for parlor or lawn, for girls or boys, for old or young.

The game may be played by tossing grommets of different sizes over a stake, and scoring points according to the size of those thrown; but a new, and perhaps a better way, is to toss them over pegs placed in a board or wall. These pegs may be numbered, each player counting according to the number of the peg on which the grommet catches; or prizes may be attached to some pegs, and penalties to others.

Any handy boy can make grommets, if he has a little rope. Let me tell you how. First decide upon the size of the ring you wish. Then take a piece of rope of the desired thickness, and about three and a half times as long as the circumference of the grommet you are about to make. Suppose you begin on a small one, say six inches in diameter. The circumference of this will be about eighteen inches, and you will need a piece of rope at least sixty inches long. As each grommet is made of only one strand, this piece will make three. Probably the best kind of rope for this purpose is a good manilla clothes-line which has been used a few weeks, so that it has become softened,

but not worn, and has had all the extra twists pulled out of it.

First separate the piece into its three strands, and taking one in your left hand, bend the middle part of it into a ring, as you see in Fig. 1, twisting it a little

tighter as you do so. Hold the loop, or "bight," as sailors say, toward you and pass the left-hand end of the strand under the right-hand end. Now make this loop into a three-strand rope, using

the two long ends for that purpose. To do this, both of them must be wound around the loop to take the place of the missing strands, and as they keep their spiral shape you can easily do this, taking one at a time, and putting it over and under, and always twisting tighter the end you are working on. When you have one strand twisted in, it will look like Fig. 2.

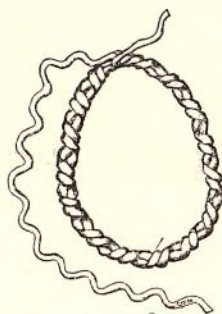


FIG. 2.

Next take the second long end and work it around, over and under, twisting it tightly as you go, and making it lie smooth beside the others. Now you have an endless rope, smooth and even, except where the two ends meet, and here you have about four inches of each end left over. In order to dispose of these snugly, you must tie strings around the rope on each side, about an inch from the joining, to keep it in place while you complete your work. Now carefully cut out half of the rope-yarns from the under side of each piece, and bind the end of what remains with thread, to keep it from untwisting. Perhaps it would be better for a beginner not to cut off these yarns at first, but to bend them one side till he has found out by one or two trials just the point at which to cut.

Having done this, bend the ends around each other as though you were going to tie them in a knot; in fact, make the first tie of a knot (which, you know, is made of two ties), draw it tight, and hammer it down even, working it smoothly into place by twisting the ring open at that point, and pounding it and working it in. It is impossible exactly to describe the method in words, but it is easily learned by trying. To fasten the ends, take a small spike, put it under a strand next to the knot, and work the end on that side through the opening. Then pass that end over the next strand and under the third strand from the knot, making the necessary opening with the spike. Treat the other end in exactly the same way, and then with a sharp knife cut off what projects. The grommet will then look like Fig. 3.

You can use the ring in its present shape, and it will answer every purpose of the game, but it will

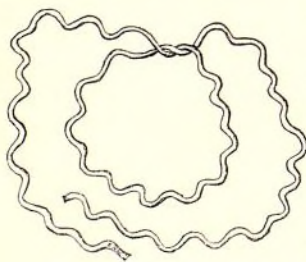


FIG. 1.

be much improved in looks by a braided covering, of either ribbons or worsted braid. To prepare the grommet for covering, wind a soft cord around it, in the hollows between the strands, to make it

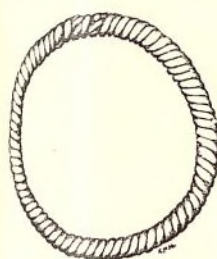


FIG. 3.

more round and even, and easier to work over. Take some narrow ribbon and find how many widths of it, laid parallel to the rope, will about cover it all around. Then cut off twice as many pieces of the ribbon, and place them around the rope in the way shown in Fig. 4, with all the upper



FIG. 4.

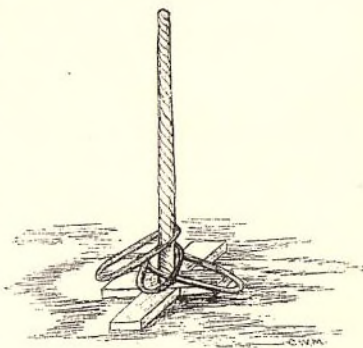
pieces turned sharply to the right, and all the under pieces at the same angle to the left, and tie them tightly in place with a strong thread. You will probably have to do this by placing one pair on at a time, and giving the thread one turn around the rope to hold

them. Now, if you know the kindergarten way of weaving colored-paper mats, the braiding will be very easy to you. If you are not versed in this art, look at the figure, and see how it is done by weaving the ribbons over and under; every ribbon going over one and under the next. A little practice will make this easy. You need not be discouraged if your work does not look even and regular as you go on; for when you have braided nearly to the end, you can tie another string

around the rope to keep the ribbons in place; and going over the whole with a knitting-needle and your fingers, smooth and tighten and make everything even and "ship-shape."

When the braid comes around to the place where it began, the ends may be fastened by working each one under one of the first made plaits, sewing it down, and cutting it off closely out of sight; thus making an invisible ending. An easier way is to wind a cord around so as to hold all the ends firmly, and then to cover the joining with a ribbon tied in a bow on the outside.

If you wish a stake over which to throw the grommets, make a cross of two pieces of thick board or small timber, such as you have seen to hold up Christmas-trees. Bore a hole in the middle of the cross, and fasten upright in this a piece of broomstick, about two feet long. The stake may be painted or, what is better, covered with a ribbon braid to match the grommets. If you prefer to use pegs, you can fasten common wooden hat-pegs into holes made in a wide board that can be set up anywhere; or they can be set into a close board-fence or wall. They should be arranged in some regular plan, and variously numbered or painted, or wound with colored ribbons, to distinguish them.



ROB WRITES: "PAPA, MAMMA AND I SAIL NEXT WEEK."

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MISS AMÉLIE RIVES, the author of the poem, "The Butterfly's Cousins," in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, sends us a few notes concerning the rest-harrow flower mentioned in her verses. Miss Rives says: "It is an English wild-flower, which blooms in June, July, and August. When it straggles into corn-fields it becomes (to use the words of Anna Pratt, the author of the little volumes from which I gathered my knowledge of the plant) a very troublesome plant, for its long and tough roots retard the progress of the plow, while its numerous and thorny branches are so great an impediment to the action of the harrow, as to have obtained for the plant its old English name. Equally old and significant is that by which it is known in France, where it is commonly called *Arrête-Bœuf*.

"I do not know whether it grows in America or not."

BRISTOL, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read the story "Diamond-backs in Paradise," and I would like to tell you and your readers that my grandfather, who was stopping at the same house at the time, skinned the snake that Doty saw in the path, and brought the skin home with him; so that part of the story was familiar to me.

I take the ST. NICHOLAS this year, and enjoy it very much.

Your loving friend, BELLE M. S.—

FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old. I liked "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," very much. I live in the north-western part of Minnesota, and it is cold and very stormy; a regular blizzard here to-day.

I have a pet cat. He used to mew to get in, but now it is cold, with all the doors shut, we can not hear him. So one day when I was in the wood-shed, playing, I heard the door-knob rattle. It was not a windy day, so I thought it must be some one. I opened the door, and there was the cat on a high box wanting to come in, and he jumped down and came in. He has done that ever since when he wants to get in the house, and we think it is bright of him. His name is Tip; I named him that because he has a white tip on the end of a black tail. I like your "Letter-box" very much.

Yours, truly, CALVIN T. H.—, JR.

I did not write this. I just told what to write.

TITUSVILLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of your lovely magazine. I have never seen a letter in the "Letter-box" from Indian River, Florida. I can see the river from our window, and it is only a minute's walk down to it. My home is in Titusville, yet Papa has taken us very often out in a sail-boat, and I have been up and down Indian River, and all around Merritt's Island, and camped on Banana River, so I was very much interested in C. H. Webb's "Diamond-backs in Paradise," in the February number. One time we moored our boat on the western shore of Banana River. Papa, Mamma, and my sister and myself set out to tramp to the beach. We passed through a trail that looked very much like the one pictured on page 268. We had to go single-file, and as we neared the beach, right in our path, lay the largest snake I ever saw. It measured six or seven feet long. It was a diamond-back.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland visited Titusville, and went down Indian River on the steamer "Rockledge." The steamer was decorated in true tropical splendor, all fruits and flowers. I have lived in "Paradise" nearly two years and love all of it.

Hoping this is not too long to print,

I remain, your loving reader, BIRDIE H.—

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very anxious that you should know the result of the operetta, "The Children's Crusade," that was given by the Jewish Walnut Hills Sabbath-school last month, because it was taken from your book. We send you many thanks, and are very grateful for the idea of the operetta.

After a great many rehearsals, it was produced Saturday night, February 25th, the date of the Feast of Purim. This feast is cele-

brated in commemoration of the deliverance of the Israelites, through the assistance of Mordecai and Esther, from the designs of Haman, who, with the aid of Ahasuerus, king of the Medes and Persians, had resolved to destroy all the Jews residing in those kingdoms.

The operetta was loudly applauded by a large audience, which was highly entertained. The costumes were similar to those mentioned in the book, and the children who took part were much younger, but they all performed excellently.

After the performance we had refreshments, and each one who took part was presented with a box of candy. In all probability it will be repeated for some benefit at an early day.

Your loving reader, MAY S.—

THE wife of an eminent naturalist sends us the following pathetic verses, adding in the letter which accompanies them: "Oh, there is so much I don't tell!"

THE NATURALIST.

By M. C. B.

You may talk of the joy of a naturalist's life,

You'll excuse me, I hope, if I doubt it—

For really unless you're a naturalist's wife,

You know very little about it.

Say, how would you like it, to open a box

Just to peep at its contents a minute,

To find that, instead of some fossils or rocks,

There's a rattlesnake coiled up within it?

Do you think you would like it yourself?

Or when, in the spring, you are cleaning your house—

You will hardly believe, if you're told it—

You find he has pickled a lizard or mouse

In some jar that was handy to hold it?

Or some nice little box that you treasured with care

For your ribbons, or feathers, or laces,

To find that its contents are tossed in the air,

And reptiles are filling their places—

Do you think you would like it yourself?

Just fancy your mind, on an opera night,

When you take from a bandbox your bonnet,

And find, to your great consternation and fright,

A horned frog is resting upon it!

Or cautiously open your top bureau drawer,

Where you hear a mysterious scratching,

To find, in your elegant satin mouchoir

Case, some young alligators are hatching.

Do you think you would like it yourself?

Unsuspecting, you open your dining-room door:

At the table he's skinning some creatures,

While your innocent baby is crawling the floor,

With arsenic spread on his features!

So far, we have barely escaped with our lives.

But the pleasure!—oh, really, I doubt it:

And unless you are, some of you, naturalists' wives.

You can know very little about it.

Do you think you would like it yourself?

CANNES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your March number has just reached me. I enjoyed reading it very much, and as we are at present traveling

abroad, Mr. Frank Stockton's article on "The People we Meet" interested us greatly, as we have met a number of the sort of people he describes. The other day an American lady at our hotel was walking in the garden with her little girl, who was talking German. An English gentleman of her acquaintance happened to come up at the moment, and asked the lady where the child had learned the language. When she told him that it was in New York, he expressed his surprise by saying he had no idea that there were any facilities for studying foreign languages in America. A young lady, also from New York, who is here, was asked by a young Englishman who had just passed his examinations before entering the army, whether New York was much larger than Cannes? Cannes, you must know, has a population of about 19,000 inhabitants.

While here I have come across a French magazine for young folks, bearing your name, and with several illustrations which I have seen in your numbers. Otherwise it is entirely different, and not nearly so interesting as yours is.

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE E.—

CANAAN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much, but I have never written to you before. I have an aunt who has taken you quite a while. Every time I went to see her I would ask her if St. Nicholas had come, but now I take it myself.

I have a little black dog that was given to Papa, and he gave it to me. We have another dog, too, and he is very jealous of "Mac," for that is the little dog's name.

I read "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and like it very much. "Juan and Juanita" is my other favorite.

Your reader,

SAM. G. C.—

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I commenced taking you last summer. I am very much interested in the stories. Our city is on the bank of Lake Michigan. The buildings are mostly of cream-colored brick; some paint them red to look like the Eastern buildings. Just outside of the city is the Soldiers' Home. It is a lovely place; the buildings are situated in the midst of natural woods. The trees are cleared out enough to let the sunshine on the building, while drives, winding paths, and beautiful flower-beds are all around the place. There are about twelve hundred soldiers living there. Some of them are growing old. I have heard that the city wants the place for a park when the soldiers are through with it, as we have no park in the city, of any size.

I like the story of "Sara Crewe," but I like "The Brownies" best. I hope you will have lots more of them.

Your faithful reader,

CHARLIE S.—

ANDOVER, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. I live in New Brunswick. Two miles from where I live is an Indian village. It is just at the mouth of the Tobique River, in which salmon and trout are caught; sportsmen use the Indians as guides. The Indians have quite nice houses, and many have organs and sewing-machines.

I am yours, very sincerely,

LOUISE P.—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter last summer. A few weeks ago my brother and I went to Trenton by ourselves and had a splendid time. We spent from Friday to Monday. When we were in Trenton I saw a policeman take six men to jail, and one of them had no jacket, and no hat and shoes. Trenton has the finest potteries in the United States; I once went to the potteries there, but it was so long ago that I don't remember anything about them.

I go to school right next door, so I don't have far to go. A few weeks ago I went to the Zoo, and had a very nice time there; I saw all the animals, but they were not out of their cages, because it was too cold. So I went in the houses and saw a great deal to look at and amuse me; there was one house that I liked best of all, and I will tell you what it is, it is the bird-house; two or three birds were in one cage, and sometimes they would fight and make a great noise, and you could not hear yourself speak; but there was one bird that I liked best of all, and that was the parrot; he would say, when any body came to look at him, "How do you do?" all the time till you went away, and when you were going he would say, "Good-bye, good-bye"; it was very funny to hear him; he said it in such a funny way.

Good-bye.
I remain your faithful reader,

MADGE H. Y.—

ATLANTA, GA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I have been confined to my bed for the past ten months. My eldest sister gave you to me last Christmas, and I look impatiently for you every month.

I have a cat and a dog, and a great many pretty playthings.

I enjoy "The Brownies" very much, and am disappointed when I look through the book and find they are not in it. I have a magic lantern and spend many pleasant evenings showing it.

Your constant reader,

C. ALBERT G.—

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls who have taken you for a long, long time, and we think you are perfectly lovely. We each have our favorite instrument: one plays on the piano and the other on the violin. We are very fond of the puzzles and do nearly all of them; we tried making the paper ball mentioned in the March number and succeeded very nicely, and also the Nantucket sinks that were published several months ago. We hope there will be some more directions for folding paper in different ways, as we like to do them so much. Hoping to see this letter in some future number, and wishing you a long and prosperous life,

We remain, your loving readers,

C. D. DU B— and A. C. L.—

CHAMPROUX, ALLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about my home, which is so different from all that I read in your interesting pages. If you do not mind my incorrect English I will try to tell you something about it. It is quite an out-of-the-way place, hardly known, even by French people of other regions. Our peasants are still very ignorant, though they are not at all stupid; they have kept up some customs from the time of the Druids, and when we tell them that they are superstitious, they answer, good-humoredly, "It can be," or "You know better than we do!" but their belief is not shaken in the least. Their language is rather difficult to understand at first, for they speak the ancient French, with a queer singing accent. They used to have a very pretty picturesque costume, but, unfortunately, only the old people wear it now. When one of them is ill, it is nearly impossible to make them send for a doctor; they have much more confidence in wizards or witches, who mutter incoherent words over the patient, blowing in his mouth if he suffers from a sore throat, or tying a string round his waist if he has pains in the chest. The peasants never speak out the names of these people, but simply call them "persons." ("I called the person," "the person came," etc.) Quite lately a poor woman died of the croup, and her children told us: "We had everything for her, and the person saw her three times!"

I fear this letter is getting too long, but if you should like to hear more about my dear Bourbonnais, I would enjoy writing again.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

CÉCILE Y.—

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy taking you very much, and love you more every month. I have taken you eleven months—nearly a year. I am a little American girl, but live in China.

My friend Alice Winsor lives here also, and we are nearly always together.

Alice has taken St. NICHOLAS nearly two years, and she enjoys you very much, I think.

My favorite stories are "Jenny's Boarding-house," "Juan and Juanita," and "Winning a Commission," although I like all the stories.

Alice Winsor and I play paper dolls, and I have four. Now I will close, for I fear my letter is too long.

From

JOSEPHINE B.—

FLensburg, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never yet have seen a letter from Flensburg in your "Letter-box," so thought I would send you one. Flensburg is an old town in the "Province of Schleswig," and belonged from olden time, till the year 1863, to Denmark. Then it was conquered by the Prussians, who now try their best to make a German town of it. I, too, learn German here, but as an American boy I try to keep up my English, and your dear magazine is a great help to me in this. You are to me like a dear friend from home; I always long for you, and love you dearly. I like "Juan and Juanita" very, very much, and would give anything to have a bow like Shanico's.

I was very sick last year. When I grew better a canary-bird was given to me; he is my pet, and I could tell you many things about him, but I fear the letter will get too long.

I am your devoted reader,

ERNST C. B.—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was glad that you had in the last number an article about the child pianist—little Josef Hofmann.

Is he not wonderful? I have heard that he wishes to be an engineer. He went to the Berkeley school drill one day, and the principal presented him with the gun, cap, sword, shoulder-tabs, and

belt worn by the boys. He was much delighted, and while he was giving concerts put them on whenever he was not playing.

I think that, aside from his genius in music, he is a very interesting boy.

He one day showed me three of his oil-paintings, and I think that he paints beautifully. One was a meadow with a good many soft green trees in it, and a brook running through it was *very* good. He has never had a painting lesson, so I think that his skill is wonderful.

Sincerely, G. G. D.—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best magazine ever published, and I have had the pleasure of reading you regularly since July, 1887, and I mean to take you a good deal longer. I like the stories written by Wm. H. Rideing and Frank R. Stockton; I like "Drill," too.

Last summer my sister had two white rats; they were very cunning, and would run up my sleeve and come out of my neck. One day she took them to Prospect Park, and soon a crowd were admiring them for their funny antics. Soon after one died and the other ran away. We now have a cat, but as I am a boy I do not care so much for her, and would rather have the rats.

Your constant reader, JOE.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about a trip I made a while ago to the great bronze image of Buddha, called Daibutsu, which stands in a pretty nook among some hills about twenty miles from Yokohama. We started from our house at about ten o'clock A. M. The first part of our journey we did by rail, and then followed a ride of about an hour and three-quarters by jinrikisha. The scenery was very pretty, the rice-fields, and hills, and here and there a farm-house or a shrine nestling among the trees. However, we were very glad when we arrived at our destination, for we were all ready for lunch. The image is in a sitting position, with its hands folded on its lap. It is about fifty feet high, ninety-eight feet around its waist, the diameter of its lap is thirty-six feet, and its stone pedestal is four and a half feet high. Inside of the image is a temple in which there are two windows high up in the back, and in the head, which is hollow, stands an image of gold of one of the Japanese gods. It is said that once when Buddha sat down to rest, snails came and crawled upon his head to shield him from the sun, so on the head of the figure are knobs intended to represent snails. There used to be a large temple over it, but it and the great city surrounding it were destroyed by a flood, for it stands in sight of the sea, and now there are only a few houses where once was the capital of the empire.

We live in sight of the beautiful mountain Fujiyama, or "peerless mountain." It is about sixty miles from here. Its snow-covered sides form an almost perfect cone with a flat top. It used to be a volcano, but is now extinct.

I do like your stories so much, especially "Donald and Dorothy," "Juan and Juanita," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." My aunt has sent you to me since 1880, and I think you are the nicest magazine I ever saw. Now I must stop, for I'm afraid I've made my letter too long already.

LOUISE L.—

FREEPORT, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often thought of writing to you, but never have ventured to do so until now. I take the beautiful ST. NICHOLAS, and think all the stories it contains are lovely.

The "Letter-box" also is *very* interesting. I go to school, and study nearly all of the common branches and drawing. I like drawing best of all. My chief delight is riding on horseback. I can ride either standing or sitting.

I have a very nice pony. I live near a village of six hundred inhabitants. Along the southern portion of the village is a small river named Still Water, because its waters are so very still.

I remain, your devoted reader, LAURA C.—

CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON TER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have read with great interest in the March number about "A Pig That Nearly Caused a War"; particularly so, as Mr. Henry Miles, who lives here, and is a friend of my father, knew both Stubbs and Griffiths and all about the "pig." Mr. Miles says that it was Captain Pickett who was in command of the company of soldiers who first took possession of San Juan Island. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey took command soon after. This Captain Pickett is the General Pickett who afterward led the famous charge of the Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Miles is the man who first raised the stars and stripes on San Juan Island at the time Captain Pickett took possession.

I have written this in the hope that it might be of interest to some of your readers.

Your sincere friend, ANNE GREY M.—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, but I have never written to you before. My mother and sister Dorothy

are in the east, and Bertha, Claude and I are with my aunt Fanny. Bertha is only six years old, and Claude four, so they can't read you, but I read the stories to them. Claude says, to tell you that if that Chinaman, "Brownie" is high-toned enough to associate with the "Dude," he ought to have a longer pig-tail. Last night Marie (my nurse) told me of L. M. Alcott's death; Marie has seen her twice, and once spoke to her. She felt very sorry. I am afraid that I have made some mistakes, but as I am not yet nine you must excuse

Your little reader, IRENE.

FORRESTON, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine has been a welcome visitor to our house since 1879, when I was three years old.

My little sister, Alice, used to cry for the "Nicholy" when she was only two years old. The first time we knew she could read all alone by herself was when we found her in the bay-window with the "Nicholy" on the floor before her, laughing over the story of "The Little Girl that Stood on Her Head."

We consider you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, a necessary member of the family, and never tire of your stories, but I like Frank R. Stockton's stories the best of all.

I wish you visited every boy and girl in the world as well as

CHARLES SUMNER W.—

SHOSHONE INDIAN AGENCY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is agent at this agency, the Shoshone agency in Wyoming. There are two tribes of Indians here, the Shoshones and Arapahoes; their chiefs are very fine Indians. Washakie, the chief of the Shoshones, and Black Goat, the chief of the Arapahoes; we have them to dinner sometimes. Black Goat has as nice manners as any gentleman I ever saw. The Indians make very pretty things, such as war-bonnets, and war-shirts, and very pretty bead-work, and moccasins. The Sioux and the Utes come and trade with our Indians every summer.

Your affectionate reader,

P. S.—We have taken you ever since 1877. ROBERT L. J.—

DUKE CENTRE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. This is the eighth year my Papa has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for me. I liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" very much. I look anxiously for "Brownies" in every number.

I live in the oil country, and my Mamma uses gas for fuel and lights.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first one I have ever written you.

Your friend, ROY M. C.—

We thank the young friends, whose names are here given, for their pleasant and interesting letters:

E. E. Mahonie, Grace L. Kelsey, Edith Brown, Lynn W. Clark, J. B. R., Robbie W. P., Elton E., Mary von Klencz, Lil, Mary E. Sigsbee, Percy, Reggie, and Malcolm Murray, Florence Merryman, Marie W. S., Laura H. M., Lottie Innis, Bertrand Robertson, Harold Hepburn, Maude A. Flentye, Virgie H., S. E. G., Bennie E. Lovemant, Jeanette H., Bessie G. B., Anna Julia Schindl, Mattie E. Harlow, Roxalene and W. R. Howell, Montrose J. M., "Three Little Maids from School," Edith M. and Bessie W., Clementine W. Kellogg, "Puss," "Nellie," Gertrude Harrison, Helen R. Fish, Alixe De M., Emma Y. Dimon, Percy E. Thomas, Emma C. F., Mabel G., Lillie Fisher, Daisy M. Tabor, Jessie T. Hallam, Louise N., Bertha Beerbourer, Fredericka W., Veni McDonald, Josephine Murphy, Nellie B. Warfield, Clara M. Danielson, Katie L. Aller, Elsie Sanderson, Maud Moore, Aimée M. Bakeman, Dorothy Whitney, Alice J. Tufts, Ethel C., Will L. S., Orle S. L., Edith C. Curtis, Frank D. Cargill, Evelyn K., Mary M. H., Clara L. L., Katie B. Davis, Ray Helen Bierce, Aleck D., Currie F. Auster, Laura Dolbear, Charles Johnson, May Ward, Herbert C. Davis, Jennie C. B., Annie M. Osborn, Caro. H. B., Rudy Cole, Ella M. Fischer, Anna I. V. S., Alice E. T., George K. Curtis, Mabel Bosworth, Helen R. N., Agnes Duhring, Kennedy Allen, Blanche F., Emma, Harry, and Bertie Fisher, F. M. L., Eliza R. Boyd, Clara Cook, Fannie W. C., Mary L. McKoy, Bessie Lasher, Carl Russell Lee, Eleanor May, Georgia W., Lydia B., Alberta B., Brown and Gipsy B., Nellie A. Black, Alice E. Lewis, Katrina, Gertrude, and Carl Ely, H. B. J., May A. Bannister, Mabel L. Lamborn, Gardner Tyler, Mary Lee Allen, Katie Troy, Effie S. Woolwine, George E. Ross, Emily V. Clark, and Morris P. Tilley.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Barb. 2. Aloe. 3. Rosa. 4. Bean.
CUBE. From 1 to 2, horizon; 2 to 4, nebular; 1 to 3, halibut;
 3 to 4, teacher; 5 to 6, sapient; 6 to 8, trachea; 5 to 7, Siberia; 7
 to 8, Agrippa; 1 to 5, Huns; 2 to 6, neat; 4 to 8, rana; 3 to 7, toga.
DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third row, printing; fourth row,
 invented. Cross-words: 1. rePine. 2. hoRNet. 3. shIVer. 4.
 teNEis. 5. caTNIp. 6. smIThy. 7. hoNEst. 8. BaGDad.
RHOMBIC. Across: 1. Katie. 2. Nodal. 3. Merit. 4. Sleep.
 5. Snail.
ACROSTIC. First row, Heir of Redclyffe; third row, Charlotte M.
 Yonge. Cross-words: 1. HaCkney. 2. EcHinus. 3. IdAliau.
 4. ReRedos. 5. Oblique. 6. FeOdary. 7. RaTable. 8. En-
 Traps. 9. DeEpens. 10. CoMment. 11. LaYland. 12. YeO-
 man's. 13. FaNtasm. 14. FaGging. 15. EvEning.
MAITHESE CROSS. From 1 to 3, pasha; 4 to 5, ace; 6 to 7, act;
 5 to 10, break; 11 to 13, opium; 14 to 15, gnu; 16 to 17, Esk; 18
 to 20, Creon; 2 to 9, science; 12 to 19, incense.

A DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Lot. 3. Henri. 4. Leading. 5. Con-
 ductor. 6. Tricked. 7. Inter. 8. God. 9. R.

Pl. Mark! how we meet thee,
 At dawn of dewy day!
 Hark! how we greet thee
 With our roundelay!
 While all the goodly things that be,
 In earth, and air, and ample sea,
 Are waking up to welcome thee
 Thou merry month of May!

BEHEADINGS. Beheaded letters, May-day. 1. M-arc-h. 2.
 A-ton-e. 3. Y-ve-n. 4. D-air-y. 5. A-men-d. 6. Y-ear-n.
ZIGZAG. Chancellorsville. Cross-words: 1. Cell. 2. sHam. 3.
 clAn. 4. braN. 5. taCt. 6. tEal. 7. Loon. 8. aLar. 9. drOp.
 10. gearE. 11. vaSt. 12. aVer. 13. Ibex. 14. aLms. 15. haLo.
 16. ElbE.

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 MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Grace Kupper—Paul Reese—
 Maud E. Palmer—Russell Davies—A. Fiske & Co.—"Socrates"—Sydney—"K. G. S."—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—
 Jo and I—"Infantry"—Ruth and Rob—Ada C. H.—"Jamie and Mamma"—H. A. R. and A. C. R.—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from M. and R. Davis, 1—"Scorchie," 1—
 Lily of the Valley, 1—C. L. S., 1—Tabby, 1—Tommy, 1—Hildegard, 1—Edith T. B., 1—Geo. W. Bacon, 2—Harry H. Miller,
 1—J. B. Scullin, 1—Fritz Abeken, 1—N. O., 1—M. Snowball S., 2—Rahry Namrod, 1—Elsie P., 3—Bessie M. Clarke, 1—Helen
 Finch, 1—Warren B. Call, 1—W. D. Ward, 1—Jennette C. Vorce, 4—P. and B. Kennedy, 2—Edith A. Armer, 2—"What Say?"
 3—E. M. G., 1—Daisy S., 1—Nellie and Reggie, 10—Fred Shaw, 1—"May and 79," 8—E. C. F. and M. R. F., 1—Kittie Anger,
 1—Rosalie B., 4—Minnie Deppe, 1—James W., 2—Jennie S. Liebman, 10—"Lehte," 9—Grace Hodson, 2—"Alpha, Alpha, B."
 C., 9—"Merry Three," 1—Nellie L. Howes, 10—Jay Larel, Jr., 10—S. and B. Rhodes, 8—"Three Graces of Newark," 3—
 Kafrin Emerawit, 8—"Rag Tag," 7—Katie Hudson, 1—"Skipper," 3—Mollie Cleary, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—"Orange and Black,"
 11—"Twin Elephants," 4—Nannie D. and Lillian S., 4—No Name, Beacon St., 9—Edith and Nanie, 8—"Bobby O'Link," 4—
 "Ducky Daddles," 8—"Electric Button and Patrick," 5—Ira Moses, 1—Allan F. Barnes, 1—W. R. Moore, 10—L. R., 2—Pet
 and Pug, 1—"Patty-pan and Kettle-drum," 4—"Donald and Dorothy," 7—"Sally Lunn," 7—"Lock and Key," 1—Adrienne For-
 rester, 2—Mary von Klenck, 1—E. M. S., 10—C. and E. Ashby, 10—Harry W. and Ruby M., 1—Belle Larkin, 1—"Pop and I," 5.

ABSENT VOWELS.

INSERT a vowel wherever there is an x in the fifteen sentences
 which follow. When they are complete, select a word of five letters
 from each sentence. When these fifteen words are rightly selected
 and placed one below the other, the central row of letters, reading
 downward, will spell what June is often called:

1. X DRXWXXNG MXN WXLL CXTCH XT X STRXW.
2. THX XTHXR PXRTX XS XLWXXS XT FXXLIT.
3. X GRXXT CXTY XS X GRXNT SXLTXTDX.
4. HXMXN BLXND XS XLL XF XNX CXLXR.
5. HX THXT CXNVXRSXS NXT KNXWS NXTHXNG.
6. HXNXV XN THX MXTH SXVXS THX PXRSX.
7. WXTXR KXN BY WXLL NXT TXRN THX MXLL.
8. DRXNX XS THX XSHXR XF DXNTH.
9. THX PRXXF XF THX PXDDXNG XS XN THX XXTXNG.
10. GRXV THXT WHXCH YXX XFXFX.
11. GXND WXRD CXST NXTHXNG BXT XRX WXRTX MXCH.
12. FXNXY MXV BXLTX BRXN XND THXNX XT FLXNR.
13. X KXND WXRD CXSTS NX MXRX THXN X CRXXS XNX.
14. LXNG XS THX XRM XF THX NXXDV.
15. MXRX HXSTX LXSS SPXXD. "GILBERT FORREST."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A HEATHEN. 2. A century plant. 3. Diversions. 4. To turn
 away. 5. Cozy places. BERTIE B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters and form two lines of a poem
 by Cowper.
 My 25-65-35-9 is a portion. My 66-5-59 is an animal of the stag
 kind. My 23-55-11-47 is to chop into small pieces. My 8-43-30-
 32 is departed. My 18-15-49 is to buzz. My 63-38-28-32 is a fish.
 My 4-57-45-68-26 is to revolve. My 37-21-19-53-17-6-13 is to prate.

My 42-24-62 is a bird of the crow family. My 2-67-16-58 is a knob.
 My 61-50-14-27 is a hautboy. My 66-34-60-1-41 are members of a
 religious community. My 29-48-64-22 is the Runic letter or charac-
 ter. My 54-3-51-44-31-46 is the name of a famous American scholar,
 lecturer, poet and 39-40-20; my 33-56-36-12-10-7 is an adjective
 that no one can apply to him. "AUGUSTUS G. HOPKINS."

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters; the
 two central rows of letters, reading downward, form two words; one,
 a common flower; the other, the sacred plant of the Druids.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An insane man. 2. A fish that swims on its
 side, and has both its eyes on one side. 3. A chief magistrate in
 ancient Rome. 4. A kind of grass highly valued for pasturage. 5.
 Certain mollusks used for food in England. 6. A piece of money
 mentioned in the Bible. 7. A swelling of the neck, peculiar to some
 parts of Switzerland. 8. Inclines forward. 9. Muscular.

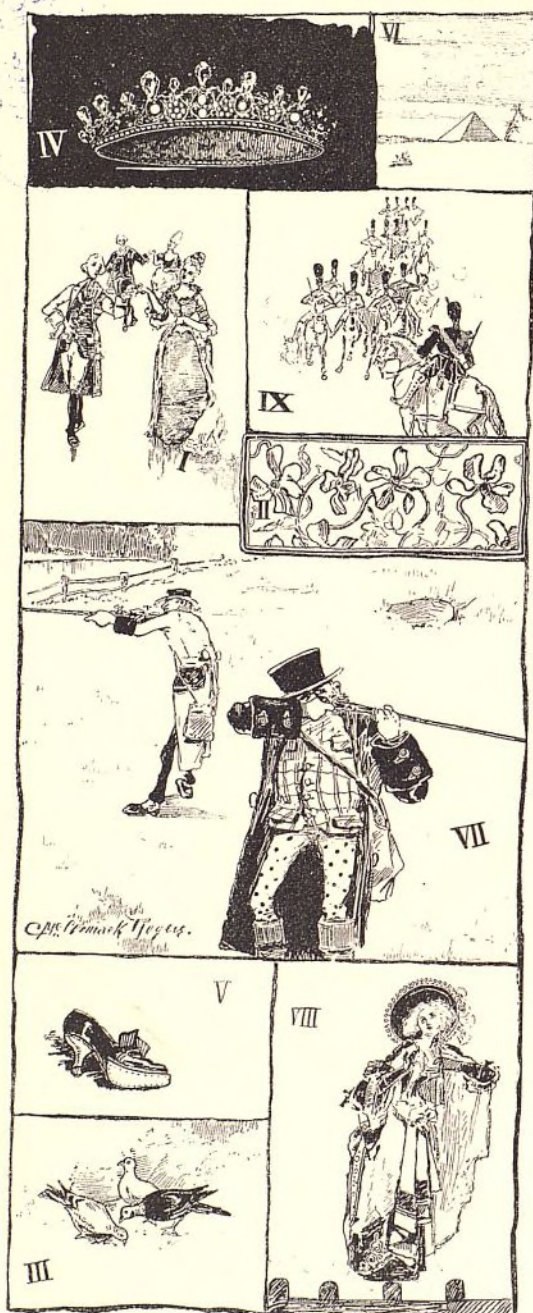
CHARADE.

My first is a kind of a fling;
 My second, a very small word;
 My third, though oft on the head,
 Is fatal to fish and to bird.
 The whole, if the three are apart,
 Will mean, "make ready one snare";
 United and handled with art,
 It graces a dance or an air.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an animal and leave part of a skillet. 2. Behead to
 disclose and leave to write. 3. Behead an indication and leave
 persons. 4. Behead refined and leave a brittle substance. 5. Be-
 head a delightful region and leave a retreat.
 The beheaded letters will spell the name of an American pioneer
 and explorer, who was several times captured by Indians.
 ARTHUR LOVEJOY.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



THE nine words of this acrostic are pictured instead of described. When the words are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a famous sovereign of ancient history.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals are the same as the first cross-word.
Cross-words: 1. A castle in Spain. 2. The quantity contained in a ladle. 3. A convulsive sound which comes from the throat. 4. The

same as the first cross-word. 5. A spar by means of which the mainsail of a small vessel is extended. 6. An organization for playing the national game. 7. One who enrolls or records. 8. The same as the first cross-word.

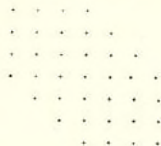
E. E. ADAMS.

A PECULIAR PL.

Two verses of a certain poem may be found in the following paragraphs:

He art hesk ylar kint hecl oudh ear the cric keti nth egras stril
lin gblit hen esscle ara ndl ouch irping gle eto allw hop ass. Oht
hem eri ysum merl aye art hand skyke epho liday.
He arth ele avest hat kiss th eair, he art hela ugh tero ftheb eesw
hor emem bers win terc are int hes hining day shi keth ese? Oht
hem eryl ayof jun eal lour hear tsar egla dint une.

HEXAGONS.



I. 1. A Scriptural proper name (meaning "a thorn") mentioned in the fiftieth chapter of Genesis. 2. Implied. 3. A shrub. 4. The surname of a great English novelist, who died on June 9th. 5. A particular sort of thrust in fencing. 6. The joint formed by the astragalus. 7. A prophet.

II. 1. The forward part of a vessel. 2. Outer garments worn by the ancient Romans. 3. A prophetic nymph from whom Numa claimed to have received instructions respecting forms of worship which he introduced. 4. A famous battle fought on June 14, 1860. 5. A vocalist. 6. A deputy. 7. Refuse of hay.

III. 1. An old word meaning "a deception." 2. The brother of Rebekah, mentioned in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis. 3. Habitations. 4. A President of the United States who died on June 21, 1836. 5. To settle. 6. Parts of shoes. 7. A collection of boxes, of graduated size.

F. S. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

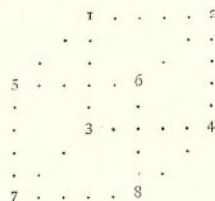
My first is in evil, but not in good;
My second, in bonnet, but not in hood;
My third is in arrow, but not in bow;
My fourth is in robin, but not in crow;
My fifth is in summer, but not in the fall;
My sixth is in stutter, but not in a drawl;
My whole was a Frenchman, a painter of fame,
His birthday, June 30. Now, what is his name?

A LETTER PUZZLE.

By starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, a famous event which took place in June, 1838, may be formed:

LAMP, GIG, SLAUGHTER, HOP, TUN, CAP, ODOR, SLOOP, NAPA, ACT, CHIRP, OPEN, IF, OLAF, TOQUE, UNDER, REDAN, NEVER, INN, CRATER, OMAR, SHIP, PA.

EASY CUBES.



I. From 1 to 2, a covering; from 2 to 4, always on the supper-table; from 1 to 3, engraved; from 3 to 4, to manage; from 5 to 6, fermenting preparations; from 6 to 8, attends; from 5 to 7, at a distance yet within view; from 7 to 8, parches; from 1 to 5, to surfeit; from 2 to 6, sailors; from 4 to 8, wooden vessels; from 2 to 7, an animal.

II. From 1 to 2, strong ropes or chains; from 2 to 4, inprints; from 1 to 3, a very small room; from 3 to 4, vagrants; from 5 to 6, to spice; from 6 to 8, nicely; from 5 to 7, darkness; from 7 to 8, bleak; from 1 to 5, covered carriages; from 2 to 6, indication; from 4 to 8, to kill; from 3 to 7, an old word meaning "to believe."

"TOM SAWYER."

