

"RINGING IN THE FOURTH."

(See story "Ringing in the Fourth," page 666.)

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE boys were not sure that they had even fallen asleep when they heard Lucy Ann call, outside. They turned over to take another nap. She was coming up to the door. No, for it was a man's step, it must be Uncle Balla's; they heard horses trampling and people talking. In a second the door was flung open, and a man strode into the room followed by one, two, a half-dozen others, all white and all in uniform. They were Yankees. The boys were too frightened to speak. They thought they were arrested for hiding the silver.

"Get up, you lazy little rebels," cried one of the intruders, not unpleasantly. As the boys were not very quick in obeying, being really too frightened to do more than sit up in bed, the man caught the mattress by the end, and lifting it with a jerk emptied them and all the bedclothes out into the middle of the floor in a heap. At this all the other men laughed. A minute more and he had drawn his sword. The boys expected no less than to be immediately killed. They were almost paralyzed. But instead of plunging his sword into them, the man began to stick it into the mattresses and to rip them up; while others pulled open the drawers of the bureau and pitched the things on the floor.

The boys felt themselves to be in a very ex-

posed and defenseless condition; and Willy, who had become tangled in the bedclothes, and had been a little hurt in falling, now that the strain was somewhat over, began to cry.

In a minute a shadow darkened the doorway and their mother stood in the room.

"Leave the room instantly!" she cried. "Are n't you ashamed to frighten children!"

"We have n't hurt the brats," said the man with the sword, good-naturedly.

"Well, you terrify them to death. It's just as bad. Give me those clothes!" and she sprang forward and snatched the boys' clothes from the hands of a man who had taken them up. She flung the suits to the boys, who lost no time in slipping into them.

They had at once recovered their courage in the presence of their mother. She seemed to them, as she braved the intruders, the grandest person they had ever seen. Her face was white, but her eyes were like coals of fire. They were very glad she had never looked or talked so to them.

When they got outdoors the yard was full of soldiers. They were upon the porches, in the entry, and in the house. The smoke-house was open and so were the doors of all the other outhouses, and now and then a man passed, carrying some article which the boys recognized.

In a little while the soldiers had taken everything they could carry conveniently, and even

things which must have caused them some inconvenience. They had secured all the bacon that had been left in the smoke-house, as well as all other eatables they could find. It was a queer sight, to see the fellows sitting on their horses with a ham or a pair of fowls tied to one side of the saddle and an engraving, or a package of books, or some ornament, to the other.

A new party of men had by this time come up from the direction of the stables.

"Old man, come here!" called some of them to Balla, who was standing near expostulating with the men who were about the fire.

"Who? — me?" asked Balla.

"B' ain't you the carriage driver?"

"Ain't I the keridge driver?"

"Yes, *you*; we know you are, so you need not be lying about it."

"Hi! yes; I the keridge driver. Who say I ain't?"

"Well, where have you hid those horses? Come, we want to know, quick," said the fellow roughly, taking out his pistol in a threatening way.

The old man's eyes grew wide. "Hi! befo' de Lord! Marster, how I know anything of the horses ef they ain't in the stable,—there's where we keeps horses!"

"Here, you come with us. We won't have no foolin' 'bout this," said his questioner, seizing him by the shoulder and jerking him angrily around. "If you don't show us pretty quick where those horses are, we'll put a bullet or two into you. March off there!"

He was backed up by half-a-dozen more, but the pistol, which was at old Balla's head, was his most efficient ally.

"Hi! Marster, don't pint dat thing at me dat way. I ain' ready to die yit—an' I ain' like dem things, nowadays," protested Balla.

There is no telling how much farther his courage could have withstood their threats, for the boys' mother made her appearance. She was about to bid Balla show where the horses were, when a party rode into the yard leading them.

"Hi! there are Bill and John, now," exclaimed the boys, recognizing the black carriage-horses which were being led along.

"Well, ef dee ain't got 'em, sho' 'nough!" exclaimed the old driver, forgetting his fear of the cocked pistols.

"Gentlemen, marsters, don't teck my horses, ef you *please*," he pleaded, pushing through the group that surrounded him, and approaching the man who led the horses.

They only laughed at him.

Both the boys ran to their mother, and, flinging their arms about her, burst out crying.

In a few minutes the men started off, riding across the fields; and in a little while not a soldier was in sight.

"I wish Marse William could see you ridin' 'cross them fields," said Balla, looking after the retiring troop in futile indignation.

Investigation revealed the fact that every horse and mule on the plantation had been carried off, except only two or three old mules, which were evidently considered not worth taking.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER this, times were very hard on the plantation. But the boys' mother struggled to provide as best she could for the family and hands. She used to ride all over the county to secure the supplies which were necessary for their support; one of the boys usually being her escort and riding behind her on one of the old mules that the raiders had left. In this way the boys became acquainted with the roads of the county and even with all the bridle-paths in the neighborhood of their home. Many of these were dim enough, too, running through stretches of pine forest, across old fields which were little better than jungle, along gullies, up ditches, and through woods for mile after mile. They were generally useful only to a race, such as the negroes, which had an instinct for direction like that shown by some animals; but the boys learned to follow them unerringly, and soon became as skillful in "keepin' de parf" as any night-walker on the plantation.

As the year passed, the times grew harder and harder, and the expeditions made by the boys' mother became longer and longer, and more and more frequent.

The meat gave out, and, worst of all, they had no hogs left for the next year. The plantation usually subsisted on bacon; but now there was not a pig left on the place—unless the old wild sow in the big woods (who had refused to be "driven up" the fall before) still survived, which was doubtful; for the most diligent search was made for her without success, and it was conceded that even she had fallen a prey to the deserters. Nothing was heard of her for months.

One day, in the autumn, the boys were out hunting in the big woods, in the most distant and wildest part, where they sloped down toward a little marshy branch that ran into the river a mile or two away.

It was a very dry spell and squirrels were hard to find, owing, the boys agreed, to the noise made in trampling through the dry leaves. Finally, they decided to station themselves each at the foot of a hickory and wait for the squirrels. They found

two large hickory trees not too far apart, and took their positions each on the ground, with his back to a tree.

It was very dull, waiting, and a half-whispered colloquy was passing between them as to the advisability of giving it up, when a faint "crunch, crunch, crunch," sounded in the dry leaves. At first the boys thought it was a squirrel, and both of them grasped their guns. Then the sound

was a sudden "oof, oof," and Frank heard them rushing back down through the woods toward the marsh.

"Somebody's hogs," he muttered in disgust.

"Frank, Frank!" called Willy, in a most excited tone.

"What?"

"It's the old spotted sow, and she's got a lot of pigs with her — great big shoats nearly grown!"



"GENTLEMEN, MARSTERS, DON'T TECK MY HORSES, EF YOU PLEASE," SAID UNCLE BALLA.

came again, but this time there appeared to be, not one, but a number of animals, rustling slowly along.

"What is it?" asked Frank, of Willy, whose tree was a little nearer the direction from which the sound came.

"Tain't anything but some cows or sheep, I believe," said Willy, in a disappointed tone. The look of interest died out of Frank's face, but he still kept his eyes in the direction of the sound, which was now very distinct. The underbrush, however, was too thick for them to see anything. At length Willy rose and pushed his way rapidly through the bushes toward the animals. There

Frank sprang up and ran through the bushes.

"At least six of 'em!"

"Let 's follow 'em!"

"All right."

The boys, stooping their heads, struck out through the bushes in the direction from which the yet retreating animals could still be heard.

"Let 's shoot 'em."

"All right."

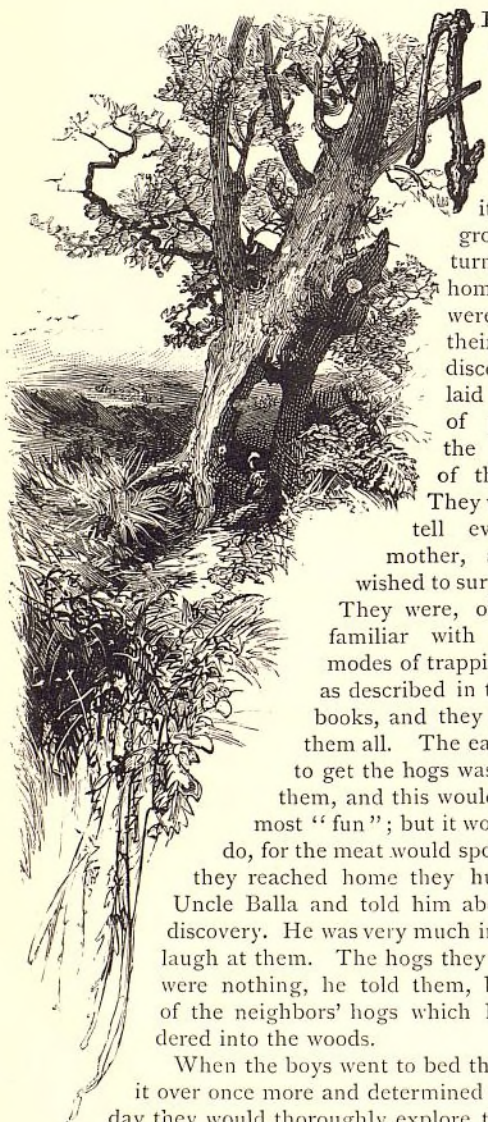
On they kept as hard as they could. What great news it was! What royal game!

"It 's like hunting wild boars, is n't it?" shouted Willy, joyfully.

They followed the track left by the animals in

the leaves kicked up in their mad flight. It led down over the hill, through the thicket, and came to an end at the marsh which marked the beginning of the swamp. Beyond that it could not be traced; but it was evident that the wild hogs had taken refuge in the impenetrable recesses of the marsh which was their home.

CHAPTER XI.



AFTER circling the edge of the swamp for some time the boys, as it was now growing late, turned toward home. They were full of their valuable discovery, and laid all sorts of plans for the capture of the hogs. They would not tell even their mother, as they wished to surprise her.

They were, of course, familiar with all the modes of trapping game, as described in the story-books, and they discussed them all. The easiest way to get the hogs was to shoot them, and this would be the most "fun"; but it would never do, for the meat would spoil. When they reached home they hunted up Uncle Balla and told him about their discovery. He was very much inclined to laugh at them. The hogs they had seen were nothing, he told them, but some of the neighbors' hogs which had wandered into the woods.

When the boys went to bed they talked it over once more and determined that next day they would thoroughly explore the woods and the swamp also, as far as they could.

The following afternoon, therefore, they set out, and made immediately for that part of the woods where they had seen and heard the hogs the day before. One of them carried a gun and the other

a long jumping-pole. After finding the trail they followed it straight down to the swamp.

Rolling their trousers up above their knees, they waded boldly in, selecting an opening between the bushes which looked like a hog-path. They proceeded slowly, for the briars were so thick in many places that they could hardly make any progress at all when they neared the branch. So they turned and worked their way painfully down the stream. At last, however, they reached a place where the brambles and bushes seemed to form a perfect wall before them. It was impossible to get through.

"Let's go home," said Willy. "'T ain't any use to try to get through there. My legs are scratched all to pieces now."

"Let's try and get out here," said Frank, and he turned from the wall of brambles. They crept along, springing from hummock to hummock. Presently they came to a spot where the oozy mud extended at least eight or ten feet before the next tuft of grass.

"How am I to get the gun across?" asked Willy, dolefully.

"That's a fact! It's too far to throw it, even with the caps off."

At length they concluded to go back for a piece of log they had seen, and to throw this down so as to lessen the distance.

They pulled the log out of the sand, carried it to the muddy spot, and threw it into the mud where they wanted it.

Frank stuck his pole down and felt until he had what he thought a secure hold on it, fixed his eye on the tuft of grass beyond, and sprang into air.

As he jumped, the pole slipped from its insecure support into the miry mud, and Frank, instead of landing on the hummock for which he had aimed, lost his direction, and soused flat on his side with a loud "spa-lash," in the water and mud three feet to the left.

He was a queer object as he staggered to his feet in the quagmire; but at the instant a loud "oof, oof," came from the thicket, not a dozen yards away, and the whole herd of hogs, roused, by his fall, from slumber in their muddy lair, dashed away through the swamp with "oofs" of fear.

"There they go, there they go!" shouted both boys eagerly,—Willy, in his excitement, splashing across the perilous-looking quagmire, and finding it not so deep as it had looked.

"There's where they go in and out," exclaimed Frank, pointing to a low round opening, not more than eighteen inches high, a little farther beyond them, which formed an arch in the almost solid wall of brambles surrounding the place.

As it was now late they returned home, resolving

to wait until the next afternoon before taking any further steps. There was not a pound of bacon to be obtained anywhere in the county for love or money, and the flock of sheep was almost gone.

Their mother's anxiety as to means for keeping her dependents from starving was so great that the boys were on the point of telling her what they knew; and when they heard her wishing she had a few hogs to fatten, they could scarcely keep from letting her know their plans. At last they had to jump up, and run out of the room!

Next day the boys each hunted up a pair of old boots which they had used the winter before. The leather was so dry and worn that the boots hurt their growing feet cruelly, but they brought the boots along to put on when they reached the swamp. This time, each took a gun, and they also carried an ax, for now they had determined on a plan for capturing the hogs.

"I wish we had let Peter and Cole come," said Willy, dolefully, sitting on the butt end of a log they had cut, and wiping his face on his sleeve.

"Or had asked Uncle Balla to help us," added Frank.

"They'd be certain to tell all about it."

"Yes; so they would."

They settled down in silence, and panted.

"I tell you what we ought to do! Bait the hog-path, as you would for fish." This was the suggestion of the angler, Frank.

"With what?"

"Acorns."

The acorns were tolerably plentiful around the roots of the big oaks, so the boys set to work to pick them up. It was an easier job than cutting the log, and it was not long before each had his hat full.

As they started down to the swamp, Frank exclaimed, suddenly, "Look there, Willy!"

Willy looked, and not fifty yards away, with their ends resting on old stumps, were three or four "hacks," or piles of rails, which had been mauled the season before and left there, probably having been forgotten or overlooked.

Willy gave a hurrah, while bending under the weight of a large rail.

At the spot where the hog-path came out of the thicket they commenced to build their trap.

First they laid a floor of rails; then they built a



"WE 'VE GOT 'EM! WE 'VE GOT 'EM!"

pen, five or six rails high, which they strengthened with "outriders." When the pen was finished, they pried up the side nearest the thicket, from the bottom rail, about a foot; that is, high enough for the animals to enter. This they did by means of two rails, using one as a fulcrum and one as a lever, having shortened them enough to enable the work to be done from inside the pen.

The lever they pulled down at the farther end until it touched the bottom of the trap, and fastened it by another rail, a thin one, run at right angles to the lever, and across the pen. This would slip easily when pushed away from the gap, and needed to be moved only about an inch to slip from the end of the lever and release it; the weight of the pen would then close the gap. Behind

this rail the acorns were to be thrown; and the hogs, in trying to get the bait, would push the rail, free the lever or trigger, and the gap would be closed by the fall of the pen when the lever was released.

It was nearly night when the boys finished.

They scattered a portion of the acorns for bait along the path and up into the pen, to toll the hogs in. The rest they strewed inside the pen, beyond their sliding rail.

They could scarcely tear themselves away from the pen; but it was so late they had to hurry home.

Next day was Sunday. But Monday morning, by daylight, they were up and went out with their guns, apparently to hunt squirrels. They went, however, straight to their trap. As they approached they thought they heard the hogs grunting in the pen. Willy was sure of it; and they ran as hard as they could. But there were no hogs there. After going every morning and evening for two weeks, there never had been even an acorn missed, so they stopped their visits.

Peter and Cole found out about the pen, and then the servants learned of it, and the boys were joked and laughed at unmercifully.

"I believe them boys is distracted," said old Balla, in the kitchen; "settin' a pen in them woods for to ketch hogs,—with the gap open! Think hogs goin' stay in pen with gap open—ef any wuz dyah to went in!"

"Well, you come out and help us hunt for them," said the boys to the old driver.

"Go 'way, boy, I ain' got time foolin' wid you chillern, buildin' pen in swamp. There ain't no hogs in them woods, onless they got in dyah sence las' fall."

"You saw 'em, did n't you, Willy?" declared Frank.

"Yes, I did."

"Go 'way. Don't you know, ef that old sow had been in them woods the boys would have got her up las' fall,—an' ef they had n't, she'd come up long befo' this?"

"Mister Hall ketch you boys puttin' his hogs up in pen, he 'll teck you up," said Lucy Ann, in her usual teasing way.

This was too much for the boys to stand after all they had done. Uncle Balla must be right. They would have to admit it. The hogs must have belonged to some one else. And their Mother was in such desperate straits about meat!

Lucy Ann's last shot, about catching Mr. Hall's hogs, took effect; and the boys agreed that they would go out some afternoon and pull the pen down.

The next afternoon they took their guns, and started out on a squirrel-hunt.

They did not have much luck, however.

"Let's go by there, and pull the old pen down," said Frank, as they started homeward from the far side of the woods.

"It's out of the way,—let the old thing rip."

"We'd better pull it down. If a hog were to be caught there, it would 'nt do."

"I wish he would!—but there ain't any hogs going to get caught," growled Willy.

"He might starve to death."

This suggestion persuaded Willy, who could not bear to have anything suffer.

So they sauntered down toward the swamp.

As they approached it, a squirrel ran up a tree, and both boys were after it in a second. They were standing, one on each side of the tree, gazing up, trying to get a sight of the little animal among the gray branches, when a sound came to the ears of both of them at the same moment.

"What's that?" both asked together.

"It's hogs, grunting."

"No, they are fighting. They are in the swamp. Let's run," said Willy.

"No; we'll scare them away. They may be near the trap," was Frank's prudent suggestion.

"Let's creep up."

"I hear young pigs squealing. Do you think they are ours?"

The squirrel was left, flattened out and trembling on top of a large limb, and the boys stole down the hill toward the pen. The hogs were not in sight, though they could be heard grunting and scuffling. They crept closer. Willy crawled through a thick clump of bushes, and sprang to his feet with a shout. "We've got 'em!—we've got 'em!" he cried, running toward the pen, followed by Frank.

Sure enough! There they were, fast in the pen, fighting and snorting to get out, and tearing around with the bristles high on their round backs, the old sow and seven large young hogs; while a litter of eight little pigs, as the boys ran up, squeezed through the rails, and, squealing, dashed away into the grass.

The hogs were almost frantic at the sight of the boys, and rushed madly at the sides of the pen; but the boys had made it too strong to be broken.

After gazing at their capture awhile, and piling a few more outriders on the corners of the pen to make it more secure, the two trappers rushed home. They dashed breathless and panting into their mother's room, shouting, "We've got 'em!—we've got 'em!" and, seizing her, began to dance up and down with her.

In a little while the whole plantation was aware of the capture, and old Balla was sent out with them to look at the hogs and make sure they did not belong to some one else,—as he insisted they did. The boys went with him. It was quite dark when

he returned, but as he came in, the proof of the boys' success was written on his face. He was on a broad grin. To his mistress's inquiry he replied, "Yes, 'm, they 's got 'em, sho' 'nough. They 's the beatenes' boys!"

For some time afterward he would every now and then break into a chuckle of amused content and exclaim, "Them 's right smart chillern." And at Christmas, when the hogs were killed, this was the opinion of the whole plantation.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD OF THE NAUTILUS.

BY E. CAVAZZA.



*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
Why sail you on the main?*

*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
Whereof is made thy sail?*

"I go to bring the Fairy King,
To come to his own again.
They broke in two his royal wand,
And took his crown away,
And drove him forth from Fairyland
For a thousand years and a day."

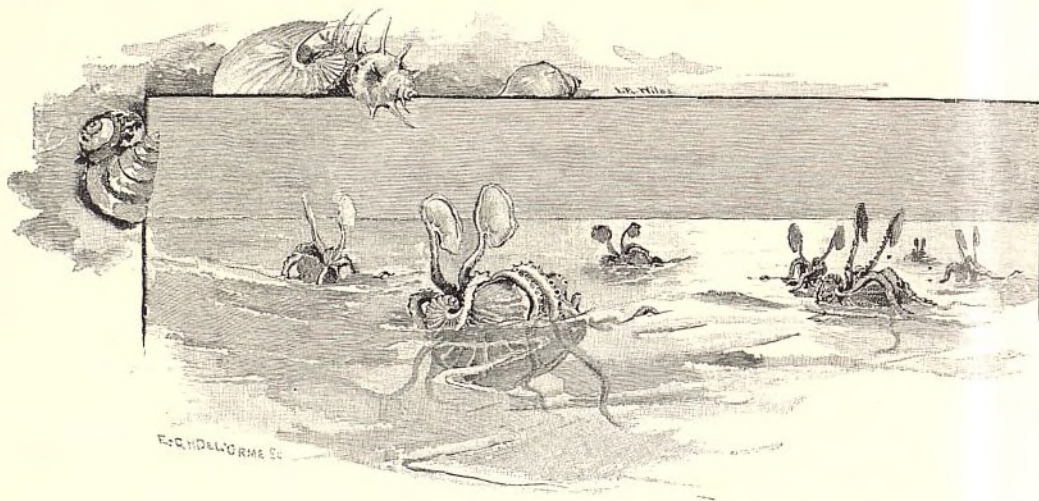
"Of a roseleaf white, and a thread of light
That was spun from a moonbeam pale;
The rudder that steers my ship so fast
Was a thorn of a red, red rose;
And on spider's cordage I climb the mast
When the wind of the ocean blows."

*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
And who are you, yourself?*

"The son of a fay of the land, they say,
And of a water-elf.
Oh! the veil and the gown of mother mine
Were woven of mist so thin;
Through her wedding-ring, so small and fine,
You could not thrust a pin."

*O Nautilus! O Nautilus!
How will you find your way?*

"I do not know; I sail to and fro
For a thousand years and a day.
But when that day is done, no doubt,
I shall find the Fairy King,
And the fairy folk will dance and shout,
And the bells of their land will ring!"



AIMÉE.

MARY E. VANDYNE.

"ARE you quite sure that I can leave you safely, my pet?"

"Yes, indeed, Mamma!"

"You will play very quietly about the house and grounds, and do whatever Madame tells you?"

"Surely I will. And you know, Mamma, that I shall have Aimée to take care of me. You have no idea how good she is; and then, you know, she is ever and ever so much older than I am, and she has always lived here and knows everything about the place."

Mrs. Anderson smiled. She quite shared her little girl's admiration for Aimée St. Germain, their good landlady's niece, and felt that Flossie would be safe in the care of the quiet little French maiden. But she felt some little uneasiness, nevertheless.

In the first place, Aimée was only twelve years old, while Flossie was ten and had truly American ideas of independence, gained from living in a New England village where everybody knew "the Squire's little girl," and where she was quite as safe rambling about the streets or straying by the little brook that babbled loudly in spring and dried up to nothing during August, as she was in the old nursery at the Hall.

But ill-health and a father's anxiety had made Flossie and her mother exiles from their New England home, and they were now living in a romantic villa beside the blue Mediterranean, not far from Nice, and just at the foot of a shaded hill whose green slopes were a delicious playground for Flossie and a very mine of strength to her mother.

It was the morning of Corpus Christi. There were to be many gorgeous ceremonies in the cathedral at Nice, for this is a great festival of the Church; and Mrs. Anderson would not have left her daughter, but she had received word that a friend of hers had just arrived at the Hotel des Anglais, in that city, and was anxious to see her. She did not wish to take Flossie with her, for it was quite a fatiguing journey, and Mrs. Anderson thought her little girl would be safer at home, considering the crowd, the heat, and the confusion. On the other hand, it was not a good day to leave the child alone, as nearly all the boarders were going into the city, and the villa would be quite deserted.

"Aimée will take charge of ze leetle girl — surely, sure-ly," echoed Madame, who had happened to overhear their conversation.

And so it was arranged. The carriage arrived early for Mrs. Anderson; the rest of the boarders left for Nice; Madame started out on her daily shopping tour among the vegetable-farmers and trades-people, and by noon the two little girls were left almost in sole possession. Deaf old Jean, the gardener, and Marianne, the cook, who spoke a dreadful patois that Madame alone understood, were the only others about the villa.

"Where shall we go, Aimée?" inquired Flossie, who was the restless one of the little couple.

"Into ze garden, *n'est ce pas?*" answered the little maid, whose soft brown eyes and sweet, firm mouth already indicated the self-control of a mature woman.

Flossie readily agreed, and they soon established themselves under a beautiful big tree.

Little folk who have never had foreign playmates or friends, or lived abroad, can not realize how many entertaining things these two little ones had to talk about.

Flossie had told Aimée a thousand things about her life in New England; she had pictured the great snow-storms, the rushing rivers, the ponds of smooth ice that one could run about on, for months and months, as safely as upon solid ground; the great Thanksgiving feast, with its meeting of uncles, aunts, and cousins; the cookies and the gingerbread, the skating and the sleighing, all of which were new to the little French girl.

And Aimée had much to tell Flossie. Every nook and corner of her beloved France had some legend connected with it, and with these Aimée was familiar. Then she knew how to do many things that were new to Flossie. Her little fingers were very deft, and at the convent where she was educated, the good sisters had taught her how to make most wonderful embroidery. With her little pillow on her lap, she would weave the daintiest and

costliest lace, such as Flossie had seen in the great stores in America. The threads were so delicate, the patterns so intricate, and the labyrinth of pins, through which Aimée guided her regiment of bobbins, so bewildering, that Flossie could only sigh with hopeless admiration, as she saw the agile fingers move.

Aimée proposed to her little companion that they should take a run about the garden.

"Aimée," cried Flossie, as the two girls paused on a knoll whence they could look a long distance out upon the road, "what is that old ruined building, 'way over there?"

Aimée smiled. "It is the remains of a beautiful villa built very long ago by a very rich gentleman from your country, — no! England, — I always forget."

"Do you think we might run and look at it?"

"It would be a long run. And see, Flossie, the air is so hot and still. There are black clouds yonder."

"You don't mean rain?"

Aimée shook her head.

"No, not rain."

"Well, then, let us go." Flossie held her companion tightly by the hand, and was drawing her along the path toward the old ruin.

"But, if anything should happen."

"What could happen?"

"I don't know, exactly," Aimée answered, in a hesitating manner, still allowing Flossie to lead her.

Aimée was thinking of a conversation between her aunt and a friend, which she had overheard the evening before, but did not care to tell Flossie about it, fearing to frighten the little one.

The girls went toward the villa, and, after quite a long walk, they found themselves in front of the building.

"Oh, what a beautiful garden!"

"Yes," said Aimée, smiling.

"And see," cried Flossie, "the doors are quite gone, and I can see inside the rooms. Oh, what beautiful pictures those are, on the walls!"

Flossie was not familiar with frescoed walls and these paintings, even in their ruined state, seemed very strange and very beautiful to her.

Aimée was anxiously watching the sky. There was a peculiar stillness in the air, and, on the horizon, banks of black clouds were heaped one upon another. Suddenly she missed Flossie from her side.

"Where are you, *petite*, where are you?" she called. Flossie did not reply. Suddenly there was a low moaning sound, as if the wind were sighing amid the trees. But — there was no wind!

Just as Aimée noticed this, a dull rumble seemed to come from the neighboring hills. Then there

was silence, followed by a hoarse, low growl, as if some great monster enchained in the woods shook the air. Instinctively Aimée clasped her hand to her heart and again loudly called Flossie by name.

But still there was no answer; only the sighing of those motionless trees, and again the hoarse, low rumbling, followed by a tremulous motion of the earth beneath her feet.

"It has come," screamed the girl. "Oh,

the ground; they fastened them upon great rocks and they strengthened them by broad arches so that when the earth trembled they should be as secure as possible. But many, very many, years had since passed. Many towns on the shores of the blue Mediterranean had been visited and destroyed by earthquake shocks; yet no such calamity had befallen the beautiful cities of southern France. Of late, wiseacres had foretold that the shocks would come soon again. But the in-



"FLOSSIE HELD HER COMPANION TIGHTLY BY THE HAND, AND WAS DRAWING HER ALONG THE PATH."

Flossie, Flossie, *mon enfant, ma petite, où es-tu? où es-tu?*"

In her excitement Aimée spoke her native tongue.

There was no reply. She turned and looked at the walls of the house behind her. Should she enter? *Dare* she enter? Flossie had gone into the building—and now the earthquake had come! No place was so unsafe. The walls were old and moldered by time, and half shaken to pieces by former earthquakes.

Last night, and many times before, Aimée had heard stories of earthquakes, for the beautiful Riviera often had been visited by these calamities. In olden times people built their houses low upon

habitants had not been frightened by the warnings and little or no precautions had been taken.

But where was Flossie? Some minutes had passed since she had entered the ruin. Why had she not heard Aimée's call? Had she been deaf to the strange voice of the wind? Had she not seen the darkened sky or felt the trembling of the walls about her, of the ruined floor beneath her feet?

With one timorous glance at the broken ceiling above her head, the wide seams and gaps in the tottering walls, the half-dislodged blocks of stone all ready to fall, Aimée sprang within the archway. A sweet voice, crying "Peep!" attracted her attention, and with one bound she reached the

staircase. Flying up the broken, half-ruined steps, she caught sight of Flossie's little form in a remote corner. As swiftly as possible she crossed the apartment, and clasped the little girl in her arms. At this moment another low rumbling sound filled the air.

Flossie had fancied that she saw her way to a capital game of "hide-and-seek." This had made her ignore Aimée's call, and the walls of the chateau had prevented her from noticing the darkened sky. Of the noise she thought little. A very tiny clap of thunder would have sounded much louder.

Aimée, grasping Flossie's wrist, drew her toward the head of the staircase, crying in her ear meanwhile:

"Hurry, hurry, it is an earthquake!"

Had she not spoken they might have escaped from the building. But at this word Flossie was startled, lost her footing and fell. The sudden weight upon her hand loosened Aimée's grasp. The little girl rolled sideways, and over the unguarded side of the staircase!

Aimée saw the fall, and as the little form disappeared a cry of anguish burst from her lips. But no mortal ear heard, or could have heard it, for with a voice of muffled thunder the solid earth heaved and writhed beneath their feet, the walls shook, and groaned, and fell about them, stones were hurled here and there, and over all settled a cloud of thick dust which it was impossible to see through, or to breathe.

After the shock there was a strange silence, broken only by the occasional rattle of a loose stone, here and there, or the settling of the ruined masses into a closer heap.

Aimée lay upon the stone staircase, breathless and powerless, but unhurt. For a moment she was too frightened even to move. Then she sat up and tried to look about her.

What made it so dark? Try as she might, she could not see anything. She called Flossie.

No answer came, but in the course of a few minutes Aimée fancied she could hear a low sobbing. She called louder and was answered by the child's voice:

"Here I am, Aimée, here!"

Sore and bruised as she was, Aimée could move without difficulty, and creeping carefully down the steps, made her way to Flossie's side. The child flung both arms about her, and for a few moments they could do nothing but sob in each other's arms.

"Are you hurt, Flossie?"

"Oh yes, yes!"

"Where?"

"My arm. Oh! it is so sore, and my head! — it

hurts me so! Oh, Aimée, what has happened? Are we killed? What makes it so dark?"

Aimée felt the poor head very carefully and found that it was only bruised. The arm was wet with something she knew must be blood; but Flossie could move it. So, fortunately, it was not broken.

Tearing her handkerchief into strips, Aimée bound the injured limb as well as she could and then gathered the little one closer in her arms.

Yes, the earthquake had come. It was probably not very severe, for if it had been, they must have been killed. But the wall of the old chateau had fallen and had made them prisoners in the darkness.

"But, if we look about, shall we not find a way out?" asked Flossie.

Aimée's voice trembled. "I am afraid not, but we will try. First let us thank God for saving us from a dreadful death."

"Yes, indeed, indeed we will," was Flossie's reply. "And Aimée, we will ask Him to show us a way out and let us go home. Oh, Mamma! Mamma!"

In the darkness, surrounded by the fallen débris and nearly suffocated with the dust, the two little girls knelt, and the prayer was said. Soon after Flossie buried her head in Aimée's breast, and cried bitterly for her Mamma.

And now began a long, sad vigil. Aimée remembered the stories she had heard of good men and women in prison, who had suffered from privation of every kind, and some of whom had died before they were released. Suddenly a thought struck her. They had nothing to eat or drink! Would they sit there, clasped in each other's arms until they grew hungry and faint, and finally unconscious, and died of starvation or thirst? Oh, the idea was too dreadful! Her little lips trembled, and the prayers she was trying to say became very incoherent.

What were the chances of their being rescued? How soon would they be missed? In the dreadful confusion the earthquake must have caused, who would think to look for them? No one knew they had come to the old chateau. It was only an old ruin. Excursionists came sometimes, or travelers from abroad, and now and then a peasant would seek the shade of the ruined walls as he rested from his labors in the neighboring fields.

And even if the people knew they were there, how long would it take to dig away those terrible masses of stone and cement that had filled the old doorway? How deeply were they buried in the old ruin? How thick was the barrier that lay between them and the light of day, the beautiful outside world, and home, and love?

Aimée sat very quietly, thinking. Flossie had sobbed herself to sleep in the darkness, and lay dreaming of Mamma and home, with her head in Aimée's lap. Suddenly Aimée fancied that she heard the sound of water. She listened intently. Yes, surely, it was water. Then she remembered that she had heard there was a spring near the old chateau. Yes, but not within it. What did that low ripple mean?

Of course it was impossible for Aimée to know that what seems almost a miracle had been worked in behalf of the little prisoners. The earthquake, in its course, had so shaken the rocks and the ground about the spring, that the course of its waters was changed, and a portion of the tiny streamlet flowing from it, now ran through a chink in the castle wall, and was dripping from a ledge not far from where she sat. And not only did the stream come to her, but it told her where it was. The quiet drip, drip, seemed to be calling, "Aimée," "Aimée"; and when, presently, Flossie awoke and cried for water, she was able to help the little girl to crawl within its reach. Drop by drop it fell into their little upturned mouths, and the agonies of thirst were averted.

The hours passed slowly, and again Flossie fell asleep. This time Aimée slept, too. Of course they both were hungry, and, as hungry people do, they dreamed of food. All at once, Aimée awoke with a start. She had been dreaming of her little sewing-basket, and of the luncheons she used to pack into it, when she started for her convent-school. And surely she had packed a luncheon, when she and Flossie went out in the garden that morning! That had been part of their plan—to have a little tea-party in the garden.

But the basket—she had brought it with her to the chateau. But what then? Did she have it in her hand as she sprang into the ruin in search of Flossie? She could not remember. But if she did, where would it be now? Where had she dropped it when she seized the child, just before that terrible crash came?

Aimée lay still and thought a long while, not daring to move lest she might disturb Flossie. Then she became so strongly impressed with the idea that she had let the little basket drop from her hand as she sprang up the staircase in answer to Flossie's cry, that she ventured to put the little girl's head from her lap to the ground. This did not wake Flossie, and, after a few moments of anxious search, Aimée felt the basket in her hand.

Yes, it was safe. She had it!—and there was the precious luncheon! There were in the basket three small sandwiches, three boiled eggs, and one piece of cake.

Aimée hugged the treasure to her bosom. Yes,

they had food and drink; they need not die—yet. But, oh, it was so little!

Aimée took the first sandwich in her hand. Flossie was sleeping. It was better for her to sleep. She would eat a little, and then feed Flossie when she woke. Aimée's teeth had nearly closed over the bread, when her conscience smote her.

"There is so little, so little. If I eat any there will be less for Flossie. Oh, ought I—should I—must I give it *all* to her?"

At this thought the hungry little girl burst into tears.

"But it is what the good saints would have done. Flossie is so little. I can bear hunger longer than she!"

Aimée sat down upon the ruined stairs, and thought and thought, longer than ever.

"No one knows how long we may be imprisoned here. Madame Anderson,—if the earthquake has not destroyed her,—will soon go back to the villa, and Tante Celeste will tell her that we are not there. But why do I talk of the villa and Tante Celeste? Who knows whether the dear house is still there, or if Tante Celeste is still among the living?"

Aimée bowed her head and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

It was so dark that the waking child could not tell whether it was night or day. Finally, after many hours spent in anxious thought, she said to herself:

"I think I know now what I ought to do. We have very, very little food. If it is divided and eaten sparingly it might last us several days. But it would not do for me to give it all to Flossie. She is so little that she would not control herself, and at the first meal she would eat it all. No; I will divide it so as to give her two-thirds and I will eat one-third. Then I shall keep my strength, and we shall live as long as possible. Oh! if they will only think to search for us here—if they only will! It is so hard to die—so hard!"

In a little time Flossie awoke. Then Aimée told her of their situation, and of the little food they had, and how they must make it last as long as they could.

Oh, how dreary it was! The little ones dragged themselves about and explored every part of the strange prison; they talked long and sadly about home and friends, and tried in every way to make the slow, dismal hours pass.

Aimée's hardest task was to keep Flossie from devouring their little store of food. She became so very hungry, and she begged for it so piteously. Before a day had passed Aimée had abandoned her plan of eating one-third as much as she allowed Flossie, and contented herself with a few



"AIMÉE WAS ANXIOUSLY WATCHING THE SKY."

crumbs from the allowance she doled out to the little girl. Fortunately, there was plenty of water.

Four days had passed. Flossie had grown very sick and wretched, but poor Aimée's strength was quite exhausted. Their food was all gone. This morning there had been but a few crumbs for

Flossie; Aimée had eaten nothing at all. They had ceased to talk to each other. Both lay prostrate on the stone floor.

Suddenly Flossie heard what sounded to her like strong, powerful blows falling upon the outside wall of their prison-house.

"Aimée!" she cried, "Aimée!"

There was no answer. Aimée had become unconscious.

Flossie listened again. Yes, surely some one was coming to their rescue. Some one was digging a way through that terrible mass of dust and stone in order to set them free. But what was the matter with Aimée? It was in vain that Flossie called to her, shook her, rubbed and chafed her face and hands,—there was no sign of life anywhere in the little frame.

But still the sound of blows continued. Oh, how eagerly Flossie listened! How her heart throbbed as they came nearer and nearer! Soon she felt the air around her fill with dust again, as it had at the moment of the earthquake. Then there was a movement among the masses of earth and stone at her side. Soon there was a streak of daylight making its way amid the darkness; and then—then, in response to her own wild shriek of joy and gladness, came a reply in the voice she knew so well:

"Florence, my child, my child! Are you living? Are you hurt?"

Such happiness seemed almost too much to bear. Mrs. Anderson fell fainting into the arms of a peasant woman; and not until the laborers had removed the fearful masses of stone and wreck that held the children imprisoned, and brought them into the light of day, did she recover. Then Flossie's arms were about her, and mother and child were clasped to each other's hearts.

The first care of all was to revive Aimée. She had been so faithful to her resolve that Flossie did not even know that her friend had nearly starved so that she might live.

It was hard at first to find a physician, so busy were they all among the sufferers by the terrible earthquake shock. But at last one came, and by his skill Aimée was brought back to the world she had so nearly left for ever. Lying in Tante Celeste's white bed, she was soon able to take the delicate broth they brought her, and to help Flossie tell the dreadful story of their imprisonment.

The town of Nice had been almost destroyed by the earthquake. Mrs. Anderson was chatting with her friend in the dining-room of the hotel, when the first *tremblement de terre* occurred. They had rushed out, only just in time to see the great building fall to the ground, and to witness the destruction of a great part of the beautiful city! Wild with anxiety, Mrs. Anderson had secured the first carriage she could find, and had made her way to the villa in search of Flossie. She had found her home intact, but her child was—gone!

It was a sad story,—that of the search made by Mrs. Anderson and Tante Celeste, among the injured and the killed, for their two little ones. Only by accident was their whereabouts revealed at last. Flossie's parasol, and the marks of tiny feet in the road to the old chateau, showed that the girls had wandered there during some part of the day. Mrs. Anderson insisted that the ruins should be searched, though she dared expect nothing but to find their crushed and mangled bodies.

Their merciful deliverance from death was owing to the strong masonry of the tower of the chateau. Had they been in another part of the building they must have died.

Aimée herself would never have told of the self-denial and anguish she had endured in her desire to prolong Flossie's life. But the good woman who presided over Tante Celeste's kitchen knew just how much food had been given the little girls, and Flossie's account of what she had eaten, together with Aimée's emaciated looks and fainting condition, soon revealed the secret.

"She is just a little saint," cried Tante Celeste, hugging her darling to her bosom; and Mrs. Anderson, clasping Flossie in her arms, echoed the cry.

As for the two girls, nothing will ever disturb the friendship and devotion resulting from that terrible experience of darkness and privation during the great earthquake at Nice.

A JULY DAY.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

WEST wind that ruffles the sea into laughter and sparkle and spray;
 Skies blue as they can be; white clouds across the bay;
 And a thistle seed sailing over a field of blossoming clover,—
 That is a July day!

TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER.

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

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

THE next day, when the aunts and uncles arrived, Aunt Deane brought her little daughter Lucy with her, "and Mrs. Tulliver had to look on with a silent pang while Lucy's blonde curls were adjusted. Maggie always looked twice as dark as usual when she was by the side of Lucy.

"She did to-day, when she and Tom came in from the garden with their father and their Uncle Glegg. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, and, coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl, rushed at once to Lucy, who was standing by her mother's knee. Certainly the contrast between the cousins was conspicuous, and, to superficial eyes, was very much to the disadvantage of Maggie. . . . It was like the contrast between a rough, dark, overgrown puppy and a white kitten. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed: everything about her was neat—her little round neck with the row of coral beads; her straight little nose, not at all snubby; her little clear eyebrows, rather darker than her curls, to match her hazel eyes, which looked up with shy pleasure at Maggie, taller by the head, though scarcely a year older. Maggie always looked at Lucy with delight. She was fond of fancying a world where the people never got any larger than children of their own age, and she made the queen of it just like Lucy, with a little crown on her head and a little scepter in her hand—only the queen was Maggie herself, in Lucy's form.

"Oh, Lucy," she burst out, after kissing her, "you'll stay with Tom and me, won't you? Oh, kiss her, Tom."

"Tom, too, had come up to Lucy, but he was not going to kiss her—no; he came up to her with Maggie because it was easier, on the whole, than saying 'How do you do?' to all those aunts and uncles. . . ."

"Heyday!" said Aunt Glegg, with loud emphasis. "Do little boys and gells come into a room without taking notice o' their uncles and aunts? That was n't the way when I was a little gell."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver, looking anxious and melancholy. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you're good children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg, in the same loud emphatic way, as she took their hands, hurting them with her large rings, and kissing their cheeks, much against their desire. "Look up, Tom, look up. Boys as go to boarding-schools should hold their heads up. Look at me now." Tom declined that pleasure, apparently, for he tried to draw his hand away. "Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

"Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in this loud emphatic way, as if she considered them deaf, or perhaps rather idiotic. . . ."

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet, in a compassionate voice, "you grow wonderful fast. I doubt they'll outgrow their strength," she added, looking over their heads, with a melancholy expression, at their mother. "I think the gell has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I was you: it is n't good for her health. It's that as makes her skin so brown, I should n't wonder. Don't you think so, sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close again, and looking at Maggie with a critical eye.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough; there's nothing ails her. There's red wheat as well as white, for that matter, and some like the dark grain best. But it'd be as well if Bessy'd have the child's hair cut, so as it'd lie smooth."

"A dreadful resolve was gathering in Maggie's breast, but it was arrested by the desire to know from her Aunt Deane whether she would leave Lucy behind; Aunt Deane would hardly ever let Lucy come to see them. After various reasons for refusal, Mrs. Deane appealed to Lucy herself.

"You would n't like to stay behind without mother, should you, Lucy?"

"Yes, please, mother," said Lucy, timidly, blushing very pink all over her little neck.

"Well done, Lucy! Let her stay, Mrs. Deane, let her stay," said Mr. Deane. . . ."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear, as soon as this point of Lucy's staying was settled, "go and

* "Mill on the Floss."

get your hair brushed—do, for shame. I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did.'

"'Tom, come out with me,' whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"'Come upstairs with me, Tom,' she whispered when they were outside the door. 'There's something I want to do before dinner.'

"'There's no time to play at anything before dinner,' said Tom. . . ."

"'Oh yes, there is time for this—*do* come, Tom.'

"Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"'What are they for, Maggie?' said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

"Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"'Oh, my buttons, Maggie, you'll catch it!' exclaimed Tom; 'you'd better not cut any more off.'

"'Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could n't help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie would look so queer.

"'Here, Tom, cut it behind for me,' said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"'You'll catch it, you know,' said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"'Never mind—make haste!' said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

"The black locks were so thick—nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. . . . One delicious, grinding snip, and then another and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"'Oh, Maggie,' said Tom, jumping round her, and slapping his knees as he laughed, 'Oh, my buttons, what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass: you look like the idiot we throw our nutshells to, at school.'

"Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action: she did n't want her hair to look pretty—that was out of

the question—she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her and say she was like the idiot, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale and her lips to tremble a little.

"'Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly,' said Tom. 'Oh my!'

"'Don't laugh at me, Tom,' said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"'Now, then, spitfire!' said Tom, 'what did you cut it off for, then?' I shall go down; I can smell the dinner going in.'

"He hurried down . . . but Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her; for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot pudding and the custard! What could she do but sob?" . . .

"'Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute,' said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. 'Lawks! what have you been a-doing? I niver see such a fright.'

"'Don't, Kezia,' said Maggie, angrily. 'Go away!'

"'But I tell you, you're to come down, Miss, this minute; your mother says so,' said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"'Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner,' said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. 'I shan't come.'

"'Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner,' said Kezia, going out again.

"'Maggie, you little silly,' said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, 'why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots o' goodies, and mother says you're to come. What are you crying for, you little spooney?'

"'Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned: if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter.

"But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospects of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone:

"'Won't you come then, Maggie? Shall I bring you a bit o' pudding when I've had mine?—and a custard and things?"

"'Ye-e-es,' said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"'Very well,' said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door, and said, 'But you'd better come, you know. There's the dessert—nuts, you know—and cowslip wine.'

"Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts with cowslip wine began to have their effect upon her.

"Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side-table—it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

"Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a 'turn' that she dropped the large gravy-spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth. . . ."

"Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn toward the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said:

"'Heyday! what little gell 's this—why, I don't know her. Is it some little gell you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"'Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself,' said Mr. Tulliver in an under-tone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment." . . .

"'Why, little Miss, you've made yourself look very funny,' said Uncle Pullet." . . .

"'Fie, for shame!' said Aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. 'Little gells as cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water, and not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles.'

"'Ay, ay,' said Uncle Glegg . . . 'She must be sent to jail, . . . and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even.'

"'She 's more like a gypsy nor ever,' said Aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone; 'it 's very bad luck, sister, as the gell should be so brown—the boy 's fair enough. I doubt it 'll stand in her way 'f life to be so brown.'

"'She 's a naughty child, as 'll break her mother's heart,' said Mrs. Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

"Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of

reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression, he whispered, 'Oh my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it!' He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

"'Come, come, my wench,' said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, 'never mind; you was 'f the right to cut it off if it plagued you; give over crying; father 'll take your part.'

"'Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father 'took her part'; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after. . . ."

"With the dessert came entire deliverance for Maggie, for the children were told they might have their nuts and wine in the summer-house, since the day was so mild, and they scampered out among the budding bushes of the garden, with the alacrity of small animals getting from under a burning-glass."

The next day it was arranged that Mrs. Tulliver should take the three children over to see Aunt and Uncle Pullet, as a means of celebrating the occasion of Lucy's visit. But "the day had begun ill with Maggie. The pleasure of having Lucy to look at, and the prospect of the afternoon visit to Garum Firs, where she would hear Uncle Pullet's musical-box, had been marred as early as eleven o'clock by the advent of the hair-dresser from St. Ogg's, who had spoken in the severest terms of the condition in which he had found her hair, holding up one jagged lock after another, and saying, 'See here! tut-tut-tut!' in a tone of mingled disgust and pity, which to Maggie's imagination was equivalent to the strongest expression of public opinion."

Then the tucker in which her mother dressed her was stiff and prickly, and made her feel so cross that she "would certainly have torn it off, if she had not been checked by the remembrance of her recent humiliation about her hair." . . . Then, when they were all allowed to build card-houses "till dinner, as a suitable amusement for boys and girls in their best clothes," Maggie's would n't stand up, as Tom's and Lucy's did, and her tucker made her peevish, and Tom "laughed when her houses fell and told her she was 'a stupid.'

"'Don't laugh at me, Tom!' she burst out, angrily; 'I'm not a stupid. I know a great many things you don't.'



"ONE DELICIOUS, GRINDING SNIP, AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, AND MAGGIE STOOD CROPPED IN A JAGGED, UNEVEN MANNER."

"'Oh, I dare say, Miss Spitfire! I'd never be such a cross thing as you, making faces like that. Lucy does n't do so. I like Lucy better than you: I wish Lucy was *my* sister.'

"'Then it's very wicked and cruel of you to wish so,' said Maggie, starting up hurriedly from her place on the floor, and upsetting Tom's wonderful pagoda. She really did not mean it," but Tom thought she did, and was very angry with her. "Thus the morning had been made heavy to Maggie, and Tom's persistent coldness to her all through their walk spoiled the fresh air and sunshine for her. He called Lucy to look at the half-built bird's nest without caring to show it to

Maggie, and peeled a willow switch for Lucy and himself without offering one to Maggie. Lucy had said, 'Maggie, should n't *you* like one?' but Tom was deaf.

"Still the sight of the peacock opportunely spreading his tail on the stack-yard wall, just as they reached Garum Firs, was enough to divert the mind temporarily from personal grievances. And this was only the beginning of beautiful sights at Garum Firs. All the farm-yard life was wonderful there—bantams, speckled and top-knotted; Friesland hens, with their feathers all turned the wrong way; Guinea-fowls that flew, and screamed, and dropped their pretty-spotted feathers; pouter-

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an early
were rest
play out

pigeons and a tame magpie; nay, a goat, and a wonderful brindled dog, half mastiff, half bull-dog, as large as a lion. Then there were white railings and white gates all about, and glittering weather-cocks of various designs, and garden walks paved with pebbles in beautiful patterns—nothing was quite common at Garum Firs; and Tom thought that the unusual size of the toads there was simply due to the general unusualness which characterized Uncle Pullet's possessions as a gentleman farmer. Toads who paid rent were naturally leaner. As for the house, it was not less remarkable: it had a receding center, and two wings with battlemented turrets, and was covered with glittering white stucco."

One of the first things that Maggie did on entering Aunt Pullet's beautifully kept house was to "let fall her cake, and in an unlucky movement crush it beneath her foot—a source of so much agitation to Aunt Pullet and conscious disgrace to Maggie, that she began to despair of hearing the musical snuff-box to-day, till, after some reflection, it occurred to her that Lucy was in high favor enough to venture on asking for a tune. So she whispered to Lucy, and Lucy, who always did what she was desired to do, went up quietly to her uncle's knee, and, blushing all over her neck while she fingered her necklace, said, 'Will you please play us a tune, Uncle?'

"For the first time Maggie forgot that she had a load on her mind—that Tom was angry with her; and by the time 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,' had been played, her face wore that bright look of happiness, while she sat immovable with her hands clasped, which sometimes comforted her mother with the sense that Maggie could look pretty now and then, in spite of her brown skin. But when the magic music ceased, she jumped up, and running toward Tom, put her arm round his neck and said, 'Oh, Tom, is n't it pretty?'" jerking him so as to make him spill his cowslip wine that he held in his hand.

"Look there, now!" said Tom angrily.

"Why don't you sit still, Maggie?" her mother said, peevishly.

"Little gells must n't come to see me if they behave in that way," said Aunt Pullet.

"Why, you 're too rough, little Miss," said Uncle Pullet.

"Poor Maggie sat down again, with the music all chased out of her soul, and the seven small demons all in again.

"Mrs. Tulliver, foreseeing nothing but misbehavior while the children remained indoors, took an early opportunity of suggesting that, now they were rested after their walk, they might go and play out of doors." . . .

"All the disagreeable recollections of the morning were thick upon Maggie, when Tom, whose displeasure toward her had been considerably refreshed by her foolish trick of causing him to upset his cowslip wine, said, 'Here, Lucy, you come along with me,' and walked off to the area where the toads were, as if there were no Maggie in existence. . . . Lucy was naturally pleased that Cousin Tom was so good to her, and it was very amusing to see him tickling a fat toad with a piece of string when the toad was safe down the area, with an iron grating over him. Still Lucy wished Maggie to enjoy the spectacle also, especially as she would doubtless find a name for the toad, and say what had been his past history; for Lucy had a delighted semi-belief in Maggie's stories about the live things they came upon by accident—how Mrs. Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor. Tom had a profound contempt for this nonsense of Maggie's, smashing the earwig at once as a superfluous yet easy means of proving the entire unreality of such a story; for Lucy, for the life of her, could not help fancying there was something in it, and, at all events, thought it was very pretty make-believe."

So she turned affectionately to Maggie and invited her to come and look at the toad; but Maggie was too hurt by Tom's neglect, and "as long as Tom seemed to prefer Lucy to her, Lucy made part of his unkindness. Maggie would have thought a little while ago that she could never be cross with pretty little Lucy any more than she could be cruel to a little white mouse; but then, Tom had always been quite indifferent to Lucy before, and it had been left to Maggie to pet and make much of her. As it was, she was actually beginning to think that she should like to make Lucy cry by slapping or pinching her, especially as it might vex Tom, whom it was of no use to slap, even if she dared, because he did n't mind it. And if Lucy had n't been there, Maggie was sure he would have got friends with her sooner."

After a while Tom grew tired of tickling the toad, and enticed Lucy away to the pond to look at the pike, although the children had been told not to leave the garden. Maggie could not bear to be left behind, so she followed. Presently Tom caught sight of something in the water, and called Lucy to look at it. "Maggie had drawn nearer and nearer—she *must* see it too, though it was bitter to her like everything else, since Tom did not care about her seeing it. At last she was close by Lucy, and Tom, who had been aware of her approach but would not notice it till he was obliged, turned round and said:

"Now get away, Maggie. There's no room for you on the grass here. Nobody asked *you* to come." Stormy passions were "at war in Maggie at that moment . . . but the utmost she could do, with a fierce thrust of her small brown arm, was to push poor little pink and white Lucy into the cow-trodden mud."

"Then Tom could not restrain himself, and gave Maggie two smart slaps on the arm as he ran to pick up Lucy, who lay crying helplessly. Maggie retreated to the roots of a tree a few yards off, and looked on impenitently."

Great was the consternation at the house when Lucy was led in by Sally, the maid, to whom Tom had intrusted the message to his mother that it was Maggie who had pushed Lucy into the mud. He did not stay to give the account himself, foreseeing "that Maggie would not be considered the only culprit in the case. . . . Mrs. Tulliver went out to speak to these naughty children, supposing them to be close at hand; but it was not until after some search that she found Tom leaning with rather a hardened, careless air against the white paling of the poultry-yard, and lowering his piece of string on the other side as a means of exasperating the turkey-cock."

When Mrs. Tulliver discovered, in answer to her inquiries, that Tom had left Maggie at the pond, he was instantly dispatched to bring his sister to the house. In a short while Tom returned, saying Maggie was nowhere about the pond, and suggesting that she had probably gone home. Mrs. Tulliver, however, was thoroughly alarmed, and set about searching for Maggie in all sorts of impossible places. "What the father would say if Maggie was lost, was a question that predominated over every other."

"Maggie's intentions, as usual, were on a larger scale than Tom had imagined. The resolution that gathered in her mind, after Tom and Lucy had walked away, was not so simple as that of going home. No; she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had been so often told she was like a gypsy, and 'half wild,' that when she was miserable it seemed to her the only way of escaping opprobrium, and being entirely in harmony with circumstances would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons; the gypsies, she considered, would gladly receive her, and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown, and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves, and had hardly anything

to eat, and had nothing to drive but a donkey. To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a point at which gypsydom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life; she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies, and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her should never see her any more. She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy, and always loved him very much."

Maggie wandered on and on, and presently became conscious that she was hungry as well as tired. "At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and she found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. . . . She had rushed into the adventure of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared look on one side of her, lest she should see the diabolical blacksmith in his leathern apron grinning at her with arms akimbo. It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillcock; they seemed something hideously preternatural—a diabolical kind of fungus; for she was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes, and the dark shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him: it did not occur to her that he was one of her friends the gypsies, who in all probability would have very genial manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie actually saw the little semicircular black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the blighting obloquy that had pursued her in civilized life. She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke—doubtless the gypsy-mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a common; indeed, it was rather disappointing; for a mysterious illimitable common, where there were sand-pits to hide in, and one was out of everybody's reach, had always made part of Maggie's picture of gypsy life. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down

at the first glance as an idiot. It was plain she had attracted attention; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached, and was reassured by the thought that her Aunt Pullet and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy, for this face, with the bright dark eyes and long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

"My little lady, where are you going to?" the gypsy said, in a tone of coaxing deference.

"It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected: the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm come to stay with *you*, please."

"That's pritty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure," said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, and wished she had not been so dirty.

"There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy-woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and occasionally poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam: two small, shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows something like small sphinxes; and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay. The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing-basin, and to feel an interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said:

"What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down, and tell us where you come from."

"It was just like a story: Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said:

"I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman

with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing baby to crawl; 'and such a pretty bonnet and frock,' she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it, while she made an observation to the old woman in the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject, as if she were susceptible about her bonnet.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said; 'I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours' (looking at her friend by her side); 'my hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon,' she added. . . . Maggie had forgotten even her hunger at the moment in the desire to conciliate gypsy opinion.

"Oh, what a nice little lady!—and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. 'Did n't you live in a beautiful house at home?'

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river, where we go fishing; but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books. I've read them so many times—and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about Geography too—that's about the world we live in—very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?'

"Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush—she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity; 'Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know—it's in my Catechism of Geography—but perhaps it's rather too long for me to tell before tea: *I want my tea so.*'

"The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself, with a sudden drop from patronizing instruction to simple peevishness.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. 'Give her some o' the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?'

"It's Dorlcote Mill—a good way off," said Maggie. 'My father is Mr. Tulliver; but we must n't let him know where I am, else he'll fetch

me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?’

“‘What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?’ said the younger woman. The tall girl meanwhile was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

“‘No,’ said Maggie; ‘I’m only thinking that if she is n’t a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I was a queen, I’d be a very good queen and kind to everybody.’

“‘Here’s a bit o’ nice victual, then,’ said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

“‘Thank you,’ said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it, ‘but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don’t like bacon.’

“‘We’ve got no tea nor butter,’ said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

“‘Oh, a little bread and treacle would do,’ said Maggie.

“‘We ha’n’t got no treacle,’ said the old woman crossly, whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small sphinxes snatched at the bread and bacon, and began to eat it.”

Presently two men came up, looking so fierce and talking so roughly that Maggie was frightened and could hardly keep back her tears. The women chattered with them, and they all seemed to be quarreling.

“Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge. . . . At last the younger woman said, in her previous deferential, coaxing tone:

“‘This nice little lady’s come to live with us; are n’t you glad?’

“‘Ay, very glad,’ said the younger, who was looking at Maggie’s silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. . . . The woman saw she was frightened.

“‘We’ve got nothing nice for a lady to eat,’ said the old woman, in her coaxing tone, ‘and she’s so hungry, sweet little lady.’

“‘Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o’ this,’ said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon, to Maggie. . . . If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant-killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought,

with a sinking heart, that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood of St. Ogg’s.” . . .

“Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, amenable to instruction, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark, and cut up her body for gradual cooking: the suspicion crossed her that the fierce-eyed old man was in fact the devil, who might drop that transparent disguise at any moment and turn either into the grinning blacksmith, or else a fiery-eyed monster with dragon’s wings.”

“‘What! you don’t like the smell of it, my dear,’ said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. ‘Try a bit—come.’

“‘No, thank you,’ said Maggie, summoning all force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. ‘I have n’t time, I think, it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things.’

“Maggie rose from her seat . . . but her hope sank when the old gypsy-woman said, ‘Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we’ll take you home all safe, when we’ve done supper: you shall ride home like a lady.’

“Maggie sat down again, with small faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

“‘Now, then, little Missis,’ said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, ‘tell us where you live—what’s the name o’ the place?’

“‘Dorlcote Mill is my home,’ said Maggie, eagerly.” . . .

“‘What! a big mill a little way this side o’ St. Ogg’s?’

“‘Yes,’ said Maggie. ‘Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please.’

“‘No, no, it’ll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey’ll carry you as nice as can be—you’ll see.’

“He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

“‘Here’s your pretty bonnet,’ said the younger woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie’s head: ‘and you’ll say we’ve been very good to you, won’t you? and what a nice little lady we said you was?’

“‘Oh, yes, thank you,’ said Maggie; ‘I’m very much obliged to you. But I wish you’d go with me

too.' She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone; it would be more cheerful to be murdered by a larger party."

"It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said 'Good-bye,' the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk

—seemed to add to its dreariness: they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed: it was probable that they were inhabited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

"At last — Oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad high road, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger-post at the corner: she had surely seen that finger-post before — 'To St. Ogg's, 2 miles.'



"THERE WAS QUITE A GROUP ROUND THE FIRE WHEN THEY REACHED IT."

along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking."

It was a terrifying ride for poor Maggie. "The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection. Two low thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane

"The gypsy really meant to take her home, then: he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she did n't like coming with him alone. . . . As they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"'Oh, stop, stop!' she cried out. 'There's my father! Oh, Father, Father!'

"The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great

was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"'Why, what 's the meaning o' this?' he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"'The little miss lost herself, I reckon,' said the gypsy. 'She 'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It 's a good way to come arter being on the tramp all day.'

"'Oh yes, Father, he 's been very good to bring me home,' said Maggie. 'A very kind, good man.'

"'Here, then, my man,' said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. 'It 's the best day's work *you* ever did. I could n't afford to lose the little wench; here, lift her up before me.'

"'Why, Maggie, how 's this—how 's this?' he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head

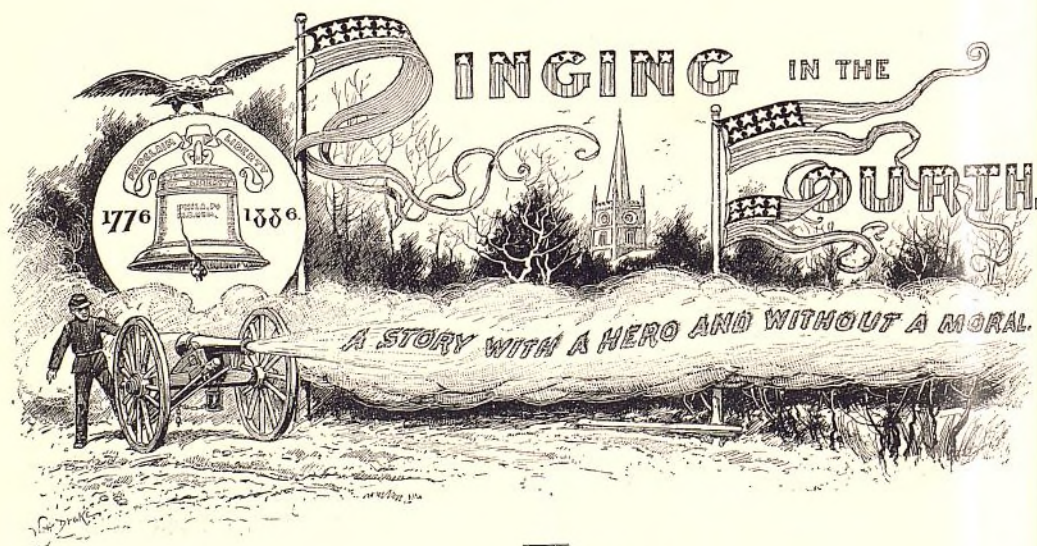
against her father and sobbed. 'How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?'

"'Oh, Father,' sobbed Maggie, 'I ran away because I was so unhappy—Tom was so angry with me. I could n't bear it.'

"'Pooh! pooh!' said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, 'you must n't think o' running away from father. What 'ud father do without his little wench?'

"'Oh no, I never will again, Father—never.'

"Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, or one taunt from Tom, about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies. Maggie was rather awestricken by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to."



BY HULDAH MORGAN.

BANG, bang, went the pestle; snap, snap, flew the coffee-kernels, over the kitchen floor, under the cupboard, back of the door; sliding, and tripping, and skipping, like so many little brown slippers off on a frolic, with no restraining feet to guide them.

Such a kitchen for dancing: wide, and sunny, and shining—an old, old kitchen in an old, old house! And the sun glared brightly through the

low open windows; and the tall clock in the corner looked down kindly, and did its best to tick off the promptings for the merry little reel.

Bang, bang, bang; snap, snap, snap; and the heavy iron pestle sank stiffly back against the soft, fragrant mass.

Two long legs which had been stretched out on the kitchen floor picked themselves up; two brown hands, which had just let fall the black pestle,

drubbed a tattoo on the table, and a clear, boyish voice burst out:

"See the conquering he-e-ero comes!
Sou-ou-ound the trumpets, beat the drums!"—

And the owner of the legs, hands, and voice, looked cheerfully down at the brown fragments strewn about the floor.

"Looks like a regular celebration. Guess there 's enough left, though;" he peered scrutinizingly into the mortar. "I put in a good charge this afternoon. No weak coffee for to-morrow." Then, with a sudden inspiration:

"Weak coffee is a sign of slaveery,
None 's wanted in this land of libertee."

After which original burst of patriotism, the lips belonging to the voice puckered themselves up and went off whistling, accompanied by the legs and hands.

Now, you must know, that this was the eve of July 4, 1876. The long-legged boy knew it; the clock in the corner knew it; and the sun, bless you, he knew it, too! If you can keep a secret, the sun, and the clock, and I will take you into our confidence and tell you something that the long-legged boy *did n't* know.

Long ago, on another July night, in some year of our Lord (no matter which), in the days when the house with the sunny kitchen was not an old house, and when the clock that stood in the corner—though quite as tall as it ever became—was still young: just as the night was falling in a little New England village, there came rumbling up the street a fine yellow gig, drawn by an old, white horse. On through the gloom of the evening they came, horse, gig, and driver, past one candle-lighted home after another, until the old horse turned in and stood before the hospitable door of this house, which then was not old. Out through the open door floated the fragrance of newly baked biscuit; and, within, one could catch the faint glimmer of coals on the kitchen hearth. There were oats and hay in the barn beyond, and—rest: a thing not to be despised by a country doctor's horse. It was a grateful sight to a worn man; it was a tempting prospect to a hungry beast; and the tired creature started impatiently onward as his master alighted. But the doctor hesitated and turned back, and the old horse, obedient to his word, stood still.

And now the curtain rises upon our hero. It is not the doctor; it is not the old white horse; it is not to be even the boy with long legs. The curtain was a leather curtain, and the hero was of iron; which fact, no doubt, accounts for the unusual length of his heroic existence. The curtain

hung from the gig-cushion, and the doctor lifted it and peered beneath it into that capacious and mysterious region familiarly known as "under-the-seat." There was a moment of groping and of subdued ejaculation on the part of the doctor, and then there came, bumping and thumping out upon the floor of the gig a heavy, black object, which he straightway shouldered and carried within. The old horse trotted off toward the barn; but, if you had ventured over the threshold after our hero, you would have found him in the office standing in state, surrounded by pill and powder, extract and elixir,—all the helps and hindrances that the knowledge of the times had brought to the little country doctor in his unpretentious struggle against suffering. Strong, heavy, and black, there stood a large iron mortar, with its ponderous pestle.

Certainly. You have seen it before, in the sunny kitchen with the low windows; but, historically considered, this was its first appearance in the large house with the tall clock. And so long as the old doctor drove about in the yellow gig, blistering and bleeding his grateful patients, so long did the mortar and pestle stand faithfully at home, keeping guard over their less steadfast companions. But a time came when the days of the years of the good old doctor were told; and then our hero was banished, with saddle-bags and medicine-chest, to a dark corner of the great garret.

There it stood, year after year, until one day the boy with the long legs came upon it, dusty, and covered with webs which some ambitious spider had spun about it, thinking, perhaps, to chain fast this iron fortress for its own. But the boy, after the manner of many another investigator, soon found that the responsibilities of discovery are quite as great as its triumphs, and by no means so short-lived. For the first flush of interest in the new plaything had hardly faded, when, in an unlucky hour, a second discovery was made, and the young discoverer and the old hero found themselves copartners in the daily task of crushing the home-browned coffee.

The amount of noise which that venerable mortar was capable of producing commanded a certain degree of respect. In addition to this, even a short experience in life had taught Master Long-legs the interesting lesson that the possession of an intimate friend, upon whom one may work off all ill-humor, is a blessing greatly to be desired. Here was a comrade who might be pummeled by the hour without injury to his physique; a friend who responded sympathetically to noisy confidences; a companion from whom there was no fear of recrimination. Surely, it might have been worse!

Meanwhile, on this centennial eve, the hands on the old clock-face had not been idle; the sun had

set; the moon had risen, and the shadows which all the long afternoon had slanted eastward now were turned toward the west.

The boy with the long legs had stopped whistling and had assumed an air of supreme importance. Evidently affairs of moment demanded his attention to-night.

He had held numberless consultations with other boys, all of whom wore a like expression of importance. In a state of breathless excitement, he had mounted Old Dobbin, and had gone plunging down the street, upon some errand of great secrecy. On their return, Old Dobbin was observed to be in a similar state of breathlessness—due, probably, to excitement.

Finally, with pockets full of fire-crackers and punk, the boy had presented himself at the closed door of an old red barn. Here he gave three loud raps, three low raps, and stood waiting. There was a fumbling within. Presently the door creaked, stuck on its hinges, then suddenly burst open. Straightway came the demand:

"Friend or foe?"

"Friend."

"Countersign?"

"Lexington, Lundy's Lane, fit, bled, and died, *ut, ne, quo, quin, and quominus!*"

This countersign was admitted by all the boys to be a gem of its kind. As Bob, the sentinel, put it, "Tell you what, boys, she's a regular little beauty, and about as safe as they make 'em. She ain't the sort of thing that a fellow'd happen on by chance!"

Its accurate repetition seemed to give entire satisfaction on this occasion, for the sentinel announced:

"All right, fellows! Heave down the ladder, and let the Colonel up."

But the ladder had made but half the descent from the loft above, when the door was pushed hurriedly open and a panting boy appeared. He crowded by the Sentinel, impatiently exclaiming:

"Bother the countersign, Bob! I can't stop for all that stuff! Where's the General?"

The ladder struck the floor with a thump; the head of the General appeared in a bar of moonlight which struck across the loft.

"Here! What's the matter?"

"Lots!" was the brief reply. Other heads appeared, and from the darkness where heads could not be seen voices were heard. Evidently, the loft was a stronghold of some sort; for in a moment it was alive with heads and voices; voices of all keys, and heads of all ranks, to judge from the titles used. There were colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and — heralds! — boys of every rank which a careful study of school histories could suggest.

Sturdy New England boys they were; and, in all her wanderings, the moon had not looked upon a jollier and manlier set than those she was peering down upon, in the loft of the old red barn on this night of July 3, 1876.

Sam, the newcomer, was already half-way up the ladder. Eager hands pulled him over its projecting top, the Colonel following close at his heels.

"Now, Sam!" "Quick!" "What's up?" came from all sides.

"Well,"—an ominous pause followed, as if the news were too startling to be disclosed hastily—"Dr. Chapin says the bell shan't ring to-night. He does n't care who tries it—'up-streeter' or 'down-streeter'—it's all the same to him!"

Dr. Chapin! Were the skies falling? Good-natured Dr. Chapin! Why, since first the bell was hung in the belfry of the village church, years and years ago, its patriotic tones had been the first in all the region to foretell the coming of each Independence Day! Since the time when the gray-haired men of the town were boys with Dr. Chapin, no Fourth of July had come and gone without the gallant struggle between the boys living north of the church and the boys living south of the church to outwit each other, and first gain possession of the bell-rope.

For years, as the midnight stroke had awakened the good people of the country-side to an enforced contemplation of the privileges of American citizenship, they had turned wearily in their beds and vowed that *this* should be the last time that those boys should disturb their sleep. But when the morning came, and those boys, hungry and triumphant, came trooping home to breakfast; when they reported that this year the down-streeters had been first at the rope; or when young Sam told old Sam how he had outwitted young Bob, by very much the same stratagem through which old Sam had been circumvented by old Bob some thirty years before,—why, there was an end of the matter! And, after all, there is but one Fourth of July in all the year, and having one's rest broken some night a year hence, is a matter of trivial importance to-day. Three hundred and sixty-four nights of undisturbed slumber had always proved enough to efface the dangerous memory of the three hundred and sixty-fifth. Back of all this, I suspect that no man had yet been found who was bold enough to face the boyish indignation that would be sure to follow his rebellion. Thus the matter had rested through two generations and part of another; and thus the boys supposed that it would rest, perhaps forever!

That there would be grumbling to-night, far and wide, when the tones of the bell were heard, was what the boys expected; but that any one

would openly rebel and attempt to defraud them of their ancestral rights, was an evil of which they had not dreamed. And now the blow had

there were many, had looked complacent; the men, of whom there were few, had gazed admiringly.

It was at this inspiring moment that Sam appeared with his startling report. "Prompt, decisive action," the General had glibly counseled a moment before. Most truly it was needed; but what should that action be? The renewal of the yearly skirmish against the up-streeters was insignificant in comparison with a combat, wherein the good-natured doctor figured as their foe.

"Oh, what nonsense!" "April fool's over, Sam!" "What do you take us for?" were the greetings hurled at the innocent bearer of the unwelcome news as he stood among them. Too crestfallen to reply, he drew from his pocket something that reflected a dull glimmer in the moonlight. There was a shout of relief as he held it up. "The church key!" "Knew you were fooling!" "Good for you, Sam!" But Sam's attitude was anything but reassuring. "Where's the other?" asked some one. "That's just it!" burst out Sam.

"This is only the inside key. Dr. Chapin says the outside key is where none of us will get it until five o'clock to-morrow morning." Five o'clock on a Fourth of July morning! To hear the tumult that followed one would suppose that the glory of the national Stars and Stripes depended upon the ringing at midnight of the church-bell in this little New England village.

The General, who had been sprawling on the hay in abject confusion since the arrival of this intelligence, now raised his head with a good-natured, "Come, fellows, shut up!"

The inviting proposition apparently met with little favor, for the hubbub only increased. This was humiliating. The General sprang up astride a projecting beam. He looked about for something with which to call the meeting to order.

"Bob! Pitch up that rake!"

The Sentinel, who, regardless of the possible



THE LONG-LEGGED BOY SAT DOWN TO CONSIDER.

fallen, dealt by the hand of their own familiar friend,—and that, too, in Centennial year! Do you wonder that there was dire dismay in the loft of the old red barn that night?

The boys never knew—I doubt if Dr. Chapin himself ever knew—how he came to this bold determination. It may be that, to a thoroughly good-natured man, the novelty of an occasional ill-natured action is attractive.

The down-streeters had held their meeting early to give them time to complete preparations for a strategic movement (so the General, its author, called it) designed to outwit the company of the up-streeters, and to gain for themselves a signal victory—in other words, a speedy ascent to the old belfry and the first pull at the bell-rope. Its successful accomplishment demanded, so the General had just told them, prompt, decisive action on the part of both officers and men. The officers, of whom

entrance of the foe, was balanced in a perilous position at the top of the ladder, chanced to hear the request, and obediently handed up his weapon. With this unwieldy mace, the General proceeded to pound "Order!" at the same time emphasizing his commands with several well-aimed thrusts at the most noisy of the offenders within his reach.

Gradually, by dint of frantic poundings and pokings, and because there seemed nothing to say further than to threaten the absent doctor with the most reckless kinds of revenge, the loft became tolerably quiet, and the boys turned their attention to their commanding officer.

He still sat on the beam, warm but triumphant.

"Well," reproachfully and with a final blow of the rake handle, "I should think you might keep still a minute and hear what a fellow's got to say!"

"Yes," boldly echoed the Sentinel. "I'll put the next fellow out of the fort, who can't keep quiet, and mind his own business!"

"You! Better put yourself there!" chuckled the Colonel, as there came a thundering knock at the barn-door.

"Come, hurry up!" "Don't let 'em in!" "You're a pretty sentinel!" "Don't forget the countersign!" followed the humiliated soldier in his rapid and reckless descent of the ladder. But whoever was without did not choose to take advantage of the unguarded state of the outposts, for the knocking continued. The Sentinel reached the door; there was an animated parley for a few moments, and then came the report, "It's Dick Hall from the up-streeters, with a flag of truce."

The General hesitated; military etiquette concerning the reception of flags of truce and their bearers was unknown to him. He had a suspicion that it would not be in accordance with the dignity of his position for him to go out to the messenger. To admit one of the enemy to the loft while everything was still in confusion would never do.

Meanwhile the messenger waited.

The General glanced questioningly around in the dim light; then, with a desperate assumption of coolness, boldly commanded, "Bring in the flag, Sam."

The gravity with which this request was heard was reassuring; the General breathed more freely.

Evidently, no one thought of objecting to this proceeding, the Sentinel least of all. He promptly showed himself at the open door with the demand, "Let's have your flag, Dick!"

Dick's own knowledge of the ultimate destination of flags of truce was quite as misty as the Sentinel's; but he had no notion of allowing military demand to interfere with personal right. The flag was his own handkerchief; its staff, his popgun. So he stoutly replied, "Not much!"

"They always do," rejoined the Sentinel.

To doubt this statement might be to show ignorance of military measures; that Dick would not do before a down-streeter.

"Well," he admitted doubtfully, "take it; but be sure to bring it back. What are you going to do with it, though?"

The poor General, within, was intent on the same question; but of that the Sentinel knew nothing as he witheringly replied, "Do with it? Why, what they always do."

The flag was promptly presented within. It had been used during the day to hold Dick's store of ammunition; and now, grimy, and with a strong odor of gunpowder, it seemed anything but a signal of peace. The boys gravely watched the ascent of this limp banner to the loft, feeling that a certain degree of respect was due it from its connection with such an important matter. They evidently shared Dick's curiosity as to what was to be done with it, but they said nothing.

It was a trying moment for the General; but his honesty came to his rescue.

"Well, boys," he frankly admitted, "I'm up a stump! What's to be done with it?"

The gravity of the loft, which was fast becoming painful, vanished as the Colonel promptly suggested, "Wash it!"

This restored the General's presence of mind.

"Here, you, Bob, take her back! Colonel, you come along with me, and find out what's wanted! The rest of you fellows keep quiet, and get up a plan to beat the doctor!"

Five minutes went by and no feasible plan had been suggested; ten minutes, and the General had not yet returned; fifteen minutes, and the boys began to grumble; twenty minutes, and the Colonel suddenly appeared among them.

"Oh, boys, such larks!" and with an ecstatic whoop the Colonel mounted the ladder. After, came the commander-in-chief of the up-streeters, and behind him, pell-mell, all his devoted troops.

"Three cheers for the up-streeters!" shouted the General, who was bringing up the rear.

"Whoop, whoop, hooray!" roared the invading host, untroubled by any feelings of false modesty.

"Hooray!" feebly echoed the wondering boys in the loft, who (to prevent any possible misunderstanding) immediately added the threatening request, "Say, want us to pitch into them?"

"No, no!" shouted the General and Colonel.

"Come on, if you want to!" invited the unabashed up-streeters.

"Hold on, can't you?" the General ordered, despairingly. "Just wait till you hear what's up," and he scrambled up the ladder and once more mounted the executive beam.

The boys were growing angry ; there was not a moment to lose.

"Now, fellows, ki, yi ! Here 's to beat the doctor !" and, with a swing of his hat, the General led off.

This was irresistible ; up-streeters and down-streeters howled in company.

"Now, then," demanded the General, seizing his chance, "are you ready ?" and, before any one had an opportunity to object, he had begun his speech. After that, curiosity kept the boys quiet while the General explained affairs.

He told them that a new foe had appeared, and old feuds must be forgotten ; the forces of the street must unite to defeat the doctor's unpatriotic demand. The up-streeters had a scheme, a scheme that he, himself, would have been proud to get up ; they invited the down-streeters to help put it through. Would they do it ?

It was a very simple plot, as all successful plots are, I believe. A window with a broken lock in the church gallery, a tree just outside with a strong limb leaning down near to the window, and, to reach the limb, there was the doctor's brand-new ladder.

The poetic justice of this last suggestion appealed to their boyish imaginations, and a mighty shout went up when at last the General's speech was ended.

Peace between the up-streeters and the down-streeters was declared on the spot. Then came a grand council of war, the once rival commanders conferring amicably in the loft.

The hands of the old clock in the kitchen pointed to eleven, and the moon rode high in the heavens, when, with completed plans, the enthusiastic young belligerents marched peacefully over the quiet fields to the little white church.

Doctor Chapin was sleeping — a quiet, restful sleep — when there came, trembling through the summer air, the muffled, uncertain first stroke of a bell tolled by unaccustomed hands.

Doctor Chapin opened his eyes. "Imagination ! — rubbish !" and he smiled a grim smile to think that the habit of years had waked him on this July night. Doctor Chapin was something of a philosopher, and he reflected, "This certainly will make a good story for me to tell at the next meeting of the Connecticut Valley Medical Association !"

What Doctor Chapin thought next, I do not know. What he *said* next, I shall not tell : it was not "Imagination ! — rubbish !" — for, clear and full, there came, as if in contradiction of his thought, a second stroke, this time firm and even with the strength of many hands.

I have it on the authority of an old owl, who

was perched on a tree without, that, at the third stroke, the doctor appeared in the open window with an ejaculation of which a devout owl could not approve. It was at the eleventh stroke, the owl said, that the doctor's face brightened, and he gave a happy chuckle as he murmured to himself, "I've got it. I'll be even with the young rascals yet !"

Seventy-six strokes they pulled, — some short, some long, some strong, some feeble, as different sets of boys relieved each other ; and then a line of dark figures came sliding one after another down the ladder.

At two o'clock they were to come back again ; until that time there was other sport on hand. The window was closed, the ladder laid behind a fence, and the boys were off.

Two o'clock came and with it came the boys, somewhat sleepy and ravenously hungry, but still patriotic.

There was a race for the church, a chase up the ladder, a rush for the bell-rope.

"Now then, boys ! Here she goes !"

With a shout, they bent eagerly to the task ; but from the bell above there came no answering peal.

"That 's queer ; try it again. *Now*, then !" and the boys breathed deep and pulled hard ; the creaking rope slid stiffly back, grating mournfully in its wooden socket ; but still the bell was silent. The rope fell from their hands. They looked suspiciously at each other.

"Anybody been cheating ?"

Stories of witches and goblins floated into the memory of some of the smaller boys.

"You don't suppose it 's ghosts, do you ?" timidly suggested one of the boys, who, with an eye to unearthly possibilities, had already considerably shortened the distance between himself and the open window.

"Ho, ho, ho !" laughed the Colonel. "Ghosts ? Come on and let 's find 'em ! Up to the belfry, boys !"

So up to the dark belfry they went. Once in the belfry, there was an eager search ; and a howl of dismay went up from the boys, as in breathless tones the General announced, "The — bell-tongue 's — gone !"

They searched high, they searched low, under the rafters, back of the beams, but no bell-tongue could be found.

They formed in line, and each, in turn, vowed that he knew nothing of the missing clapper.

"Well !" wailed the boys disconsolately, at last, "the fun 's all over ; we might as well go home and go to bed."

Then, suddenly, the Colonel's cheerful voice

rang out, "Say, fellows, got any wire? Well, then, I've got an idea. You just bless the shades of my ancestors, and I'll be back in a jiffy," and the Colonel and his idea disappeared in the darkness.

Down the ladder, over the fence he went, through the dewy fields he ran, until, panting but gleeful, he stood within the door-yard of the old, old house. A mosquito net guarded the kitchen's open window. He hesitated an instant, and then put his fist boldly through. "Fix it to-morrow," he muttered. A moment and he stood within. There, in the corner, he saw the object of his coming:—the old mortar and pestle. He lifted the pestle gently and laughed softly to himself as he said, "Ha, ha, my beauty! You won't make a bad clapper for a centennial bell, will you?" And then he was off again.

A pair of dewy shoes stood by Dr. Chapin's bed; a coat covered with webs and dust was flung over the back of a chair, while on the table glimmered a small iron object which had not been there two hours before.

The doctor was dreaming,—dreaming of this same piece of iron. He thought that he held it firmly in his hand, when suddenly it wrenched itself from his grasp, rapped him sharply over the knuckles, perched itself familiarly on his shoulder, and shouted in his ear, "Clang, clang!"

The dream ended; but still sounded the metallic voice,—*"Clang, clang!"* There was no mistaking it. He sprang from his bed; a rapid search showed the innocent iron tongue lying untouched on the table.

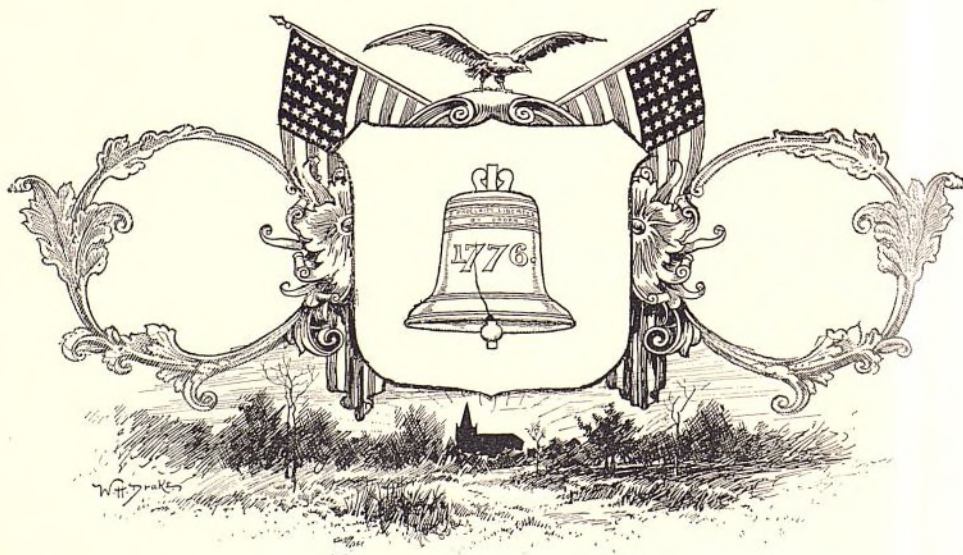
Steadily from the old belfry tower rang out the bell, peal after peal, as if the glad spirits of the boys were mocking the short-lived triumph of the astonished doctor.

The old gentleman dropped into a chair and groaned. Seventy-six strokes they had pulled before; probably they would now complete the other eighteen hundred!

"Why did n't I let those boys alone? I might have known they would get the best of it! But, where, in this glorious Republic, did they rake up another clapper?" And then from groaning the doctor fell to laughing,—which proves, without doubt, that he *was* a philosopher.

By and by the boys grew tired or took pity, and the clangor in the belfry died away. And then, from laughing, the doctor fell once more to sleeping, and the boys trooped home.

The mortar and the pestle still stand in the pleasant kitchen; and the iron-tongue has found its way home to its belfry tower, where, perhaps, some day you may come upon them, guarding the old, old house and the little church in the quiet Connecticut valley.





DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

PART II.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

JOHN BURROUGHS'S DOGS.

JOHN BURROUGHS is famous for his success in reading a wonderfully interesting book, which is written in a language few can translate for want of the proper eyesight; for in order to read even the shortest chapter of it, observing eyes, studious eyes, and, above all, loving eyes are required.

Other books may be read at one's ease. One can study them by the fireside in winter, under shelter when it storms, in cool shadows when the sun is fierce; but he who turns the leaves of the

Book of Nature oftentimes must do so at much sacrifice of physical comfort, regardless of cold or heat, unmindful of rain or snow, and forgetful even of hunger.

And then, after each lesson is learned, to make the study of practical value the reader should be able to repeat the lesson in language which all may understand.

This, John Burroughs does most delightfully, and offers us dainty volumes concerning "Birds and Poets," "Fresh Fields," "Winter Sunshine," and the "Wake Robin." He is like a florist who

takes a patch of uncultivated land for his garden, and, after a spring and summer of care and toil, invites into it all who love flowers, selecting and arranging the choicest for them to bear away.

One can easily imagine Mr. Burroughs's boyhood. Even then he must have been a rare companion for a walk, seeing with his young eyes what was invisible to others; detecting the first breath of spring upon the imprisoned tree-buds; hearing the faint, far-away notes of the coming birds; knowing when and where to look for the rarest wild-flowers; noticing every change of form and color in the passing clouds, and giving, in those early days, bright promise of the future which finds him to-day the famous American author and naturalist.

We shall not be surprised to learn that one who has discovered the family secrets of the birds, and is on intimate terms with that shy symphony in water-colors, the speckled brook trout, is also fond of all animals, and especially of dogs.

They are the chosen companions of his daily rambles, and are otherwise taken into distinguished confidence.

"In loving a dog," he says, "one is always sure of a full return."

Within twelve years, or since living at West Park, New York, Mr. Burroughs has had three little black-and-tan friends, all of whom successively came to grief, leaving behind them a sorrowing master.

The first was "Rab," who lived only a year, and then fell a victim to distemper. He was loved in the family almost as though he were a child, and regretful tears were shed at his death.

The next one was "Rove," a wonderfully spirited and intelligent dog. He was very fleet-footed, and always began to chase the sparrows in his glee, when he saw Mr. Burroughs making ready for a walk or a drive.

He lived to be three years old, and in that time came almost to read his master's very thoughts. Rove was poisoned.

His successor was "Lark," the dog of the gentle heart; neither so active nor so intelligent as Rove, but very affectionate. A simple-minded dog was Lark. When seizing a squirrel he would take hold as far from the squirrel's little teeth as possible,—usually by the tail,—and consequently was always bitten.

Lark became very dear to his master, and they had many walks and talks together. When he died, in 1881, Mr. Burroughs was so bereaved that he concluded to love no more dogs, and kept that resolution for four years.

Here is a bit of doggerel that Mr. Burroughs used to repeat to his little boy about Lark, which

will interest the Very Little Folks of ST. NICHOLAS:

"My dog Lark,
He can bark
After dark,
And hit the mark
'Way over to Hyde Park."

The present reigning favorite is "Laddie."*

I wish that I were able to place him upon the same high plane of fidelity and affection as was occupied by his lamented predecessors, but,—alas!—Laddie is unmindful of his rare privileges, and sometimes forsakes his master to run off to town with—the butcher!

It seems too bad thus to publish him to the



"LADDIE," ONE OF JOHN BURROUGHS'S DOGS.

world; for, if he could realize how his shortcomings were being spread before so many critical young eyes, he doubtless would be much mortified, and at once mend his vagabond ways.

Fortunately for Mr. Burroughs, Laddie is not his only dog. He has a fine black setter, by the waggish name of "I Know," who is all one could wish in a canine friend; faithful, affectionate, and with no interests separate from those of his master.

He seems not to have a single savage, or even unkind, drop of blood in his veins. Indeed, it must be an animal of unbounded good nature that would allow two cats and a smaller dog to use him as a rug; for in cold weather Laddie coolly settles himself for the night in the space between I Know's outstretched legs, curling up against his

* See "Letter-box," page 716.

long silken hair to keep warm; while the cats, for the same reason, nestle close to their big, gentle friend, and sometimes even sit upon him as he lies stretched out by the kitchen stove.

Occasionally I Know acts as if he knew he was being put upon, for no dog of character would

spring upon him, usually putting one paw on Mr. Burroughs's arm, and hopping along for the first few paces on his hind legs!

A sportsman would not value I Know highly, for, although a thoroughbred setter, he has never been trained to hunt; but the instinct is strong in



"I KNOW," A SETTER DOG BELONGING TO JOHN BURROUGHS.

care to be found in such an undignified position. But he is too kind-hearted openly to resent their freedom, so his only recourse is to shed the cats, and deprive Laddie of his silken blanket by getting up and laying himself down in another place. We can imagine the dazed look of the cats as they feel their soft couch heaving, and find themselves pitched off upon the floor, and the disgust of that little rascal, Laddie, when his covering walks away. But we need not pity them, for we can imagine also just how long poor I Know is allowed to possess his new camping-ground in peace. No longer than it takes those comfort-loving friends to stretch themselves, walk around to the other side of the stove, and establish themselves in their old positions.

The great moment of the day with I Know, is when he sees his master getting ready for an after-dinner walk. Then how he leaps, and barks, and

him, and he scours the fields and woods in a lively manner, especially when he strikes the trail of a partridge. Then he is in a quiver of excitement.

We trust that faithful, obedient I Know will be long-lived, and for many years to come continue thus to be his master's companion and humble friend. As for the rebellious truant, Laddie, we are certain that when his wild youth is over he will pose as a reformed dog, and will offer good advice drawn from his own experience.

T. B. ALDRICH'S DOG.

OF course, an animal of such rare attainments lives in Boston, and furthermore, he assists in editing the *Atlantic Monthly*!

Lest the latter statement lead to injustice, and Triplet be held responsible for all the dogmas expounded in that highly respectable magazine,

let me hasten to explain that his connection with the *Atlantic*, though most honored and intimate, is somewhat limited.

His duties, performed with great regularity and decorum, are self-appointed and self-taught. Indeed, regarded solely as a dog of letters, he would be considered truly a self-made dog.

He watches for the postman, receives the mail, and carries it proudly and safely to the library of his master, who is Thomas Bailey Aldrich, poet

manuscript at a glance, and gently drops it where it belongs.

Triplet, as his name suggests, is one of a trio of playmates, his two companions being Mr. Aldrich's twin sons; and probably it is safe to say that one-third of all the fun and frolic, one-third of all the noise and mischief, sure to occur in a house sheltering two boys and a dog, is made by the beautiful, petted, Irish setter.

So much of a child is he himself, that he requires a warm, comfortable bed every night; he brings it down from an upper room, and sleeps with his head high on a pillow.

Although, I trust, a dog of strictest democratic principles in accord with his environment, Triplet perhaps would be justified in assuming aristocratic tastes and tendencies; for he is of a rare breed, and his ancestors have won enviable distinction at dog shows.

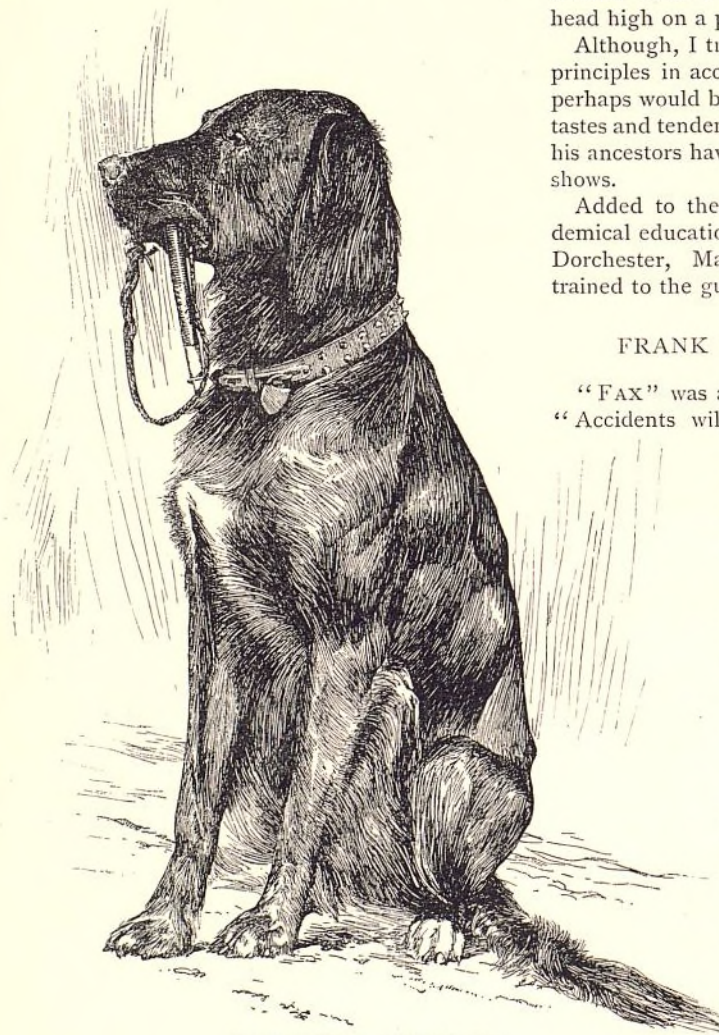
Added to these natural advantages, is an academic education acquired at Sumner's kennels, Dorchester, Mass., where he graduated well-trained to the gun.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S DOG.

"FAX" was a melancholy proof of the saying, "Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families." Mr. Frank Stockton, though a brilliant novelist, is, or *was*, no judge of a dog. He fell into the grave error of presuming that the biggest is invariably the best. But we, who are wiser, know that the tiniest plant in a bed of seedlings, or the "weeniest" puppy in a litter of dogs, is often the choicest.

So, when Fax rapidly outgrew his brothers and sister and became so large and clumsy as to interfere with their comfort, and even to endanger their safety, Mr. Stockton never should have accepted him as a gift. But, if he had not, Fax would have lived and died in obscurity, so the world would not have known all the possibilities of canine character; and, after all, in some respects he was such a dog as you naturally would expect

Mr. Stockton to call his own. He was perfectly original, and entirely unconventional. Little cared he that his mother was a beautiful black setter, and that her other puppies usually favored the maternal side of the house. He preferred to be



"TRIPLET," T. B. ALDRICH'S DOG.

and author, and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In view of this fact there may be foundation for the rumor that Triplet is the medium between his master and the waste-paper basket; that by a mutual understanding the dog singles out rejected

liver-colored and white, himself, and to look and act like a conglomerate of all kinds of dogs; to have the head of a hound, the ears of a spaniel, and the forelegs of a setter, while the rest of his body was that of a pointer.

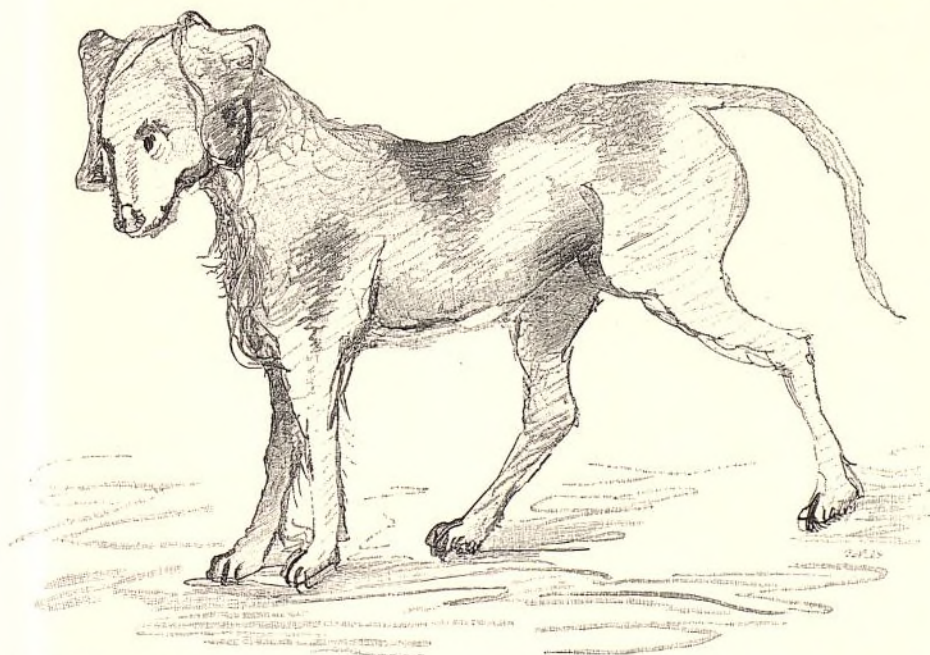
But it was not merely this physical patchwork that made Fax an object of interest. His mental incongruities were equally varied. Ignoring the traditional rules of interest or affection that are supposed to govern the canine mind, he succeeded in keeping himself continually conspicuous, and consequently never suffered the neglect which is too often the portion of modesty or diffidence. "Fax's latest" became an absorbing topic of family interest; and "What will he do next?" was a daily inquiry.

One of his eccentricities was a too literal inter-

tea; we have a spare bed, if only you will stay.' Then, still wagging himself about the pleased visitor, he would drop a little behind, and have the guest by the leg before one could say Jack Robinson."

Fax had a scientific turn of mind. He early established a museum in the back yard, and was always collecting material for it. He never became discouraged at the frequent raids made upon it by various members of the family who objected to his methods of acquiring specimens.

Bones, whether of beast, fish, or fowl, were carefully covered up, together with his master's slippers, his mistress's purse, and the baby's stockings. Early morning, before the family were up, was his favorite time for work in this direction; and then he would stand around, looking unconscious and



"FAX," A DOG WHICH BELONGED TO FRANK R. STOCKTON. (AFTER A SKETCH FROM MEMORY BY MR. STOCKTON.)*

pretation of the injunction, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." He was in such a hurry to do the speeding that he frequently commenced it before the caller entered the house. Mr. Stockton says—"He would run to meet the person as though he had known the visitor intimately for years,—wagging his tail and his body too, as if simple tail-wagging were too slight a welcome for so distinguished a guest. As the dog went capering and mincing down the path, his every gesture seemed to say, 'Why, how do you do? How glad we shall all be to see you! Everything is ready for you; there are chickens and hot rolls for

innocent, while they, half dressed, were searching for missing articles, and exclaiming, "Who took my shoes?" "Where is my other stocking?" "I say, who's dot my towsis?"

This tendency to appropriate and secrete things for which he could have no possible use did not cease with his puppy-days; and with his maturer months was developed an utter disregard for the rights of property in general. He no longer felt limited in his choice of food, for instance; both the butcher and the baker were close at hand, and it was easier to help himself abroad than to wait for his usual dinner at home; and whenever he chose

* See "Letter-box," page 716.

to change his diet, there were delicious herring at the nearest grocer's, and he knew where they were kept.

He was generally on hand when his master or mistress started out for a walk, ready to go along and to bring distress and shame upon them. Mr. Stockton relates a vexatious but amusing instance in which Fax made him feel conspicuous and miserable.

"One Sunday, as with a well-dressed crowd I was going to church, I found Fax following me. Knowing that he never entered a church, I took no particular notice of him; but happening to look back a second time, I saw him at my heels with a twist-loaf in his mouth! He had been in the shop of an irreligious baker in those few minutes. This was too much for my sense of propriety, and as I failed utterly to drive him off, and began to attract considerable attention, I was obliged to go down a side-street and so home. That dog was never abashed. I have seen him chase chickens into the very houses of their owners, and, before their astonished eyes, pin the poor fowls to the floor. Of course, at such times, I did not wish any one to think that I was acquainted with the dog. But on being discovered in any disreputable intrusion into house, store, or garden, it was his habit to run to us, and jog along demurely behind us, as much as to say, 'These are the folks I belong to; if you have anything to say, say it to them.' And very often people did say it to us."

And yet, no one could help liking Fax, for in spite of his glaring faults, he was interesting. Such an utterly ridiculous dog could scarcely fail of being so. And then he was kind and affectionate with the children of the family.

Also, Fax at times displayed great intelligence. A large dog, chained during the day, was let loose at night, well muzzled. Several mornings in succession his muzzle was found hanging loose from his neck. How it became unfastened was a great mystery until a watch was set upon him, when it was discovered that soon after being untied for the night he would lie down on the grass, and Fax would unbuckle the strap with his teeth, and pull the muzzle over the big dog's nose.

At different times, after some aggravating offense against propriety or morals on the part of Fax, Mr. Stockton would endeavor to escape from further consequence of this canine mistake by giving him away. But the dog always came, or was brought, back. Then a relative, out of regard for the family honor and peace, tried to poison him. He ate the dose in safety, and licked his chops for more.

Finally, one day, he poked his head through a pane of glass in a grocer's window, in order to reach a coveted bunch of herring, and was then and there handed over to justice, in the shape of a passing porter, with orders to take the dog away where none of the family would ever again set eyes on him.



DRILL: A STORY OF SCHOOL-BOY LIFE.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE General was right. The new drill was a complete success. For a time it beat even the novelty, skate-sailing, out of sight; and putting the students through the manual (which, be it remarked, the General had devised without taking a trip to Arizona, or holding an interview with the Apaches) kept the whole community in a state of subdued excitement.

The two daily drill-hours were borne on the wings of the wind, and were past before they seemed to have more than come. There was so much to do in them, and progress was so slow! In the first place, the boys found that Harry was a very martinet as a drill-master, "out-heroding Herod" in that respect. If a student failed in a maneuver, if he hurried or was too slow, or if the twang of the bow-string came two seconds too soon to be in accord with the rhythmic count by which the motions were measured, that student went back to the beginning and did it all over again until he was faultless. There was grumbling, of course; a great deal of it, at one time or another. Perhaps the only one who did not find fault was the very one from whom trouble had been expected. Mitchell, when his turn came, went at the manual with a certain sullen determination to excel that carried him through in just half the time required for Lieutenant Rankin; and Mitchell received his arrows first of all.

But Harry was popular, and, moreover, was genuinely enthusiastic; besides, the habit of drill had so wrought its work upon the students as to render them far more receptive of ideas than any raw recruits would be under similar circumstances. So, thanks to a time of mild weather which precluded skating, he found it less of a task than he had anticipated, to teach these hundred boys to draw and to release their bow-strings together; and after arrows had been given, battalion-drill became a source of hearty enjoyment.

Some few complained of weariness, and were at once supplied with lighter bows, after which no further objection was heard. There was much keen emulation among the different companies over the records of their respective marksmanship; for records had been kept from the day when first they faced the targets with filled quivers and did their best to mar the perfection of the fair sur-

faces. Company A led at the outset, of course; but the others rapidly advanced in precision.

Under such inducements a week of school life passes with astonishing swiftness, and when Saturday of another week dawned and left the first in the past, hardly more than a day seemed to have flown by. One thing attested it, however; the threatened thaw had dallied by the way, and after some slushy weather the ice was solid as a rock, although a low moaning came from the southward and a storm seemed brewing in that direction.

There are fashions among boys as among men. Let a new game be launched upon the sea of life and become caught in the undercurrent of public approval and it soon leaves all others far behind, as did the famous "fifteen-puzzle" in the year 1880.

Harry already had set a fashion. There was no doubt about that. For days at a time the boys had thought of nothing but his new method of flying, and it was not as yet grown commonplace by familiarity nor dulled in the least by the long interval. The General even combined the novelties, for an hour, by holding the Saturday quarter-staff drill on skates upon the ice. Doctor McCarty was inclined to joke about this experiment, and tried to quiz the veteran over his lapse from precedent.

"Quite a mistake, Doctor! If you will read Dutch and Swedish history you will find more than one occasion upon which a force of skaters wrought havoc in an enemy's ranks, hovering around them like hawks, as the soldiers were marching across some frozen lake. I believe that on at least one such occasion, skaters took part in a regular pitched battle!" and the old soldier tugged at his mustache with a certain feeling of grim humor at thus having got the better of the little Doctor.

It was a glorious day for sailing. The wind howled around the corners of the Institute buildings, and swept shrieking across the lake from the southward until the boys had difficulty in standing against it, and those who had the means took a reef in their lateens. Old sailors looked knowingly at the signs in the sky, and predicted a snow-storm within twenty-four hours. This only made the boys more eager to make the most of the skating while it lasted; and some twenty of them, having little storm-lanterns swinging from the yards, started immediately after supper, with the intention of



beating down the lake a dozen miles or more, and then scudding back before the wind. Dane, Harry, Rankin, Mitchell, and Nat Young were among them, and all of them were skillful sailors on the water, which is almost the same thing as being a good ice-sailor. To know how to beat up against a smacking breeze, to keep right side up when the gusts came,—the same principles are to be followed on ice or water. It was a pity there was no moon until late that night; but the darkness made the lanterns gleam all the brighter, as they darted hither and thither like will-o'-the-wisps, and the boys at the Institute watched them for a long way, as they zigzagged to and fro in their seemingly erratic and butterfly-like courses.

The sky was heavily overcast, and here and there flakes of snow fluttered lazily down at shortening intervals,—forerunners of the storm which the weather prophets had predicted,—flakes at which the principal shook his head with some misgiving, and which led him to order the great lamp to be lighted in the tall clock-tower. The lamp soon sent a bright beam flashing through the darkness.

There was a crowd of skaters all the evening on the ice near the Institute, in spite of the fact that many of the students had been upon runners nearly all day. Three or four kegs of tar were mounted upon barrels ballasted with stones, and with these for goals, blazing red in the night, many a game of "Prisoner's Base" was played, varied at intervals by its cousin among games, "Scout."

The latter may not be known everywhere. Briefly, it is this: Two boys keep the goal, touching every skater they can catch; while any player who, untouched himself, can touch the goal, is safe for that game; the first boy caught has to be goal-keeper next time, while the last caught becomes the second goal-keeper and chaser of the rest. It was very exciting, and kept them warm with exercise. They lacked the presence of the best players, however, all of whom were away with Harry Wylie; and some began to wonder why the party had not returned.

"There they are!" shouted one at last, and all within hearing turned and looked with straining eyes. Far away, seeming almost on the horizon, a score of twinkling lights—mere pin-points—glittered in a wavering fashion against the black curtain of the sky, vanishing and reappearing without growing perceptibly larger; while a strange rumbling, grinding sound came echoing down the wind, so faintly that for a time no one noticed it. When gusts came, the low rumble grew louder, but it died away to a mere murmur during the lulls.

Suddenly the distant lights grew dim for a moment, and then vanished altogether. Five, ten

minutes passed, and still they did not reappear. A gray mist was rapidly advancing toward the skaters, spreading entirely across the lake. Then came a hiss and a rush, and they found themselves wrapped in a blinding snow-squall, the particles of snow as fine as dust. Meanwhile the low rumbling increased in volume as they struggled toward the shore, guided by the reflector in the tower. At the same moment a telegraph messenger rushed up in great excitement with a dispatch, addressed to the principal, from an agent down the lake:

"Call in all skaters; ice is breaking up. HILDRETH."

Scarcely a minute elapsed before, loud and clear, the notes of the bugle rang out the "Retreat," and in scurried the last of the skaters, with flying feet, to join the crowd on shore. But the yachtsmen,—the swift-sailed Corinthians who shot away southward in the early evening,—they had not come back. And the ice was breaking up!

It was about half-past nine in the evening when, some ten miles away from the Institute, the boys had come about and on the starboard tack, hugging the wind as closely as was possible, had glided into a cove for a moment's rest. It was hard work,—this standing up against the wind for so long a time.

Nat Young's lantern had blown out, and he had some difficulty in relighting it.

"Strikes me that we have come far enough," he observed, when the flame was again burning brightly.

"It is about time to go back, that 's a fact," Dane assented, consulting his watch. "How the wind does blow!—What 's that, I wonder?"

"That," was a heavy crash reverberating along the ice, which seemed to tremble under them, startling every boy to his feet. They had noticed this tremulous wave-motion before. A mile away to windward a black line stretched across the lake. Within the last few minutes it had approached perceptibly nearer, and the crashing sounds had increased alarmingly in volume. Harry Wylie started out to investigate, and Mitchell, after a moment's hesitation, followed him. A few minutes later Mitchell with frightened eyes came flying back a-slant the wind like a sea-gull.

"Travel, fellows! the ice is breaking." Without stopping he threw his weight back against the wind and, in a twinkling, shot away homeward on the other tack, with the wind on the quarter which he had found to be his swiftest. He was followed by all the rest at their utmost speed. Dane, who carried a tremendous spread of sail, shook out his reef and shot after Mitchell like an Arctic owl in pursuit of a flying hare.

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"Where 's Wylie?" he shouted, as his sail for an instant blanketed Mitchell's.

"Coming! He told me to give the alarm," roared Mitchell over his shoulder; "there 's his light!"

It was not his light, it was Rankin's; but they had gone several miles before it was discovered that Harry Wylie was missing.

"Where did you see him last?" Dane asked sharply, when Mitchell rounded to with the rest, and stood with his sail pointed to the wind.

"Just beyond the point. He was forty rods away, and shouted down the wind, to start you—that the ice was going. I was scared," he added, honestly, "and lit out after you without delay."

"Perhaps he went ashore," suggested Nat Young, doubtfully.

"He would n't have done that, I know! It 's miles away from house or road! Something has happened to him," said Rankin, with decision.

The wind, whistling across the bleak and desolate expanse, sang shrilly a bitter song, and white flakes shot hissing past a group of faces ashy pale. For several moments no one spoke. The dull thumping, grinding, crashing, as sullen waves gnawed at the edges of the ice and crushed it up by acres,—using its fragments as sledges with which to beat down upon the rest,—echoed from the shores, making the black plain beneath tremble.

"We must n't stand here, or we shall be caught by the water before we know it," said Lieutenant Rankin finally, with a shudder at the thought.

"Start for home, boys; it 's the best we can do."

With heavy hearts the boys started, swung around, and began to gather headway.

For a few rods they kept together. What each

one thought it is difficult to tell. What Edward Dane thought was that Mitchell knew more than he chose to tell; and his heart throbbed with wrathful sorrow for his lost friend. If it was so—if Mitchell was the cause——. He did not finish even to him-



"SOON THE LONG NOTES OF THE BUGLE RANG OUT WILD AND SHRILL UPON THE NIGHT."

self, but his teeth set sternly, and a savage flash came into his eye. There was reason. He remembered the drill, the fire, and other less notable occasions when the mill-owner's son had shown enmity against Wylie.

Whatever he had determined to do, he was not allowed time to carry out his plan, for before they had gone a dozen rods Mitchell gave a great sweep

around, and shooting back toward the others, who were somewhat to the rear, shouted as he passed:

"Good-bye, fellows! I'm going after Wylie."

The next instant they saw him darting away to windward, the white flakes flashing from beneath the steel as his skates ground into the ice, his lantern streaming out horizontally from the yard; and before the others had fairly comprehended his intention, he was half a mile away.

"Well, I'm beat!"

And the rest agreed with Lieutenant Rankin.

"I'm going with him!" Dane cried, but Rankin caught the end of the sail and held him.

"Don't be a fool, Dane. You can't do any good; two are enough to lose. See, there!"

The snow had come; a dense, whirling cloud that sifted into every unguarded seam and cranny, and for very breath forced them to turn their backs. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed as they drove northward on the wings of the rushing storm; no sound but the hissing of the sleet rattling against the sails, the howling of the gale, the gride of the irons on the ice.

Suddenly Nat Young, who was on the extreme right, gave a great shout; he had caught sight of a beam of light struggling through the snow. At the instant, from somewhere in his direction, out leaped the ringing notes of the bugle; they had nearly passed the landing unawares, and as they turned and learned their direction, leaning hard against the wind, they gave long sighs of relief, and bore up again for the welcome wharf.

"Thank God!" It was the principal himself, shaking their hands heartily, helping them up the ladder, calling each by name.

"Are you all here?" A sad silence answered him. It was so hard to say it! For a minute no one spoke. Then the principal asked again, in a quick, suppressed voice:

"Rankin! who is it?"

And the answer came so reluctantly:

"Mitchell, and—Wylie!"

There was something ominous in the joining of those names; something ominous of treachery; and through the crowd of students upon the wharf swept a murmuring, which betrayed to the principal the fact that there had been trouble before between the two. He drew Rankin aside and questioned him sharply until he had learned all that the latter had to tell, both about the past troubles between the two students and the particulars of their present disappearance. That Mitchell should go back after Wylie seemed inexplicable, unless—and it was a startling thought—he was in some way responsible for Wylie's lingering, and had repented when it was too late. Yet there was still

time for Mitchell to return, and when he came there should be a clearing up of all this mystery.

"Blunt!"

"Here, sir!" and the student sprang up from a sheltered corner, where he had taken refuge from the driving snow, and saluted.

"Go out to the end of the wharf and wind a call upon your bugle once a minute until further orders. Use the higher notes, and take advantage of the lulls."

CHAPTER XII.



THE end of the wharf was a particularly exposed place, and the sleet was hissing across it in horizontal lines, swept by the full force of the blasts that came in quick succession. There, if anywhere, could be felt the throbbing pulse of the storm; but Blunt took his bugle unquestioningly and departed without hesitation.

The principal looked about him and selected an athletic youth who stood near.

"Lawton, run up to my library and get the heaviest umbrella in the rack. Return as soon as possible, and go down and shelter Blunt."

Lawton vanished, but reappeared, puffing, and hurried on to join Blunt. Soon the long notes of the bugle rang out wild and shrill upon the night; an unearthly wail, piercingly keen, that cut across the wind far out into the lake.

And that saving blast reached the ears of a skater bewildered in the driving snow!

Again the bugle shrilled across the lake, seemingly much louder than before. Lawton was now beside Blunt, and the hollow umbrella threw outward some of the sound, while shielding the bugler and enabling him to blow the harder.

Down the wind, also, came the crashing of the breaking ice; cake was grinding upon cake, tossing in the heaving water, bursting apart as the heavy swell rose and fell beneath the brittle plain. If the skater was to reach the shore it must be soon!

And one of his skates was broken!

He was in great peril. The snow was an inch in depth, a moving, clogging blanket on the ice. To beat against the wind upon one foot was a very severe test of skill. Still he did it, though but slowly. Again and again he was for an instant overbalanced, and as often did he resume his battle with the elements. The snow flew from before his feet, and the sail, stiff with sleet, crackled at every motion. At last, raising his bowed head, he saw the light from the great clock-tower shining mistily above him. The same instant, the ice beneath

him trembled suddenly, and a loud crash came with the wind. There was open water within a furlong's distance!

On shore, under the lee of one of the buildings near the wharf, a knot of boys were congregated: with coat-collars turned up around their ears, and hands in their pockets, they gazed outward. Edward Dane was one of them. He felt bitter against Rankin for preventing his return to search for Wylie.

"I ought to have gone!" he kept repeating, "I ought to have gone in spite of you! What good would Mitchell do, if he found him? What did he go back for, anyway? What was it to him whether Harry came back or not? I believe that he was at the bottom of it all, and played Wylie some scurvy trick that hindered him from following us, and then was frightened at the result!"

"I acted for the best, Dane," said the lieutenant, gloomily. "I could see no advantage in your going after him, and I see none now. You could do no good, and as the ranking officer present I was responsible for your safety. I could not do otherwise, under the circumstances."

"Hang safety!" said Dane, hotly. "What good is life to me, if I must know myself a coward to the end of time, to pay for it? I'd rather be under the ice once for all, and done with it!"

The bugle sounded shrilly as he spoke, the weird notes sending a shiver through them! Then a heavy gust followed the lull, as though it were some spirit of the storm summoned by the bugle-blast, and they could feel the building rock before it, snapping and cracking; and louder than all came the crash of breaking ice, now startlingly distinct.

There was silence among the boys. The crowd had melted away, for most of the students had gone to their rooms, not caring to face the storm longer, as they could not be of any use. At length none remained save the skaters who had themselves been in danger, the principal, who was walking up and down in the lee of the building, Dr. McCarty, who accompanied him, and the bugler with his "shield-bearer," who, steadfast at their posts, sent out ringing notes at regular intervals.

Suddenly Dane sprang outward from the wall and stood listening, with his hand to his ear.

"Hark!"

For a moment there was perfect silence.

"What is it?" Nat Young ventured to remark.

"I'm certain that I heard a shout,—there! Did you hear it?"

They did, most distinctly, a cheery, boyish cry, faintly pealing through the blinding snow.

With a common impulse the boys gave a hearty cheer and rushed down the wharf to where the

bugler stood; Dane foremost, and half wild with anxiety.

"I see him; it's Mitchell!" shouted Lawson, thinking he recognized the form of the skater who was leaning hard against the wind and rapidly gliding shoreward, coated with a mail of sleet from head to feet.

Dane gave a low cry expressive of both grief and rage.

"Just let me get hold of him!" he said, as though to himself; and the lieutenant, suddenly looking at him, saw his hands nervously opening and closing in a very suggestive manner. Stepping to his side, the lieutenant gently passed an arm through Dane's. It might not be safe for him to be left to his own guidance for a few minutes.

The sail, meanwhile, kept steadily on, and in a very few seconds its wearer glided in beside the wharf. A dozen hands reached down to assist the skater, and lifted him, sail and all, upon the solid planks. But no one congratulated him, no one shook his hand until the principal and Dr. McCarty, hurrying as fast as possible, had nearly reached the group, when Dane gave a loud cry, flung Rankin backward as though he were but a child, and, rushing forward, threw his arms around the snow-encrusted neck. "It's Wylie!"

"Of course!" said that individual, wonderingly; "who did you think I was?"

"My dear boy!" and the principal grasped him warmly by the hand, while a rousing cheer went up from the rest.

"We had given you up for lost."

"I was not far from it, sir," Harry answered with a laugh and a shiver, as the boys crowded around him with hearty words of welcome. And as though to confirm his words, even as he spoke the ice close to the wharf broke asunder with a loud explosion that went crashing and echoing along the shores from point to point; and the rush and splash of rolling waves followed, mingled with the grinding of the ice-floes one against another.

"That will do, Blunt," said the principal to the bugler, who, still obeying orders, was preparing to give another blast.

"Wylie, where did you last see Mitchell?"

"Down below Echo Point, sir!" said Wylie, instantly comprehending that there was another missing boy. "I saw the ice was breaking up and shouted to him to give the alarm and saw him do so. Then I started toward home, and was making a long reach toward the other side of the lake, when the squall came and I broke my skate. I did not see him after we started homeward."

"He went back after you, they tell me," said the principal in a low tone.

"After me?" and there was a break in his voice

as he thought of what, he knew too well, had befallen the missing one. "I did not see him, sir," he said again; and without another word the principal turned away and silently departed toward the Institute, sheltered from the driving snow by the umbrella which Lawton thoughtfully held against the storm, although the preceptor seemed utterly unconscious of it. The students followed him, depressed and sad. Mitchell had not been intimate with any of them. Many would have been glad to hear of his dismissal. But now —

As the students gained the summit of the bluff and turned for a last glimpse at the lake, now visible in white flashes, Rankin laid his hand on Dane's shoulder, while he stood clinging to Harry's arm.

"We were mistaken, Sergeant; we owe that much to his memory"; and Dane understood.

"I admit it, Lieutenant, and I am sorry I misjudged him," he said, clearly, that the others might hear. "He was the one hero among us. If ever he comes back I shall tell him so!"

And that was Mitchell's requiem. When, a week later, the storm was over, and the sun shone brightly again upon a glassy plain; when again the glittering steel carved magic runes upon the surface, and white sails darted swiftly here and there, some skaters found, miles away from shore, a bamboo mast and yard frozen in the ice, with the tattered sail still attached to it. They also found a glove, trimmed with dainty fur. But the owner had gone where there was neither malice, nor hate, nor envy, nor misrepresentation.

The boys carefully cut out the wreck from the brittle ice, and bore it homeward — reverently, as they would have borne the arms of some dead soldier, — and placed it, dripping, on the vacant desk within the chapel. And there were tears in the eyes of boys, to whom tears had been for years unknown, when the first-sergeant, in calling the roll before prayers, inadvertently called the name of Mitchell, and the boy nearest to the desk answered,

"Not here!"

THREE MONTHS LATER.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! came the rhythmic beat of feet along the drill-hall floor. A hundred boys in dark blue uniforms and round caps without visors, were marching with steady step toward the lower end of the hall; they were broad-shouldered and athletic, red-cheeked and bright-eyed, and straight as lances.

Around their waists were belts from which hung quivers. From the round-mouthed quivers peeped

the many-colored feathers of the arrows. The light from the windows fell upon long lines of richly polished bows at shoulder-shift, that rose and fell, rose and fell, in steady unison with the tramping feet below.

Far down at the distant end of the hall a row of gayly painted targets reached across the building from side to side, each a foot in width, and with a number painted on a square above it. The light from a window fell across the row, making the targets show distinctly.

"To the rear!" — and still the boys swept onward, as though unheeding.

"March!" At the word, each form wheeled as though upon a pivot, and the ranks were marching back whence they came.

"Halt!"

Down came the upraised feet with a single beat, and the ranks were motionless.

"Brace!" — out went each right foot, twenty-eight inches forward — "bows!"

Each bow was placed with the tip against the instep of the advanced foot, held with the right hand by the middle, with the arc convex toward the owner, while the fingers of the left hand pushed the loop of the cord, at the upper end, upward and away. With a single movement, pulling with one hand and pushing with the other, the bow was strung. Back sprang the feet to line.

"Draw!" — each hand in the front rank flew to a quiver, — "shafts!" The flashing shafts were placed upon the strings, held by the fingers of the right hand, the tips of the first and second fingers being hooked beneath the cord with the arrow nock between them.

"Square — away!"

The front rank came to right-face, except their heads, which still remained with faces toward the distant targets. Wylie, who had been giving the orders (*Captain Wylie now*), stepped swiftly to one end of the line.

"Raise — bows!" Up went the bow-arms of the front rank, the eyes of each fixed upon his own particular target, which seemed so small and round, and so very far away. And as the bows rose, the right hands drew the cords backward, slowly, steadily, until the feathers of the arrows touched the chins, and the arrow-heads touched the knuckles of the left hands. Watchfully the captain glanced along the line, and when the rising arms ceased their movement and were motionless, at the instant sharply came the order:

"Loose!"

Tsang-g-g-g! With sudden melody of twanging cords, the winged arrows flew down the hall like glancing rays of light. Back to the listening ears came a pattering sound like the distant rattle

of hailstones on the roof, and the canvas curtain behind the targets swayed and shook beneath the blows of arrows which had missed.

"Draw — shafts!"

And the practice went on until ten flights of arrows had been sent hissing on their way.

"Front — face!" At the command the front rank wheeled themselves around until they stood once more facing the targets.

"Unbrace" — out went the right feet again — "bows!" and in the same manner as they had been braced, the loops of the cords were slipped from the nocks and the bows sprang back, scarcely bent from their former straightness.

"Shoulder — arms! Forward — march!"

The ranks moved onward to the other end of the hall. The second rank halted, wheeled about, and in their turn took up the practice at the targets near the end of the hall whence they had just come, while the first rank gathered their arrows from curtain and cushions on the padded floor, and the sergeants and corporals recorded the values of the hits which had been made upon each target, crediting the total to the archer who had that day assigned to him.

"How are you nowadays, Dane?" asked Harry Wylie, struck by the alert and animated air of his fellow-officer, as his friend came toward him grasping a handful of arrows. Dane was a lieutenant now, but all the officers practiced except the officer of the day.

"Excellent well, my lord!" and Dane laughed with satisfaction. "The Doctor examined me to-day, and I'm three inches larger around the chest than I was three months ago, and my biceps looks like a blacksmith's. I'm up among the nineties in the class-rank, too! — we'll make things howl when we get to college!"

"Corporal of the guard, number five!" suddenly rang loud and clear above the noise and hum of voices, and the individual thus summoned caught up his quarter-staff impatiently and went out, wondering who was the intruder this time. The village rowdies sometimes made trouble.

Dane, Wylie, Rankin, and Nat Young were discussing some item of importance in a corner, when they were made aware of something unusual taking place about the door. The boys were crowding like swarming bees about the entrance, and eager voices were shouting lustily. The excitement culminated in one prolonged, hearty cheer. The officers strolled toward the door, inspired by a mild curiosity, when Dane, who was taller than the average, gave a violent start, rubbed his eyes, looked again, then

with an excited shout darted forward into the crowd, which he unceremoniously elbowed right and left. But quick as he was, Harry Wylie was before him. The crowd gave way, as by magic, before the epaulets. In the center of the ring stood a boy, pale as from a long illness, thin to emaciation, his hands almost transparent, and on one cheek a great scar, running up across the temple and ending in the closely cropped hair. As he saw Wylie bursting through the ring, he raised one hand with a half timid, deprecatory gesture, and it trembled visibly.

For an instant Harry stopped and looked at the new-comer with the look that one would have when meeting some great mystery — some presence from another world than ours. Then with a spring he threw his arms around the other's neck, and again a mighty cheer burst from the crowd of excited boys, a cheer that this time found voice and name together:

"Mitchell!!"

"Mitchell, — and all 's well!"

And Wylie and Mitchell stood there, looking into each other's eyes; the one mutely asking forgiveness, the other filled with gratitude toward the one who had gone back into the face of death for his sake and had thus made amends for the past; stood there until the excitable Dane threw his long arms around them both and sealed a friendship that the three have never broken.

How Mitchell escaped, he could not tell. A hunter had found him wandering in the storm more than twenty miles from the lake, and in a forest. There was nothing about him to disclose his identity, and a terrible wound had for a space set his reason astray. The deep snows had shut out all access to the busy world, before he rose from his bed again. It did not matter. He did not care to know all that had happened. It was enough that he had left his old self behind him, and that his better nature had at last gained the mastery in spite of years of injudicious training.

Here we will leave them. The new drill was a permanent success. The boys who went out from Wild Lake Institute, in after days, in college and in life took even higher rank than their predecessors, and they carried with them no bowed forms, pale cheeks, or hollow chests. Each day was to them a luxury, and life was to them no less a pleasure than a duty; while, as Dane once remarked, in a moment of confidence, Christianity seemed to come more easily to them. A perfectly sound man is not a good subject for temptation.

THE END.

MORNING-GLORIES.

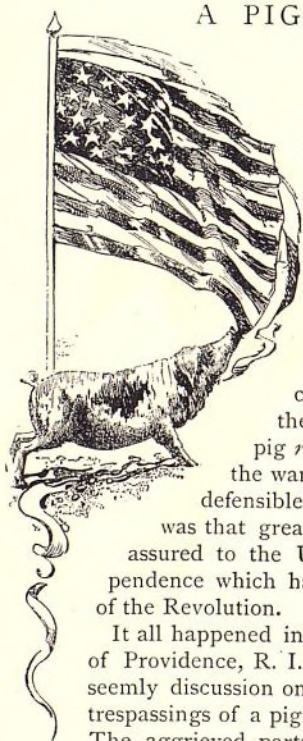
BY ISAAC HERR.

"RED and purple Morning-glories,
Lightly swaying in the breeze,
You seem filled with fairy stories;
Won't you tell them to me, please?"

"Little maid, we have no stories,
True or fairy, new or old.
We're but laughing morning-glories
For your pretty hands to hold!"

A PIG THAT REALLY CAUSED A WAR.

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT.



THAT a pig "nearly caused a war," as Julian Ralph told us in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, is doubtless astonishing enough, but people well versed in the history of the United States can go even one step farther and declare that once a pig really caused a war. And the war brought on by the indefensible proceedings of the pig was that great conflict in 1812 which assured to the United States the independence which had been won in the war of the Revolution.

It all happened in this wise: Two citizens of Providence, R. I., fell into a most unseemly discussion on account of the lawless trespassings of a pig owned by one of them.

The aggrieved party possessed a very fine garden, in which it was his custom to spend his hours of leisure, weeding, grafting, and transplanting the flowers and vegetables in which he delighted. But often, as he entered his garden in the evening, his ears would be saluted with a grunt and a rustle, and the fat form of his neighbor's pig might be seen making a hasty flight from the garden in which it had been placidly rooting all day.

In high dudgeon the gardener sought his neighbor and complained of the pig's frequent visits, declaring that a little time spent in repairing the pig-sty would restrain the animal's roving propensities. But to this the owner of the pig responded

that if his neighbor would keep his rickety fences in proper repair, the pig might take its daily airing without temptation, and the garden would not be endangered.

Repeated misdeeds on the part of the pig fanned the smoldering fires of dissension into the flames of open hostility. At last the crisis came. The owner of the garden, rising unusually early one morning, discovered the pig contentedly munching the last of a fine bed of tulip-bulbs. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Seizing a pitchfork which lay near at hand, the outraged gardener plunged its sharp tines into the hapless pig and bore the body, thus fatally impaled, to the sty, where it met the gaze of its owner an hour or two later. Thereafter it was war to the knife between the two neighbors.

Now, what had all this to do with the war of 1812? The answer is simple. The two neighbors belonged to the political party known as the Federalists.

Through all the outrages that Great Britain inflicted upon the United States: while seamen were being impressed, American vessels stopped on the high seas, and while every possible indignity was being committed against the flag of the United States, the Federalists remained friendly to Great Britain, and contested every proposition for the declaration of war.

But the Democratic party was eager for war, and as British oppression became more unbearable the strength of the Democrats increased. It so happened that the election district in which the two neighbors lived had been about equally divided between Democrats and Federalists, but the latter

party had always succeeded in carrying the election. But in 1811 the owner of the garden was a candidate for the legislature on the Federalist ticket. His neighbor had always voted that ticket; but now, with his mind filled with the bitter recollection of the death of his pig, he cast his ballot for the Democrat. When the ballots were counted the Democrat was found to be elected by a majority of one.

When the newly elected legislator took his seat, his first duty was to vote for a United States Senator. He cast his vote for the candidate of the Democrats, who was also elected by a majority of one. When this senator took his place in the

United States Senate he found the question of war with Great Britain pending, and after a long and bitter discussion it came to a vote. The Democrats voted for war, and the Federalists against it. As a result of the voting, war was declared—again by a majority of one vote.

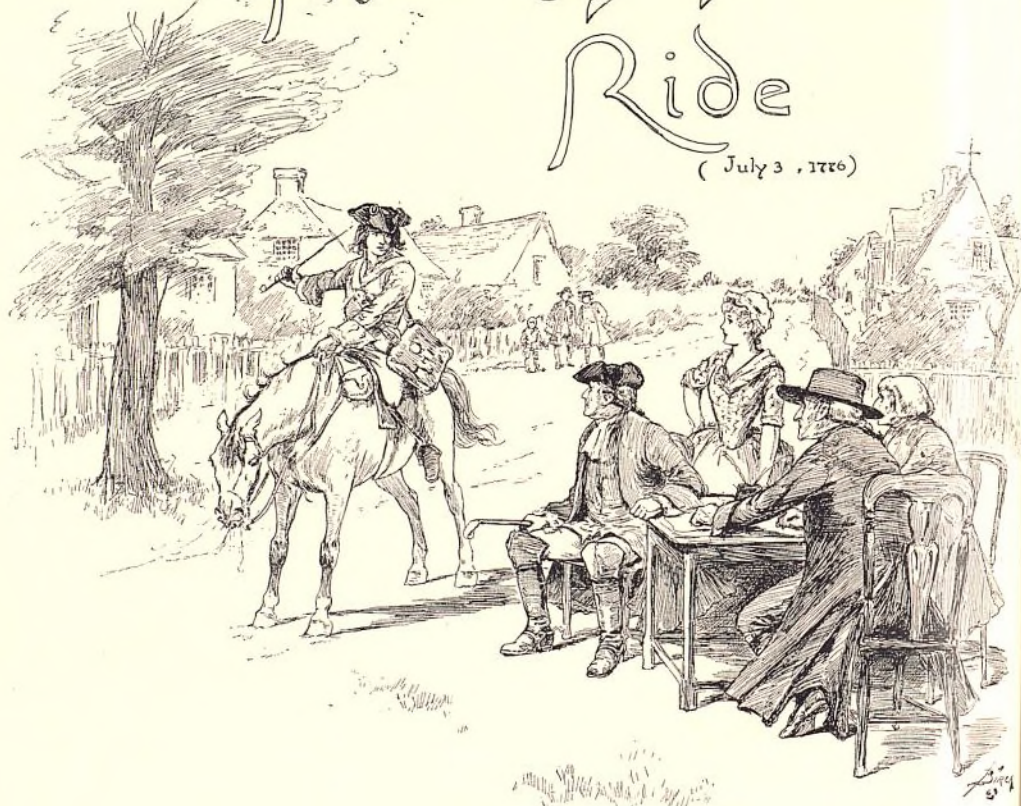
The war that followed gave to American naval history the names of Lawrence, Perry, Porter, Hull, and Bainbridge. It is one of the most glorious chapters in our national annals. And in view of the facts thus briefly recounted, it does not seem to be wholly whimsical to trace its origin to the quarrel between the two citizens of Providence over the wandering pig.



VIEWS ON LAKE TEGE.

Rodney's Ride

(July 3 , 1776)



BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[CÆSAR RODNEY, of Dover, served in the Continental Congress as delegate from the three "Counties upon Delaware," as they were then termed. After the Declaration of Independence these counties received the name of "the Delaware State," and, in 1792, their present official title of the "State of Delaware."]

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The north and the south on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of
state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him
there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his
will —
We are MEN, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Holo Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment
spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

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"Ho, saddle the black ! I 've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up ; he is off ! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the " God-speed ! " dies.

It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock ; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three ; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four ; and he spurs into Newcastle town.
From his panting steed he gets him down—
" A fresh one, quick ; not a moment's wait ! "
And off speeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five ; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun ;
Six ; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

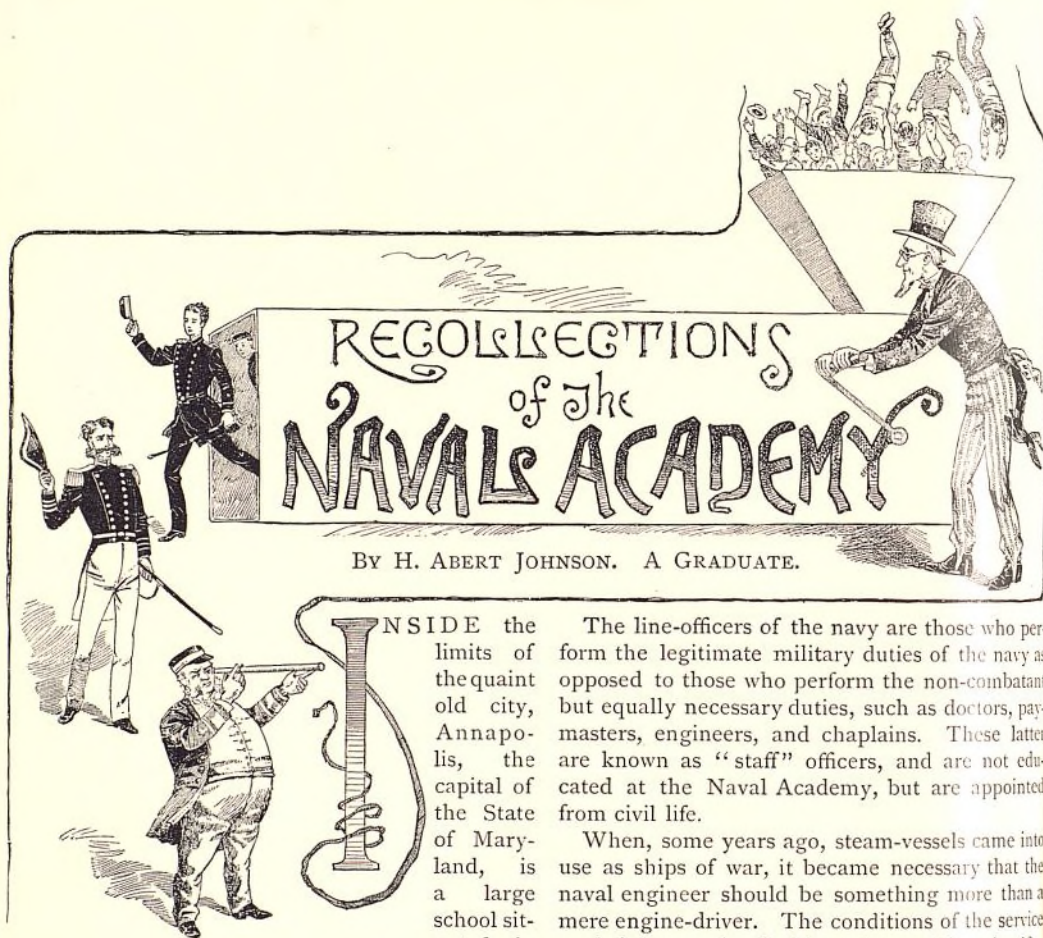
It is seven ; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream—
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met ; the debate 's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the Hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late ! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride :—
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight
stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung ;
" We are free ! " all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.





BY H. ABERT JOHNSON. A GRADUATE.

extensive grounds and surrounded by a high brick wall. This is the United States Naval Academy. As most schoolboys know, the city of Annapolis lies upon the banks of that beautiful river, the Severn, two miles from its junction with the waters of Chesapeake Bay.

It is at the Naval Academy that boys who are over the age of fifteen, and who have successfully passed the necessary mental and physical examinations, learn to become midshipmen.

Strictly speaking, there is no such person as a midshipman in the service of the United States. Possibly the boy readers of Marryat and Cooper can scarcely credit the existence of a navy without "middies"; but still it is a fact that for the past ten years the rank of midshipman has given place to that of naval cadet.

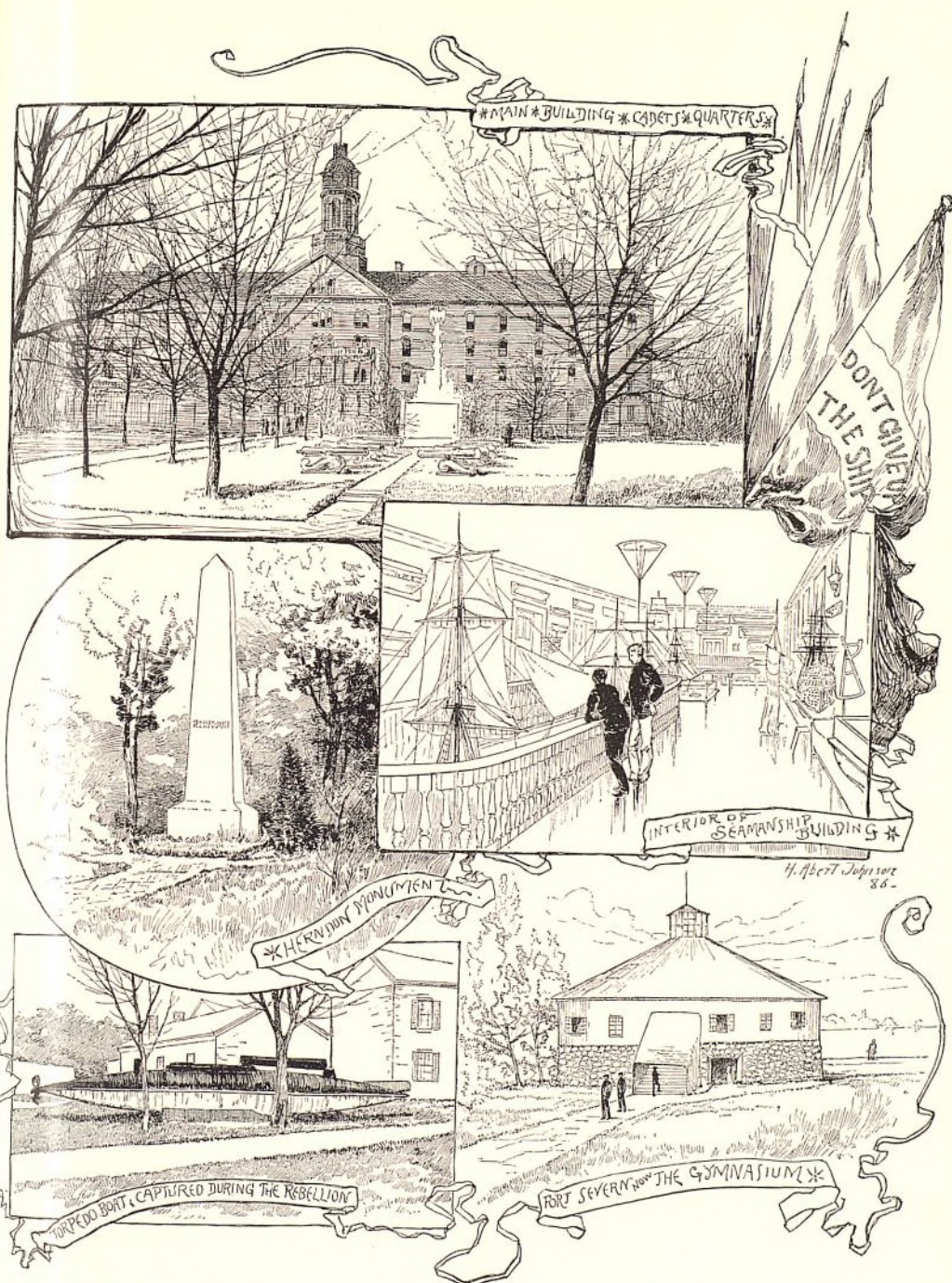
The United States Naval Academy was established in 1845, during the administration of President Polk, for the education of what are termed "line" officers of the navy.

The line-officers of the navy are those who perform the legitimate military duties of the navy as opposed to those who perform the non-combatant but equally necessary duties, such as doctors, paymasters, engineers, and chaplains. These latter are known as "staff" officers, and are not educated at the Naval Academy, but are appointed from civil life.

When, some years ago, steam-vessels came into use as ships of war, it became necessary that the naval engineer should be something more than a mere engine-driver. The conditions of the service made it imperative for him to be an able, scientific, and practical engineer. For this purpose a thorough education in his special line was necessary; and those intending to be engineers were admitted as students for a two-years' course in the Naval Academy. Their training was, of course, altogether different from that of the midshipmen, and so the students were divided into cadet-engineers and cadet-midshipmen.

After a few years it was decided to make the courses of study the same length for both engineers and midshipmen, and all the students were designated by the same general title, being called "naval cadets."

The length of the course at the Naval Academy is four years. A candidate for admission must first obtain permission from home to enter the lists in a competitive examination for an appointment to be given by the Congressman from his district. If successful in this examination, he receives a permit to appear before the examining board at Annapolis, and this board determines upon his

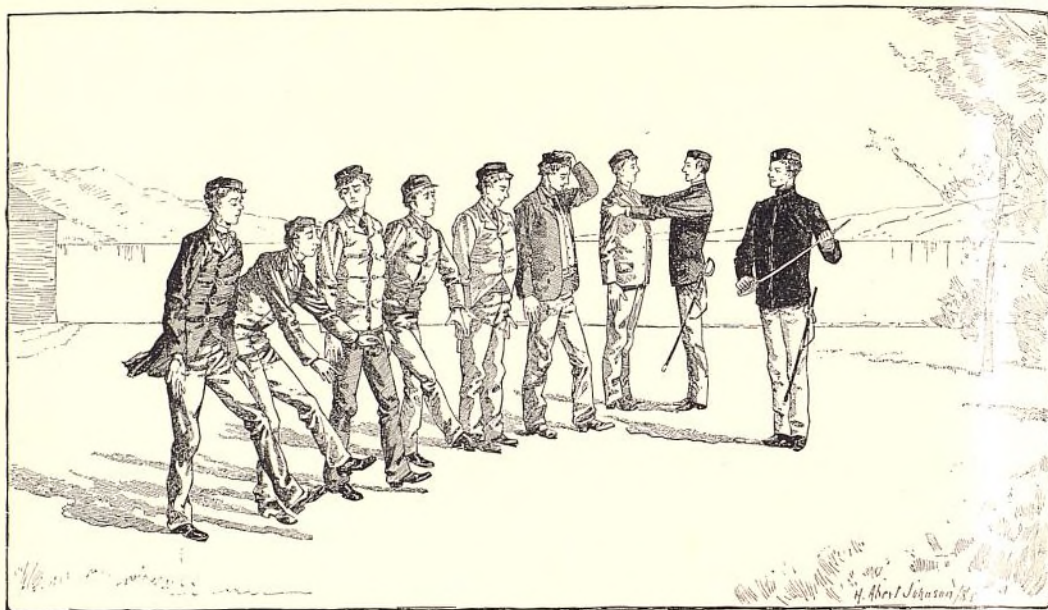


qualifications for an appointment as naval cadet. If the board pronounces him physically sound, and if he is able to pass a satisfactory examination as to mental attainments, he receives his appointment and becomes a naval cadet.

This examination takes place in June, and as the older cadets are all absent from the academy

on "leave," the successful candidates, or "plebes," as they are termed, feel their self-importance more strongly than they ever can again.

In fact, however, their appearance is anything but imposing. They strut about in a consequential but evidently uneasy manner, struggling to appear at ease, and certainly not succeeding.

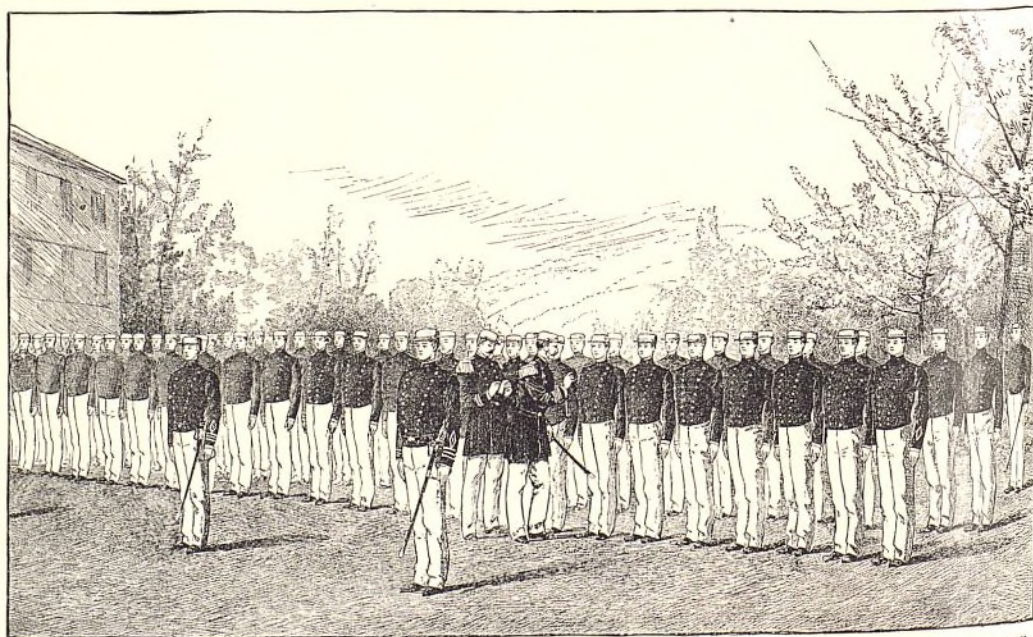


AN AWKWARD SQUAD.

The plebes, or "youngsters" (as they are also called), are at once quartered on board a large, old-fashioned wooden frigate, which always lies alongside the dock, and does duty during the school-sessions as a gunnery ship.

This vessel becomes the residence of the plebes during the summer months; here they have their

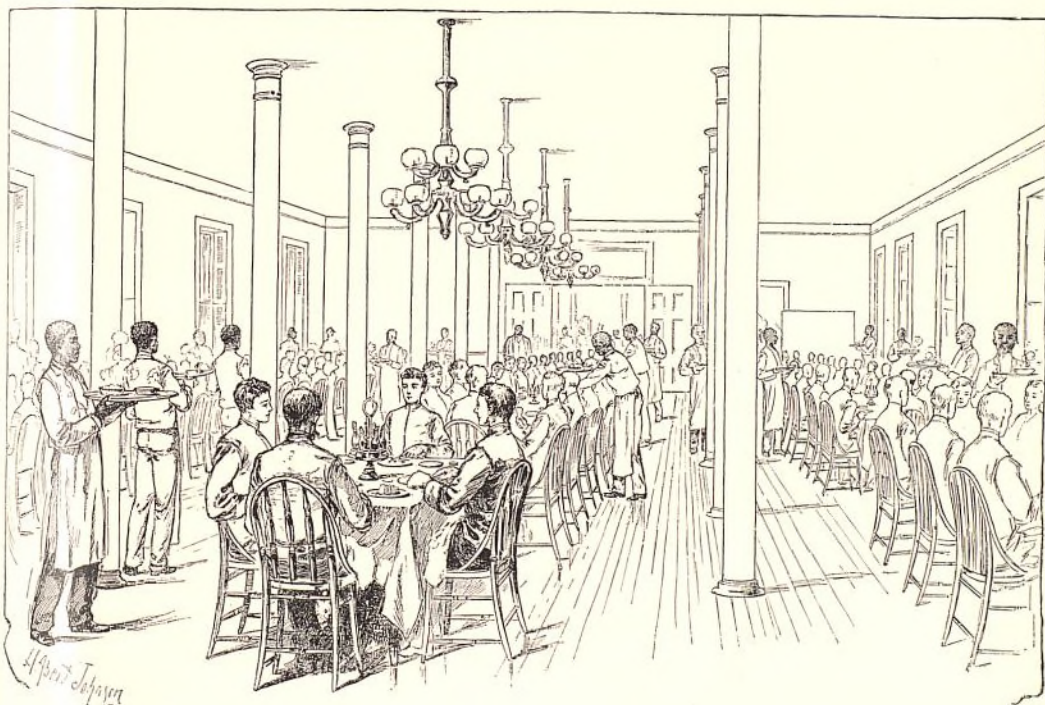
first experience of sailor life; and here, among other things, they first acquire the art of sleeping in a hammock. It is truly an edifying sight to see these lads, on their first night, struggling with their hammocks. The hammocks used in the navy, you must bear in mind, are very unlike those in which people swing under the trees



"ON SUNDAY MORNING THE ENTIRE BATTALION OF CADETS, IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM, IS INSPECTED BY THE COMMANDANT."

in the country. The navy hammocks are made of heavy canvas, and are slung from the beams of the ship. They are usually hung quite high from the deck, so that it is not easy for a beginner to climb into one with any degree of grace,—even if he manages to get in at all. Usually the novice struggles in from one side, and goes head over heels out at the other—mattress, pillows, and bed-clothes, all accompanying him. After two or three unsuccessful attempts of this sort, however, the greenest begins to improve, and one or two weeks of practice is sufficient to make any one an

academy, and the regular academic year commences. The lads of the lowest or fourth class, who have been spending the summer on board ship, are quartered, together with the more recent arrivals, in the main building of the cadets' quarters, and are assigned to rooms on the top floor. The whole body of cadets is now organized into four divisions, containing an equal number of gun-crews consisting of sixteen men, taken from each of the four classes. There are a first and a second captain to each gun-crew; they are under the supervision of the commanding officers of the



IN THE MESS HALL.

adept in the art. The days are spent in drills and exercises of all sorts, and are somewhat of a preparation for those in which the cadets will have to take part during the academic year. Theoretical instruction, also, in the studies they will take up during their first year, is given in small doses. In September another set of cadets is appointed. These form the remainder of the fourth class, and although both the June and September newcomers are members of the same class, the June arrivals are rather inclined to make much of their seniority over the "Seps," as the later comers are termed. During the latter part of September the older cadets return from their summer cruises; those that have been on leave come back to the

divisions, who are called cadet-lieutenants. The whole battalion is under command of the Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander.

These cadet officers are appointed from the first and second classes, the highest in rank being appointed from the first class: and, as a rule, they are looked upon by the "youngsters" with a respect amounting nearly to awe.

The daily routine of the school during the greater part of the year is as follows: Reveille, at 6 A. M. in the fall and spring months, and fifteen minutes later in the winter. Then follows "breakfast formation," with inspection, and reading of the report of conduct for the day preceding. Before breakfast, prayers are offered by the chaplain. The day

is divided into three periods of two hours each, two periods occupying the forenoon. The third, or afternoon, period ends at four o'clock. In favorable weather a drill takes place after the third period, and lasts until about half-past five. At 6 P. M. comes supper, after which the time until 7:30 is spent in recreation. At that hour the bugle-call sounds for evening study-hour. This lasts until 9:30; and during this time all cadets are required to be in their rooms, and are supposed to be studying. At ten o'clock "taps" are sounded, when lights must be put out, and all must be in bed. As Saturday is a half-holiday, only the forenoon is devoted to work, there being two hours of recitations and two spent in drills. The afternoon is given up to recreation.

A limited number of the cadets are allowed to visit the city, but must not remain later than supper-time. No one can enjoy this privilege whose average mark in any study for the week previous is unsatisfactory, or who has more than a certain specified number of demerits for the preceding month. On Sunday, of course, there are no recitations. In the morning, about ten o'clock, the entire battalion of cadets, in full-dress uniform, is inspected by the commandant, after which the cadets are marched to the chapel to attend divine service. Those who desire to attend a church outside of the academy can do so by obtaining special permission from the commandant; so, although all are required to engage in some form of religious worship, each cadet is at liberty to choose that which he prefers.

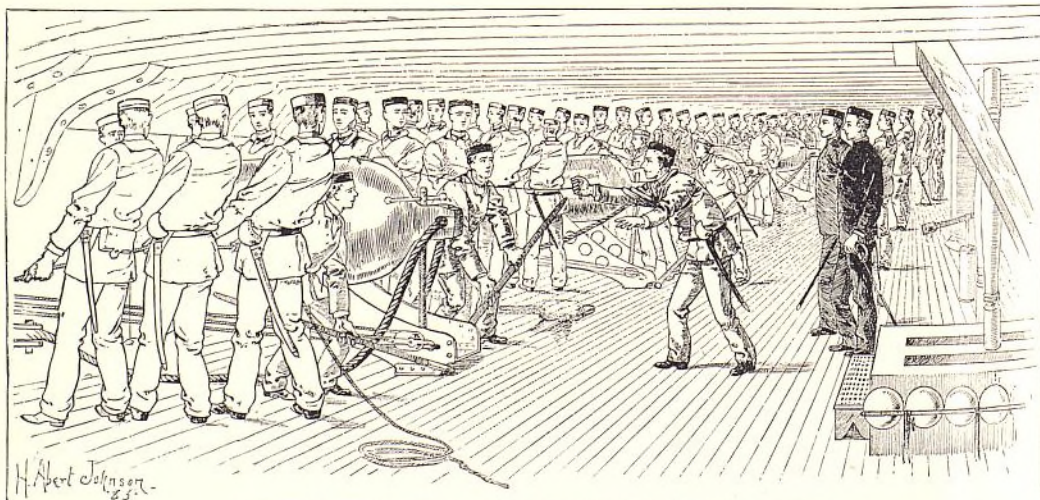
As soon as a cadet is admitted into the academy, an allowance of five hundred dollars a year is credited to him; but no cadet is allowed to draw from the paymaster for spending money more than

a dollar a month. As cadets are not permitted to receive money from outside, you will see that they can not form very extravagant habits.

Each day certain cadets are detailed for duty. The officer of the day is taken from the first class, and superintendents of each floor are selected from each of the four classes. The officer of the day has general charge of the building, and the superintendents are responsible for the observance of the regulations on their respective floors. They are required to make frequent inspections during the day, and to send in a written report of all delinquencies at the expiration of their tour of duty.

Each room in the dormitory is occupied by two cadets. One of these is always responsible for the orderly condition of the room, each cadet taking his turn in thus acting as superintendent. The rooms are inspected every morning by the officer in charge. At this inspection the floors must have been thoroughly swept; the beds must be neatly made up; shoes carefully placed in a line under the foot of the bed, and the interiors of wardrobes neatly arranged. Any delinquency is reported; so you will see that if naval officers are not men who keep things in perfect order, with a place for everything, and everything in its place, the blame should not be laid to their training in the naval school.

The cadets' rooms are furnished with necessary articles only. The boys, unlike most college students, are not allowed to exercise their taste in attractively decorating their apartments; they are not permitted even to hang pictures on the walls; and the only place available for the exhibition of anything pictorial is upon the inside surface of the wardrobe-door. This may appear too strict a rule; but if the cadets were allowed to indulge their

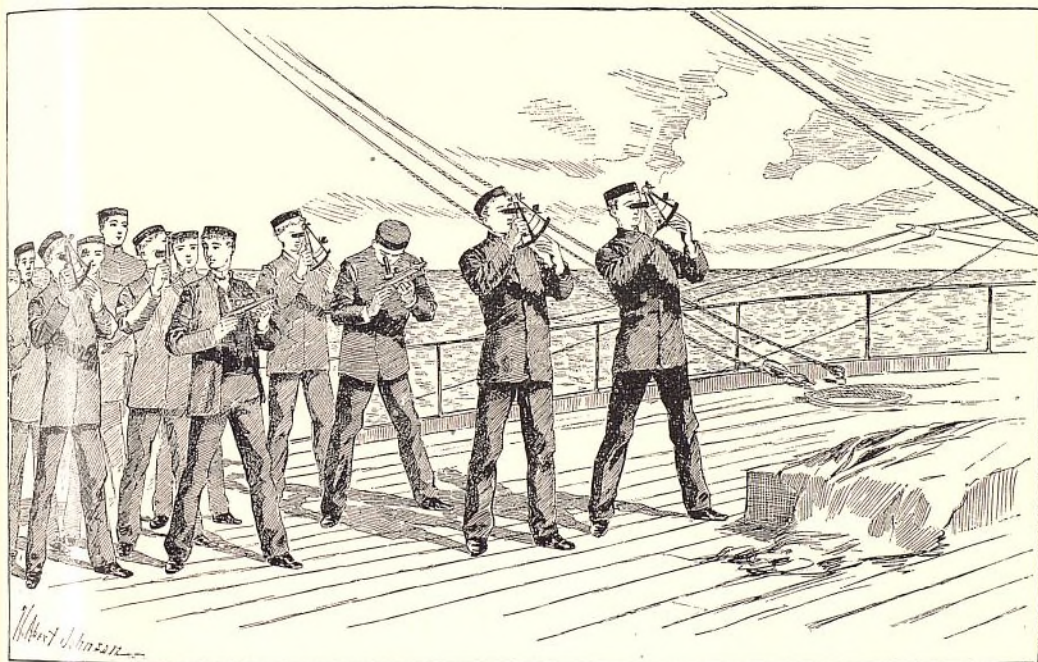


"GREAT GUN" DRILL ON BOARD THE "SANTÉE." READY TO FIRE.

tastes for decoration, those who had money would be likely to have elaborately furnished apartments, while their poorer companions would be obliged to forego that pleasure. This might lead to envy, and differences of a disagreeable character might

have frequently done most efficient work in the city of Annapolis, where the appliances for fighting fires were of the most primitive sort.

The cadets are good dancers, and occasional "hops" are among the recreations allowed. The



FIRST-CLASS MEN TAKING MERIDIAN ALTITUDE OF THE SUN, ON THE PRACTICE CRUISE.

occur, which would be hardly compatible with the general contentment which it is desirable to encourage. The cadets, in addition to their other duties, also receive instruction in gymnastic exercises, boxing, dancing, and swimming; and everything is done to encourage athletic sports such as baseball, football, and boating. Once every year they give what is termed a "tournament." This is a performance in the gymnasium, and is usually witnessed by a number of visitors from outside, and by the officers attached to the Academy, and their families. The "tournament" comprises gymnastic exercises, fencing, boxing, and the like. It is usually a highly creditable affair, both to the cadets and to their instructors.

As at all military or naval posts, every precaution is taken to guard against fire. The cadets have a special drill, called "fire-quarters," in which the whole battalion is organized into a fire-brigade, there being in the Academy a steam fire-engine and hose-carriages. At these drills the fire-bell is sounded, as if there were an actual alarm, and each cadet goes at once to his station. In the capacity of firemen, the students of the Academy

principal hops of the season are, one in January, given by the first class; and one in June, given by the second class as a farewell to the graduates. At both of these hops, which are given in the gymnasium, great skill is shown in decorating the building with flags and flowers. The combination of these, with brilliant uniforms, happy faces, pretty girls, and charming music, makes a scene long to be remembered.

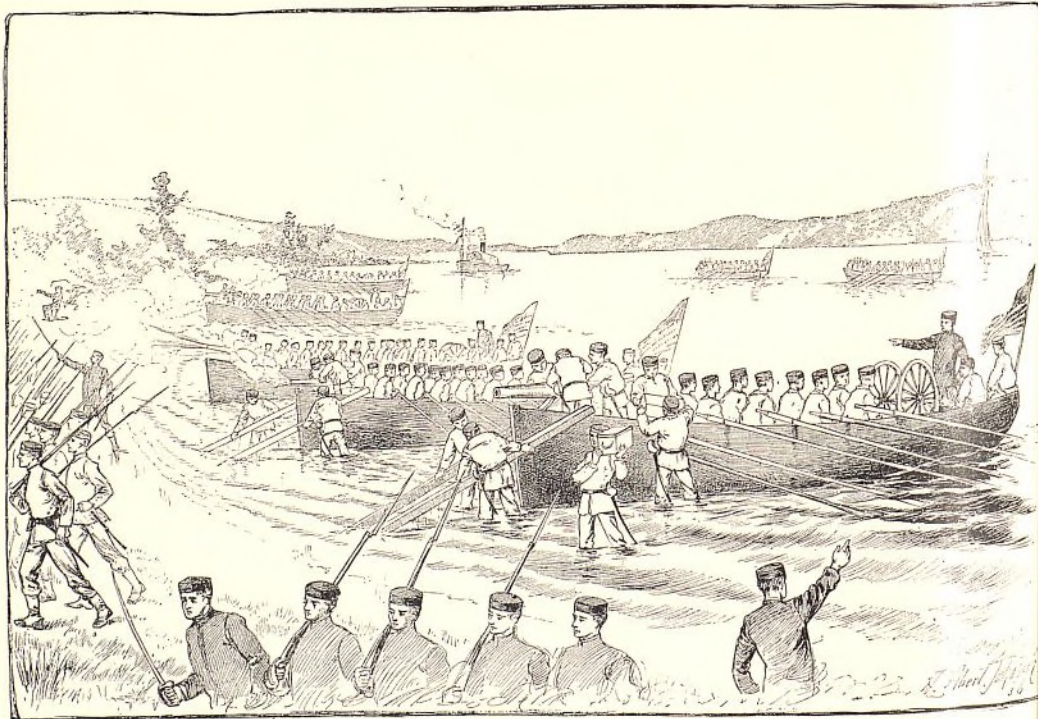
Every summer the first and third classes of cadets are sent on what is called the "practice cruise." The cadet-midshipmen are sent on board of a sailing vessel, and the cadet-engineers on a steamer. The sailing vessel is manned principally by the cadets. They are regularly stationed, like a ship's company,—the first class as petty-officers and seamen, the third class as ordinary seamen and landsmen. This cruise, in addition to the seamanship drills at the Academy, enables a cadet to become thoroughly familiar with all the duties of the sailor. He learns to heave the lead, steer the ship, reef and furl the sails, and, in fact, to perform every task which falls to a Jack tar. The practice cruise thus gives a thorough school-

ing in practical navigation,—the cadets being required each day, when at sea, to report the ship's position, and, when in port, to perform duties similar to those devolving upon a navigating officer. Each member of the first class is also made to practice as officer of the deck, and each has to take his turn in handling the ship in different maneuvers, such as tacking, wearing, getting under way, coming to anchor, and so on. Such a cruise really gives the young sailors more practical experience than they can possibly get later, even during two or three years' experience in the service.

No description of the Naval Academy would be complete without an attempt to convey some idea of the numerous peculiar words and phrases used by the cadets. They never speak, for instance, of studying; they call it "boning." A cadet who is dismissed is said to have been "bilged." Examinations are "exams.," unsatisfactory is "unsat.," and there is a long list of briny abbreviations used in expressing their sentiments, most of them

and sometimes these names are very expressive, and strongly suggestive of the little peculiarities of the individuals.

Four years slip by rapidly, and at last the great day of graduation arrives. The graduating exercises take place in the month of June, in the presence of a board of official visitors appointed by the Secretary of the Navy; and there are also non-official visitors, the relatives and friends of the cadets. This is a time of intense excitement to all interested, and is a period of great mental and physical strain upon the student, for examinations at the Naval Academy are not "child's play"; they are something more than mere formalities. On the day of graduation the diplomas are presented to the graduates in presence of the whole battalion of cadets and the officers of the institution, at which time an address to the graduating class is delivered by a member of the Board of Visitors. This exercise ends the academic year; from that time the school ceases active operations till the school year again begins, in the full term.



A SHAM FIGHT. LANDING THE FORCES.

hardly intelligible to an outsider. When, therefore, you hear a cadet speak of "making fast" his shoe-strings, you must know that he simply means tying them. There is not an officer or professor who is not nicknamed by the students;

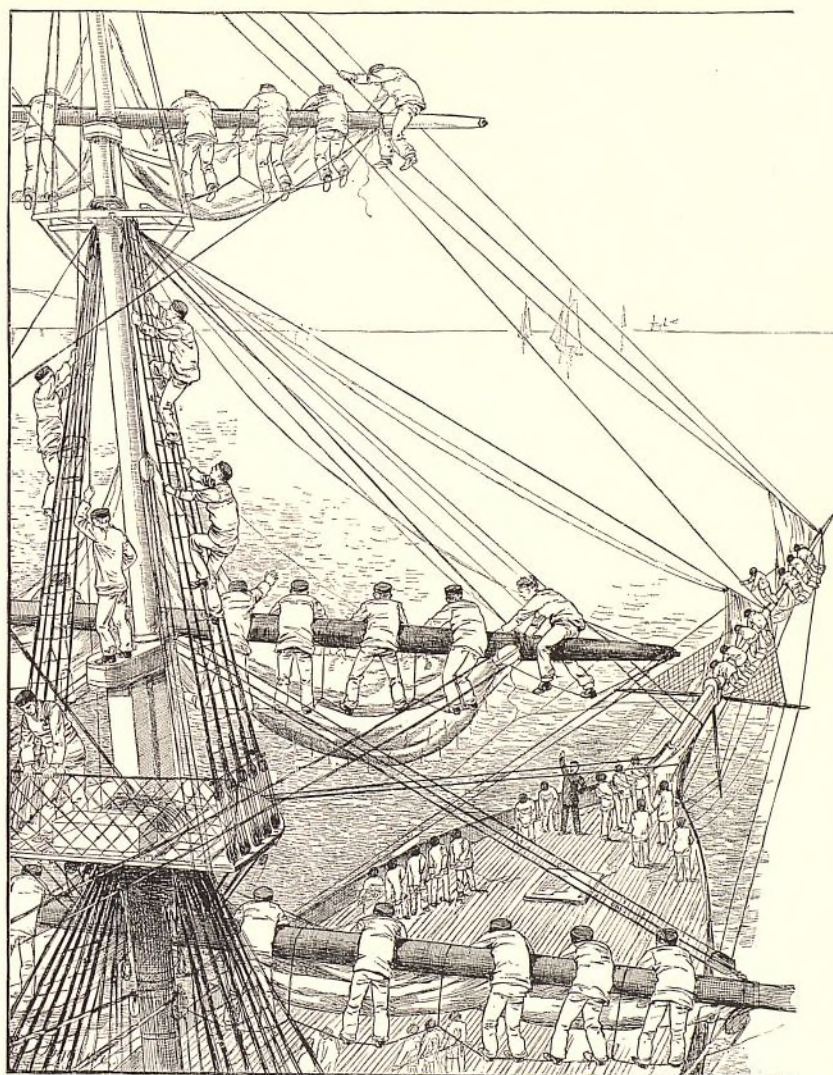
Of course, four years of boy-life like that passed within the walls of the Academy must witness many pranks and escapades on the part of the young students. Let me, in closing, give you an account of one of these.

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About Christmas and New Year's Day the Annapolis Express is busy in delivering numerous boxes at the Academy; boxes are sent to the cadets from their homes, and, as a rule, contain all sorts of good things to eat. The larger the box the more does the recipient gain in popularity among his classmates, as all whom the fortunate cadet includes among his circle of friends expect to come in for a share of the good things. Now, as a matter of course, a nice, well-behaved "young gentleman," who observes the regulations (as all should do), and is rather averse to laying up for himself a store of demerits, will revel, with his boon companions, in the delicious feast during the hours of recreation, when such things are allowable. Not so, however, his more mischievous comrade-in-arms who possesses a taste for the somewhat highly

spiced incidents connected with Academy life. He will gather his chosen companions around him at the hour of midnight, and then, in the "dead waste and middle of the night," will they gorge themselves with the rich dainties. But woe betide those daring law-breakers should the officer-in-charge happen to enter the room during one of the special night inspections in which he now and then finds it his duty to indulge.

One cold night, about Christmas time, a large and inviting-looking box was discovered in a room that shall here be numberless. It wore an expression indicative of a most passionate longing to have its contents devoured. The occupants of the room and joint-owners of the precious box agreed

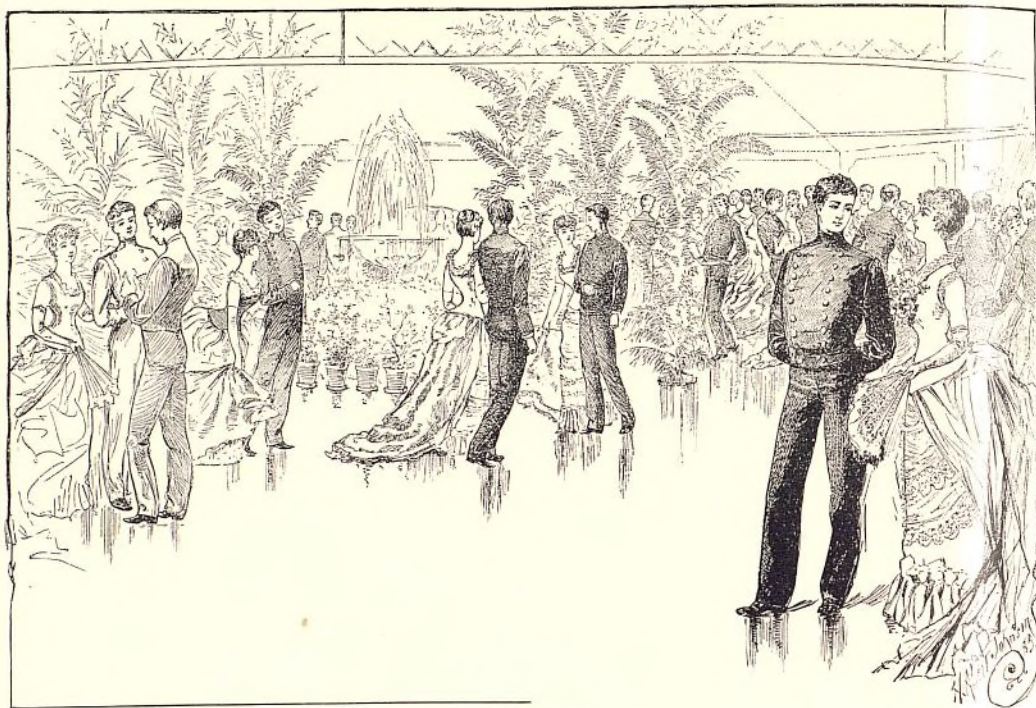


SEAMANSHIP DRILL. ALOFT ON THE FOREMAST.

to gather together a few genial and appreciative souls after "taps," and then do justice to the tempting viands.

Informing the other young gentlemen interested of their intention, at ten o'clock inspection all were found properly nestled in their beds and apparently asleep. Allowing ample time for the completion of the inspection, and for all well-regulated officers-in-charge to have retired, these wily tars suddenly awoke, and very stealthily the invited guests trooped into the room. They then proceeded in rather a burglar-like manner to open the chest containing the hidden treasures. First came two large turkeys, beautifully roasted; then quails, with delicious jelly, fruit, nuts, cakes, and

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AN ACADEMY HOP.

so on through the list of articles to be found in every well-filled Christmas box.

The company set to work with vigor, and in a short time were deep in gastronomic bliss. Suddenly was heard in the adjoining corridor the tramp of feet and the sounds produced by the clanking of a sword. There was no uncertainty as to the significance of this ominous warning. The boys knew that the officer-in-charge, having for some reason become suspicious, had directed his steps to this particular room. There was no time for deliberation—the efficient naval officer must learn to be prepared for all emergencies! Such visitors must find hiding-places, and they disposed themselves in this manner: One in each wardrobe, one under each bed, while the fifth crouched in the fire-place, concealing himself with the fire-board; the sixth and last luckless youth, finding no unoccupied place in the room, lowered himself out of the window, and found a resting-place for his feet on the capstone of the window below, steadying himself by clinging to the window-sill. In this way, by pulling down the shade in front of him, he managed to be completely hidden from the view of any one in the room. The two occupants of the room were in their beds in a twinkling, snoring vigorously. Rap! rap! rap! at the door; no answer. Thereupon, in walks the officer-in-

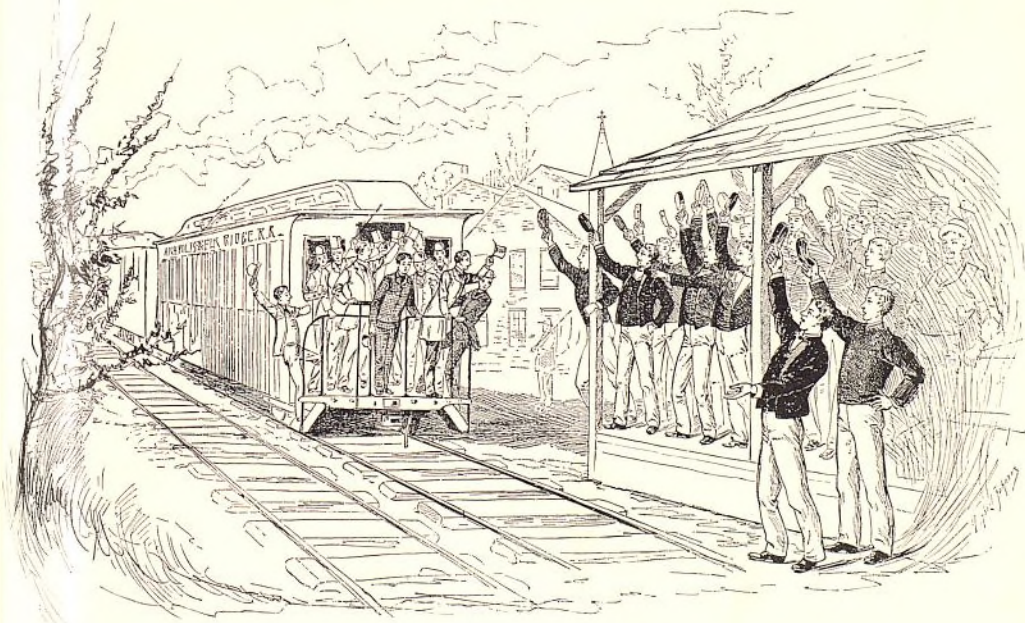
charge. The snores increased in quantity and quality of tone. “Mr. Blank,” says the officer-in-charge; but that gentleman is so deeply wrapt in innocent and peaceful slumbers that the summons fails to arouse him. The officer-in-charge sees and smells evidences of the feast; and, having been a happy student himself, proceeds to investigate in a most thorough manner. Opening the wardrobe doors, he brings forth the temporary occupants of those pieces of furniture, now decidedly crest-fallen and meek; similarly he discovers those hidden under the bed and in the fire-place.

So the five *bon-vivants* are summarily disposed of; but do not let us forget the unfortunate sixth member, who all this time has been hanging outside the window, scantily costumed in a night-shirt. You will remember that all this happened on a bitterly cold winter night. A fur-lined overcoat would be none too warm on such a night. What, then, must be the suffering that this scantily clad cadet is undergoing? It is truly terrible to contemplate. How sincerely is he bemoaning his fate, and how earnestly he regrets having left his warm bed; how firmly does he resolve never to risk it again, even should it be to taste of a repast a hundred times finer! The officer-in-charge, leaving the room, has just closed the door, and our hero, with a deeply sincere sigh of thanksgiving, is about

to draw his stiffened limbs and body inside the room again, comforting himself with the one morsel of consolation, that he at least has escaped detection. But, alas!—misfortune does not yet relinquish her hold on him. Walking along the street below the ill-fated window, is the Commandant of Cadets, muffled up in his warm overcoat. His eye is suddenly attracted by an object on the outside of the building, and as he approaches nearer, he puzzles his head to find out what it can possibly be. Just as he is almost under the window, he sees indications that this white and apparently inanimate thing is about to put itself in motion. Then does he fully appreciate what this specter-like apparition is, and exclaims, "What are you doing out there, sir, at this time of night and in that disgraceful costume? Get in at once, and report yourself to the officer-in-charge!" Just at this juncture the officer-in-charge comes out of the building, meeting the Commandant, who directs his attention to the offender. "Mr.—, go up to that room and see if that young gentle-

man has developed symptoms of insanity, and, if necessary, have him placed under medical treatment."

The officer-in-charge, promptly obeying, again enters the room, finds the apparently insane adventurer cold, shivering, and repentant, takes his name and orders him to his room, making a great effort to keep a straight face. The officer-in-charge, feeling that now he has conscientiously performed his duty, "turns in" for the night. The next morning, when the offenders' names are read from the conduct report, they excite no comment, until the officer reads the name of one reported for "hanging out of window, dressed in night-shirt, at 12:35 A. M." Then the gravity of the battalion is on the very verge of dissolution, and our hero, standing in the ranks, with a most woe-begone countenance, suffering from all the tortures of acute influenza, is brought to a full realization of the fact that the old adage about stolen fruit being the sweetest is not always to be relied upon.



GRADUATES LEAVING ANNAPOLIS.

SUMMER HOMES FOR THE ANIMALS.

BY ROBERT U. JOHNSON.

It seems to me, if I were a frog,
I'd like a summer home at Cutchogue;
Cut-chogue — Cut-chogue — Cut-chogue — Cut-
chogue!

Oh, I'd jump at a water-front at Cutchogue.

And then how nice, if I were a chicken,
'T would be to live on the Wissahickon;
Wissce-see-hick'n! Wissce-see-hick'n!
'T would be *cheap-cheap-cheap* on the Wissa-
hickon.

And if I were a dog, in search of some flowery
Dogwood resort, I'd resort to the Bowery,
And, whether the weather were dry or showery,
My bark would glide through its *Bow-wow-*
wowery—
Er-r-r-r-wow — er-r-r-r-wow — er-wow-wow-
WOWERY!

If I were a colt with a wheezy whinny
Or a racking pain, I'd visit Virginy,
And if by marauders my gate should be broken,

For a colt's revolver I'd send to Hoboken.
Whe-he-he-he-he! Whe-he-he-he-he!
No whinny sounds tinny in ole Virginy.

And every year, if I were a rabbit,
I'd go to Newboro' by force of habit;
How softly my rablets would purr when folks pet us,
And murmur, when asked to go dining,—“Oh!
lettuce!”
'T would be so like New Early York—(begging
your pardon!
Of course I mean Early New York)—if they'd
let us
Go out in the evenings to nibble O—'s garden.

If I were a cock o' the walk, I'd ride
From end to end of the railroad guide,
And I'd sing with the car wheels (*allegro, not*
largo):
Tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket-that-takes-to-Chi-CA-go!
(’T is an irony sound, when you can not so far go);
Tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket, tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket,
Tuck-tuck-in-the-ticket-that-takes-to-Chi-CA-go!

FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

BY MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

“WELL, I call Homburg a pretty stupid place,”
said Harry, shutting his book with a vindictive
bang.

“So it is, for five days in the week,” replied
Walter; “but the sixth is all the jollier for that.”

“We need to stretch our tongues and rest our
tired jaws once in a while,” little Phil chimed in.
“Why my mind really aches with thinking nothing
but German, from Monday morning till Friday
night.”

“Why don't you think in English, then?”
Fritz asked.

“Nonsense!” answered his brother. “You
ought to know that a fellow can't think in one
language and speak in another. I'm a thorough
German in school hours, ‘sauerkraut’ and all.”

“But, Harry, we are Americans all the rest of

the time,—regular ‘star-spangled-banner’ boys,
are n't we?”

Poor Phil, a little homesick perhaps, clung
loyally to his own beloved country; so his cousin
Walter said, kindly, “Yes, Phil, of course we are.
Hurrah for home!” and Phil's face brightened.

Walter was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked lad, who had
no need to drink from the health-giving fountains
for which Homburg is so celebrated. His cousin
Philip, although not much younger, was sensitive
and delicate in appearance, and so small that the
boys sometimes nicknamed him “Filbert.”

The other two boys, Harry and Fritz, were at
Homburg because their mother was an invalid.

So these four friends lived under the same roof,
studied with the same master, and had right royal
fun together.

The next day was Saturday. It happened also to be a *fête* day; indeed, these festivals come so frequently, in Germany, that one wonders whether the people ever do anything but play.

On this particular Saturday, the boys had permission to spend the whole day just as they chose; which made it a red-letter day in advance.

Up in the morning with the birds, no bird was happier than they. The weather was all that even a boy's heart could wish. Hastening to the *Brunnen* for a morning draught, the very stones of the red mosaic on which they stood seemed to catch the sunshine and hold it fast. Pretty peasant girls in gala dresses, wearing jaunty little caps, dipped up for them the bubbling water in beautiful Bohemian-glass tumblers, of every shape and color.

Banks of autumn-tinted flowers striped the thick green turf here and there. Ivies covered ugly, broken walls, making them comely. And over all hung a soft, bluish haze, half hiding the little town as it lay asleep at the foot of the Taunus Mountains.

Already the orchestra was playing a grand and solemn hymn, and with the music a glad thanksgiving crept into the hearts of the boys. But these happy lads did not know that all this beauty and brightness made so large a share of their pleasure. Even grown-up people seldom find out such things.

This holiday did not begin an hour too soon for all that the friends had planned to do. Laughing and shouting for very joy in their freedom, they climbed part way up a spur of the nearest mountain, gathering nuts and gorgeous autumn-leaves, or cracking innocent stones, hoping to find a living toad imprisoned in one, as sometimes happens.

When they grew tired of this, they thought of the old castle; and, after some delay, they obtained permission to enter it.

"Let us pretend that we are princes paying a visit to the Landgrave," suggested Walter.

"Or ambassadors from America," Phil hinted, shyly.

"What is an ambassador?" asked Fritz.

"Why, he is a—a—an *advertisement* for his country," Phil stammered.

"Well, I'll wager America will be pretty well known if Phil is to be her ambassador," said Walter, laughing.

Poor Phil flushed, but answered, bravely:

"Then I hope everybody will love her as well as I do."

Then they all went in, through the grounds, which are laid out like an English park. They climbed up to the very turrets of the ancient castle, from which the town looked like a toy village. The tall "white tower" filled them with awe. Everybody knows that it dates from the twelfth century; but

it looked so grand and solid that the difficulty lay in imagining that it had not been there always.

When these self-appointed "ambassadors" came out of the castle-gate into the world again, they decided to pay a visit of "inspection" to the linen and woolen factories. At that time Homburg had become too gay and pleasure-loving to give much attention to her manufactories, but once these were her only means of getting a living. The boys went through the ceremony of asking questions and taking notes, with many a merry jest about the "Report" which they would make to their government. Phil was thinking all the time of the mills of Lowell and Willimantic, away across the water, but he did not confess it, for fear of being laughed at.

Being boys of hearty appetites they sandwiched their numerous adventures with luncheon, which was partly supplied from the general lunch-basket and partly procured at stalls or *cafés*, and of course thoroughly enjoyed.

At length our heroes entered the pleasant park again. Through tangles of green, past the Kaiser spring, over carpets of yellow leaves,—on they strolled, until they were tired. The park was a picture of sweet content on that soft, hazy afternoon. Here and there were seated women, busily knitting, while quaint little children played at their feet; and the orchestra—always the orchestra—played drowsily.

Again the boyish appetite asserted itself and, very naturally, Walter suggested that they should follow the example of all the world, and order ices. This proposal was received with applause, and they made their way to the *Kursaal*.

Entering the *Kursaal*, they seated themselves at a table, and soon four pairs of bright eyes were intently studying German. A bill of fare is certainly an attractive means of making the acquaintance of a foreign language. This sudden attack of studiousness resulted in a different order from each reader. Creams, and the funny little cakes one finds in Germany, were brought and quickly dispatched.

Fritz, who had finished his allowance almost too promptly for strict politeness, exclaimed:

"Boys, that *pistache* is the very best thing that ever was made!"

"I can't see how you found it out," said Walter.

"There was n't enough of mine for a good taste."

"Let us all try it!" said Harry, and the others, nothing loth, consented; so a second order was filled. It was a merry party, eating and chatting in true boyish freedom.

At length Walter, who had proposed the treat, called for the bill. He and Harry had a good-natured scramble for it when it came; for, after the

lordly manners of their elders, each wished to pay for all.

Walter was victorious, but upon opening his purse, he was surprised to find that it contained scarcely a tenth of the sum necessary.

"Here, Walter, let me lend it to you," said Harry, quickly guessing the truth. Upon close inspection, he discovered, to his dismay, that his purse also was nearly empty.

"Yes, and be arrested for debt and put in prison," Harry added.

"They would never *dare* to do such a thing to *Americans*," said little Phil, looking very white.

"Of course they *dare*, and they *will*," insisted Walter; "the police arrest everybody in this horrid country, without any reason whatever."

"Ask the man at the desk to trust us," again Fritz pleaded.



"I AM ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE TO AN AMERICAN."

"Let us all put in together," Phil suggested; and in a twinkling the scanty contents of four purses lay side by side. A glance at the whole amount forced upon the boys the awful truth that even this would not meet the bill. They had taken no note of the *kreutzers* during the day, and therefore the *marks* were now lacking.

"What shall we do?" they looked rather than asked.

"We ought to have brought a nurse to look after us," said Walter, savagely.

"Tell 'em this is all the money we have," Fritz answered.

But his brother said, pettishly:

"Don't be a baby, Fritz. If we had n't taken a second 'help,' we would have been all right."

"Well, who proposed it, I should like to know?" demanded Fritz.

"You made us think of it, anyway," Harry replied, a little ashamed to lay the blame upon his younger brother, yet not quite equal to assuming the burden himself.

"Quarreling won't do any good, boys," quavered poor Phil, trembling in every limb. "We had better confess at once."

"All right, Filbert! suppose *you* do it. You are

always so ready to make suggestions, you can go fight it out alone." Harry's words and tone showed that he was getting cross; and little Fritz knew that this was Harry's way of showing that he was scared; so Fritz burst into a flood of tears. He felt that if Harry was frightened, all was lost.

"Oh, dear!" he sobbed, "I know we shall all be shut up in a dark dungeon under the sea for a great many years, and our friends will never know it — and — and — then we shall be — *hung* for debt!"

Every moment things grew worse. Nothing but little paper napkins and empty dishes gave evidence of the feast so lately enjoyed. Here stood the waiter, in amazement, not able to understand a word. In those pale, frightened faces looking so wofully across the table at each other, one could scarcely recognize the happy boys who had set out so gayly in the morning.

A gentleman who was seated with a party of ladies, near them, had observed their distress. At this moment he leaned over, and touching Walter on the arm, he said kindly:

"Boys, I have overheard your conversation, and

you must allow me to help you out of your difficulty. I have been very kindly treated in America, where I was a stranger. Now, I am only too glad to be of service to an American," at the same time pressing an English sovereign into Walter's hand. Too greatly relieved to hesitate, the money was gladly accepted, and after heartily thanking the unknown giver the "ambassadors" went home, crest-fallen, but comforted.

On his way to church with his mother the next morning, Walter was both glad and abashed to see, in an open carriage, the stranger who had been his generous banker. He lifted his hat politely, and received a friendly nod of recognition in return.

"Why, my son, do you know to whom you are bowing?" his mother asked, in surprise. "That is the Prince of Wales!"

"Well, Mamma, he deserves to be a prince, for he certainly was most kind and gentlemanly to us boys," replied Walter; and as he thought of this "gentil deed" he was ready to echo Lord Tennyson's famous line,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

THE PARADE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

BEATING drums —

Here it comes!

They are just turning into our street.

At the noise,

How the boys

Come running with clattering feet!

That 's the drum-major, high twirling his staff,

Looking as though it were wicked to laugh,

Followed by drummer-boys, smaller by half,

Each so exquisitely neat.

Hear the fife!

In my life

I never heard piping so shrill.

And the band

Is so grand! —

(Though puffing from climbing the hill).

Now the loud cymbals break in with a clash.

How, in the sunshine, they glitter and flash!

Look at the captain — see his red sash!

Truly it gives one a thrill.

What a line —

That is fine!

Never was marching so true,—

I would like

A big spike

In the top of *my* hat, would n't you?

How grand I should be in a uniform red,

With such a fierce helmet a-top of my head;

Then for my country when I'd fought and — *bled*?

No. I don't think that would do.

Soon they 're past,

And at last

Ceases the marching throng.

But the ear

Still can hear

An echo of martial song,

Softening, failing, and dying away,

While we return to our own work-a-day

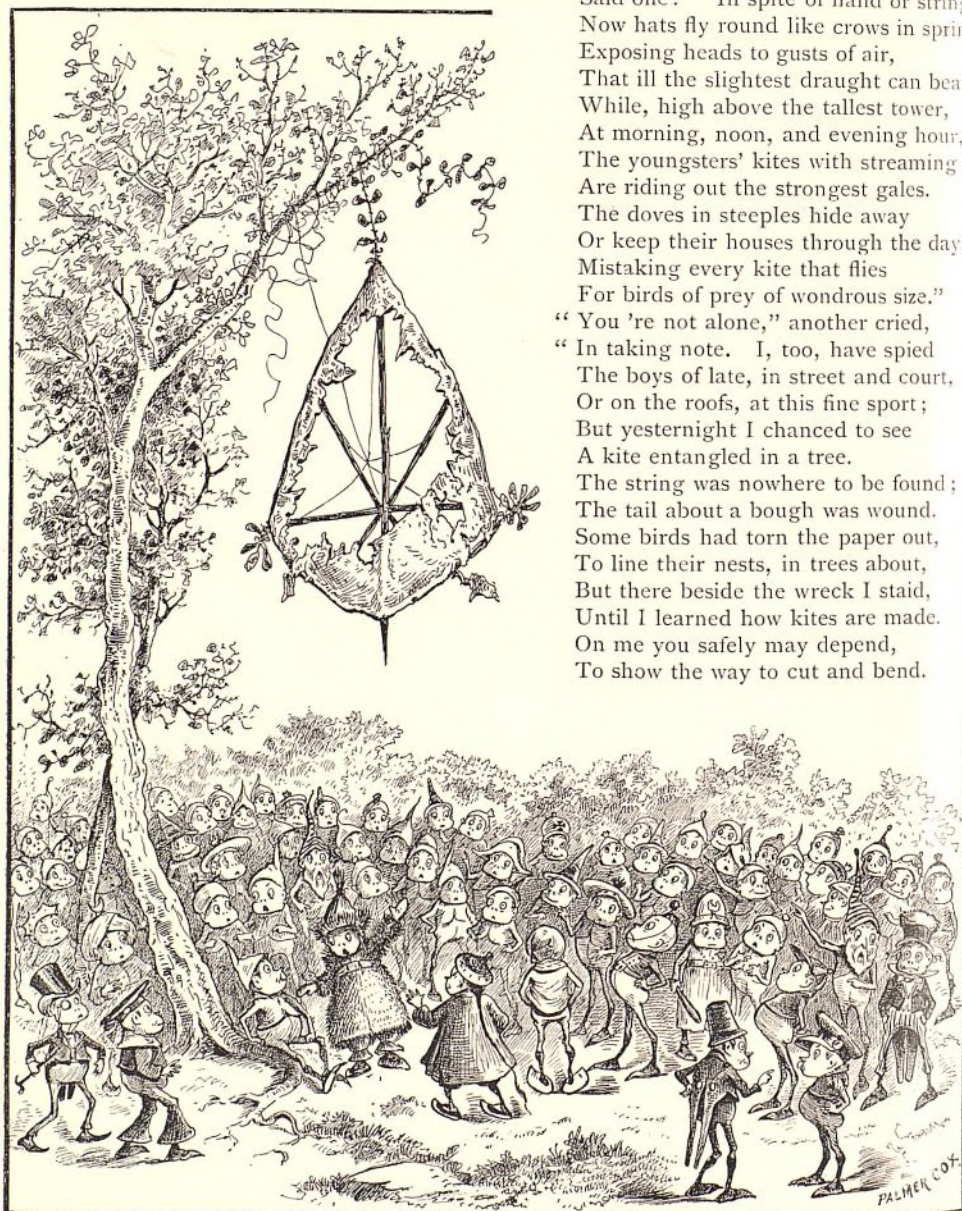
Rattle and rumble of horse-car and dray,

Wearily dragging along.

THE BROWNIES' KITES.

BY PALMER COX.

THE bats had hardly taken flight,
To catch the insects of the night;
Or fowls secured a place of rest



Where Reynard's paw could not molest,
When Brownies gathered to pursue
Their plans regarding pleasures new,
Said one: "In spite of hand or string,
Now hats fly round like crows in spring,
Exposing heads to gusts of air,
That ill the slightest draught can bear;
While, high above the tallest tower,
At morning, noon, and evening hour,
The youngsters' kites with streaming tails
Are riding out the strongest gales.
The doves in steeples hide away
Or keep their houses through the day,
Mistaking every kite that flies
For birds of prey of wondrous size."
"You're not alone," another cried,
"In taking note. I, too, have spied
The boys of late, in street and court,
Or on the roofs, at this fine sport;
But yesternight I chanced to see
A kite entangled in a tree.
The string was nowhere to be found;
The tail about a bough was wound.
Some birds had torn the paper out,
To line their nests, in trees about,
But there beside the wreck I staid,
Until I learned how kites are made.
On me you safely may depend,
To show the way to cut and bend."

So let us now, while winds are high,
Our hands at once to work apply;
And from the hill that lifts its
crown
So far above the neighboring
town,
We'll send our kites
aloft in crowds,
To lose themselves
among the
clouds."



Perhaps some twine-
shop, standing nigh,
Was raided for the
large supply;
Perhaps some youthful
angler whines
About his missing fish-
ing-lines.
But let them find things
where they will,
The Brownies must be
furnished still;
And those who can't such losses stand,
Will have to charge it to the Band.



A smile on every
face was spread,
At thought of fun
like this, ahead;
And quickly all the
plans were laid,
And work for every
Brownie made.
Some to the kitch-
ens ran in haste,

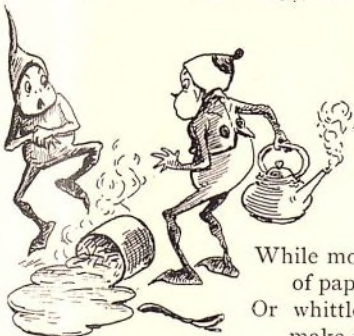


With busy fin-
gers, well ap-
plied,
They clipped and
pasted, bent and tied;
With paint and brush
some ran about
From kite to kite, to
fit them out.
On some they paint a
visage fair,

To manufacture
pots of paste.
Some ran for
tacks or shin-
gle-nails,
And some for
rags to make
the tails,



While others would affright a bear,
Nor was it long (as one might guess
Who knows what skill their hands possess)
Before the kites, with string and tail,
Were all prepared to ride the gale;

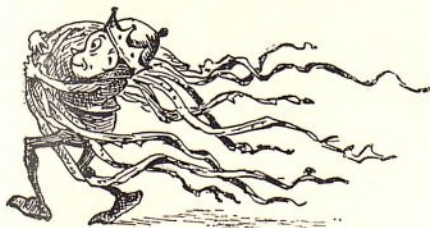


While more with loads
of paper came,
Or whittled sticks to
make the frame.

The strings, that others gathered, soon
Seemed long enough to reach the moon.
But where such quantities they found,
'T is not so easy to expound; —

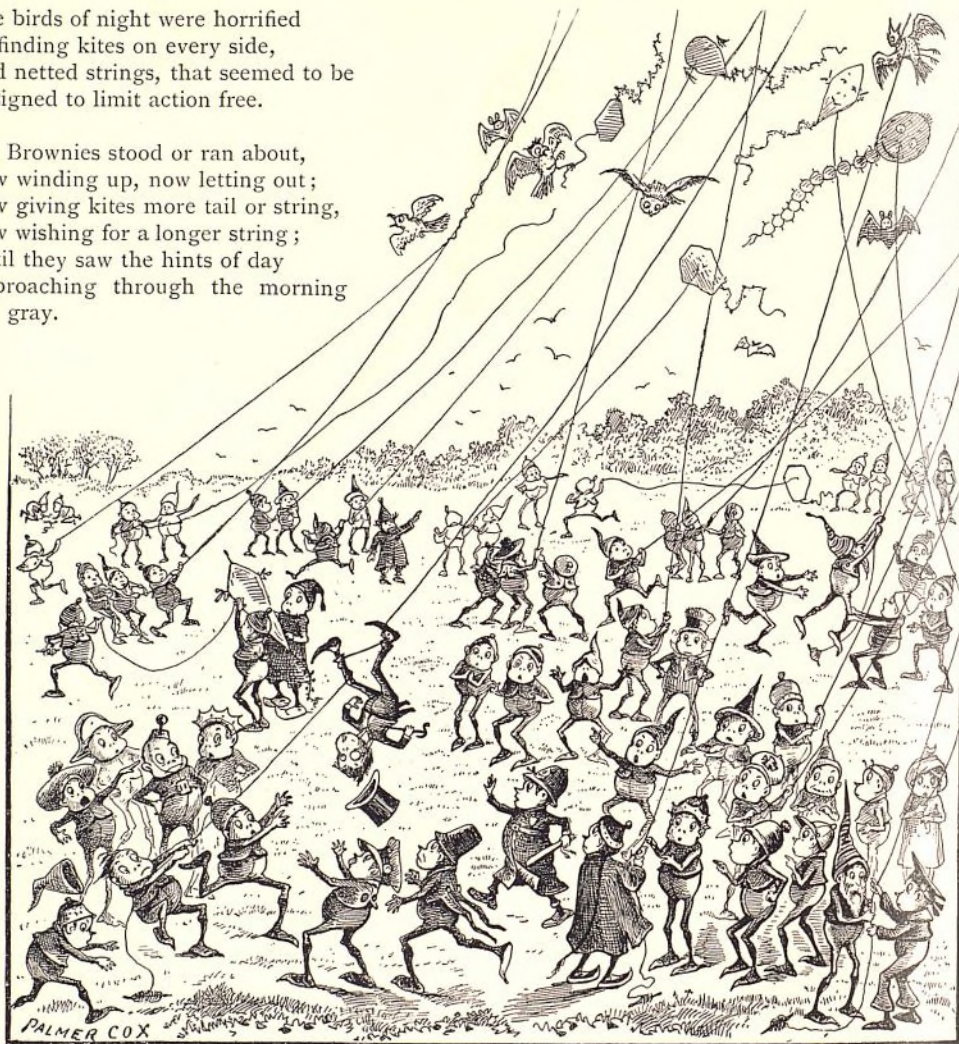


And oh, the climax of their glee
Was reached when kites were floating free!
So quick they mounted through the air
That tangling strings played mischief there,
And threatened to remove from land
Some valued members of the band.



The birds of night were horrified
At finding kites on every side,
And netted strings, that seemed to be
Designed to limit action free.

But Brownies stood or ran about,
Now winding up, now letting out;
Now giving kites more tail or string,
Now wishing for a longer string;
Until they saw the hints of day
Approaching through the morning
gray.



THE STORY OF THE LITTLE SIX.

BY EUGENE M. CAMP.

"ARE you the editor?"

The scene was the interior of a newspaper office in one of the large cities. About the room lay partly cut newspapers, and in cases on the walls were many volumes of reference books. The desk, which stood in the center of the room, had upon it a pad of writing-paper, a paste-pot, a huge pair of shears, and the feet of the man to whom the query was addressed.

The visitor was a lad of twelve, whose fresh face and bright eyes were in striking contrast to the features of the man at the desk. The face of the latter had the tired expression common among brain-workers, particularly those who work at night, as editors of morning newspapers are compelled to do.

"Yes, I am one of them," was the reply that came to the boy from behind the newspaper.

The tone of the answer gave the questioner confidence. Advancing to the table, the lad quickly inverted a small box which he carried, and there rolled out beside the paste-pot, and over the big shears, what would have made, if measured, fully a quart of coins; five and ten cent pieces, with an occasional paper bill of a low denomination. "Then this is for you," said the lad, politely lifting his cap.

"Why for me?" asked the astonished editor, throwing away his paper. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy, nervously fumbling in his pocket for a letter. "We gave an entertainment last night, and this is the money we got. Please send it to those folks out in Ohio whose homes have been washed away by the floods. My father said I was to ask you to send it wherever you thought it would do the most good and that I was to get a receipt from you for it," said the little business-man.

The details were soon settled. The receipt was given, and with the document carefully deposited in his pocket, the lad politely lifted his cap and bade the editor "Good-day." Next morning the readers of the paper found in its columns the following story:

"An excellent illustration of what well-directed effort can do was given in the little suburban village of W—, on Thursday evening. It is doubly interesting, too, because it was undertaken and successfully carried out by six children, whose ages range from ten to fourteen years. These six bright little people had taken a prominent part in an entertainment given some weeks previous, in which they had had some stage training. When the sad story of the floods reached them, they began to wonder if they could not do something to assist the distant children whose homes had been swept away. The feeling grew so strong among them that they held a meeting on the street-corner after school, and decided to ask permission of their parents to give a public entertainment, in which they were to repeat their previous efforts, and add enough to the programme to make the proposed entertainment of sufficient length.

"At the end of the week the children had arranged all details. They had divided their programme into four parts, the first two of which were made up mainly of recitations and music. The third part was an exhibition of selections from Mother Goose. These parts were taken in equal number by the three boys and the three girls composing the company. As they were so small, they gave themselves the name of 'The Little Six.' The fourth part of the programme consisted of a comedietta entitled

'Art in the Rosewood Family,' which was the same these little folks had given on the previous occasion. In the short space of a week, the entire entertainment was prepared and given. The proceeds amounted to \$56.75, which will be seen to be large when it is stated that the price of admission was only fifteen cents.

"Putting the amount of money received into a small box, the eldest member of the company, who is fourteen, came into the city yesterday and asked the editor of this paper to forward the amount to the sufferers by the floods. Of course the request was complied with, and the money forwarded by telegraph to the president of 'The Red Cross Society.' This act of 'The Little Six' is so praiseworthy, and at the same time so unique, that we are sure our readers will be glad to learn in due time of the disposition of the money."

At the time the facts occurred upon which the foregoing story is founded, the Ohio River was overflowing its banks to such an extent that the homes and crops of thousands of people had been washed away and destroyed. Damage amounting to millions of dollars had been done. In some of the cities the water rose even to the second-story windows of the houses. The national government, through its War Department, distributed tents and rations to the unfortunate people, but as any ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl will see, upon a moment's thought, a great burden must be borne by the fathers and mothers of these destroyed homes in their efforts to repair their broken fortunes as soon as the floods should have receded.

To assist people in such emergencies, there is an organization called "The Society of the Red Cross." It is a very great and a very humane society. It is composed of kind-hearted men and women, and has branch organizations in every civilized country in the world. This society goes to the relief of sufferers by flood, war, famine, or any similar calamity. Of course its representatives were at that time in the Ohio Valley, and were doing all they could for the afflicted people.

At the head of the American Branch of "The Society of the Red Cross" is Miss Clara Barton, a noble woman whose unselfish work has made her to be loved and honored wherever she is known. To her the editor intrusted the money contributed by "The Little Six."

Some weeks had elapsed, when one morning the editor of the great city paper received a letter which bore the seal of the Red Cross Society. It was postmarked "Shawneetown, Ill." The next morning the readers of the paper found in its columns another story. It was written by Miss Barton herself, and was as follows:

"Few incidents have ever touched me more deeply than the story of 'The Little Six,' and I determined to find, if possible, a special place for their offering. We have been for weeks in the flooded districts, and have been as far south as Memphis, calling at all places along the river, and distributing food, clothing, and money wherever we found them needed. We turned up-stream from Memphis, and came slowly to Cairo, and then entered the swollen Ohio. But in no quarter did we find the special place for the money from our little W— friends. Yesterday, when we were a few miles below Shawneetown, there appeared on the Illinois bank of the river a woman, who waved a shawl as a signal for us to come ashore. We quickly answered her call for aid.

"Climbing the bank was a difficult task, for the water had made the ground slippery, and despite the fact that we put down boards, we often sank over shoe-tops in the mud. We followed the woman some distance from the bank. Everywhere there was a dreary waste. Trees had been torn out by the roots. Buildings were either lying upon their sides or had been reduced to flood-wood, and the ground was cut up by great ditches washed out by the receding waters.

"In the midst of this desolation, the woman led the way to a small corn-crib, that in some way had withstood the floods. Reaching it, she turned to tell us her story, and I noticed that the trials she had undergone had left great furrows of care in her face, like the furrows in the earth about us. She had a hard expression, but determination and honesty were shown in her countenance, while her eyes told of her faith in Providence, even under her present hard conditions.

"It seems scarcely credible that any one could have been so hopeful as she. Two years ago the family had completed a nice home, small and modest, but comfortable, and would have finished paying for it but for the failure of the corn crop. They had hoped in the future, but the next year the cholera attacked their hogs and nearly all of them died. Last autumn the father became ill, and after much suffering he died at Christmas. This spring the floods came and carried away their home, leaving them only a corn-crib; which seven of them had made to answer for a home for nearly three weeks. The floods also drowned their horses, and carried away all of their other stock, save half-a-dozen chickens, two of which were pecking about

in search of food while the woman was telling her story.

"As we looked into the miserable corn-crib, and saw the straw pallet on which the family had slept, and the rags in the cracks, to keep out the March wind, I could not help crying. There were several children about, and all were neatly dressed. One of the older ones said he had six fresh-laid eggs which he would like to sell us,— an incident which showed the thriftiness of the family, despite their afflictions.

"How many children have you? I asked, when the woman had finished her story.

"Six," quickly came the reply.

"The very place —"

"For that money," broke in my faithful lieutenant, the doctor, who stood at my side; and who, like the rest of our relieving party, was deeply affected by the tale of suffering we had heard.

"I related the story of 'The Little Six' in full, and told her I was going to give her their money to help her to rebuild her home. It was her turn now, and the tears ran freely down her care-worn cheeks. We brought up from the boat a large quantity of clothing, a barrel of flour, several boxes of provisions, a bag of corn for the chickens, and some fresh fruit for the children. I gave the contribution from 'The Little Six' intact into the woman's hands, and when I bought the eggs, I slipped into the boy's pocket several bright gold-pieces, for I knew he and his mother would need them before the autumn.

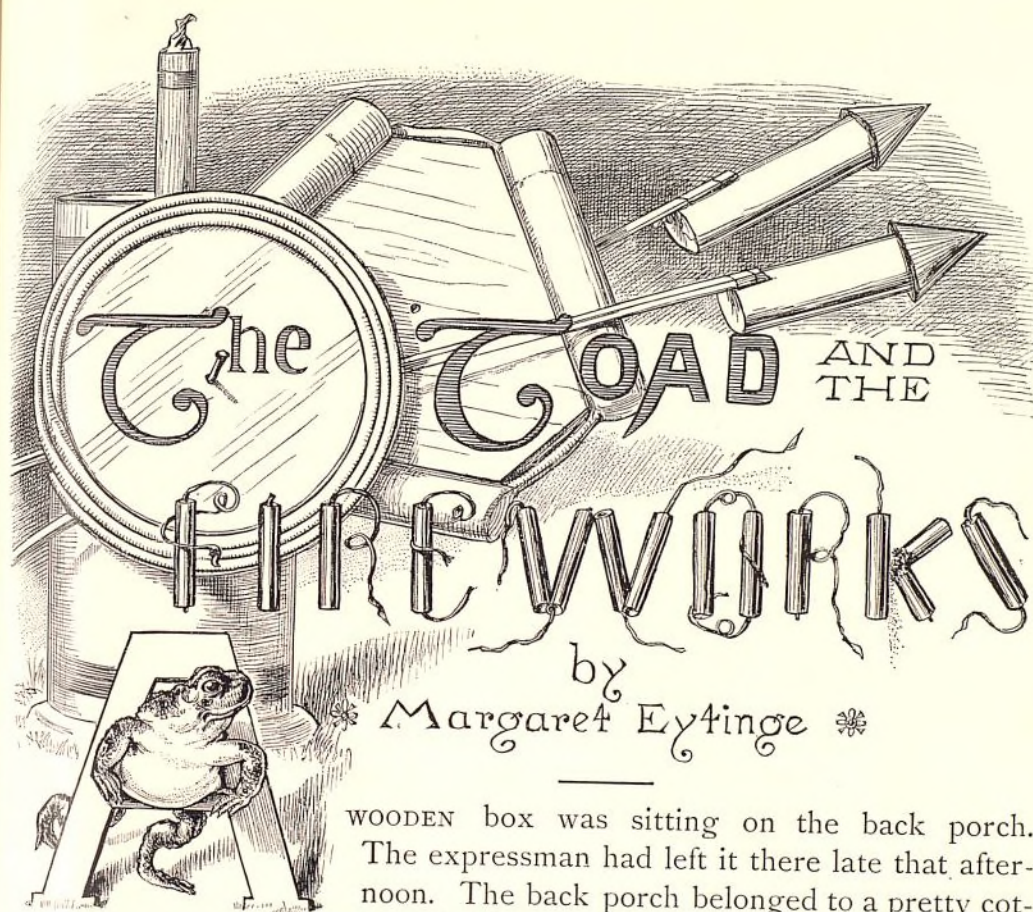
"Will you name the house when you have it rebuilt?" I asked, as we at last prepared to go. The woman caught my meaning, and smiling through her tears, replied:

"I think we will call it *The Little Six*."

"And now, my dear Mr. Editor, I wish you would personally thank each of 'The Little Six' * for me, and tell them how much I think of their noble deed. I have recorded the story upon the books of the Red Cross Society; but I hope and believe that this is not the last kind act my little friends will have placed to their credit, if not on the books of the Red Cross, then in another book, in which such good deeds are recorded forever."

Did not Miss Barton make an excellent disposition of the money which our little friend brought to the editor that morning? And might not other children, should the necessity arise, do as nobly as these children did?

* See "Letter-box," page 716.



WOODEN box was sitting on the back porch. The expressman had left it there late that afternoon. The back porch belonged to a pretty cottage in the country. It was a very pleasant place. Some of the branches of a big oak-tree that grew beside it made a green, leafy roof for it. A pair of saucy sparrows had a nest on one of these branches. They chirped and twittered and scolded all day long. But they did not chirp and twitter and scold now, because it was night and they were asleep.

A toad hopped up the porch steps, and looked at the box. His eyes shone like little stars.

"What's in it?" he asked.

"Fireworks," answered some small, crackling voices, through a wide crack in the top.

"Oh! I see," said the toad.

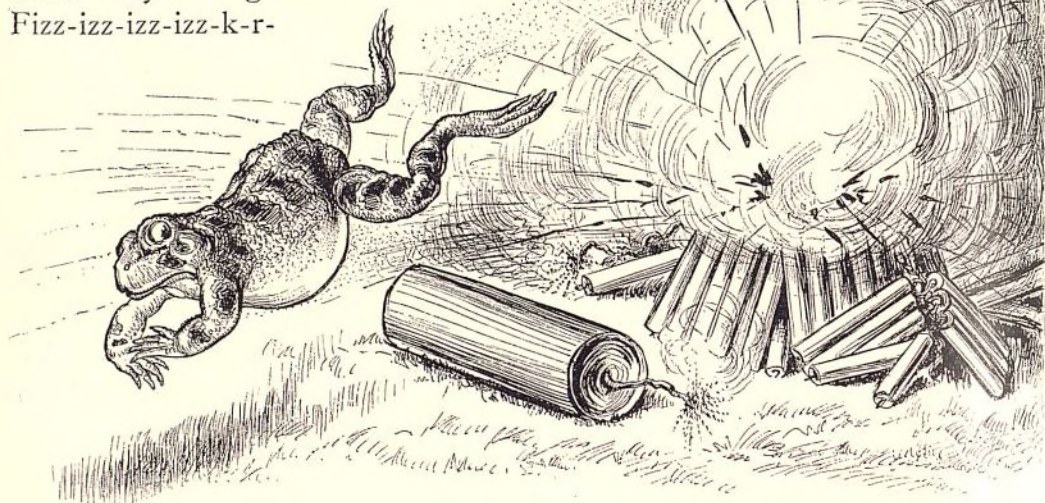
"What a fib! You don't," said the voices.

"Well, I know," said the toad.

"What do you know?" asked the queer voices.

"I know what you've come here for," answered the toad. "You've come here to go off. You'll go off to-morrow night. I saw a lot of your

relatives last Fourth of July. Fine fellows they were, but too bright to last. And such a fuss and a noise as they made when they *did* go off! Fizz-izz-izz-izz-k-r-



k-k-r-k-k-r-k-k-r-k—splutter-splutter-splutter—swish-ish-ish-ish—bang!-bang!-bang ——” But, before he could say another word, “Good-night!” said the small voices, in tones more crackling than ever.

“What?” asked the toad.

“*Good-night!*” snapped the voices.

“Oh! good-night,” said the toad; and he turned around and hopped down the steps.

As soon as he was gone, one of the fireworks began to talk. “How tiresome toads are,” it said. “I’m glad I’m not one. I’d much rather be a pin-wheel. For, though pin-wheels don’t live so long, they end their lives in a blaze of glory. And what pleasure they give to those who are watching them, in their last bright moments. Just fancy: I’m lighted, and away I go in a shower of sparks, round and round and round, faster and faster and faster, the children shouting with delight. Then, whizz! in a flash I turn the other way, and round and round and round I go, faster and faster and faster ——”

“Pshaw!” rudely interrupted one of the other fireworks. “Pin-wheels don’t amount to much. They can be seen only by the few people who are near them, and they have to be fastened to a fence or a tree to be seen at all. Now, *I* am a sky-rocket. I leave the earth behind me when I am set free, and away I soar like a bird, up, up, up, among the stars. And there I burst into stars, myself,—stars of all the colors of the rainbow, and so beau-

tiful that the real sky-stars turn pale. And hundreds and thousands of people see me. Yes, hundreds and thousands."

The pin-wheel made no reply.

"Yes, hundreds and thousands," repeated the sky-rocket. But all the other fireworks remained silent.

The toad hopped up the porch steps again.

"And what then?" he asked.

"Oh! *you're* back, are you?" said the sky-rocket.

"Yes, I'm back," said the toad. "I did n't go far. Not so far but that I've heard all that you and the pin-wheel have been saying. You look down on the pin-wheel because you are going to soar like a bird, do you? And *your* stars are sure to make the real sky-stars turn pale, are they? And hundreds, yes, thousands of people will see and admire you, will they? And what then?"

"Well, what then?" asked the sky-rocket.

"Why, then, what is left of you will come down to earth again, and it will be nothing but a small piece of wood. And all that will be left of the pin-wheel will be a small piece of wood also. So you see, though *you* begin in a much grander manner, both end in the very same way."

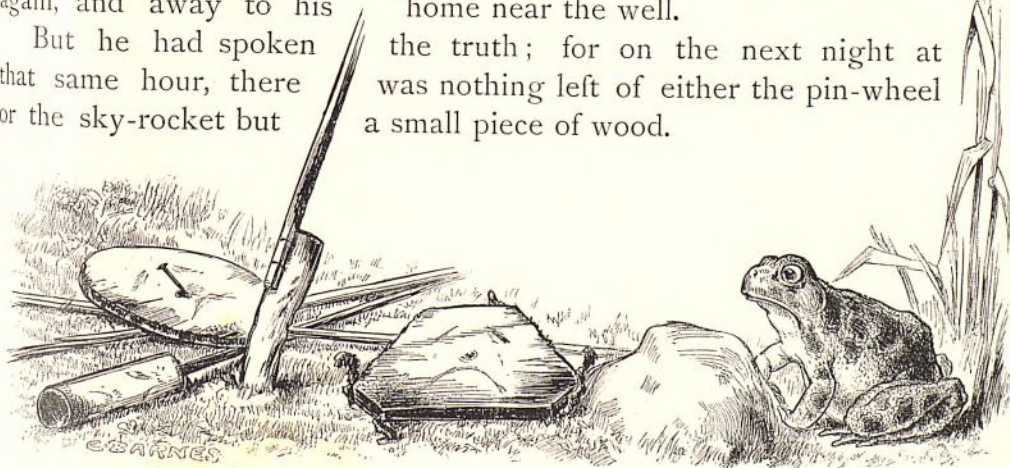
"Good-night," snapped the sky-rocket.

"What?" asked the toad.

"*Good-night!*"

"Oh! good-night," said the toad; and down the steps he hopped again, and away to his home near the well.

But he had spoken the truth; for on the next night at that same hour, there was nothing left of either the pin-wheel or the sky-rocket but a small piece of wood.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, my children, here in America, there in England, and in all other countries where the language called English is spoken — or any other language which may have a local value. Somehow, as July approaches, and all good Jacks-in-the-Pulpit know that the odor of gunpowder must for one long, noisy day, blend with the breath of the daisies, it makes one feel like rejoicing that the days of strife between England and America are over, and that little Yankee Doodles and juvenile John Bulls will find it out as they grow older.

Fire your crackers, my little ones, here — but make your prettiest bows and curtsies to your brothers and sisters across the seas, even while you frankly confess that it beats all how good it feels to be an American on the Fourth of July.

THE ARBUTUS IN TROUBLE.

Now, my littlest folk, will you kindly roll on the grass for a few moments, or hunt for four-leaved clovers whilst your Jack reads a very important letter to the big boys and girls?

Well, well,—you *all* wish to hear—do you? I warn you that you'll be shocked. If I can believe my senses, this letter virtually says that, correctly speaking, there is no trailing arbutus anywhere in America—think of that!—and that what is called the arbutus in England does n't trail at all, but stands up stark and stiff like the strawberry-tree that it sometimes is, and —

Bless me! The little chicks have flown, and only my big boys and girls are listening! I thought it would be so. Now for the letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Your department in our dear ST. NICHOLAS always interests me so much that I want to add a word to your talk about arbutus, in the April number. Some years ago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, in speaking of our dainty flower, said she objected very much to the name arbutus as wholly incorrect, and, led by her remarks to make some little research into the matter, I found

we had *no* plant known botanically as arbutus. Prof. Asa Gray, with whom I afterward spoke on the subject, was at a loss to account for the origin of the name here, and, like Mrs. Cheney, he deplored the use of *local* rather than *botanical* names, as being most misleading; the true name, *Epigaea Repens*, being the only one that he authorized.

In regard to the quotations from Mrs. Browning and Cowper, any one familiar with the arbutus of England knows that it is not a creeping vine like ours, but a large shrub, indeed almost a tree—evergreen, with red berries, sometimes called there (but rarely, I think) the strawberry-tree, and frequently found in plantations and shrubberies massed with laurel, holly, and other hardy shrubs. Our "trailing spring-flower tinted like a shell" is unknown to our English cousins until they see it here, or known to them only in pictured form. As regards the pronunciation of the word, I quite agree as to arbutus being correct, though this seems to me a consideration only secondary to the fact that the name, as we apply it, is a misnomer.

M. R. A.

Dear, dear! Well, my poor American flower-lovers, you can do when next May comes is to get down on your little knees, and, smothering your grief, search tenderly for the *Epigaea Repens* and ask its scientific pardon for ever having called it arbutus.

By the way, the prize-boy of the Red School-house requests me to state right here that this rather high-sounding name for the pretty little arbutus gives him a good idea of the plant, which he happens never to have seen. He says the word *Repens* (which is Latin) tells him that the plant we have called arbutus is a sort of *creeper*, and *Epigaea* (which is Greek) shows him that it creeps *close to the ground*.

So, you see, there are two sides to the question. Greek and Latin are more friendly to the flowers than, at first thought, one would suppose possible.

Think the matter over.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

HERE is a letter from a little boy at the seaside, who uses his eyes to good advantage in observing a living mite which he calls "A small worrier." He *may* mean to say warrior, but either worrier or warrior is a good name for the lively and pugnacious fellow the little boy describes:

I WONDER, dear Jack, how many of your little friends have seen this kind of insect: It is of a brownish tint, and has six small legs, somewhat resembling a spider's. These little worriers are found on the sand, sometimes in small passages, which apparently they have made. If you should happen to offend one of these small creatures in any way, he would probably take up in his little arms such a fearful thing as a grain of sand, and throw it at you. I hope that no one would hurt such a brave, harmless, and interesting mite.

I remain, your little friend,

E. P. McE.

HOW TO WRITE ON ICE WITH INK.

NOT many of you, my children, will care to write your letters on ice, even during the summer months. But I was rather struck with the novel idea, when a boy of the Red School-house told the dear Little School-ma'am a bit of news that lately had come to this country from Austria. It appears that Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, has a country-seat near Vienna, and on this fine royal estate is a lake which in winter is used as a skating pond. Well, during one of the latest Austrian "cold snaps," an expert Vienna gentleman went skating there, with a little reservoir of ink adjusted to the back of his skate in such a way as to allow the ink to flow out in a fine, steady stream. Then off he started, and

before he had skated long, there appeared in his rapid track the name of the Crown Princess, beautifully and plainly written upon the ice.

Was n't this a pretty compliment to set before the king?

The example of the expert Austrian may not be easy for you to follow just now, my melting little Americans—for ice is somewhat scarce in your part of the world, and crown princesses especially so. Yet the idea of writing upon ice will keep till next winter.

NIAGARA LET LOOSE.

I WONDER if any of you have ever witnessed a thunder-storm in the Alps? My birds have told me of it. If you have ever seen Niagara, then just imagine it let loose all over the Alleghany mountains, and you have an idea of what a rain-storm in the Alps is. The summits of the mountains dash over with waterfalls, and the gorges roar with the sound of the water and of the thunder. The foam is seen on every side. Presently limbs of trees begin to float by, and to get all tangled up. There is no use, however, in their trying to stop all that ocean of water and mist. The waves leap "like mad"; and if you are not on a good high and dry spot, you are greatly in danger.

All this is sometimes seen by birds and human folk, but I, for one, am glad I have not had the honor of seeing it. I like my Niagaras in their proper places, and in a very mild form.

Now, one of the prettiest sights I know of is to see, on a sunny day, just after a shower, shining little streams running down from tall bent grasses, and resting themselves in the clover leaves beneath.

LONG LIVES AND SHORT LIVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In answer to your question, in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS, as to how long the day-fly and elephant live, the elephant lives 400 years. As for the day-fly, I looked the little fellow up in Worcester's dictionary. W. says: "A neuropterous insect of the genus *Ephemera*, which, after the change into a perfect fly, survives but a few hours."

Here are some statistics for your congregation: "An elephant lives 400 years; a whale, 300; a tortoise, 100; a camel, 40; a horse, 25; a bear, 20; a lion, 20; an ox, 25; a cat, 15; a sheep, 10; a squirrel, 8; a guinea-pig, 7."

The crow, eagle, raven, and swan live one hundred years.

Your interested reader,

J. J. C., Jr.

Surely, my animals have reason to be grateful to J. J. C., Jr. He certainly gives them promise of long lives, according to their kind. Whether Providence expects them to live exactly up to these figures or not, it is to be hoped that human folk will respect possibilities, and not wantonly cut short the life of any animal,—the mosquito, of course, excepted.

Yes, mosquitoes plainly were born to be killed—and if you'll watch one long enough, when he alights upon you, humming cheerily, you'll see him settle down deliberately and sign and seal his own death-warrant. Then, and not till then, you must be his calm executioner.

Alas, if human beings had less feeling the mosquito, too, might live his hundred years!

THE ORIGIN OF A FEW WELL-KNOWN NAMES.

I WONDER, dear Jack, writes a friend of ST. NICHOLAS, if any of your young folk can tell how "calico" came by its name? Lest they may not be able to do so, I will say that it is derived from Calicut, a city of India, from which it was first taken to England, in 1631, by the East India Company. Cambric, you may tell them, comes from Cambria. Gingham is derived from Guingamp, in Brittany, and muslin from Mosul, a city in Asiatic Turkey. Tulle is named from a city in France. Poplin was first manufactured in a Papal territory, and hence was called Papaline—afterward changed into "poplin." Worsted was first spun in 1630, at Worsted, a town in Norfolk, England, where the industry is carried on to this very day. Gauze is from Gaza, in Palestine, where it was first made.

Perhaps some of the young folk can add a few interesting items to this list.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN FAIRYLAND.

SOME of you may think that the Fourth of July is not generally observed in the fairies' country, and others among you may feel quite sure that every day is Independence Day to the tiny people. Be this as it may, certain poets, who know all about fairy folk, have found out just how their "Fourth" is celebrated, as you'll see by these verses, written for you, and sent to my "Pulpit" by airy fairy Lilian Dynevor Rice.

The wee mid-summer fairies who dwell in wood and meadow,
Although they be but tiny folk are patriotic too;
So when they heard the children say the "glorious Fourth" was coming,
They met in solemn conference to see what they could do.

But fireworks and powder, torpedoes, rockets, crackers,
Are not for sale in fairyland, as you perhaps might dream;
At first the case seemed hopeless, but, after weighty thinking,
Like clever elfe-Americans they hit upon a scheme.

First, beneath the branches they unfurled a splendid banner,
Whose stripes were crimson salvia with daisies laid between,
Forget-me-nots and blue-bells made all one corner azure,
With stars of golden buttercups, the largest ever seen.

For crackers and torpedoes they snapped the empty seed pods,
While puff-balls did their little best to smoke with all their might,
And the elfin fête was ended with shooting stars for rockets,
While Roman-candle fireflies lit all the summer night.

RATHER CONTRADICTIONARY.

THE Little School-ma'am asked her children lately if any of them could give her a common English word which is defined as "confined or restrained," and also as "going, or ready to go," and "to spring, or to leap."

Then, before they could reply, she told them that she held in her hand something that was—(this word) very neatly and tastefully; "and in it," she added: "I notice that a boy remarked: 'I am—(this word) to go swimming to-day.'"

Whereupon Bessie Scott, one of the scholars, said with a laugh: "And I can—(this word) any State in the Union."

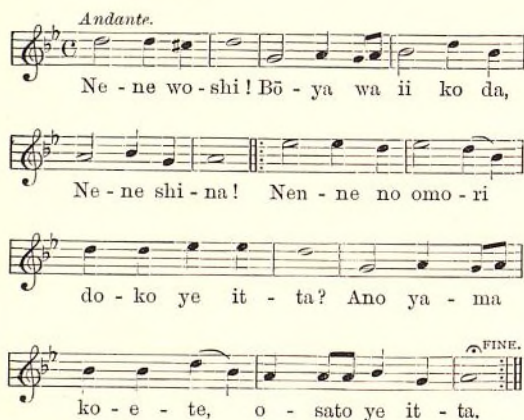
Let me hear from you concerning this word.

A JAPANESE LULLABY SONG.

BY A. V. R. EASTLAKE.



THE lullaby song that Japanese mothers sing to their baby boys and girls is very pretty, and it makes me feel almost drowsy to think of it. Little children in Japan are very good and very easily amused. When bedtime comes they lie on tufted silken covers on the soft matting floor, and the good mother sits beside them and pats softly with her hand and sings:



Ne-ne woshi ! Bōya wa ii ko da,
Ne-ne shi-na !

Nenne no omori doko ye itta ?
Ano yama koete o-sato ye itta.
O-sato no o-miyage nani moratta ?
Denden, taiko, ni shō no fuye,
Oki-agari-koboshi,* ni inu hariko,
Bōya wa ii ko da,
Ne-ne shi-na ! "

And this little song means, in our language,

Hush-a-bye, bye !
Darling baby is so good,
Hush-a-bye, bye !

Where is nurse gone, where did she go ?
Over mountains far away to the town, I know.

What buys she for baby dear, in the village store ?
Cymbals, drums, flutes, and oh ! plenty, plenty more,
Paper doggies, pretty toys, every thing for baby,
Darling baby is so good,
Hush-a-bye, bye !

The babies in Japan have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair ; they look so quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those doll-babies that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths ; a button or a pin, or anything, goes straight to the little rosy wide-open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take great care that baby does not swallow something dangerous. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house, or on the floor, but I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths unless they were told to do so, and no one seemed to be anxious about them. When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient, they must be punished, of course ; but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice-paper called *moxa*, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very, very much. The child screams with the pain, and the red-hot *moxa* sticks to the skin for a moment or two, and then goes out ; but the smarting burn



reminds the little child of his fault. I do not like these *moxas*. I think it is a cruel punishment. But perhaps it is better than a whipping. Only I wish little children never had to be punished.

* The words "oki-agari-koboshi" refer to a toy very popular among small children in China and Japan. In China it is called "pan-puh-tao," the thing that may be "banged but not overturned"; and a common name for it in Japan is Daruma San, or "Mr. Daruma." The toy is a strong pasteboard figure of an old man in a squatting position, and is so rounded and weighted at the bottom that it will always bob up in a sitting posture, no matter how often one may knock it over. It is said to represent an old Buddhist saint named Daruma, who came from India to China in the sixth century, and sat gazing at a wall for nine years, as, like many other Buddhists, he thought he could attain to supreme happiness by that kind of "fixed contemplation." The name in the song means "the little law-doctor" (koboshi) "who bobs up again" (oki-agari), after being knocked over.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY HENRY MOORE.

A SOLITARY sand-crab sidled from his cave,—
His melancholy, dark, and secret lodging,—
Scurried down the shingle to follow every wave,
And then kept his feet dry by dodging.

His funny little eyes seemed popping from his
head,
And his legs seemed all in a tangle,

And whenever you thought he was going straight
ahead,
He would shoot right off at an angle.

Now, would n't it be fun to know the funny little life
Which he lives in his sandy home; and maybe
To have an introduction to his funny little wife,
And see the little sand-crab baby.



SAFE.

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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.

THE DOGS OF JOHN BURROUGHS AND FRANK R. STOCKTON.

In reply to a letter which we sent to Mr. Burroughs concerning his dog Laddie, he wrote:

WEST PARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My dog Laddie was a cur—a mixture of black-and-tan and spaniel, the former predominating. He died, alas, in February—was killed by a big dog of my neighbor. When I came to where he lay, several hours after the big dog had had hold of him, he was motionless, but still alive. The wounds which covered his body had dried up in the sun. When I spoke to him he made no other sign, but all his wounds instantly began to bleed afresh; it was like bloody tears trickling from all over his body. I suppose my voice quickened his pulse. He died in a little while afterward.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

MADISON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed is a rough sketch from memory of my dog "Fax." Those who had known the dog and who saw the sketch recognized the likeness. The sketch is as rough as the dog's disposition, but it will give an artist the necessary points from which to work. It must be remembered that the front half of the dog was setter, and the hind half pointer. His front legs were short; his hind legs very long. He was quick and animated, his ears being generally cocked ready for mischief. I hope this little sketch may be of service. He was of a light color, with brown markings, and his long ears were very handsome.

Yours very truly,

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

We thank Mr. Stockton very much for his spirited sketch of "Fax" which we have reproduced on page 677, just as it left his hand,—without the help of any other artist.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE SIX.

The names and ages of the boys and girls constituting "The Little Six" were:

Misses, Zoe Farrar, 12; Florence Howe, 11; Mary Barton, 11; and Masters, Reed White, 11; Bertie Ensworth, 9; and Lloyd Benson, 7.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE LITTLE PEOPLE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FLOOD SUFFERERS.

Compliments of "The Little Six,"
at Opera Hall, for Saturday Evening, February 16.

PART FIRST.

Greeting Glee..... THE LITTLE SIX.
"The Best I Can"..... FLORENCE HOWE.
"The Puzzled Census-Taker"..... REED WHITE.
"Over the Hill to the Poor-House"..... ZOE FARRAR.
"Dorothy Sullivan"..... MARY BARTON.
"Three Wise Old Women"..... THE TROUPE.

PART SECOND.

"How Merry the Life of a Bird"..... THE TROUPE.
"Song of the Bobolink"..... REED WHITE.
"Katy Did"..... BERTIE ENSWORTH.
"Jeannette and Jeannot"..... }
A duet, followed by Tableau by..... } THE TROUPE.

PART THIRD.

Selections from "Mother Goose"..... THE LITTLE SIX.

PART FOURTH.

"ART IN THE ROSEWOOD FAMILY";
A play in Three Acts.

Head of the Household..... REED WHITE.
Mater Familias..... FLORENCE HOWE.
Jubel Rosewood, artist of the house..... ZOE FARRAR.
Angelina Rosewood, beauty of the family..... MARY BARTON.
August Rosewood, pride of the home..... BERTIE ENSWORTH.
Decatur Rosewood, his mother's hope..... LLOYD BENSON.
Songs and Good Night..... BY THE ROSEWOOD FAMILY.

Admission, 15 cents; reserved seats, 20 cents. The entire receipts to be given to the sufferers by the flood. The performance to begin at 7:30, sharp. ~~ear~~ Please bring this programme with you.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Owing to the suggestion in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, about pasting picture-cards, I have spent many happy hours during a long illness, and have nine large cards covered each side, and they are very pretty. I did not plan any comic ones, but made one a mass of pretty faces. I, too, shall send them to a hospital.

Although I am a girl, I was very much interested in "Drill."

I remain, your loving reader,

PAULINE L.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my three little playmates—a baby boy, a baby dog, and a baby cat. The little boy's name is Harry, the kitten's name is Tigs, and the pup's name is Wigs, because his hair is so long over his eyes that it looks like a curly wig. Wigs chases Tigs, Tigs chases Wigs, and Harry chases them all. Wigs sleeps in a basket, Tigs sleeps on a rug by the fire, and Harry sleeps in a crib. Tigs keeps one eye open to see what Wigs is at, Wigs keeps one eye open to see what Tigs is at, but Harry keeps both eyes tight shut, as a baby should.

One day, Harry was sick and could not play. Tigs jumped into the crib on one side, Wigs jumped in at the other, and soon all three were fast asleep. By and by mother came into the room. Harry woke up, and said he felt better. When the doctor came, he said that the cuddling of Wigs and Tigs had made him quite well, so ever after they were called Dr. Wigs and Dr. Tigs.

CLARA H.—

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your account of the "Girls' Military Company" in the January number made me think it might interest some of your readers to hear about a gymnasium for girls and young ladies, which we have here.

There are about forty members, and we meet twice a week at a dancing-hall. Our costumes are a little like those described in the "Girls' Military Company," but we don't wear hats, and our dresses extend only a little below the knee. We have dumb-bell, wand, and percussion exercises, and a very pretty march. Any girl above fourteen years of age may join.

With love and best wishes, from

A GYMNAST.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for over a year, and think there is no other to equal it.

As I have never seen a letter from Houston, I thought I would write one, and tell you something about our city.

It is in the southern part of the Lone Star State. It is situated on the banks of Buffalo Bayou. Visitors who come here laugh at such an insignificant stream, but we feel quite proud of it, as it is the only water near us. In the spring it is really quite pretty; with its stately magnolias and graceful willow-trees, the scenery is quite enchanting.

Houston has between 35,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly growing. We have the finest union depot, and one of the finest hotels in the South; also a handsome market-house, court-house, and cotton exchange.

Our city is named after General Sam Houston, the leader in our

war with Mexico. The battle of San Jacinto, which gave us our independence, was fought only a few miles from here. The 21st of April, the anniversary of that battle, is always a State holiday. I hope my letter is not too long to be published, as I would love to see it in print.

Your constant reader,

MARY KATE H—.

FORT SUPPLY, I. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and as I have never seen a letter from here, I thought I would tell you about the Indian camp which we went to see. We saw the Indian *tepees* and all the Indian children; and the mothers carry their babies on their backs; and one baby, two months old, was born with a tooth. I tried to hang a bottle on a table, as described in St. NICHOLAS, and succeeded. I fear my letter will be too long to print.

I am, your faithful reader,

JENNIE A—.

BALTIMORE, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just celebrated my tenth birthday, and you can imagine my joy and surprise at receiving a year's subscription to the dear St. NICHOLAS. Five copies lay on the table waiting for me, and I eagerly read "Sara Crewe," and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Besides the St. NICHOLAS, I received two of Miss Alcott's works and one of Miss Muloch's.

Good-bye, with best wishes from your interested reader,

ELSA R. S—.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't often see letters in the "Letter-box" from Egypt, so I thought I would write.

Cairo is very warm at present, and the smells! — they are fearful, in the little narrow streets. I wish I could give some idea of the huzars. They are little, narrow alleys, where no carriage can pass; the bazars have no doors, and are open to the street; most of the goods for sale are outside on a stand, while the men sit inside, cross-legged; such lovely table-covers in bright colors may be bought, or sofa-cushions embroidered in gold, doyleys, curtains, etc. One wishes to buy them all; but one reason why I hate to go to the bazars is, that if you have made a purchase, no matter how long before, the man always remembers you, and tears out after you, saying, "You buy of other people, why you not buy of me?" If they ask four pounds, offer them two; after a great deal of wrangling they generally give in; they expect only half what they ask.

The donkeys are so cute; but they beat them so that the donkey generally has some raw, red spot, where his man is especially fond of jabbing him with the end of the stick. There is a delicious candy made here, like marsh-mallow, called Turkish delight.

The other day I went to an Arab wedding, in a private house; the rooms were beautiful; the bride's bed was hung with white goods and orange blossoms; the spread, satin worked in gold; the bridegroom was a widower; the bride was about fifteen, and looked very frightened; she had a train in front as well as behind, which was held up for her when she ascended her throne; she wore ostrich feathers in her hair, and in front of them a great many diamond pins. All the ladies (no men were present) were turned out of the room then, and, after waiting a while, along came the bridegroom with a group of friends; money was scattered on the ground (more candy than money) for his slaves. He then went upstairs to meet the bride: poor man, he had never seen her before — just think of it.

Very few women show their faces in the street; they show only their eyes; they carry the children on their shoulders. The other day I saw a woman with a flat basket balanced on her head, and in it sat a small baby, looking around in an easy way, holding to each side with her little hands. The children's eyes are always covered with flies; the people are too superstitious to brush them off, and they get right in their eyes and stay there; almost all have trouble with their eyes. The better class of women ride in coupés, the windows pulled down so they can just see out, and no one can see in very well. They wear white lace over their noses and mouths, very thin, so you can see the features; one or two men in gay clothes run before, dressed in cloth worked in gold or silver; their legs are bare, they carry handsome, slender sticks, and call out to clear the way for the coming carriage. Some of the English or Americans also have these men to run before their traps; it looks very pretty and oriental, but the men do not live long, as they die of heart-disease, the running is so hard.

When I spoke of the wedding, I meant one of the best class, of which very little is seen in Cairo. You have to smoke the cigarettes they pass you, or else they feel insulted.

LOUISE C—.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little yellow dog, with no tail and no ears. My name is Toto, and my little mistress (of whom I am very fond) is Rosine. Rosine has a cat, and this cat has just had some kittens, and I like them very much. When I saw the cat carry them, I thought I would like to try and see if I could. I could not carry

them very well at first, but now I can carry them very much better than their mother. I like going out very much, and when Rosine goes out and leaves me, I feel very miserable. Though I like going out so, I do not like going with any one but Rosine and her mother and father, and sometimes people try to force me, but I will not go. I am a little French dog, and can understand only a little English. I sincerely hope this is not too long to put in the "Letter-box."

Your little dog-friend,

TOTO.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have never seen any letter from Salt Lake we thought that we would like to see one in your "Letter-box." We read your story, "How the Hart Boys Saw Great Salt Lake," and thought it a very true description of that day, as we were present.

We have two bathing resorts, Garfield, which is run by the Mormons, and Lake Park, which is run by our people. The bathing is said to be the best in the world.

We enjoy your magazine very much.

We attend Rowland Hall, a very nice school, for girls only.

Good-bye,

MAUD AND MARIE.

FLOYD, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle gave you to me for a Christmas present, and I enjoy you very much.

I am staying with my grandma and grandpa, four miles from Floyd. At my home, I have a very pretty canary. His name is "Bobby Shafto," but I call him "Bob," for short. He is all yellow, and is a beautiful singer. He had a dark ring around his neck, but it is all gone now. He is very tame, and will eat from my lips. His cage door is open all the time, and he perches on our heads, and sometimes comes down to breakfast. He is very jealous of my three-year-old sister, Bessie.

I made the paper ball, and intend to make some of colored paper, to hang up.

With best wishes, your little friend,

DORA W—.

ROGERS PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you once before, but as my letter was not printed I thought I would write again. Every month, as soon as you come, I go up to the drug-store to get you. When I come back I sit down and read you. I am reading the story, "Drill: A Story of School-boy Life," and I like it very much.

I should think the General would have been mad when the boys broke the broomsticks on their knees. I belong to a company myself, and the captain made all the guns himself. I am only eight years old, so excuse all mistakes.

Good-bye,

EDWARD S. C—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write this letter to you, to describe a trip I made to the top of the dome of the Capitol, here in Washington. Outside of the dome, a person looking at it would say its height was about two hundred feet, while in reality it is over three hundred feet. I counted the steps on my way up, and found the number of them to be just three hundred and fifteen. Each step is about one foot in height, so that the dome is over three hundred feet in height. The flight of stairs is very tortuous; it winds around and around. The moment a person steps out upon the little circular piazza at the top, he is struck with the grand panorama that lies spread out before him, like a feast of good things, upon which he can feast his eyes. From the Capitol as a center, the beholder sees the broad avenues and streets radiating to all points of the compass. The White House looks like a doll-house, the Treasury building like a small piece of marble, and the new pension-office building (made of brick) looks like a pressed brick lying on the ground. People look like flies. In the background of the beautiful picture lies the placid Potomac, backed up by the Virginia hills.

There is much more I might describe, but I fear I have wearied my readers (if I have any) already. I write this letter with a feeling of misgiving, for two reasons, viz.: First, because the subject is such a "chestnut," and second, because I write so badly.

A constant reader,

JOHN C—.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You must not think because I live in Constantinople that I am a Turk. I am an American.

This is my first letter to you. This is the first year I have taken you, and I enjoy you very much. One of my favorite stories is "How the Yankees Came to Blackwood." "Little Lord Fauntleroy," of whom so many of the letters speak, came before I took you, but I have a bound volume of it. So I know how much they must have enjoyed it. I was looking at it to-day. My letter is growing long, and I must stop. I am ten years old, and my name is

HARRY H. B—.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two friends, who both think you a delightful magazine, and have taken you for two years. Yonkers is a very pretty little city on the Hudson, and being built upon many terraces, is sometimes called the Terrace City.

One of us has a goat named Pepper, and a little wagon in which we drive very often. The late blizzard left a great many large driits, some being ten or twelve feet high. The trains were blocked for three or four days, and no mails could be delivered. The grass is now growing green, and the trees beginning to bud, of which we are very glad, as they show the signs of returning spring.

Within the last few weeks, the new railroad connecting with the elevated road in New York has been completed.

We both enjoyed the stories of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and think all others delightful. With best wishes for ST. NICHOLAS, we both remain,

Your interested readers,

MADGE D. AND APOL E—

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, and I like you more and more all the time. My precious Papa has gone away to sea, and I have not seen him for nearly two years, but all this time I have sent you to him. I paint a picture for him and mark the story I like best. So you have been all around the world with him, and now you are going to Africa, for Papa's ship is ordered there. I wish I could go with you, because I want to see Papa so much.

Now I will tell you about the pets on Papa's ship. The sailors have a monkey, two pigeons, a Madagascar cat named Tommy, a beautiful black cat called Tom, a little cinnamon monkey called Jock, two puppies called Bah and Per. Every evening they go where the officers smoke and have a regular play. The little dogs try to catch Tommy, but he is too quick for the fat little balls; he jumps over their backs and pulls their tails. I have not time to tell you half the lovely things Papa writes me, about his ship and the pets.

I want to ask you to please print this letter, because I want my Papa to see it in the ST. NICHOLAS as a great surprise. Papa gives you to the sailors, to read.

I think "Juan and Juanita" and "Lord Fauntleroy" the best stories I ever read.

I have only one brother and one sister. Papa is my big brother, and Mamma is my small sister.

I am going to take you as long as you live. I am seven years old.

Your loving little friend,

LAURA K—

P. S.— My best doll is named Queen Victoria.

PEORIA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six months. Among my favorite stories are "Edward Athoy," "Trudel's Siege," and "Three Miles High in a Balloon." I suppose I like the latter so much because I saw a man jump from a balloon, with the aid of a parachute, at a height of between one and two thousand feet. He landed unhurt, but he tore his parachute a little. His balloon was about seventy-five feet high and fifty feet in circumference. I am thirteen years old. I like you very much.

Your interested reader,

J. B. S—

WICHITA, KANSAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly six years, and I think you are the best magazine ever published. I liked "Sara Crewe" very much, and I like all of Miss Alcott's stories. I live in a lively Western city, where the people do nothing but talk real estate and pore over new-addition plats. I go to the Garfield University, but board at home. It is so different from any school I ever went to. I am twelve years old, and never wrote to you before.

Your untiring reader,

PLUMA K—

WE have received interesting letters from the young correspondents whose names are printed below:

"Dollie," Arthur E. F., A. Burr, Helen B., Daisy Seiler, F. and J., Alice Jenckes, Stanley A. Beadle, Agnes, Joe, and Elinor, M. M., Ethel Gould, Bessie Bower, Helen W. H., Janet H. Stewart, Minnie P. R., Grace E. Hulse, Sadie Crane, L. Judith Montague, Miriam Holz Ware, Belle Adams and Edie Bowers, Birdie Neter, Alice L. Fairweather, Bertha, B. and L., Rachel C. Gwyn, D. F., M. M., Louis A., James H. Cayford, Mabelle L. V. M., Harry Closson, Eddie Simmons, Elsie C. B., D. P., Callie V. Mason, Olive May Perry, Ethel R. Tebault, Beulah B. Whitcomb, Myla Jo Clesser, Mammie A. Case, Sadie Nichols, Marion F. Nichols, Helen Hunt, Harriet M. Burnett, Edwin M., Willie C. Megarge, K. Young, Mamie L. Wilson, Alma Belle Connell, S. S., Winifred Davis, Eleanor M. B., Charles E. Wilson, Louise M., Susanna G., Irma Coppage, Martha C. and Eleanor H., Carlotta C. Read, Hester Cochran, Edith H. Gage, Mary Bell Street, D. O., and D. F.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

ABSENT VOWELS. The Month of Roses. 1. A drowning man will catch at a straw. 2. The other party is always at fault. 3. A great city is a great solitude. 4. Human blood is all of one color. 5. He that converses not, knows nothing. 6. Honey in the mouth saves the purse. 7. Water run by, will not turn the mill. 8. Drink is the usher of death. 9. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 10. Give that which you offer. 11. Good words cost nothing, but are worth much. 12. Fancy may bolt bran and think it flour. 13. A kind word costs no more than a cross one. 14. Long is the arm of the needy. 15. More haste, less speed.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pagan. 2. Agave. 3. Games. 4. Avert. 5. Nests.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Dandelion, mistletoe. Cross-words: 1. madMan. 2. plAlce. 3. conSul. 4. redTop. 5. whELks. 6. taLEnt. 7. golTie. 8. stOOps. 9. siNEwy.

CHARADE. Cast-a-net.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Boone. 1. B-car. 2. O-pen. 3. O-men. 4. N-ice. 5. E-den.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Cleopatra. 1. danCers. 2. vioLEts. 3. pigEons. 4. corOnet. 5. slipPer. 6. pyrAmid. 7. humPers. 8. actRess. 9. cavAlry.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. AlhambrA. 2. Ladleful. 3. Hiccough. 4. AlhambrA. 5. MainboM. 6. Ball-cluB. 7. Recorder. 8. AlhambrA.

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 APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—A. Fiske and Co.—"Latin School Cadet"—Grace Kupper—"Socrates"—"Solomon Quill"—Russell Davis—"Infantry"—Nellie and Reggie—"Willoughby"—K. G. S.—H. A. R.—Walter T. Murdock—F. W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Louise McClellan, 15—M. Snowdrop, S., 2—"Romeo and Juliet," 1—R. Weeks, 1—E. K. Dunton, 1—F. H. T., 2—Genevieve, 2—E. B. Post, 1—M. P. Earle, 1—Minnie, 1—Willie, 1—W. L. Diller, 1—F. Stettaner, 1—Alma F. Durant, 3—W. P., 2—Harlan H. B., 1—A. Lowell, 1—M. K. E., 1—Florence D. and Grace W., 1—"Elfie," 1—George B. M., 2—Marie D. Grier, 2—Harry H. M., 2—Arthur Bredt, 2—J. G. Bately, 1—"A. Omega," 7—M. C. and E. M., 1—W. Lieber, 1—B. Ball, 1—"Little Betsey," 1—Ella S. Wilkins, 2—Jessie, 1—E. P. Babcock, 1—A. C. Bowles, 1—K. Anger, 1—Millie Day, 3—Willie Volckhausen, 8—K. R. Porter, 1—"Sigma and Beta," 2—Alice Faran Wann, 5—L. P. Coleman, 1—No name, Phila., 4—E. Armer and A. Morris, 1—C. D. C., 2—Louis A., 1—C. and K. Campbell, 1—Anna Kaltenbach, 5—M. Cleary, 1—Paul Reese, 12—E. F. McC. and A. O., 5—Louise Armington, 10—L. M. Butler, 1—"Juan and Juanita," 1—F. Sybil M., 2—M. C. and H. C., 1—Nell R., 7—Douglas, Myrle and Marigold, 4—"Methusalem," 4—H. C. Cushing, 1—Harry Closson, 2—H. F. Worden, 1—A. Burr, 1—M. M., 1—S. F., 2—Belle Burton, 12—"Toots," 6—"Skipper," 7—"Patty Pan and Kettledrum," 4—"Sally Lunn," 12—"Sailor," 4—N. H. Mundy, 1—"May and 79," 11—Ida Allen, 1—Geo. R. Dunham, 2—"Elsie Venner," 1—A. A. Squires, 3—Emma, 1—M. Green, 1—R. D. Humphrey, 2—Edith Woodward, 3—J. R. Flemming, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—James A. Harris, 3—Shullsburg, 2—Theresa, 13—Ellie and Susie, 6—J. C. F., 1—Rosa and Jesse Mayer, 3—A. H. and R., 15—"Alpha, Alpha, B. C.," 6—V. P. Conklin, 5—Robert and Ruth, 13—"G. and Putpourri," 1—Rose, 4—Edwin Fullam, 1—Jennie S. Liebmann, 8—"Twin Elephants," 5—"Pussy Willow," 7—"Grandma," 4—"Donna D.," 3—Henry and Harry, 1—E. Clark, 2—Jo and I, 12—"Laughing Water," 1—Mamma and Marion, 4—Kafra Emera-wit, 13—Alpha Zate, 7—E. J. H. and R. H., 14—W. S. and A. E. Turpin, 3—"Damon and Pythias," 2—Nellie L. Howes, 13—M. E. R. C., 13—"Hypatia," 1—"Eureka," 7—L. S., 1—E. M. S., 8—M. Osbourn.

EASY ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzags (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell a famous event which took place on July 21, nearly thirty years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An obstruction. 2. Much used nowadays. 3. A wager. 4. The goddess of revenge. 5. To saunter. 6. A retreat. 7. The fifth sign of the zodiac. 8. Frequent. 9. To request. 10. To place. 11. Forty-five inches. 12. A quadruped with palmate horns. 13. A covering for a floor. 14. To drone. 15. Part of a fish.

KITTY M. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-six letters, and form a sentence from a famous eulogy.

My 45-31-16-2 are all the same vowel. My 8-36-6-51-22 is a color. My 34-49-54 is the sound made by a cannon-ball passing swiftly through the air. My 43-39-20-53 is a fight. My 47-48-24-26-13-25-37-13-9-15-55 is an ally. My 18-27-35-52-21-37 is the

HEXAGONS. I. 1. Atad. 2. Tacit. 3. Acacia. 4. Dickens. 5. Tierce. 6. Anle. 7. Seer. II. 1. Stem. 2. Togas. 3. Egeria. 4. Marengo. 5. Singer. 6. Agent. 7. Orts. III. 1. Flam. 2. Laban. 3. Abodes. 4. Madison. 5. Nestle. 6. Soles. 7. Nest.

A PECULIAR PI.

Hear the skylark in the cloud,
Hear the cricket in the grass,
Trilling blitheness clear and loud,
Chirping glee to all who pass.
Oh, the merry summer lay!
Earth and sky keep holiday.

Hear the leaves that kiss the air,
Hear the laughter of the bees:
Who remembers winter care
In the shining days like these?
Oh, the merry lay of June!
All our hearts are glad in tune.

Mrs. Augusta Davies Webster.

A LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at C in cap: "Coronation of Queen Victoria." — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Vernet.

EASY CUBES. 1. From 1 to 2, carpet; 2 to 4, teapot; 1 to 3, chased; 3 to 4, direct; 5 to 6, yeasts; 6 to 8, serves; 5 to 7, yonder; 7 to 8, roasts; 1 to 5, cloy; 2 to 6, tars; 4 to 8, tubs; 3 to 7, deer. II. From 1 to 2, cables; 2 to 4, stamps; 1 to 3, closet; 3 to 4, tramps; 5 to 6, season; 6 to 8, neatly; 5 to 7, shadow; 7 to 8, wintry; 1 to 5, cabs; 2 to 6, sign; 4 to 8, slay; 3 to 7, throw.

surname of a President of the United States. My 40-2-19-50-33-42-56 was the scene of a battle December 26, 1777. My 14-30-23-32-5-48-7 is the name of the Secretary of War during Lincoln's administration. My 11-42-28-5 1-12-41-44-35-10 is the name of a place near Wilmington that was captured on Jan. 15, 1865. My 54-38-17-9-46-4-20-29 is the name by which the first battle of Bull Run is sometimes called.

PI.

FRITS, Alpri, hes thiw lomwel howsers
Spone eth wya rof rayle slowref;
Hent trafce erh mesco limniss Mya,
Ni a rome chir dan weste rayra;
Texn sentre Jeun, dan gribns su remo,
Gesm hant hoste wot hatt twen reefbo;
Hent, stally, Juyf scemo, dan seh
Remo thelaw grinsb ni nath lal shote there.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

Th,t l,s,d b,c,m,s l,ght th,t s ch,s,f,lly b,m,s.

L. L. H.

OCTAGON.

1. ANCIENT. 2. Long beams. 3. To act. 4. The flat jutting part of a cornice. 5. That which drains. 6. A horse. 7. To wander.

CROWN PUZZLE.



ACROSS: 1. An exclamation (two letters). 2. A conference between two persons (eight letters). 3. What a prisoner has to look out through (two words). 4. To assemble. 5. Old age. 6. Intervals of time. 7. The last eight-ninths of a word meaning palatable. The two central rows, reading downward, will spell the names of two modern American authors.

LOUISE MCCLELLAN.

CHARADE.

To solve this charade one must go by the sound;
Who follows the spelling will soon be aground!

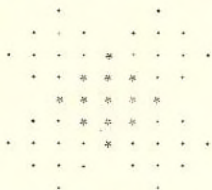
My *first* has the face to serve as disguise
To hide my *first-second* from curious eyes;
But *third* of the *first* he surely will need
In joining the *first*, *fourth* and *third*, to succeed,
For — unless I do *fourth* — with no *first*, though a quest
For *first second third* he 's not fittingly dressed.
To *first* join the *second*, to these add the *third*,
Then finish with *fourth*, and you have the whole word.
But, if its full meaning be well weighed and reckoned
You 'll find it no more than simply *first second*!
And a word-sparing poet, if worst comes to worst,
Can express the whole word by using my *first*.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of a famous Florentine artist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wants. 2. Trail. 3. To wed. 4. Full of life and mirth. 5. A color. 6. A certain forest, familiar to readers of Shakspeare's plays. 7. Peevish. 8. A boy's name. 9. Derides. 10. A navy or squadron of ships. "ODD FISH."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A verb. 3. A stigma. 4. Conclusion. 5. In browsed.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A capsule of a plant. 3. The narrow sea-channel between England and France. 4. A retreat. 5. In browsed.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A verb. 3. A web-footed bird. 4. A cave. 5. In browsed.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. A color. 3. To preclude. 4. A small lump. 5. In browsed.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In browsed. 2. At once. 3. Impelled along the surface of water. 4. To marry. 5. In browsed. "CHANITO."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals each spell the name of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. The Christian name of a President of the United States, elected within the past twelve years. 2. A town of Spain near which the Spaniards were defeated by the French, commanded by Mortier and Soult, in 1809. 3. A city of

the Netherlands, taken, in 1573, after a seven months' siege, by the Duke of Alva. 4. A resort for blockade-runners during the civil war. 5. The British commander who gained the victory called by the English the "Battle of the First of June." 6. A naval officer of the highest rank. 7. One of the thirteen original States. 8. The successful commander at Culloden. 9. A famous Seminole Indian. 10. An eminent English statesman, sometimes called "The Great Commoner." 11. The State whose motto is "Ad astra per aspera." FITZ-HUGH BURNS.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The quotation, consisting of fifty-seven words, is taken from the Declaration of Independence.

DIAGONAL.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Long loose overcoats. 2. Is urgent. 3. A smirk. 4. A territory of the United States, sometimes called the "Golden Summit." 5. To elect again. 6. Bodies of land. The diagonals from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spell a famous confederation. "ANTHONY GUPTIL."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.

siege, by the
ing the civil
ry called by
naval officer
es. 8. The
nole Indian.
The Great
per aspera."
H BURNS.



in that the
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