"IF A BODY MEET A BODY?"

ST. NICHOLAS.

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SUNSHINE LAND.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THEY came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore
And had faded not at the fall of night;
Clear weather or cloudy,— 't was all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun.
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called this country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? — a simple thing
(It will make you smile when once you know):
Touched by the tender finger of spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned,
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,
What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?
We would sail, and sail, till at last we found
This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we 'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many small joys our pleasures are made,
More near than we think,— very close at hand,
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

Chapter XV.

The raiders were up early next morning scouring the woods and country around. They knew that the fugitive soldiers could not have gone far, for the Federals had every road picketed, and their main body was not far away. As the morning wore on, it became a grave question at Oakland how the two soldiers were to subsist. They had no provisions with them, and the roads were so closely watched that there was no chance of their obtaining any. The matter was talked over, and the boys' mother and Cousin Belle were in despair.

"They can eat their shoes," said Willy, reflectively.

The ladies exclaimed in horror.

"That 's what men always do when they get lost in a wilderness where there is no game."

This piece of information from Willy did not impress his hearers as much as he supposed it would.

"I 'll tell you! Let me and Frank go and carry 'em something to eat!"

"How do you know where they are?"

"They are at our Robber's Cave, are n't they, Cousin Belle? We told the General yesterday how to get there, did n't we?"

"Yes, and he said last night that he would go there."

Willy's idea seemed a good one, and the offer was accepted. The boys were to go out as if to see the troops, and were to take as much food as they thought could pass for their luncheon. Their mother cooked and put up a luncheon large enough to have satisfied the appetites of two young Brobdingnagians, and they set out on their relief expedition.

The two sturdy little figures looked full of importance as they strode off up the road. They carried many loving messages. Their Cousin Belle gave to each separately a long, whispered message which each by himself was to deliver to the General. It was thought best not to hazard a note.

They were watched by the ladies from the portico until they disappeared over the hill. They took a path which led into the woods, and walked cautiously for fear some of the raiders might be lurking about. However, the boys saw none of the enemy, and in a little while they came to a point where the pines began. Then they turned into the woods, for the pines were so thick the boys could not be seen, and the pine tags made it so soft under foot that they could walk without making any noise.

They were pushing their way through the bushes, when Frank suddenly stopped.

"Hush!" he said.

Willy halted and listened.

"There they are."

From a little distance to one side in the direction of the path they had just left, they heard the trampling of a number of horses' feet.

"That 's not our folks," said Willy. "Hugh and the General have n't any horses."

"No; that 's the Yankees," said Frank. "Let 's lie down. They may hear us."

The boys flung themselves upon the ground and almost held their breath until the horses had passed out of hearing.

"Do you reckon they are hunting for us?" asked Willy in an awed whisper.

"No, for Hugh and the General. Come on."

They rose, went dipping a little deeper into the pines, and again made their way toward the cave.

"Maybe they 've caught 'em," suggested Willy.

"They can't catch 'em in these pines," replied Frank. "You can't see any distance at all. A horse can't get through, and the General and Hugh could shoot 'em, and then get away before they could catch 'em."

They hurried on.

"Frank, suppose they take us for Yankees?"

Evidently, Willy's mind had been busy since Frank's last speech.

"They are n't going to shoot *us*," said Frank; but it was an unpleasant suggestion, for they were not very far from the dense clump of pines between two gullies, which the boys called their cave.

"We can whistle," he said, presently.

"Won't Hugh and the General think we are enemies trying to surround them?" Willy objected. The dilemma was a serious one. "We 'll have to crawl up," said Frank, after a pause.

And this was agreed upon. They were soon on

the edge of the deep gully which, on one side, protected the spot from all approach. They scrambled down its steep side, and began to creep along, peeping over its other edge from time to time, to see if they could discover the clearing which marked the little green spot on top of the hill, where once had stood an old cabin. The base of the ruined chimney, with its immense fire-place, constituted the boy's "cave." They were close to it, now, and felt themselves to be in imminent danger of a sweeping fusillade. They had just crept up to the top of the ravine and were consulting, when some one immediately behind them, not twenty feet away, called out:

"Hello! What are you boys doing here? Are you trying to capture us?"

They jumped at the unexpected voice. The General broke into a laugh. He had been sitting on the ground on the other side of the declivity, and had been watching their maneuvers for some time.

He brought them to the house-spot where Hugh was asleep on the ground; he had been on watch all the morning, and, during the General's turn, was making up for his lost sleep. He was soon wide awake enough, and he and the General, with appetites bearing witness to their long fast, were without delay engaged in disposing of the provisions which the boys had brought.

The boys were delighted with the mystery of their surroundings. Each in turn took the General aside and held a long interview with him, and gave him all their Cousin Belle's messages. No one had ever treated them with such consideration as the General showed them. The two men asked the boys all about the dispositions of the enemy, but the boys had little to tell.

"They are after us pretty hotly," said the General. "I think they are going away shortly. It 's nothing but a raid, and they are moving on. We must get back to camp to-night."

"How are you going?" asked the boys. "You have n't any horses."

"We are going to get some of their horses," said the officer. "They have taken ours — now they must furnish us with others."

It was about time for the boys to start for home. The General took each of them aside, and talked for a long time. He was speaking to Willy, on the edge of the clearing, when there was a crack of a twig in the pines. In a second he had laid the boy on his back in the soft grass and whipped out a pistol. Then, with a low, quick call to Hugh, he sprang swiftly into the pines toward the sound.

"Crawl down into the ravine, boys," called Hugh, following his companion. The boys rolled down over the bank like little ground-hogs; but in a second they heard a familiar drawling voice call out in a subdued tone:

"Hold on, Cunnel! it 's nobody but me; don't you know me?" And, in a moment, they heard the General's astonished and somewhat stern reply:

"Mills, what are you doing here? Who 's with you? What do you want?"

"Well," said the new-comer, slowly, "I 'lowed I 'd come to see if I could be o' any use to you. I heard the Yankees had run you 'way from Oakland last night, and was sort o' huntin' for you. Fact is, they 's been up my way, and I sort o' 'lowed I 'd come an' see ef I could help you git back to camp."

"Where have you been all this time? I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face!"

The General's voice was still stern. He had turned around and walked back to the cleared space.

The deserter scratched his head in perplexity.

"I need n' 'a' come," he said, doggedly. "Where 's them boys? I don' want the boys hurted. I seen 'em comin' here, an' I jes' followed 'em to see they did n't get in no trouble. But ——"

This speech about the boys effected what the offer of personal service to the General himself had failed to bring about.

"Sit down and let me talk to you," said the General, throwing himself on the grass.

Mills seated himself cross-legged near the officer, with his gun across his knees, and began to bite a straw which he pulled from a tuft by his side.

The boys had come up out of their retreat, and taken places on each side of the General.

"You all take to grass like young partridges," said the hunter. The boys were flattered, for they considered any notice from him a compliment.

"What made you fool us, and send us to catch that conscript-guard?" Frank asked.

"Well, you ketched him, did n't you? You 're the only ones ever been able to catch him," he said, with a low chuckle.

"Now, Mills, you know how things stand," said the General. "It 's a shame for you to have been acting this way. You know what people say about you. But if you come back to camp and do your duty, I 'll have it all straightened out. If you don't, I 'll have you shot."

His voice was as calm and his manner as composed as if he were promising the man opposite him a reward for good conduct. He looked Mills steadily in the eyes all the time. The boys felt as if their friend were about to be executed. The General seemed an immeasurable distance above them.

The deserter blinked twice or thrice, slowly bit his shred of straw, looked casually first toward one boy and then toward the other, but without the slightest change of expression in his face.

"Cun'l," he said, at length, "I ain't no deserter. I ain't feared of bein' shot. Ef I was, I would n' 'a' come here now. I 'm gwine wid you, an' I 'm gwine back to my company; an' I 'm gwine fight, ef Yankees gits in my way; but ef I gits tired, I 's comin' home; an' tain't no use to tell you I ain't, 'cause I *is*,—an' ef anybody flings up to me that I 's a-runnin' away, I 'm gwine to kill 'em!"

He rose to his feet in the intensity of his feeling, and his eyes, usually so dull, were like live coals.

The General looked at him quietly a few seconds, then himself arose and laid his hand on Tim Mills' shoulder.

"All right," he said.

"I got a little snack M'lindy put up," said Mills, pulling a substantial bundle out of his game-bag. "I 'lowed maybe you might be sort o' hongry. Jes' two or three squirrels I shot," he said, apologetically.

"You boys better git 'long home, I reckon," said Mills to Willy. "You ain' 'fraid, is you? 'Cause if you is, I 'll go with you."

His voice had resumed its customary drawl.

"Oh, no," said both boys, eagerly. "We are n't afraid."

"An' tell your ma I ain' let nobody tetch nothin' on the Oakland plantation; not sence that day you all went huntin' deserters; not if I knowed 'bout it."

"Yes, sir."

"An' tell her I 'm gwine take good keer o' Hugh an' the Cunnel. Good-bye!—now run along!"

"All right, sir,—good-bye."

"An' ef you hear anybody say Tim Mills is a d'serter, tell 'em it 's a lie, an' you know it. Good-bye." He turned away as if relieved.

The boys said good-bye to all three, and started in the direction of home.

TIM MILLS MAKES A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER crossing the gully, and walking on through the woods for what they thought a safe distance, they turned into the path.

They were talking very merrily about the General and Hugh and their friend Mills, and were discussing some romantic plan for the recapture of their horses from the enemy, when they came out of the path into a road, and found themselves within twenty yards of a group of Federal soldiers,

quietly sitting on their horses, evidently guarding the road.

The sight of the blue-coats made the boys jump. They would have crept back, but it was too late — they caught the eye of the man nearest them. They ceased talking as suddenly as birds in the trees stop chirruping when the hawk sails over; and when one Yankee called to them, in a stern tone, "Halt there!" and started to come toward them, their hearts were in their mouths.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked, as he came up to them.

"Going home."

"Where do you belong?"

"Over there — at Oakland," pointing in the direction of their home, which seemed suddenly to have moved a thousand miles away.

"Where have you been?" The other soldiers had come up now.

"Been down this way." The boys' voices were never so meek before. Each reply was like an apology.

"Been to see your brother?" asked one who had not spoken before — a pleasant-looking fellow. The boys looked at him. They were paralyzed by dread of the approaching question.

"Now, boys, we know where you have been," said a small fellow, who wore a yellow chevron on his arm. He had a thin mustache and a sharp nose, and rode a wiry, dull sorrel horse. "You may just as well tell us all about it. We know you 've been to see 'em, and we are going to make you carry us where they are."

"No, we ain't," said Frank, doggedly.

Willy expressed his determination also.

"If you don't, it 's going to be pretty bad for you," said the little corporal. He gave an order to two of the men, who sprang from their horses, and, catching Frank, swung him up behind another cavalryman. The boy's face was very pale, but he bit his lip.

"Go ahead," — continued the corporal to a number of his men, who started down the path. "You four men remain here till we come back," he said to the men on the ground, and to two others on horseback. "Keep him here," jerking his thumb towards Willy, whose face was already burning with emotion.

"I 'm going with Frank," said Willy. "Let me go." This to the man who had hold of him by the arm. "Frank, make him let me go," he shouted, bursting into tears, and turning on his captor with all his little might.

"Willy, he 's not goin' to hurt you, — don't you tell!" called Frank, squirming until he dug his heels so into the horse's flanks that the horse began to kick up.

"Keep quiet, Johnny; he 's not goin' to hurt him," said one of the men, kindly. He had a brown beard and shining white teeth.

They rode slowly down the narrow path, the dragoon holding Frank by the leg. Deep down in the woods, beyond a small branch, the path forked.

"Which way?" asked the corporal, stopping, and addressing Frank.

Frank set his mouth tight and looked him in the eyes.

"Which is it?" the corporal repeated.

"I ain't going to tell," said he, firmly.

"Look here, Johnny; we 've got you, and we are going to make you tell us; so you might just as well do it, easy. If you don't, we 're goin' to make you."

The boy said nothing.

"You men dismount. Stubbs, hold the horses." He himself dismounted, and three others did the same, giving their horses to a fourth.

"Get down!" — this to Frank and the soldier behind whom he was riding. The soldier dismounted, and the boy slipped off after him and faced his captor, who held a strap in one hand.

"Are you goin' tell us?" he asked.

"No."

"Don't you know?" He came a step nearer, and held the strap forward. There was a long silence. The boy's face paled perceptibly, but took on a look as if the proceedings were indifferent to him.

"If you say you don't know —" said the man, hesitating in face of the boy's resolution. "Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, I know; but I ain't goin' to tell you," said Frank, bursting into tears.

"The little Johnny 's game," said the soldier who had told him the others were not going to hurt Willy. The corporal said something to this man in an undertone, to which he replied:

"You can try, but it is n't going to do any good. I don't half like it, anyway."

Frank had stopped crying after his first outburst.

"If you don't tell, we are going to shoot you," said the little soldier, drawing his pistol.

The boy shut his mouth close, and looked straight at the corporal. The man laid down his pistol, and, seizing Frank, drew his hands behind him, and tied them.

"Get ready, men," he said, as he drew the boy aside to a small tree, putting him with his back to it.

Frank thought his hour had come. He thought of his mother and Willy, and wondered if the soldiers would shoot Willy, too. His face twitched

and grew ghastly white. Then he thought of his father, and of how proud he would be of his son's bravery when he should hear of it. This gave him strength.

"The knot — hurts my hands," he said.

The man leaned over and eased it a little.

"I was n't crying because I was scared," said Frank.

"Now, boys, get ready," said the corporal, taking up his pistol.

How large it looked to Frank. He wondered where the bullets would hit him, and if the wounds would bleed, and whether he would be left alone all night out there in the woods, and if his mother would come and kiss him.

"I want to say my prayers," he said, faintly.

The soldier made some reply which he could not hear, and the man with the beard started forward; but just then all grew dark before his eyes.

Next, he thought he must have been shot, for he felt wet about his face, and was lying down. He heard some one say, "He 's coming to"; and another replied, "Thank God!"

He opened his eyes. He was lying beside the little branch with his head in the lap of the big soldier with the beard, and the little corporal was leaning over him throwing water in his face from a cap. The others were standing around.

"What 's the matter?" asked Frank.

"That 's all right," said the little corporal, kindly. "We were just a-foolin' a bit with you, Johnny."

"We never meant to hurt you," said the other. "You feel better now?"

"Yes, where 's Willy?" He was too tired to move.

"He 's all right. We 'll take you to him."

"Am I shot?" asked Frank.

"No! Do you think we 'd have touched a hair of your head — and you such a brave little fellow? We were just trying to scare you a bit and carried it too far, and you got a little faint,—that 's all."

The voice was so kindly that Frank was encouraged to sit up.

"Can you walk now?" asked the corporal, helping him and steadying him as he rose to his feet.

"I 'll take him," said the big fellow, and before the boy could move, he had stooped, taken Frank in his arms, and was carrying him back toward the place where they had left Willy, while the others followed after with the horses.

"I can walk," said Frank.

"No, I 'll carry you, b–bless your heart!"

The boy did not know that the big dragoon was looking down at the light hair resting on his arm, and that while he trod the Virginia wood-path, in fancy he was home in Delaware; or that the pressure the boy felt from his strong arms, was a caress given for the sake of another boy far away on the Brandywine. A little while before they came in sight, Frank asked to be put down.

The soldier gently set him on his feet, and before he let him go, kissed him.

"I 've got a curly-headed fellow at home, just the size of you," he said softly.

Frank saw that his eyes were moist. "I hope you 'll get safe back to him," he said.

"God grant it!" said the soldier.

When they reached the squad at the gate, they found Willy still in much distress on Frank's account; but he wiped his eyes when his brother reappeared, and listened with pride to the soldiers' praise of Frank's "grit" as they called it. When they let the boys go, the little corporal wished Frank to accept a five-dollar gold piece; but he politely declined it.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE story of Frank's adventure and courage was the talk of all the Oakland plantation. His mother and Cousin Belle both kissed him and called him their little hero. Willy also received a full share of praise for his courage.

About noon there was great commotion among the troops. They were far more numerous than they had been in the morning, and instead of riding about the woods in small bodies, hunting for the concealed soldiers, they were collecting together and preparing to move.

It was learned that a considerable body of cavalry was passing down the road by Trinity Church, and that the depot had been burnt again the night before. Somehow, a rumor got about that the Confederates were following up the raiders.

In an hour, most of the soldiers went away, but a number still stayed on. Their horses were picketed about the yard feeding; and they themselves lounged around, making themselves at home in the house, and pulling to pieces the things that were left. They were not, however, as wanton in their destruction as the first set, who had passed by the year before.

Among those who yet remained were the little corporal, and the big young soldier who had been so kind to Frank. They were in the rear-guard. At length even the last man rode off.

The boys had gone in and out among them, without being molested. Now and then some rough fellow would swear at them, but for the most part their intercourse with the boys was friendly. When, therefore, they rode off, the boys were allowed by their mother to go and see the main body.

Peter and Cole were with them. They took the

main road and followed along, picking up straps, and cartridges, and all those miscellaneous things dropped by a large body of troops as they pass along.

Cartridges were very valuable, as they furnished the only powder and shot the boys could get for hunting, and their supply was out. These were found in unusual numbers. The boys filled their pockets, and finally filled their sleeves, tying them tightly at the wrist with strings, so that the contents would not spill out. One of the boys found even an old pistol, which was considered a great treasure. He bore it proudly in his belt, and was envied by all the others.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they thought of turning toward home, their pockets and sleeves bagging down with the heavy musket-cartridges. They left the Federal rear-guard feeding their horses at a great white pile of corn which had been thrown out of the corn-house of a neighbor, and was scattered all over the ground.

They crossed a field, descended a hill, and took the main road at its foot, just as a body of cavalry came in sight. A small squad, riding some little distance in advance of the main body, had already passed by. These were Confederates. The first man they saw, at the head of the column by the colonel, was the General, and a little behind him was none other than Hugh on a gray roan: while not far down the column rode their friend Tim Mills, looking rusty and sleepy as usual.

"Goodness! Why here are the General and

"THE BOY FACED HIS CAPTOR, WHO HELD A STRAP IN ONE HAND."

Hugh! How in the world did you get away?" exclaimed the boys.

They learned that it was a column of cavalry following the line of the raid, and that the General and Hugh had met them and volunteered. The soldiers greeted the boys cordially.

"The Yankees are right up there," said the youngsters.

"Where? How many? What are they doing?" asked the General.

"A whole pack of 'em — right up there at the stables, and all about, feeding their horses and sitting all around, and ever so many more have gone along down the road."

"Fling the fence down there!" The boys pitched down the rails in two or three places. An order was passed back, and in an instant a stir of preparation was noticed all down the line of horsemen.

A courier galloped up the road to recall the advance-guard. The head of the column passed through the gap, and, without waiting for the others, dashed up the hill at a gallop — the General and the colonel a score of yards ahead of any of the others.

"Let 's go and see the fight!" cried the boys; and the whole set started back up the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

"S'pose they shoot! Won't they shoot us?" asked one of the negro boys, in some apprehension. This, though before unthought of, was a possibility, and for a moment brought them down to a slower pace.

"We can lie flat and peep over the top of the hill." This was Frank's happy thought, and the party started ahead again. "Let 's go around that way." They made a little detour.

Just before they reached the crest they heard a shot, "bang!" immediately followed by another, "bang!" and in a second more a regular volley began, and was kept up.

They reached the crest of the hill in time to see the Confederates gallop up the slope toward the stables, firing their pistols at the blue-coats, who were forming in the edge of a little wood, over beyond a fence from the other side of which the smoke of their carbines was rolling. They had evidently started on just as the boys left, and before the Confederates came in sight.

The boys saw their friends dash at this fence, and could distinguish the General and Hugh, who were still in the lead. Their horses took the fence, going over like birds, and others followed,— Tim Mills among them,— while yet more went through a gate a few yards to one side.

"Look at Hugh! Look at Hugh!"

"Look! That horse has fallen down!" cried one of the boys, as a horse went down just at the entrance of the wood, rolling over his rider.

"He 's shot!" exclaimed Frank, for neither horse nor rider attempted to rise.

"See; they are running!"

The little squad of blue-coats were retiring into the woods, with the grays closely pressing them.

"Let 's cut across and see 'em run 'em over the bridge."

"Come on!"

All the little group of spectators, white and black, started as hard as they could go for a path they knew, which led by a short cut through the little piece of woods. Beyond lay a field divided by a stream, a short distance on the other side of which was a large body of woods.

The popping was still going on furiously in the woods, and bullets were "zoo-ing" over the fields. But the boys could not see anything, and they did not think about the flying balls.

They were all excitement at the idea of "our men" whipping the enemy, and they ran with all their might to be in time to see them "chase 'em across the field."

The road on which the skirmish took place, and down which the Federal rear-guard had retreated, made a sharp curve beyond the woods, around the bend of a little stream crossed by a small bridge; and the boys, in taking the short cut, had placed the road between themselves and home; but they did not care about that, for their men were driving the others. They "just wanted to see it."

They reached the edge of the field in time to see that the Yankees were on the other side of the stream. They knew them to be where puffs of smoke came out of the opposite wood. And the Confederates had stopped beyond the bridge, and were halted, in some confusion, in the field.

The firing was very sharp, and bullets were singing in every direction. Then the Confederates got together, and went as hard as they could right at them, up to the wood all along the edge of which the smoke was pouring in continuous puffs and with a rattle of shots. They saw several horses fall as the Confederates galloped on, but the smoke hid most of it. Next they saw a long line of fire appear in the smoke on both sides of the road, where it entered the wood; then the Confederates stopped, and became all mixed up: a number of horses galloped away without their riders, another line of white and red flame came out of the woods, the Confederates began to come back, leaving many horses on the ground, and a body of cavalry in blue coats poured out of the wood in pursuit.

"Look! Look! They are running — they are

beating our men!" exclaimed the boys. "They have driven 'em back across the bridge."

"How many of them there are!"

"What shall we do? Suppose they see us!"

"Come on, Mah'srs Frank 'n' Willy, let 's go home," said the colored boys. "They 'll shoot us."

The fight was now in the woods which lay between the boys and their home. But just then the gray-coats got together, again turned at the edge of the wood, and dashed back on their pursuers, and — the smoke and bushes on the stream hid everything. In a second more both emerged on the other side of the smoke and went into the woods on the further edge of the field, all in confusion, and leaving on the ground more horses and men than before.

"'LOOK! LOOK! THEY ARE RUNNING — THEY ARE BEATING OUR MEN!' EXCLAIMED THE BOYS."

"What 's them things 'zip-zippin' 'round my ears?" asked one of the negro boys.

"Bullets," said Frank, proud of his knowledge.

"Will they hurt me if they hit me?"

"Of course they will. They 'll kill you."

"I 'm gwine home," said the boy, and off he started at a trot.

"Hold on! — We 're goin', too; but let 's go down this way: this is the best way."

They went along the edge of the field, toward the point in the road where the skirmish had been and where the Confederates had rallied. They stopped to listen to the popping in the woods on the other side, and were just saying how glad they were that "our men had whipped them," when a soldier came along.

"What in the name of goodness are you boys doing here?" he asked.

"We 're just lookin' on an' lis'nin'," answered the boys meekly.

"Well, you 'd better be getting home as fast as you can. They are too strong for us, and they 'll be driving us back directly, and some of you may get killed or run over."

This was dreadful! Such an idea had never occurred to the boys. A panic took possession of them.

"Come on! Let 's go home!" This was the universal idea, and in a second the whole party were cutting straight for home, utterly stampeded.

They could readily have found shelter and security back over the hill, from the flying balls; but they preferred to get home, and they made straight for it. The popping of the guns, which still kept up in the woods across the little river, now meant to them that the victorious Yankees

were driving back their friends. They believed that the bullets which now and then yet whistled over the woods with a long, singing "zoo-ee," were aimed at them. For their lives, then, they ran, expecting to be killed every minute.

The load of cartridges in their pockets, which they had carried for hours, weighed them down. As they ran they threw these out. Then followed those in their sleeves. Frank and the other boys easily got rid of theirs, but Willy had tied the strings around his wrists in such hard knots that he could not possibly untie them. He was falling behind.

Frank heard him call. Without slacking his speed, he looked back over his shoulder. Willy's face was red, and his mouth was twitching. He was sobbing a little, and was tearing at the strings with his teeth as he ran. Then the strings came loose one after the other, the cartridges were shaken out over the ground, and Willy's face at once cleared up as he ran forward lightened of his load.

They had passed almost through the narrow skirt of woods where the first attack was made, when they heard some one not far from the side of the road call, "Water!"

The boys stopped. "What 's that?" they asked each other in a startled undertone. A groan came from the same direction, and a voice said, "Oh, for some water!"

A short, whispered consultation was held.

"He 's right up on that bank. There's a road up there."

Frank advanced a little; a man was lying somewhat propped up against a tree. His eyes were closed, and there was a ghastly wound in his head.

"Willy, it 's a Yankee, and he 's shot."

"Is he dead?" asked the others, in awed voices.

"No. Let 's ask him if he 's hurt much."

They all approached him. His eyes were shut and his face was ashy white.

"Willy, it 's *my* Yankee!" exclaimed Frank.

The wounded man moved his hand at the sound of the voices.

"Water," he murmured. "Bring me water, for pity's sake!"

"I 'll get you some,— don't you know me? Let me have your canteen," said Frank, stooping and taking hold of the canteen. It was held by its strap; but the boy whipped out a knife and cut it loose.

The man tried to speak; but the boys could not understand him.

"Where are you goin' get it, Frank?" asked the other boys.

"At the branch down there that runs into the creek."

"The Yankees 'll shoot you down there," objected Peter and Willy.

"*I* ain' gwine that way," said Cole.

The soldier groaned.

"*I 'll* go with you, Frank," said Willy, who could not stand the sight of the man's suffering.

"We 'll be back directly."

The two boys darted off, the others following them at a little distance. They reached the open field. The shooting was still going on in the woods on the other side, but they no longer thought of it. They ran down the hill and dashed across the little flat to the branch at the nearest point, washed the blood from the canteen and filled it with the cool water.

"I wish we had something to wash his face with," sighed Willy, "but I have n't got a handkerchief."

"Neither have I." Willy looked thoughtful. A second more and he had stripped off his light sailor's jacket and dipped it in the water. The next minute the two boys were running up the hill again.

When they reached the spot where the wounded man lay, he had slipped down and was flat on the ground. His feeble voice still called for water, but was much weaker than before. Frank stooped and held the canteen to the man's lips, and he drank. Then Willy and Frank, together, bathed his face with the still dripping cotton jacket. This revived him somewhat; but he did not recognize them and talked incoherently. They propped up his head.

"Frank, it 's getting mighty late, and we 've got to go home," said Willy.

The boy's voice or words reached the ear of the wounded man.

"Take me home," he murmured; "I want some water from the well by the dairy."

"Give him some more water."

Willy lifted the canteen. "Here it is."

The soldier swallowed with difficulty.

He could not raise his hand now. There was a pause. The boys stood around, looking down on him. "I 've come back home," he said. His eyes were closed.

"He 's dreaming," whispered Willy.

"Did you ever see anybody die?" asked Frank, suddenly, in a low tone.

Willy's face paled.

"No, Frank; let 's go home and tell somebody."

Frank stooped and touched the soldier's face. He was talking all the time now, though they could not understand everything he said. The boy's touch seemed to rouse him.

"It 's bedtime," he said, presently. "Kneel down and say your prayers for Father."

"Willy, let 's say our prayers for him," whispered Frank.

"I can say, 'Now I lay me.'" But before he could begin ——

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" said the soldier, tenderly. The boys followed him, thinking he had heard them. They did not know that he was saying — for one whom but that morning he had called "his curly-head at home"— the prayer that is common to Virginia and to Delaware, to North and to South, and which no wars can silence and no victories cause to be forgotten.

The soldier's voice now was growing almost inaudible. He spoke between long-drawn breaths.

"'If I should die before I wake.'"

"'If I should die before I wake,'" they repeated, and continued the prayer.

"'And this I ask for Jesus' sake,'" said the boys, ending. There was a long pause. Frank stroked the pale face softly with his hand.

"'And this I ask for Jesus' sake,'" whispered the lips. Then, very softly: "Kiss me good-night."

"Kiss him, Frank."

The boy stooped over and kissed the lips that had kissed him in the morning. Willy kissed him, also. The lips moved in a faint smile.

"God bless ——"

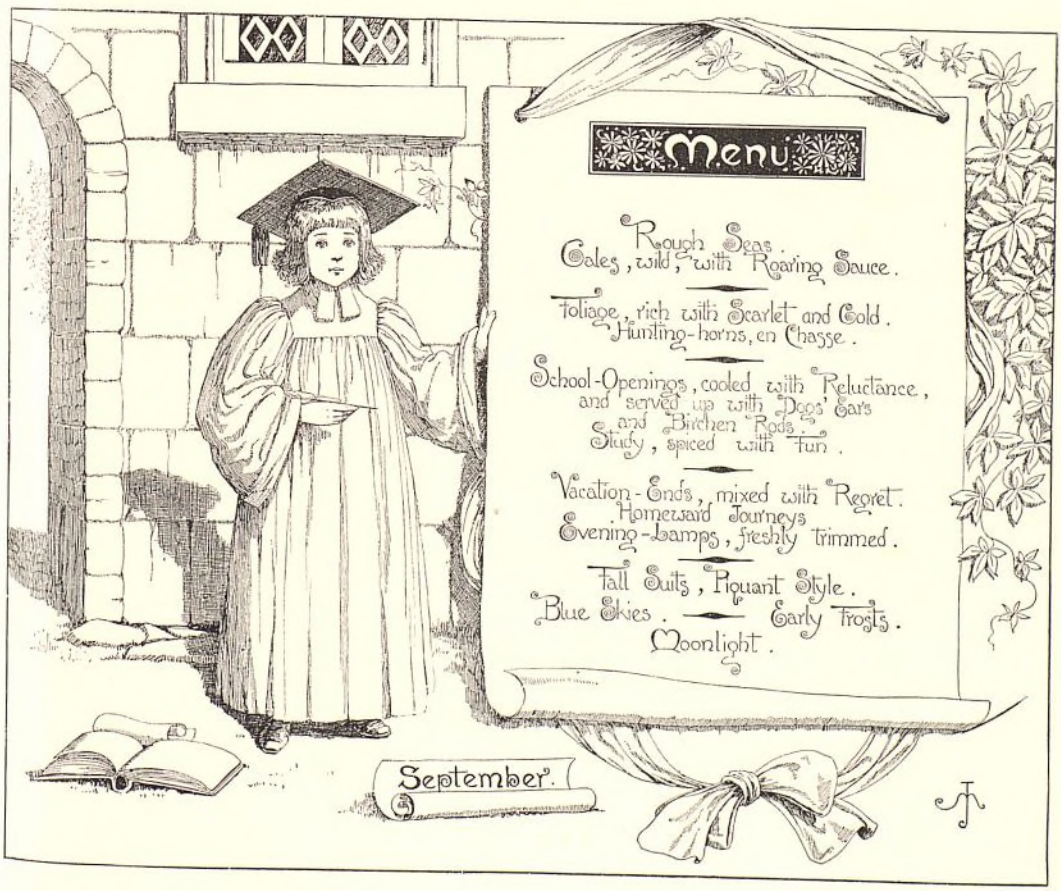
The boys waited,— but that was all. The dusk settled down in the woods. The prayer was ended.

"He 's dead," said Frank, in deep awe.

"Frank, are n't you mighty sorry?" asked Willy, in a trembling voice. Then he suddenly broke out crying.

"I don't want him to die! I don't want him to die!"

(To be continued.)



ALL A-BLOWING.

By Kate M. Cleary.

Where the shadows pass he lies on the grass,
  Like a little pink rose a-glowing,
And watches still how the wind's sweet will
  Keeps the green leaves all a-blowing.

Rustling they sway the livelong day,
  And like a river flowing
By a pebbly beach, sounds their ripply speech,
  Oh, the leaves a-blowing, blowing!

When next they leap from bud-brown sleep,
  Their gay green banners showing,
And over the grass where the shadows pass,
  Keep blowing and a-blowing —

They 'll look for him, dear little Tim,
  But will see underneath them, maybe,
A boy who can walk and a boy who can talk,
  Instead of a bit of a baby.

He lies on the grass where the shadows pass
  With thoughts too deep for knowing,
While the sunlight weaves its gold through the leaves,
  And they keep a-blowing, blowing!

SOME STORIES ABOUT "THE CALIFORNIA LION."

By E. P. Roe.

On the Pacific coast the cougar (our panther, in the East) is called "the California lion"; while in the interior it is more generally known as "the mountain lion." People who have seen this animal (the most formidable of the cat species on this continent excepting only the jaguar), or who have encountered it, have related to me experiences which may prove interesting to others. But a few years since, these lions were abundant in the mountain-ranges back of Santa Barbara, and many still prowl around, chiefly at night, in search of prey. As a rule, they are extremely sly and cowardly. The hunter, without trained dogs, rarely sees them, even though the signs of them are plentiful. It is probable, however, that from close coverts the hunter himself is well watched. Hunger leads them to occasional reckless ventures in search of food.

A few years ago, one of these immense cats, weak and emaciated, made its way into the heart of the city of Santa Barbara, and looked into the breakfast-room windows of a fine brick dwelling. The poor beast received a lump of cold lead instead of a piece of hot steak. It could scarcely expect any better treatment, however, for all its kind have justly earned a very bad reputation. One has been known to kill fifty sheep in a single night, so insatiable is this prowler's thirst for blood. Pigs, calves, lambs, colts, and even cows and bullocks are devoured by these lions, and therefore they are well hated by the ranchmen. Every means is used to destroy them, and many annually are poisoned.

This wily and agile beast when closely pursued by dogs takes to a tree, like a wild-cat. A friend who owns a ranch in the Santa Inez valley told

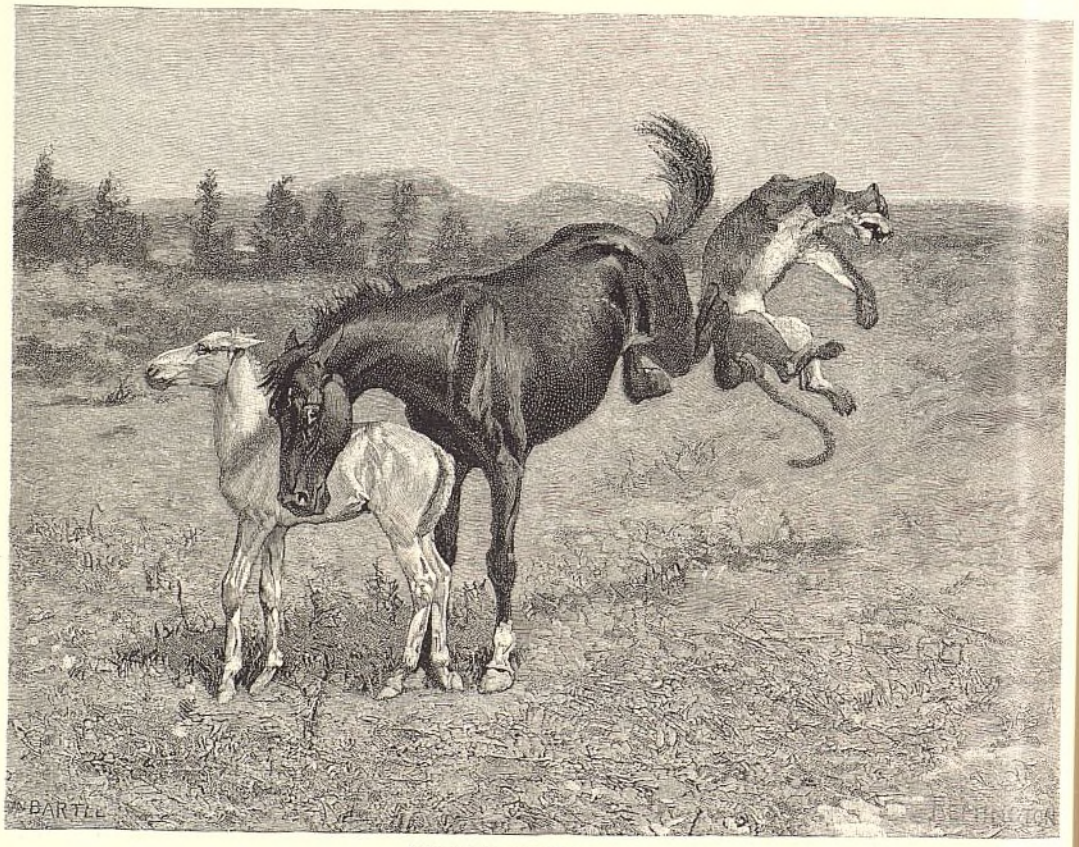
me of the narrow escape of a boy employed by him. The dogs had treed a lion not far from the house. So the boy, who was known by the classic name of "Prospero," procured a gun from the house and with more courage than discretion advanced boldly and fired. The wounded animal sprang toward him, and a second leap would have brought it to the boy, but the hounds diverted its attention. A terrible fight followed, and it might have been one of doubtful issue had it not been for the fact that the lion was growing weak from loss of blood. At last the lion sought again to climb the tree, but the boy succeeded in dragging it down and killed it. Had it not been for the hounds, undoubtedly the boy would have been torn to pieces: for the cougar of this region is enormously strong, and its ferocity is terrible when it is injured or compelled to fight.

"SPURRING HIS HORSE IN PURSUIT, HE THREW HIS UNERRING LASSO, JUST AS THE ANIMAL SPRANG TO CLIMB THE TREE."

A short time since, another lion was captured near this ranch in a manner which illustrates the remarkable skill acquired by western cattle-raisers in the use of the lariat. A mounted ranchman was proceeding along the Santa Inez road, when his dogs started this lion in the open ground. It bounded away, seeking a tall tree, but the ranchman was too near and too quick for it. Spurring his horse in pursuit, he threw his unerring lasso, just as the animal sprang to climb the tree. The noose fell over its head, one shoulder and one leg. First sheering off, to tighten the fatal noose, the ranchman never relaxed his speed a moment; but kept on, out into the road, then a half-mile to the ford of the Santa Inez river, and across the river to the further bank. The end of the lariat was fastened to the strong pommel of the Mexican saddle, and the snarling, writhing lion was dragged pell-mell along the dusty highway, and through the rapid stream. The ranchman, however, knew that the creature had the proverbial nine lives of a cat; so, having no fire-arm, he was puzzled how to dispatch the beast without danger to himself or his horse. A tree, standing by itself, gave him the opportunity he sought. At a gallop he dragged his victim to the foot of the tree, whereupon the animal made such effort to cling to the trunk as it was still capable of exerting. Instantly the captor began to ride in a circle around the tree; and after a few circuits, the lion was wound up hard and tight. It was then a safe and easy matter to end the bruised, battered, and half-drowned creature's existence with a hunting-knife.

A very interesting scene in which a lion figured, was related to me by a gentleman who was on a hunting expedition with two or three friends in the

range beyond the Santa Inez mountains. Late one afternoon they were sitting on a crag, overlooking a grassy valley which was already in shadow. Almost beneath them a mare was grazing, with her foal gamboling about her. While the hunters were watching the graceful little creature's antics, it gave a startled whinny and sped toward its mother, and then it was seen that a mountain lion was in pursuit. The mare at once offered battle, showing surprising agility and courage. She always kept between the foal and the lion. Whenever the lion sought to spring upon the colt, she would interpose herself with incredible swiftness, whirl around and let fly both heels.



THE MARE DEFENDS HER COLT.

As usual with horses out at pasturage the mare was unshod, but more than once was heard the thud of her hoofs against the tawny side of the lion. In her unhesitating devotion to her young, she made a fine, inspiring picture. Her neck was arched, her action most courageous; and whenever she struck out with her feet, the force of the blows was tremendous. How the contest would have ended it is hard to say, for the hunters, after watching the strange scene a few moments, hastened down the mountain side in the hope of having a shot at the marauder, but on the approach of these new foes, the great cat at once made off, defying all pursuit among the steep cliffs.

A very common trait in all intelligent animals is curiosity; and on one occasion a young lion, nearly grown, indulged its thirst for knowledge in a way which unpleasantly suggested a thirst of a more sanguinary character. A few years since a well-known artist of Santa Barbara was sketching in Glen Annie, on the famous Hollister ranch. This glen, with its superb live-oaks, forms the beginning of one of the numerous cañons running up into the mountains, and is but a few miles from the city. The artist, without a thought of danger or interruption, was painting busily, when happening to look up he saw a lion but a few yards away. Here was a critic which any artist might justly dread; and the worst of it was, that however indifferent he was to the sketch, he might find the painter only too well suited to his taste. A prob-

able brush, of a nature very different from the brush with which he had been laying on color, now occupied the artist's mind, and he feared that it might be one which would leave crimson hues in plenty. What course to take, he scarcely knew, and for a moment the artist and his visitor eyed each other. The only weapon at hand was his camp-stool, which would close up into something like a club. He dropped his brush and put down his hand to draw the three legs together; whereupon the creature began to withdraw, a few steps at a time, often looking back as though undecided in mind. It can scarcely be credited with a wish to become a part of the sketch, or with any profound interest in the picture itself. The artist, however, interested the beast deeply; and how far it would have carried investigation if unobserved it is hard to say. These creatures rarely attack an armed man, or one who is alert; but, possessed of unusual cunning, this particular lion might have deemed it safe to spring upon the painter if he could have been taken at complete disadvantage. Probably the quiet worker had at first merely excited the lion's curiosity. A lion, however, never needs any one to jog its elbow as a hint that a dinner may be had, with or without leave.

A gentleman, a graduate of Yale College, who came here years ago for his health, told me of a remarkable experience with this same stealthy animal. With a friend he was out trout-fishing in a wild cañon among the mountains. The gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A., had taken his friend, a stranger to the region, into the mountains, intending to give him a chance to catch some speckled beauties and perhaps to shoot a deer or

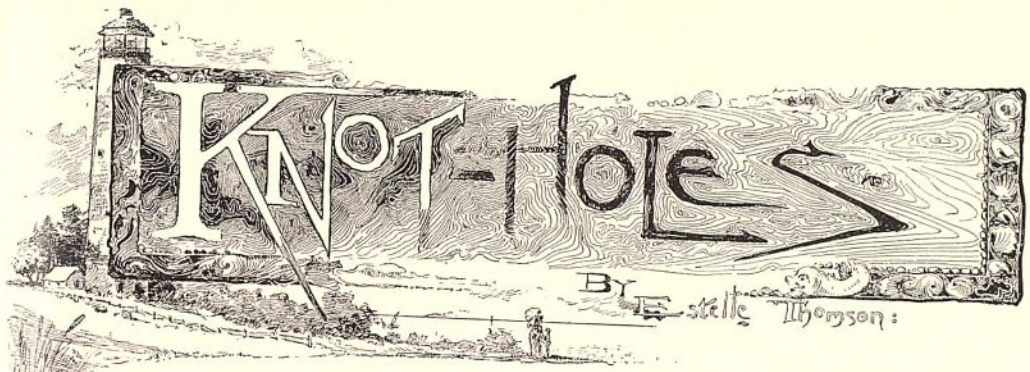
"THE LION STOPPED SHORT, BRACED ITSELF, AND GLARED AT ITS HUMAN FOE."

two. They had their rifles with them, and the friend was sitting on the bank of the stream with his gun across his lap. It should be said in his behalf, however, that he was not accustomed to use the weapon. It was early in the morning, they had just reached the stream, and Mr. A. sat on a little sand-

spit on the farther side of the brook, engaged in fastening a fly-hook to a line. His rifle was leaning against a tree several feet away. A little cur dog, called "Lady," had accompanied them, and she was indulging in a hunt on her own account. She soon found the dog's proverbial enemy, a cat, but one for which poor little Lady would have made scarcely two mouthfuls. Yelping, she ran and jumped into Mr. A.'s arms; when, to his astonishment, an enormous mountain lion came bounding out of the woods after her. He sat motionless and almost petrified, but did not lose his presence of mind. The beast was too near for him to get to his rifle, and, by a sort of instinct, he felt that his only chance was to keep his eyes on those of the lion. Evidently it had been so intent on the pursuit of the dog that it had not seen him at first, and three or four bounds brought it to within about five feet of Mr. A. Then it stopped short, braced itself, and glared at its human foe. Mr. A., with his hand on a long hunting-knife in his belt, looked the enraged animal steadily in its eyes, while Lady cowered in his lap. Every hair on the lion seemed to stand out straight, which gave it a most ferocious appearance. For a moment it was difficult to say what the creature would do; although if Mr. A. had made the slightest movement, especially a motion as if intending to shrink away, or had failed for a moment in his stern, steady gaze, the lion would undoubtedly have sprung upon him. It is wonderful how the mind acts at such a time and how swift and curious are its impressions. While intensely conscious of an extremity of danger, he was also aware of the ludicrous action of his friend who, instead of shooting the beast, was jumping up and down in an ecstasy of terror, shouting "shoo!" "scat!" as though the lion were nothing more formidable than a big tom-cat. It was well, perhaps, that he took this course, for unless a cool, steady aim had put a bullet through the creature's brain, it would have been so infuriated by a wound that Mr. A. would have had no chance whatever. As it was, the lion's eyes faltered and wavered before the fixed gaze of man, the bristling fur went down, and then the creature wheeled and bounded off into the nearest cover! By the time Mr. A. reached his rifle it had disappeared finally.

PICTURES FOR LITTLE GERMAN READERS. No. V.

ARMES KLEINES KIND, ES HAT SEINEN KRUG ZERBROCHEN.



POOR Trurie! Everybody told him that he was stupid, and too small to earn his living, and always in the way; and that it did not pay to keep a boy to go mooning around the lumber-piles and among the saw-logs.

"Everybody" meant Uncle Jim and Aunt Nancy, who lived at the mill in the lumber-camp; though why they should call it "mooning" Trurie could not understand, since he never was out except in broad daylight. The truth is, Uncle Jim hated to be bothered with his questions, which really were numerous, and sometimes hard to answer; and Aunt Nancy said he ate too much. So one day they packed him off to Uncle Nat, in the big city where the school was, and Miss Violet. Uncle Nat did not want him either, but there was no one who did; so he sent him to school as the easiest method of getting him out of the way.

One day Miss Violet said:

"Boys, I am going to the sea-shore, to Crab Island, for my vacation, and I don't like to go alone. It's much pleasanter to have some one for company to run along the beach and find shells, to pull flowers on the marshes, and go out in the sailing-gig and dip into the sea. I've no little brothers of my own, so I want one of you to go with me, and this is how we will decide which it is to be: you must each bring a collection of something selected by yourselves, either from your own homes, or the shops, or from what your friends give you — whatever you choose; but it must be a collection of articles all belonging to one class, and you must be able to tell something about each one: where it was found, or made, or grown, or what it is good for. I will give you three weeks to make ready; and then on a Friday afternoon we will invite the trustees, and your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and friends, and they shall form a committee to decide which collection is best, and which boy is entitled to the prize — and the prize, in this case, shall be a stay of two weeks with me at the island."

How their eyes shone!

"What is the sea like? Did you ever see one?" asked Trurie, wistfully, of the boys at luncheon-time.

"Oh, lots of times," said Tommy Needles grandly, as if oceans were common where he had lived. "They 're more like a pot of suds when it 's boiling, than anything; only there 's a great deal of it."

"Does it smell like that?" Trurie asked. He thought he should not care much for it, if it did.

"No, it smells salty; because there 's codfish in it, I s'pose."

"It sounds like a buzz-saw, when it 's going," remarked Ned Cantline, with an air of wisdom, "and it always *is* going."

Trurie was used to suds. Aunt Nancy was in the habit of calling him from the mill very often to help her carry out the steaming pot; and he was used to codfish,— they had it picked-up for breakfast at Uncle Nat's; and he was used to buzz-saws, — Uncle Jim had one in his mill; and that was always going, too, tearing the great timbers. He could almost hear Uncle Jim now, calling: "You, Trurie! keep away from that thing, you young rascal!" Would he have to "keep away" from the ocean if he was where it was? It was somewhat of a puzzle in his mind what the strange thing could really be, after all; but he *would* like to see one — and with Miss Violet! He loved Miss Violet.

The boys were wild with plans; all talked at once; and each one, it seemed, already had enough beginnings to keep him making collections until he was a grown man. Trurie had nothing.

"Uncle Nat would n't let me have anything," he thought, disconsolately. "He 's got enough to do to keep me. Uncle Jim wouldn't either. It 's no use trying; but, oh! I would like to find something."

He stared hard at his desk, and squeezed several big drops out of his eyes and shook them off when no one saw him. As he stared and stared, trying to wink back some more drops that tried to come, his gaze centered on a funny brown knot-hole in the wooden desk-top. He had seen it many a time before; he used to call it his fish-pond, and

often fished around its edge, with a bit of string for a line and a bent pin for a hook, until one day Miss Violet suddenly exclaimed, "Trurie!" in such a disappointed way; as if she thought *he* was a boy who studied his lesson, even though her back was turned. After that he did not fish any more. And now, as he stared and stared at the little brown hole, a big thought grew and grew. It grew so big, presently, that it shone right through his eyes, and laughed over his lips, and made his heart beat faster, and caused him to look almost as proud as Tommy Needles.

"He 's the handsomest boy on the bench," thought Miss Violet, looking across at him at that moment. "Strange that I never noticed it before." She did not know that it was the big thought growing and growing which made him look handsome.

"What are you going to bring?" asked Bobby Biglow the next day, as they sat all in a row on the doorstep at recess and swung their feet. They were little chaps, and the feet did not reach the ground. "Let 's tell each other."

"Corals," said Ned Cantline, with a snap of his eyes. "They 're uncommon, and we 've got a lot. Gramper 'n' Grammer gave Mammer a box full once, when Gramper went to Injy, or somewhere — combs and neck-chains, and lockets and bracelets, and breastpins and ear-rings, and heaps of things. I 'm studying 'm up."

Everybody seemed discouraged,— corals were so uncommon,— everybody but Trurie.

"Well, I 'm picking up candies," said Tommy Needles, somewhat recovering. "You 've no idea what a lot of kinds there are: balls, gums, lozenges, mints, kisses, mottoes, sheets, sticks — more than I can begin to think of. And it 's easy to tell about them: they 're made of sugar, and come from the confectioners, and feel sticky, and taste sweet."

"My! but don't they?" Each boy smacked his lips.

"I 'm going to choose Pins." So said Bobby Biglow, with great solemnity. (From the way it sounded each letter ought to be a capital.) "It takes seven men to finish one and put its head on; sister Lil said so. I 'm going to have all kinds — black heads, white heads, brass heads, coral tops, real gold, some garnets, and the finest little pearl you ever saw. They 'll be awful pretty."

"You can't say 'awful pretty,' Bobby Biglow. Awful means not nice, and pretty *is* nice; Miss Violet 'splained that. What are you going to have, Trurie?"

They all grinned. They knew very well there was nothing in Uncle Nat's house that he could have; and he never had any money to buy with.

What do you think Trurie answered, when he looked up with such a happy thought in his heart that it laughed right out before he spoke?

"Knot-holes!"

How the boys did crow! They laughed till they rolled off the doorstep and over and over, and one of them — a little fellow — rolled all the way down to the gate before he could stop.

But Trurie did not mind. He laughed, too, and said "We 'll see!"

The corals were lovely; all the sisters said so, and the aunts and the cousins, as they walked round them softly, and spoke with exclamation points after each word. The pieces were laid out on the palest blue velvet — just like the sky sometimes when the clouds are blown out of it — and how pretty they were! They cost hundreds of dollars, "Gramper" said proudly, nodding at them as if he knew each one personally; and they had to have a glass case over them to keep them safe.

The candies *were* sweet, indeed.

"It took every cent I 've saved this quarter to buy them," Tommy informed his friends with much satisfaction, "besides what was given me. Are n't those bouncing, striped fellows beauties, though? And see that little nibble out of that one! I just *had* to taste, to see what it was like. I 'm going to eat 'em all, some time. Maybe I 'll give Miss Violet some, when we get down to the shore." The others looked blank. "I made those little shelves, myself," he continued loftily. "Uncle Henry gave me the black velvet strip to cover them, when he knew what they were for. Uncle Henry keeps a store. All sugary things need money to buy 'em; but when it comes to Cupids and gimcracks like those over there, they *cost*, I tell you."

To Bobby Biglow's friends there was nothing so nice as his pins; and really you never would have thought pins could display so well. But Pamela Biglow, who gave painting lessons, had suggested what colors to put together. Blues and greens, she said, killed each other; so Bobby stuck delicate little pink heads next the blues, and lemon-color ones beside the greens, and lovely pearls, and filigree silver, and cut-steel, between golds and garnets and jets; and the effect was beautiful. It was such a novel idea, too, having the large ones set in a rim around the outer edge of a great stuffed placque — it was of velvet, and white — with the center filled in with the small kinds arranged to look like flowers and butterflies.

Little Berger had fans, which made a nice display; and Geoffrey Towers had buttons; and Charles Ames had soap-cakes, in a beautiful smelling-box (his father was in the business); and Harry Crofts had sponges of all kinds and sizes, on

a pink cotton-flannel table-scarf; and there were ever so many others.

Trurie's came last, away down at the end of the room, where a ray of yellow sunshine slanted in through a crack in the blinds. It was only knot-holes — nothing else; some empty, and some with their knots in them; but, oh, if you could have seen those knot-holes! He had coaxed Uncle Nat, one Saturday, when there was no school, to let him go over to Uncle Jim's mill; and no miner picking solid nuggets out of a gold mine could have been happier than the boy who during those few hours poked among chips and saw-logs in that lumber-camp, picking up knot-holes. If you don't believe they were pretty, go out to a saw-mill yourself some time, and see what lovely things you find. Pamela Biglow never put on canvas such soft colors as Nature lays around the edge of a knot, in streakings and shadings so lovely that no one color shows distinctly, but all run together in a beautiful hazy way that would make an artist fling down his brush in despair.

Trurie had an eye to effect, too. He would have liked — well, he had thought of a plush mat, or a "perfectly elegant" strip of bronze felt that one of the boys brought and then discarded for something else, but he was too proud to ask for favors. He had his own jack-knife, and Uncle Nat let him use the glue-pot, finding it would keep the boy out of mischief, and Uncle Jim permitted one of his men to saw out each knot in the center of a little square block. When this was done Trurie evened the edges and joined each one firmly to its mate, and so carefully that it was hard to tell where the joined place was, except by the difference in color. It took two weeks' nights and mornings to finish the whole to his liking; but at the end of that time it was the neatest and oddest kind of mosaic-work. There were red knots and yellow knots, brown knots and black knots; smooth knots and twisted knots; knots with bark on, and knots with bark off; knots that were like animals or faces; knots with tracings like spider-webs across; knots like forests and mountains, and windmills and villages; and one was so very like the picture of Niagara Falls in the Geography, that Trurie gave it that name, carving the letters with his jack-knife underneath. One showed so good a likeness of Bobby Biglow's dog, Spotty, that Bobby himself recognized it and cried, "Hello, Spot!" It had the same shaggy head, and wise eyes, and long, drooping ears, and a collar around its neck; indeed, as trustee Crapper — who was a jolly old man — said, it was all there but the bark. Then how the whole roomful laughed when Trurie spoke up innocently: "Why, it *is* bark, Mr. Crapper!" And sure enough it was, just as it came from the outside of a log; and the puckered hole in the center made Spotty's nose. There was one little frosty-colored knot that was like a country church with a spire, in winter, with bare trees sticking up around it. Trurie thought it must have been in a board that was whitewashed sometime, to make it look so. Then there was a very high, steeply one, that he liked best of all, for Miss Violet told him it was an excellent representation of the lighthouse on Crab Island, and showed him something that was like waves dashing up against it at the bottom. He thought of that one a great deal, and placed it more carefully than all the rest.

Well, after everybody had looked and looked, and said what a splendid idea it was of Miss Violet's, and how neatly the boys had arranged their collections, and how much the dear little fellows were learning,— this was after they had told some very interesting facts about the articles displayed,— they all sat down, and Miss Violet remarked, with a heightened color in her cheeks, "We will listen now to the trustees' report, if you please."

There was then so deep a silence that you could hear a faint munching sound of candy-balls somewhere in the inner recesses of Tommy Needles's mouth. And poor Trurie was so wrought up by the day's events that he imagined he heard buzz-saws going everywhere; and once he thought Aunt Nancy was calling him, and he whirled about so suddenly to run and help her take off the kettle of suds, that he nearly upset a curly-haired trustee who was just rising to speak.

"Beg your pardon! I did n't mean to," apologized Trurie, so prettily that the trustee actually beamed with pleasure as he said, before he thought how it sounded:

"I 'm glad you did it! — I mean, I am glad you are the boy I thought you were; for you are the boy who collected the knot-holes, are n't you? And you have won the prize."

There was a little hush. The boys stared at each other. Ned looked at his coral-case and sighed; Tommy glanced at his candy-shelves and reached over and picked out a peppermint lozenge; Bobby gazed at his pin-placque, and felt a lump swelling up in his throat but choked it down. Miss Violet did not look up at all.

Trurie had to catch his breath quickly to keep it from slipping away. He looked straight up into the trustee's eyes, and the trustee thought,— as Miss Violet had,— "He 's the handsomest one of them." He thought as Miss Violet did about a great many things. But he saw that the boy's shoes were patched, that his trousers were too short, and his jacket too small. His cheeks were thin, too; they needed sea-air and plenty of food, and kindness, in order to fill them out.

And then how the sound of the buzz-saws whizzed in his ears! Or was it the people cheering? Yes, they *were* cheering; though he did not know why. But he reached out his arms with a swift impulse toward them, as though he would take them all in. His eyes filled with tears, and when he tried to speak his voice was husky.

"You are so good! You have all been so nice to me; and Miss Violet most of all!" he cried.

"Well, well, well!" laughed old Mr. Crapper. "I finished school long ago, but I have learned a pretty good lesson to-day in the Primary."

"To think he won the prize with nothing but knot-holes!" said Tommy Needles, munching another peppermint lozenge. "But you 're a fine little fellow, Trurie, and I like you; we all do. And we hope you 'll enjoy yourself tip-top at Crab Island!"

AN EAVESDROPPER.

By Anna M. Pratt.

A dear little eavesdropper listened and smiled —
(I believe there is mischief a-brewing!)
For the gay, young cadet
Left his new wagonette
At the foot of the hill; and he seemed to forget
That his high-stepping courser perchance might upset
His wagon while he went a-wooing.

A dear little eavesdropper listened and laughed —
(My sakes! to think dolls are so silly!)
Yes, she heard the boy say,
"My sweet Mistress May,
If you 'll marry me now, we will hasten away
To a far-distant clime where 't is cooler by day
And where the nights never are chilly."

A dear little eavesdropper listened and sighed —
(Oh! what if their necks should be broken?)
Then she peered round the tree,
But all she could see
Was two dolls, very stiff and as dumb as could be,
And never a sign in the faintest degree
Of so much as one word being spoken.

WHAT DORA DID.

A TRUE STORY OF A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

By Mrs. M. P. Handy.

I WONDER how many of you, outside of the North-west (and the city of New York!), know exactly what a "blizzard" is. Probably you think that it is simply a very heavy snow-storm. That was my idea of it until Colonel Donan, of Dakota, told us all about it one evening last winter, while the children and I listened breathlessly to his story.

"Why don't you write that out for ST. NICHOLAS?" I asked, when he was through.

"I don't know," he answered. "I never thought of it. You can do it, if you like."

In the first place, then, little or no snow falls in Dakota, from November to April. It is too cold to snow, and the blizzard is not a snow-storm (in the ordinary sense of the word), but a cold wind which comes sweeping down from Behring Strait, with a velocity of from fifty to sixty miles an hour, bringing with it a shower, or, more correctly, a blast, of finely powdered ice. Imagine a thick fog, all of ice, blown along by a high wind; the tiny particles, coming with such velocity, sting like a blow from a whip-lash.

Nothing can stand before it.

Those buffalo and cattle, who are used to it, make for the lee side of the nearest hill, haystack, or building, and huddle close together for safety, trusting to being covered by the snow, and thus kept warm; when, if the storm does not last too long, they may escape alive.

You can not see across the street from one house to another, and men have been frozen to death within a few feet of home and safety. The thermometer falls many degrees below zero, beyond the power of mercury to measure it; only the best spirit-thermometers can be used for these low temperatures. When going with the wind you are driven along with resistless force; if against it, you are knocked down and buffeted about; unless you

"I AM GOING TO THE BARN TO SEE WHAT KEEPS FATHER AND THE BOYS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

are so fortunate as to find speedy help and shelter, you are almost sure to be frozen to death.

One bright morning in January, 1886, Dora Kent, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a farmer living near Devil's Lake, Dakota, was busy in her kitchen, preparing the dinner. She had no mother, and being the eldest girl in the family, the charge of the household fell on her shoulders. Her two sisters, one ten the other four years old, were with her, helping and hindering; while her father and three brothers, one being older and the other two younger than herself, were at work in the barn, some twenty yards away.

The thickly frosted window-panes did not admit of seeing out, and the great stove kept the room comfortable; so that it was not until the room suddenly grew darker, and there came a rattle of ice against the windows, as though handfuls of sand were flung sharply against them, that she was aware of the change in the weather. A blizzard had come upon them in all its fury.

It was not her first experience of one, and, feeling thankful that father and the boys were safe in the barn, she quietly went on with her preparations, until just as the kitchen clock struck the noon hour she placed the smoking dishes on the table, and took down the dinner-horn.

All well-built Dakota farm-houses have double doors, and she closed the inner door carefully after her, before opening the outer one. Standing in the recess between the two, she blew the horn loudly and long.

Sheltered as she was, the snow blew thick against her, and the wind was so strong that her stout young arms could with difficulty hold the horn. She went back to the kitchen and waited,— fifteen minutes — half an hour. By this time the dinner was as cold as a stone; she set it back on the stove to warm, and going to the door tried to blow the horn again. This time the snow drove into the horn, and choked the sounds so that she, herself, could not hear them. Back to the kitchen for fifteen minutes more of anxious waiting; then she said to her ten-year-old sister:

"Alice, take care of Molly and look after dinner. I am going to the barn to see what keeps father and the boys."

"Don't, Dora — *please* don't," begged Alice, who knew, from having seen frozen cattle and men, what it meant to be out in a blizzard. "They are only waiting till the blizzard is over. You can't do any good, and will be frozen to death just for nothing!"

But Dora answered:

"I must. I feel it in my bones that something is wrong, and I *can't* stay here!"

So, though Alice and Molly sobbed in concert, she heaped fresh coal on the fire, wrapped herself in her warmest clothing, drawing on high fur-lined rubber boots, put a flask of brandy in her pocket, and took the compass from the mantel-shelf to show her the way; for not even a shadow of the barn (although it was larger than the house) was visible through the storm. Then, taking the clothes-line, she tied one end of the rope tightly around her waist, and, making the other fast to the knob of the outer door, set out upon her perilous journey of twenty yards due north, where she knew the barn must be. Again and again she was beaten down to the ground by the violence of the wind; but she struggled on, keeping the direction of the needle of the compass, and at last reached the side of the barn. Thence she carefully felt her way — fortunately taking the right course — and, finding the door, beat on it with all her might. It was opened by her brothers, and, in the same breath, all asked the same question, she of them, and they of her:

"Where is father?"

"I don't know. I came to see!" and "He started for the house half an hour ago, telling us to stay here until he came back," were simultaneous answers.

"Did n't he take a rope?" asked Dora, eagerly.

"Of course he did. It is tied outside somewhere," said the oldest boy, a year or two her senior.

"Then we must follow it and find him. Alice begged me not to come, but I felt sure something was wrong. Come, Joe, we must n't lose a minute. Harry and Jack must stay here. Do you hear, boys?"

The younger lads begged hard to come too, but Dora and Joe did not stay to listen. "We must n't risk their lives, too," she said, huskily. They found the rope covered with snow, and to their surprise stretched taut.

"He must have got to the house, safe," said Joe, joyfully.

But Dora shook her head. "No, it does n't point south, as it would if he were at home. Besides, I shouted all the time as I came along, and we could n't have passed each other. He has gone the wrong way."

Meanwhile, clinging to each other, they were following the rope, which slanted lower and lower until, a few feet away, they found it wrapped around the root of a small tree. It was harder to keep hold of it now, but Joe had brought a snow-staff with a sharp hook at one end, and with this it was possible to follow the rope's course. They shouted again and again, at the top of their clear, young voices. There was no answer. Still they

toiled on, and it was not long (though it seemed an age) before they stumbled over a snow-covered heap.

It was the body of their father lying where, exhausted by cold and fatigue, he had fallen helplessly to the ground.

Raising his head, Dora poured part of the contents of the flask down his throat. He moaned faintly. He was alive! They lifted him, and

DORA AND JOE FIND THEIR FATHER.

dragged him along, vainly trying to make him walk, since exercise was the best means of saving his life. Guided by Dora's rope, which she had wound up after a fashion, thanks to her thick fur gloves, they at last reached the warm kitchen, where a vigorous course of rubbing with snow soon restored their father to perfect consciousness, and brought him out of danger.

He had lost his way, and in his bewilderment had gone around the tree, unconsciously crossing his rope. Thence he had gone to the end of his tether, and in trying to get back to the barn, had found the rope frozen fast to the ground. In his efforts to free it, he had been blown down, and thus dropped the end which he held — for he had not taken Dora's wise precaution of tying it around the body. He was unable to find it with his numb fingers. He shouted vainly for aid, and, afraid to move in any direction, wisely remained where he was. He tried hard to keep in motion, but was overcome by cold, and beaten down by the force of the storm. He must inevitably have been frozen to death but for Dora's heroic search for him.

And the boys in the barn? Oh, Joe went back for them as soon as their father was safe, and they all ate dinner together, but some three hours later than usual.

THE PINTAIL.

By Ernest E. Thompson.

Doubtless many older readers will know that the pintail is a common kind of wild-duck, and they may also know that its name is derived from the long and pointed shape of its tail. Some are perhaps familiar with the bird itself as a museum specimen, but probably very few have had opportunities of seeing it undisturbed, and in its native haunts.

Those readers who are members of the Agassiz Association will have learned that no one can safely undertake to identify any strange bird or beast, without having it in hand to measure and to examine; but it must not therefore be forgotten that valuable knowledge may be acquired by watching the living creatures from a distance, by means of a telescope. The pintail standing stuffed in mu-

scums, and the pintail lying all mangled and bloody, were perfectly familiar to me, but it was long before I had any idea of the perfect gracefulness of the living bird. Nor was it until I began to use the telescope, as well as the gun, in making my researches, that my eyes were opened. And then I found that a new and a delightful field of study was before me, yet untouched. Ducks far distant on some pond were brought apparently within arm's length by the magic of the field-glass; and shy birds, familiar, while living, only as far-away blots of black and white on the quiet water, now were seen to be graceful creatures, full of animation, quietly pursuing their ordinary way of life, seemingly by my very side.

Many times since have I thrown myself in the grass by some reedy lake, and delighted my eyes with such a scene as that suggested above. All the drawings, all the dead birds I had ever seen, and all the descriptions I had ever read, failed to give me any idea of the beauty and symmetry of this, the most elegant of all our ducks, the delicate arrangement of whose colors so added to the effect of the perfect form as to make the bird even more strikingly graceful than Queen Swan herself,—whose form, indeed, is so closely copied by her smaller cousin with the lengthy train.

In my Manitoban home, I had many good chances to study the pintail, and so great was my admiration for its appearance that I had determined to attempt to tame some for the barn-yard, and welcomed the opportunity at length afforded by finding a nest not far from the house. It was formed of marsh-grass and feathers, and was placed under a willow-bush, close to the water. The eggs, nine in number, I took home, and placed under a hen. In the course of a few days they were hatched, and the ducklings were at once given their liberty in company with their foster-mother, whom they followed closely thenceforth, and thus learned quiet, domestic habits, before their wild natures had an opportunity to develop. When hatched, they were clad in golden-yellow down, spotted with black. According to my experience, this is the usual color for the young of the river duck, whilst the first covering of the sea duck is, distinctively, black and gray.

They showed marvelous dexterity as fly-catchers, and would make marvelous leaps to secure these tidbits. Almost as soon as they were hatched they could leap out of a common water-bucket, so great was the length of their legs, even from the very first. They soon grew so large that the hen was kept standing all night in an attempt to cover them, and so tame that they were a perfect nuisance about the house. But the intense satisfaction of seeing them thrive so well, amply repaid me for all the trouble incurred by the experiment.

Alas!—just as they were beginning to put on the swan-like beauty and the adult feathers of their kind, some miserable thief broke into the hen-house, and took them all in a single night. That was the end of my tame pintails, for I have not since had a fitting time to repeat the experiment.

I am satisfied, however, that it would be quite easy to add this graceful bird to our parks and ornamental waters, if not indeed to make it a common sight upon our farm-ponds and in our barn-yards everywhere.

CIRCUMVENTION.

By Rev. C. R. Talbot.

I.

Once I knew a little maid
Who declared she 'd not be weighed,
  Though we tried full half an hour to persuade her.
No entreaties would avail;
She would *not* go on the scale.
  Shall I tell you how, in spite of her, we weighed her?

Says Papa: "At any rate,
I must ascertain *my* weight";
  So, with Bessie in his arms (who never guesses
What it is he 's going to do)
He steps on. We weigh the two;
  Then we take Papa's weight out, and that leaves Bessie's.

II.

Once I knew a little lad,
Who the funniest notion had
  That 't would, somehow, *hurt* to have his picture taken;
And although we plead and plead,
Still he only shook his head.
  Shall I tell you how his firm resolve was shaken?

Says Mamma: "Just wait a bit.
Here 's old Rover; *he* will sit."
  So, while Jamie (never dreaming what the game is)
Holds his paw, brimful of glee,
"Just to keep him still, you see,"—
  Lo, in taking Rover's picture, we get Jamie's!

Dick's Farm Hand.

By Anna S. Reed.

LITTLE boy was looking wistfully up at a large farm-house. For he had learned, poor child, to judge of people by the outsides of their houses. "Where there are children," he said slowly, "the folks are kind; — sometimes," he added, since the best of rules admit of exceptions.

There were no children in sight; but Paolo could read signs as well as another. No grown person had thrown that battered straw hat on the piazza, or tumbled the hay on the lawn. Grown people seldom use swings; and never, so far as I know, leave a child tied in one, in great danger of sunstroke, as some heedless little mother had here left her doll. The little Italian trudged up the shady lane to the side yard, and there were the children. Four of them; the eldest about Paolo's age, but tall and sturdy, and busy with a large slice of bread and butter.

Paolo had not much English, but such as he had was plain enough.

"Please give me something to eat."

"It 's all gone," said the boy, tossing a piece to the dog and holding out the empty plate with a flourish. He did not know that he was mocking real hunger.

"Please give me some bread," repeated the stranger; "I work for it."

"You will? That 's a good joke. Come on, then, there 's plenty of work here," and Dick Mercer led the way to the corn-field. He offered a hoe to the boy, who shook his head. "Going to back out, eh? I thought so."

With many earnest gestures Paolo explained that he wished to be shown how to work.

"You don't know how to hoe?" exclaimed Dick, with hearty scorn. "Why, where were you brought up?" With a few vigorous strokes he destroyed forever the hopes of some flourishing smart-weed.

The other was quick to learn, and the two worked side by side, and were soon in brisk conversation. Paolo's share was confined to sundry shy glances and monosyllables.

An hour had passed, when a tall, broad-shouldered man strode out of the woods, gave a kindly look at the stranger, and an inquiring one at his son. Dick explained in an undertone.

"You may as well come, now," said Mr. Mercer; "I see Eliza has the dinner-horn."

The three walked down the hill together.

"Who 's that vagabond?" muttered John, the hired man, as he was washing his hands at the pump.

"It 's some of Dick's doings," replied the farmer, with a chuckle. "*I* did n't hire him."

Dick had hard work to persuade his boy to enter the house. He would have preferred to eat with the dog and chickens, but the stronger will at last prevailed.

Paolo did not lift his eyes from his plate all dinner-time, except once when Dick's mother spoke a pleasant word to him. But shyness did not spoil his dinner. How the boy did eat, to be sure!

Dick, whose own appetite had not been hurt by his hearty luncheon, was fairly appalled to see how the beef and vegetables, baked apples, and pie disappeared.

Mr. Mercer kept on passing the dishes as if he enjoyed it, but could not catch his son's eye.

"Richard, I want to speak to you," said the father, as he passed his son on the doorstep.

The boy followed to a seat under the trees, where the noon hour was often spent in comfort.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the farmer, with a nod of his head toward the house.

"Oh, he 'll be moving along, now he 's had his dinner."

"Probably not, if he knows when he 's well treated. What do you propose to do with him, Richard?"

Dick was digging his bare toes into the earth with an embarrassed air. Suddenly he looked up.

"You don't care, do you, Father? I did n't think you would. You were n't here to be asked, and — I did n't think he 'd eat such a lot," Dick concluded, much abashed under his father's steady gaze.

The hearty laugh which he had half dreaded, half longed for, broke out now, but ended in a sigh.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Mercer, "I did n't think he ate any too much for a boy who has n't had any breakfast, and does n't know whether he will have any supper. He 's welcome to the food, you know that, Dick!"

"Are you vexed with me, Father?"

"No, my boy; but I shall be if you don't answer my question."

"What? Oh, — I don't know, I 'm sure. I 'll put him in your hands, Father. Do anything you like."

"No, no! I did n't hire him; you must manage this, yourself! I like to have you do a kindness, my boy; but I want you to think what you 're doing. I shall hold you responsible for that child while he stays. You 'd better keep an eye on your mother's spoons. You must n't let him play with the little ones, or teach you anything wrong. He has a sly look that I don't like. I would n't have him about the place at all, only I know I can trust my son, if I can't trust a stranger."

The look with which this was said, made Dick determined to deserve his father's confidence.

Paolo followed him to the corn-field as a matter of course. Presently he made a false stroke and hurt his foot. A torrent of angry Italian followed. It might have been swearing. Dick was not sure, but he took prompt measures. Seizing the hoe, he pointed to the road. "You can go. We don't allow that sort of talk here!" said Dick.

Then followed humblest entreaties, and most beseeching looks; and the young master relented.

"I 'll try you again; but you must mind what you 're about!"

They worked in silence after that, Paolo vaguely wondering at the sudden anger of the queer little American — for it was not *his* foot that had been hurt.

Mr. Mercer came by, stopped a moment to give his son an order, and went on.

The stranger looked admiringly after the man who had spoken so pleasantly.

"He no beat you?"

"I should hope not," said Dick, hotly; "I 'm thirteen years old."

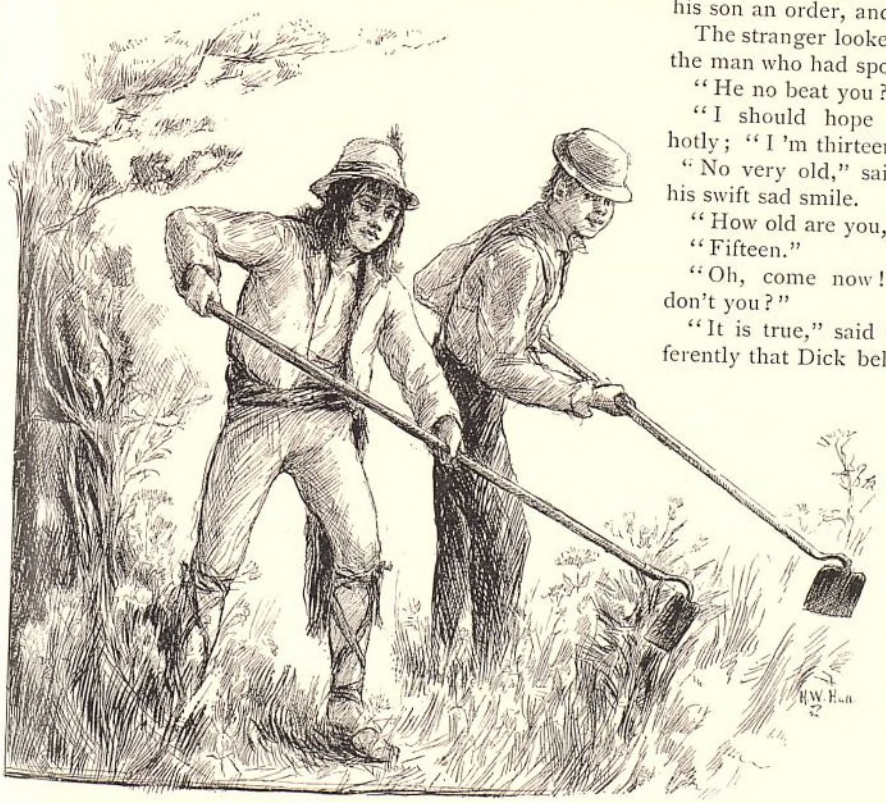
"No very old," said the other, with his swift sad smile.

"How old are you, then?"

"Fifteen."

"Oh, come now! You look it — don't you?"

"It is true," said the boy, so indifferently that Dick believed him. "My father, he beat me," he went on, "oh, many times! And I ran away. I *hate* him."



DICK AND PAOLO IN THE CORN-FIELD.

Angry lightning out of a clear sky would not have startled Dick so much as the sudden flash of those beautiful dark eyes. He shrank away. It was bad enough to be a beggar and friendless; but to have a father whom one hated, — Dick could not understand that. To be sure he had not had much experience.

At dusk that day Mr. Mercer, with folded arms, was leaning against a tree watching a game of hide-and-seek, when he was surprised by a bear-hug from his eldest.

"What have I done, now?" he asked, with a laugh. He always had played with his children, but Dick was of an age to be chary of caresses.

"Nothing," murmured the boy, "only you 're so good to me." He darted away before anything more could be said.

"Poor child!" exclaimed the father, guessing his thoughts. "He has n't much idea of what it would be to be homeless. Dick!"

"Sir? No fair, Matt, Father 's calling me;" and Dick ran back to the maple.

"Where 's your boy to sleep?"

"Oh, Father! I wish you would n't plague me!"

"I 'm in earnest. You can't expect John to share his room with a vagabond."

"Would n't Mother make him a bed on the floor?"

"I suppose so, but she 's had extra work to-day. I would n't ask her if I were you. He can sleep in the barn. You 'd better tell him so now. He 's tired, I 've no doubt."

Dick obeyed, but he did not like it at all. It was not his idea of hospitality. He would have given up his own bed and slept on the hay, and would have thought it no hardship; but he knew that it would not be allowed.

People look at things so differently. While Dick was apologizing for the quarters offered for the night, Paolo seized his benefactor's hand and covered it with kisses.

Dick drew back in dismay, and it was an effort to keep himself from saying, "Get out!" as he might have done to a fawning dog. His face was so hot with blushes when he returned to the house that his father guessed how matters stood, and for once forebore to tease him.

Day after day the stranger lingered, and seemed perfectly content. He did as much hoeing as could be expected from a beginner, and full justice was always done to the well-spread table.

"I can't get rid of him," Dick confessed, at last. "Father, won't you send him away?"

The only answer to this was a laugh, and the words, "*I* did n't hire him!"

Saturday night came, and Dick was called into the north room, as usual, to receive his week's wages. It had been a proud day for the boy when, about a year before, his father had said to him: "Richard, I think you earn more than your board and clothes. You work steadily, and see to a great many things that I could n't trust to any one else. I 'm going to give you fifty cents a week, and we 'll increase it, by and by. It 's your own money, of course, but I don't wish you to spend it foolishly. You must keep an account, and let me look it over. To every dollar you save I will add another. I can't do as much for you as I 'd like, when you 're of age, but perhaps in this way we 'll be able to save quite a sum, together."

The plan had worked well. The account-book was carefully kept, and duly inspected. Mr. Mercer wisely made no comment on one or two purchases of trifling cost and no value. Only by occasional mistakes could the boy learn. Dick had a bank account of his own now, and was anxious to add to it. When a calf or a colt was given him, the gift was not the farce that it sometimes is — beginning in delight and ending in a heart-wrench. It was a regular business arrangement. It would be like this:

"Dick, if you 'll teach this blundering fellow to eat, you shall have half the price when he 's sold." Now, that calf was part Alderney, and brought twenty dollars. When half of Dick's share went to his cherished hoard, three dollars for school-books, and two for a pair of skates which he had long desired, his father had reason to think that Dick was learning both the use and the value of money.

To-night he looked at his half-dollar, turned it over, looked at his father, hesitated a little, and finally said:

"I 'd like to give this to Paolo. May I?"

"It 's your own money. Do whatever you think best."

"Would you do it, Father?"

"I don't know, my boy. I did n't hi——"

A little hand was laid on the father's lips, and the talk ended in a merry scuffle. Dick did not wish to hear that remark again.

But Dick thought it over, and when he wished his boy good-night put the silver into his hand; then he drew back quickly, fearing that hand-kissing ceremony. But the little vagabond had too much tact to repeat a blunder. He poured forth his thanks in his own musical language, but at least the looks and tones were understood.

Dick was made very happy by this gratitude, and went to bed to dream of Paolo's future. He would get him a place in the village, where he might attend school in the winters, and grow up a good and useful man.

On the morning of the peaceful Day of Rest, Dick happened to be the first astir. He found the barn deserted. This surprised him, for his boy had been hard to rouse in the mornings. At the barn-yard gate there was another surprise.

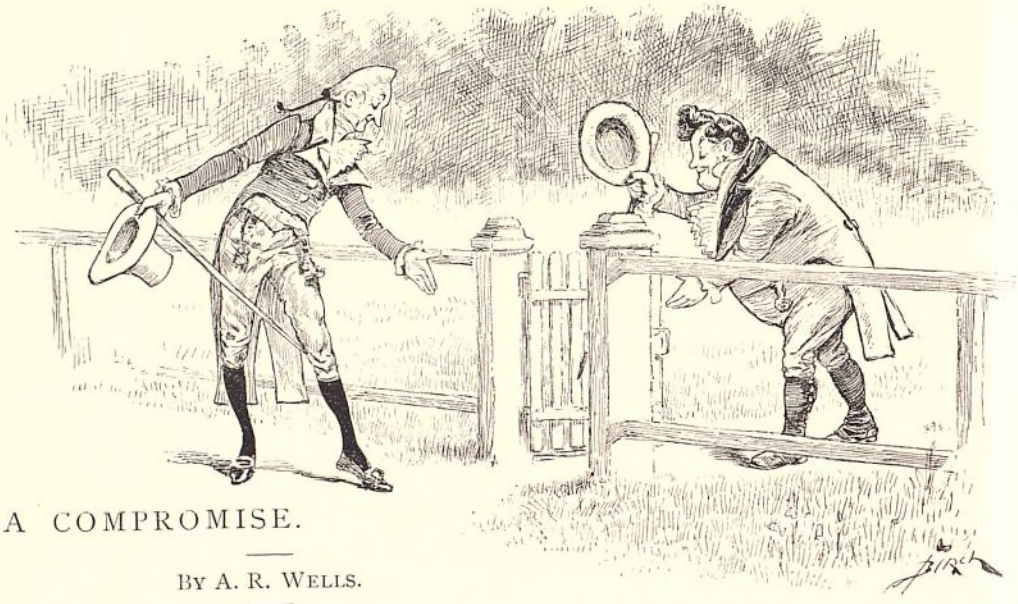
"Why, she looks like a picture!" he exclaimed. His favorite cow was decked with a wreath of

the reddest clovers, the whitest daisies. She looked up at him with an air of mild surprise, and tossed her horns impatiently in disapproval of her adornment.

"What a babyish thing to do!" thought matter-of-fact Dick; but at heart he was touched, for something told him that this was Paolo's farewell. "If that boy 's anywhere around," he said aloud, "he 'd better come in to breakfast."

Dick never saw the pathetic dark eyes again, but it was some time before he heard the last about his "farm hand."

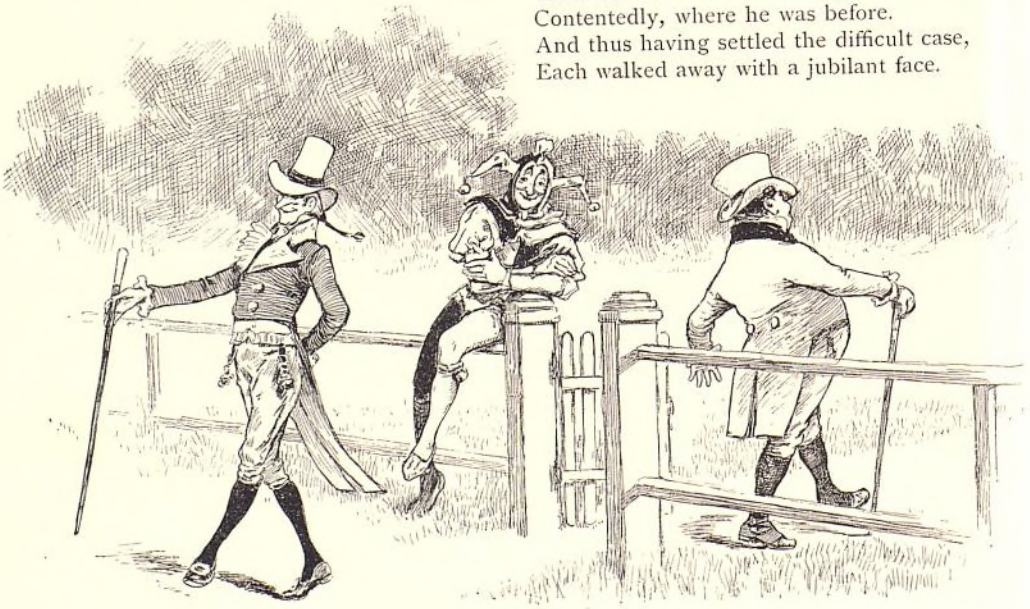
FUN FOR THE FISHES.



A COMPROMISE.

By A. R. Wells.

Once two little gentlemen, very polite,
Stepped up to a gate that was narrow — quite.
The one (who was very well bred and thin)
Was plainly intending to pass within.
The other (remarkably bland and stout)
Was just as surely resolved to pass out.
Now what could the two little gentlemen do? —
But say with a bow, "After you!" "After *you!*"
And there they stood bowing, with courteous smile,
Their hats in their hands, for a marvelous while;
For the thin little man was very well bred,
And the stout man had not a rude hair in his head.
But there chanced that way a philosopher wise,
Who sagely effected a compromise:
That each in turn should go through the last;
Thus might the troublesome gate be passed.
So first the courteous gentleman thin,
With greatest reluctance passed within.
And then the well-mannered gentleman stout,
With polished obeisance made his way out,
But sadly turned and went back that he
Might share in the breach of courtesy!
Then the thin little man stepped out once more,
Contentedly, where he was before.
And thus having settled the difficult case,
Each walked away with a jubilant face.



LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN.

By Richard Malcolm Johnston.

NEEL.

II.

Whatever may have been the causes that retarded Little Ike Templin's normal growth, every one was becoming tired. If weakly people in general could only know and would only reflect how tiresome it is to others to wait on them, perhaps a larger number of them would do their very best to get strong and make no more ado about it. At least, Till daily indulged these thoughts about the charge that had been imposed upon her by some malign influence or other, Till did n't know what. He continued to devour all edible, and not a few inedible, substances within his reach, and he seemed to take even an added enjoyment in the punishments which Till got for her and his own misdemeanors. If Till's mind was ever troubled by thoughts that she ought to be a better girl, she doubtless was consoled by the belief that both personally and vicariously she was continually making more than satisfactory expiation.

But Till was destined for better tasks, and she hailed their advent with delight. About a year after the scene described in the preceding paper, she was installed one of her mistress's housemaids. Her mammy also appreciated the honor of the promotion, and impressed upon Till that she owed it all to the manner in which she had been raised. "You see now whut 't is to have a mammy dat lights on you 'casion'ly wid de peachy-tree, ter stop *some* o' yer badness. An' I s'pose I got to go thoo the same 'long o' Neel. Well, de Scripter say dem dat has chillun got ter have trouble. Yet, if people kin raise 'em right, den dey kin git some sat'sfaction outn 'em. Now, you min' an' ten' to Miss' business, 'ca'se you know she wan' no laziness an' no meanness o' no kine."

Till expressed in becoming terms her gratitude for the admirable training that she had received from the parental hand. Yet she availed herself more than once, or twice, of opportunities to let Little Ike understand, as far as possible, her satisfaction at being withdrawn from his intimate companionship, and to try to devolve upon him some part of the gratitude to herself that her mammy had exacted.

"Laws o' massy, but I 's glad to let my shoulders an' back git some res' from totin' you roun', an' from bein' whoop' fer your badness. Ef you wus to live a hundid year, you could n't pay me back, ef you wus to try,—an' which you ain' gwine try. An' es fer you, Neel, I 'm t'ankful time come fer you to git yo' share. Fer you laugh at me, same as Ike, an' you boy in de bargain, an' kin stan' it, an' kin see how 't is. An' now I gwine in Miss' house, I is, an' I wan' bofe un you to mine how you ev'n speaks ter me, fer I specks to hav might' little ter do wid sech es you. You heerd me?"

Ike, though yet he had learned to utter only a few words, fully understood these valedictory remarks of his sister; and she was pleased to note that he regretted the separation, for though their relation had been wanting in cordiality, he doubted whether that with Neel would not be less so.

Neel was a stout, vigorous fellow, a year or so younger than his sister. He fully shared in her estimate of Little Ike; but he well knew that his discomfiture at succeeding to her position need not be expressed; and so he set to work to discharge its responsibilities with as little trouble to himself as possible, and only in order to evade a trouble of another kind connected not remotely with the peachy-tree.

That some improvement had been made in Little Ike, it would be wrong to deny. His head and body had developed to the satisfaction of everybody. Not only so, but his legs had correspondingly lengthened, and lately had begun to take on a roundness that gave hopes of pleasant results at some indefinite future period. They even could be stood on alone, but this was the extent.

Notwithstanding the announcement, hereinbefore recorded, of an intention to withdraw from the society of her brothers, Till's interest in them was preserved to such degree that she was always prompt to report to her mammy whatever of Neel's

derelictions she happened to observe while engaged in, or resting from, her new duties; for she seemed disposed that Neel should succeed to the incumbrances as well as the emoluments (whatever the latter might be) appurtenant to his office. Neel, therefore, thought well to keep out of sight of Till, so far as possible, until he was relieved of her surveillance. One day, when upon an exaggerated report by Till his mammy had punished him more severely than was just, Mrs. Templin, having ascertained the facts, threatened Till with expulsion to the field if she did not cease altogether from tale-bearing. From that time Till meddled no more.

In process of time, it was admitted that Neel was an improvement on Till. Little Ike cried much less than formerly. Neel early discovered that it was worth his while to conciliate Ike and gain his confidence and make him, as far as possible, a recipient of his own. Little Ike was labored with in order to be convinced of the meanness, even the enormous wickedness, of everlastingly telling on people, whether by language or signs. In time the invalid was made fond of excursions more extended than those indulged in during the sister's administration. He was taken into the lanes fronting, and in the rear of, the yard; to the horse-lot; to the spring and other interesting resorts. Often, by silent, unobserved circuits, visitations were made to the back parts of the garden where the fruit trees were and the turnip patch. Whenever Ike took the notion to cry, it had already been contrived by Neel that this exercise should take place out of hearing from the kitchen. Afterward, when drawing nearer home, the crier was given something good that had been specifically reserved until then. Then they would come back, both in jolly mood. Neel had taught Ike to play that Neel was his horse, and to give in magisterial tones words of command, prompt obedience to which pleased the rider much.

Yet, Ike would not learn to walk. At least he did not; and, as intimated before, people were growing tired of waiting for an event so cordially desired.

During this period of anxiety, Mrs. Templin thought one day that she would go to the length of offering to Neel a reward of a new silver dollar as soon as Little Ike was able to walk, without falling, a — she kindly named a reasonably limited — number of consecutive steps.

The announcement of this munificent offer made Neel's very blood tingle through and through him. He said to several of his companions that he felt it in his bones that he would win, and that in shorter time than people expected. His mind began to revolve big thoughts regarding suitable investment of the reward he was destined to realize.

It came to pass, before a very long time, that a friendship, or something like it, rose between them. A boy can manage a boy, at least in the case of such management as Little Ike needed, better than a girl can.

Difficult as the case was, yet the feeling in Neel's bones continuing to encourage and urge, he sought with persistence for expedients whose repeated failures may have fretted, even disgusted him, but never drove him even to a thought of remitting them. Sometimes, when both were in hilarious mood, Neel would sing and dance jigs with utmost vigor, and, standing his audience upon its legs, invite and tempt it to imitate his own ecstatic agility. The said audience occasionally would take two or three steps, but then, frightened by this temerity, it would stop and totter. Then the exhibitor, dreading the discouraging effects of a fall, would snatch his audience into his arms, and praise it to the very skies.

"You does beat queation!" muttered Neel one day, in disgust at such long-continued delay in the realization of his hopes. "Boy, you des' like a t'yarpin, dat won' move 'cep'n' folks put coal o' fire on his back,— an' dat whut I gwine do wid you."

Though remembering his mistress's injunction that he was always to see to it that the child should not be hurt, yet it occurred to him to turn his discipline from the sportive to the serious, with prudent intention, however, to stop far on this side of the tragic. Luxurious as Little Ike was, he was not insensible to fear. Various objects of fright, some real, others imaginary, Neel had purposely exaggerated; and sometimes when his pupil would be standing with his face toward the house and his back to the rest of the world, Neel would suddenly ejaculate, "Dar dey come now, dis minute!" and then start as if in utmost terror he were going to flee away alone. Then Little Ike, lifting his voice to its highest, would plunge forward, and just before he would have fallen, Neel would rescue him and scamper away with his precious charge.

What he meant by "dey" Little Ike well understood to be a very large pig of the breed called "razor-back," which nosed about the horse-lot, and, whenever possible, entered the yard. Its normal state seemed to be one of raging hunger. A convicted, reckless thief, even a robber, time and time again, and that in the broad daylight, had it been run out of, not only the yard, the garden, the patches around, but the kitchen,— yea, the very piazza of the white house. Little Ike stood, perhaps I should more properly say sat, in mortal fear of "Ole Flop-ear," as this beast was named.

Neel congratulated himself on the superior efficacy of the new method over those that he had been employing theretofore.

"I 'm boun' fer dat dollar, mist'ess," he said to Mrs. Templin, one day. "Li'll' Ike don' lack but seb'n steps fer dem you laid off."

"All right, Neel," she answered. "I 've a brand-new dollar, so bright you can see your face in it. But mind, you are not to let him get hurt."

"SOMETIMES NEEL WOULD SING AND DANCE JIGS WITH UTMOST VIGOR."

"Oh, no 'm, he sh'a'n' git hurted."

Like other luxurious *bons vivants*, Little Ike was accustomed to take, for an hour or two after dinner, a siesta. Dinner over, he would be dismissed by his mammy with a piece of bread sauced with gravy, and afterward set down by Neel in a comfortable place where he soon dropped asleep. One afternoon the mammy ordered Neel not to go beyond the reach of her own call and that of Little Ike, and directed that as soon as the latter should fall asleep, he should return in order to draw and bring to her from the well several pails of water.

Neel bestowed his charge snugly between two projecting roots of a large oak that stood near the walk, about midway between the gate and the white house. It was but a brief while before Little Ike, yet holding in hand his bread, was dozing. Neel rose. Just at that moment Old Flop-ear appeared at the gate and sent inquiring looks through the pales. Casting his eyes cautiously all around, Neel moved softly to the gate, silently lifted its latch, threw it a few inches ajar, and in a low voice called back the pig, which had retreated from his advance. Returning on tiptoe, he furtively withdrew the bread from his brother's hand, and wrapped it in a fold of his garment. This he did in order to prevent Old Flop-ear from snatching it, if the pig should set eyes upon it while passing that way. His hope was that the child might be awakened by its movements and gruntings, and, finding none near to deliver from its jaws, avail himself of those legs (touching which it was Neel's settled opinion that it was high time that Little Ike knew what they were made for), and would accomplish at least the steps that were yet lacking to the complement so eagerly desired.

Then Neel went rapidly to the kitchen, took the water-pail and repaired to the well. The bucket had just reached the bottom when was heard the first of a series of shrieks that sounded as if Little Ike was doing his best. Kitchen-broom in hand,

mother Judy ran to the door and rushed out, doing her best also, in that line. Mrs. Templin, dropping her sewing, came forth, and she ran screaming. Neel left the well-bucket where it was, and he ran screaming. The hands who were at work in a field near by came running, the women screaming in concert, although having no conception what it was all about. Above all, as well it might, rose the voice of Little Ike.

This is what had happened.

Old Flop-ear, having been actually invited within the yard, marched in. Following Neel a few steps, hoping he had something, the beast turned from the walk and began on a search. When within a few feet of the white oak, attracted by the smell of the bread, it approached, and after a second's nosing, suddenly snatched the tempting morsel, folded as it was in Ike's clothes. On Little Ike's awakening and uttering his first scream, the pig treat. As the animal made its first grab, one of its feet was planted upon another part of the boy's clothing, and the part already seized was torn away. Holding to this, Flop-ear ran on.

Now what would you guess was done by Little Ike then and there? No sooner did he find himself aloof from the spoiler than — being convinced that the pig, after devouring what it already had, would return for the rest of him, and feeling throughout his whole being that his only hope of rescue lay in his legs — he rose, and yet screaming, made for the kitchen. Past Neel, past his mammy, past his mistress who called to him in vain in the midst of his rush, he halted not until he had reached the kitchen step. Quickly climbing this, he entered, and was in the act of shutting the door — and that with a slam! — when overtaken by his pursuers.

The mistress had to sit idle for a while, until

"THE PIG WHEELED, AND YET HOLDING TO ITS PRIZE, SOUGHT THE GATE, DRAGGING AFTER IT THE VICTIM OF THE AUDACIOUS ROBBERY."

wheeled, and yet holding to its prize, sought the gate, dragging after it the victim of the audacious robbery. The scene was appalling. By good luck however, it happened that Flop-ear, having cleared the gate, paused a moment for the purpose of getting a surer grip preparatory for more rapid re-

she could recover from her laughter. In this every one joined heartily, except the mother. Indignation, and not mirthfulness, was now agitating her.

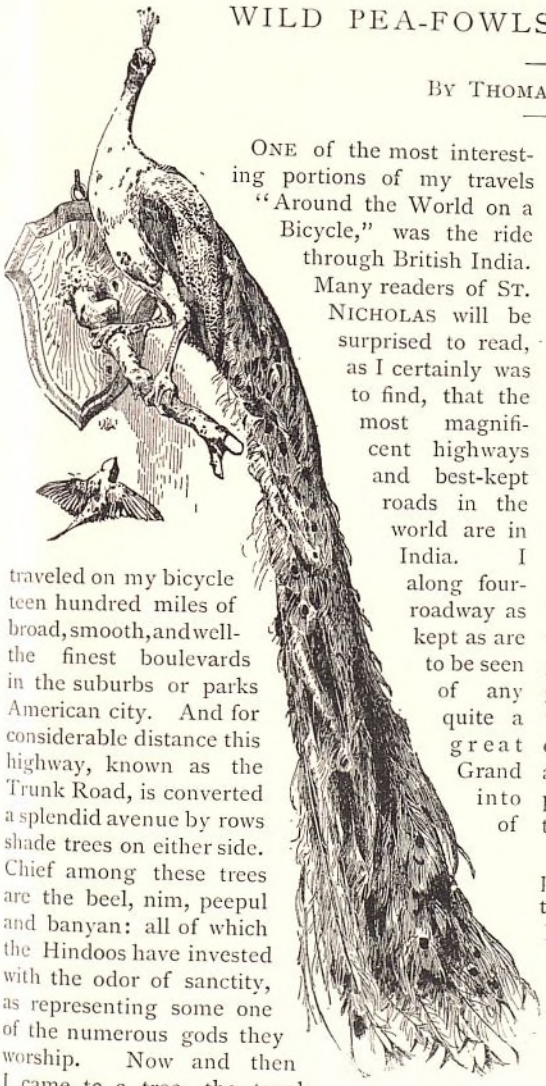
"Ef I had o' known dat, I 'd o' sot Ole Flop-ear after yer a year ago! Whut der marter wid your

not bein' able to walk, eh? You wan' de peachy-tree; an' ef I 'm spared I gwine see you git it."

Possibly it is due to entire candor to state that not until some time afterward were accurately known in the family *all* the circumstances attending Flop-ear's ingress through the yard-gate. And the silver dollar had been in Neel's possession for some time before full revelation was made.

WILD PEA-FOWLS IN BRITISH INDIA.

By Thomas Stevens.



One of the most interesting portions of my travels "Around the World on a Bicycle," was the ride through British India. Many readers of St. Nicholas will be surprised to read, as I certainly was to find, that the most magnificent highways and best-kept roads in the world are in India. I traveled on my bicycle along four-teen hundred miles of roadway as broad, smooth, and well-kept as are the finest boulevards to be seen in the suburbs or parks of any American city. And for quite a considerable distance this great highway, known as the Grand Trunk Road, is converted into a splendid avenue by rows of shade trees on either side. Chief among these trees are the beel, nim, peepul and banyan: all of which the Hindoos have invested with the odor of sanctity, as representing some one of the numerous gods they worship. Now and then I came to a tree, the trunk of which was fantastically streaked with red paint. These were trees especially selected for worship; and often a number of natives would be ranged in a circle about such a tree, bowing themselves to the ground and offering up their prayers to the spreading tree and, through it, to the god whom it represented.

Roosting and perching among the branches of these sacred trees, I sometimes saw large numbers of pea-fowls. These birds of brilliant plumage run wild in the Indian jungles, strut freely about the rice-fields, and frequent the sacred trees along the Grand Trunk Road. Those that frequent the Grand Trunk Road and stroll about in the vicinity of the villages, are almost as tame and fearless in the presence of man as the domesticated ones that so proudly strut about the lawn of an American country-house.

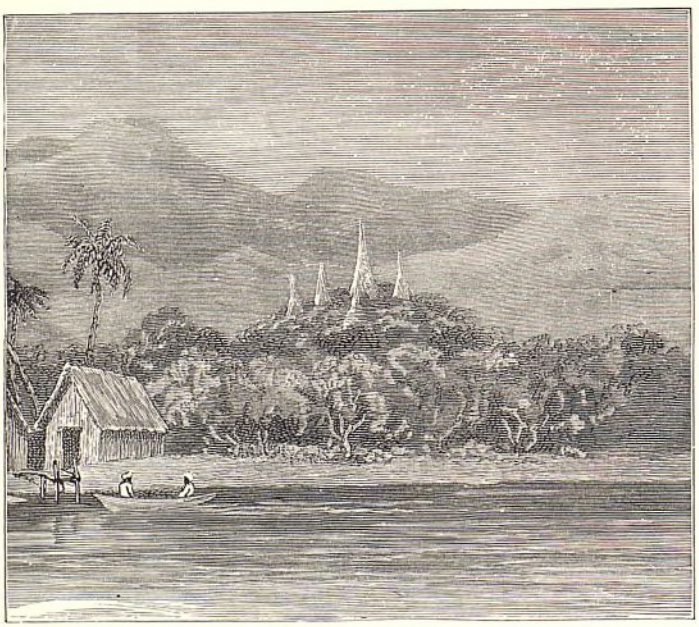
The reason for their tameness is found in the fact that they also, in common with many things in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are held sacred by the Hindoos. The natives never hunt, frighten, nor molest the peacocks in any way, because they are held sacred to their war-god Kartikeya. In mythological times, when the gods made war upon each other, this deity, the "God of War, and Generalissimo of the Armies of the Gods," was believed to ride to battle upon a peacock. In consequence of this tradition, the pious Hindoo thinks it sacrilege to harm the martial fowl, or in any way to show it disrespect.

The Rajput warriors used to go to war wearing peacock-feathers in their turbans, and even now they believe that these fowls scream when they hear thunder, because the noise is mistaken for the din of battle. It was to me a pretty sight to see these brilliant-plumaged birds stalking about on the Grand Trunk Road, half-tame in their sacred security from molestation. As they strutted proudly about, or stood still and spread their gorgeous tails, it seemed to me fit and proper that such bright ornaments of the jungle should be protected from wanton violence at the hands of man.

In certain districts the British government has made laws forbidding the shooting of pea-fowls by

English hunting-parties, or by soldiers from the garrisons. This is done from the respect that the government always desires to show to the religious prejudices of the natives. In other provinces, however, the natives, while they refrain from molesting the sacred fowls themselves, offer no objections to the shooting of them by English sportsmen.

Where there are no native prejudices to be consulted, the government rather encourages the sport than otherwise. The officers and soldiers of the garrisons are usually keen sportsmen, and every facility is granted them for pea-fowl hunting, because the sport is considered excellent training in the use of fire-arms. The true Anglo-Indian sportsman scorns to shoot pea-fowl with anything but a rifle, because, with a shot-gun, the sport is little else than mere slaughter. With a rifle, however, the killing becomes a matter of skill, and soldiers who spend a good share of their time in shooting at flying peacocks with their rifles, would be sure to acquit themselves all the more creditably as sharp-shooters on the field of battle.



A SCENE IN BRITISH INDIA.

In some of the garrisons I visited, a subject of great rivalry among the soldier-sportsmen was the bringing in of the finest tails. A soldier who could boast of having, by the prowess of his own rifle, secured a very fine peacock-tail, was as proud of the trophy as an American backwoodsman of the finest pair of antlers. The choicest tails were generally spread out upon the barrack-wall, each above the cot of the soldier who had brought it in. The officers' mess-room, the canteen, library, and other public quarters, were usually decorated with several splendid tails, presented by the successful peacock-hunters of the garrison. If I had so desired, I might have packed a good-sized box with the fine tails offered me as presents by the soldier sportsmen of various garrisons.

Wild pea-fowls are very good eating. When the soldiers shoot a plump young fowl, they generally bring it home and turn it over to the mess cooks. I had the pleasure of making a dinner of a fine young pea-hen at an up-country cantonment one day. The meat was dark, not unlike the flesh of the prairie-chicken, and of excellent flavor; but, like the prairie-chicken, rather deficient in juiciness. It reminded me very much of the flesh of a tender wild-turkey.

The only time I took part in a pea-fowl hunt was for an hour or so, one evening. I was staying overnight at the bungalow of an English civil-engineer, on the banks of the great Ganges Canal, near Shikababad. Several young Englishmen were also staying with my host to enjoy a few days' pea-fowl shooting and wild-boar baiting. Near the bungalow was an extensive tract of luxuriant tiger-grass, in which both wild-pigs and pea-fowls were found in great abundance. The young gentlemen had beaten the tiger-grass every day for a week previous, so that the game had become rather wild and wary. Pea-fowls were still there in plenty, however, and scarcely a minute passed without our catching a glimpse of a golden and blue form gliding swiftly through the rank grass.

We were armed with small-bore rifles, and made a point of never shooting at our lovely game unless we felt pretty sure of bringing them down. Numbers escaped without a shot being fired, because we always objected to shooting random shots, which might maim the pea-fowls without our being able to bag them. The size and the bright plumage of the game, made them an easy prey to our bullets, whenever we obtained a good shot; and, by taking proper precautions, we bagged seven fowls, without letting a single wounded bird escape.

It seemed to me a great pity to kill the gorgeous pea-fowls; and this is invariably the feeling at first experienced by young Englishmen in India. The squeamishness soon wears off, and in time one learns to shoot pea-fowls with as little compunction as though they were partridges.

Some of my readers may often have heard the assertion that pea-fowls can never be made to stay about a poor man's house, but will invariably seek some place where the buildings and surroundings are superior. Remembering to have had my attention called to this circumstance, in certain cases in England and America, I kept my eyes open to ascertain, so far as possible, whether there is any foundation for this supposition. The result of my observations was, that where the country was the loveliest, the jungle most luxuriant, and wherever were found splendid groves, water-tanks, and rajahs' palaces — there did the fastidious pea-fowls love best to congregate; and, consequently, there was one most likely to find them, strutting pompously about, spreading their plumage, and awakening the echoes of the jungle with their discordant, strident cries.

A CHINESE STORY.

By W. J. Bahmer.

Two young, near-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,
Fell to disputing which could see the best;
At last, they planned to put it to the test.
Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
With an inscription on it. Let us go
And read it (since you vaunt your optics so),
Standing together at a certain place
In front, where we the letters just may trace;
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."
"Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I 'm bound to go
To-morrow a day's ride from Hoang-Ho,
And sha'n't be ready till the following day:
At ten A. M., on Thursday, let us say."

So 't was arranged; but Ching was wide-awake:
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
And to the temple went at once, and read
Upon the tablet, "To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same; but, peering closer, he
Spied in a corner, what Ching had failed to see,
The words, "This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So on the appointed day — both innocent
As babes, of course — these honest fellows went,
And took their distant station; and Ching said,
"I can read, plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang.
"I see what you have read, but furthermore,
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"
"My sharp-eyed friend, they are not there," said Ching.
"They are," said Chang, "if I see anything;
And clear as daylight." "Patent eyes, indeed,
You have!" cried Ching. "Do you think I can't read?"
"Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,
"If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;
Lo! here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"
Said honest Ching, "no falsehood will he tell."

The good man heard their artless story through,
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blessed with such wondrous eyes as those you wear.
There is no tablet with inscription there!
There was one, it is true; 't was moved away,
And yon plain tablet placed there yesterday."

By Charles Barnard.

Eliza Hamilton was born on the Hudson River, somewhere between Albany and Catskill. Her mother's home was the good boat "Betsey Jane," of Buffalo, New York, whereof Mr. Thomas Hamilton was owner and sailing-master. Eliza and the "Betsey Jane" began life about the same time, for the boat was on her first trip down the Hudson when the little child came to live on board. So it happened that Eliza had always been upon a canal-boat, and had hardly ever spent a night in a house on shore.

The "Betsey Jane" was her home, and her little chamber was a state-room. The boat was a large and fine one, ninety-seven feet long and eighteen feet wide on deck. It was eight and a half feet deep, and, when empty, stood more than seven feet out of water. The bows were high and very full, or round, and the stern was nearly square, and there was a great square rudder behind. Near the bows was a windlass, and a small raised deck which made the roof of a cabin used as a stable for the two horses. At the stern was another house, or raised deck, about three feet high. This had two square windows in front, looking toward the bows, and three on each side; and there were green blinds, made to slide before the windows. Inside the windows were lace curtains fastened back with blue ribbons; but each window was so small that, when Eliza looked out, her round face nearly filled it. At the back of the house was a door, a very strange door; one half opened on hinges and the other half slid back over the roof. Before this door was the great wooden tiller for the rudder; and near it a hatch opening down into the hold of the boat. The top of the house was flat and made a big outdoor table, where, in pleasant weather, the family often had dinner and supper. In summer, there was also an awning, or big flat tent, covering the after part of the deck, house and all. The great clear deck, with its two hatches, was Eliza's playground, while inside the house, below the deck, was the strange little home where she lived a happy life with her father, mother, and baby brother.

From the door you went down five steps to the kitchen, parlor, and sitting-room, all in one,—the queerest place that ever was seen. It was a square room, with windows near the ceiling on two sides, and two narrow doors opposite the entrance. There was a tiny stove tucked away under the deck, and there was just room for one table and four chairs. Around the walls, on three sides, were drawers and closets,—lockers they were called,—so that while the room was too small for much furniture, the lockers were really bookcase, bureau, sideboard, and all. The two doors opened into the tiny state-rooms—one for Eliza, and one for her father and mother and the baby. Her bed was the oddest thing imaginable; only one foot high, and tucked away under the deck like a berth in a ship. There was a carpet, and pictures, and a clock, nice curtains, and a chair; and it was home, if it was afloat. You may be sure Eliza thought it was as sweet a home as any in the world.

Although Eliza Hamilton lived on a canal-boat, and her home was always afloat, she went to school, in Jersey City, half of every year. From April to November, she sailed and sailed, backward and forward, hardly stopping more than for a day at a time, between Buffalo, on Lake Erie, and New York, by the sea. From November to April, the "Betsey Jane" lay at anchor in the basin of the Morris and Essex Canal, at Jersey City. Here were scores of other boats just like this one, and each with a family aboard, all closely side by side in the water, thus making a great floating village. Eliza could walk from boat to boat all through the fleet; she could visit the other girls at their boats, or cross the planks to the shore and go with them to school in the city.

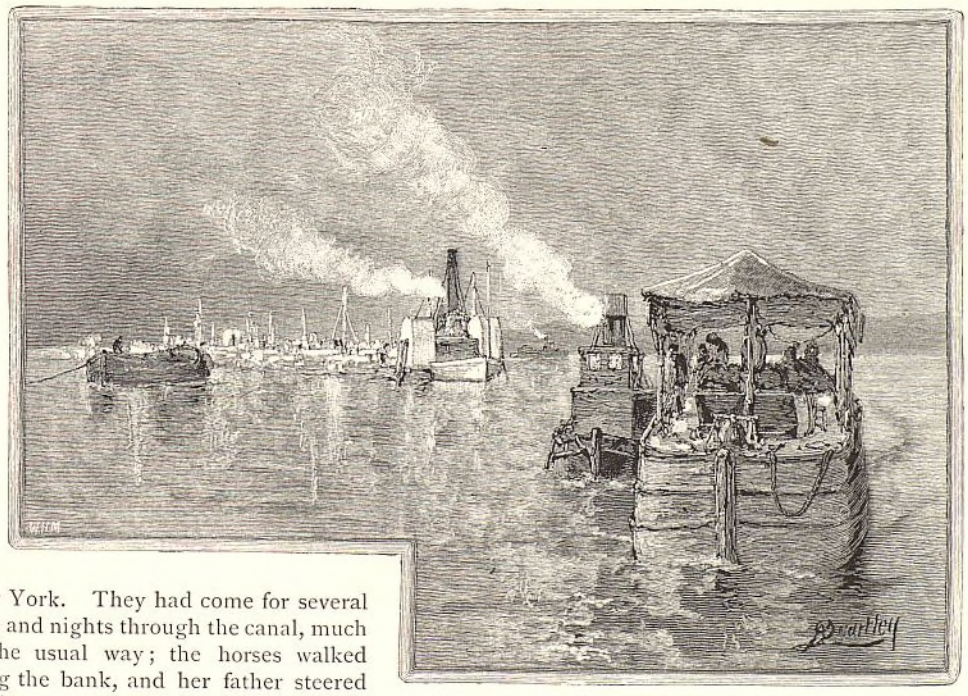
Thus, for her, every year was divided into two parts: the summer, when the boat sailed and sailed, day and night, always going on and on through daylight and dark; and the winter, when

it rested for months in a vast fleet of other boats, snugly anchored out of the way of the storms. Eliza liked the summer best. The life on board her moving home was delightful; plenty of fun with the other children on the neighbors' boats, or those living along the banks of the canal, and much to see every day,— ships, steamboats, the river, the winding canal, towns and cities, great mountains, and the sea. Once she made a long voyage, through as far as New Haven, on Long Island Sound; and twice she went up the canal to Lake Champlain, and then on to Montreal, in Canada.

It was in June when it all happened. It was just before Eliza's twelfth birthday, and on the second trip of the "Betsey Jane" from Buffalo to New York. They had come for several days and nights through the canal, much in the usual way; the horses walked along the bank, and her father steered the boat. Sometimes Eliza rode the horse, or held the tiller to steer, while her father went down to dinner or supper. At other times she sat on top of the house, played dolls upon the deck, or helped her mother take care of baby. The steering was sometimes hard, but she could always manage the boat, and knew how to move the rudder to make the "Betsey Jane" keep just the right place in the canal, neither bumping her fat nose into the bank, nor running it into the passing boats.

At Troy, the plank was laid to the bank, and the horses walked on board, and went to their state-room at the bows. Tug-boats brought together a number of the canal-boats that had come through from the West with the "Betsey Jane," and arranged them on the river in a kind of procession. An enormous tow-boat took her place at the head of the line, and then great cables were run out, binding all the fleet together, and making what was called a "tow."

The tow was a strange affair, a village afloat; men, women, children, horses, dogs, and cats, living in thirty-nine canal-boats, and all dragged along by the tow-boat ahead. The tow-boat was formerly a passenger-steamer, but it had retired from that business, and all its lofty decks and balconies were gone. There was nothing left but the great frames, the tall smoke-stack, the engine, and the pilot-house. Behind the engine on the low deck were massive timbers, and about these were coiled four great cables that stretched astern over the water to the four canal-boats at the head of the tow.



"THERE WERE SCORES OF CANAL-BOATS, MAKING A GREAT FLOATING VILLAGE."

The first four boats were loaded with lumber from Lake Champlain. Behind these came sixteen boats, four abreast, loaded with lumber, wheat, oats, and grain. Next came eighteen more, two and two; and then one more, trailing behind them all. The "Betsey Jane" was the right-hand one of the last pair; and as the odd boat was fastened to the other boat, there was clear water in her wake.

As the boats were lashed side by side, with the bows of one close to the stern of the one in front, and as there were planks laid from boat to boat, it was easy to go from one end of the tow to the other. There were quite a number of children on board, and Eliza had plenty of playmates. Two hours a day she studied with her mother in the cabin, and part of the time she took care of her baby brother. The rest of the day she was at liberty to roam at will all over the fleet, leaping lightly from boat to boat. She visited the two nice girls on the "Sunrise," of Syracuse; played dolls with the lame girl on the "Ticonderoga," of Whitehall; or joined the boys and girls who played school on the white deck of the "Polly Stevens," of Troy. Of course, they could not play

"ELIZA SAT AT THE SIDE OF THE DECK-HOUSE LOOKING WISTFULLY AFTER THEM."

tag, use roller-skates, or trundle hoops on the deck of a canal-boat; but they often played jump-rope, jackstones, and "housekeeping."

The weather was beautiful; and, while they were playing, the tow moved steadily forward with a smooth and easy motion that was delightful. They had passed the Catskills at sunrise. Eliza helped wash the dishes at Saugerties, studied at Rondout, and played with the other girls all the way down to Poughkeepsie. After supper, it was said, there would be a concert on board the "Schoharie," of Buffalo. Everybody was anxious to go, and Eliza got out her blue frock with the white bows, to go with her father. But she could n't go, for Mother had been ironing all the afternoon on deck, and needed a change; so Eliza must stay at home and take care of the baby brother. She was dreadfully disappointed, and perhaps, when she put away the blue frock in its locker, there was a tear or two on its white ribbons.

It was eight o'clock when her parents took a lantern to go, over the boats, to the concert. Eliza sat at the side of the deck-house looking wistfully after them, and as they crossed to the boat ahead she heard her mother say that the tow-line ought to be repaired, as it was nearly worn out. Her father said he would mend it in the morning, and then they were gone. Eliza watched the lantern, dancing over the decks for a few moments, and then, with just a little sigh, she went downstairs to the cabin. Sarah Tuttle, of the "Flying Fish," had lent her a story-book, and she sat down to read it. The door over her head was open, and once in a while she caught a note of the music as it came floating over the water.

She had been reading for some time when she heard the deep droning whistle of the tow-boat. Then, after a little pause, came another whistle. She knew by this that there was a steamer coming up the river. Presently she heard the beating of the steamer's paddles, and knew from the sound that it was a large boat. She heard it pass quite near; and then, as the sound died away, the boat slowly rolled from side to side. She looked up from her book to see if baby brother had stirred. Not much danger. He had slept through many a long voyage, and the waves seemed to make his home all a rocking-cradle.

Then, for a long time, it was very still; but as the story-book was interesting, she did not notice how the time was passing. When she finished the book she looked up at the clock. Half-past ten. She must go on deck to see if Father and Mother were coming.

Why, what was this? No lights! had everybody gone to bed? No. That could not be, for there were always lights burning on the deck of the last boat. No tow in sight anywhere. Not a boat to be seen. She ran along the deck to the bow. She was adrift! The tow-line was broken, and the "Betsey Jane" had separated from the

tow. The line had probably parted when the boat was rolled by the wake of the passing steamer. She called her father again and again. Not a sound in reply. She was lost on the great river. She looked all about her over the gray and silent water. Far away astern were the twinkling lights of a town. Here and there on each side were lights, and just ahead were gigantic shadows blotting out half the sky. She knew at once where she was. The lights astern were in Newburgh; the great shadows were mountains, for she was just entering the Highlands, drifting along on the current. The tow, after the "Betsey Jane" broke adrift, had gone on, and was now out of sight beyond West Point.

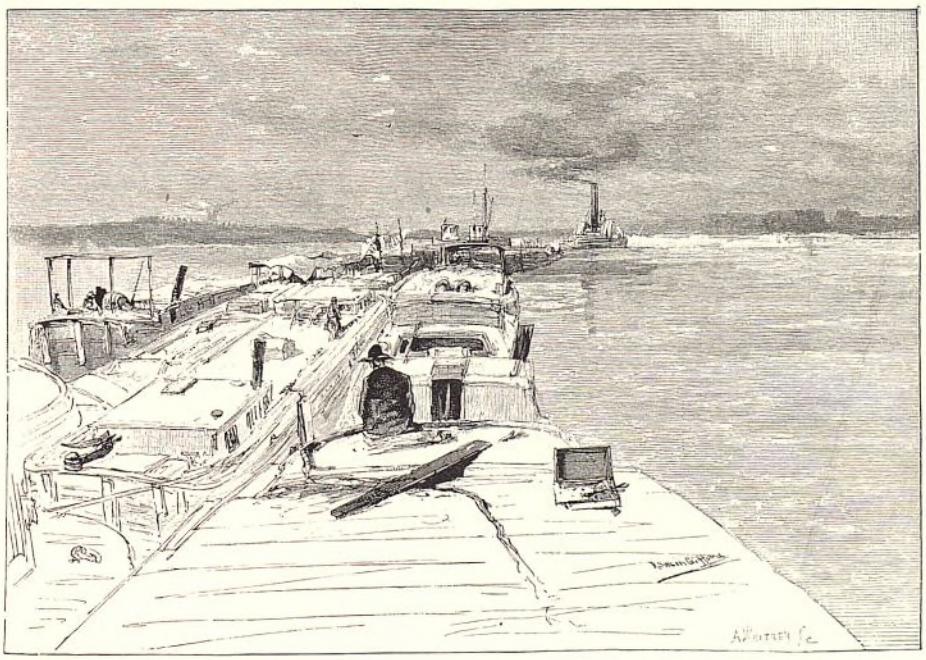
What did she do? Run back to the cabin and hide herself in fright,—or fall on the deck and cry for help? Not at all. She said, with a brave heart, though her voice was shaking:

"Mother will come back for me, and perhaps if I try my best to take care of the boat, and baby, and the horses, God will take care of me."

Eliza Hamilton was the captain's daughter. She could handle an oar like a sailor, and she knew just how boats behaved, and what must be done to control them. The "Betsey Jane" was her father's boat, her mother's home. It was worth, with the horses and cargo, thousands of dollars. She must take it safely down the river till help or daylight came. There were two dangers. The boat might go ashore and be wrecked, or it might be run down by some passing steamboat. She knew she must give the boat headway or it would not steer. There was a cool, fresh breeze blowing, and as quick as thought she had contrived a plan to take advantage of the wind.

"If she drifts, this way, she may go ashore! I must rig up some kind of sail."

She picked up a boat-hook from the deck and pried open the forward hatch. She went back to the cabin and pulled out from a locker a large sheet. She made a knot in one corner, took the sheet on deck, and pushing the point of the boat-hook into the knot, she thrust the handle snugly into one corner of the forward hatch, and then closed the heavy sliding hatch-cover against it, to keep it steady. She fastened a piece of rope to the opposite corner of the sheet, and tied it to the boat-hook near the deck. With a longer piece of rope she made what sailors call a "sheet," or line to control the sail, and by fastening this to the side of the boat, she had a "leg-o'-mutton" sail. It was a small affair, but it did the work. She went to the stern and pushed the tiller over as far as she could, and in a few moments the "Betsey Jane" obeyed her helm, came round, and headed down-stream straight for the black portals of the Highlands.



"AS THE BOATS WERE LASHED SIDE BY SIDE, AND AS THERE WERE PLANKS LAID FROM BOAT TO BOAT, IT WAS EASY TO GO FROM ONE END OF THE TOW TO THE OTHER."

Just then "Nig," the cat, came on deck and began to howl piteously.

"Hold your tongue!" said Eliza, "or I 'll throw you overboard!"

Poor child! She did not often speak so harshly, but she was excited and perhaps terrified at the creature's mournful cries. She would have caught the cat and locked her up in the cabin, but did not dare to leave the helm. The cat wandered all over the deck, moaning and crying. Perhaps a tear or two came into Eliza's eyes while she clung to the heavy tiller. She brushed them away, for she must see plainly in order to steer clear of the rocky shores.

Ah, there were the lights of the hotel at West Point! She knew the way pretty well; and she thought it best to keep as close to the east shore as was safe, in order to steer clear of the steamers. Though the breeze was strong, the "Betsey Jane" moved very slowly. Still, it did move, for she could see the mountains that towered above her on either side slowly change their shapes against the sky. There were lights on the shore, as she passed Cold Spring, though she could not see the houses nor the iron foundries. The town and the mountains behind it seemed one solid wall of blackness.

After a while, Nig seemed to think better of her

"SARAH TUTTLE, OF THE 'FLYING FISH,' HAD LENT HER A STORY-BOOK, AND SHE SAT DOWN TO READ IT."

fright, and came and nestled close to Eliza as she stood leaning against the tiller. Ah! What 's that? A bright light was shining directly ahead. Thinking it was a steamer's light, Eliza pushed the tiller over with all her might, for ward and found the sail quite limp and useless. She took up an oar to pull the boat off into the stream, and when she put it into the water it struck rock. In a fright she pushed against the rock with the oar and the boat slowly swung off into deep water.

ELIZA RIGS A "LEG-O'-MUTTON" SAIL FOR THE "BETSEY JANE."

the purpose of turning the boat shoreward. Then came a deep roar, making the mountains echo, and she knew that a train was passing on the railroad. It was the locomotive headlight, which she had mistaken for a steamer, and in a moment the whole train swept past her, close to the water.

"I thought it was a steamer, sure! If only I had a lantern, I would n't care, for I might wave it as a signal. If a steamer *does* come, I 'll hug the shore and keep out of the way."

The train passed on, the roar and rumble died in the distance, and the echoes seemed to go to sleep; for it was very calm and still.

"I do believe the wind 's gone down."

No. The boat had sailed into a calm corner under the shelter of the mountains. Eliza ran for-

"That was lucky. A little more, and I should have been aground."

The boat drifted sluggishly along for a few minutes and then the wind seemed to spring up again. Ah, there was the light-house! She would steer straight across the point and run the risk of meeting a steamer. She listened intently to hear the beating of paddles, but the night was still,—not a sound anywhere. The boat passed close to the friendly light-house, and then went clear across the bend to the opposite side of the river.

She now ran forward and altered the sheet of her leg-o'-mutton sail, bringing it back farther, for now the wind would be abeam. She must now sail side to the wind, and as the boat had no keel, it kept drifting in toward the shore; but she felt

she must take the risk, in order to keep out of the way of the steamers.

A steamboat hove in sight around the next bend below, just as she had fixed the sail. She could see its red and green lights, and she gave it a wide berth, keeping close under the shadow of the mountains. It passed swiftly and without paying any attention to her. In the dark, she could not make out what it was. She guessed it might be a night passenger-boat, and was glad it had gone past in safety.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE TOW-BOAT.

The concert was a fine one, and as nobody was in any hurry to get home, the audience wished many pieces repeated. It was late when the company broke up and scattered over the tow to their various boats. Twice, on the way home, Mrs. Hamilton stopped at cabin doors to speak to friends, and at one place she even waited to have a cup of tea. Mr. Hamilton said he would go on and look after the boat, and Mrs. Hamilton sat down on the deck of the "Flying Fish" with Mrs. Tuttle and two other women. While they were quietly sipping their tea, they heard loud shouts from the direction of the boats astern, and in a moment Mr. Hamilton came running back over the boats.

"The man on the last boat has been asleep. The 'Betsey Jane' is adrift — lost!"

The news spread over the entire tow in an instant. Where did it happen? When did she break away? It might have happened hours and hours ago, and perhaps the boat was then drifting about, miles astern.

Eliza's mother heard the news calmly, without a word. She merely picked up a lantern and resolutely started off over the tow as fast as she could walk toward the tow-boat.

"Where are you going and what are you going to do?" said the people.

"I 'm going to take the steamboat if it is possible, and go back for my children."

All the men said it could not be done. The captain would not stop for the lost boat. The "Betsey Jane" would certainly drift ashore. No harm would ever come to it, stranded high and dry, and they could take a boat and row back and find it.

"My children are on board. Some steamer will run them down in the dark."

This seemed only too likely, and they all ran on toward the head of the tow; and in a moment or two there were half a hundred men and women gathered on the great piles of lumber on the forward boats. The tow by this time had passed West Point, and was approaching the great bend just above Iona Island. The men shouted and called to the steamer, but there was no reply. The noise of the

engine drowned their voices and the steamer went steadily on, dragging them all farther and farther away from the lost boat. The steamer was two hundred feet ahead, and the water was beaten into creamy waves by her great paddles. They were just then rounding the curve, and every one said the captain would not stop in such a dangerous place; so the poor mother had to stand there in the cold night-wind, while the long, snake-like, tow crept round the bend in the black and silent river.

At last a boat was lowered overboard, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and two men started to catch up with the steamer. By holding on to the towing-lines they managed to drag themselves up to her low stern and climb aboard, leaving the boat dancing on the creamy water in the wake of the steamer.

In a moment the poor mother climbed the winding stairs to the lofty pilot-house where the captain stood at the wheel.

"Oh, sir! The boat is lost."

"Well, marm, I can't help it. The man on board must look out for her."

"There 's nobody on board but two little children."

The captain did not say a word for a moment, and then he lowered the window and looked all about over the black river, as if searching for something.

"We can't stop here. I 'll go on to the bay at Peekskill, and ——"

"Oh, sir, can't you take the steamer back?"

"Just what I was thinking o' doing,— but we must find a place to anchor the tow, first."

"The night-boats will be coming up. They will run into the children's boat."

"No, marm. They are not due here yet."

It took more than an hour to reach the wide place in the river, opposite Peekskill, and to swing the long tow close inshore out of the way of the passing steamers; and half an hour more to make the boats fast to a rock on the shore, to free the steamer from her charge and start her upon the search for the missing boat.

Two men were placed on the bows below. There were four more on the upper deck, and from the windows of the pilot-house the poor mother looked out with straining eyes into the vast blackness ahead.

How the firemen piled their roaring fires! The engineer urged the great machine to full speed, and his men ran to and fro, oiling every joint. Showers of sparks poured out of the tall smoke-stack, and the woods and mountains re-echoed with the furious beating of the paddles. The crazy old boat seemed to awake to some remembrance of her famous speed in the days when she was the fast passenger-boat on the Albany day-line and was the pride of her captain.

"Ah! what 's that? See that black thing close under the shore!"

"That 's not the boat, marm. She could n't get way down here by this time. We will not find her this side of Cold Spring, for I reckon she broke loose at the time the 'Poughkeepsie freighter' passed us."

On and on they went, rushing round the sharp bend at West Point, and steaming straight ahead through the Highlands. The boat would be drifting about somewhere above Cornwall. They would soon find it.

Nothing to be seen. Not a sign of a boat anywhere. They went up even as far as Newburgh, and crossed the river, and crept slowly down stream close inshore. The wind would drive her over to that side, and she might be aground somewhere along the bank. Then they saw the lights of a steamer coming up-stream, and they turned out into the middle of the river to meet her. It was the "Saratoga," of the Troy night-line. There were warning whistles, and the two boats stopped and met in the darkness. Black figures came out on the lofty decks of the passenger steamer, and the captain of the tow-boat shouted through his hands:

"Boat lost. Two children on board. Seen her, as you came up along anywhere?"

No; they had seen nothing. The Albany boat was just behind; perhaps she had sighted it. The great white boat moved on again, and left the tow-boat to continue her search. The Albany boat was stopped, too, and the same report was made and the same question asked.

No; they had seen nothing.

"I 'm thankful," said the mother, as she leaned out of the pilot-house window and saw the monstrous boat move slowly away in the darkness; "I 'm thankful,— for that danger is past. I 'm glad they did n't see it. They might have gone right over it in the darkness."

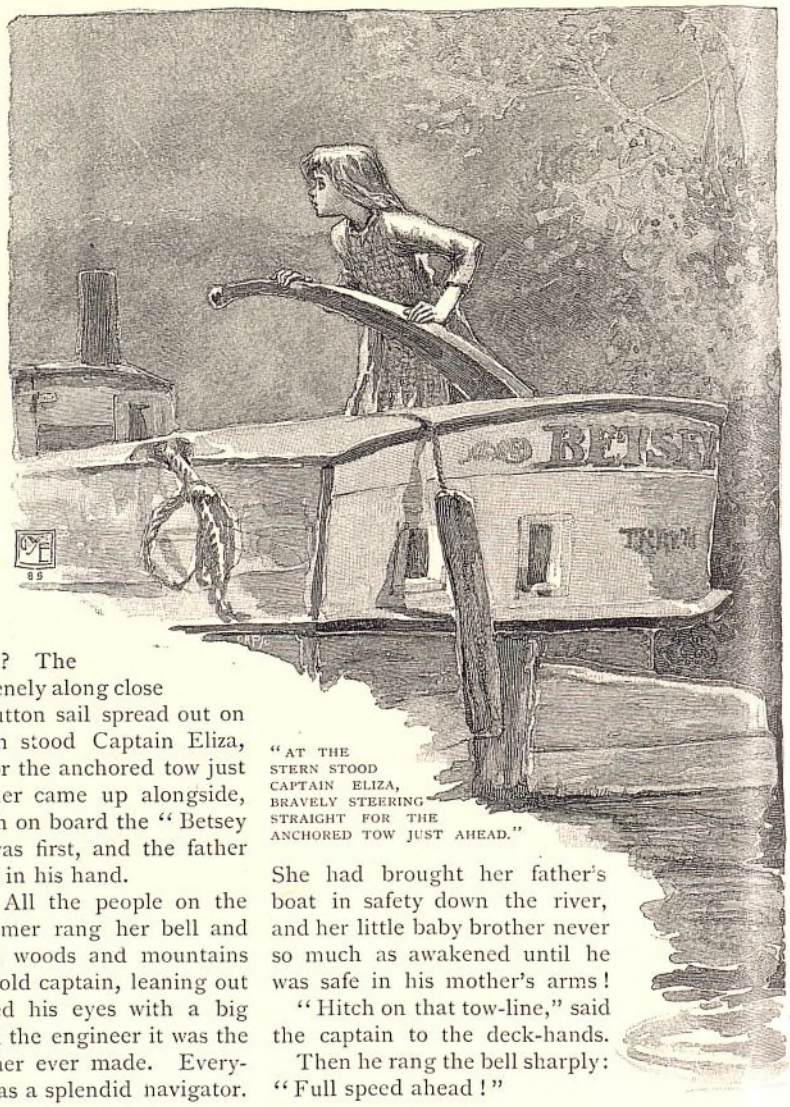
So there was one of the perils escaped. The "Betsey Jane" had not been run down, and there would be no more steamers till daylight. Round and round went the tow-boat, crossing and re-crossing the river, poking her slender nose into every nook and corner; stopping here and there, blowing her whistle furiously, and listening for any answering shouts or calls. The sentinel, high on the bluffs at West Point, paused in his lonely tramp, and leaned on his gun to look down on the river, wondering what the strange steamer was about. He called the corporal; and the corporal, too, looked down on the black river. He even

called out the guard, and sent men down to the shore with a lantern. They thought the captain of the steamer must be crazy. Then there appeared a pale glow in the eastern sky, and the steamer turned down-stream. The soldiers went back again to their posts upon the heights, for there was no solution of the mystery.

It grew lighter, for it was morning. Now they would be sure to find the lost boat. The steamer kept the middle of the stream, steaming slowly along, with every one on the lookout. On and on they went, round the next bend, past Iona Island, and into a bay near Peekskill.

What 's that near shore? The "Betsey Jane," sailing serenely along close inshore, with her leg-o'-mutton sail spread out on the breeze! At the stern stood Captain Eliza, bravely steering straight for the anchored tow just ahead. Swiftly the steamer came up alongside, and there was a grand rush on board the "Betsey Jane"; but the mother was first, and the father came next, with a tow-line in his hand.

How they did cheer! All the people on the tow saw them. The steamer rang her bell and blew her whistle, till the woods and mountains echoed again. The grim old captain, leaning out of his lofty window, wiped his eyes with a big red handkerchief, and told the engineer it was the biggest trip the old steamer ever made. Everybody said Captain Eliza was a splendid navigator.

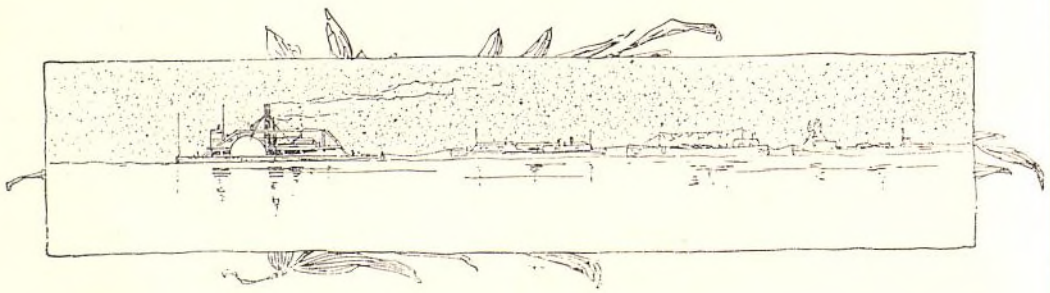


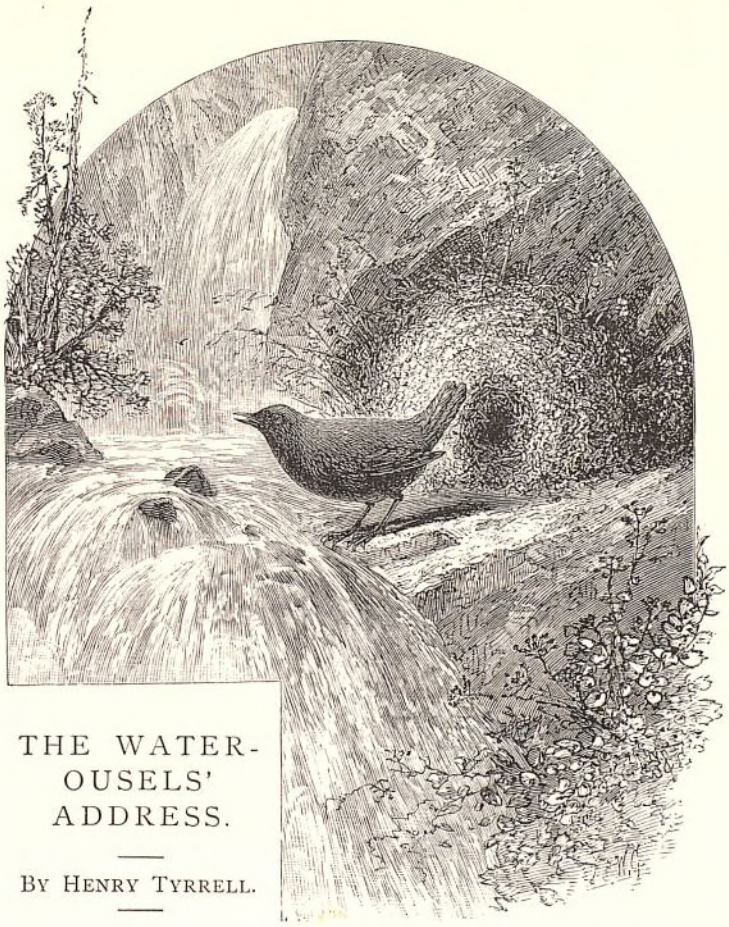
"AT THE STERN STOOD CAPTAIN ELIZA, BRAVELY STEERING STRAIGHT FOR THE ANCHORED TOW JUST AHEAD."

She had brought her father's boat in safety down the river, and her little baby brother never so much as awakened until he was safe in his mother's arms!

"Hitch on that tow-line," said the captain to the deck-hands.

Then he rang the bell sharply: "Full speed ahead!"





THE WATER-OUSELS' ADDRESS.

By Henry Tyrrell.

I.

Friends, since moving-time has come,
We have changed our little home.
  We have left the mill-dam meadow
  That the trailing elms o'ershadow,
And to find us, you must look
Further up the stony brook:

II.

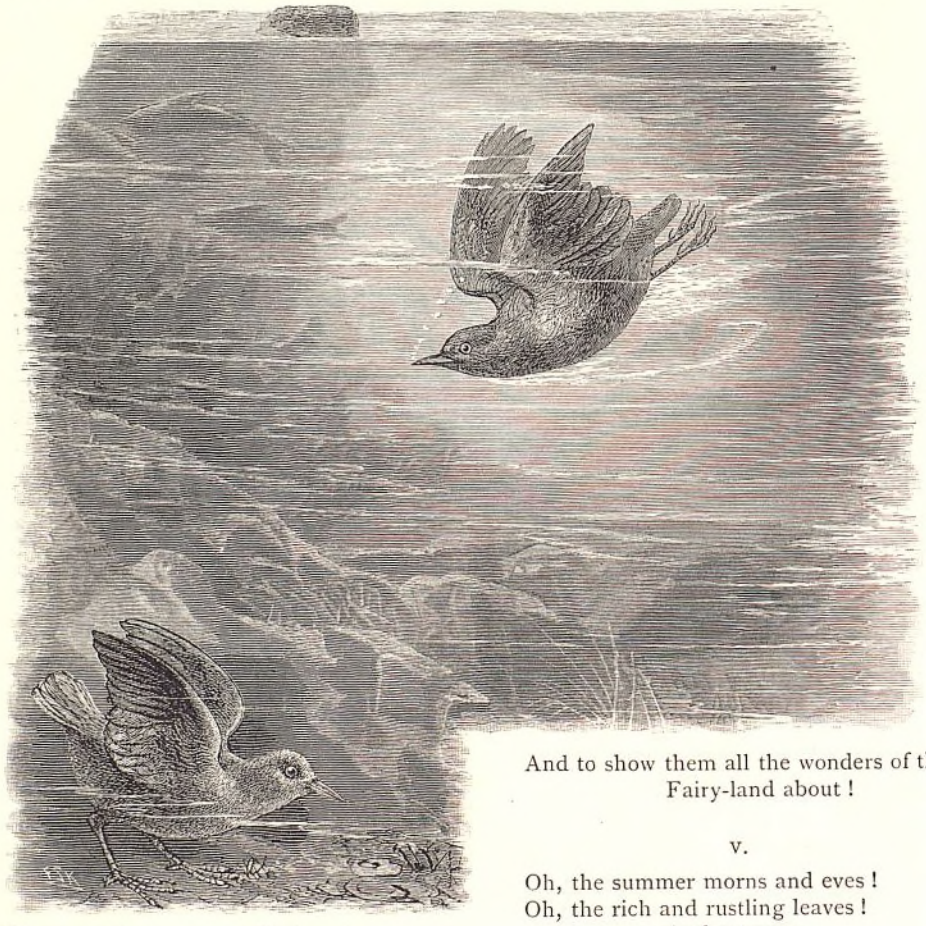
Where the waters swirl and hurry,
Where the twinkling minnows scurry,
  Where, the limpid ripples brushing,
    Bend the margin-grasses tall;
  Where the narrowed current, rushing
Down a pathway steep and mossy,
Plunges o'er the brink, a saucy,
    Tiny, tinkling waterfall.

III.

You would never guess, 't is certain;
But behind the crystal curtain
  That by every breeze is swayed,

Like a liquid window screening,
All the golden sunshine greening,—
There our cosy nest is hidden!
There our trusted friends are bidden,

When their glossy wings grow stronger,
To fly out!—
Through the shimmering door to lead them,
On the wavy marsh to feed them,



There our treasures are displayed
That we watch o'er, night and day-time,
On a bed of mosses laid—
Eggs, you know!
Pale and dainty as a May-time
Apple-blow.

IV.

While the buds and blooms are waking,
We shall see
Tiny beaks and talons breaking
From those shells, and hear the *cheep*-ing
Of our baby-ousels, peeping,
Wondering what this world may be.
Never dippers' son or daughter
Will be frightened at the water!
Then, oh then, a little longer,
And what glee,

And to show them all the wonders of the
Fairy-land about!

V.

Oh, the summer morns and eves!
Oh, the rich and rustling leaves!
And, at noon,
When the locust's lulling croon
On the throbbing air is heard,
And when man and beast and bird
Fall asleep,
Oh, the dashing
And the plashing
Through the shower and the foam,
To the shadow, cool and deep,
Of our home!

VI.

Come, then, friends, and make a call
Here behind our waterfall,
If you do not mind a sprinkling!
[You can dive through in a twinkling.]
Cascade Ingle, nothing less,
Is our permanent address.

HOW SOME BIRDS ARE CARED FOR.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

Lovers of animals delight in making comparisons between their pets and those of others, and, indeed, in drawing parallels between animals' intelligence and that of human beings, often, it must be said, to the disadvantage of the latter. The so-called "lower" animals suffer pain from heat or cold, know the pangs of hunger, have their likes and dislikes, their times of work and times of play, and experience both the bright and sober sides of life in other respects; and very naturally the emotions provoked by these different conditions find expression in voice and manner. When happy, we sing; and, in a similar frame of mind, the bird carols its song; the cat purrs; the hens have their peculiar clucking, and the horse neighs and gallops about. As we distort our visages and scowl when in rage, so also does the cat and so do various other animals. When hungry we are sometimes irritable; and this is likewise true of many of our humble friends. Thus we might easily show that all animals, from man downward, have the same emotions and feelings as ourselves, but in a different degree, and that these emotions find expression — every class of animals having its own peculiar language.

Some of these strange resemblances bring the lower animals nearer to the human standard than others; and perhaps in acts of devotion to their young, they not only resemble but at times exceed us. Their affection, tenderness, and heroic self-sacrifice to protect their little ones, are proverbial, and stand in marked contrast to the habits of many savage human tribes. What reader of St. Nicholas ever saw a motherly old hen destroy one of her chicks because it was in the way, or was one too many? The larger the brood the prouder this fussy old mother becomes; and we rarely hear of her killing a chick because it is weak or sickly. The weak chicken receives as much care as the most robust of the brood. Yet the cruelties suggested, and many more, have been customs in ancient times among savage tribes of men in various parts of the world.

Among the birds, we find perhaps the most striking acts of affection; and, strange to say, most frequently among the very birds which we would least expect to show affection. Some of you are familiar with the uncanny night-hawk, the boon companion of the bat, which appears at twilight and prolongs its revels far into the night. Rarely seen and little known, though the night-hawks are a large family and of wide distribution, this bird shows remarkable attachment for its young, and in protecting them really exhibits more intelligence than many of our domestic birds.

The term night-hawk is commonly applied to several species, all of which have certain peculiarities. From its curious cry one is called chuck-will's-widow, this call being uttered so loudly by the bird that it has been heard for nearly a mile. About the middle of March they come back from their winter pilgrimage; and, unlike most of the birds, they have no housekeeping to keep them busy, as they build no nests. While the robins, humming-birds, thrushes, and others, are busily scouring the country for material with which to build their nurseries, the chuck-will's-widow is fast asleep in some out-of-the-way corner, only coming out in the afternoon and evening to gather its supply of food.

When the time comes for laying, our seemingly-lazy bird selects some secluded spot, and deposits her eggs anywhere on the ground; and the very first glimpse, if we are fortunate in finding them at all, explains why she builds no nest. The eggs are almost the exact color of the surroundings, and so mottled and tinted that only by the merest accident are they discovered; and when the two little chuck-will's-widows finally come out they are even more difficult to find than the eggs. Being very sleepy little fellows they rarely move, and, though standing within a few inches of them, the observer might suppose them to be two old brown leaves or a bunch of brown moss, so deceiving is their mimicry.

Though the eggs and young are so perfectly protected by nature, the parents are no less zealous in caring for them, and have been seen to go through remarkable performances in the defense of their home. When an intruder is first discovered the mother-bird throws herself upon the ground, ruffles up her feathers, and limps or flutters, always moving away from the nest; and when the credulous follower is safely out of the way, the wily mother, who has led him to think she can be easily caught, suddenly recovers from her lameness and darts away to regain the nest from another direction. If, however, the nest be

found and the eggs disturbed, the birds show the greatest distress. A naturalist, who had merely handled the eggs, without removing them, and then concealed himself in a neighboring thicket,

A NIGHT-HAWK CARRYING ITS YOUNG TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

saw the parent-birds come skimming over the grass, alighting by the eggs in apparent distress, and uttering curious cries as if greatly frightened. Finally, after a consultation, each bird opened its great mouth (generally used as an insect trap), took in an egg, and, to the amazement of the naturalist, disappeared, carrying the object of solicitude to a safer spot.

The same habit has been observed in the collared goat-sucker of the Cape of Good Hope, which, like the night-hawk, has an enormous mouth. They also form no nest, relying upon the difficulty of discovering their eggs, which are like the surroundings where they are deposited; and when the eggs are threatened by any great danger the parents take them in their mouths and fly away — certainly a convenient method of moving the household!

The well-known whip-poor-will, which is often heard in Central Park, and at once recognized by the cry from which it is named, appears at dusk, and at one time was an object of superstitious fear to the Indians. These birds also lay their eggs anywhere upon the ground, and have been observed to roll them along with their bills; but perhaps the most remarkable sight is to see the anxious parent seize her shapeless chick by the downy feathers of its back, as a cat seizes a kitten, and carry it away over grass and sedge to some more secluded spot.

According to Azara, the naturalist, some curious beliefs are entertained in South America concerning the "ibijan," a night-hawk. It is a large bird, but instead of laying its eggs on the ground, it deposits them in a hollow tree, and, according to the natives, fastens the eggs to the wood with a gum, which the old bird breaks off when the eggs are hatched and so liberates the chicks. But this gumming process is probably an accidental occurrence.

There is one of this tribe, and the largest, the tawny-shouldered pogardus of Australia and New Guinea, which takes the young birds in its mouth, but with a very different purpose from that of the whip-poor-will. Generally, these birds live upon insects which they catch readily with their enormous mouths, but during the mating-season, the great fluffy fellows become veritable cannibals and

THE WOOD-DUCK CONVEYING ITS YOUNG TO THE GROUND.

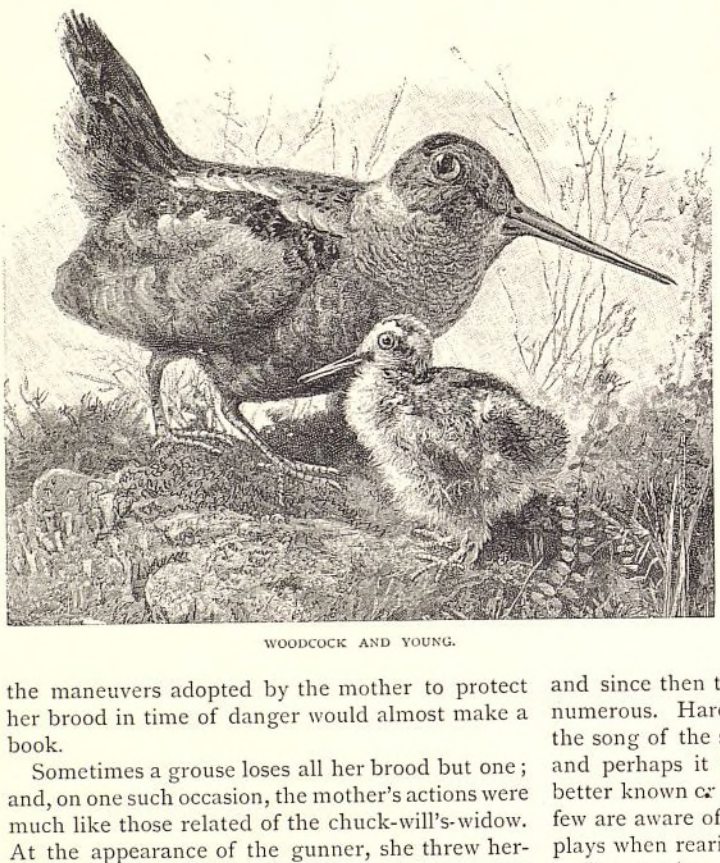
attack the nests of other birds, taking out the young, and devouring them, perhaps under the impression that they have discovered a new kind of insect.

The demure duck, although a conscientious mother, and careful of her brood, has never been considered as especially solicitous for her offspring; but there is one of the family that performs a remarkable feat — at least, remarkable for a duck. This is the summer duck — *Aix sponsa*, one of the most beautiful of its kind. The plumage of these birds is exceedingly rich and gaudy, marked with streaks of white and black; the entire coat in different lights displaying differing tints of bronze, blue, and green; while its head, the bill being red, is surmounted by a crest of glossy bronze-green, tipped with violet, so that among the green leaves and branches it forms a striking spectacle.

Unlike most of its tribe, the wood-duck — as it is also called — builds its nest, often many feet from the ground, in hollow trees near streams. Here the oval, shiny eggs are laid, and covered with down taken from the mother's breast. After a time, the young appear. For a while they are fed by the parents; and then comes the momentous question, asked, perhaps, by the little ducklings themselves, "How shall we get down?" Sometimes they are a foot or more below the window of their house, which is fifty feet from the ground, and being very restless little fellows (as are all ducklings), there is a constant jumping and scrambling to obtain a look at the outer world. The water is so near that they can hear the old folks diving and splashing about — an aggravating situation, surely; but the serious question of moving has been considered by the old birds, for on the very day that the ducklings are large enough to be trusted they are released in a very remarkable manner. The male duck takes his place as a sentinel on some neighboring branch, uttering a low "*peet-peet*," while the mother flies to the nest, stretches in her neck, and as one of the ducklings jumps toward her, she seizes it gently between her bill, either by its soft, fuzzy neck or wing, and boldly flies off, notwithstanding its objection to this strange treatment. She deposits it safely on the ground, at the foot of the tree. Up she goes, without pausing, and another bird is fished out of the nest in the same way, and then another, until in a very few minutes the entire brood are running about on the ground, wagging their downy tails, and poking their little bills into every attractive spot. It is a proud moment for the parents. The male descends from his watch-tower, and the pair waddle away to the pond, followed by the entire family of ducklings, who are soon enjoying the delights of free, rollicking life on the water. The nest is from this time deserted until the ensuing year; the young brood being led at night to some deep thicket in the woods.

A FAMILY OF GROUSE.

The ruffled-grouse — a well-known species — often start up at our feet and dash away with a loud whirring noise which is extremely startling to the novice. Their nest is formed upon the ground, of grass and small sticks, generally at the foot of a bush or tree, under cover; and a description of the maneuvers adopted by the mother to protect her brood in time of danger would almost make a book.



WOODCOCK AND YOUNG.

Sometimes a grouse loses all her brood but one; and, on one such occasion, the mother's actions were much like those related of the chuck-will's-widow. At the appearance of the gunner, she threw herself at his feet as usual, and for a moment exercised all her arts and wiles; but the little one, not daring to leave her, rendered them useless. Seeing this, she hesitated a moment, then seizing the chick by its down-feathers, with her bill, and rising, she flew away with it. She disappeared in a thicket, leaving the gunner wondering at her ingenuity. The hunter who noted this was Wilson, the famous American ornithologist, and he says, "It would have been impossible for me to have killed this affectionate mother, who had exhibited such an example of presence of mind, reason, and sound judgment as must have convinced the most bigoted advocates of mere instinct."

In the far northern countries, innumerable birds find homes on high cliffs, utterly inaccessible from the sea; so numerous are they that, as their white or black feathers are turned seaward, they change the very appearance of the cliffs to dark or light. On these crags, at a dizzy height above the water, breed the guillemots, shapely birds with black back and head, and white breast; standing on the rocks, they appear like pigmy men decked out in white waistcoats. Their eggs are often placed on the rocks,— there being little semblance of a nest,— and when the young bird appears it is confronted with a leap far more to be dreaded than that already described as being before the young ducks; but in this case also the old bird sometimes comes to the rescue and bears it safely down to the welcome water. This, however, is not done with the bill, the young guillemots being probably too heavy for such transportation; so the mother crouches down upon the rock, and by threatening or coaxing, persuades the young bird to mount upon her back, between her wings, and boldly launches off, dropping gently down, perhaps several hundred feet, upon the water.

In the year 1867, six pairs of English skylarks were brought to this country, and released on the meadows in Central Park, and since then the descendants have become very numerous. Hardly an English poet but has praised the song of the skylark. It is a glorious melody, and perhaps it would be difficult to find a bird better known or more widely appreciated; yet but few are aware of the intelligence it sometimes displays when rearing its young.

The nest is generally placed in the high grass of meadows; and a naturalist, in wandering through a field one spring, came by chance upon an entire family. Anxious to observe their movements, he withdrew a few paces, and there witnessed a curious proceeding. The old birds seemed greatly agitated, and were making a loud noise, and darting about as if undecided what to do. Finally, the mother popped into the nest, seized one of the birds, and lifting it upon her back, rose, and flew away. Her mate almost immediately attempted the same feat; but whether because he was unused to the operation or not, the little bird would slip off. He succeeded with much difficulty in balancing his load, and flew after his mate. In a few moments both returned and repeated their former action, until they had removed every bird from the discovered nest.

The same observer on another occasion saw a skylark, when startled from its nest, seize an egg in its claws and dart away. Possibly it had had some experience with nest-robbers, and was determined to foil them this time at least. An examination of the lark's foot, with its enormously long toe and fourth nail, will make it clear how this feat was easily performed.

Not long ago a professor in one of the Western colleges observed an interesting exhibition of motherly affection in the woodcock. He was out walking when the bird started up almost at his feet and flew away over the bush. Pointing his gun, he was about to fire, when he observed that she held something between her claws. Curious to see what it was, he laid down his gun and followed in headlong pursuit through the bushes. As her flight was somewhat labored, he came near enough to distinguish a downy little woodcock, — a mere bunch of fuzz with a long beak and bead-like eyes, — resting between the mother's claws; but then, with her precious load, the cunning mother suddenly darted into cover and disappeared.

SKYLARK CARRYING AN EGG IN ITS CLAWS.

Several other observers have witnessed similar occurrences, in this country and in England; their testimony shows that these birds undoubtedly have much more intelligence than is usually credited to them.

GUILLEMOT WITH THE YOUNG BIRD UPON ITS BACK.

The remarkable devices of various bird-mothers for protecting their homes and young are innumerable. Some of the cuckoos deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds, among the eggs already there, thus shirking maternal cares; but they are tolerably sure that their offspring although thus abandoned will be well lodged, as no sooner are the young cuckoos hatched than the little interlopers throw out the other eggs, or even the young birds, and thus obtain the food rightfully belonging to the dispossessed brood.

The great-crested-fly-catcher, and several others, adopt an exceedingly novel method to frighten away other birds or lizards that would prey upon their eggs. They wind into their nests one or more of the old skins which have been shed by snakes, so that these appear to be live snakes coiled about the nests. So confident are these birds in this protection that we believe a nest of the great-crested-fly-catcher has never been found without one of these sham snakes as a protection against marauders.

By Langdon E. Mitchell.

There was once a knix who lived in the grass and did nothing but harm.

He had come from the mountains a long time ago — so long that he had almost forgotten why he came; but he never forgot to wish himself back there. For in the mountains he had been the color of the gold sand that lies in shelves on the bottoms of the brooks; and very happy, too, for there he had a great deal to do; but now he lived in the hill-country, and was idle and morose, and no color at all, but like a little black Shadow.

One day, as he was in a very ill-humor, he scrambled up the bed of a stream that wound through the thick woods. As he went he swung his hammer in his hand, and with it he gave a blow to everything he saw.

"Good little stones!" he said, savagely; "I know you like to be cracked! — and you, little diamond brook! — I will shatter *you* to pieces!" When he hit the stones they answered with ringing voices, and some of them sparkled in anger; but the stream, where he struck it, only burst into a peal of silvery laughter, and dashed about him in a shower of spray.

This made the knix very angry.

"I will see where you come from," he said.

Then he stumbled along over the roots of the trees, and cried to himself, "Yes! all the world is ugly! The sky is dirt color, and the sun is a yellow mud-ball, and the grass looks to me like little, ugly, flimsy green worms, and the water here was made just to laugh at me; and everything is so arranged that it is the most difficult thing in the world to make mischief. I will stop *you*, though," he thought, as he heard the brook murmuring peacefully to itself.

Then at length he found himself at the headwaters of the brook. Here there was a little green circle of grass, as perfect and round as a full moon, and in the center a spring bubbled up into a deep wooden box, which had been placed there to receive it; over the spring spread a great sycamore-tree.

Scattered about the green ring of grass grew many beautiful violets, and above the spring stood a stone spring-house, with two windows and a low roof; below the house were some boards thrown over a well with stone sides, and at the bottom of this well there was about an inch of water and a ram, or force-pump to force water up to a house.

"Oh!" thought the knix, "this is the place for me to live in; I can stop up the spring every morning!"

So, climbing upon the boards, he peeped into the well. It was all very dark, but at length he saw a queer-looking object at the bottom. This was the ram. It was made of iron and shaped

like an inverted pear. A little rod in the middle of it sprang up and down, and forced the water from the spring up through pipes to the house. But about this the knix knew nothing. He thought only that he had found the best place in the world for making mischief and that he would like to live there; so he moved in. But as he dared not live in the spring for fear of being seen, he climbed up the spring-house roof; the very next morning, however, he was awakened from a nap behind the chimney by hearing voices.

Some men had come from the house on the hill above,— the house to which the spring belonged. They went over to the shed that covered the ram, and, going inside, worked at it for some time with their tools.

There was an early drought, and they wished to have water without the daily trouble of sending so far. So they set the ram to work, and then cleaned out the spring, which the spiteful knix had filled with stones the night before.

"This is, indeed, exactly the place for me," said the knix, as the men departed. He arose, and taking his hammer, knocked a number of bricks from the chimney and threw them into the spring. Then he went to the well and climbed down into it, and there he found the queer little rod bobbing excitedly up and down in its iron pot, sending the water in four directions at once.

"Stop it!" said he, and gave it a blow with his hammer. Then, climbing out, he sat on the shed and laughed.

The next morning the men came again, and mended the ram as before.

"It is such an old thing," they said, "that we can hardly expect it to do more than go for a little while and then stop. But who could have thrown the bricks into the well?" They cleaned out the well and went away.

The knix spent that day in trying to keep the spring from flowing, and it was evening before he remembered to crack the little iron bobber with his hammer.

"Take that!" he said.

The third day the men came early, and stayed a long time. On account of the drought, there was no water in the well. When they went away the knix descended into the well as usual.

"Take that, Bobber!" said he. But this time the bobber's courage was gone; it snapped short off, and became silent. The knix felt his heart swell with happiness. He was so happy that he went to sleep in the sunshine on the green grass. From his sleep there he was awakened early in the day by the men who had come back from the house. They passed so near to him that they could have almost touched him. "Well," thought he, "that 's the oddest thing in the world! They must be stone-blind — they have n't seen me at all." Then he became quite bold, and followed them down the well.

"Ah!" said they, "some rascal has been here, and broken the rod!"

"He, he!" laughed the knix; "that is you, Bobber!"

Stealing the monkey-wrench one of the men had laid on a stone, he climbed out.

"I thought I brought a monkey-wrench down here," cried the fellow from whom it was stolen. "I must be losing my wits!" he continued. "Anyhow, let 's give up this job,— the girl can come down in the morning and fetch water enough for drinking."

So they went away and the knix, who was very deft with his fingers, descended into the well again, and taught himself how to use the monkey-wrench. Then he unscrewed all the nuts and opened the ram. "What an ugly inside you have!" said he, when he could look into it. Then he scattered the things all about, cunningly hid the monkey-wrench, and after he had filled the mouth of the spring with stones he went to sleep again on the spring-house roof.

"HE GRIMACED AT A SQUIRREL WHO CHATTERED IN THE TREE ABOVE WHERE HE WAS PERCHED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The next morning he was awakened by singing. At first, he thought it was the oriole who had his

hammock swung from the branches of the sycamore, but he soon saw it was a child with golden hair, who came down the path the cows had made. She carried a pail in each hand.

"Ah!" said the knix to himself; "she seems to be something I never have seen before."

When she was nearer, he saw that she had blue eyes and flaxen hair, and that her skin was so delicate that it seemed as though one could quite easily see what she was thinking about.

"If I were as beautiful as she," thought the knix, "I would sit down and think about it a long time before I did anything at all."

The little girl danced along the path singing to herself as she went; and the song she sang was all about how, when the spring came, the cold white snow melted away and sank into the ground, and you thought it was gone forever; and then how it suddenly came up again out of the ground, only this time in little white and blue flowers; and how the reason that April never had any flowers but white and blue ones, was because they were only the white snow and its blue shadows, come back once more.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said the knix from behind his chimney, as the little girl passed under the eaves of the spring-house. "She is as good as gold. Now what will she do?" The child went straight to the spring. But there was no spring left,—only a box full of stones and a piece of soggy ground around it.

"Ah,—what a pity!" said the child. "What shall I do? The spring is stopped up, and there is no one to help me! What bad thing did this?"

"Bad thing!" said the knix to himself, "why did you do it?"

Then he began to laugh, for he was wonderfully pleased to have done so much mischief.

The little girl next went to the well, and looked in; but it was too deep for her to draw water from, and the spring-house door was locked.

"If she goes in there," thought the knix, "I shall certainly shut the door and put the boards on top!"

But the little child did not go in; she only looked down hopelessly, and then came back and sat down on the green bank near the spring.

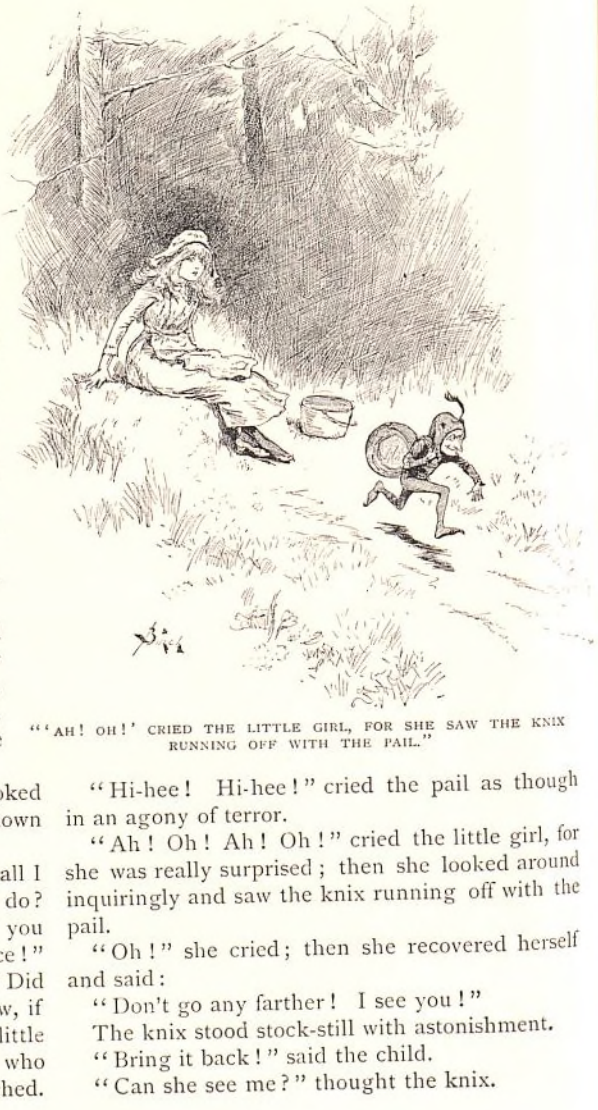
"What shall I do?" she cried; "what shall I do?—little tin pail, can you tell me what to do? There 's no use in having such a loud voice if you can't tell me what to do in affairs of importance!"

"Rocks and Ridges!" cried the knix. "Did one ever speak so to a tin pail before? Now, if she had but asked me,—I am such a good little knix!"—and here he grimaced at a squirrel who chattered in the tree above where he was perched.

Then he remarked: "It is quite curious though. Those mortals have eyes like flowers, but can see less than nothing,—they are all as blind as bats. I wonder why they never see us? At any rate," he continued, "I 'd like to see if her hair is made of straw or sunshine; or perhaps it is made of fine beaten gold."

So he climbed down from the tree, and came out close behind her.

"It is made of fine straw," he said. Then he put his arm slyly under one of the pails and began to trot off, but as he ran the pail swung to and fro on its handle; and when pails swing to and fro on their handles, they are very apt to cry out loudly,—and that was just what happened.



"'AH! OH!' CRIED THE LITTLE GIRL, FOR SHE SAW THE KNIX RUNNING OFF WITH THE PAIL."

"Hi-hee! Hi-hee!" cried the pail as though in an agony of terror.

"Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh!" cried the little girl, for she was really surprised; then she looked around inquiringly and saw the knix running off with the pail.

"Oh!" she cried; then she recovered herself and said:

"Don't go any farther! I see you!"

The knix stood stock-still with astonishment.

"Bring it back!" said the child.

"Can she see me?" thought the knix.

"Come!" said she, "it is not at all nice of you to run away with it!"

"Well, I never!" said the knix, aloud; for he was thunderstruck at being seen for the first time.

"Never what?" said the little girl.

"Never was seen before!" he replied.

"Nonsense!" cried the child; "you are as big as my cat, and I won't have you run away with my pail; besides, I believe you have been doing all kinds of wicked things. Have n't you now?"

"I never was seen before," thought the knix to himself, "and it makes me feel very queer!"

"Come, come!" cried the child, "don't stand there like that! You look as glum as a puddle on a rainy day."

"Do I?" said the knix, very meekly, for he found it humiliating to be seen.

"Yes, you do!" said the little girl; "and what 's more, you 've been very naughty, and you 'd better come right here and sit down and tell me all about it." The knix obeyed; but he came to her very cautiously, and at length put the pail down on its rim, about ten feet away, and sat down upon it. The child did not know exactly what to say. It was so hard to keep up a one-sided conversation with a knix she had never seen before, and who looked so desperately gloomy. So she began again: "Yes! you have been very naughty, and I don't believe you know your catechism!"

"What is it to be 'naughty'?" said the knix; "and who is my catechism?"

"It is naughty to do naughty things," said the child; "and—'what is your name?'"

"Knix."

"Very good," said the child,—"that begins with an N. 'Who gave you this name?'"

"I have forgotten," replied the knix. "It was so long ago!"

"Dear me!" said the child. "I never thought of that before! How old are you?"

"Seven thousand years!"

"Dear me! Perhaps there *were* no sponsors, then."

"No," said the knix, who began to feel more at home, "there was nothing but rocks." This did not seem very promising, so there was a pause in the conversation. The little girl looked at the knix, and the knix looked at the little girl. Presently he said:

"I feel very queer when you look at me. I never was looked at before. What is your name?"

"My name is Faith."

"What is your hair made of?" continued the knix.

"Made of?" cried the child.

"Yes," said the knix, a little irritably, "made of! Sunshine or straw?"

"Oh! Now I see," said she. "I suppose it must be made of — pretty thoughts!"

"If I had pretty thoughts," said the knix, very gloomily, "do you think I would have hair like straw?"

"Perhaps," said Faith, laughing. Presently she added, "Where did you come from?"

"'INDEED, YOU 'RE NOT AT ALL A GOOD KNIX,' SAID FAITH."

"From the mountains," said the knix, and thought how much he wished himself back there again.

"What did you do there?" said Faith.

"Let loose the streams, toppled down the cliffs, and cut free the ice."

"What for?"

"To hear the noise and see the smoke!"

"Who told you to do it?"

"Oh, we all do that — that 's what we are. The world could n't get on without us."

"Well, I don't think it 's very nice to topple over rocks on people."

"Oh, no! we don't. We topple them over on — on warm days!"

"Oh, I see!" said Faith. "And why are you not there now?"

"They drove me away," said the knix, "and I felt very sad and came here."

"And then?"

"Then I had no rocks to topple over, and no streams to loosen, and I was much discouraged; and all the streams laughed at me, and there was no ice, nor thunder, nor anything!"

"And then?" said Faith.

The knix looked very much embarrassed, and began to drum on the tin pail with his heels.

"Then you were just naughty and made mischief?" said Faith. "I know! I 've been like that, *myself*, ever so many times."

"Have you?" cried the knix, gleefully, and sprang up from the pail.

"Sit down again," said Faith. "Yes, I have. I was very naughty this very day, for I wanted so much to read about you; and Mamma said I must go to school, and I would n't, and ——"

"Dear me! dear me!" said the knix, breathless with excitement. "And — and——"

"And Mamma said that only good little girls who believed what they were told — for she had told me that school was very important, far more important than knixes or anything else — saw knixes or anything, and that good knixes would hate me — and so I went, but I did n't like it any more; and indeed nurse said I was very 'contrarious.'"

"I 'm not a good knix!" said the knix, thoughtfully.

"Indeed, you 're not at all a good knix," said Faith.

Then she suddenly remembered that she had no water to take home.

"Why did you throw stones in the well?"

"It was such fun!" pleaded the knix, with a face full of merriment; "and I broke the little bobber, too!" He nodded his head knowingly.

"Oh, you wicked knix!" cried Faith.

"Ain't I?" said the knix, gleefully.

"How could you?" she continued. "You are *so* naughty!"

"I know," said the knix, a little less contentedly.

"And you are so unhappy, you make a little black spot wherever you go!"

"Ah!" said the knix sadly, "do you think if I thought pretty thoughts that I would have golden hair like yours?"

"You must be good, to think pretty thoughts," said Faith, "and you are still,—oh, so bad!"

"I never felt so bad before," said the knix; "I think it is because you are looking at me; and I don't, to this minute, see how you can see me."

"Then you are very blind, indeed," cried the child. "My name is Faith, and I see everything; and now, bad knix, you must be good; wont you? Just as good as gold!"

"As good as gold! — that 's just what I asked you," said the knix. "Yes, perhaps I 'll be good; but I don't know how yet, and I don't see why. And I shall never see the mountains again, and the beautiful snow, and the rocks and cliffs, and the streams that roar like thunder! — and, oh! I shall never be happy, and I don't know why I should, after all."

The knix looked very black whenever he thought of the mountains — it made him feel so hopelessly wicked.

"You must n't mind that, little knix," said the child cheerfully. "You must just be good."

"How shall I?" said the knix.

"Oh, just try," cried the child. "It 's ever so easy!"

"If I do," said the knix, "then perhaps I shall be happy, and have hair like gold?"

"Yes!" said the child, "and at any rate you have me!"

The knix was satisfied. He felt happier already than he had in a great while.

"It 's so comforting to be seen," he said,— and then, to the child, he continued disconsolately: "But is there much good to do in the world, little girl? I am afraid there is not. It is very hard after a while to find enough mischief to make."

"Oh, dear!" said Faith, "there 's no end of good. I have been doing good ever so long, much longer than you can think, and really there seems to be more to do every day! And now, little knix, please fetch me some water, for it is not at all good of me to have stayed so long when they needed me at the house."

The knix jumped up, and seizing the pail, climbed down the well; then he filled it with water and brought it back to Faith.

"And now, knixie," she said, "will you mind cleaning the spring out and mending the well? And when you have mended it you must make it go, so that we shall have water at the house. So good-bye, and I think, after a while, you will very probably get as good as gold."

"Good-bye," said the knix sadly, but he was very happy, and at once went to work, opening the mouth of the spring; — and replacing the bricks of the spring-house chimney. While he was doing this, the squirrel on the bough said: "Grrrrrr! — ha! ha!"

The knix made a grimace at him, but this time it was so kind a look that the squirrel dropped a nut, and said: "Well, what 's the world coming to! — even *you* are getting pretty."

"Ah!" thought the knix, "perhaps I am getting as good as gold."

Then he went to the well, and there was the broken ram. "You are certainly a broken bobber," said he, "and your inside is very much deranged, for it has no lid — and all your ribs are unfastened. I must put you together again."

The knix worked away all the afternoon and night, and at length he got it together, and set it going.

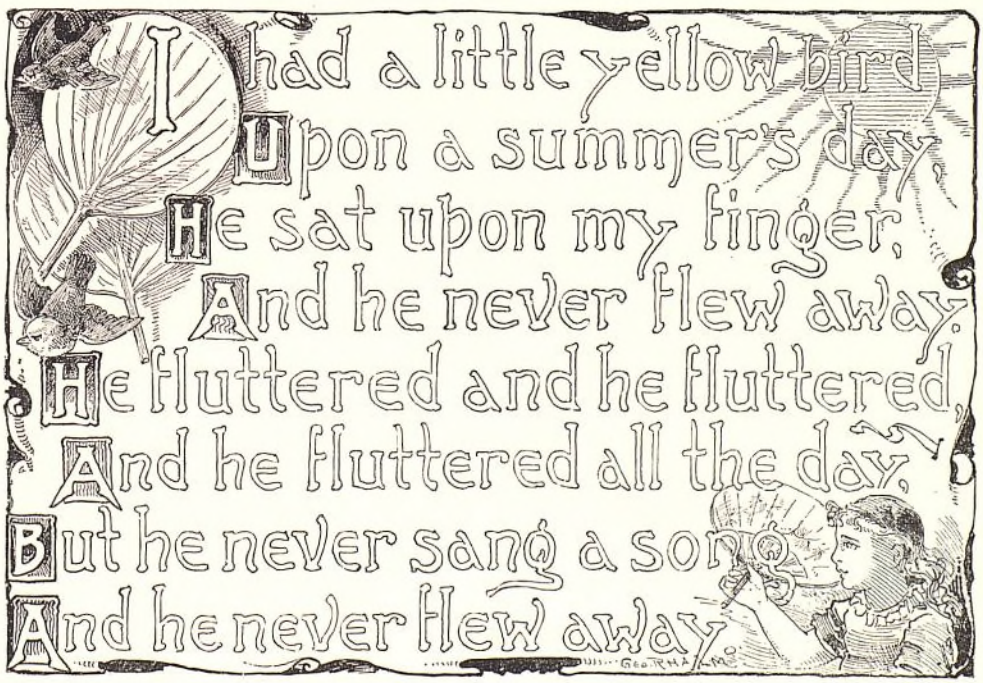
The next morning the men came again, and this time were much surprised. The ram was working, and there were no stones in the box.

"Well," said one, "she is a strange child! She said she had somebody to help her, and certainly she must have had, for there it is a-going; but it is old, and won't last long."

The knix chuckled to himself, and, when they were gone, climbed down the well, and spent the rest of the day in making a passage-way to the spring-box, so that he might live under it, and keep the ram in order.

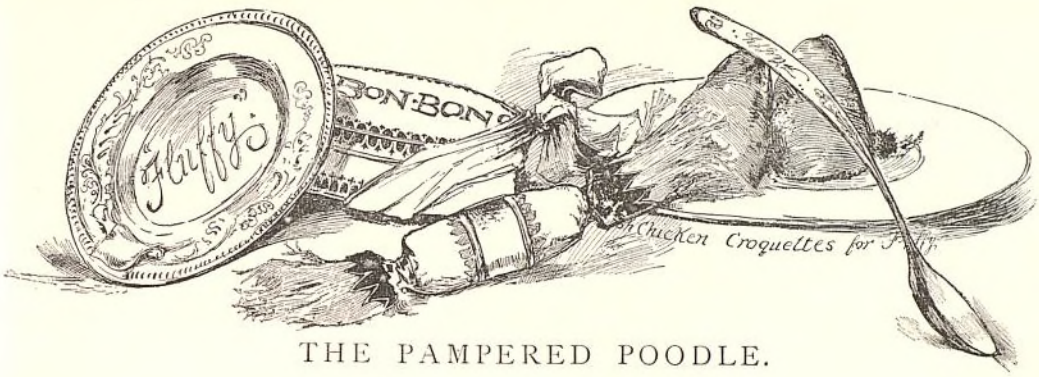
And if you were to go there to-day, I do not doubt you 'd find the same moon of green grass, and the sycamore-tree, and the spring-house with low eaves; and on one side you 'd see the well with the ram; and if you looked inside, there you 'd see the bobber jumping excitedly up and down in the iron pot, and squirting water four ways at once. But then if you are quiet, and go over to where the spring runs into the wooden box, you will see three feet of cold clear water, with shining pebbles at the bottom, and below the bottom you will hear the strangest sound — "Klink, klink, — klink, klink!" as if a wiry little arm were wielding a pudgy hammer on an anvil — and that is the knix at work! He is forging a new bobber for the old one. Or perhaps it is his blows which are making the bobber jump so in the well; or perhaps he has taken to making garnets that the spring may have pretty red gleams in it, when it runs over the sandy shallows. But whichever he is doing, if you are lucky enough to catch a glimpse of him — and for that you may have to wait a long time — you will find that he has turned to a wonderful rusty gold color, like golden-rod in the autumn.

In fact he has become as good as gold!



A LIONESS OF SENEGAL.

AFTER THE ETCHING BY AUG. LANÇON. BY PERMISSION OF J. ROUAM, PARIS.



THE PAMPERED POODLE.

By Joel Stacy.

THERE was once a little poodle, who so lost his self-respect,
That his honest tail refused to do his wagging.
" For in truth "— the tail explanified —" I can not but object
To the petting he submits to, and the nagging.

" I scorn to wag for any dog who can not gnaw a bone
Without whining for a nurse to come and chop it,
And who sits all day, be-ribboned, like a puppet on a throne,
And I 'll never wag again if he don't stop it.

" What with bibs, and bows, and baskets, and mummery forlorn,
And laziness, and nonsense, he 's a noodle!
And, now you know my reasons, can you wonder that I scorn
To wag for so ridiculous a poodle! "

HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. V.

CLEAR-STARCHING.

Words by Mary J. Jacques. Music by T. C. H.

Animato.

mf

1. Clip, clap, clap! This is the old fash-ioned way with a cap,

mf

mp *cresc.*

This is the way we do ruf - fles and puffs, Edg-ings and mus-lins and

mp *cresc.*

f

gos - sa - mer stuffs. Clip, clap, clip, clap, Clip, clap, clap!

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

II.

Pit, pat, pat!
Ne'er was a finer clear-starching than that?
Kerchiefs and stomachers fit for a queen,
Daintiest laces that ever were seen.
Pit, pat, pit, pat,
Pit, pat, pat!

III.

Spink, spank, spank!
Roll them up tightly and let them lie dank.
Snug! or the collars and cuffs will be limp;
Smooth! or your furbelows never will crimp.
Spink, spank, spink, spank,
Spink, spank, spank!

TILTING.

By A. DeF. L.

TILT away, my little men,
Out on Grandpa's lawn again;
Jack is up, and Fred is down,
It makes one laugh, the other frown,—
Like our changeful summer weather.

"Well, never mind, just tilt it back,
Up comes Fred, and down goes Jack!
Up and down, this is the way
The sport goes on, the livelong day,
When two little boys would tilt together."

WHAT TO DO WITH OLD CORKS

AND OF CORK-WORK AND BARK-WORK IN GENERAL.

By Charles G. Leland.

An old bottle-cork may seem to most people to be an utterly useless article. But there are few things which the ingenuity of man can not turn to some good use. Sea-weed for many ages has been believed by all mankind to be quite worthless, as we may judge by the name itself; but modern chemistry has discovered that it is very valuable. While as to corks, it is true that negro-minstrels, and, I might add, many small boys, use them for blackening their faces, and to make imitation mustaches. But there are many other ways of turning these articles to account, and that, too, at very little expense.

A cork, if cut into a cube or small brick, bears a close resemblance in miniature to many kinds of stone. When a number of these are combined they look like old specked and indented masonry. They abound in brown, or brownish-gray, spots and little cavities. Therefore, if you take a number of such cork-bricks, and construct from them a model of a small house or any similar object, with care, it will present a very pretty appearance. They are easily fastened together, by passing wire or small rods through them, or by gluing them together. Good ordinary mucilage, or strong gum, will answer for this purpose.

It often will be desirable to give the cork some other shape, or to round the corners. This can generally be effected with a sharp penknife and sand-paper; but artists who make elaborate imitations of buildings in cork, use a new, keen file. With a very little practice one can work the cork into any shape. Sometimes it is scorched with a hot iron, to shape it, and to give it darker shades.

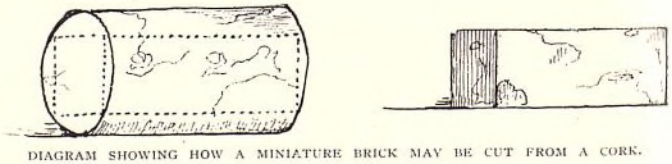


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW A MINIATURE BRICK MAY BE CUT FROM A CORK.

I have seen a model of the entire city of Paris, including a tolerably accurate representation of every house in it, made all of cork. Many museums in Europe contain models of celebrated cathedrals, made of this material. Such work would be beyond the skill or time at the command of any of my readers; but with bricks made from single corks, one may very easily construct many objects, beautiful to look at, and which will sell readily.

Small houses, or other imitations of architectural work, are much used by artists as models. If the reader can draw, he has but to make one to ascertain by experience that he can copy it, to his advantage, from many points of view. A house and a round or square tower can be combined in many ways. When these are neatly made of cork, photographs of them can hardly be distinguished from those of real buildings.

The foregoing paragraphs were written in the town of York, in England; and it happened, very oddly, that, after they were penned, I went out to walk and by chance found the first shop I can remember to have seen in which miniature buildings of cork were made and sold. There were beautiful and elaborate specimens of these, and also groups of human figures and animals. The young reader himself, to do all this well, has but to persevere. Any one can learn to design and to model in clay, and when this is achieved, no kind of art need be too perplexing or difficult.

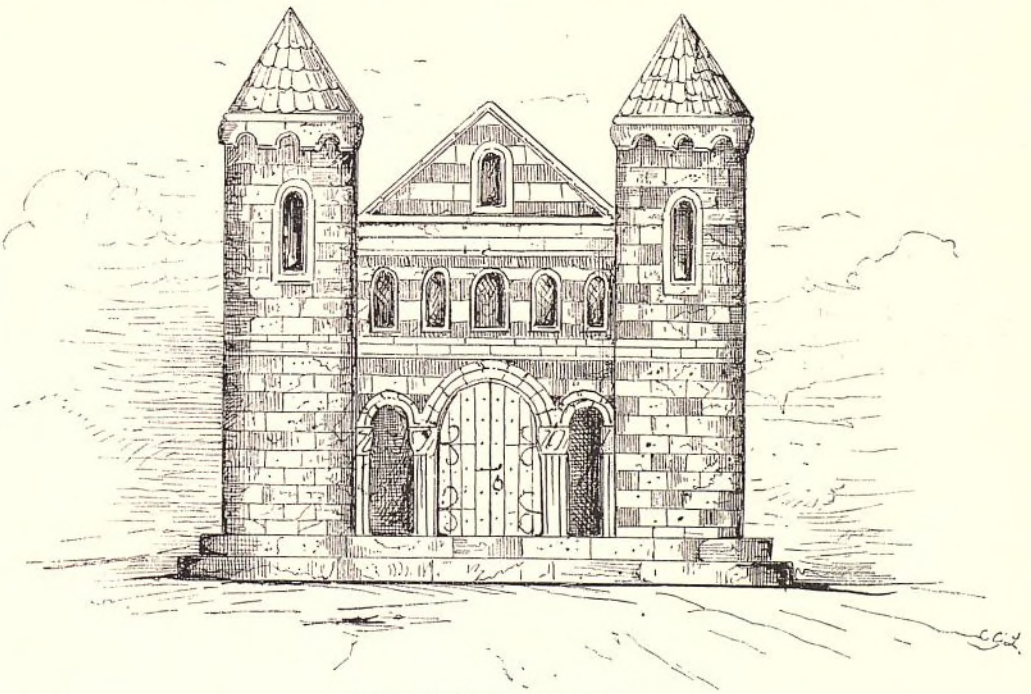
In the Great Exhibition of 1862 there was a marvelous piece of handicraft executed by a poor man in the country, a model of one of the cathedrals cut in cork — "Cork Cathedral, most likely," says the writer from whom I take the story. Every detail was accurately reproduced. It excited a great deal of admiration, and some wealthy people collected eight hundred pounds — or four thousand dollars — and bought it. The artist was a very sensible man, and instead of "playing my lord" for a few days with his money, he built a row of cottages, and on them put the following inscription:

> "Perseverance, cork, and glue
> Built these cottages you view;
> See what these three things can do,
> 1862."

One day in Brighton, Sussex, I met a poor man who also got his living from a cork cathedral. He had made it, and went round the country on foot, carrying it, and collecting small sums from those who looked at it.

The dust made by filing cork should be carefully kept. The finished cork model of a building may, here and there, as taste may dictate, be touched with a thin coat of gum, and the dust strewed upon it. This gives the surface a finely granulated appearance. More of the dust, mixed to a paste with the gum, both being well rubbed together or combined, serves to fill cracks or cavities. When this is done, some of the dry powder may be pressed on the surface to make an appearance uniform with the rest of the cork.

There is, however, a kind of ornament which may be added with very good effect. If, when a building is finished, we take a tooth-brush and charge it not too heavily with yellowish-brown or dark-brown paint and spray this in dots on the surface, it will give a mottled, lichen-like, or mossy appearance. Spraying is effected by holding the handle of the brush with the fingers and thumb of the left hand. Then by drawing the back of the blade of a penknife, or any small stick, along the bristles, the paint will spatter, or fly off in small dots. With a little practice, one will soon master the art. It may be remarked, incidentally, that this spraying or throwing color is well worth learning, since it is very effective for backgrounds in many kinds of designs, such as



A CORK MODEL OF A CATHEDRAL.

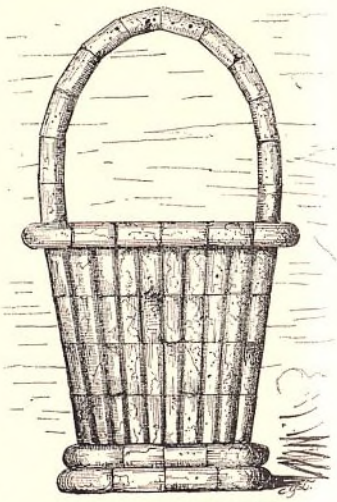
Columns are easily imitated by simply *broché*-ing, *i. e.*, stringing corks on a stick, as birds are skewered for cooking. To make the hole, bore with a thick iron wire, or small round iron rod heated till it will burn its way through. If a wire be used instead of a stick, the piercing is not necessary. An easy way to build a wall of cork-bricks is to stick a pin through each, as it is put in place; but rather long pins are advisable, or such as will go entirely through two of the bricks. It is not well, in buildings, to paint cork-work, or varnish it, or to change in any way the original character of the material.

those for wood-carving, metal-work, and stenciling. In spraying cork-work, other colors — yellow, reddish, rusty brown, gray, etc. — may be used, the object being to imitate the minute mosses, marks of decay, and other signs of age to be seen on old buildings.

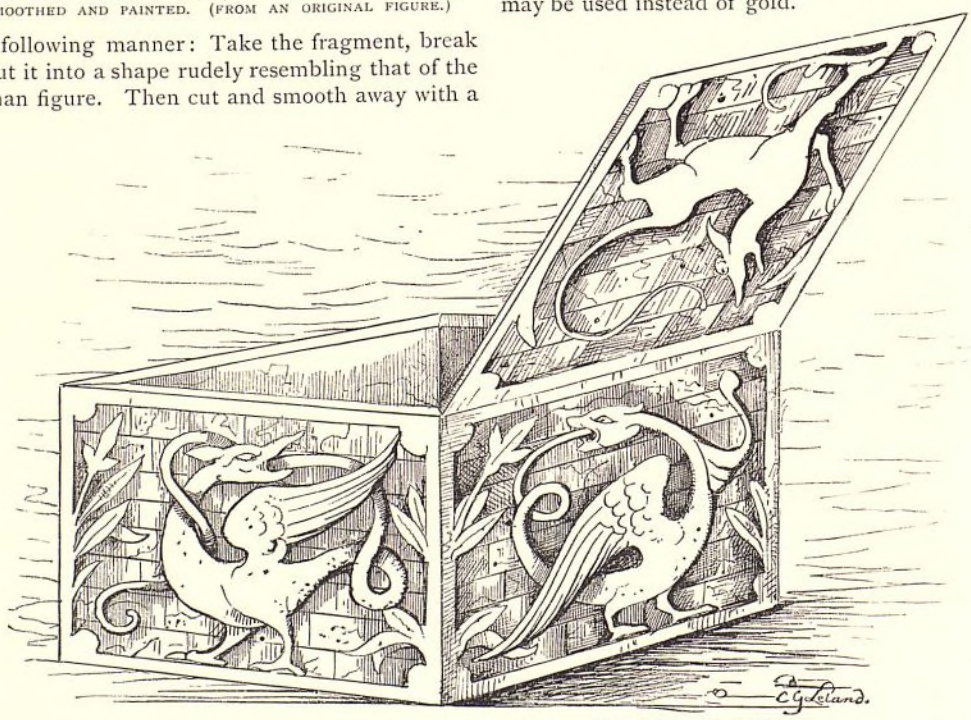
Rough cork, in large pieces, is very cheap, and may be bought in all cities. It is much used to cover flower-boxes and ornament arbors. It is simply sawed or broken into pieces, which are nailed upon the wood. When there are holes or defects of any kind, they are easily concealed by gluing small pieces of bark over them, or by fill-

ing up with glue and cork-dust mixed. I have often made a curious and pretty object from a piece of rough cork, or the bark of a pine-tree, in the following manner: Take the fragment, break or cut it into a shape rudely resembling that of the human figure. Then cut and smooth away with a knife and sand-paper that portion which is to form the face. Rub over this a thin coating of putty, and let it dry. Paint the face with oil-colors, and then varnish it. Next take a large brush with gold paint—or, if you have no gold, white paint or red may be substituted—and lightly go over the bark, so that only the more prominent points or ridges of the bark will take the gold, thus leaving all the hollows and cracks in their natural colors. The effect of this is sometimes very fine. In like manner, a picture-frame may be covered with the large square pieces of either cork or pine-bark, or, indeed, any covering of rough, crusty, and ragged wood or other substance, and the projections gilded. Bronze powder, or bronze paint, may be used instead of gold.

IMAGE MADE OF ROUGH CORK, OR PINE-BARK, THE FACES SMOOTHED AND PAINTED. (FROM AN ORIGINAL FIGURE.)



A BASKET MADE OF CORKS.



A BOX OF WOOD DECORATED WITH FIGURES CUT FROM CORK AND GLUED ON.

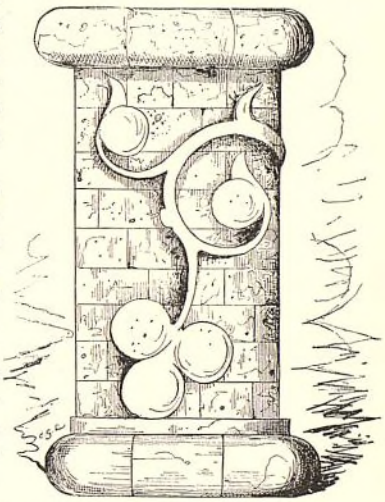
Of course an ingenious workman, by fastening pieces of cork together in the way which I have described, may make an endless variety of objects;

for example: vases, cups, baskets, and boxes. Such work would be greatly aided by using large pieces of cork bark. The red bark of the common pine, which may generally be obtained in pieces an inch thick, wherever pine logs are to be found, is perfectly adapted to such work, and I have used it for a great variety of small art-purposes.

Boys sometimes make an amusing toy of old corks by cutting them across so as to make round slices. A whole cork is carved into the likeness of a snake's head, and a sufficient number of the slices are bored through the center, and strung on an india-rubber cord or "elastic." Of course, as the object is to make a snake, the pieces diminish in size toward the neck and tail. Another small boy's toy is made by putting corks together, end to end, by means of a very small stick, so as to form an imitation candle, which is painted white. I need not say that when lighted it burns much more rapidly than is expected.

A rather singular application of a cork is to take it, wet the end, and rub it on the side of a glass bottle. This will produce a chirping or whistling sound, and with very little practice one may thus fairly imitate the singing of a bird.

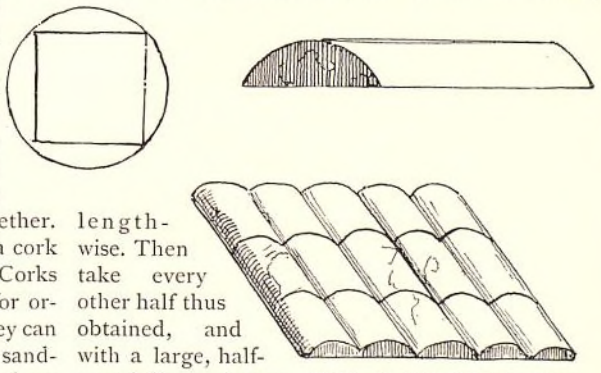
A pretty cup or match-receiver may be made by ornamenting with cork the outside of a round tin can. Cut corks into slices, say an eighth of an inch in thickness. Using strong glue, cover the cup with these. The ornaments to be applied to this coating are to be carefully cut with a sharp penknife from somewhat thicker slices. Of course, they need not all be in one piece, since different parts of an ornament are very easily joined together. Thus, to make a trefoil, one need only cut a cork into thin slices and glue them together. Corks split or divided lengthwise are also useful for ornament. After attaching the ornaments, they can be rubbed into shape with a fine file and sandpaper. If one has only old corks, and these are broken or full of holes, it need make no difference. After shaping them, take the cork-dust made by the file, work it into a paste with glue or mucilage, and with this fill and smooth all cavities and breaks. Round knobs or half-spheres are easily made from a cork, and these can be glued on boxes, tankards, etc., with good effect. As a rule, simple, easy shapes are just as beautiful in such ornaments as the more difficult, though beginners always commence with the latter.



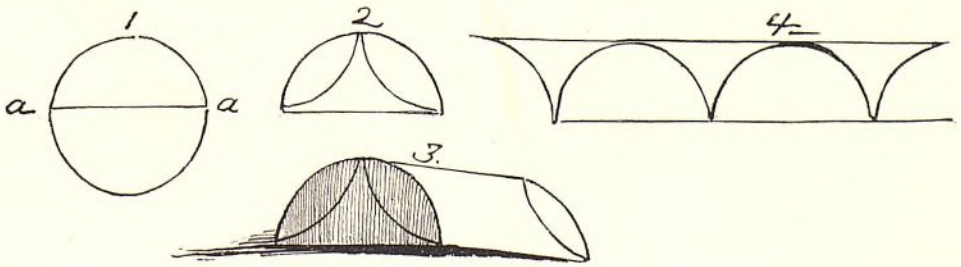
A MATCH-RECEIVER MADE OF A TIN CAN COVERED AND DECORATED WITH CORK.

I have shown that a cork may be cut into the shape of a brick. If the four pieces thus cut away, one from each side, are neatly removed, they may be made to serve as tiles for the roofs of miniature edifices.

There is yet another way in which the corks may be cut so as to be used for such work. Slice them in two, lengthwise. Then take every other half thus obtained, and with a large, half-round file, make two grooves in it, in the manner indicated in the diagrams below.



STRIPS OF CORK USED AS TILES.



1, represents the cork as cut in two at *a*, *a*; 2, shows one half when it has been grooved with a round file; 3, the half, sidewise; 4, the pieces

joined with glue to the round halves, so as to make a slab, or flat surface. Instead of a file, a *very* sharp gouge may be used to cut the groove. This is most easily effected, not by pushing or shoving the gouge, but by giving it short turns to the right and left, and, so to speak, working it along.

Every fragment of cork, however small or irregular, may be used in making models (especially those representing ruins), for filling crevices, imitating broken stone, and giving a fragmentary, broken appearance to the whole. In this art, as in every other, the one who practices it should *try to invent* or to *think*, and not merely repeat what has been told or shown him. "Fancy-work" is the execution of a minor art without the exercise of thought. Thus, people make wax flowers, work in embroidery, paint on china, or model clay blossoms and stick them on vases, just as they see others do, without attempting to do better or differently. *Art* demands a display of skill influenced by thought. No true or real work of *art* can be made by machinery, and people who work like machines do not produce art-work. But if you, even in work so simple as making up old corks into small models of buildings, study the originals, and think out or invent some new way to give effects, you may create a work which will be more artistic than the "showiest" or most expensive object made without invention.

It should be borne in mind that by taking flat slabs of cork, great or small, and fastening layers of them, one to the other, any thickness whatever may be built up, and then anything may be cut or shaped. This may seem a very simple idea to many; yet it is mentioned in books on wood-carving, as a great invention of Grinling Gibbons, the celebrated artist, that he obtained a high, or additional, relief, not by cutting all his work out of one block, but by gluing on additional layers of boards as he needed surface.

A curious curtain, to be hung before a door so as to shade and screen the room, yet which permits air to pass, and through which one may walk by separating it, is made as follows: String corks lengthwise on a cord. If the cork be half an inch in diameter by one inch in length, and the door to be curtained be, let us say, three feet wide and six feet high, you will need sixty-four strings, each holding seventy-two corks. Take a round, narrow stick, place it across the top of the door, and hang the strings of corks from it. The corks may be colored. Simple black and red make the best contrasts with their natural brown hue. These curtains are also made of differently tinted pieces of straw, of seeds in great variety, or of sticks of lightwood. There are many plants, and even weeds, whose stems or shoots may be used for this work. It is, however, most advisable to use corks, because it is hardly possible to break them, and because they make no noise. When window-curtains are thus made, the continual tap-tapping of the lower end against the sill is often annoying. To obviate this, the edge of the curtain should either swing clear of the sill or be made of a fringe of cloth or tassels.

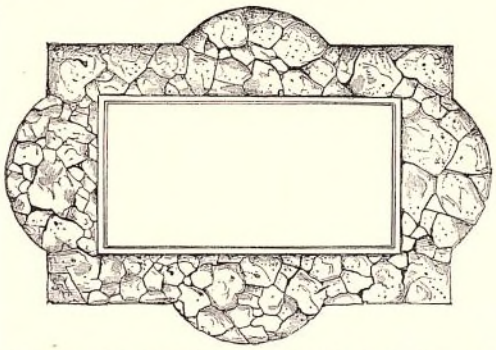
A festoon of corks, every other one dyed black in ink, with a pendent tassel, has been used for a frieze. The effect, though odd, is not ungraceful. And here I would give a reason why such ornamenting, though it be only with strings of old corks, or any such "rubbish," as many would call it, is in the highest degree sensible. It is very sensible in this world to try to find the beautiful or agreeable — that is, to discover some means of enjoyment — in everything. There are too many people who have the idea firmly fixed in their minds that by the fine arts is meant nothing but pictures and statues, and that no species of ornament is really legitimate or safe unless it has been regularly supplied by a regular manufacturer, and has cost money. That it shall have cost a great deal of money is, in the eyes of the really vulgar, its sure proof of merit.

Of late years, since everybody who wishes to be "cultured," or well educated, studies decorative art and learns that a house may be made beautiful without pictures, and even without much outlay of money, people are beginning to find real enjoyment in artistic ingenuity. There was nothing in old-fashioned upholstery to attract thought. But in every new decoration which causes the beholder to observe that a good effect has been produced at little expense, and without wearisome toil, there is an incentive to observe and think for one's self.

Since this article was begun, I have visited Rievaux Abbey, or rather its ruin, in Yorkshire. There, in the porter's lodge, I saw a piece of cork-work done in a way which was new to me. A common picture-frame of any kind is made — a clever boy could make one by shaping a frame out of a thin board — and on this, bits of broken cork, of all sizes and shapes, are stuck with glue. Some were half an inch long, and some like grains of rice, and so on down to dust. The effect was very good. I was puzzled at first to know of what material it was made. With plenty of old corks, cork bark, or bark of any kind, this rough incrusting could be carried out on a large scale with good effect.

Curious toys may be made of cork. One of these is the well-known little tumbler, such as is generally constructed of pith; but cork, especially if it be hollowed, will answer the purpose. Make the puppet of three or four corks, shape and paint

it as skillfully as you can, and glue to the feet, or under them, a hemisphere of lead. When thrown into any position, the figure of course rights itself, and, like a cat, always falls on its feet. It is quite possible to make a cat, also of pith or cork, which will indeed always fall upon its feet.



A PICTURE-FRAME ORNAMENTED WITH BITS OF BROKEN CORK.

Another toy is a duck of cork, which is also ballasted with lead, and which can outride any storm. These are made by gluing square pieces of cork together, and then shaving the whole into shape with a sharp knife. These ducks would meet with a ready sale at the water-side in any place where summer visitors congregate. A duck or swan of cork, containing a piece of iron, can be placed on a sheet of paper, etc., and made to move by a magnet concealed beneath the paper.

A more difficult toy is the "walking man." A puppet is made from cork, the legs being movable at the hips, yet so constructed that the body does not fall backward or forward. The soles of the figure are shod or plated with iron. A horse-shoe magnet is then moved under a tambourine or other frame covered with paper or parchment, and as the soles follow the poles of the magnet, the figure, of course, may be made to walk over it.

While writing this article, I have seen in the museum of Whitley, England, a model of the Cathedral of York, made entirely from cork. It is truly a work of art, and a critical examination of it convinced me that there is probably no material whatever which is so easy to work, yet at the same time so much like old stone, in miniature, as that from which it is made. Yet there is nothing in the whole of it which any boy, who is a tolerably clever whittler, could not have cut. Such a model would be a treasure to any architect.

It is worth while for people to know that there is an immense and profitable field, not only of fancy-work, but of decorative art, which any boy or girl of from nine or ten to fourteen or fifteen years of age can enter and in which either can succeed, as well as a grown person. Boys and girls can cut cork, as I have said, into artistic shapes; but they can do more. They can carve wood, model in clay, stamp sheet-leather for covering furniture, cut stencils for ornamenting walls, break stone into small pieces with a hammer, and set the pieces in mosaic pavement. They can work sheet-brass into beautiful and salable objects. During the last week that I passed in America, I paid to three boys, of fourteen years of age each, from ten to twelve dollars for brass-work, made to order, which they had executed at odd hours during a week or ten days. I have had perhaps a thousand pupils

CORK PUPPETS, WITH BASES OF LEAD.

in the decorative-art schools of which I was director, but I never had one among all those boys and girls who was incapable of mastering any of the minor arts, so soon as they knew how to design and draw at all. And what these children learned to do any child can learn.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, my friends, from the very littlest to the almost very big. And now draw near; here comes a poet, one Henry Moore, with a rhyme for your pleasure:

REVERIES OF AN APPLE.

"MY cheeks are plump, my glowing skin
Is flecked with red and yellow dapple,
And lofty hopes arise within,—
I am a most ambitious apple.

"Shall I, puffed up and high of heart
With pride I feel but may not utter,
Rise glorious into regal tart,—
Or sink in shame to apple-butter?

"Shall I in rare roast-goose's train
As dainty sauce bid joy betide her,
Or by some churlish rustic swain
Be sucked up through a straw as cider?"

Alas! the pretty hopes were spoiled
Which used its reveries to sweeten,—
'T was in a vulgar dumpling boiled,
And in a dumpling it was eaten.

Well, well! No one likes to end one's days in a dumpling. Of course not, though it must be rather an easy death, I should say. Yet, if I were an apple I 'd rather have almost anything happen to me than to be placed upon the top of a boy's head and shot at. They say you live in history after meeting a fate like that — but what of it?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FRUIT AND A VEGETABLE.

SO many letters in reply to Anna Talcott's question concerning the distinction between fruit and vegetables have come to this pulpit, that I can not attempt to show them all to you. However, here are a few of the leading answers, and I thank the writers, one and all, in A. T.'s name; but whether they have settled the matter or not, I do not pretend to say: and the dear Little School-ma'am is off on her "Vacation."

ANNA J. H., of Geneva, N. Y., thinks that the differences between a fruit and a vegetable are: A fruit contains more sugar and less starch than a vegetable, when ripe; therefore, vegetables and unripe fruits have to be cooked before eating. The fruit is the ripened seed-vessel of a plant, and the vegetable is the root.

ARTHUR J. SLOAN, of Groveton, Trinity County, Texas, says: I think that fruit is the edible covering of the seed formed from the flower, as pease, tomatoes, and corn. The fruit of the potato-plant is the little ball formed from the flower; but the vegetable part is the root which we eat. Custom has made us very careless in expressing the difference between fruit and vegetable.

JESSIE T., of Chicago, fears that her answer hardly will satisfy Miss Talcott, but she notes a few "differences." She adds: For instance, you never find a vegetable on a tree, and never a fruit under the sod [Are peanuts vegetables, Jessie?], and you find both fruits and vegetables on bushes. I think, too, that vegetables are more useful than fruits, for if you were compelled to be without fruit, I think you still could live; but if compelled to be without vegetables, I think one could n't live any very great length of time.

Fruit, she says, is generally very beautiful, while very few vegetables have any great beauty. After all, fruit differs in appearance, growth, flavor, and everything else.

NEXT, Winifred Johnson writes from Bay City: Fruit is that part of the plant which contains the seed, especially the juicy, pulpy products of certain plants, covering and including their seeds, as the apple, plum, pear, peach, berries, figs, melons, and others.

AND the latest letter comes from a little New York girl. You shall see it word for word:

DEAR JACK. I think my School teacher is quite as nice as the Little School Ma'am any way she is lovely.

I asked her about the fruit and vegetable question in the May number and she said that the difference is pricibley this,

The fruit contains the seed of the plant and takes its nourishment from the tree or vine, while the vegetable takes it from the ground.

Some vegetables can be eaten raw such as the salad redish and tomatoe.

Dear Jack do you think this will suit Anna Talcott?

I hope the Little School Ma'am will not be offended.

I remain your admirer ELSIE M. R.

MY robins tell me that cherries are fruit and trees are vegetables; and my sparrows had quite a squabble the other day as to under which head one should class bread-crumbs. But in point of fact, for real, straightforward, solid satisfaction, I 'd far rather put a question to you, children, than to my birds. When you are wrong, you are so very wrong, you know; but birds are always pluming themselves on their own experiences.

DEAR LITTLE RABBITS!

THIS is what the children of the red school-house call them, whether the shy, brave, frisky, motionless little creatures are white, or gray, or dusky as the night. Not so are they called to-day in Australia, in California, or in New Zealand. In these countries rabbits have become so numerous and, like all of their kind, are so destructive in their ways that they are truly a scourge. Everybody in Australia is interested in the hoped-for discovery of a method of overcoming the rabbit-pest. Trapping and shooting afford little relief; the great majority escape, and still their numbers

increase and increase, till the plague baffles all efforts to conquer it. During the past eight years, I am told, eleven millions of dollars have been spent, in New Zealand alone, in this war with the rabbits; and in some parts of California, men, dogs, and horses by hundreds are engaged in the rout; thousands of rabbits are killed, and still the trouble grows. The shy, innocent-looking tormentors peel fruit-trees, overrun and destroy the crops, and attack the vineyards without mercy.

TOO MANY CRICKETS.

AND right in the wake of these stories come accounts from Algeria of a plague of crickets! According to the Deacon's pet newspaper, their dead bodies may be found on the ground in some places to the depth of a foot, and railway trains have been stopped by them. The only way to stop approaching swarms of these insects is to dig a long and deep trench and erect on its farther side a fence of cloth. The advancing insects strike against the cloth, fall into the trench, and they are then covered with lime. The Algerian authorities have already spent seven hundred thousand francs, or about one hundred and forty thousand dollars, in destroying them; and they intend, if need be, to spend two hundred thousand dollars more.

Dear! dear! What with rabbits and crickets and poor little pugnacious sparrows (by many men denounced as a fell nuisance), there seems to be sore need of a new Pied Piper of some kind.

But if one *should* arise, my children, beware of him! These pied pipers are very dangerous folk, I am told.

THE STORMY-PETREL.

DEAR JACK: I want to show you what I saw about the stormy-petrel in "Wood's New Illustrated Natural History."

"It is mostly on the move in windy weather, because the marine creatures are flung to the surface by the chopping waves, and can be easily picked up as the bird pursues its course. . . . The name of petrel is given to the bird on account of its powers of walking on the water, as is related of St. Peter. . . .

"This bird possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified.

"The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands make a curious use of the bird when it is young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the body, and lighting it at the end which projects from the beak." . . . JULIAN.

My birds are quite excited over Julian's letter, and I feared at first they would not allow it to be read. They wish to know whether the young petrels that are thus made into lamps are gently put to death first — or not. Who can answer them?

A SERPENT IN THE ROCK.

DEAR JACK: I am eagerly expecting my August ST. NICHOLAS, because I 've heard that it is going to have in it an article about the sea-serpent. Once I read in dear ST. NICK a letter from Professor Proctor about a sea-serpent (it is in my bound volumes now, on page 700 of Vol. IV), and I always read everything I see on such subjects. Now, I 'll tell your chicks something queer that I read in the *Portland Transcript* some weeks ago. It says that off the Lizard coast in Cornwall "a freak of nature has been re-discovered which may have something to do with the name of that part of the coast. In the lime-rock is a picture of a gigantic serpent, coil after coil reaching down to the sea, just above the surface of which the scaly head, and even the eyes, can be seen." Is n't that wonderful?

Tell your girls and boys, dear Jack, to look out for this tremendous serpent — as I shall, if ever an opportunity offers.

Your little Maine friend, AMY T. N.

MORE ABOUT HENRY OF BLOIS.

A KINDLY Londoner writes to you and your Jack, my children, about the hospital of "St. Cross," of which I told you last January.

"KNOWING that the city of Winchester, in Hampshire, sixty miles south-west of London, is full of time-honored customs," he says, "I took down a volume of John Timbs's 'Abbeys, Castles,' etc., and found the identical custom mentioned in 'Jack-in-the-Pulpit.'

"Henry of Blois — Bishop — was King Stephen's brother, and founded the Hospital of St. Cross between the years 1132 and 1136 'for the subsistence of thirteen resident poor men, in every necessary of life, and for affording one ample meal in each day to one hundred other indigent outboarders, who were fed in the apartment still called "Hundred Men's Hall," as likewise for the support of a master, steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers.' There were other pensioners, to the number altogether of seventy persons, who were here entirely supported, besides nuns who tended the sick.

"The present institution consists only of a master, chaplain, steward, and thirteen resident poor brethren. 'Certain doles of bread are distributed to the neighboring poor at particular times, and a piece of bread and a horn of beer are given to every person who knocks at the porter's lodge and calls for relief.'

"There are many of these ancient charities still existing in England. But that I have already trespassed too far on your time, I could mention particularly those of Coventry and Warwick.

"Yours truly, E. C. TRAICE."

SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

Is an eel a water-snake? Is an oyster a fish? Is a crab a back-slider? And under what general term can you group the turtle, the seal, and the frog?

THE EGG AS A TOP.

J. S., of Sag Harbor, Long Island, requests me to ask you a question: "I should like to know," he says, "why a hard-boiled egg will spin around upright on the large end and a raw egg will not."

Who can answer the gentleman? The Deacon says it is quite a rest, after the old Columbus story, to hear of an egg set spinning at last.

Now, what *does* he mean by that?

A GOLDEN NEST.

DEAR JACK: Is n't this a very pretty true story? I read it in a paper called the *Swiss Cross*, and Mamma said I might tell it to you:

THE girls in the Philadelphia Mint, last spring, made a favorite of a sparrow that was permitted to pick up their lunch crumbs. A little boy stole its nest one day, and upon drawing his hand from the box it was found full of shining particles. An examination of the box showed it to be flecked not only with gold-dust, but that it was carpeted with sparkling, soft, yellow gold. The sparrow had been regularly carrying away gold-dust in its feathers, which it shook out when making its toilet.

THE SCENT OF DOGS.

By Theo. B. Willson.

OUR sense of smell is hardly keen enough to enable us to understand how it is possible for the dog to do all he can do with his nose. We can not, for instance, distinguish by the smell a rabbit's foot from a piece of bark, which it seems most to resemble — probably because the bark is the strongest-smelling substance with which the foot usually comes in contact.

But not so with the hound, or even with many common cur-dogs. Not only will they recognize the scent of the foot itself, but, hours after the rabbit has passed along, they can follow him unerringly by the scent of the spots where he touched his light feet to the ground. What proportion of the odor of the foot can there be left upon a spot where it has merely rested for an instant? And yet a dog with a good nose first will find an invisible track, and then will determine, by snuffing for a few yards back and forth, which way the animal passed. Then he will follow all the windings and doublings which the animal has made, either in searching for food, or, after he is "up," in escaping his pursuers.

If this be wonderful, what is to be said of a dog's never confusing the track of one rabbit with that of another? After a dog has once seen that a rabbit is dead, he will never notice its track again, but will set off upon some other track, which often is much fainter than that of the one just killed, though the two may cross each other and be intermingled in innumerable places. The bloodhound, which is the keenest-scented of all dogs, can follow his master or his victim, no matter how many others may tread in the same path.

We can hardly believe that these things are done solely through the sense of smell; but that is the best that science can make of it as yet.

There are many other facts which demonstrate the power of the dog's scent. I once knew a hound which would never eat bread, and yet was quite fond of raised biscuit, the same thing in every respect, save that it contained a little shortening. One might take in one hand a piece of bread half the size of a pea, and in the other the same amount of biscuit, and the hound would smell of both, and never make a mistake in selecting the biscuit.

The power of scent of even the keener-nosed common dogs, such as the bull-dog, can be tested by fastening a bit of meat to a string and dragging it about the yard when the dog does not see you, hiding it at the end of the trail, and then afterward putting him on the search for it where you started. If he has a good nose, he will go over the same path you took and find the meat. Leave no string on the meat, however, as it might injure him to swallow the string.

All hounds save the greyhound run entirely by scent. When they come upon the faint scent of a track they will work along it until it grows fresher, and then begin to bay or "give tongue." There is always a correspondence between the baying and the trail. An experienced hunter can tell by the baying not only where the dog is, but, by the frequency and confidence of the sound, how fresh the trail is — that is, how close upon his game the dog is. All hunted animals have a way of doubling, or running in circles. Hence, if a hunter observes by the baying that his dog is going away from him, he waits patiently, sometimes for minutes, sometimes for hours, until the circle is made, and he hears the dog approaching. Then he is on the alert for a shot, for the game is probably not many rods in advance of the dog.

A hound is seldom lost. His nose is his compass. Whenever he pleases, he can take up his master's track and find him, or he can retrace his own steps homeward.

Dogs do not seem to enjoy those odors that please us. A dog will turn away disappointed and indifferent from the finest of perfumes. Except the scent of those things which he would like to eat, I have never found anything that seemed to delight a dog's sense of smell.

A SCHOOL LEGEND.

By Edward R. Shaw.

HE teacher of our school was called from the room one morning by a man who drove up to the door.

"Study your lessons, scholars, while I 'm gone," he said. "I shall be back in five or six minutes."

I was in the A, B, C class, and sat upon a low bench. My only work was to be called up three times a day to read to the teacher what were then called the *a, b, abs.* The page of my book was filled with words like these: *ab, eb, ib, ob,* and so on. Each one was to be spelled, and then pronounced. There were no pictures that I could look at and think about, and the school hours were very dull and very uninteresting to a little boy. Of course, I could not study as the larger pupils could, but I did my best to imitate them, and looked steadily on my book.

For the first two minutes after the teacher went out there was brisk study; then the pupils began to look around and to whisper. Some of the larger boys dared even to leave their seats. One of them slipped away from his desk, came around, and sat down on the low bench beside me.

Why a larger boy should take any interest in me, I did not then know. But I have since noticed that larger boys do take interest in smaller boys, and show them many bits of knowledge they would never otherwise learn, for their parents or grown-up men would never think to teach them such trifles.

Well, the larger boy who had seated himself beside me, took my book from me, and turned to some reading in the very first part of it, which I had never noticed.

"There 's something," he said, pointing to a long word printed in large capital letters, "that you 'll find in every book."

There it was, like this:

PREFACE.

Then, pointing to each letter, he read out of that word a very funny story. It ran, "P-eter R-ice E-ats F-ishes A-nd C-atches E-els."

And when he had read through the word in that way, he began at the other end, and read backward a still funnier story:

"Eels Catch Alligators, Fish Eat Raw Potatoes."

He read it but once, and then slipped back to his desk, for the teacher was coming.

Then I read it over. I had not the least trouble to remember it. I do not know how many times I read it over that day; but a great many. Every time I was tired or wished recess would come, I would read over the story of Peter Rice. And I read it many a day afterward. It never lost its charm.

Whether that large boy really knew he was doing a kindness, or whether his coming to my seat grew out of the feeling of comradeship which a big boy has for a little boy, I never really knew. I half suspect, though, it was the latter. But one thing is clear to me. From that morning I began to learn to *read.* I could see that "P" was a part of the word Peter, and that "R" was a part of the word Rice, and I got an idea of their sounds, and was no longer misled by their names.

When I grew to be a large boy, I told the story to a small boy, just, of course, as it had been told to me. He, I have no doubt, told it to others, and they to many others, and in that way the story is going yet.

The story, though, did not start with the boy who told me, for he had been told by an older boy; and that boy, when small, by a boy who was older than he. So you see the story or legend of Peter Rice is a very old one, and runs away back to the time when little boys first had books in school.

When I grew to be a man, and visited widely separated places in many different States, I had some curiosity to know whether, in the schools of those places, the legend of Peter Rice was being handed down from older boys to younger ones. It was still being told, I found.

Thousands upon thousands then, you see, know it; yet this is the first time, so far as I know, that it has been told in print.

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.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We enjoy you very much. A friend, who takes you, lends you to us.

I am an American boy, born in New England, and am fifteen years old.

One thing that amuses us greatly is "English as she is spoke and writ" by the Japanese. They are very ambitious, and many shops in the city are decorated with sign-boards in "idiomatic English." The following is one over a hardware shop: THINQS OF METABS MANUFAITURE. Another over a book-store: ALL COUNTRIES BOOK-SELLING. And on a bakery: BAKING THE CAKES FOR HEALTH.

It is very lonely out here, but we see many strange and interesting sights, which I can not now stop to describe.

Yours truly, JOHN M. G——.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Japan, so I thought I would write to you, and as this is the first letter I have written to you, I hope you will print it.

I am a little girl twelve years old and have never been out of Japan in my life, but I expect to go to America next year, and stay there four years, and then go to Germany for two years, to study music, which is my favorite study.

I like your magazine very much; we take several others, but I shall *never* like any so well as dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Believe me, your constant reader, EDITH H. H——.

DAMASCUS, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been what seems to me a long while away from home, and most of the time in countries where its comforts and pleasures are greatly lacking; but aside from my friends, I think I miss ST. NICHOLAS more than anything else, for it is not to be found in the mountains and deserts of Asia and Africa.

I am not yet twelve, but have taken it for over three years, and like it very much, especially its nice stories, such as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and the campaigning stories of the Civil War.

Now as I am deprived of its company for a time, I will do as old friends sometimes do in such cases — that is, write.

I came here to this far-away land with my papa, and have seen a great deal of the world for a little boy, I think.

My home is in Detroit, Mich., and we left there last November, first going through England, spending a month in France and Switzerland; then to Rome and Naples, where we saw the many beautiful works of art, and the ruins and antiquities of those countries, including Pompeii and Vesuvius.

From Italy we went to Egypt, visiting Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Suez Canal, etc.

The Pyramids are wonderful relics. Think of their being four thousand years old, and still well preserved!

They are almost five hundred feet high, and the largest ones cover twelve acres of ground each.

Just consider how large that is, and how it was possible to build them out of such immense stones as were used, and how they got these from the quarries, which are nine or ten miles away. And the great big Sphinx is there, seventy feet high, just as natural as its picture. From Egypt we came to Palestine, visiting Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, Dead Sea, river Jordan, Bethany, etc.

Jerusalem is a wonderful and interesting city. We visited there the tomb of Christ and the place where he suffered. The spot is covered now by an immense church, called the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where thousands of pilgrims go to worship every year.

In crossing the desert and mountains, I rode on horseback all the time; in fact, I had to, because there are no carriages nor carriage roads, and all the traveling is done on horses, donkeys, or camels.

In Damascus the streets are narrow (as in all Eastern cities) and very dirty, and are thronged with Turks and Mohammedans.

The most interesting features of Damascus are its bazars and mosques. In the bazars they have one long street devoted to one thing, and another to some different line of business, and it is very convenient for those who wish to buy.

Some of the stores are about as big as good-sized dry-goods boxes, and the merchant sits cross-legged in them, smoking, and is apparently indifferent to all the world around him; but, when a customer comes, he is very quick to show his goods, and generally asks twice as much as he expects to take.

Turkish and Oriental goods are the principal articles for sale, and most of them are very curious to us. Silk is manufactured in great quantities in the houses of the workmen, many of which we visited; also, silver and brass are worked by expert hands into rare and curious articles.

From Damascus we shall go back to France on our way home, and I expect to send this to Marseilles by a steamer that will leave in a day or two from Beyrout.

Good-bye, WILLIE C——.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write to you to tell you that I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine that I have ever read; for I read a great many papers and magazines. I am greatly interested in ornithology, and have a large collection of birds' eggs. Mother says that if any of our hens want to set she will buy the eggs, and I may let them set, and that I may have the little chickens, if any hatch. I am very much interested in the story of "Drill." I can not say which story that has appeared I like best, for they are all good. My letter is getting too long to be printed, I am afraid, so I will close.

Your true friend, WM. PAUL G——.

WASHINGTON, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from this county in your magazine, so I will send you one.

I am ten years old, and I have to ride two miles and a half to school on my pony, Fan. I found a wolf's den in our pasture last week, and I saw a big rattlesnake there, asleep.

I am reading "The Life of Frederick the Great"; but I like the "Scottish Chiefs" best of all our books. I read so much that I hurt my eyes, and had to stop for a while.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS so well, and wish I could get one every week. Your friend, "a farmer's boy," LESLIE M——.

PATERSON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During the intervals between the times of your appearances I can hardly wait for you. We think you are delightful. When you are delivered to us my brother and I always have a scramble for you, and the result is that Mother takes the magazine from us, and will not give it to us until the next Sunday. Hoping you may continue to bring happiness to many young people,

I remain, MICH'L W. H——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "He [the dog] can tell by the scent which way the animal is going, and he is never known to run backward on a trail."—ST. NICHOLAS *for March, 1888.*

When my father and uncles were young men their favorite deer-hound, a black-and-tan, was a fine hunter, but, like his human friends, he had his moods. When Old Tyler's humor suited, no one of the party could manifest more pleasure in the preparation for the chase, nor could any of his fleet-footed companions do more than follow where he led. But how different his behavior on mornings when he did not wish to hunt! In vain were the horses and guns brought out; in vain was the mount, the winding of the horn, the frolic of the younger dogs, and all the bustle incident to the occasion. Old Tyler surveyed it all as if it were to him a scene utterly devoid of either interest or meaning. He followed at the heels of the horses, ears, head, and tail, all down, the very personification of "dogged" sullenness. Woe betide any one hunting with Old Tyler

on such a day, who was unacquainted with his peculiarities; for if a "cold" trail was struck, he invariably *took the back track*. No amount of whisting, of coaxing, of riding or maneuvering sufficed to change him from his obstinate purpose of trailing *away from* the game. No resource was of any avail save to dismount and, holding him by the back of the neck, lay on a severe whipping with the hunting-horn. Then release him, mount, and away! For Old Tyler, even on the days when hunting was his greatest joy, worked not nearly so hard, and brought to bay not nearly so much game as on those when, in his young master's expressive phrase, "his contrariness had to be thrashed out of him."

No matter how far he might have gone on the back track, the moment he was released from his chastisement he took the nearest course at full speed to the place where he first had struck the trail, and there went to work the other way as if his life depended on his success.

This story of Old Tyler's peculiarity has too often gratified my childish fondness for stories of the time "when Papa was a boy," and too deeply roused my childish sympathy for Old Tyler (who, I verily thought, ought to have been allowed to stay at home when he did not wish to hunt) for me to make a mistake as to his actually *trailing backward*. His singular action is thus explained by my father: It is the fetlock of the deer which leaves the scent on the grass. As the foot comes down, it brushes that side of the leaves and grasses which is toward the direction the deer is taking. Hence in working up a cold trail the dog must continually pass around the clumps and tufts of grass to find the scent (faint from the lapse of time since the passing of the deer), which of course is more time-consuming, awkward, and troublesome to him than to trail backward, when his nose as he runs would come first in contact with that side of the herbage bearing the scent. So Old Tyler, by going away from the deer, was making his present work light, and if we may allow him the sagacity accorded by his young master, he well knew that in this direction lay no hard running for the future.

Yours very truly, H. F——.

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have lived in Dresden three years; all that time I have attended a German school. Ever since I left America I have been intending to write you a letter, for you are an old and dear friend. Last Monday was the birthday of the King of Saxony and, as usual, there was a grand review of the troops before him, which took place on a very large platz, opposite to which we had a window, and could see everything beautifully. When it was one o'clock all the bands struck up "God save the King," and just then the royal party drove in. The king rode a very black horse, and the queen was with a princess in a beautiful state-carriage drawn by four horses, with postilions and outriders; there were many other carriages, and lots of officers in splendid uniforms, on horseback. There were thousands of soldiers who marched in small regiments, and then in large ones, and always in such perfect time that each line moved like one man. The large regiment of cavalry looked very handsome, for the horses were all the same color, brown, and the officers wore light-blue uniforms, all new for the occasion.

The bands on horseback were funny, for the drummer, needing both his hands to play with, had to guide his horse by reins attached to his feet.

The Crown Prince of Germany was expected to command one regiment, but owing to the serious illness of the emperor, of course he did not come. It was a pretty sight, and I wish all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls could have seen it.

Your friend, LEILA F——.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how very, very much I enjoyed the two articles about dear little Josef Hofmann, that appeared in the May number of the magazine. I enjoyed them both so much that it is impossible to say which I liked best. He is such a wonderful little fellow, and seems so unspoiled by his great genius and by all the attention he has received, that I think no one can help caring for him who has seen him and heard him play. I had the great privilege of seeing him for a few minutes at his own house. He spoke French to me, and he has a perfect accent. I felt so ashamed of my French beside his. They say that his sister, who is twelve years old, can play beautifully, and paints very well indeed. She is, however, too timid to play in public. Josef is very fond of her, and missed her very much while over here. Her name is Wande. Does it not seem strange that Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Josef have all had sisters a little older than themselves for whom they cared very much?

I can not believe that Otto Hegner, the new musical prodigy, can play as well as little Josef, although they say he plays better. I have two of the little musician's autographs. He signs his name Józio. I could write a great deal more about him, but I am afraid of tiring you.

An admirer of Josef, LOUISA B——.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was delighted when you replied to my note to you, saying that an article about Josef Hofmann, the wonderful boy-musician, would appear in the May number of the magazine. My friends and I were still more pleased when the ST. NICHOLAS appeared at our respective houses, for we all admire Josef so much. I have a good many photographs of the little fellow, and among them is the one which was reproduced to accompany the article you published.

A very pretty story was told me of the complete absence of pride and vanity in his character. When he was coming over here in the steamer he kept running to play such airs as "Yankee Doodle" on the piano, until at last his father forbade his playing any more until they landed. One day he heard a gentleman playing a waltz of Chopin's, which Josef renders beautifully. He was attracted by the music and came and stood by the player. When the latter had finished, Josef said:

"That 's not right."

"Well," cried the gentleman, not knowing to whom he spoke, "I should like to hear you play it better." Josef received permission for "just this once," so he sat down, and the stranger could hardly believe his ears. He, of course, praised him a great deal, but the dear little fellow only said, quite simply:

"Yes, but I have a sister who plays much better than I do."

He could not help knowing his own great talent, but he was willing to acknowledge that some one else had more.

I wish you would print this, as I have a book in which I paste articles about the little pianist, and I would so like to add this to them.

Your friend, M. M——.

TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must write to tell you how I enjoy your nice magazine. I take several others, but would rather give them all up than lose ST. NICHOLAS. I like the story, "Drill," very much, and am interested in the skate-sailing, which I, much to my cost, tried on the bay. I had read a good deal about the sails, and at last constructed one on the triangular plan; and one day last winter a party of us went down to skate, and I carried my sail. The ice had heaps of snow drifted on it, which was troublesome, for when I was going at full speed I would bring up suddenly in a snow-drift, for I did not know how to manage the sail at my first trial. Unfortunately, this day was the one when a blizzard struck Toronto, and the thermometer was 15° below zero in the city; and you can imagine what it was on an unprotected bay. The result was that we all were frozen more or less badly, and had to stop often to rub some unlucky comrade's ears or face with snow. This happened on our return trip, which we made in the teeth of a fierce north wind. I felt the results of that freezing for a long time, and did not try another sail. I hope this will not be the fate of other beginners, but such was mine.

I belong to the "Young Men's Christian Association," and our "Outing Club" had a hare-and-hounds run on Saturday last, which we all enjoyed.

HERBERT M——.

AMERICUS, GA.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and am very fond of reading ST. NICHOLAS; and have a little sister, six, and nearly seven; she is also fond of it, and can hardly wait to eat when Papa comes home and announces that he has ST. NICHOLAS. We hope to be able to take it as long as you publish it. I wish all my little friends would subscribe for it. I know they would like it, and be improved by it.

Your little friend, BESSIE W——.

LEXINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in "the dark and bloody ground," but *I* don't think it is as bad now as people think it is; anyhow, we have some of the prettiest scenery in old "Uncle Sam's" domain, in our mountains.

Last summer I went up on the Cumberland river, and you don't know how much fun I had; but this summer I am going out camping with Father. He says he can't get along without the mountains, so he goes up on the Cumberland every summer; but this is the first time he has taken me.

I must close now, as my letter is too long already.

Your devoted reader, J. H. McC——.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, six years old, and I think you are *splendid*, especially the "Brownies." My papa and mamma have taken you for my elder brother almost ever since you were first published.

I want to tell you about a dog and a turkey we used to have. We had a pointer-dog named Hector, and also a cat, and they played together hour after hour; and the cat, as she was dainty and nice, was allowed in the house, but the dog was so large and rough he could not come in. So the dog would chase the cat until she was in close quarters, when she would just run over the doorstep and sit down, about three feet away; and doggie would sit down on the other side and look at her wistfully, and whine and turn his head from side to side, but never think of disobeying orders and crossing

the doorstep. Sometimes he would pretend to run away, but would creep back and hide at one side of the door, and wait patiently until kittie came out, when he would jump out and catch her. Sometimes she would run up the door and sit on top of it, and he would try his best to shake her down by shaking the door with his forepaws; but kitty would hold on, and seemed to wink at him. They were great friends, slept together and ate together, and *never* quarreled. Poor Hector was shot by a farmer for chasing his chickens.— And now about the turkey. We had an old "turkey-gobbler" and a bantam hen; and the hen had a brood of chickens, and one of them fell in a slop-bucket and was eternally disgraced in the eyes of its mother, who would have nothing whatever to do with the poor little half-drowned chicken; and what did Mr. Turkey do but take the chicken and raise it. He scratched food for it, and picked seeds for it, and carried it on his back through the tall grass, and at night flew upon the fence to roost, with the little chicken on his back.

The little chicken thrived under such good treatment, and grew to be the *sauciest*, *fattest* little one among the whole brood; and what seemed strangest of all, the turkey seemed to take delight in driving the hen and her brood away from their food, and giving it to his nursling. The turkey took care of the chicken until he himself was killed for a Christmas dinner. The chicken seemed to miss his protector, although he did not need him, as he was quite capable of taking care of himself. My mamma has written this for me to amuse me, as I have often wanted her to tell you about these smart creatures, and I am now sick.

Your loving friend, HOMER ALMON H——.

NORFOLK, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having heard this little incident of the Crown Prince's life through the Rev. Mr. R. M. Saunders, Principal of the Norfolk Female College, who is my teacher, and who was in Germany at the time, I send it to you thinking you might like it.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

Little princes and princesses are thought to be given up very much to the care of nurses, who have full control of them; but the way the present Crown Prince was sometimes managed is very different, as you will soon admit. Every day as the royal carriage passed through the street all the people saluted it, and the guard at the gate presented arms. Of these honors the little boy was very proud. One morning the nurse came to the empress and told her that the crown prince positively refused to let her wash and dress him. The emperor, being in the room, said "Let him wash and dress himself." The little boy was very proud to think he was to wash and dress himself, though he made very poor work of it. The emperor then sent an orderly to tell the guards at the gates not to salute or take any notice of the royal carriage as it passed in going to the park; he also ordered the marks of royalty to be taken from the carriage. When the royal children passed through the streets no salutes were made, and the carriage was not noticed at the gates. Coming back, there was the same neglect, and the crown prince was so enraged that when he reached home he wished his father to have all the people punished. But the emperor replied, "My son, do you suppose any one would recognize you as the son of the Emperor of Germany? Never, until you are properly washed and dressed, and your hair is combed." After that his nurse had no more trouble with him.

BLANCHE C——.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one of your numbers I read the story of the "Piasau" bird, and it interested me very much, because Mamma and Papa were married in that very Alton, and have often told me the story of the bird.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since "Under the Lilacs" was begun in it, and I was quite a small girl then. I have read it all along ever since. I enjoyed it as a little girl, and I enjoy it as a big one. When Deacon Green gave prizes for illustrating those three poems (or was it four?), I drew a picture of "Christina Churning," but did n't get the prize. I had never taken any lessons. I hope to study at an Art School next year. Please print my letter.

Your devoted reader, E. M. D——.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy, fourteen years old. I have never seen a letter from Barrow in your "Letter-box," so I thought I would write to you. My favorite sports are cricket and foot-ball. I enjoy reading the letters very much, and we all thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was splendid. I like the "Brownies" very much, and wish Mr. Palmer Cox would publish something more about them. For my summer holidays I am going to the Isle of Man and the Windermere lakes. I am learning to play the violin, and like it very well.

I remain, your friend and reader, HARRY T——.

SHASTA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having never seen a letter from this place in northern California, I thought I would write to you. I do not take ST. NICHOLAS, but borrow it; but the school here took it for a year. I read your story of "Diamond-backs in Paradise," and was interested in it. We do not have diamond-backs here, but have the regular "rattlers"; they have been more numerous this year, and several have been killed already. One that had ten rattles and a button.

Shasta is twelve hundred feet above the sea, but the thermometer is sometimes 108° in the shade. It is three miles from the railroad at Middle Creek, but that does not help Shasta any; and the county-seat having been removed to Redding, poor old Shasta will soon be deserted. There are many mines in Shasta county, silver and gold, although there are more of gold. The Iron Mountain silver mine is the largest in the county. It is eight miles from here, located in a canyon. I have been up there once, but it was not fully developed, and I did not see the reduction works. They formerly shipped the ore to Colorado for reduction; but now the company have works of their own, and crush, roast, and reduce the ore, and cast it into bricks.

Hoping that I may take ST. NICHOLAS myself, I remain,

NEIL N——.

"TWO JAP. GIRLS," of Yokohama, Japan, send the names of thirty-eight novelists which they found in the "King's Move Puzzle," printed in the May number of ST NICHOLAS. The list arrived too late to be acknowledged in an earlier number.

ARLINGTON, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year we have taken ST. NICHOLAS, and we like you very much.

I do not know what my brother and I would do without you. The way we came to get you, was not to eat pie for a whole year, and Mamma gave you to us for a prize. We like "Sara Crewe" very much, and the story of "Juan and Juanita," also, and we were glad when they got home. My brother is seven and I am nine.

FLORENCE W——.

W——, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The picture and story in the June ST. NICHOLAS reminded me of a cat we had once. A hen had stolen her nest on the hay-mow, and but two or three chickens hatched. One of them got upon the floor in some way. We supposed that the cat took the chicken into her nest, where she had two kittens, for we found it there. It would run around the barn-floor, and when it was tired would go back and nestle in her fur. She kept it with her kittens from Monday until Friday, when it was killed. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for several years, and like it very much.

Yours truly, FRANCES A. P——.

OAKLAND, HANOVER COUNTY, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for three years. I am now staying at Oakland, the home of the "Two Little Confederates." The author is my cousin, and he is coming up to spend next Sunday with me. We see old "Balla," the carriage-driver, very often; he is over eighty years old.

Your affectionate reader, ROSA N——.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Florrie M. K., Mary E. Hinkle, Mary, Essie, May and Bessie, Katherine C. Porter, Helen S., Edward Crosby, "John Bull," Geoffrey B., "Mai Pontes," Mamie B., Florence M. Beach, Mary B. Jenkins, Ella Sadler, Edith A. D., Berenice Lauder, Louise Jackson, Grace G. S., Harold S. P., Kate E. Butters, Hattie D. Fellowes, Robert K. C., Roger M. Newbold, G. M. M., Lilian H., H. G. J., Helen E. B., Elsie B., S. L. K. and E. D. L., Clifford M. T., Julia Gillespie, Nina F. Jackson, Lilian Bartlett, Millie D., L. M. S., Henry F., May K., Anna A., Mabel Palmer, Florence May B., Maud O., Amy Humphrey, Chattie Miner, Edna Shipp, May S. Meserole, Martha M. Bassett, Cosie B. and Anna S., L. S. J., Charles Barrows, Cecil R. N., Lillian M. Marsh, Frances, "Zigzag," Edgar H., Lulu S. Grimm, and Edith L. Gould.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Eats, seat. 2. Nails, snail. 3. Pots, spot. 4. Ways, sway. 5. Table, bleat. 6. Wolf, fowl. 7. Pear, reap. 8. Rose, sore. 9. Lame, meal. 10. Life, file. 11. Bury, ruby. 12. Mash, sham.

PI. Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing.
Ruskin — "THE MONTHS."

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTICS. I. Centrals, Farragut and Andersen. Cross-words: 1. Prefacer. 2. Recanted. 3. Guarding. 4. Sacredly. 5. Disarmed. 6. Songster. 7. Innuendo. 8. Partners. II. Centrals, Herschel and Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Rashness. 2. Revealed. 3. Sharpers. 4. Dissolve. 5. Proclaim. 6. Gathered. 7. Aureolas. 8. Foulness.

ZIGZAG, Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "*The Culprit Fay*." Cross-words: 1. Jam. 2. fOp. 3. yeS. 4. bEg. 5. Paw. 6. aHa. 7. fiR. 8. cOb. 9. Din. 10. iMp. 11. spA. 12. eNd. 13. Daw. 14. iRa. 15. erA. 16. eKe. 17. Emu.

INSERTIONS. I. Lammas Day. 1. ru-l-ed. 2. st-a-ir. 3. li-m-es. 4. ti-m-es. 5. Sp-a-in. 6. po-s-se. 7. me-d-al. 8. gr-a-in. 9. Ho-y-le. II. Gule of August. 1. ro-g-ue. 2. po-u-nd. 3. co-l-on. 4. ch-e-at. 5. st-o-op. 6. ra-f-ts. 7. he-a-rd. 8. ro-u-se. 9. re-g-al. 10. mo-u-th. 11. mi-s-le. 12. ma-t-in.

A UNION JACK. From 1 to 3, retreat; 4 to 6, astound; 7 to 9, sunders; 1 to 7, relates; 2 to 8, removed; 3 to 9, tenders; 1 to 9, revokes, 3 to 7, thrones.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. First row, charm; second, aurora; last, dryads. Cross-words: 1. Candid. 2. Hunger. 3. Argosy. 4. Rosina. 5. Orchid. 6. Naiads.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, dolphin; 2 to 4, Nemesis; 1 to 3, dudgeon; 3 to 4, nonplus; 5 to 6, heights; 6 to 8, surplus; 5 to 7, Holland; 7 to 8, dubious; 5 to 1, hard; 6 to 2, span; 8 to 4, says; 7 to 3, dean.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Tack. 2. Area. 3. Celt. 4. Kate. II. 1. Malt. 2. Aloe. 3. Lone. 4. Teem. III. 1. Veil. 2. Ease. 3. Isle. 4. Leek.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Slate. 2. Least. 3. Tales. 4. Stale. 5. Steal.

THREE DIAMONDS. I. 1. L. 2. Aam. 3. Armor. 4. Lampoon. 5. Moose. 6. Roe. 7. N. II. 1. M. 2. Lap. 3. Lines. 4. Mandrel. 5. *Per se*. 6. See. 7. L. III. 1. I. 2. Ant. 3. Anser. 4. Instead. 5. Teeny. 6. Ray. 7. D.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. —"*Macbeth*."

BEHEADINGS. Sherman. 1. S-hunt. 2. H-arm. 3. E-rase. 4. R-after. 5. M-other. 6. A-bound. 7. N-arrow.

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 JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Paul Reese — "May and 79" — Elise Ripley — Jo and I — M. Josephine Sherwood — Fred and Ness — Louise Ingham Adams — S. E. L. — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — D. L. O. and M. C. O. — Russell Davis — Nellie and Reggie — Edith Woodward — Emilie C. Robins — A. Fiske and Co. — Louise McClellan — C. B. D. — Howard Kennedy Hill — "Willoughby" — Aunt Kate, Mamma, and Jamie — Louise Wainwright — Rob and Ruth — Kaïran Emérawit — My Wife and I — Ada C. H. — Grace Olcott — H. A. R. and A. C. R. — Francis W. Islip — A. Gride.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Mary S. Bird, 1 — Amy F., 3 — "Mrs. Ippi," 1 — A. Cleather, 1 — Romulus and Remus, 4 — Olive Lejeune, 1 — Abigailiza, 1 — Mattie Darling, 1 — Erminie, 1 — M. and R. Smith, 1 — Amy F. 1 — Elsie and Enna, 3 — Alice M. R., 1 — A. H. and G. M. R. Holmes, 1 — Mary E. Foster, 1 — A. E. Burnham, 4 — Pansy, 1 — H. W. B., 1 — M. Prince, J. Stoddard and R. Simmons, 1 — Pauline Clephan, 4 — J. J. E., 1 — M. C. Jenkins, 1 — Louise C. Burpee, 3 — "Amme Gurbnil," 1 — Katie V. Z., 2 — L. I. H., 2 — J. I. H., 1 — "Mignonette," 3 — John J. Cabe, Jr., 1 — Louise Jackson, 1 — Grace H. Frisby, 1 — Hattie Fellows, 2 — Anna B. Rogers, 3 — Ella and Ophelia Howell, 1 — Margaret and Helen, 1 — J. and L. Rettop, 10 — No Name, Peekskill, 11 — Mary A. Root, 4 — E. S. Bates, 1 — Gerda Goldfrank, 1 — "Dute," 1 — Laura Morse, 1 — "Down-we-went," 1 — "Pandora," 8 — "Bendicut," 2 — W. A. M., 1 — Pewee Rose, 1 — M. B. M., 3 — Kittie and Ralph, 1 — "Princess," 4 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — Willie Tully, 2 — Harold Rexford, 5 — K. G. S., 6 — Muriel, 1 — M. and A. W. Bartlett, 2 — Inez and Ivanhoe, 4 — R. Colclough, 2 — Quartette, 7 — G. E. Mercer, 4 — Hypatia," 2 — Fannie White, 1 — Margaret and Chatty, 4 — "Hildegarde," 1 — Carolyn C. Rittenhouse, 6 — Maud O., 3 — Belle Abbott, 3 — Florence M. B., 1 — W. A. Jurgens, 1 — "Odd Fish," 6 — "Alpha, Alpha, B. C.," 8 — M. Cassels, 1 — F. S. Merriman, 2 — May, 2 — Nellie L. Howes, 11 — R. Lloyd, 5 — Grace Honton, 1 — Clara and Emma, 1 — J. McH., 4 — Arthur E. W., 2 — Grace Cormack, 1 — "Pattypan and Kettledrum," 7 — George R. Dunham, 2 — "America," 6 — A. M. C., 12 — Harry of Monmouth, 3 — Kate L. R., 2 — Pet and Pug, 3 — L. and E. Allyne, 4 — "Ragtag," 10 — Grace A. Hill, 2 — Pearl Skinner, 2 — Marion and Mamma, 8 — "Pussy Willow," 9 — Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 8 — Jennie S. Liebmann and Louis Hirsh, 12 — Alena Church, 5 — A. K., 1 — "Four Beans," 11 — "Lethe," 10 — W. D. Ward, 1 — "Graces, C. D. W.," 1 — E. Richmond and A. Hartich, 6 — Miss Flint, 11 — "Infantry," 9 — E. S., 5 — Dorothy Lambton, 5 — C. V., 1 — E. Clifford Fry, 6 — Paquerette and Adrienne, 4 — Bertha and Nina, 1 — No Name, San Francisco, 2 — "Zigzag," 4 — E. W. S. and B. S. O., 5.

COMBINATION RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A scriptural name, meaning "foolish." 2. Measures of distance. 3. An evil spirit. 4. A few threads drawn through the skin by which an opening is made and continued. 5. To repulse.

REVERSED: 1. The brother of Rebekah, mentioned in Genesis. 2. A name borne by three emperors of the Turks. 3. Existed. 4. Missives. 5. A sick person.

DOWNWARD (before reversion): 1. In Leander. 2. A verb. 3. To order. 4. Certain beverages. 5. A mechanical power. 6. Situation. 7. To cut off. 8. An abbreviation for a certain direction of the compass. 9. In Leander.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. Across: 1. In Leander. 2. A French article. 3. A demon. 4. To place. 5. In Leander. Downward: 1. In Leander. 2. A French article. 3. The first mechanical power. 4. To rest. 5. In Leander.

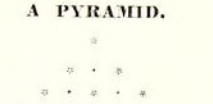
"R. H. OMBOID."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. NEW. 2. The weight of twelve grains. 3. A musical term meaning a rapid flight of notes. 4. Chosen. 5. Courts of criminal jurisdiction within a township.

"EUREKA."

A PYRAMID.



ALL the letters represented by stars are the same.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Miltiades. 2. The Altar. 3. Manilla hemp. 4. A State. Central letters, reading downward, an inhabitant of an Eastern country.

JENNIE M. THOMAS.

THE above rebus contains the names of six authors (one on each book) and six artists (one on each palette). Who are the twelve famous people?

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the third row of letters will spell a certain religious festival occurring in September; the seventh row will spell a certain dish very frequently partaken of in England on that day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to a substance which is not liked by moths. 2. The study of language. 3. To behead. 4. Recital. 5. One who fought in a Roman arena. 6. Determines beforehand. 7. The dark-colored resin obtained by the distillation of turpentine. 8. The commander of a squadron. 9. One who practices. 10. Those who animate.

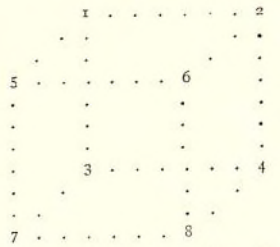
CYRIL DEANE.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

BY starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, three familiar words may be formed:

TIPS, SHAKERS, HAUTBOY, NO, CLIMBER, IDE, SKATE, SHAM, ALERT, ARID, IMPS, BROKEN, CRAVEN, ADDER, MANOR, ERECT, ADO, ANNOUNCE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, the youngest daughter of King Lear; from 2 to 4, tempered; from 1 to 3, a knight; from 3 to 4, bent downward or backward; from 5 to 6, drifted on shore; from 6 to 8, crowned; from 5 to 7, to feign; from 7 to 8, accomplished; from 1 to 5, coverings for the head; from 2 to 6, dry; from 4 to 8, exploit; from 3 to 7, hoar frost.

X. Y. Z.

HALF SQUARES.

I. 1. THE name of a distinguished English statesman who died on September 3, 1658. 2. To take. 3. The eighth tone in the scale. 4. The number of five hundred. 5. To marry. 6. The latter part of the day. 7. A French article. 8. In tilting.

II. 1. A distinguished traveler and discoverer, who was born on September 14, 1769. 2. Not assisted. 3. Defaced. 4. A certain class of bipeds. 5. Lyric poems. 6. Conducted. 7. Two letters which may sometimes be added to the names of professional men of a certain class. 8. In tilting.

FRANK SNELLING.

PI.

ETH krictec pirchs lal yda,
" O stifear Semrum, yast ! "
Eht quilserr seey skenaca eth stunchest bringown;
Eth wlidflow fyl faar
Oveab eht yamfo rab,
Dan tenhas thawrouds ree eth sikes rea grownfin.

ANTONYMS.

1. BEHEAD the opposite of to deny, and leave the opposite of to speak calmly. 2. Behead the opposite of to scatter, and leave the opposite of an enemy. 3. Behead the opposite of to honor, and leave the opposite of a summit. 4. Behead the opposite of always, and leave the opposite of at no time. 5. Behead the opposite of to hold aloft, and leave the opposite of to speak gently.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a very famous man.

" PRINCESS."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a person having peculiar ideas, and leave exuberant. 2. Behead reluctant, and leave a solemn affirmation. 3. Behead to consume slowly, and leave was conveyed. 4. Behead to boast, and leave a relation. 5. Behead lifted up, and leave slow. 6. Behead smallest, and leave toward the rising sun. 7. Behead use, and leave a thin cover. 8. Behead the present occasion, and leave formerly. 9. Behead a bill of exchange, and leave a float. 10. Behead rapidly, and leave a measure of distance. 11. Behead Roman dates, and leave belonging to an individual. 12. Behead to pierce, and leave a brook. 13. Behead to weave in ridges, and leave purpose. 14. Behead a thicket of bushes, and leave the brink. 15. Behead useful, and leave a piece of baked clay. 16. Behead turbid, and leave greasy. 17. Behead virtuous, and leave spoken. 18. Behead to shun, and leave unoccupied. 19. Behead an Indian fig, and leave a gem.

The beheaded letters spell three very familiar words.

A. B. HUNT.

ANAGRAMS.

(Articles of Apparel.)

1. CORA votes. 2. Sanoo plant. 3. Rose rust. 4. It was a cot. 5. We mark nets. 6. Sole piano. 7. A gnarl.

" FOUR BEANS."

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