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THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

OVER the field where the brown quails whistle,
Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle.
Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
Filling the air while the blossoms fade,
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble
In the slanting sunlight that skirts the glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
See how each is alive, with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
Changed thenceforth to immortal things.



SEA-GULLS—FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY LOUIE LYNDON.

DURING summer I seek in vain for the gulls which thronged the harbor in the colder days. A crowd of gay little land-birds sings in the scattered trees on the island; but the grave, silent gulls have slipped away while we welcomed the summer so gladly. But few remain, and those we rarely see.

Though they do not come near us, or sweep through the sky in clouds as in winter, still a little company gathers on the bar, when the tide is out, coming unnoticed and from no one knows where. In the inner harbor one always sees them among the docks, and hovering near the surface of the water quite fearlessly, in summer as well as in winter. From my perch on the cliff, farther out at sea, I can not find my winter friends in the fair warm days. When they are close around me, I love to watch them with a spy-glass, following their flight to see the pretty bent head that turns from side to side, to balance danger against the temptation to swoop down upon a bit of floating food.

The wind buffets them, but not to turn them from their course; they fly before the wind or against it in the same strong, deliberate way, bent ever upon some errand that calls for their most persistent effort.

Although they are such Quaker-birds, in soft dull coloring and sober ways, as one commonly sees them, it is true that they have a very real delight in giving themselves up to a frolic. But they are fond of being alone and quite motionless. I have seen a solitary gull stand on the top of a bar over which the tide was slowly rising, watching the little waves break over his toes, not moving to a higher and drier point till his feet were quite covered with water. I hoped the little fellow would wait till the tide lifted him, as it floats a stranded boat.

The shoals in the harbor are their common meeting-places, and they gather there in large companies, turning their dazzlingly white breasts to the sun as they stand. The contemplative mood follows a successful hunt, I think; for at other gatherings their energies are spent in digging clams, screaming and fighting, too, over their work. They know very well that the clam-shell will break if it be dropped from a height upon the rocks below, and as the clam is quite beyond their reach till the shell is broken, they rise and dart

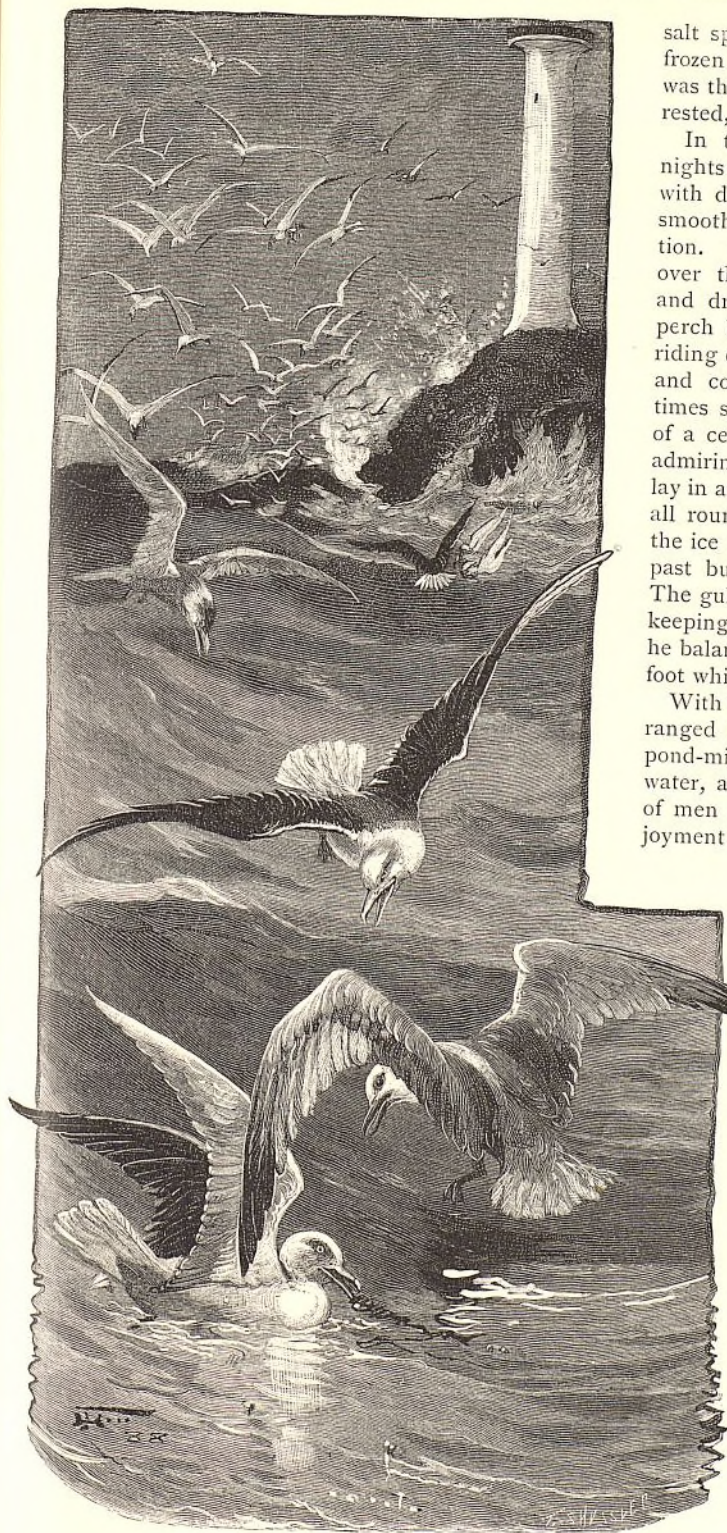
down, one after the other, clams and gulls together falling through the air.

A lazy and wily gull is sure to be among them, watching for an opportunity to seize the clam opened by his neighbor's efforts. Clam-digging is always done far from the mainland and larger islands—unless on hungry days, when they are less wary. The broad mud-flats at low tide, are their chosen fishery grounds, and very pure and dainty they look against the dark moss and mud. I often wonder how they know at what time it is ebb-tide, and how they let one another know, scattered as they are in the inner harbor and bay, that the rocks are bare. But surely as the hour comes, a snow-storm of gulls drifts down upon every shoal.

They chatter and scream in a noisy chorus. Indignation and complaint one hears, but little else. It is often a mournful sobbing, and never by any chance a merry or musical note that they sound. It is quite unusual for them to cry when on the wing, always eager about their living and anxious for their safety. So it seems as if at resting times they spoke of all their experiences at once, and as if complaint were the burden of all their speech.

In these quiet times, when the sun is shining and the wind still, it is easy to forget that the gulls are, of all other birds, "storm-swift," and happiest in the wildest gale that blows. There is a long bar, not far from my window, where the breakers roll in from the sea, tumbling and rushing with foam in a storm. At the end of the bar they dash against a breakwater with a force that sends a cloud of spray into the air. This is a favorite haunt of the gulls. Perhaps they come for the drift-stuff that the sea washes up; but, looking from my window, I can see nothing that they may get; only that the cloud of birds hovers over the surf, and one by one they sweep among the billows and are lost to view. After the mist falls, and while the air is clear before another billow breaks, the soft white gull, lost in the surf before, rests calmly on broad wings, quite unhurt, poising and swerving as the wind sweeps fiercely by.

Once, in a winter storm, I walked under the cliff to find out how strong was the wind they rode on so calmly, creeping close to the rock for fear the awful waves should drag me down in their backward swing. The stinging cold wind beat against me, and the



A FLOCK OF SEA-GULLS.

salt spray which fell around me tingled in frozen drops against my cold cheeks. This was the rushing storm-wind; in this the gulls rested, so keen-eyed and strong of wing.

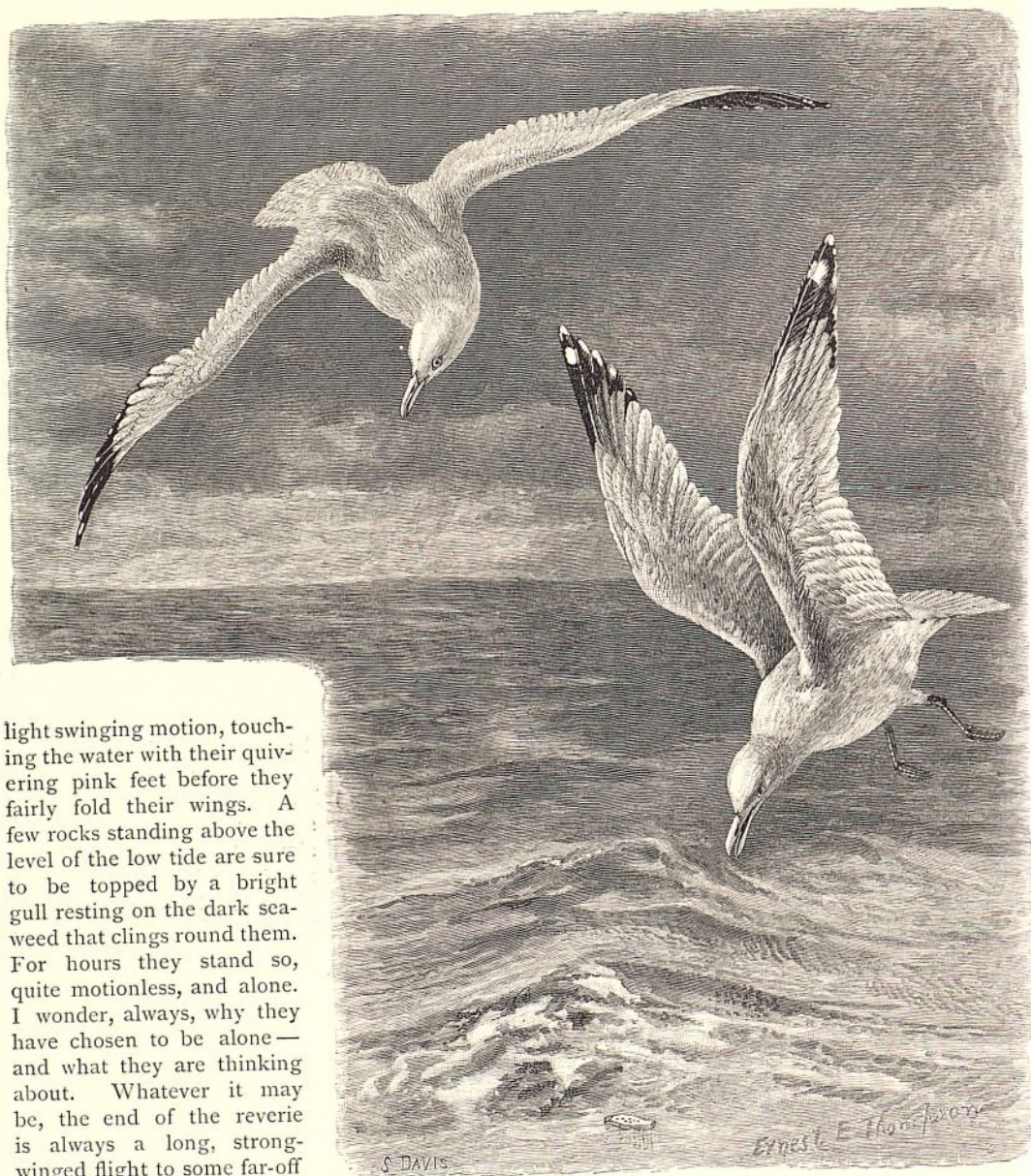
In the ice-time, when many days and nights of bitter cold have filled the harbor with drift-ice, the gulls walk about upon the smooth white surface with evident satisfaction. The seals lift brown heads to peer over the edge with wondering baby-faces, and drag their soft, shapeless bodies to a perch beside the gulls. A gull and a seal riding off to sea on a block of ice, in serene and contented companionship, one sometimes sees. I have a very pleasant memory of a certain stately, solemn gull I once saw admiring himself in a pond of water that lay in an ice-block. The water was very dark all round the ice, and the tide was carrying the ice out to sea, drifting its pretty freight past buoys and beacons and passing vessels. The gull shifted from one foot to another, keeping one warm under his plumage, while he balanced himself on the other little pink foot which rested on the bare ice.

With head bent this way and that, he arranged his feathers, looking into the little pond-mirror before him. He took a sip of water, and still another, having lost all fear of men and eagerness for food, in full enjoyment of this happy hour of gull-hood. A

steamer passed so close as almost to crush the little ice-craft in its wheels—but the gull did not flinch or look up. Though the raft tipped uneasily in the wake of the steamer, and the swell rolled over it, even then he did not put down his tucked-up foot. At last, in the climax of restfulness of soul and body, he nestled down on the ice, and rested his soft white breast on the cold slab without shivering.

They are so often quite alone in their rest or amusement that they have about them a dignity and reserve quite peculiar to themselves.

I have watched what might have been a little fairy-boat, rocking on the waves—but always fascinated to wait till it slowly spread broad white wings and rose out of the sea. They drop down to rest with a



SEA-GULLS SWOOPING FOR FOOD.

light swinging motion, touching the water with their quivering pink feet before they fairly fold their wings. A few rocks standing above the level of the low tide are sure to be topped by a bright gull resting on the dark seaweed that clings round them. For hours they stand so, quite motionless, and alone. I wonder, always, why they have chosen to be alone—and what they are thinking about. Whatever it may be, the end of the reverie is always a long, strong-winged flight to some far-off point to which it seems their fancy must have called them.

In the upper harbor, where they skim along the water, and drop low in their flight among noisy tow-boats and moving craft of all kinds, the gulls are peculiarly fearless and tame. Farther out, the same gulls are so fearful as to make the entire circuit of an island rather than cross it in flying. But there is a wharf they venture to approach, perhaps because, in their eagerness to seize food thrown from it, they forget how near they are coming. Old men at the almshouse drop bread-crusts into

the sea at high water, and the gulls gather to seize them as they go out on the tide. On a calm, fair day in April, I counted a hundred and more, venturing nearer and nearer shore till I could see quite plainly the markings on the wings. It was not so easy to get the bread as it had seemed to me it would be, for in swooping they sometimes miscalculated, and many turns and twistings in the air brought them to the surface just a little away from the sailing bread-crust. No gull rested on the water

till he had secured a piece of bread; so, while some rested, many still swept to and fro over the tantalizing prizes. Many pecks at one piece, while still on the wing, gave each only a mouthful of the water-soaked bread. Those at rest, as well as those on the wing, clamored noisily, and fought vigorously among themselves. The water and sky were deep blue and the air quite warm and still; and the bright gulls, poising and swooping, filled all the noonday picture of the sea. No vessels were in sight; only the noisy, busy gulls claimed one's attention, drifting with spread or folded wings out to sea with the tide.

I remember wishing once, many years ago, that I could have a gull in my hands. The old fisherman to whom I spoke brought two which, with much skill, he had taken on the wing. For the

moment I was eager and glad over my prizes. But when I lifted their soft white heads, and held them all blood-stained and drooping in my arms, I reproached myself for the careless wish that had caused their death. The dull, half-closed eyes reproached me, too. I have wished that I might hold one, alive, and frightened, and struggling, just to let it go again, as I catch and then make free the little cliff-sparrows that tumble in at my window.

The sailors say that gulls go out to sea to sleep on the waves; and I have watched them at day-break, lazily rising out of the path of a steamer, far out at sea, as if wakened from sleep. There are some rocky islands far out in the bay that may give them shelter. But the night hides them, and the morning brings them, so we may keep the pretty fancy that they sleep on the waves.

THE BOY BEARS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

ANYBODY would have thought Ben Parley's age to be about fourteen. His coarse tow trousers were rolled up to his knees and his bare feet were dangling in the water. He sat on an old log, a little out from shore, while two other boys, of about the same age but very differently dressed, did their part of the fishing from a nice dry spot on shore.

"I say, Andrew," exclaimed Ben, as he pulled up a very pretty speckled trout, "what do you and Sam think of this for a lake?"

"'T is n't so big as Quinnebunk," said the larger of the boys on shore. "Is it, Sam?"

"Well, no," said Sam; "there is n't so much water, but there's a great deal better fishing."

"It used to be different," remarked Ben. "The Quinnebunk Hotel has caused the change. Too many summer-folks from the city fish there nowadays. Did n't I tell you I'd show you better luck up here?"

"Well, ye-es, you did," replied Sam, a little sulkily. "What of that? You've done nearly all the catchin'."

"I ought not to be blamed for that. Both of you have had bites enough; and you've used up all your bait and half of mine. Why don't you jerk 'em,—so,—and pull 'em in?"

"I rather think I know how to catch fish," grum-

bled Sam. "'T is n't that. They seem somehow to get away while I'm landing 'em."

"That's bear-catcher's luck," chuckled Ben as he felt another tug at his line; but it was his turn to miss, and only a bare hook came out of the water.

"Bear-catcher's luck?" exclaimed Andrew. "What's that?"

"This kind of luck," said Ben, as he squirmed around on the log to bait his hook. His yellow hair was only a shade or two darker than his ragged straw-hat, and his merry brown face had as many freckles as the speckles on the finest trout that he had caught.

"What's a bear-catcher?" asked Sam.

"Bear-catcher? Don't you know what a bear is? Neither one of you fellers? I'm glad I'm not a city boy. I'd rather have been brought up here, in the mountains."

"Bears?" almost shouted Sam. "Not know bears? We know what bears are as well as you do. We've seen all sorts of bears in the menageries. Black ones and white ones. Grizzlies, too, and all sorts and sizes. We've seen more bears than ever you saw up here."

"Well, now, I think not. Why, these woods are the places where they catch 'em for you city people to look at——"

"How do they catch 'em?" asked Andrew suddenly.

"I thought you did n't know that. I know where there's a bear-trap."

"A bear-trap?"

"A real bear-trap?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Where is it?"

"Show it to us!"

"Certainly. Haul in your line, Sam. Something's on it——"

"Trout! Good one!" shouted Sam as he lifted his neglected rod; but the charm of the fishing had been broken, for he added, "Is it far from here to where that trap is?"

"Far? No. It's only a mile from here, along the mountain."

"A mile, Sam," said Andrew. "Do you feel like walking another mile and back, before we set out for the Quinnebunk Hotel?"

"I'd like to see a bear-trap. Maybe we'd find a bear in it."

"Not a bear," said Ben. "'T is n't the right time of year. It's in the fall they catch 'em. Even then they're not easily caught. That's what 'bear-catcher's luck' means."

The three boys together had secured a good string of fish, but it would have been twice as large if Ben Parley's friends from the city had caught as many as he had.

That would have been a little too much to expect of them; for they had never in their lives, till then, spent a summer among the lakes and mountains, while Ben had been born and brought up in the very midst of all the trout-fishing and hunting. Perhaps, however, Andrew and Sam Butterworth could have shown him some things to puzzle him, if he had been as near their father's house in the city as they were to Ben's log-cabin home, on the shore of Quinnebunk Lake, just beyond the big new summer-hotel.

"No bears?" said Sam, disappointed. "Well, let's go and see the trap, anyhow. It won't do us any harm to walk a mile or two further."

"I don't care for just a mile," said Andrew, for the interest of it was growing upon him. He and his brother had quite a number of questions to ask while they were winding up their lines.

"Are there really many of 'em?" said Andrew, doubtfully, at last.

"Burnie! Burnie! Burnie!" shouted Ben at that moment, as loudly as he could. But he replied, "Bears? Oh, yes. This is a great country for bears, in the fall. That dog——"

"But in winter——" began Sam.

"Burnie! Burnie! Burnie! What's become of that dog? Burn—ie!—In winter? Oh, the bears

all go to sleep in hollow trees in winter.—I wish I knew about that dog——"

"All winter?" exclaimed Andrew unbelievably. "Come, now! What do they live on? Don't they eat?"

"Burnie! Burnie! Burnie!—Eat? No, nobody eats when asleep. They don't get hungry. They're as fat as pigs when they crawl into the hollow trees and they just stick their forepaws into their mouths and go to sleep.—Where's that dog——"

"Go to sleep!" exclaimed Sam. "They can't sleep all winter?"

"Burnie! Burnie! There he comes!—Oh, yes, but they do, though. And they come out thin as fence-rails in the spring."

"Here's your dog," said Andrew. "He's fat enough to go into a hollow tree, now."

"He's always fat. But he used to be a good bear-dog. You'll see him show interest when we get to the trap."

"Let's hurry," said Sam. "It's near noon now, and we're more than five miles from Quinnebunk."

"Yes, we are," said Ben; "but what of it? It's all the way down-hill and there'll be some supper when we get there."

"Supper!" groaned Andrew. "I'd like some dinner!"

"There's lunch in the basket," said Sam, "but let's keep it till we see the trap."

"And we'll cook some fish," said Ben. "We can make a fire."

"Can you cook?"

"Of course I can. I'd be ashamed of myself if I could n't. I'll show you. Come along. Come on, Burnie. Bears, Burnie!—bears!"

Ben's dog was large and fat; but for all his overfed and clumsy appearance, he had reached them at very fair speed. He was of no special breed, but had many characteristics of the Mastiff family. He now stood looking in the face of his young master, with an expression which seemed to say:

"Bears? Now, Ben, do you mean to say bears to an old dog like me, at this time of the year? Don't I know you came up here to catch fish?"

He was a dog of sound mind. He knew those three boys were unprepared for bears. There was not a gun among them. It was of no use to try to agitate *him* by any wild talk about game and hunting; but, when they set out, he was willing to trot along dignifiedly behind them. There was, at least, no danger that any wild animals known to those woods would try to run away with a dog of his size and weight.

Ben Parley's "mile," to where he was to show his friends the trap, was one of those long, full-grown miles that are to be found only in a

very rough country. Andrew Butterworth and his brother began to wonder if the show would be worth the hard work it was costing them. They were just about to say this, when Ben led them out from under the dense forest on the mountain-side, into a long, grassy, open space leading down to the shore of a very small lake. It was scarcely bigger than a pond; and Sam said so, at once.

"Ye-es," replied Ben; "it's little, but it's deep. Some folks say there is n't any bottom to it. They can't find any."

"There must be one, though, somewhere."

"Of course," added Andrew. "There must be *something* to hold the water up."

"Folks have sounded for it," said Ben.

"I don't care," said Sam with great energy. "It's too small a lake to go all the way through."

"But you don't know where it goes to, nor what keeps the water up.—There's the trap, anyhow."

"Where? Where?" exclaimed the other two, at the same instant.

"Up there, among the rocks."

"I can't see it," said Sam.

"Come along; I'll show you. It's a fine old trap.—Bears, Burnie! Bears!"

The long walk was all forgotten as they followed Ben across the slope. Even Burnie seemed to arouse himself to something like an interest in the proceedings, and he actually sniffed at several trees and bushes.

They had to pass quite near to the shore of the beautiful little sheet of water, but they hardly looked at it. Then, just as they began to climb a gentle slope, Ben pointed straight ahead and shouted:

"There's the trap!"

There was a great mass of broken, tumble-down rocks above the slope, and right before them, in the face of the shattered ledge, was a sort of cleft, or opening. It was about ten feet wide at its mouth, and six feet high; and somebody had taken the trouble to roof it over with logs. It was a queer roof, and it jutted out at least six feet, straight from the rock, with a very heavy log at its outer edge.

"It's a sort of house," said Andrew; "but I'm sure nobody would live there who could help it."

"That's so," said Sam. "Now, Ben, where's your trap?"

"Why, there it is."

"I don't see any trap."

"Why, don't you know? That's the bear-trap. All of that."

"Now, see here," said Andrew indignantly, "we're city boys, but you can't make us believe *that*. Do you mean to say the bears go in there

in the fall and go to sleep, and that men can come and catch 'em before they wake up? We're not so stupid as that."

"Bears have some sense, too," said Sam.

"I did n't say any such thing," exclaimed Ben.

"I only said that was a trap. So it is. Bears have been caught in it, too. All the trouble about it, is the drop. It don't work well. Sometimes it gets stuck. It's stuck now."

"What's the 'drop'?"

"Don't you know? Why, that's what catches 'em. Come around on top and I'll show you."

Burnie had taken several good sniffs at the outside of that trap. He had whined, too, through sorrow at finding it empty, and he now sat down before the mouth of the cave, as if contented to remain outside for the present.

The boys clambered up the ledge till they could look down upon the log roof.

"There," said Ben, "do you see that long pole?"

What Ben called a pole was a long, stout hickory sapling, with the bark left on. It was strongly fastened, at its outer end, to the log at the edge of the jutting part of the roof. It lay, from the middle of that log, directly back across the middle of the roof. There did not seem to be any need of a ridge-pole to so flat a roof; but there it was, and Sam remarked:

"That's to hold the logs down."

"Hold 'em down?" said Ben. "Why, that's the spring-pole. The catch is hung to it, down inside. All that frame of logs beyond the edge of the rocks, works on hinges—wooden hinges. Don't you see them now? That's what they call the 'fall.' When it falls, it shuts up that place in there as tight as a drum."

"Ye-es," said Andrew. "But who's a-going to wait up here and watch for bears, till they come crawling in so he can let that down on 'em?"

"Nobody, of course. Come on down, now, and I'll show you the catch."

Down they went, and in a moment they were inside.

"Now don't you see?" said Ben. "That stick hanging down through the roof is notched to the spring-pole. They just bait it at the lower end and leave it. Then a bear comes and gets hold of the bait, and it's tied on tight, and he pulls. Bears are very strong. As soon as he pulls hard, he jerks the spring-pole loose, down comes the 'fall,' and then he's caught."

"I see," said Andrew. "It's only a great big rat-trap."

"That's all. Nobody stays around, or the bears would scent danger and be scared away. The men who are trapping don't come near it for days

and days; and then they only come in the morning, to see if the bait's all right or if anything's been caught."

It was all very clear, now they knew it was a "rat-trap" on a large scale, made of rocks and logs, and Sam suddenly remembered that he was hungry.

"All right," said Ben, the moment Sam mentioned this. "I'll start a fire and we'll do some eating."

"Ben," asked Andrew, "is n't that trap set now?"

"Yes. It's been set ever since last fall. It would n't go off very easily, though."

"I wish we had something to bait it with—we might catch a bear."

"If we waited till next fall, perhaps. Only I've heard it's so hard to set off the trap that the bears sometimes pull the bait from the hook and walk away with it. I'll make the fire in here, against the rock. Then we'll go down near the lake and clean some fish."

"We might catch some more," said Sam, but he forgot this purpose in the excitement of gathering dry wood and bark for the fire.

Ben had matches, and the side of the rock made a good fire-place. There was a bright blaze flashing up in a few minutes. It was easy work to clean a few fish, and it was capital fun to cook and eat them.

"Those Quinnebunk Hotel folks," said Sam, "won't mind if we don't bring 'em home. There are any number of boarders out a-fishing for 'em, all the time."

"They're real good, though," said Ben. "I say, look at old Burnie. You could n't get him to put his head in here."

"Why won't he?"

"He? He's the wisest old dog you ever saw."

"But he is n't a bear; and then the trap is n't baited."

Ben was putting more wood on the fire just at that moment, and Burnie opened his mouth with a long whine. Then he pawed the grass and looked very uneasy.

"He does n't like it," said Ben. "He's afraid we might bait it for him."

"We've no bait," said Sam; "but I can hit the catch."

He picked up a rather heavy piece of stone, as he spoke, and before Ben or Andrew knew what he was about, he had thrown it. It was a good straight throw, too, for a boy of Sam's size, and considering that the stone was so large. It struck the hook on the trigger of the catch, fair and square.

Only a stone, to be sure, but it was as good as a bear, for it sprung the trap.

Snap—crack—crash—bang!

The crackling overhead sounded, for a moment, as if the roof were falling. Then all that part of it which jutted beyond the rock and made the "fall" came swinging down against the open front with a loud slam, and the three boys were caught!

They were trapped, like so many bears—or rats—or mice.

"Well! Now you've done it!" exclaimed Ben.

Andrew gave a frightened scream when the fall came down, and Sam turned pale.

They all jumped up and stood looking at the catch for a moment; then they turned and made a rush for the fall.

Burnie was outside pawing at the bottom log and whining as if trying to get in. Ben could hardly help saying to him:

"Bears, Burnie!—bears!"

Burnie threw up his heavy old head and uttered a long, mournful howl, and then stood staring at his young companions and wagging his stumpy tail as if in pity for their misfortunes. He must have been studying the situation, too, for just as Ben repeated, "Bears, Burnie!" he gave a yelping bark and trotted briskly away toward the woods.

"He's gone to find somebody to help us out," said Andrew.

"He's scared, I think," said Sam. "Ben, what'll we do?"

"Let's eat our dinner first. Then we'll see. I'm hungry as a bear."

They could eat, but even while a fish was broiling, or while they were eating it, they continued to walk around their prison and study the predicament they were in.

"We won't get out of this in a hurry," said Ben.

"Let's keep some of our fish for supper."

"There's plenty of 'em," began Andrew bravely, but Sam was depressed because he was the cause of the mischief, and he almost whimpered.

"What would Father and Mother say, if they knew we were caught in a bear-trap? Can you open it, Ben?"

"No, nor can anybody else, from inside. The biggest bear in the mountains would have to wait here and keep house till somebody came to let him out."

"Yes, but we *must* get out!"

"That's the way bears always feel when they're caught. It spoils their appetites. Sometimes they won't even eat the bait after the fall comes down—unless they're left a good while in the trap."

Sam and Andrew felt that the same sort of feeling, or the broiled trout, had spoiled their own appetites. It was hard to take it so coolly as Ben did, but they tried their best to be cheerful.

All the machinery of that trap was studied again and again, until they knew only too well how heavy and strong it was.

"How can we ever get out?" said Andrew mournfully, at last.

"Oh, the folks will come for us."

"Nobody knows where we are."

"Burnie does. He'll show them."

"Do you suppose he's gone to tell?"

"I should n't wonder. Why, that dog knows more than most men. He's not a city dog. He was raised among the mountains."

Andrew and Sam had their doubts of Burnie's wisdom, and they made another effort to stir the fall. They could only shake it a little.

"Don't you see the latches at the sides?" asked Ben.

They looked, and at either side of the opening they saw a log on the ground with a deep notch in it. When the fall came down, its outer log fell just into those notches so as to be wedged against the rock by them. It was very rude work, but, as Ben said:

"No bear ever could shove it open. They're cunning old fellows, too. If the floor was n't rock, it would have to be of logs, just like the roof."

"What for?" asked Sam.

"If it was n't, the bears would dig their way out. We would, too. I wish those cracks between the roof logs were just a few inches wider."

"All they're good for now is to let out smoke," said Andrew. "Oh, dear!"

"Oh, dear!" echoed Sam.

Ben Parley tried to put a bold face on it. He knew a good many stories about bears, and he told several of them, one after another; but it was not of much use. All three of them were beginning to understand sympathetically how a bear feels when trapped.

"Ben!" exclaimed Sam at last, suddenly, "there's Burnie!"

There he was, indeed, down on the shore of the lake, lapping the water. He had been rambling, perhaps, and had become thirsty.

"Burnie! Burnie!" shouted Ben.

The old dog turned from the water and trotted slowly up to the front of the trap, but he only sniffed all along the lower log of the fall, lifted his head, and howled.

"That's of no use, Burnie," said Ben. "We'd all howl if that could do any good."

"I feel just like it," Sam said mournfully.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ben, suddenly springing to his feet.

"What's the matter? Do you see any one coming?" asked Andrew.

"No, I don't; but —"

"I wish you did. I'm getting thirsty. Why did you hurrah?"

"Because I can unlatch the trap!"

"Can you? How?"

"Why, we can burn off the latches. And then we can pry the logs open. Fire, boys,—fire!"

Burnie answered him, outside, with a great bark, and pranced up and down as if he expected something joyful to happen.

"We'll do it. Come on!"

Fire will burn wood, especially if the wood is very dry. The boys pushed out some blazing brands, first, and placed them against the log latches. They had gathered a great heap of dry stuff for their own fire, and it followed these brands, piece by piece, till Ben's new idea was "all in a blaze," at each end of the fall. There was fun in it, as well as hope, and Burnie barked a vigorous approval.

"Won't the men who own this trap be angry?" asked Sam.

"Perhaps they will," said Ben calmly. "It'll cost 'em some work to set it to rights again."

This seemed likely, for the fire was now rapidly burning the latches. Fire, however, is a queer sort of tool, and it can not be handled so safely as an ax or a saw. Other tools stop working when a man lets go of them; but a fire is apt to continue upon its own account as long as it finds anything at hand.

So it was with that fire. The log latches burned away nicely, and the boys thought that was the right place to stop; but the fire went to work on the logs and framework of the fall.

"I say, boys," exclaimed Ben, "if it spreads all over them and gets to the roof, this cave will be an oven."

"We'll be roasted alive!" groaned Sam.

"Oh, dear!" said Andrew, "it's getting warmer every minute!"

The fire was climbing, climbing, and Burnie's bark, heard through the flames, was turning into something like a whine.

The smoke went up nearly straight, for there was no wind to blow it in upon them, but what Ben Parley called "the weather in the trap" very soon grew uncomfortable.

Hotter and hotter; but at last the heavy lower log of the fall was suddenly loosened and rolled a little.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ben. "The pins are burned through!"

"Pins?" said Sam. "Was that thing fastened with pins?"

"Wooden pins—See?—held the logs to the frame. More logs will tumble soon. Then we can crawl out."

"Crawl out? How?"

"In the middle. The fire 's at the ends. We 'll have room enough. Only, it 'll be a hot creep."

"See old Burnie dance around," said Sam.

"He does n't mean to get himself singed."

"Trust him for that. I wish he was a man with an ax."

"This oven 's getting warmer," said Andrew.

"The smoke is terrible."

Sam, who came last, barely got through in time to escape the fall of another burning log.

Oh, how good it seemed to draw a long breath of fresh air, and then to take a draught of cool, fresh water from the lake!

"We 're not roasted this time," said Ben.

"That oven 'll be hot enough to roast a bear, very soon," said Andrew. "See the roof blaze!"



"SAM BARELY GOT THROUGH IN TIME TO ESCAPE THE FALL OF ANOTHER BURNING LOG."

They were already crouching down at the back of the trap, to be as far as they could from the fire.

"Boys," shouted Ben, "See! See! The fire has reached the roof! We 're in for it, now!"

Crash! — down came the second log of the fall, and a shower of sparks was followed by a smudge of smoke. Another log followed and rolled away a little. It looked as if there was to be one bonfire in the mouth of the trap and another over their heads.

"Now, boys," shouted Ben Parley, suddenly, "Get ready. There 's room to go through in the middle."

"Follow-ugh-my-ugh-leader," coughed Andrew very bravely, but Sam's mouth and eyes had too much smoke in them for any uncalled-for exertion.

"Hands-ugh-and-ugh-knees!" said Ben, as he scuttled across the rocky floor. Out they went, and

marked Sam, "when we tell 'em we trapped ourselves for bears and then burned our way out."

The walk home seemed much shorter for having such an adventure to talk about; but when they came to the turn of the road near the Quinebunk Hotel they felt that they had been through a great deal that day.

At that very moment, there was Ben's father on the steps of the hotel piazza, talking with a very anxious-looking lady and with a gentleman who was trying hard not to seem anxious.

"No, ma'am," Mr. Parley said, "they won't get lost. My Ben was born in the mountains. He kin find his way anywhere."

"Mr. Butterworth and I were thinking somebody should go —"

"No more bears will be caught in *that* trap," said Ben. "They 're cunning, though. If they knew how we got out they'd all carry matches, so as to be ready."

Burnie now marched back and sat down in front of the fire, at a safe distance, as if the whole affair were a puzzle to be studied out and whined over.

"Boys," said his master, "that thing will burn all night. Let 's go home."

"They will find it pretty hard to believe us, though," re-

"There, Parley," exclaimed the gentleman, "there they are now, with that dog of yours——"

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed his wife. "Where can they have been?"

"Oh, they've been roaming over the mountain," began Ben's father; but the boys had hurried a little, with all that story to tell, and were now near enough to cause Mr. Butterworth to exclaim:

"Sam! Andrew! Why are your faces so blackened?"

"And your clothes covered with ashes!" added their mother. "Oh, boys, where have you been?"

"Mother," shouted Sam, "we've been playing bears!"

"We got trapped, too," said Andrew. "And Ben Parley set fire to us and burned us out."

"Ben," said his father sternly, "what have you been up to?"

There were other people on the piazza, and several men who were in the road joined the little group that gathered so quickly to hear those three sooty boys tell their story.

Ben told it, with frequent interruptions from Sam and Andrew, and he told it very well, for Mr. Butterworth remarked:

"Maria, he came near burning them up; but he saved their lives!"

A tall, weather-beaten man at the bottom of the steps then slapped Mr. Parley on the shoulder and said:

"It's all right, Parley. That trap belonged to me and my partner, but it's all right. I'm glad the young boy-bears got away. It's the first time I ever heerd of three young bears a-trappin' themselves at our fall, and then burnin' down the trap over their own heads. I won't charge you a cent!"





"I WIS' ZEY 'D LET ME EAT DAT WAY!"

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

BY JESSIE C. GLASIER.

"GOOD-BYE, Eunice," said Mrs. Primwell, in a business-like tone, stooping low to kiss her small seven-year-old daughter, as she drew on her neat cashmere gloves. "Be a good girl. Don't hinder Sarah at her work, or idle away the hours yourself. Remember 'Time lost can never be regained,' and 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'"

A lonely look crept into the child's face. "When will you come home, Mother?" she asked, raising her dark eyes to the clear-cut, practical face set in bands of reddish-brown hair beneath a plain black velvet bonnet.

"That I can not tell you," returned her mother, in her precisely modulated tones. "We go first to the special meeting of the Good Samaritan Society,

on Twenty-third street. I shall learn there where my duty lies for the afternoon. I am never sure what work is before me when I leave the house; and this week I am also on the Visiting and Relief Committee." Mrs. Primwell gave a sigh of virtuous and highly enjoyable martyrdom. "At our last meeting, there was some talk of our visiting the Home for Indigent Inventors to-day. In that case, I may not return before seven this evening. But I have told Sarah not to delay tea, and I have left work for you, my dear; there are six examples set down ready on your slate. See in how many cases you can obtain the correct result at the first working. Then you will find another pillow-case, ready basted, on the work-stand in my room. Try to take the over-and-over stitches a

trifle closer together than you did on the first one. When your lessons and sewing are done, you may amuse yourself with the illustrated paper your father brought you last night. That is all, I think. No!—I had very nearly forgotten my Quarterly Report. Run up quickly, Eunice, and bring me the small black note-book on my table."

The little girl obeyed promptly. Then she said "Good-bye" again, rather wistfully, and stood at the window, her small face pressed close to the pane, watching her mother, who walked briskly down the street in the spring sunshine, hailed a car at the corner, and sailed jingling out of sight. Then Eunice turned away, the corners of her mouth drooping with patient resignation, and brought her slate and pencil.

Poor little Eunice hated arithmetic, and made such sad work of it that Mrs. Primwell, who had always had a "wonderful head for figures" herself, groaned in spirit over this sad deficiency in her only child. But, as Miss Lydia Hatcher, she had been a most thorough and efficient teacher for eleven years, before she finally resigned to become Mrs. Primwell and take charge of a docile class of one; and the habit of years was yet strong upon her. She untiringly explained and re-explained the points that puzzled Eunice's little head; heard her repeat her multiplication-table regularly every morning, and said to herself that by the time the spring term opened and the child began to attend school again, she should understand thoroughly everything as far as she had gone—which was more than could be expected from the ordinary instruction of a country school.

It was now six weeks since the Primwells had moved into the city from the far-away village of Turnersville, which had been home to Eunice all her little life. The morning lessons had gone on regularly so far; but Mrs. Primwell, having been at the head of half-a-dozen societies, benevolent or literary, in Turnersville, had brought letters of introduction to the foremost "workers" here at her new home; had been speedily recognized and welcomed as a lady of "great executive ability," and already held an active place on the staff of a temperance society, two city missions, and a literary and scientific circle; and the days were growing more and more frequent when little Eunice was left alone, as upon this day, to puzzle through her tasks as best she might.

The six examples were done at last. Only two had come out right the very first time. It was almost 11 o'clock, a full hour since Eunice had watched her mother out of sight. She supposed she ought to go upstairs after the pillow-case, but she sat still a few moments longer in her low chair, her little hands folded over the slate in her lap, and looked

wistfully about the room. Here were the same carpet that had covered the floor of the Turnersville sitting-room,—only turned now, and re-sewed to fit the long, narrow room,—the same chairs and lounge, and the walnut table on which lay the same books that had been there as long ago as Eunice could remember: "Pope's Poems," in gaudy red and gold; Goldsmith's "Traveller," in contrasting dinginess of black covers and rusty edges; "Bacon's Essays," "Young's Poems," and the great brown leather photograph-album. Between these, on the polished surface of the table, Sarah's duster had left little streaks and dabs of dust; but Eunice did not see this. She was looking up at the square, yellowed diploma that had been presented to Miss Lydia Hatcher on her successful graduation from the Turnersville Female Seminary. Opposite this, and similarly framed in narrow gilt molding, hung something even more precious in Mrs. Primwell's eyes,—her "Teacher's Life Certificate," a wilderness of wonderful curves and flourishes, wherein little Eunice could make out only a long word here and there.

She turned her eyes from the scroll, this bright April morning, and looked straight before her out of the window again. For some reason she felt more lonely just now than she had ever felt before.

"I wish," she said slowly, aloud to herself, "I wish I was back in Turnersville. I wish I could see Molly Merriman, or Jeanie Appleby, or even Judy Ketchum! I have n't anybody to go to see here, or to play with. We don't know even the people next door, and we've been here—six—weeks. It's dreadful! There was dear old Auntie Briggs lived next us, at home. She used to tell stories, such nice ones. Oh, I wish I could go to see her this afternoon. I wonder who does live in this next house, anyway! I suppose my mother would know if she did n't have to go to the asylums and societies and things, so much."

Eunice was standing at the window now, looking over at the neighboring house of neat red-brick. A canary, swinging in the bay-window, just then began to trill his joyous little song; the maples which lined the sidewalk waved their branches, laden with tiny swelling buds, gently to and fro in the soft spring air, and seemed to beckon to the lonely little figure at the window; and, with a sudden burst of sunshine, an idea came to her which made her clasp her two hands tightly together. A faint flush tinged the clear pallor of her cheeks, and her brown eyes grew larger than ever.

Suppose she should start out, herself, this very morning and become acquainted with some of these people!

She opened the window and leaned out, her

heart beating fast with unaccustomed daring. "I have n't done the pillow-case," she thought. But at that very moment a hand-organ, away down the street, struck up the jolliest and most inviting of jigs. "Come out into the sunshine, sunshine, sunshine!" it seemed to say; and in less than two minutes a dozen children came dancing and skipping along to the sound of the music. Eunice shut the window and ran upstairs.

Lady Jane, then, should go calling, too. Eunice would take her in the black velvet work-bag that Mrs. Primwell carried to the Helping Hand Sewing Society. Eunice ran into her mother's room after it, and spied a small pile of tracts on the writing-stand, on top of five or six Chautauqua books and "Ebenezer Evans, D. D., on Self-Culture," in two volumes.

"My mother would like to have them 'stributed,"



"IT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU TO COME TO SEE US," SAID THE PRETTY SISTER." (SEE PAGE 898.)

"People don't stay long the very first time," she said to herself. "I can go to a good many places before luncheon-time. I shall begin right next door, and go from house to house, as my mother and the other ladies do when they carry tracts and things. My mother 'll be so pleased to have me pay some 'tention to our neighbors, when she can't."

The neglected sewing, the picture-paper,—everything was forgotten, as Eunice hurriedly smoothed and braided her thick dark locks afresh, and brought out her best brown felt sailor-hat, with the long ribbons, and her Sunday gloves. Then a new thought came.

"Maybe there will be a little girl to play with, somewhere. I will carry Lady Jane."

Pulling open the lowest drawer of her own small bureau, she took out a blue-eyed china doll some six or eight inches in height. Poor dear! the doll had lost both feet in an accident long ago, and had been put into long dresses and trains to hide the deficiency; but no less was she the darling of her little mother's heart.

thought the child. So half-a-dozen of the tiny pamphlets went into the velvet work-bag. Then Eunice marched, with a very dignified but noiseless step, downstairs and out at the door. She stopped at the bed of early spring-flowers before the parlor windows, and snipped off three daffodils. Then, with the yellow blossoms in one little hand, and the work-bag on her arm, her head very erect, and the toes of her small boots turned out in proper position, she made her stately way out of the gate and down the street.

Eunice rang at the red-brick house and waited politely two, three,—four minutes, perhaps. No answer. Again she pulled out the creaking white knob, and far away in the basement a bell tinkled faintly. But nobody came to open the door. At last, after the third,—a very vigorous ring,—the window directly over the door was thrown up, and out came a somewhat frowsy head, belonging to a pretty, youngish woman, wearing no collar in the neck of her loose wrapper, which she held together at the throat with one hand, while she called in a high-pitched voice:

"What do you want, little girl?"

Eunice was so startled that she nearly fell backward from the top step, in trying suddenly to look up into the speaker's face.

"I wish to see the lady of the house," she answered simply.

"Well, I'm the lady of the house," was the somewhat impatient answer; "but I'm awfully busy up here, and I don't want to come down unless it's very necessary. Did you come to borrow something, or what?"

The child's face lost a shade of its bright expectancy.

"No, ma'am. I live in the next house, and I came over to get acquainted. I did n't know but I'd find a little girl—somewhere, somebody I could play with."

"Well, if I ever—!" laughed the lady, looking Eunice over from head to foot, and evidently much amused by the child's grave little face and grown-up air. After pausing a moment, she said:

much disappointed and perplexed, went slowly down the steps. Then she turned, and flung up her head, carrying it with its usual proud, independent turn.

"I don't believe she's very nice," she said to herself. "I'll just leave her a tract,—that's what I'll do! Maybe it will make her behave better to people who come to see her."

She stopped and selected "True Repentance Explained" from the velvet bag, and, running lightly up the steps, poked it under the door. This done, she skipped down again and tripped with a hop-and-jump to the gate; then, recollecting herself, turned out her toes once more and fell into her stately little walk, determined not to be dismissed so unceremoniously from the next house.

Here a very different experience awaited her. The door was opened before the bell had half done jingling, and she was shown into a charming parlor, where three pretty young ladies in becoming morning costumes were playing at fancy-work to the accompaniment of lively remarks from a young



"OH, I WISH I COULD READ ABOUT IT!" SHE CRIED, LOOKING AT THE PICTURE." (SEE PAGE 901.)

"No, there are n't any children in this house. Besides, I've so much on my hands this morning that I think you'd better run home now, and come some other time to 'get acquainted.'"

She lowered the window, and, laughing to herself, sat down again to her sewing. Little Eunice,

gentleman in a huge easy-chair opposite them. Eunice looked from one to another of the merry little company, feeling rather bewildered for a moment; but, not being shy by nature, she promptly explained that she was making calls from house to house to get acquainted.

The three young ladies looked at their small visitor, and then at one another with laughing eyes, but they politely begged her to be seated. When she had taken a chair with a manner as much like her mother's formal-call air as she could assume, the dark-haired sister in blue said (just as though she were speaking to a grown-up visitor, Eunice thought proudly):

"I am sorry not to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. What is your name, please?"

"Eunice Primwell," the little girl answered simply; whereupon, the young lady introduced herself as Miss Temple, and her two sisters as Miss Adelaide and Miss Helen. Then she said:

"Allow me to present Mr. Dudley, Miss Primwell."

At this, the young gentleman rose, and, laying one hand to his heart, made a most impressive bow, and declared himself "delighted to have the honor"; which made little Eunice regard him very earnestly for a moment with her serious, questioning eyes, and then, holding her head a trifle more erect under the big sailor-hat, turn to golden-haired Miss Adelaide, with a wise remark about the weather.

"It was very cold when we came away from Turnersville," she observed reflectively. "My mother said it was not any time to move, but Papa said we'd have to, 'count of business, and he had his way, for once. But I 'most wish he had n't. I do get so lonesome when my mother's gone to the Dorcas, or the Orphan's Home, or some of those places."

"Did you ever! The dear little thing!" said Miss Helen, aside, to her sister, who was bending over her crocheting to hide the smile that would come as she looked at their quaint little visitor, whose small feet were so very far from the floor as she sat bolt-upright in the big chair.

"Miss Primwell, won't you be so kind as to give me one of those flowers for a boutonniere?" begged Mr. Dudley, with great gravity. "I dote on yellow." But Eunice shook her head.

"I brought them for sick people," she said with decision.

Miss Helen's bright eyes danced.

"And what has the little lady in the bag, I wonder? May I see?" she coaxed, gently laying one hand on the velvet work-bag. Something rustled inside.

"Tracts, most likely," suggested Mr. Dudley, idly rolling his cane back and forth across the knees of his gray spring trousers.

"Right for once, I declare!" cried Miss Helen, as she drew out a small pamphlet. "Of all things! Just listen!" And as gravely as she could, for laughing, she read the title, "'What do our Young Men Most Need?' The very thing for you, Mr.

Dudley!" And she handed it over to him, in the general laugh that followed.

Eunice was the only one who did not join in the merriment. She had been thinking fast. Her heart beat harder, and her eyes blazed. They were laughing at her! They had only made believe to treat her like a grown-up lady!

She slid down from her chair, her face pale, and her lips compressed. At the same moment Miss Helen, the youngest and gayest of the sisters, drew Lady Jane from the velvet bag, and held her up before the rest.

"And if here is n't the dolly! How delicious!" she cried. But Eunice, with the air of an offended princess, put out her hand for her treasure.

"I think I shall go now," she said stiffly. "I don't think I care to get acquainted with people who laugh and make fun."

"Oh, you dear little thing," interrupted Miss Helen, impulsively drawing the small figure toward her. "No, don't go. Why, we were n't laughing at you. We would n't do that for anything."

"No, indeed, my dear child. You must n't think of it; and it was very kind of you to come to see us," chimed in the eldest pretty sister.

"And you must come again," said Miss Adelaide, bending to kiss the grave, puzzled little face.

The proud, hurt look softened. "Thank you, ma'am, but I think I will go now," the child repeated with a doubtful air. She could not feel quite sure, after all, that the young ladies really wished her to stay. She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that she had started out to make friends with her neighbors.

"You can keep the tract. I brought them to give away," she added over her shoulder to Mr. Dudley. Nobody laughed this time. All three sisters kissed her warmly, and made her promise to come again to see them; but as little Eunice shut the gate behind her, she looked down the street and hesitated whether to go on, or turn back toward home. But the thought of the lonely house brought no charm, and just then, glancing across the street, she saw at a window a cheery old lady's face, bordered with wavy white hair, so like the silvery bands about dear old Auntie Briggs's placid forehead, that her mind was made up in an instant.

The old lady herself came to open the door. But, alas!—she was so very deaf that the little girl almost despaired of making her understand a word.

"Lady of the house?" she repeated, when Eunice had stood on tiptoe and shouted the sentence close to her ear. "Oh, yes. That's me, just now, I s'pose, for 'Lizabeth's gone out this morning. She's my son's wife, 'Lizabeth is. Come in, deary; I was right tired o' setting here alone. I'm glad to see you." And she led the little girl into a cosy

room where a wood-fire snapped and crackled in an open stove, pussy dozed undisturbed on the mat, and several geraniums in full bloom made a pink and scarlet glory in the sunny south-window.

If only it had not been so hard to make the old lady hear her, Eunice was sure she might have en-

the saw-mill there." She had heard all about the place from Mrs. Jonas Purcell's daughter Clarinda, when she visited 'Lizabeth last Christmas-time. And how was Jonas's folks getting on, anyhow?

When Eunice had shouted, for the third time, that she did n't know Mrs. Jonas nor her daughter

Clarinda, the old lady looked disappointed for a moment. But she went on chattering and asking questions as brightly as ever; and when Eunice, tired of saying the same thing so many times in so loud a tone, rose to go, the old lady slipped a scalloped cooky into her hand, and kissed her heartily. In return, Eunice gave the old lady one of the three daffodils — rather wilted now from being clasped so long in her small warm hand. "For if she is n't sick," she said to herself, "it must be just as bad not to hear anything."

The old lady had no trouble in understanding this kind little act. She took the blossom, and patted the small giver's shoulder; and, promising to come another day soon, Eunice tripped away with a bright face, to try her fortune at the next house.

This was of fine gray stone, so imposing that the little maid's face grew rather doubtful as she looked up the long

flight of steps, only to see in one of the corner windows a card with "To Rent" printed on it in large letters. She dropped down on the lowest step, and looked back along the street.

"One—two—three; this makes only four houses I've been to! And my mother goes whole squares, some mornings!" she said in astonishment. She was beginning to feel hungry as well as tired. She took the old lady's cooky from the velvet bag, and nibbled off the scallops, one by one.



"THE OLD LADY HERSELF CAME TO OPEN THE DOOR."

joyed visiting her almost as well as if she had been Auntie Briggs. She was very friendly, and asked a great many questions. What was Eunice's name? Where did she live? How long had they been there? Where did they move from? Did they know a Mrs. Jonas Purcell — she that was Viola Starkins — who lived at Turner's Mill? When Eunice, looking puzzled, cried, "Turnersville?" very loudly in her ear, she only smiled more cheerily than ever, and said, "Oh, yes; it was named for

Suddenly the notes of the "Blue Danube" waltz came from an organ around the corner. Eunice forgot her weariness. She sprang up and ran toward the music. Maybe there would be a monkey, and she could give him the rest of her cooky.

But just then the waltz was broken off in the middle of its gayest strain, and the organ-grinder, without a monkey, and with a frown on his dark face, shouldered his instrument, and slouched off down the street. A servant in a white cap and apron was standing in the doorway of the house before which he had been playing. Evidently she had been sent to order him away.

"Oh, somebody is sick," thought little Eunice, walking more slowly and gazing up at the windows of the beautiful house. She had passed it before, and thought how lovely it must be to live in such a home. The avenue on which it stood was much broader and finer than the street in which the Primwells lived, and this house, to Eunice's eyes, was the most beautiful she had ever seen. It was a pale primrose-yellow, and it had a tower, and bay-windows all the way up to the third floor, and piazzas at the front and side; and at one end a conservatory full of blooming plants. There was a beautiful lawn all around the house, with an arbor surrounded by the evergreens and shrubs. Most of the other houses had only a narrow strip of green in front.

Eunice stopped short, and looked hard at the two stone lions that guarded the wide gateway. Should she go in, up the broad paved walk, and try her fortune once more, this sunny morning? The maid was still standing in the doorway, looking away down the street. She had a good-natured face. Eunice closed the gate behind her with a resolute click, and marched boldly up the path.

"I've come to call on the sick person, if you please," she began, politely.

The puzzled expression, which had appeared on the girl's face, deepened. She hesitated for a moment; then, as she looked into the sweet earnest eyes raised to hers, she seemed re-assured.

"Ef it's Master Guy ye mean," she said kindly, "he's in the liburry, an' much good may ye do him; fur it's the worst way he's in, this marnin',—till it's meself can do nothing at all with him," she added, half under her breath, as she paused at the end of the wide hall, threw open a door, and vanished precipitately.

Eunice had a glimpse of rows and rows of books, and pictures looking down at her from the tops of the shelves; but she hardly noticed them, for across the room in a great invalid's chair, with one bandaged ankle resting on a pile of cushions, and his pale thin face turned wearily toward the window, sat a lad of thirteen, who glanced over his shoulder

impatiently at the sound of her footsteps, and then, wheeling slowly around, regarded her with silent astonishment from a pair of very blue and very eager eyes.

What he saw, standing irresolute just inside the doorway, was a slight, small figure all in soberest brown, with a world of sympathy in the sweet demure face and pitying eyes, and two yellow daffodils clasped in one little hand,—the only bit of bright color in the picture.

"I've come to see you, and give you these," said the clear childish voice, as the little visitor advanced and held out the daffodils half shyly. "I suppose you are Guy? And how did you hurt yourself? I am so very sorry!"

"Yes, I'm Guy,—more 's the pity," said the boy, impatiently brushing his tumbled curls back from his high white forehead. "Thank you for the flowers. You're very kind, I'm sure. Just bring them here, please; you see I can't stir from this chair," and he waved his hand with another quick nervous gesture toward his bandaged ankle. "Pony shied and threw me,—a week ago yesterday, it was. Might have been worse, I suppose, for it's only a sprain; but the doctor *did* say he'd rather have had a break. It's bad enough, I can tell you. But now sit down—there's a low rocker—and tell me what your name is," he added gently, but with the air of one quite unused to being denied.

"And so you came on purpose to see me, Miss Primrose?" he asked with a smile, when Eunice had obeyed him. "Shake hands."

The child put her right hand in his. "I said *Primwell*," she remarked with some dignity.

"I know. But it ought to be Primrose; that just suits you!" He drew her gently toward him. "I say, just let me try one of these yellow daffys—so. You don't mind, do you?" He was pinning the blossom at her throat with nervous fingers while he talked, and now he tipped back his head to look at her with an artist's pleasure in his eyes.

"You've no idea how that bit of color lights you up. You look as pretty as a pink!"

Eunice regarded him gravely.

"You must be mistaken," she said, drawing back slightly. "I'm not pretty. My mother tells me that often. She says little girls should think of their manners and not of their looks, and 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

Master Guy seemed to find this very amusing. The corners of his mouth twitched in spite of himself, and the blue eyes grew very merry. He even forgot his pain. What a deliciously quaint little study she was, to be sure! He had not found anything half so amusing for many a long weary day. Where had this sweet, sober little piece of prim-

ness started from, to walk into his life so unexpectedly? Guy studied her again in silence. The little girls he was used to seeing, wore jaunty little blue and scarlet caps and bright-colored cloaks and dresses. Their wavy hair floated free around their rosy laughing faces, as they skipped and ran and rolled hoops down the avenue, and played hide-and-seek among the evergreens in the park. They did not talk like grown-up people. They lisped, or made deliciously funny blunders over long words. They could not sit demurely, with folded hands, looking at you so seriously with the faint pink color coming and going in their cheeks.

"I wish," he said aloud, "that you would take off that big hat. Won't you, please?—I want to see your face."

Eunice obeyed again.

"But I must n't stay very long," she said, as if suddenly remembering something, "because it must be most luncheon-time. And my mother may come home—and there 's the pillow-case."

"The pillow-case!"

Eunice nodded. "I did n't do one stitch!" she said, with a gleam of daring mischief in her face. And then she related all her morning's adventures. "I get so lonesome," she said, "when my mother's gone to the Z. W. E. A."

"To the what?"

"Why, don't you know? To the Z. W. E. A. That means Zealous—Women's—Employment—Agency," she said slowly, as though reciting something learned by rote. "My mother goes every Wednesday. There 's a Band of Burden Bearers, too. And the Helping Hands——"

The merriest laugh that the library had echoed for many a day interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon," cried Guy, as soon as he could recover himself; "but you 're such a dear little mite, you know, and those long words—oh, it 's too jolly!" and he laughed again, but so kindly that Eunice joined in, at the last, though she could not quite understand his merriment. His next question puzzled her still more.

"And so you started out to seek your fortune, little Una? And where is your snow-white palfrey?" he asked playfully, his face growing fanciful.

"I don't know what you mean," said she, with wonder in her brown eyes. "What is a palfrey? And you should n't call me Eunie; my mother does n't approve of nicknames."

"But Una is n't a nickname at all," protested the boy, "and you 'd like me to call you that, I 'm sure, if you knew the story. Una was a lovely princess who went to seek her Red-Cross Knight."

The child's eyes had been growing larger and darker than ever. She clasped her hands together and bent forward eagerly.

"Oh, who was the Red-Cross Knight?" she interrupted softly. "It sounds like a fairy-story."

"That 's just what it is,—the best one I know. The knight wore a red cross on his shield—that 's how he got his name; and he fought dragons and killed them, and Saracens. And nothing could hurt him because he wore the Red Cross. See,—here 's the book; I was reading it over only yesterday." He fumbled among the books and papers scattered over a table within easy reach from his chair, and brought out a large thin volume, full of the most exquisite illustrations, which he held open for Eunice's delighted gaze.

"O—oh!" she sighed softly, as, leaning over his chair, she spelled out the title at the head of the page, *The Faëry Queen*. "And is this Una, the princess? And did she walk along—so—beside a lion? Oh, I wish I could read about it!" she cried, pointing to the picture before her. "My mother thinks fairy-stories are foolish—but I don't," she declared, in a burst of confidence, drawing another long breath, her face glowing with delight.

Guy laughed again at this. He put his arm around the little girl and drew her nearer to the great arm-chair.

"You shall read it. Yes, that 's Una. Is n't she beautiful? And see how *protecting* the grand old lion looks. See how she lays her little hand on the old fellow's back without a bit of fear. That 's one of the prettiest parts of the story, I think," and the boy's fine, pale face grew dreamy again. "The lion came upon Una resting in the wood, and when he saw her, so innocent and beautiful and helpless, with no one to take care of her, instead of rushing at her and eating her up, he grew as mild as possible in a moment, and fawned at her feet; and after that he was her protector—that is, till he was killed, poor old beast! They traveled miles together. He would not leave her, and nobody dared to molest her. You shall hear all about it. And now don't you like me to call you Una? I declare," he added suddenly, looking from the picture to the child's face, "she has eyes like yours! Just so big and soft. And there 's another thing; I was feeling as savage as a wild beast this morning, cooped up here, with nobody to say a word to, and this confounded ankle,—I beg your pardon, but you can't know how it pains me,—but just see how you 've tamed me, Princess. I don't look now as if I wanted to devour anybody, do I?"

They both laughed merrily at this, and in the midst of their fun the astonished maid appeared at the door.

"And will ye want your lunch now, Master Guy?" she began.

"Of course we do," interrupted the boy gayly. "I had n't thought of it, Mary, but I'm actually hungry. And, Mary, bring us something particularly good; you know I don't have company every day," he added as the kind-hearted servant obeyed joyfully, wondering "what had come over Master Guy, to be sure!"

Little Eunice tried to protest that she could n't stay — she must go home; but she was so happy with her new-found friend in this delightful world of books and pictures and fairy-tales, that she could not hold out long, and Guy would take no denial.

"Do you think I am going to sit here alone and pick at a chicken-bone and a mouthful of toast? Nonsense! My mother is out, too. She won't be home till dark. Aunt Marcia's sick, away at the other end of town, so she had to go to see her. I should be all alone again. I can't think of letting you go," he cried, and then he leaned forward and his blue eyes grew suddenly wistful. "I had a little sister once," he said slowly. "She died years ago. I've missed her ever since. I wish — Could not you make believe to be my sister and come to see me often — every day? Will you, little Una?"

"I've always wished I had a brother, just about as big as you are," said kind-hearted little Eunice. "I'll be the best sister I know how."

Such an afternoon as that was! First came the luncheon. Eunice herself poured the chocolate into the dear, wee, pink-and-white cups, hardly larger than those of her best doll's-tea-set; and Guy ate sandwiches and fruit, and two pieces of cake, and declared nothing had tasted half so good since he was hurt. And then they laughed and chattered, and told stories and looked at pictures, and Una — as he always called her — took her dear new play-fellow into her entire confidence, and showed him Lady Jane, and told him about the tiny arithmetic and spelling-book which she had printed, and bound in scarlet paper for the use of the dolls, when she kept school for them.

In return, Guy told her all his dreams and fancies — how he hoped to be a wonderful poet some day, or an artist; how he had never been strong like other boys, and so had amused himself with books and drawing-paper while they ran and wrestled and played all sorts of outdoor games.

It was four o'clock before Eunice ran home at last, her little head so filled with thoughts of Guy and the lovely library, and princesses and lions and Red-Cross Knights, that she could not have told whether she was skipping over common bricks or over shining rubies. She was brought out of her enchanted world by the sight of her mother standing in the doorway, with anxious eyes and firm-set mouth.

Mrs. Primwell prided herself upon knowing

"how to govern children judiciously," as she expressed it. She never allowed herself to scold, or otherwise betray anger. Her voice was clear and steady, and her forehead smooth, as she interrupted her little daughter in the midst of her eager story.

"That will do, Eunice. I do not care to talk with you any longer at present. Of course, you can not expect such unjustifiable conduct to be passed over with no punishment whatever. Go upstairs now. Brush your teeth thoroughly, and give your hair one hundred strokes. Be sure to see that your window is down two inches at the top. Then undress and go to bed at once."

The child's sensitive face flushed, and she choked back a sob; but she held her head proudly, and only said, "Yes, ma'am," with her lips as tightly compressed as her mother's own.

"I was so lonesome!" she said to herself, as she turned away. "And I thought my mother would be pleased." The little face was pale now, and her whole figure drooped dejectedly as she slowly climbed the stairs. But, short as the distance was, little Eunice had not reached the top of the flight before her tender conscience stirred reproachfully. She recalled the anxious, troubled look her mother's face had worn as she stood on the step, looking up and down the street.

"It was naughty," she confessed, "to go away so — and stay such a long time. Oh, how would I feel to come home some day and find you gone, my own Lady Jane," — she hugged her treasure closer with penitent tenderness — "and look, and look — in every room — and go upstairs — and ask Sarah — and not find you anywhere! And my mother had been standing in the door a long time, waiting to see her little girl come home. But oh, it was so beautiful!"

Her eyes grew bright again and her heart beat faster as she crept into bed, and, cuddling Lady Jane close to her cheek, lay with wide-open eyes, living over and over every incident of the day, till at last she fell asleep.

Early next morning, while Mrs. Primwell sat absorbed in the day's Chautauqua reading, Sarah brought in a note. Shutting the book over an Ancient History topic, to keep the place, her mistress read the creamy sheet with several unusual changes of expression. At the first glimpse of the signature, Helen Cary Kingsbury, in the round, graceful hand she well remembered, a vision rose before Mrs. Primwell's astonished gaze. She was Lydia Hatcher again, teaching in the old, brick school-house, and fair-haired Helen Cary, with her blue eyes and gentle, persuasive manners, was just across the hall, with her own class of boys and girls. How they all loved her! How they tried to please her! She herself, the renowned Miss

Hatcher, never had better order in her own room, and yet their methods were so different! She remembered there had always been a bunch of roses or pinks, or a rosy-cheeked apple, on Miss Cary's desk. Her own pupils — they did not fear her exactly, — but did they love her? Mrs. Primwell turned to the beginning of the note and read it through, slowly, a second time :

"Your dear little daughter has done wonders for Guy already. He seems thoroughly roused from his listless, despondent mood. Lend her to us often — every day, if you can spare her. Her bright sweet friendship will do my poor boy more good than any other medicine. What an unspeakable treasure she must be to you, dear friend. I can well imagine how full your hands and heart are with your home-duties, and the outside-work in which you are so active. It is a noble work, but one I have never been able to engage in, my time has been so filled with a mother's cares. Perhaps when I see you, you can show me how to reconcile the two. How much there will be to talk about, after all these years of separation! But I write hurriedly to ask that you will let dear little Eunice come to us again to-day. I have a friend with me this morning, or I should have gone myself to make the request. But I shall see you very soon."

Mrs. Primwell's usually methodical and well-disciplined thoughts were dancing and whirling in wild confusion by this time. So the lame boy — the Guy — about whom Eunice, her "unspeakable treasure," had been trying to tell her yesterday, was Helen Cary's son! And Helen lived on the next street, and was coming soon! Would they find each other greatly changed since the days when they had eaten their luncheon together in the brick school-house, and talked over their hopes and ambitions for the future? How confiding Helen used to be! She could see the sweet fair face raised to her in appealing deference. And she — Helen Kingsbury — was coming to her for advice, now, as in the old days! A strange sensation of uneasiness crept over Mrs. Primwell as she

sat with thoughtful eyes fixed on the friendly little note. "Active in outside-work" — that she had always been — and she truly had been an instrument of good to many. But how about her "home-duties," her "mother's cares"? Had she not trusted too much to rules and precepts in directing little Eunice's life so far? Did not the child need more of her companionship, her home example and loving counsel? Suppose, instead of falling into kind hands yesterday, Eunice had strayed into the homes of want and wretchedness she herself knew only too well? Mrs. Primwell rose abruptly, and went to the foot of the stairs.

"Eunice," she called gently; "come here, dear; mother wants you."

I know a rosy, dark-eyed little maid of sixteen, whom all her friends call Una. She is a trifle old-fashioned, and very womanly in her own demure way; but her face is a very bright and happy one, and her mother's eyes often rest on it with a smile of tenderest love and pride. There is a certain stalwart young Harvard student, who seems to be on the best of terms with both mother and daughter.

"What a little Home Missionary you have been, Una, though you never dreamed of such a thing when you began," he said once, his mischievous blue eyes full of affectionate gratitude.

"Have I?" she replied gayly. "Well, it did not all come from that baby-attempt of mine to do good by going 'from house to house.' It came from our mothers' thinking so much of each other. But you were really 'awfully cross' before that day," she added, with a happy little laugh, "for everybody says so."



THE MYSTIC SIGN.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

"O GORGEOUS poppy, of rich renown,
Show us the way to Sleepy Town.
Baby must go—he's tired of play;
But yet I think we have missed the way."
Then tranquilly up and down
Waved the flower of rich renown,
And softly it seemed to say,
"This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town."

"O ripening wheat, all golden-brown,
Show us the way to Sleepy Town.
How shall we find where the starlight gleams,
On the City of Sleep in the Land of Dreams?"
Then soothingly up and down
Went the wheat, all golden-brown,
And whispering seemed to say,
"This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town."

"O little one, with the curly crown,
Have you learned the way to Sleepy Town,
Where faintest music, and softest light,
And sweetest blossoms enchant the night?"
Then drowsily up and down
Went the beautiful curly crown,
While the tired eyes seemed to say,
"This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town."

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN the boys reached home it was pitch-dark. They found their mother very anxious about them. They gave an account of "the battle," as they called it, telling all about the charge in which, by their statement, the General and Hugh did wonderful deeds. Their mother and Cousin Belle sat and listened with tightly folded hands and blanched faces.

Then they told how they found the wounded Yankee soldier on the bank, and about his death.

They were startled by seeing their Cousin Belle suddenly fall on her knees and throw herself across their mother's lap in a passion of tears. Their mother put her arms around the young girl, kissed her and soothed her.

Early the next morning their mother had an ox-cart (the only vehicle left on the place) sent down to the spot to bring the body of the soldier up to Oakland, so that it might be buried in the grave-yard there. Carpenter William made the coffin, and several men were set to work to dig the grave in the garden.

It was about the middle of the day when the cart came back. A sheet covered the body. The little cortege was a very solemn one, the steers pulling slowly up the hill and a man walking on each side. Then the body was put into the coffin and reverently carried to the grave. The boys' mother read the burial service out of the Prayer-Book, and afterward Uncle William Slow offered a prayer. Just as they were about to turn away, the boys' mother began to sing "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." She and Cousin Belle and the boys sang the hymn together, and then all walked sadly away, leaving the fresh mound in the garden, where birds peeped curiously from the lilac-bushes at the soldier's grave in the warm light of the afternoon sun.

A small packet of letters and a gold watch and chain, found in the soldier's pocket, were sealed up by the boys' mother and put into her bureau drawer, for they could not then be sent through the lines. There was one letter, however, which they buried with him. It contained two locks of hair, one gray, the other brown and curly.

The next few months brought no new incidents, but the following year deep gloom fell upon Oakland. It was not only that the times were harder than they had ever been — though the plantation was now utterly destitute; there were no provisions and no crops, for there were no teams. It was not merely that a shadow was settling down on all the land; for the boys did not trouble themselves about these things, though such anxieties were bringing gray hairs to their mother's temples.

The General had been wounded and captured during a cavalry-fight. The boys somehow connected their Cousin Belle with the General's capture, and looked on her with some disfavor. She and the General had quarreled a short time before, and it was known that she had returned his ring. When, therefore, he was shot through the body and taken by the enemy, the boys could not admit that their cousin had any right to stay upstairs in her own room weeping about it. They felt that it was all her own fault, and they told her so; whereupon she simply burst out crying and ran from the room.

The hard times grew harder. The shadow deepened. Hugh was wounded and captured in a charge, at Petersburg, and it was not known whether he was badly hurt or not. Then came the news that Richmond had been evacuated. The boys knew that this was a defeat; but even then they did not believe that the Confederates were beaten. Their mother was deeply affected by the news.

That night at least a dozen of the negroes dis-

appeared. The other servants said the missing ones had gone to Richmond "to get their papers."

A week or so later the boys heard the rumor that General Lee had surrendered at a place called Appomattox. When they came home and told their mother what they had heard, she turned as pale as death, arose, and went into her chamber. The news was corroborated next day. During the following two days, every negro on the plantation left, excepting lame old Lukey Brown. Some of them came and said they had to go to Richmond, that "the word had come" for them. Others, including Uncle Balla and Lucy Ann, slipped away by night.

After that their mother had to cook, and the boys milked and did the heavier work. The cooking was not much trouble, however, for black-eyed pease were about all they had to eat.

One afternoon, the second day after the news of Lee's surrender, the boys, who had gone to drive up the cows to be milked, saw two horsemen, one behind the other, coming slowly down the road on the far hill. One horse was white, and, as their father rode a white horse, they ran toward the house to carry the news. Their mother and Cousin Belle, however, having seen the horsemen, were waiting on the porch as the men came through the middle gate and rode across the field.

It was their father and his body-servant, Ralph, who had been with him all through the war. They came slowly up the hill; the horses limping and fagged, the riders dusty and drooping.

It seemed like a funeral. The boys were near the steps, and their mother stood on the portico with her forehead resting against a pillar. No word was spoken. Into the yard they rode at a walk, and up to the porch. Then their father, who had not once looked up, put both hands to his face, slipped from his horse, and walked up the steps, tears running down his cheeks, and took their mother into his arms. *It was a funeral* — the Confederacy was dead.

A little later, their father, who had been in the house, came out on the porch near where Ralph still stood holding the horses.

"Take off the saddles, Ralph, and turn the horses out," he said.

Ralph did so.

"Here, — here 's my last dollar. You have been a faithful servant to me. Put the saddles on the porch." It was done. "You are free," he said to the black, and then he walked back into the house.

Ralph stood where he was for some minutes without moving a muscle. His eyes blinked mechanically. Then he looked at the door and at the windows above him. Suddenly he seemed to come to himself. Turning slowly, he walked solemnly out of the yard.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE boys' Uncle William came next day. The two weeks which followed were the hardest the boys had ever known. As yet nothing had been heard of Hugh or the General, though the boys' father went to Richmond to see whether they had been released.

The family lived on corn-bread and black-eyed pease. There was not a mouthful of meat on the plantation. A few aged animals were all that remained on the place.

The boys' mother bought a little sugar and made some cakes, and the boys, day after day, carried them over to the depot and left them with a man

land. One day the boys were walking along the road, coming back from the camp, when they met a little old one-horse wagon driven by a man who lived near the depot. In it were a boy about Willy's size and an old lady with white hair, both in deep mourning. The boy was better dressed than any boy they had ever seen. They were strangers.

The boys touched their limp little hats to the lady and felt somewhat ashamed of their own patched clothes in the presence of the well-dressed stranger. Frank and Willy passed on. They happened to look back. The wagon stopped just then and the lady called them:

"Little boys!"

They halted and returned.

"We are looking for my son; and this gentleman tells me that you live about here, and know more of the country than any one else I may meet."

"Do you know where any graves is?—Yankee graves?" asked the driver, cutting matters short.

"Yes, there are several down on the road by Pigeon Hill, where the battle was, and two or three by the creek down yonder, and there's one in our garden."

"Where was your son killed, ma'am? Do you know that he was killed?" asked the driver.

"I do not know. We fear that he was; but, of course, we still hope there may have been some mistake. The last seen of him was when General Sheridan went through this country, last year. He was with his company in the rear-guard and was wounded and left on the field. We hoped he might have been found in one of the prisons; but there is no trace of him, and we fear——"

She broke down and began to cry. "He was my only son," she sobbed, "my only son—and I gave him up for the Union, and——" She could say no more.

Her distress affected the boys deeply.

"If I could but find his grave. Even that would be better than this agonizing suspense."



"HERE,—HERE'S MY LAST DOLLAR."

there, to be sold. Such a thing had never been known before in the history of the family.

A company of Yankees were camped very near, but they did not interfere with the boys. They bought the cakes and paid for them in greenbacks which were the first new money they had at Oak-

"What was your son's name?" asked the boys, gently.

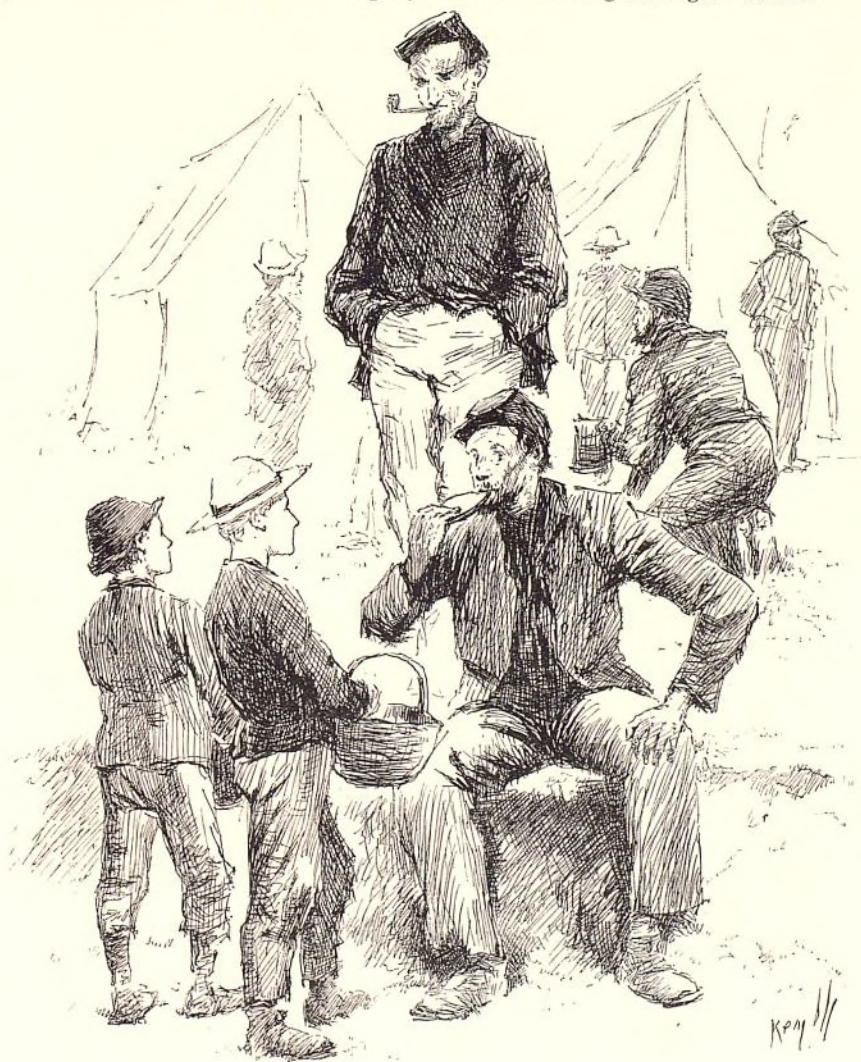
She told them.

"Why, that's our soldier!" exclaimed both boys.

"Do you know him?" she asked eagerly.

removed the shock was terrible. She gave a stifled cry, then wept with uncontrollable grief.

The boys, with pale faces and eyes moist with sympathy, turned away their heads and stood silent. At length she grew calmer.



THE BOYS SELL THEIR CAKES TO THE YANKEES.

"Is—? Is—?" Her voice refused to frame the fearful question.

"Yes, 'm. In our garden," said the boys, almost inaudibly.

The mother bent her head over on her grandson's shoulder and wept aloud. Awful as the suspense had been, now that the last hope was

"Won't you come home with us? Our father and mother will be so glad to have you," they said, hospitably.

After questioning them a little further, she decided to go. The boys climbed into the back of the wagon. As they went along, the boys told her all about her son,—his carrying Frank, their

finding him wounded near the road, and about his death and burial.

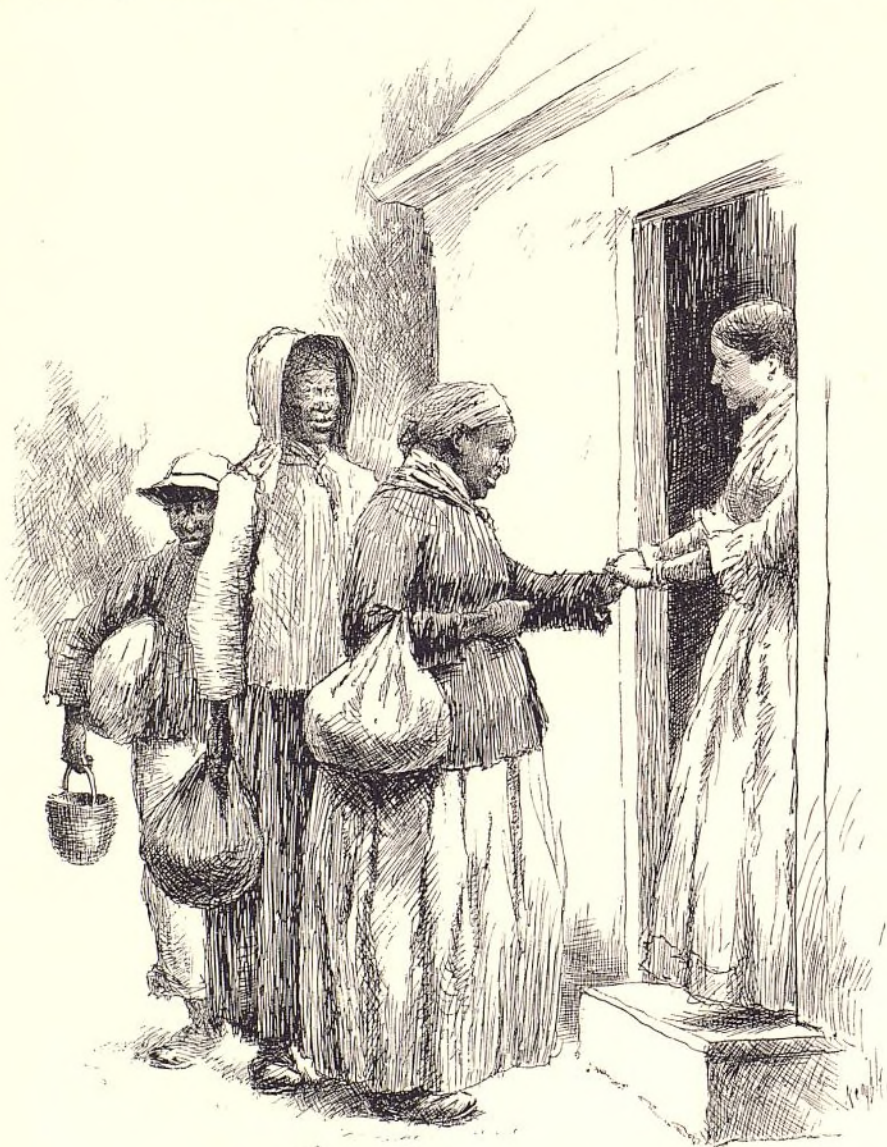
"He was a real brave soldier," they told her, consolingly.

As they approached the house, she asked whether they could give her grandson something to eat.

She was much impressed by the appearance of the place, which looked very beautiful among the trees.

"Oh, yes, they're big folks," said the driver.

She would have waited at the gate when they reached the house, but the boys insisted that all



"SOME OF THE SERVANTS CAME BACK TO THEIR OLD HOME."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Certainly," they answered. Then, thinking perhaps they were raising her hopes too high, they explained apologetically:

"We have n't got much. We did n't kill any squirrels this morning. Both our guns are broken and don't shoot very well, now."

should come in at once. One of them ran forward and, meeting his mother just coming out to the porch, told who the visitor was.

Their mother instantly came down the steps and walked toward the gate. The women met face to face. There was no introduction. None was needed.

"My son—" faltered the elder lady, her strength giving out.

The boys' mother put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I have one, too;—God alone knows where he is," she sobbed.

Each knew how great was the other's loss, and in sympathy with another's grief found consolation for her own.

CHAPTER XX.

THE visitors remained at Oakland for several days, as the lady wished to have her son's remains removed to the old homestead in Delaware. She was greatly distressed over the want which she saw at Oakland,—for there was literally nothing to eat but black-eyed pease and the boys' chickens. Every incident of the war interested her. She was delighted with their Cousin Belle, and took much interest in her story, which was told by the boys' mother.

Her grandson, Dupont, was a fine, brave, and generous young fellow. He had spent his boyhood near a town, and could neither ride, swim, nor shoot as the Oakland boys did; but he was never afraid to try anything, and the boys took a great liking to him, and he to them.

When the young soldier's body had been removed, the visitors left; not, however, until the boys had made their companion promise to pay them a visit. After the departure of these friends they were much missed.

But the next day there was great rejoicing at Oakland. Every one was in the dining-room at dinner, and the boys' father had just risen from the table and walked out of the room. A second later they heard an exclamation of astonishment from him, and he called eagerly to his wife, "Come here, quickly!" and ran down the steps. Every one rose and ran out. Hugh and the General were just entering the yard.

They were pale and thin and looked ill; but all the past was forgotten in the greeting.

The boys soon knew that the General was making his peace with their Cousin Belle, who looked prettier than ever. It required several long walks before all was made right; but there was no disposition toward severity on either side. It was determined that the wedding was to take place very soon. The boys' father suggested, as an objection to an immediate wedding, that since the General was just half his usual size, it would be better to wait until he should regain his former

proportions, so that all of him might be married; but the General would not accept the proposition for delay, and Cousin Belle finally consented to be married at once.

The old place was in a great stir over the preparations. A number of the old servants, including Uncle Balla and Lucy Ann, had one by one come back to their old home. The trunks in the garret were ransacked once more, and enough was found to make up a wedding trousseau of two dresses.

Hugh was to be the General's best man, and the boys were to be the ushers. The only difficulty was that their patched clothes made them feel a little abashed at the prominent rôles they were to assume. However, their mother made them each a nice jacket from a striped dress, one of her only two dresses, and she adorned them with the military brass buttons their father had taken from his coat; so they felt very proud. Their father, of course, was to give the bride away,—an office he accepted with pleasure, he said, provided he did not have to move too far, which might be hazardous so long as he had to wear his spurs to keep the soles on his boots.

Thus, even amid the ruins, the boys found life joyous, and if they were without everything else, they had life, health, and hope. The old guns were broken, and they had to ride in the ox-cart; but they hoped to have others and to do better, some day. The "some day" came sooner than they expected.

The morning before the wedding, word came that there were at the railroad station several boxes for their mother. The ox-cart was sent for them. When the boxes arrived, that evening, there was a letter from their friend in Delaware, congratulating Cousin Belle and apologizing for having sent "a few things" to her Southern friends.

The "few things" consisted not only of necessities, but of everything which good taste could suggest. There was a complete trousseau for Cousin Belle, and clothes for each member of the family. The boys had new suits of fine cloth, with shirts and underclothes in plenty.

But the best surprise of all was found when they came to the bottom of the biggest box,—two long, narrow cases, marked "For the Oakland boys." These cases held beautiful, new double-barreled guns of the finest make. There was a large supply of ammunition, and in each case there was a letter from Dupont promising to come and spend his vacation with them and sending his love and good wishes and thanks to his friends—the "Two Little Confederates."

THE END.



OCTOBER WOODS.

WATSEKA.

BY JOHN DIMITRY.

THIS is a tradition of the Illinois Indians.

It was a tale told by their old men to the young warriors in whispers, so that the women might not hear. It was a tale their old women cackled shrilly to the young maidens, so that no wigwam might lose it. For it was a tale, as each heard it, to shame their young warriors, and to make proud the hearts of their young maidens. The Illini have

passed away forever. Under mighty mounds, grass-covered and flower-crowned, their bones are laid, yet not forgotten. They have given their names to the streams, lakes, and towns of the white race that came after them; and through these their traditions live, to this day, in the memories of white men.

Four hundred years ago, when all this new world

was for the red man, a bright stretch of that prairie land, which now forms so large a part of the State of Illinois, once attracted the fierce eyes of a roaming party of Iroquois. These had come from the East. There had been no need for them to stray so far away from their villages. Their hunting-grounds at home were vast; their skies were filled with birds; their rivers teemed with fish. But the Iroquois, coveting the vaster hunting-grounds toward the setting sun, found the Illini across their way. So they hated them.

A peaceful band of Illini had built their lodges on a beautiful stream. On its bank were ancient oaks and stately walnut-trees, shaded by which they could lie and dream in the hot hours of a summer's day. From the edge of the wood, and as far as the eye could see, extended the grassy prairie, gay with scarlet lilies, phloxes, and morning-glories. Dear was this prairie to the very heart of the Illini. The Great Spirit had given it to their fathers for them to enjoy its sweet breath, and to their children after them. There, for uncounted moons, had they passed their days in a careless, happy, lazy fashion.

But one day — long-remembered as full of the Sun and his glory, of the sweetness of flowers, of the song of birds, and of the hum of bees — while warriors, squaws, and children were rejoicing in their plenty and fancied peace, yells that curdled the blood echoed from the prairie on one side, and the forest on the other. Too well were those cries known in the villages of the Illini. Too often had they been the signal which presaged massacre, torture, and slavery. Too often, when the echoes died away, had their wigwams and their fields been left in smoking ruins. What they said was, *We Iroquois are come!*

It was a band of this tribe which, creeping from the neighboring prairie, had swept upon them with such fierce and sudden slaughter that the unprepared Illini were driven for refuge farther into the woods on the other side of their village. There, in the shadows which hid them from danger, the fugitives gathered, one by one, to unbend their bows, to dash them in despair upon the ground, to curse the Iroquois, and to mourn this new shame which had fallen upon them. Among them all, there was but one — a girl — who refused to mourn with her people.

Watseka was her name.

Although young, Watseka was well known for her proud spirit and her beautiful face. As was fit in her sex, this young girl had stood with the crowd of weeping women and children a little apart from the gloomy warriors. She read their hearts, saw their tears, and heard their moans. The cowardice of the men made her eyes dry,

kept her lips closed, and roused all the fierceness of her wild nature. Who would take revenge on these grim-painted, scalp-loving warriors, — upon these who had swept upon her people, to kill them as they would deer, and to drive them from the land the Great Spirit had given them? She gave no heed to the cries of the women. She frowned as she saw that the warriors, with brave curses still upon their lips, were creeping farther and farther back into the shadows.

Then Watseka burst into heroism. Forgetting that, among warriors, no talking squaw had right to a place, she sprang forward and put herself in the path before them. With flashing eyes and curling lips she spoke:

"Men of the Illini, right are the Iroquois when they boast that they have put the dress of squaws upon you, and hoes into your hands. Turn back to your village. You can not miss the path — your burning wigwams have made it clear. Your women and children are here — to-day. Do you know where they will be when the sun shines to-morrow? Have no fear! The Iroquois will know how to make your wives cook their corn, and your daughters fetch them water. To-night, they count the scalps and feed at *your* fires on the deer they have killed on *your* hunting-grounds. What! You will not go, then? Good! Watseka will show you how to be men. Come with me, women of the Illini! We have not gathered our corn to feed the Iroquois."

All the women turned to Watseka. Grandams saw in her bright eyes that spirit which, when young, they themselves might have had, and loved her for it. Each mother looked upon her through tearful eyes, wishing that the Great Spirit had spoken to her daughter instead. The hearts of the young girls beat proudly because one of themselves had been called upon to rouse their tribe against the thieving Iroquois.

No second call was needed. Old and young crowded eagerly around her, each woman arming herself with the first hatchet or stick that fell in her way. And even the boys — who, with black looks and bent heads, had been following their fathers — left the braves, and ranged themselves with flashing eyes beside their mothers and their sisters.

Watseka's spirit was over them all.

But, as it turned out, the women of the Illini were not to fight that day. Watseka's bitter words brought back the blood into the warriors' veins.

Slowly from darkness they came into the light like owls: but upon the sleeping Iroquois they fell like wolves!

So they won back their wigwams.

It is good to know that the chief of her tribe did

not forget to honor Watseka. Her exploit was long told among their traditions, and in the summer brightened many a weary hour in the wig-

Nor has the race, which arose when her own people were fallen forever, wished her story to be forgotten. The river by which the Iroquois were



"WATSEKA SPRANG FORWARD AND PUT HERSELF IN THE PATH BEFORE THEM."

wams when the braves were on the war-path. After Watseka had passed away, so long as the Illini were a people, her name was handed down in every generation to the most beautiful and the bravest girl of the tribe.

routed is still known by their name; and a fair town, rising in the land so loved by her, proudly bears the name of the heroic girl who in the day of despair redeemed her tribe, and turned their shame into honor.

A FLOATING HOME.

WHAT I FOUND ON A PIECE OF SEA-WEED.

BY EDMUND WILSON.

YOU all remember having read in your histories about the first voyage of Columbus, and have not forgotten that when the three little vessels were only halfway across the broad expanse of the Atlantic, they sailed through great masses of floating sea-weed. The sailors thought these sea-weeds must have been torn by the waves from some neighboring coast, and therefore believed their voyage was nearly ended. But, as they sailed onward, anxiously straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of land, all the sea-weed was left far behind; and it was not until many long days had passed that the distant line where the sky and water met was broken by the shore of the New World.

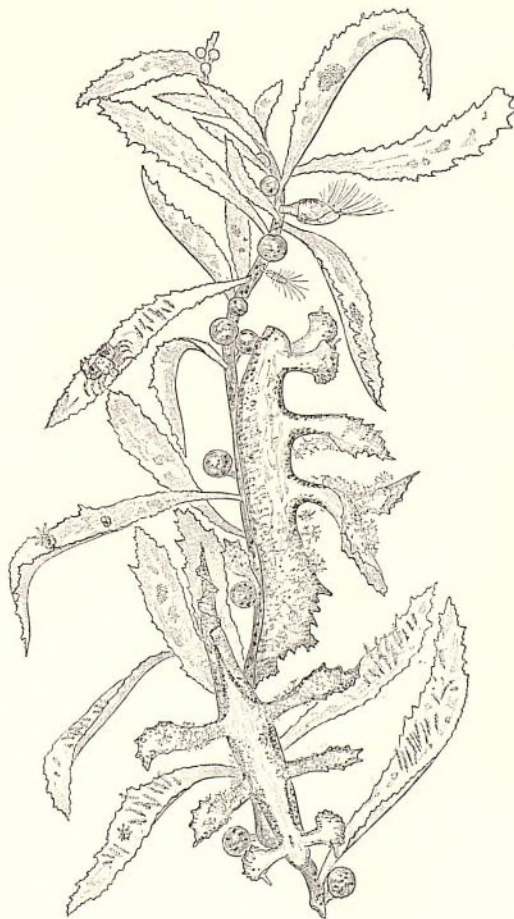
Now, the naturalists who study sea-weeds have given the name of *Sargassum* to the kind that misled Columbus. They have found that the *Sargassum* (which is also called Gulf-weed) probably does not need to grow fast to the shore like the common sea-weeds you have seen at the sea-side in summer, but has little round air-bladders, or floats, which buoy it up so that it seems able to grow and flourish at the surface of the sea, even many hundreds of miles from land. Vessels in the very middle of the Atlantic Ocean often sail for days through the floating meadows formed by this curious plant, and sometimes even powerful ships have hard work to push their way through.

One calm September day, I was cruising about in a little steamboat, off the Southern coast of the United States. The sky was cloudless, and the bright sunlight streaming down into the clear water enabled us to see far below the surface.

We could see great jelly-fishes lazily flapping along; and now and then a shark would dart by, making the small fishes scatter in every direction as he passed. Presently we saw masses of this Gulf-weed floating about us, and seizing a long-handled net, I fished up a piece as we steamed along.

I suppose many people would have thrown it away as a useless piece of weed; but we knew better than that; for, when we came to examine it carefully, we found that the *Sargassum* was the home of a number of strange creatures which were

so curious and interesting that I must tell you something of them. Here is a picture of the *Sargassum* just as it looked after being fished up, and put into a big glass jar full of pure sea-water.



THE SARGASSUM.

The round knobs on the stem are the air-bladders, which keep the plant afloat so that it rises and falls with the waves, and drifts along on the tides and currents. Perhaps this piece had drifted hundreds of miles, for the Gulf Stream,

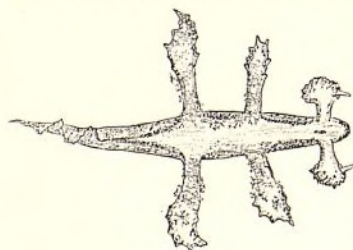
which flows northward like a mighty river from Florida and the West Indies, may have borne it onwards for many weeks.

Our sea-weed may therefore have been a great traveler, and may have had some strange adventures on its way. We may be sure it has weathered some great storms, and has been well tossed and shaken about by the big waves. The white gulls have wheeled about in the air above it, or even brushed it with their wings as they paddled along beside it. Perhaps some savage shark has given it a slap with his huge tail, as he darted by in pursuit of his prey.

Could the *Sargassum* speak, it might tell us whether there really is a sea-serpent or not! But it tells no tales; it floats there in the jar very quietly and unconcernedly, and so we must see what we can find out from it for ourselves. If you look closely at the picture, you will see some very odd things indeed. After we had fished up the *Sargassum*, one of my friends was watching it in the jar. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, the sea-weed is *alive*! It is moving its leaves."

We could hardly believe our eyes, and yet some of the leaves certainly were waving to and fro, though the water in the jar was perfectly quiet. What could it mean? All at once we became aware that there, crawling on the plant, were two large sea-slugs, which had entirely escaped our notice. And the curious part of it is that their bodies were of exactly the same color as the stem of the *Sargassum*; and that each one had growing from its body three pairs of things shaped and colored precisely like the leaves of sea-weed, but really parts of the animal. These were the "moving leaves" which had excited our wonder. To make the illusion more perfect, the leaf-shaped appendages were covered with little, branching, tufted outgrowths, closely resembling something growing on the real leaves of the plant, about which I shall tell you presently.

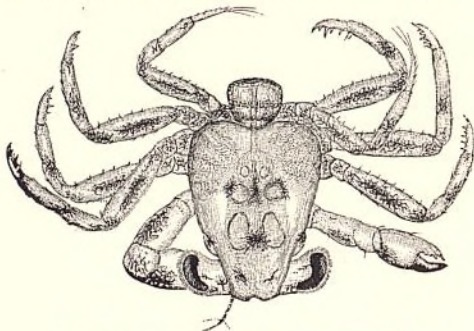
Here is a picture of one of these curious animals when separated from the sea-weed. It is really very similar to a snail without any shell, or like one of the slugs you may have seen on damp, decaying wood, or upon apples lying beneath the trees in the garden,— only, the imitation-leaves disguise its real character. The pointed end is the tail, and the other end is the head. The front pair of false leaves are short



A SEA-SLUG.

and blunt, and look very much like some of the dead or imperfect leaves of the plant. The conical structures on the front sides of them are feelers, or tentacles, of which the sea-slug has great need, for it has no eyes and must guide itself in another way.

The two sea-slugs are easily seen in the illustration, because they are not colored. But I can hardly tell you how perfectly they resembled the sea-weed when alive. Their bodies were a beautiful, reddish-brown color, exactly like the stem of the *Sargassum*,



A LITTLE CRAB FOUND ON THE SARGASSUM.

speckled with pure white and dark brown, imitating the spots and patches on the latter. The imitation leaves were olive-green, precisely like the real ones, with a few darker blotches to imitate the stains and decayed spots. Altogether, you can hardly help fancying that the sea-slug has dressed himself up in the sea-weed's clothes and is playing a sort of masquerade.

But the sea-slug has been disguised as a plant for a good reason. For the sea is full of hungry fishes, always roving about on the lookout for just such a tidbit as a sea-slug. The sea-slug therefore has been colored and shaped like the sea-weed it lives on, in order that, when some sharp-eyed fish comes swimming along, he may never dream so tempting a morsel to be near. I suppose he looks at it and turns up his nose, saying to himself, "Pooh! that's nothing but an old sea-weed!" and off he goes, while our sea-slug no doubt laughs in its sleeve and says, "Sea-weed, indeed!"

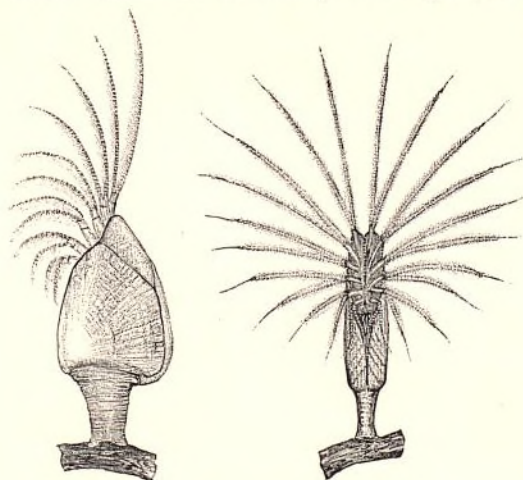
This wonderful resemblance is an example of what naturalists call "Protective Resemblance," which in this case is so perfect as to merit the name of "Mimicry." Because, you see, the animal *mimics* the plant, and is thus *protected* from its enemies.

Now, let us see what else we can find on the *Sargassum*. In the first place, you see a queer little crab on one of the leaves. He is such a little fellow that we must magnify him a great deal to see just what he is like.

Here he is as he looked under my magnifying

glass. He has two huge black eyes, with which he keeps a good lookout, and at the least alarm he whisks around to the other side of the leaf in a twinkling, just as a woodpecker dodges behind a tree. When alive he was beautifully marked with red and black, and so transparent that you could look into his body and see that his heart was beating and his stomach digesting his last meal.

A little higher up, two barnacles are grown fast to the stem, with their arms spread out in the water. You can see them better in the two separate pictures, one of which shows the barnacle from the side and the other from in front. What does he do with the long, hairy arms? If we watch him for a few moments, we see the arms suddenly pulled entirely in — they shut up just as you close your hand by folding your fingers together. In another instant the arms are put forth again, and



SIDE VIEW.

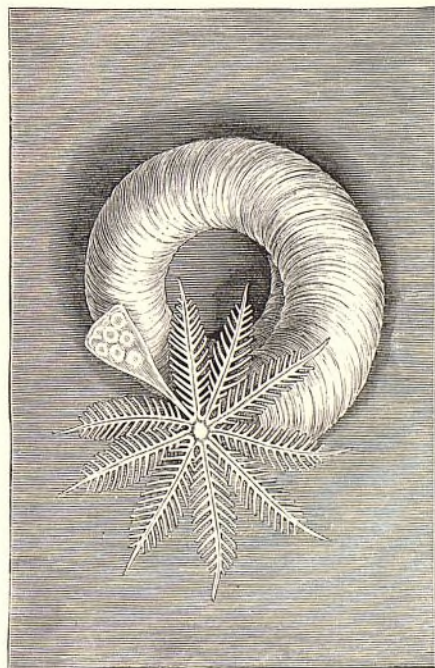
FRONT VIEW.

BARNACLES.

make a grasping or clutching movement in the water, after which they are again withdrawn. So the barnacle goes on, continually grasping in the water, and, of course, you have guessed what he is doing. Yes, he is fishing — he is trying to make a meal of the microscopic creatures which are swimming about in the water. You see, the barnacle is grown fast at one end to the sea-weed, so that he can not swim about in pursuit of his tiny prey. He must wait for the unlucky little fellows to come within his reach. And as he is stone-blind, having no eyes, he can not keep watch, so as to throw his net at just the right moment; he has to keep grasping away at hap-hazard, and be content if he makes a catch only now and then. But woe betide the little shrimp or worm that is unwary enough to come within reach! The long arms instantly close on it; it is dragged down into the terrible jaws, torn to pieces, and eaten. And then the

lucky fisherman begins to throw his deadly net again.

Now look carefully at the picture, and you will see two or three little star-shaped objects attached to some of the leaves. If we magnify one of these, here is what we see. There is a little coiled tube, as hard as stone, within which lives a little worm, which the naturalists call *Spirorbis*. When he puts out his head he spreads out in the water a star-shaped circlet of feathery arms, which looks very much like a delicate flower. A very dangerous flower it is though, this pretty star of feathers, for it is another fishing-net like that of the barnacle, — only, the feathers are held quite still, and move only when the animal is alarmed or when they close upon some unlucky little creature which ventures too near. If the *Spirorbis* is alarmed, he instantly pulls in his head with its fishing-net, and when he goes into the tube he securely corks up the opening with a kind of stopper or plug, which he pulls in after him. You can see the stopper in the picture, occupying a position opposite to one of the arms. A curious fact is, that the stopper is hollow, and in this cavity the mother *Spirorbis* carries her eggs until the young ones are



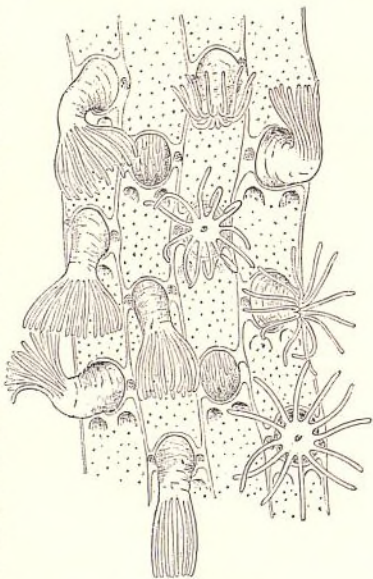
THE SPIRORBIS.

hatched. The eggs are shown in the figure as little round balls.

Are you getting tired of the sea-weed? Well, I will tell you of just one more thing, and then we will leave it. You will see little dark patches on some

of the leaves. In the real sea-weed these patches look like small tufts of moss. But these moss-like growths are really colonies of microscopic animals, which have been called *Bryozoa*, the zoölogical name for "moss-animals." Under the microscope we see a most curious sight, which I have tried to show you in this drawing. Each one of the tiny specks has become a flower-like creature, looking not very unlike a dandelion or field-daisy. But you would think them very wide-awake flowers, for they are all swaying back and forth, moving the arms about in the water, and every now and then one of them disappears in a twinkling. In its place is left an oval opening; and, if you watch carefully, the flower gradually and cautiously comes forth from the opening again, and spreads out in the water its graceful crown of arms.

You see, each moss-animal has a little stony house, or cell, in which it lives, and from the mouth of which it can spread out a flower-like fishing-net, not so very unlike that of the *Spirorbis*. All these cells are so joined together, that they form a kind of coral, somewhat like that of real coral-animals which make the vast coral-reefs or coral-islands. The fishing-net is interesting in its structure. Every slender arm is covered with little vibrating hairs or paddles (too



"MOSS-ANIMALS."

small to see in the drawing), which are constantly waving to and fro when the arms are spread out. All the paddles move together, and in such a way that a little whirlpool is made in the water around each animal, and the bottom of the whirlpool leads right into the creature's mouth, which is in the middle of the flower.

You have read the stories (which you must not be too ready to believe, though) of the great maelstrom, or whirlpool, off the Norway coast, into which boats and men are said to be drawn, and after circling round and round, faster and faster, and ever approaching the middle, are at length sucked in and swallowed up by the mighty waves. Well, the whirlpool about each moss-animal is equally terrible, in its way, to the little creatures swimming in the water; for if they once come within reach there is no escape — they are sucked in and swallowed *alive* before you could say Jack Robinson. And here I must tell you something curious. The bodies of all the moss-animals are joined together, like a lot of Siamese twins; so that whatever each one eats benefits all the rest, and there can be no quarreling among them over their dinners.

The little feathery tufts on the lower leaves are animals, too, and are called *Hydroids*; and, under the microscope, they much resemble the moss-animals. Like them they have separate heads and mouths, but their bodies, and even their stomachs, are all joined together.

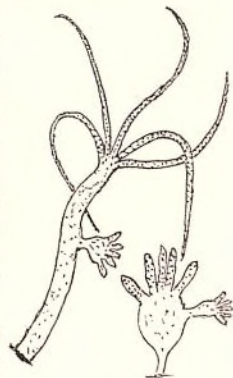
Besides the sea-slugs, crabs, barnacles, *Spirorbis*, *Bryozoa*, and *Hydroids*, many other little creatures grew fast to the sea-weed. But I must not try to tell you about these, for very likely you have had quite enough sea-weed for one time.

It is a curious thought that there are countless thousands of these sea-weeds in mid-ocean, drifting about at the surface of the sea, every one the home of a little society more or less like the one I have told you about.

A poet once said:

"There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

And no doubt our little crabs and barnacles, with their queer traveling companions, are quite happy and well content in their floating home, though a thousand miles from land and buffeted about by winds and waves.



HYDROIDS.

THE CIVILIZED KING AND THE SEMI-BARBAROUS GIANT.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



THE KING'S MINISTERS.

THERE was once a civilized King, who governed a highly-improved kingdom. His father and grandfather before him had been men of intelligence and enterprise, and when he came to the throne he found affairs in a most comfortable condition. His palace was lighted by electricity, and had elevators, electric bells, and all modern conveniences. He was anxious to complete the work begun by his ancestors, and to make life the easiest possible business for himself and all his subjects. He therefore encouraged inventors to perfect new plans for labor-saving machines of every kind. He formed the Royal Council into a Committee on Patent Rights, and for a long while its members were kept exceedingly busy. But by and by nearly everything was invented and patented—more contrivances, of course, than you or I ever heard of or imagined. The whole country was one whiz and whirl of machines and engines, and most people had nothing at all to do. They could not even shell peas, or catch fish, or play chess. Then the King was nearly contented. But there were two things still on his mind. He saw that there was too much time on hand among his subjects, and nobody had yet invented a machine to use up time; in fact, there was great need of a machine to kill the time saved by the other machines. And, besides this, there was a region just beyond the northern border of his kingdom, governed by a certain Count, who happened to be a semi-barbarous Giant. This region remained almost entirely unimproved, and the King could not rest until he had made some effort to civilize it. He thought that it would be better to persuade the Giant than to command him, especially as the territory was really his. So he determined to invite this Giant to his court, and for that purpose sent a messenger boy with a polite note, requesting the pleasure of Count Burlybear's company.

This messenger boy's name was Jimmy, and he was a very small, bright lad, with short, sandy hair and a great many freckles. He proceeded as rapidly as possible, by train, to the border of the kingdom, and enjoyed the journey, as he bought a

quantity of roasted peanuts in the cars, and looked out of the windows and whistled most of the time. By and by he came to the terminus of the last railroad, and after that he was obliged to travel by stage-coach. The coaches were immense in the Giant's country, and when there happened to be no other passengers, the messenger boy felt very lonely after the novelty of the thing wore off, and bounced about when the road was rough, like a single little grain of corn popping in an unusually big popper. He was glad when the coach stood waiting a while at some village inn, as this gave him an opportunity to get out and play marbles with the boys of the neighborhood. The marbles and the boys were inconveniently large, but Jimmy generally won in spite of that, and could also teach them some novelties and improvements in the game.

In his own good time he came to the Giant's castle, but found difficulty in getting admitted. He had expected merely to have to ring loudly, and when the bell was answered, to say "Burlybear?" and hand in the note, and his book, and the pencil which he kept dull on purpose. But as there was a horn to wind instead, hung very high, he had to sit down on the edge of the moat, swing his feet, and pitch pennies, until somebody happened to come. They were improved pennies, quite different from any coin which we have seen.

All this took days and days, and meantime the King had leisure to attend to the other matter which was worrying him. He summoned the Noblemen of the Royal Council, and proposed to them that they should at once consider some plan for using up the waste time of his people.

"Your Majesty," said the First Nobleman, "I would suggest that as we have improved nearly everything else, we now devote ourselves to improving the Public Mind. If the minds of the people were improved, they could use up a great deal of time with *them*."

"That is a very good idea," said the King thoughtfully; "but, after all, we already have plenty of schools; improved ones, too, in which the condensed extract of all knowledge is introduced into the ears of the children by our new process."

"If Your Majesty will permit me to explain," said the First Nobleman, putting his glass in his eye, "I am not speaking of schools; schools, in

the ordinary sense of the term, have really nothing at all to do with my proposition, which is simply, by some means, to so improve what I might call the thinking-machine of every boy, and even every girl, in the land, that all waste time might be used up in thinking."

"That is not bad," said the King doubtfully. "But what would all this thinking produce?"



THE KING CALLS FOR THE COURT LIBRARIAN.

"I am afraid, Your Majesty," said the Second Nobleman in a low tone,—"I do not wish to make needless objections,—but I am afraid it would be likely to produce Books."

"That would be most unfortunate," said the King, "as there are already so many books that we were talking about an act for the suppression of literature. Let us, however, have the exact facts of the case. I will call for the Court Librarian." And His Majesty stepped briskly to the telephone.

He had rung up the Royal Central Office and had just been put into communication with the Library, which was at some distance from the palace, when the semi-barbarous Giant, Count Burlybear, entered the apartment unannounced, the footmen having been so exhausted by pulling off his boots, which were as tall as themselves, that they really had no breath left. The clever King pretended not to see him, for he felt that it was an excellent opportunity to show off the telephone system, seemingly by chance. The noblemen of the Royal Council of course could not see him if the King did not, and made themselves very busy with their portfolios.

"Hallo! hallo!" said His Majesty; and applying the little cup to his ear, he awaited with a quiet smile the response of the Court Librarian.

Now the Librarian was a nice old gentleman who did not care for telephones, or indeed for anything modern; and the King had bothered him

considerably about card-catalogues, patent indexes, and other things which he thought unimportant. He was quite absent-minded, besides being deaf; and at present he was deep in an immense folio, preparing for a treatise in which he intended to prove that nothing really new was of any real consequence, and that everything which was of any real consequence was not really new. So the King "hallohalloed" until he became tired, and received no reply whatever. The Giant Burlybear did not altogether understand, but he could see that the King was provoked and disappointed, and as it seemed to him quite ridiculous that anybody should be talking into a little cup, and saying nothing but "Hallo!" he burst out laughing. This made a tremendous noise, but the Royal Council did not dare to notice it. Then the King became very angry, and ordering the Royal Central Office to connect him with the Chief of Police, instructed the latter instantly to confine the Court Librarian in the most improved dungeon. After smoothing his countenance, he next turned to the Giant, and started as though he saw him for the first time. "Why, my dear Count!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand, "I am delighted to see you. Pray, how did you travel?"

"In my boots, of course," said Count Burlybear gruffly. He was a neat-looking Giant, being, as I have said, only semi-barbarous. He used soap, and dressed in the English style, except that his overcoat and cap were furred like a Russian's.

"H'm," said the King. "You would probably have reached here earlier, if you had taken one of our numerous railroad lines."

"Don't know what they are, and don't care," said the Giant. "Magic boots are good enough for me."

"But surely," said the King, "you must have seen —"

"Can't pay any attention to such things," said the Giant. "I go over the tops of the hills with my magic boots, and don't stop to look at such nonsense."

The King smiled indulgently, for it had been proved long ago that there never were any magic boots in all the world.

"My dear fellow," said he, "your boots, if you will allow me to say so, are stupid, heavy, old-fashioned, slow-going articles. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll have a go-as-you-please race to my city of Balderdash, five hundred miles away; and the one that comes in second shall perform any labor the winner may command." This was very cunning of the King, as it would be an easy way of getting the Giant to do exactly what he wished. "If you have confidence in your boots," he concluded, "you will agree to this."

"Confidence in my boots!" cried the Giant. "I should think I had. It's a bargain; we'll start now. Bring my boots, there!" he roared; and in came the poor footmen, staggering and tugging with his great boots.

"Oh, wait a little, wait a little," said the King soothingly. "You have n't dined." And before dinner he secretly ordered his pet locomotive, his special car, provided with all the luxuries you can imagine, and a single baggage-car stored with the necessary machines which now took the place of a personal retinue, to lie in waiting in a tunnel not far from the palace.

At dinner (which was wonderfully good,—they had raisin-puffs and whipped cream for dessert), Count Burlybear got into a better humor; and the two started upon their race in a perfectly friendly way. The Giant had taken off his furred coat, and the King had put on a light crown. His Majesty

flying smoke. He took no more interest in these things than if they had been the shiny threads of spider-webs, or the openings of ant-hills. The King sauntered on till the Giant was out of sight, and then quietly got into his special car, sat down in a plush-covered revolving chair, and unfolded an improved newspaper. He felt peaceful and happy, and after a few minutes, lulled by the rapid motion, he fell into a doze. Soon, however, he was awakened by a shock and a great crashing noise. He sprang up; there was loud, confused talking outside, and the train did not seem to be moving.

"What's this? What's the matter?" cried the King; and he rang for the porter.

The porter did not come at once, and when he did appear his face, though polite, was troubled.

"May it please Your Majesty," said he, "a strange and unfortunate occurrence——"

"Collision?"



THE COURT LIBRARIAN.—HE OBJECTS TO TELEPHONES.

began to walk along at an ordinary pace, with a walking-stick in his hand, as though he intended to go the whole distance on foot. The Giant looked at him with a good-natured, but rather contemptuous smile; for he could see that the King was nothing of a walker. Indeed, most of the people of that country were weak, because, nearly everything being done by machinery, they took little muscular exercise.

The King, on the other hand, could hardly keep from laughing, as he thought of the special car, lying in the tunnel, and how much faster his pet locomotive could go than poor ignorant Burlybear's boots.

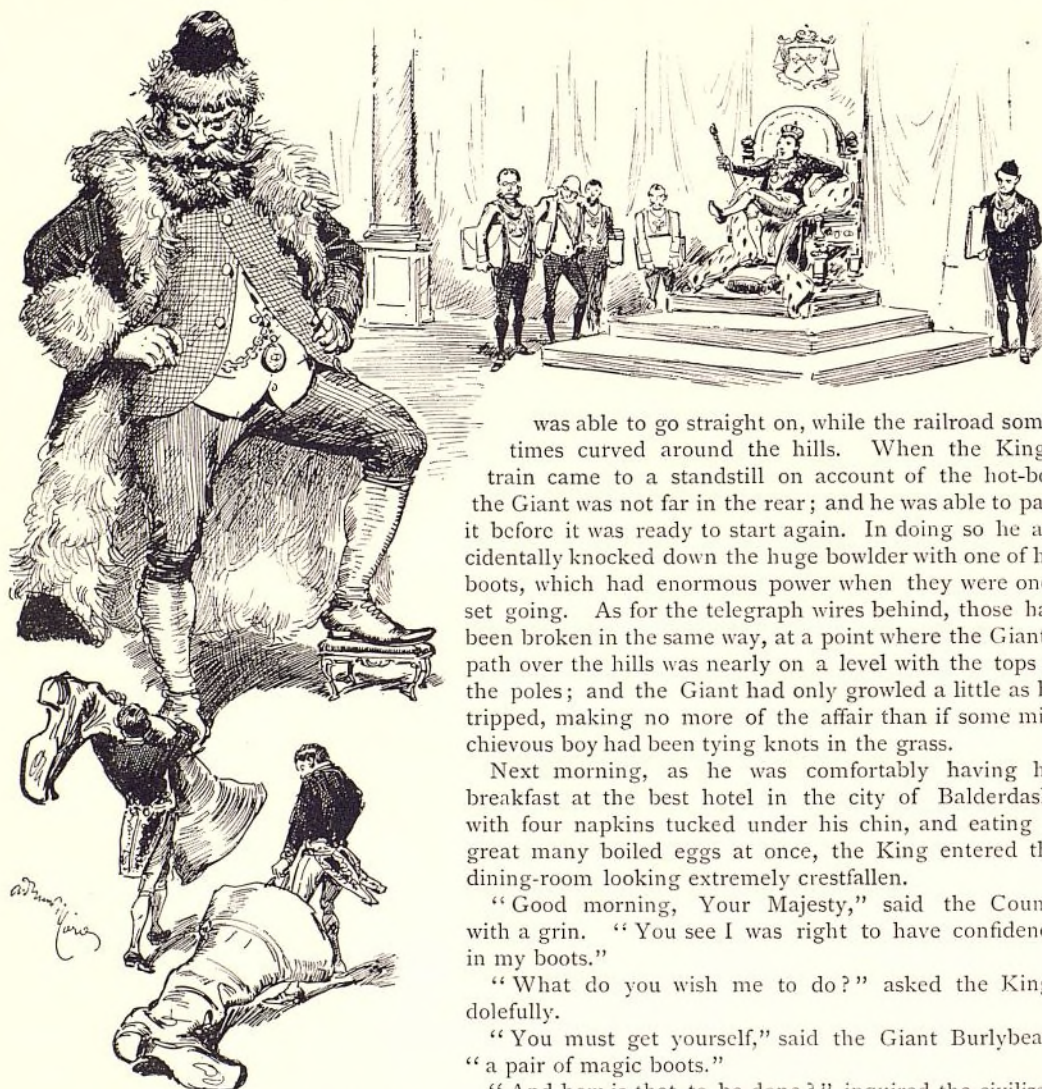
Off went the Giant, striding away at a rapid rate over the hill-tops, and paying no attention to the shiny steel rails that ran in all directions through the land, the trestles and tunnels and whistles and

"Nay, sire," replied the porter. "We are now, as Your Majesty doubtless perceives, at the entrance of the great Cinderchoke Tunnel. During a trifling delay, caused by a hot-box, a huge boulder of rock fell from the hillside with great violence, slightly damaging our locomotive, and obstructing the track."

"Of course they have telegraphed back for assistance?" said the King in some excitement.

"That, Your Majesty," said the porter regretfully, "is the worst of it; something mysterious has happened behind us, and the telegraph wires are down."

The King lost his improved temper, and for several minutes made it very unpleasant for the porter. He would, perhaps, have been still more excited, had he known how it all happened. The Giant's magic boots were really quite fast; and besides, he



THE SEMI-BARBAROUS GIANT CALLS FOR HIS BOOTS.

was able to go straight on, while the railroad sometimes curved around the hills. When the King's train came to a standstill on account of the hot-box the Giant was not far in the rear; and he was able to pass it before it was ready to start again. In doing so he accidentally knocked down the huge boulder with one of his boots, which had enormous power when they were once set going. As for the telegraph wires behind, those had been broken in the same way, at a point where the Giant's path over the hills was nearly on a level with the tops of the poles; and the Giant had only growled a little as he tripped, making no more of the affair than if some mischievous boy had been tying knots in the grass.

Next morning, as he was comfortably having his breakfast at the best hotel in the city of Balderdash, with four napkins tucked under his chin, and eating a great many boiled eggs at once, the King entered the dining-room looking extremely crestfallen.

"Good morning, Your Majesty," said the Count, with a grin. "You see I was right to have confidence in my boots."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the King, dolefully.

"You must get yourself," said the Giant Burlybear, "a pair of magic boots."

"And how is that to be done?" inquired the civilized King.

"I'll tell you all about it after breakfast," said the Giant, spreading half a loaf of bread like a biscuit. "It's rather a difficult matter. You have to kill a wild bull with one blue eye and a frizzly tail by moonlight, without assistance or weapons; and you must tan his hide and make the boots yourself. But I'll give you the full particulars later."

"But how long will this take?" said the King, in distress; for he did not like to think of meeting that kind of an animal by moonlight, and he did not know what would become of his kingdom while he was away on the expedition.

"Oh, about a year and a day," said the Count. "Perhaps you had better appoint a regent."

The King thought a while. He did not like to choose any of the members of his Council, because they would be likely to do new things, which he preferred to do himself. Then he remembered the messenger boy who had so faithfully done his duty in delivering the note to the Count, and the Court Librarian, who had been so hastily imprisoned without trial, and who would at least be certain not to do anything new. He tore two pieces of paper from an old letter which he had in his pocket; one was long and the other was short. He shut them up in a railway guide, with the ends showing, and asked Count Burlybear to pull one out. The Giant drew out the short one.

So the messenger boy reigned over the improved kingdom for a year and a day. And the Court Librarian was just as well pleased that it had not fallen to his lot to be regent, for in the improved dungeon he had everything heart could

wish, and plenty of time to work at the great treatise in which he intended to prove that nothing really new was of any real consequence, and that everything which was of any real consequence was not really new.



THE KING AND THE GIANT START IN THE RACE.

RAIN.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day!"

OH, the dancing leaves are merry,
And the bloss'ning grass is glad,
But the river 's too rough for the ferry,
And the sky is low and sad.

Yet the daisies shake with laughter
As the surly wind goes by,
For they know what is hurrying after,
As they watch the dim, gray sky;

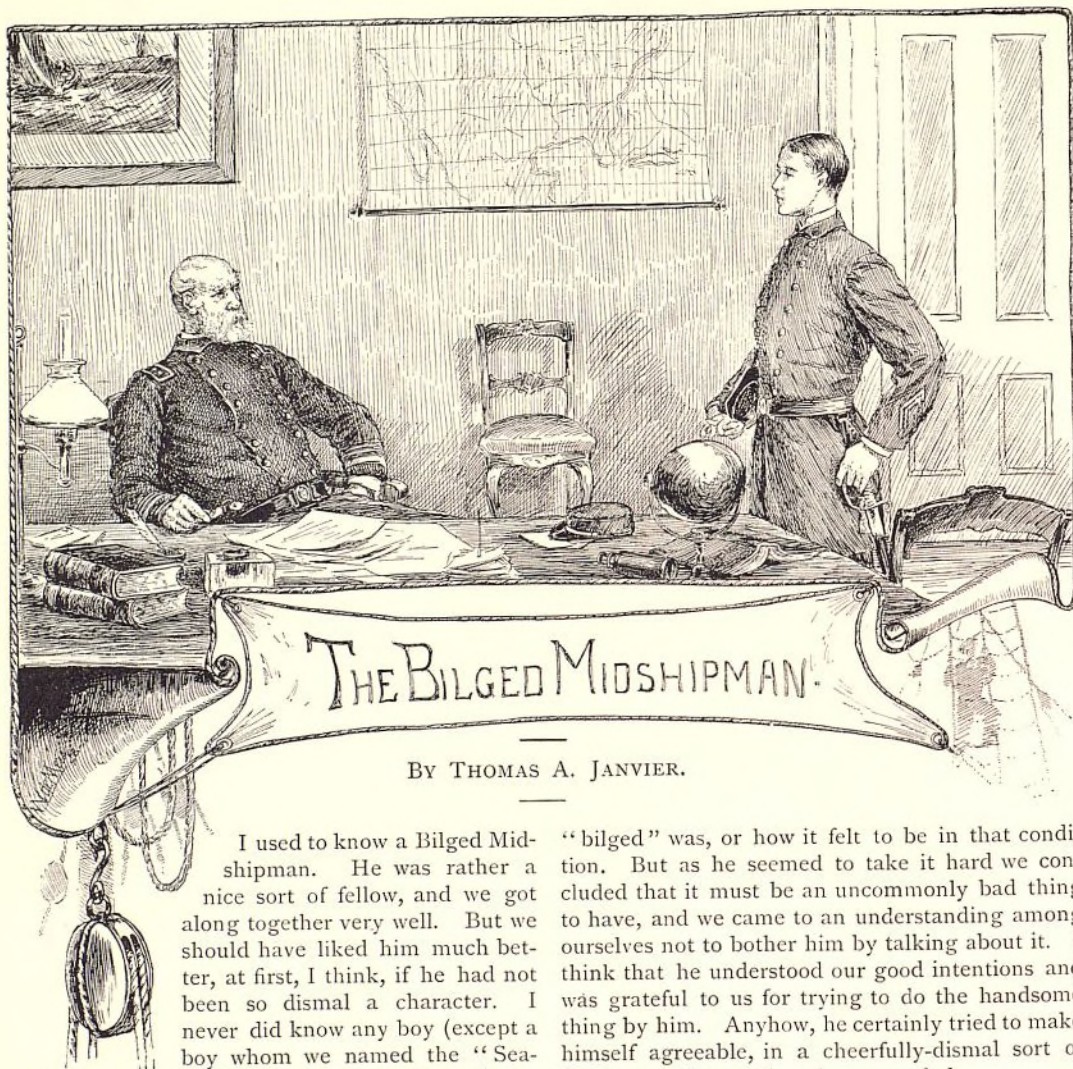
The clovers are rosy with saying —
(The buttercups bend to hear)

"Oh, be patient, it 's only delaying —
Be glad, for it 's very near!"

The blushing pimpernel closes,
It is n't because it grieves —
And down in the garden, the roses
Smile out from their lattice of leaves!

Such gladness has stirred the flowers!
Yet children only complain:

"Oh, what is the use of showers?"
"Oh, why does it ever rain?"



BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I used to know a Bilged Midshipman. He was rather a nice sort of fellow, and we got along together very well. But we should have liked him much better, at first, I think, if he had not been so dismal a character. I never did know any boy (except a boy whom we named the "Sea-Calf," because he was all the time blubbing) who seemed to be so thoroughly miserable. Why, I've known that Bilged Midshipman to refuse to join a swimming party of five as good fellows as ever walked—I was one of them, myself—and to spend all the afternoon of a half-holiday in moping.

None of us knew much about him except that he had been a midshipman and had been bilged. This much he said himself, when Clarence Detwiler, by virtue of seniority, asked him about himself on the first day that he came to the school. He didn't begin regularly, but in the middle of the term, and so he was something of a curiosity.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I was a midshipman at Annapolis, but I was bilged!" Then he turned away and looked as if he might take to crying—blinky about the eyes, you know.

Now, not one of us had the least idea of what

"bilged" was, or how it felt to be in that condition. But as he seemed to take it hard we concluded that it must be an uncommonly bad thing to have, and we came to an understanding among ourselves not to bother him by talking about it. I think that he understood our good intentions and was grateful to us for trying to do the handsome thing by him. Anyhow, he certainly tried to make himself agreeable, in a cheerfully-dismal sort of fashion; and sometimes he succeeded.

His first success was won by splicing the clothes-line. In the interest of Science, a lot of us had borrowed the clothes-line from the laundry and had begun a series of very interesting experiments on the Levitation of Solids. For want of better solids to work with, we were using ourselves—each one of us knew about how much he weighed—and we were levitating ourselves up into some remarkably fine chestnut-trees. In the midst of an interesting experiment—we had Pud Douglass up in the air—the clothes-line broke. It was a new line, but Pud was too much for it. Luckily, he was only about ten feet up, and the tumble did n't hurt him. But the clothes-line separated into two pieces; and what made it worse was that the break was just about in the middle.

We were in something of a dilemma. We knew

that a knot in the middle of the new line would excite critical comment, and probably would lead to very unpleasant consequences. For, apart from the fact that we had obtained the line rather informally, the chestnut-trees were quite out-of-bounds. We felt low in our minds. Then we all went back to the school and were as dismal as possible. However, we comforted ourselves a little by abusing Pud for being so inordinately fat.

Close by the wood-shed we fell in with the Bilged Midshipman. He was in his usual mournful mood; but we were mournful too, so we stopped to tell him of our tribulations.

"Pooh!" said the Bilged Midshipman, when we had told our tale of woe. "Is that all?"

We said that it was, and that we rather thought it was more than enough.

"Pooh!" said he again (he was a great fellow to say "Pooh!"). "Just you let me have the line and I'll splice it so its own mother won't know it's been broken!"

We were too much pleased to stop for argument with him over a clothes-line's having a mother, and we all sat down in a row behind the wood-shed, and little Billy Jenks pulled the line out from under his jacket. What Billy wished to do, was to go straight to the Doctor and tell him all about it and offer to pay for the clothes-line—but that always was Billy's way.

The Bilged Midshipman really seemed almost cheerful for once; and he went to work with a will. He made what he called a "long splice." It was a wonderful piece of work. He untwisted two strands of the rope for three or four feet, and then he "crutched them together," as he called it. Then he untwisted some more from one of the ends, and into the space where the strand had been he twisted a strand from the other end. He did this both ways from the "crutch," and ended up by tucking all the ends snugly away. When he had cut the ends off smoothly and had rolled the rope under his foot, it would have taken a pretty good pair of eyes to see that it ever had been broken! It seemed almost a miracle to us, and only prudential reasons kept us from giving the Bilged Midshipman three cheers on the spot. But we all shook hands with him and told him solemnly that we thought that he was "a brick." For a minute or two he seemed really pleased. Then he subsided suddenly and his countenance grew as dismal as Clarence Detwiler's on the day when he ate more green apples than were good for him.

"What's the use of it all?" he said, half to himself. "I'm bilged,—bilged!" Then he went sorrowfully away.

After that he often did bits of knotting and

splicing for us, and seemed to find it rather comforting. But he always ended by going moping off, muttering to himself something about bilging. It was very mysterious.

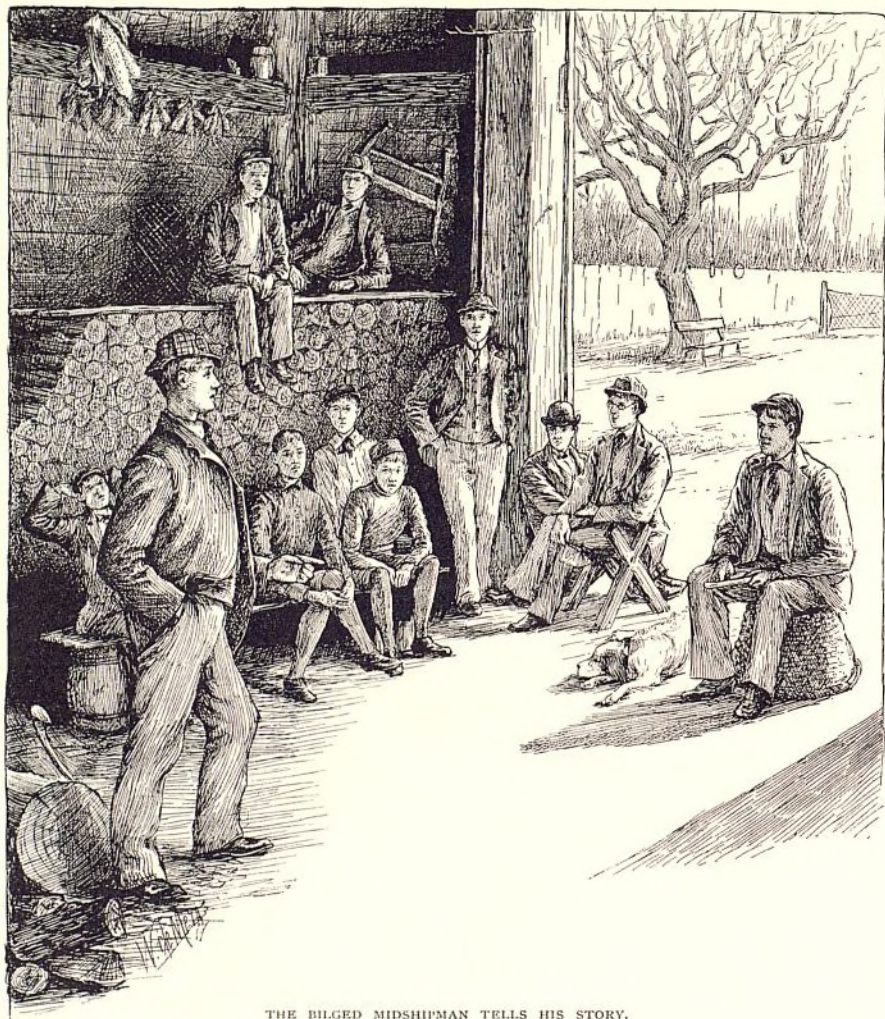
We looked up "bilged" in the dictionary, and found that it was "nautical" and meant "having a fracture in the bilge." As applied to a midshipman, the "nautical" was good; but the rest was n't. To cut things short, I may say that we all were completely puzzled. Finally, we concluded to have the matter settled definitely. It was growing too rasping to be borne. So we called a meeting of the school and elected Clarence Detwiler Chairman, and little Billy Jenks Secretary—not because there was anything in particular for a secretary to do, but because we wanted to make things pleasant for Billy. You see, Billy's father had just failed and he was naturally a little cut up about it.

When the meeting was fairly under way, the chairman appointed Pud Douglass and me, a Committee of Two to bring in the Bilged Midshipman. As he was just around the corner of the wood-shed, waiting to be brought, this did not take long—and he could have been brought even sooner if "Clumsy" Skimples had n't tumbled down from above among the rafters just as the procession was entering, and so spoiled the effect. But "Clumsy" was always tumbling down from somewhere or other,—he generally kept himself bumped black and blue,—so nobody minded it much.

Detwiler made a speech, in which he explained that we all were curious to know how a fellow who seemed to be all right could be bilged, if the dictionary gave the true meaning of the word; that we did not wish to press him too hard upon a delicate subject; but that, as we now cherished a very high esteem for him as a companion and as a — a boy, we should be very much obliged to him if he would explain this mysterious matter once and for all. Detwiler was a capital hand at speech-making, and this speech was even better than usual. When he concluded, we all clapped our hands, and then we looked at the Bilged Midshipman and waited for him to begin.

He blinked his eyes for a minute or two, in his queer, sorrowful way, and then he braced up and said he supposed he might as well tell about it, and have done with it; — we'd all been kind to him and we had a right to know.

"You see," said the Bilged Midshipman, "down at Annapolis 'bilged' is what they call it when a cadet fails to pass his examinations, or is sent adrift for misconduct. It's a sea term, and means that a barrel, or cask, is stove in and done for; a cadet is done for when the Academy throws him overboard, and so the sailors say that he is bilged.



THE BILGED MIDSHIPMAN TELLS HIS STORY.

That's all; — *I* was bilged — terribly!" Then he hitched up his trousers in sailor fashion — he was as fond of this action as Dick Deadeye — and looked dismaler than ever.

"If you don't mind telling," said Clarence Detwiler, "the meeting would like very much to know what bilged you. Everybody in favor of his telling what bilged him, will please say 'aye.'" (Of course we all said "aye.") "The ayes have it, gentlemen."

"Well," said the Bilged Midshipman, in a most forlorn and solemn way, "it was a cat; a big, black Tom-cat! Yes, I know it sounds queer, but it's true, all the same; that cat finished my naval career — *bilged* me! You see, it happened in this way: It was the beginning of my second year at the Academy, and my prospects were bright. I had passed the examinations and stood well up in

my class, and the professors seemed to like me. But I could n't get along comfortably with the Commandant of Cadets. He was a peppery sort of a man, a Commander in the service; and he had a way of snapping a fellow up short and setting him down hard, that made it uncomfortable to get along with him. And then he never would listen to what a fellow had to say. He was always talking about discipline. His pet speech was: 'The discipline of the service demands, my boy, that when I give an order you are to obey it, instantly and implicitly. Discipline and argument are utterly incompatible.' He'd say this over a dozen times a day: and so we always called him 'Old Discipline.'

"Well, I had a way of sliding into scrapes and Old Discipline had a way of catching me. At last things began to look squally. The Admiral — who was a trump — sent for me and gave me a good

talking-to, just such a talking-to as my father gives me sometimes; and he made me see that it really would n't do for me to be careless, if I 'ever hoped to be an officer and a credit to the service,' as he put it. He was just as kind as he could be, but he wound up by telling me that I must steer a straight course or take the consequences; and, to give me a clear idea of what the consequences would be, he said that if I was reported to him again for misconduct during the term I certainly would be sent adrift from the Academy. I promised him with all my heart that I would turn over a new leaf then and there. And then the old gentleman, in his kind way, shook hands with me and said that he was sure I really meant to be steady, and would live to be as good an officer as ever trod a deck."

The Bilged Midshipman stopped for a minute or two and seemed very low in his mind. "It makes me feel dismal," he said presently, "when I think what the Admiral must think of me now. But it was n't my fault that I was bilged — at least, not entirely.

"For a week or two after I was 'warned,' I was the best-behaved cadet in the Academy. 'Old Discipline' was on the lookout to catch me tripping, but I was on the lookout not to trip, and he could n't. Two or three times he thought he had me, for the cadets were always playing tricks on him, but every time it turned out to be somebody else, and I was not in the wrong.

"But he did catch me at last, and that wretch of a black Tom-cat was at the bottom of it. The cat was a good-for-nothing sort of a cat that used to drift about the Academy grounds by the kitchen. It was forever getting picked up by the cadets and put into places where a cat did n't belong — such as the professors' desks and the officers' hat-boxes.

"Well, one day it happened that the Commandant had to go down to the Norfolk Navy Yard for some stores, and a detail of cadets was told off to go with him. On the strength of my recent good conduct I was put in the detail; and I was glad enough to have the little cruise. Just as the tug was pushing off from the Academy wharf, 'Old Discipline' found that he had forgotten his valise — and as he was going to stay all night at Norfolk and go to a ball, and as the valise contained his dress-uniform, leaving it behind was not to be thought of. So he ordered the tug back to the wharf and, as I had the bad luck to be standing close by him, he directed me to jump ashore and run up to the Academy and get it. It was in his room, he said, all ready. Now this was orderly-service, and he had no business to send me on it. But I did not dare to hesitate; and I feared, too, that if I made the least objection, he would order me ashore and

go off without me. I did n't like to give in when I knew I was right, but neither did I like to lose the cruise; so away I went as fast as my legs would carry me.

"I found the valise all right, seized it and bolted back to the tug — but I had n't taken a dozen steps before I thought I felt something alive, squirming around inside the valise. Then it flashed upon me, all in a minute, that one of the fellows had stowed the old black Tom there, in a coil with the Commandant's dress-uniform. When I found that the Commandant, in his hurry, had left his keys hanging in the lock of the valise, the whole business was clear to me, and I just chuckled with delight. I put the keys into my pocket and hurried toward the wharf. But before I reached the tug I had stopped chuckling, and was thinking over the matter seriously. Of course I had n't much sympathy with the Commandant, but I could not help worrying over my promise to the Admiral that I would keep out of scrapes. I stopped and attempted to open the valise; but either I mistook the key or failed to understand the lock, for I really could not open it. I tried faithfully until I dared delay no longer, and then feeling I had done my best, I ran for the tug. Still, I was very uneasy, and afraid of blame or something worse. To be sure, I had n't put the cat in the valise, and I did n't even know, positively, that there was a cat in it at all. It was n't my valise and it was n't my cat; and, finally, the Commandant had no right to send me on orderly-duty. This was one side of the case. On the other was my promise to the Admiral that I would do my best to behave like an officer and a gentleman while I remained at the Academy — and I could n't help admitting to myself that a cadet reasonably suspected of having anything to do with stowing a cat in the same valise with a dress-uniform might well be thought neither officer-like nor gentlemanly.

"Well, the long and short of it was that by the time I got down to the tug, I had made up my mind to tell the Commandant about the cat, and thus to clear my conscience of breaking my promise to the Admiral; and I must confess that I thought it would be rather good fun to see the Commandant open his valise and let black 'Tommy' come bouncing out of it on the deck, while all the sailors and cadets would be grinning at the jolly lark and at the way 'Old Discipline' would rage over it. But, as things turned out, I did n't have a chance to tell, after all, — more's the pity!" Here the Bilged Midshipman stopped for a minute or two to be miserable.

"When I got down to the tug," he went on, "the Commandant was hurried and flurried — for the Admiral had come down to the dock in the

interval, and had asked why the tug had not started—and so, as I tumbled on board and handed him his keys, he blazed away:

“‘Now, sir, I should like to know where you have been spending the morning. Are you so utterly incapable of all useful duty that you can not run an errand without dawdling over it all day? Take the valise below, at once, and remain below until we reach Norfolk! Boatswain, see that the

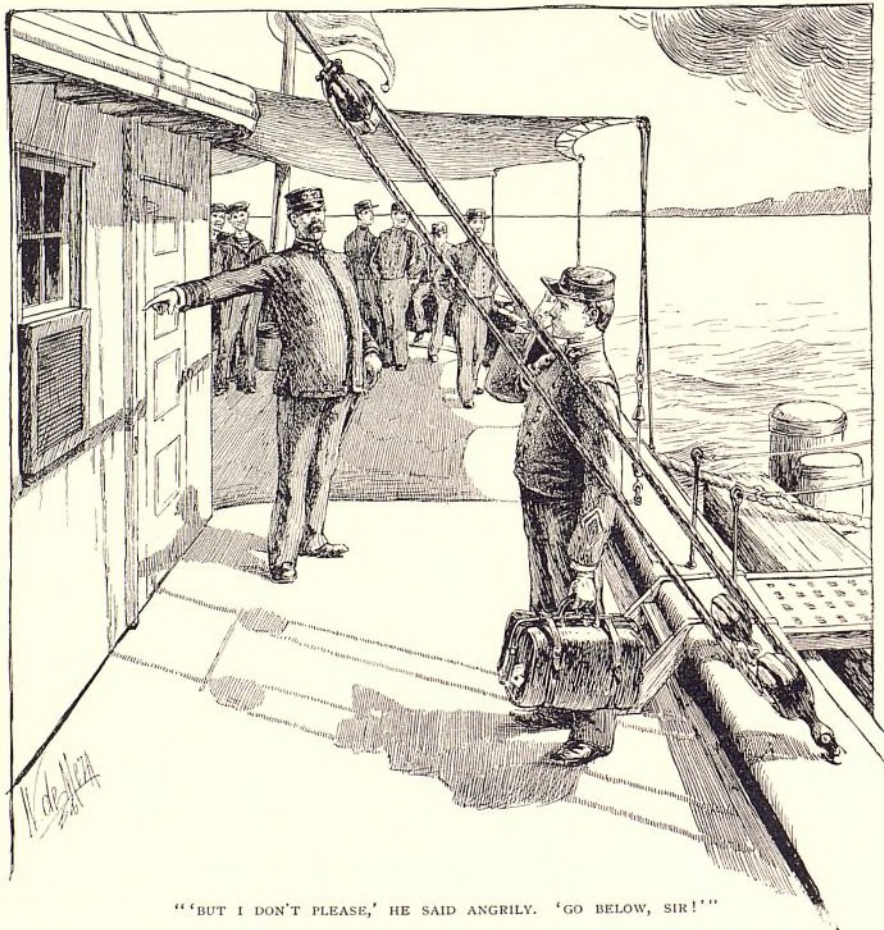
“But somehow, right in the thick of it I remembered my promise to the Admiral. So I gulped down the lump, by a great effort, and began:

“‘If you please, sir, I——’

“‘But I don’t please,’ he said angrily. ‘Go below, sir!’

“‘If you please,’ I began again, for I was determined to do my duty, ‘in the valise there’s——’

“I don’t think he heard what I was saying, he



“‘BUT I DON’T PLEASE,’ HE SAID ANGRILY. ‘GO BELOW, SIR!’”

lines are cast off. Mr. Pivot, you will oblige me by getting under way immediately.’

“I was all in a rage at this unfair attack. It was n’t my fault that the Commandant had come off without his valise, that he had ordered the tug to wait while he sent back for it, and that the Admiral had come down and caught him at the dock when he ought to have been well down-stream; and I knew that I had n’t dawdled a bit. Then, to crown it all, he had ordered me below for the cruise, and so spoiled every bit of my fun. A big lump came up in my throat, and I felt rather wicked.

was in such a passion. He burst out: ‘How *dare* you reply! The discipline of the service demands that when I give an order you are to obey it instantly and implicitly. Discipline and argument are utterly incompatible. Go below, this instant! You are under arrest. I shall report you to the Admiral for gross misconduct!’

“That settled the whole thing. There was nothing more to be said. I went down into the cabin and—I hope you fellows won’t think it was mawkish—I just burst out crying. The whole business was so wretchedly full of injustice. Here

I was trying my best to do my duty as an officer and a gentleman, and, for no fault of mine, I was under arrest and was to be reported for misconduct."

A sort of sympathetic thrill ran around the woodshed. Clarence Detwiler formulated the sense of the meeting by observing that the Commandant was "a terror"; and little Billy Jenks crossed over from the secretary's seat—on the saw-horse—and put his arm over the Bilged Midshipman's shoulder. Billy always was a good-hearted little beggar.

After a while the Bilged Midshipman went on with his story: "After all," he said, "I don't believe that the Commandant would have reported me, when he came to think the matter over quietly, if it had n't been for the cat—and he certainly had a right to raise a row over that part of the performance. You see, there was a stiff east-wind blowing that kicked up a heavy swell in the bay, and the tug rolled and tumbled about so that you fairly had to 'hang on with your teeth to keep your footing,' as one of the cadets said. Down in the cabin, things went bumping around in a very reckless sort of way, and I had to stow myself between a locker and the after-bulkhead to keep from bumping about, too. The valise was down in the cabin; and as it was not clewed fast it had the range of the whole place—sailing away first to starboard and next to port, and then taking a long roll up and down amidships, as the tug pitched in the short seas. Of course no cat was going to stand such nonsense as that without remonstrance; especially such a determined old scoundrel as Tommy. At first he sent up a lot of plaintive 'me-ows!' but presently, when he found that 'me-owing' did n't do any good, he took to howling at the very top of his voice, and trying to scratch his way out. I could hear the sound of tearing cloth as he rattled his claws through and through the Commandant's dress-uniform, and—as I was in a rather wicked frame of mind by that time—I did n't object. If ever poetical justice got hold of a fellow it was then and there—and the fellow was 'Old Discipline' and the poetical justice was that ripping and raging cat who was tearing those ball-room clothes to scraps and tatters. I felt in my bones that there was a tremendous storm ahead for me; but I was so angry that I had n't much sympathy with the Commandant."

The woodshed responded promptly to this sentiment, Clarence Detwiler leading a roar of laughter at the Commandant's expense. Only little Billy Jenks looked solemn. When we had got through laughing he said that he thought it was all right so far as the Commandant was concerned, but he could n't help feeling that it was rather rough on

the old cat. (You see, Billy was a very soft-hearted little chap about animals. Why, that little fellow once wanted to fight Clarence Detwiler, who was three years older and a whole head taller and who had taken boxing lessons, because Detwiler was going to drown a stray puppy so as to see whether or not he could bring it to life again by a plan that he had been reading about in some scientific paper. Detwiler was angry at first, but Billy was so much in earnest about it that he wound up by shaking hands with Billy and letting the puppy go—"sacrificing Science to Friendship," as he explained in his clever way. But that has nothing to do with the story.)

When we were all through laughing, the Bilged Midshipman continued:

"Well, the Commandant did not go to the ball! He came back to the Academy the next day, raging, and the storm which I knew to be brewing burst out at once. I have never heard what he said to the Admiral, but the case against me was black enough. The upshot of the matter was that I was dismissed from the Academy right out-of-hand—just 'bilged' without being summoned or having a chance to say a word in my own defense. This seemed to me the crowning injustice of all. I did not think that the Admiral would have treated me in that way, and I had expected to make it all right when I was summoned: for, you see, I really had tried to do my duty, and could have explained the whole matter so that the Admiral and all other officers would have seen that I was not to blame. But I had been in mischief several times since I entered the Academy and so everybody believed I had been larking again: and so I came to grief. Instead of believing me innocent until I was proved guilty, I was believed guilty from the start,—for there certainly seemed to be plenty of evidence against me,—and I was n't given even an opportunity to prove my innocence.

"But I did n't see all this as plainly then, as I do now, and I was angry at the clear injustice which had been done me, and concluded that the sooner I got away from the Academy the better. If the Admiral did not believe in me after my promise, it was he who was not behaving like an officer and a gentleman, this time. I hated him, and I hated everybody, myself included; and I was eager to get away, and so I did n't even try to explain matters and have my dismissal canceled. The Admiral had lost faith in me, and that settled the whole matter.

"And so, the short and long of it was, that I was 'bilged'—kicked out of the service in disgrace—all because some other fellow had put that miserable black cat in with 'Old Discipline's' dress-uniform! That's all there is to tell. And the reason

I'm so miserable is that I can't help thinking all the time that if I'd kept reasonably steady from the start I should not have been dismissed at all. It was the cat that finished me, but the root of the whole wretched business was my bad name.

"I did love the service with all my heart, and I'd give almost anything to get back into it again; but I'm out of it forever — and I've nobody but myself to thank for my bad luck!"

The Bilged Midshipman sat down on the pile of kindling-wood just behind him and blinked his eyes quickly. I'm not sure that he would n't have broken down altogether, but just then Clumsy Skimples managed to tumble from the top of the wood-pile, bringing a whole load of wood down with him, and this raised a general laugh, and gave the Bilged Midshipman time to recover. When Clumsy had finished piling up the wood, and things were quiet again, Clarence Detwiler made a very handsome speech, in which he told the Bilged Midshipman how sorry we all felt for him and how badly we thought that he had been treated "while in the service of our common country" (Detwiler said that over twice, and we all applauded); and how, in short, we all hoped that it would n't happen again. Others of us made sympathetic speeches, and the meeting wound up by adopting a preamble and resolutions in which we just gave it to the United States Government in general and to the Commandant at the Naval Academy in particular.

But what seemed to please the Bilged Midshipman more than anything else, was the way in which little Billy Jenks got up from the saw-horse, walked across the wood-shed and said that he thought the Bilged Midshipman was a "gentleman, all the way through!" and he would like to have the honor of shaking hands with him. So Billy and the Bilged Midshipman solemnly shook hands, and then the small chap, in his dignified way, walked back across the wood-shed and sat down on the saw-horse again. Billy was such a queer little dick! He was always doing odd, old-fashioned things in the most natural sort of a way; — and yet, when you came to think about them, you always saw that they

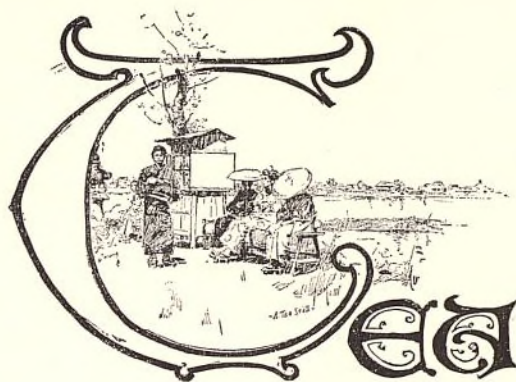
were just the right things to do, and you could n't help respecting Billy for doing them. It is a solemn fact that there was more real, downright dignity about that little fellow than there was about Clarence Detwiler himself — though, of course, nobody at the school would have dared say so. And so the Bilged Midshipman seemed better pleased with Billy's shaking hands with him that way, than he was with our vote of censure upon the National Government.

Then the meeting broke up.

Now perhaps you think that this is the whole story of the Bilged Midshipman. But it is n't. At least, it has a very short sequel that is a great deal pleasanter than the story itself.

When the Bilged Midshipman was sent home, it seems, he told his father just how the whole thing happened, and his father, without saying anything to his son, wrote it all out and forwarded it to the Admiral. The Admiral immediately began an investigation of the case, and the result of it all was that the cadet who put the cat in the valise was found out, and was "bilged" in no time. Then the Admiral wrote back that he thought it would be a good plan to let our Bilged Midshipman stay at school quietly until the next term at the Academy began, without telling him that he was all right, so as to give him a good opportunity to think over what had happened and see what his failure to maintain a good record at the Academy had cost him, — it was to give him a sort of moral lesson, you see. And that was just what his father had concluded to do. Next year he was reinstated at the Academy, and two years later he was graduated, almost at the head of his class. He is an Ensign now, cruising around out on the East India Station. I had a letter from him the other day, telling how he had been in a rumpus with a Malay pirate, and had ridden on an elephant, and had eaten mangoes.

And so, the short and long of it was, you see, that the Bilged Midshipman was not really bilged, after all!



BY E. H. LIBBY.

INNOVATIONS are likely to be feared, or at least misrepresented. When tea was first used in Europe it was bitterly attacked by many writers. In 1640 Simon Pauli, physician to Frederick III. of Denmark, in an essay against the beverage, speaks of the "raging, epidemical madness of importing tea into Europe from China." But it found advocates and was believed to be a sovereign remedy for many diseases.

In 1664 the East India Company presented to King Charles II. a package of two pounds and two ounces of tea purchased in Holland, at a cost of ten dollars a pound. His idle majesty seems to have sipped his fragrant cup with pleasure, for the next year he graciously accepted a second tribute of twenty-two pounds, at twelve dollars and a half a pound. In 1676, when the times were turbulent and the people impoverished by long years of civil disturbances, the importation was nearly four thousand pounds, which supplied the demand of the next six years and sold at an average price of five dollars a pound. But by 1710 the elegant society of Queen Anne's court had made tea fashionable, and the importation reached a million pounds, of which three-quarters were exported by England to other lands. Slowly but surely the delicate herb made its way into popular favor also, though Dr. Johnson, at ninety, thought it necessary to apologize for himself as a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle was hardly allowed to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

The tea-plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the guileless Celestials blandly assert that the drink was invented by Chin Nong some five thousand years ago. A poetic version makes it sixteen hundred years ago, and gives the following account of its earliest appearance: "In

the reign of Yuen Ty in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market-place, carrying a cup of tea in her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet from the break of day to the close of evening the cup was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people seized and confined her in prison. At night she flew through the prison windows with her little vase in her hand." If you care to do so you can read this story and enjoy it in the original Chinese of the "Cha Pu," or "Ancient History of Tea," and will no doubt find the translation exact.

Tea was not heard of in China again for three centuries and a half, when a "Fo hi" priest is said to have advised its use as a medicine. In the ninth century, an old beggar from Japan took some of the seeds and plants back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built at Osaka a temple to the memory of those who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia also learned to love the drink, and serve it at all hours of the day.

The honor of introducing the herb into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the seventeenth century tea became known among "persons of quality" in Europe, and in 1602 some Dutch traders carried a quantity of sage (which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe) to China, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making the almond-eyed tea-drinkers think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of very good tea, which was brought home in safety and without the loss of a single Dutchman. It is probable that the Dutch traders put to sea immediately after handing over the

sage and without waiting for the Chinese to express their opinion of sage-tea.

Tea now began to arrive in England in small packages from India and Holland, and was considered a choice present and a great luxury, as it sold for twenty-five dollars a pound.

The plant, when growing naturally, is a small tree, sometimes attaining thirty feet in height. In cultivation it is pruned down to about three feet, giving it a flat top, because in this shape it produces many twigs and a plentiful growth of leaves at a height convenient for picking.



A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN MAKING TEA FOR HIS FRIENDS.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the East India Company began importing tea from China as a part of their regular trade. Tea-culture has since been introduced in many other countries, —we may instance Mexico, Brazil, Chili, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Java, and Ceylon,—while many experiments have been made, and are now being made, to cultivate the plant in other places, and especially in the southern States of our own country. During the war the experiments were postponed, but have since been renewed with some very encouraging results. Portions of the Carolinas, Tennessee, and westward to the Missouri river, and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, including Texas and Mexico, doubtless will be found to offer the most favorable conditions that the United States afford for tea production, as these regions furnish a long growing-season and a high degree of moisture.

The botanical name of the tea-plant is *Camellia Thea*, and its original home was India.

The best soil is a rich, sandy loam, well drained and well watered. Hill-sides were formerly considered the proper home for the plants, and Chinese pictures usually represent tea-gardens as located among impossible hills; but flat ground, if well drained, serves equally well. The herb flourishes best in partial shade, and though it matures in eight or ten years, it lasts for more than a generation. Many of the best gardens in India were planted forty years ago.

The Chinese process of preparing tea is somewhat shorter than a Chinese play, and includes twelve operations and three days' time. The youngest leaves are believed to make the finest teas.

The Indian processes are as follows: (1) withering the leaf in the sun; (2) rolling the leaves, by hand or machine, without breaking them; (3) fermenting, which is caused by piling the leaves up together and leaving them to ferment; (4) sunning on mats, until the color is darkened; (5) firing or

roasting over a fire until the leaf is crisp. To make green tea, the withering and fermentation are omitted.

The English prefer black tea, and the Americans green tea.

The Chinese, Russians, and Persians receive their tea pressed into bricks, which are often used as money in Asia. There are rare teas which none but princes drink, the product of particular gardens under the most careful culture. They are cured by slight firing and are still damp when in best condition for use. In fact, all teas lose so much of their quality by exportation that we can never hope to taste the best until we either drink it in Asia, or raise it upon our own soil.

The annual consumption of tea, outside of Asia and the overland trade, is now over three hundred million pounds, of which England takes more than half, while America takes but one-quarter. This is less surprising, however, if we reflect that America consumes about seven times as much coffee as tea. The Russians drink nearly as much tea as the English. The Dutch and Germans are great tea-drinkers. The French, like the Americans,

of Moscow are universally patronized, and the quantity consumed is enormous.

Considered in relation to mankind, we see that *Camelia Thea* has many virtues and a few faults. Properly prepared, the infusion dispels fatigue, relieves drowsiness, and stimulates mental activity. Like coffee and cocoa, it tends to diminish the distress and faintness caused by hunger. Tea in moderation is not a harmful stimulant. To the aged, to the very poor, and during any scarcity of good food, it is really a great blessing; for it contains a little nourishment, and owing to its volatile oil, to the heat of the drink, and to the sugar and milk usually added, its revivifying effect is often very marked.

A Chinese writer says: "To make tea, it is an old custom to use running water boiled over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is best, and river water next, while well-water is the worst. . . . Do not boil the water too hastily; as, first, it begins to sparkle like crab's eyes, then, somewhat like fishes' eggs, and lastly it boils up, like pearls innumerable springing and waving about. This is the way to boil the water."



A TEA-PARTY IN COLONIAL DAYS.

prefer coffee, consuming twice as much coffee as the English.

The Russians receive the best tea, as it is transported to them overland, retaining all the flavor of the slightly fired brick-teas. The tea-houses

There are other ways of preparing tea,—perhaps you may find one more to your liking. In China, salt and ginger are sometimes added. The Japanese powder the delicate leaves and beat an infusion of them to a foam with chop-sticks. The



GATHERING TEA-LEAVES IN JAPAN.

Russians drink the liquor clear,— as do the Chinese ordinarily,— often adding a slice of lemon, or lemon juice. In Switzerland, cinnamon is added, while the Persians prefer to flavor with fennel, anise-seed, cloves, and sugar. Tartars enjoy a soup of brick-tea, salt, milk, and flour-dumplings fried in oil; and a salad of tea, tallow, fat, cheese, and salt.

But, after all, the unflavored draught, in pretty cups, with cream-jug and sugar-bowl, arrayed on a spotless cloth, thin slices of bread, cold meat prettily garnished, and fresh fruit, will make one wonder, with Sydney Smith, what the world did before tea was known, and thankful for having been born in these happier days.

THE BABY'S CREED.

BY CHARLES H. LUGRIN.

I BELIEVE in my Papa,
 Who loves me — oh, so dearly!
 I believe in Santa Claus,
 Who comes to see me yearly.
 I believe the birdies talk
 On the boughs together;
 I believe the fairies dance
 O'er the fields of heather;

I believe my dolly knows
 Every word that's spoken;
 I believe it hurts her, too,
 When her nose is broken.
 Oh! I believe in lots of things,—
 I can't tell all the rest —
 But I believe in you, Mamma,
 First, and last, and best!

OUR FIVE O'CLOCK



TEA

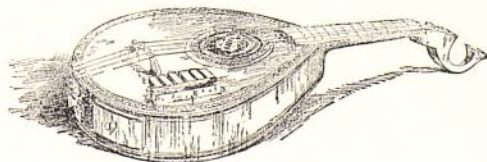
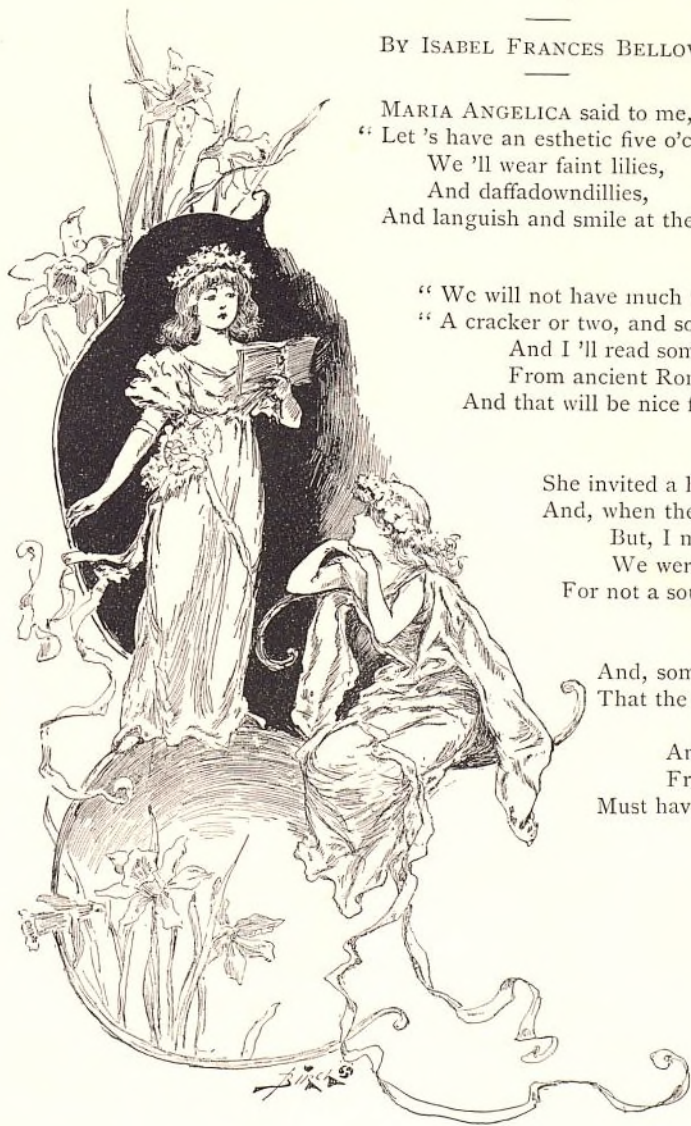
BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWS.

MARIA ANGELICA said to me,
"Let's have an esthetic five o'clock tea;
We'll wear faint lilies,
And daffadowndillies,
And languish and smile at the company."

"We will not have much to eat," said she,
"A cracker or two, and some very weak tea;
And I'll read some stanzas
From ancient Romanzas,
And that will be nice for the company."

She invited a hundred and thirty-three;
And, when the time came, quite ready were we.
But, I mention with pain,
We were ready in vain,
For not a soul came of the company!

And, somehow or other, it seems to me
That the cracker or two, and the very weak
tea,
And the beautiful stanzas
From ancient Romanzas,
Must have come to the ears of that company!



THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

(Being Leaves from His Early Diary.)

BY MARY W. PORTER.



"I SEE THAT FEMALE ORPHAN-ASYLUM GO BY."

I AM only a little boy, and have caused great regretment in the family owing to not being a girl. I have heard Uncle Jack say so a hundred times; indeed, I try to feel sorry myself, and just when I'm getting a little sad, I see that female orphan-asylum go by in pink calico, and suddenly I grow so glad about it that I could cry with joy.

I am writing my life because I am to be a great man when I grow up, and then it will please people to read it. I am the last of a great many boys, so many that I generally count them on my fingers, and they have really turned out very well. They have become men and are hard at work, and there's only me left, at present, except when Thomas gets lazy and comes home (his name is really Tom, but I believe in Biography the whole name is generally used). I made him very angry once when he came, by saying that if all our boys were such prodigals the price of veal would go up. I heard him tell Father, afterward, that he thought I was a changeling; so I asked Uncle Jacket what that meant, and he said he believed it was a sort of gosling. (I call him "Uncle Jacket" for Biographical reasons, though he is generally known as Uncle Jack.)

Mother used to say that I was more anxiety to her than all the rest of her boys put together,

and that worried me so I could n't help crying about it sometimes when I was alone. I asked Uncle Jacket why it was and he said, "Folks nebber knows when dey's well off," and 'lowed, "Mis' was frettin' 'cause I did n't wear out de knees 'er my trousers, like dem udder chil'ren"; but that was n't it, because when I took the scissors and cut the knees quite out of my best pair, Mother was very angry about it, and made me wear them as a punishment, for ever so long. When I was much littler, people used to say I could n't live long, I was so dreadfully old-fashioned; and though I had some curiousness to know what dying really was like, yet it was very depressing to feel it so near.

One day, being low in my mind, I went to the garden to see Uncle Jacket to consult with him how I could weather the storm; then somehow I could n't find him, and that was the last straw on the back of the — I forget now which animal, but I will ask Thomas; sometimes he knows those little bits of Natural History quite unexpectedly. Well, I sat down and put my apron over my face and wept bitterly. I was very little, you see, and wore such things then; indeed, I think they must have wished for a long time that I was a girl, for I can remember quite well when they dressed me like one.

To resume our narrative: While I was weeping, I heard some one say quite decidedly, "Hallo, young un, what's the matter with you?" I dropped my apron quickly, and looking up, saw a rather pleasant peddler standing by me, with a large pack on his back and another on the ground. He was hot and dusty, but was looking at me cheerfully.

"You're a poor little babby to be crying here all by ye'self," he repeated. "What's the matter?"

"Please, I'm dying of old-fashion'ness," I said, sobbing again at the thought.

He gave a long whistle, notwithstanding that it is impolite to do so in company. That is all I



AN OLD-FASHIONED PORTRAIT OF THE HERO.

remember quite well, but I know that he somehow got the idea that what I had eaten had made me sick, and insisted on my taking some pills at once. He said they would cure me of anything. I remember how long I hoped they would cure me of old-fashion'ness, but they did n't, for even after that people often said I had it. He gave me also a yellow handkerchief with the Declaration of Independence in the middle, and Uncle Jacket and I did enjoy that eloquent burst exceedingly. But when I took it out at the table that night, my brothers shouted at it, and made such fun of it that I hid it; and not one of them has seen it since. Even Mother laughed at it.

I have read the lives of a great many people, and most of them are bound in red, and are by Mr. J. Abbott, Esq. They are beautiful and thrilling and made me think of writing my own life. They used to belong to the boys, who must have used them with very grimy hands, and who made pictures of Mary Queen of Scots dancing with Xerxes, and such things, on the empty pages; but I have my doubts about their having read them, for once when

I was thinking it over and did n't have the book I asked Edward (that's Teddy, you know) how many battles Napoleon averaged a year, and he told me I was getting perfectly unbearable. I said, "Alas! I have been that for many a long year," and he muttered something quick, under his breath, and rushed off, as if I had hit him. Indeed, it is very queer, they often seem more afraid of me than I am of them; perhaps it's because they know I am going to be a great man! However, it is a melancholy fact.

One day my brother Robert (the lawyer of the family) asked me, when I came home from a visit, what I had been doing, and when I said, "I have spent all the long hot hours making mental reservations," he cried, "Do you know you frighten me, child?—you absolutely frighten me!" Then a big lump came in my throat, for I liked Bo—I mean Robert, the best of all, and I crept away to my study, and after a while I thought I would write to him, and that comforted me a little, and this is what I wrote:

MY DEAR BOB: I regret exceedingly having frightened you just now and I can not think how I did it; but it was quite accidental. I would not hurt you for the world.

Your affectionate HUGH.

Robert was always kind to me after that. He called me up and gave me a long lecture about using big words, and spelling too well; and said I must play like other boys, and fish, and ride, and shoot, and not look at a book for two years, and I was sorry when he went from home, though he interfered sadly with my studies. Uncle Jacket is perhaps the best companion I could have; he is not much of a scholar, but he appreciates learning highly in others, and rather likes not understanding what you say to him. He is quite familiar with Mr. Abbott's great people, though he is not always respectful in his way of speaking of them. For instance, he calls Queen Elizabeth "Lizbeth," and Xerxes, "Jerks"; but he means well. He was much interested when I acted the death of Mme. Roland—though he dozed off; but he says he always does that when he is interested.

Thomas, I am sorry to say, laughed at me one day because I was bowing to the pump and saying, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" and since then he is always bowing about the house—to the hat-rack, the big clock, and the bed-posts, till I have been tempted to wish that Mme. Roland had perished otherwise.

I have been sadly disturbed in my mind, and by a most unexpected cause. My eldest brother, whom I never saw but once, is going to send one of his sons to pass the winter with us, to get ac-

quainted. How curious it will be to have a nephew in the house! But will it be pleasant? To be sure I can read him "Abbott" and "Headley," "Vicars and Mosheim's Universal History," and "Gibbon"—indeed, all my best treasures. How strange it will seem to have a fellow-student in these interesting pursuits!

Uncle Jacket does not take at all kindly to the idea; indeed, when he first heard of it, was painfully sarcastic.

"My stars!" he cried. "Is we never had 'nuff boys in dis here house, dat Missus am lookin' 'bout fur mo'? Mark my words, Honey, dey jes wants some pusson to put over yo' head. If you'd ebber tuck up wid any er Mas' Tom's onpurlite tantrums dey'd ha' let you 'lone. *Boy*, indeed! A boy! Mas' John's eldest boy!" And Uncle Jacket began to hoe so furiously that I knew it would not last long, and sat down to meditate on what he had said.

Thomas, who was enjoying one of his many rests at home, made me still more uncomfortable that night at tea.

"Well, Hugh," he cried, "there is a good time a-coming; a time of black eyes and bruised noses. John says his Frank is a perfect little filibusterer."

My heart sank. I said to myself, "Will he care for the Abbotts?"

They have put another little bed in my room, for I am now to share it with Francis. Oh, if they would only let me be alone! What shall I do with a strange boy in my room?

Uncle Jacket is furious; he says it reminds him of the persecutions of the Rev. Moses Gillial for setting fire to a circus-tent—a most interesting recollection of "before the war," which I never tire of hearing. I wish Mr. Abbott had known about it, and had written his life. He was tarred and feathered, and Uncle Jacket says it was only because he was—something or other. Later on he was hung. I believe he set fire to a house and the people could not get out quick enough.

It is strange that they should have put Francis into my room, for I have known seven of my brothers to be here at once, and yet it was not at all crowded. I have had to put Varus and his

Legions on top of the *armoire* to make a place for that bed—Varus himself is tin, but the Legions are acorns, and it was so interesting when they were formed in battle array. I do not know the exact number of men in the Legion. I would have looked it up, but the family have a prejudice against my using the dictionary, and Father has positively forbidden me to touch his Unabridged.

I think if I ever get to heaven the first thing I shall ask there will be, "Please to let me have a dictionary of my own." Uncle Jacket was disgusted when I mentioned it to him, and said, "Some folks is gettin' mighty close in dere ole age"; and muttered something about camels threading cambric-needles, that I did n't quite



"THOMAS LAUGHED AT ME ONE DAY BECAUSE I WAS BOWING TO THE PUMP AND SAYING, 'O LIBERTY! LIBERTY! HOW MANY CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN THY NAME!'"

catch; but he was called off to cut stove-wood, so he could not explain.

Francis has come! He is taller than I, though triflingly younger, and is greatly admired by all the family.

Uncle Jacket says "Handsome is as handsome does, when it's boys on a visit"; but Mother says that he is beautiful, and that he reminds her of all her sons except me, and everybody except Uncle Jacket wishes I was more like him.

I was immersed in study when he arrived, and they called me down, and the first thing I heard when I entered the parlor was a great shout and "Hallo! Are you the last of my ninety-nine uncles? I'm afraid all my respect and good behavior will have to end with Uncle Tom."

"Indeed, then, you are mistaken, Master Frank," said Thomas, before I had sufficiently recovered to consider what Robespierre would have said under the circumstances (I was then reading his life).

"Allow me to introduce you to the great man of the family, your famous, world-renowned Uncle Hugh!"

Mother cried, "Tom!" reprovingly, and Francis laughed and seemed surprised that I did n't. I could have shed a few tears—Thomas often makes me weep; but it is unmanly, so I kept them back, and shook hands with Francis.

He never seemed to feel like a "stranger within the gates," at all. Mother said, "Shall Hugh show you to your room now?" and he cried, "In one moment, dear Grandmamma!" He was leaning against Father's knee, and I saw with surprise that he was examining the seals on his watch-chain,—those seals about which I have always felt such secret curiosity, but which I have never had in my hand in my life.

I took him up to our room, and he was delighted. "Is n't this jolly!" he cried, looking around. "I'm so glad they put us together; I have always had one of my brothers with me, and it would have been dreadfully poky alone." I said nothing. But he did not seem to mind my silence. He went on about his "people at home," splashing his head in a basin of water, and taking it out in a most reckless way. I think he spoiled three clean towels drying that one head! When I spoke of it to Uncle Jacket afterward he thought it a bad sign, and looked gloomy. "Some folks," he said, "has mighty little respect fer water; dey's fur too fond er foolin' wid it fer my taste."

At tea that night, Thomas and Francis went on in a wild way, exchanging remarks—which were, however, unworthy of a place in a Biography. Mother said she had n't had so gay a meal since the last six boys left home.

When we went to our room again, I must say Francis was very pleasant. He never said anything about, "O Liberty! Liberty!" though

Thomas had acted it for him many times that evening; but sat down on the floor, and pulled the things out of his trunk to show me what he had.

All his little brothers and sisters had given him something when he came away; and he had a photograph of his mother, in a frame. That he put on the table; and it made him sad for a little while. He said she was "such a dear, sweet, jolly little mother," which I fear was not quite a respectful way to speak of her. But I was much astonished to find how young she was; she did not look any older than our Thomas, and Francis assures me that she has not a gray hair in her head!

I was grieved to see how few books he had. I had hoped so for an Unabridged. There were some school-books, but none so advanced as mine were when Robert put an end to my regular studies last year.

"I brought those old things," Francis said, "to please Papa; and," he added, tossing them into a corner, "they'll be rather handy for throwing at each other. I hope that'll be the only use they'll ever be put to."

I smiled faintly, and my heart would have sunk lower, had it not already descended as far as was anatomically possible. I began, "I have never tried the effect of an outward application of knowledge—" but he looked so astonished that I stopped. You may be sure I refrained from all mention of Mr. Abbott.

"I say," he remarked, when we were at last in our beds and when the candle had been put out in the most extraordinary way I ever saw. I must digress here to tell about it: Francis left it on the table, and when I offered to get up and blow it out he said, "Pshaw, I'll show you how to do it without *that* trouble," and threw a shoe at it. The shoe missed the candle and knocked over the picture of his mother.

"Dear little Mammy," he cried, "it's not your first mishap,—is it? Now, Hugh, it's your turn."

I cast a look of dismay at my neatly-arranged clothes and hesitated, but I did not like to acknowledge that I had never thrown a shoe at anything in my life; so I picked up one, and threw it quickly and very crookedly, for it hit the wash-stand, and upset the pitcher, and there was the sound of breaking china. I started up, but before I could see what damage had been done, Francis threw his other shoe, struck the candle, and we were in total darkness!

"There!" he cried triumphantly, "is n't that a great deal more amusing than blowing it out?"

"But the pitcher?" I asked anxiously. "Did it break?" "Only the handle," he answered, yawning, "and that's of very little use, after all."

But I thought the handle was of great use, and lay listening sadly to the water trickling from the washstand down upon my pretty blue carpet.

Then it was that Francis began, "I say, you're a very queer little chap, are n't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "Why?" "Oh, I heard Papa telling Mamma about you. He said he did n't doubt that you were the swan in the duck's nest, if your people only knew how to manage you. But from all accounts they did n't, and he was afraid you would not amount to much, after all."

I did n't answer this. I lay still, reflecting how mistaken my brother John was, and how he did n't know that I was going to be a great man some day, and how surprised he would be when he read it in the newspaper. I believe Francis wished me good-

my executioners to change it.) Frank said, as we went along, "Papa told me that Uncle Jacket was the most conceited old darky that ever lived." That was not kind in John; but Uncle Jacket always told me that none of my brothers had a proper respect for age, and I am afraid it is too true. I saw at once that Uncle Jacket was in a distant mood: he looked over Frank's head and said, "Sarvant, sir," as if he were speaking to an elderly person and was n't quite sure whether it was a visitor or a tramp. Frank was pleasant enough—he always is; but as Uncle Jacket would n't open his lips about anything except the crops, we soon got tired and came away.

I could see that Frank was not at all impressed by Uncle Jacket; so I soon led him away to my



"FRANCIS THREW HIS OTHER SHOE AND STRUCK THE CANDLE."

night, and made a few commonplace remarks; but the last thing I remember distinctly was thinking that I was Robespierre, and was throwing stones at the King and Queen, while every one was crying, "Is n't he a great man!"

The next day the family seemed much pleased to hear about our throwing our shoes at the candle, and Mother only regretted a little that she had n't given us plainer china.

"The truth is, Hugh might have had old Dresden, without any danger of his spoiling it, and I forgot that there was a real boy with him. To-day I will take out everything too fine for you, and then you may do what you please."

Now our room looks not unlike a barrack, so that we may throw shoes for our amusement!

When breakfast was over, the interesting meeting took place between Uncle Jacket and Frank. (I am sorry to say I find it difficult to remember to call him Francis. I will leave a private note for

Siege of Troy, in mud. This interested him deeply; but I was aghast to find that he knew nothing about it, and I don't believe he could have named a hero on either side to save his life. He was surprised to find I knew so much of it without the book; and when I found it was unusual, I begged him not to speak of it; for I greatly feared that the family would immediately level the walls of this second Troy.

I was uneasily considering this danger when I saw Thomas coming, evidently looking for us; but I was by no means pleased to hear him suggest our taking a ride.

Frank was delighted, and all my excuses were pooh-poohed. Before long I found myself upon the back of a hateful little Creole pony, that always does with me just whatever it pleases. My brothers have been trying to induce me to ride ever since I wore girl's clothes; but the first attempt resulted in convulsions, and the second in a broken arm, after which their ardor abated for a few years. Then Robert resumed, and made many unpleasant ex-

periments, which ended in my being able to keep on when they let me hold the mane with both hands; but against this they have a most unaccountable prejudice.

The ride that day was very pleasant to Frank, who took to it, Thomas said, "like a duck to water." I was generally going sideways somewhere in the rear. When they galloped, my horse galloped; and when they stopped, it stopped too. Thomas very kindly looked around from time to time to see if I was still on, and shouted back instructions about the reins, which I had wrapped around the pommel and held all together. When we reached home I had to be lifted down, for I was quite too stiff to move; and then I was assured it was good for me, and would toughen me, but I did n't feel any of that result just then.

Well, Frank has been here for a month now, and altogether I have enjoyed it very much. His ideas of amusement are a little strange, but the family think them all right. He turned up his nose at Varus and his Legions, and said he liked live soldiers; so first he drilled me, because he said I could n't be an officer till I had been a private; and then he drilled a whole lot of little darkies. He has also originated an exhausting sport called "Hare-and-Hounds," in which Thomas sometimes joins, always to my regret, as we get a much longer run with him than with any one else.

I have had to give up reading in my room at night, for Frank knocks the candle out as soon as he sees me open a book. I do not protest as much as I would if I were not so sleepy after such hard exercise.

My heart is broken! What do you think Frank has done? It is perhaps unkind to tell of it, but how would my Biography be complete without it? Perhaps I *did* mention Mr. Abbott too much, but only because I wished Frank to appreciate him; so I was quite unprepared for the dreadful shock that awaited me on returning yesterday from town, where I had been undergoing dentistry. Frank was in high spirits, and as soon as we went to our room, led the conversation to Mr. Abbott, in whom he seemed unusually interested. I launched forth as I never before have done to any one but Uncle Jacket, and soon seized the "Life of Cortez." Heavens! it would not open. I grew perfectly cold, and grasped the "Mme. Roland"—that was likewise a sealed book! I caught them all in my arms, and sank upon the floor in such an agony of tears that Frank was frightened, and said a great deal to which I could not listen. Indeed he was terribly distressed about it. He said he never

knew people cared so much for books, and that he only meant it as a joke; and as he had spent his whole day in carefully pasting them together, page by page, it did seem unkind in me to take it so hard; but I loved those books like people, and I took them up into the garret and laid them in a corner. I just could not bear the sight of their red backs.

Frank wrote to his mother to send him his edition of Marryat to replace them, though I begged that he would not. This is his letter which I copy (Biographies are generally full of them):

DARLING MAMMA: Please pack and send me the whole lot of my Marryats. I want to give them to Hugh in place of his old red Abbots, which I stuck up with paste, till not a one of them would open. It was too funny seeing him trying to get into them, but he grieved himself just almost sick over them, and then I felt bad enough, I can tell you! So please send me the Marryats as quick as ever you can.

Your lovingest son, FRANK.

Uncle Jacket has been speaking very disrespectfully of Frank, which made me so angry. He began by indirect remarks, which were of course not easy to answer, such as, "I am t'ankful none of my wives ever had red hyar. It's de wuss kind of sign."

Now, Frank's hair is not red, but a beautiful gold color. I've heard Mother say so, and I told Uncle Jacket, but he only sniffled scornfully and made no reply.

After a while he made more remarks, such as saying that the Rev. Moses Gillial had told him never to trust "a blue-eyed man, nor a yaller-haired gal." Not thinking him pleasant, I rose to go, when he burst out with so many unkind things that I would not stand it, and told him at last that if he ever spoke so of Frank again I would cut him. Then he was unhappy, and apologized so often that I grew quite tired of forgiving him; but he would not believe me until I gave him fifty cents, which I did at last, glad to purchase peace so cheaply.

I have been thrown more than ever with Frank, since my affair with Uncle Jacket; and we have been riding till I am getting along much better as to stiffness, and am no longer decrepit the next day. We have also fished, and I have got over a little of my feeling for the creatures themselves; but never about the worms, so Frank put them on till Father heard of it, and forbade him. Now I fish without any bait at all, which I much prefer, as it grieves me dreadfully to catch those poor unsuspecting animals. Sometimes, after we are in bed, Frank politely asks me what was in "Abbott," and he is much interested in the

stories of great generals, though he occasionally shows his interest, as Uncle Jacket did, by going to sleep. He does not care at all about the women, and calls Mme. Roland "a regular old school-marm"; but I think, in his head, he likes the story of the Rev. Moses Gillial most of all. He chuckles and chuckles over that just as long as he can keep awake.

The Marryats have arrived, and Father was so surprised at the size of the package that he asked what it meant, and we had to tell him. He seemed rather pleased than otherwise, and said that Frank should not have pasted the books, yet we had both behaved so well since, that he would make each of us a present of a gun.

Frank was wild with delight, but I have a great dislike to fire-arms, and summoned courage enough to ask Father which cost more, the gun or a set of Abbott.

"No, no, my son," he said at once, positively, "there are books enough in the house. I shall get each of you a gun because it's quite time that both you boys were learning to shoot. Why, sir, you had n't a brother who did n't beg me for one fully two years before I thought he could be trusted with it!"

Frank was so glad that I tried to be glad too,—but oh! they are such noisy things and do smell so of powder!

We took the Marryats up to our room, and Frank wrote my name in every volume (only he spelled it wrong three times), and I did my best to look as if I preferred them to Abbott. Frank showed me his mother's letter, which was so sweet that I wished I had a pleasant young parent at a distance who wrote me such nice letters (besides my own mother, of course).

The guns have come, and are very pretty to look at. Thomas took us out and we had a fine day, though tiresome. I found my gun and the cartridges very heavy to carry, and the old furrows in the fields made dreadful walking. I fired several times, but it made me fearfully nervous; and as I always shut my eyes, I did not hit anything worth mentioning;—though I must state that, to my great regret, I did, as Thomas angrily expressed it, "pepper the dog." But fortunately it was from some distance, and except that he left and went hurriedly home, there was no harm done.

Frank killed two partridges, each of which was served on a dish by itself, and they were eaten by Father and Mother. I humorously offered to bring the dog to Thomas, on another dish; but he failed to see the joke, and I was lectured pretty generally

about carelessness with fire-arms. If they would but let me lay them aside and return to my plow-shares!

Uncle Jacket considers it a great waste of good powder and shot, to give us guns, and is always telling of the 'possums he could shoot with one, and the owls, and the hawks, till I feel that it is indeed a mistake to keep such a sportsman in the garden, and put me into the field.

We have shot now pretty frequently, and I have only killed one bird; it must have flown across the muzzle of my gun, for, my eyes being shut, I did not see it. I could n't eat anything all day. I hope I may *never* kill another bird! As Thomas leaves to-night, our next day's sport will be under the charge of Uncle Jacket.

Well, we have had our first day with Uncle Jacket, and if I had not known what a shooter he was, I should have thought him timid. He made us walk in Indian-file: Frank first, me next, and himself last; and told us on no account to turn around and fire. I did not shoot at all, but Frank killed a good many poor little birds, and one rabbit, which I took to be a cat as it ran past.

How can I ever write the dreadful thing that has happened! Instead of being a great man, I am nothing but a murderer! I have shot Frank! He is dead! It was weeks ago; but I have been ill all the time since,—and I am afraid they would n't like to have me write now, if they knew it. I will try to tell how it happened: It was the next time we went out with Uncle Jacket, and we were walking in Indian-file, as before. I did not shoot—I never did with Frank so near in front of me; but I stumbled over the rough ground, and my dreadful gun went off, apparently by itself. I heard Frank scream, saw him throw out his arms and fall, and as I ran to him he smiled and said, "You've shot big game this time, old fellow, and no mistake"; and then I don't know what happened, as my senses left. There! that was all. It seems so little to tell, and I go over it and over it, till sometimes I'm afraid something has gone wrong with my feelings, because I can't cry at all, though it used to be so easy.

Well, I will go on with my story. The first thing I remember is seeing Mother come to the foot of my bed with a strange man whom I supposed to be a doctor, till I heard him call her "Mother," and then I knew it was my brother John, and I hoped he had come to put me to death as Queen Tomyris did Cyrus after the loss of her son. They did not know I saw them, and he said in a low voice:

"Poor Mother, it will be hard to have your Benjamin taken from you, but I honestly believe that the only hope for him is my nurseryful of children."

Who was mother's "Benjamin"? None of the boys are called Benjamin. She answered, "Oh, John! do you think Alice would really like it?"

"Why not?" he said quickly; "you can't suppose we have any feeling toward that poor child?" "No indeed," Mother said, burying her face in her hands in the saddest way. "It is we who are to blame, not poor little Hugh."

I did n't like to see Mother grieve, so I tried to rouse myself; but they noticed that I was disturbed and hastily went out. Were they talking

go down stairs. I had never met John, but I knew why. I heard the doctor tell Mother in a low tone, one day, that it would be dangerous to bring him in; perhaps they thought I would try to murder *him*, too. As I went slowly down the stairs—for my legs were so trembly that I could scarcely balance upon them—I met Thomas coming up, and expected to hear him revile me bitterly; but to my surprise he did n't. He only patted me on the head and called me "poor little chap!" Perhaps he feared me as a desperate character.

When I got to the door of the library, I steadied myself as well as I could, and then crept anxiously in. I saw Father sitting by the fire, and John on a

low chair by the sofa; and as I drew nearer he saw me and smiled, but held up his finger and said, "Hu-sh! he is asleep!" I looked toward where John pointed, and there, lying with his head on a pillow, very white, but living, breathing, lay Frank!

I can never tell how I felt at that moment. The walls of the room whirled around, and I fell—I fear I would have made a noise, but that John caught me. It was some hours before I came to. When I did, I was on my own bed, and both Mother and John were there beside me. I am not generally a reproachful person, but I could not refrain from asking bitterly:

"How could you all let me think I had killed Frank!"

I must say I never saw two people look more astonished. They both assured me that they had no idea I thought him dead, as when hurt he had never lost consciousness, and, indeed, though somewhat seriously wounded, had not at any time been so ill as I. They had never referred to his accident because the Doctor had forbidden them, my ailment having retired to some contingent part—the brain, I believe.

They left me to be quiet, but I cannot rest till I



"WE WERE WALKING IN INDIAN FILE."

about me? Have they changed my name to Benjamin to conceal my identity? I wondered then and have often wondered since; but they still call me "Hugh" when speaking to me.

Such a strange, wonderful event has happened since I last wrote, I can hardly hold my pen to put it down.

At last I was better, and they let me dress and

write it down as well as the tears will let me, that Frank is alive! alive! alive!

Oh, what it was to wake this morning to the feeling of not being Frank's murderer! At first I could n't think what made me so happy; and then it suddenly came over me, and I felt quite weak and giddy. I am sorry to say I did not act at all like a great man, for instead of saying anything pretty, like "O Liberty! Liberty!" I was seized with a wild desire to throw something at the pitcher, as we had done that first night. I reached out, and took up a shoe, and gave it a little pitch into the air, about as far as the foot of my bed. Just then I heard a laugh, and the voice I never expected to hear any more said, "Are you practicing to hit me better another time, Hugh?" And the next moment Frank was at my side.

Since last I wrote I have become a great deal better; and, except for a little lameness, Frank is as well as ever. As we both have to keep very quiet, and I am not allowed to read to myself, Frank is reading Marryat aloud to me. The family feared at first that even this would be too much for me; but as my dear Frank skips all the words he does n't know, and mispronounces many he thinks he knows, I have not been over-excited as yet. He is very kind; he stops at the end of every chapter, and tells me all I have missed, and in that way I manage to follow. It is wonderfully like real history.

As soon as we are both quite well, we are going home with my brother John; that was what he and Mother were talking about when I was ill.

I felt unhappy at deserting Father and Mother, but Thomas at once offered to stay quietly at home till I came back. Then there are all those awful little children of John's; but Frank was so hurt when I seemed to think the number large, that I have never dared to tell him how I dread them. My only comfort is that Frank and I are not to be separated; for I don't think I could stand that, now.

John has been so kind to me, and has never

uttered a reproachful word — indeed, no one has except Uncle Jacket. I have not seen him, but the cook's little boy says he blames me most severely; and says it was all my fault for not minding him; that he told me as plain as anything not to shoot at "pussons"; and, most unkind of all, he adds: "It's sumpin' Mars' Hugh larned out er dem horrid, red, murderin' ole hist'ry books."

To-night is our last evening at home. Frank is wild with delight at the thought of seeing his mother; but he is so sweet and affectionate that all the family feel dreadful at having him go. Strange to say, however, they seem to mind most about me, and are as polite to me as if I were already a great man. Thomas, indeed, said the house would be quiet without me; and I think he meant it for satire, for Father cried "Tom!" quite sharply, and Mother began to wipe her eyes. She said it was only smoke from the tea-kettle, and I have no doubt it would have been, only the spout was turned the other way. It was more natural for it to be from smoke than from me.

A number of the boys are at home to see John, and they talked to me so pleasantly about what I am reading. Why, at one time, even Mr. Abbott was discussed with great interest.

After tea I slipped out to say good-bye to Uncle Jacket. He was very sorry that I was going, and gave me a little bag on a string to wear for good luck. I think he said it had a snake's tooth and a rabbit's foot, and other things of that kind, in it, and his mother had put it on him fifty years ago for luck; but it never brought him any, so now he kindly gave it to me.

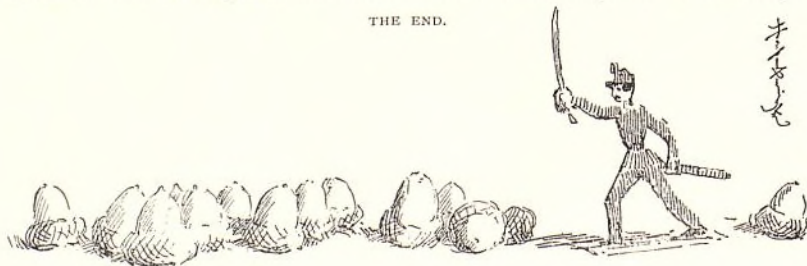
I thanked him, and gave him my only gold-piece, and took no revenge for his unkind remarks behind my back, except to hope, just as I left him, that he would n't have to take any boys out to shoot for a long time to come. I think he felt it.

I must stop now and pack my journal, so this is all — for the present.

John says there is no reason why I should give up hoping to be a great man; but that there are many kinds of greatness, and he will see if he cannot help me to win the best kind.

Frank is calling me. I must stop.

THE END.



TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES



BY H. MAUD MERRILL.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, "because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread";
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song.
She had not time to be sad, she said,
When hungry children were crying for bread.
So she baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?



THE KING'S DWARF AND HIS DOG.

ETCHED BY LOUIS LUCAS AFTER VELASQUEZ. BY PERMISSION OF J. ROUAM, PARIS.

LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

III.

LITTLE IKE'S DRINK AT THE WELL.

AFTER the first extended walk that little Ike had accomplished, with such unexpected success, interest in his career subsided considerably. Frequent allusions were made to the scene described last month, but instead of being gratified by rehearsals of his notable achievement, Little Ike showed that he would prefer to have it blotted from the memory of mankind. His appetite for victuals in every form underwent no apparent diminution.

In the midst of his supper, one day, it occurred to him to resort to the well for a drink of water. In time his mammy grew tired of stopping her work whenever he was thirsty, to hand him down a gourd from the pail that rested on a shelf beyond his reach. Finally she said to him:

"Boy, what ail you, anyhow? G' 'long outdoors an' try to be some use to somebody, 'stid o' eat'n' up an' drink'n' up ev'ything Mis's got on her plantash'n!"

Judy was a woman who fondled her children much while they were babies and helpless. After that, neither her husband, nor always her mistress, could mitigate her harsh rule; although whenever any person except the latter even threatened to touch them angrily at any age, Judy was instantly fired with resentment. It was charged among the negroes that Till and Neel sometimes wantonly provoked grown people for the sole purpose of enjoying, if only temporarily, returns of maternal fondness.

Little Ike, thus driven out, stood for a moment near the door and looked at the well, which was a few rods distant, situated diagonally to both kitchen and "the white house." But he turned his back upon it instantly, as if it were too painful to be thus reminded of the source of his most recent disappointment, and began to walk in the opposite direction. When he had reached a spot on a line with the end of the kitchen, he filed to the left, and again to the left when he had reached the rear side; and pursuing this line until he had gone some distance beyond the well, turned again and came to the latter. Stepping upon a hewed log that lay there to enable the younger drawers of water to manage

the bucket, he was pleased to find this utensil, as it was resting upon the ledge, half full of water. Conscious that his time was short, he clambered up to the ledge, got upon all-fours, grappled with one hand the rim of the bucket, and with the other the well-rope, and, first taking an anxious glance toward the kitchen and a fond one toward the contents of the bucket, plunged in his head. He had taken only a few sips, when the call of his mother at its accustomed pitch sounded from the door of the kitchen.

And here I find myself under the painful necessity of recording a most terrible scene. I suppose that it will never be known precisely how it happened, although no one, as well as I remember, ever suspected Little Ike of a deliberate intention to commit the awful crime of suicide. It may have been that he had not known the use of his legs long enough for the present extreme need, and that his knees may have given a tilt to the bucket,—or, in his haste, he may have pressed too hard upon the rope, and that the rope yielding, obedient to the pull, destroyed both his balance and that of the bucket. At all events, down they went together to the bottom, a distance of nearly thirty feet.

The mother, who had seen him at the moment when the descent began, ran shrieking to the well, where she was joined by Mrs. Templin the moment after.

"Oh, Mis's, Mis's, *Mis's!* My po' orphing chile have fell in de well, an' broke he naik, an' drowned hese'f on top o' dat,—an' he my precious baby,—an' de las' one I got!"

Mrs. Templin, after dispatching Till to the field for the men, said:

"I 'm sorry in my heart for you, Judy. But maybe he has been mercifully saved from drowning. Lean over and look down as I turn the windlass."

After a few turns, she knew by the feeling that the bucket had risen to the surface of the water, which was some four feet deep.

"Now call him," she said.

"Li'll' Ik'y! Li'll' Ik'y!" shouted Judy.

"Ma-a-a-me!" came up a sharp, plaintive answer from the great deep.

"Is you down dar, precious?"

"Eth, e-eth, 'm."

"Well! Is you killed?"

"No-no-no, 'm."

"Well, well! Is you drowned?"

"No-no-n-n-no, 'm."

"Well, well! Is you done gone all ter pieces?"

the child to hold fast to the rope, while she herself would turn the windlass.

"Dar now, you hear dat? Missus say she wan' my nice little darky to ketch tight holt ter de rope,—tight es a tick; an' she say she gwine



"STILL HOLDING HIM, SHE BEGAN STRIDING TOWARD THE KITCHEN."

"No-n-n-n-no, 'm."

"Is anyt'ing de marter wid Mammy's precious boy-baby?"

"I-k-k-k-co-o-old!"

"Well, well! Whar is yer now?"

"In—in de—b-b-bucket!"

Mrs. Templin then directed the mother to urge

draw him up wid her own blessed hands. Missus say she can't 'ford to lose likely little fellow like my Little Ike, dat she can't. Yer hear, Mammy's precious sugar-lump?"

"E-e-e-eth, 'm."

The winding began, and the mother being urged to encourage Ike as much as possible during the

ascent, she did as well as she could by such cheering remarks as these:

"Jes' look at dat! Missus givin' her little nigger *sech* a nice ride! En Mis's done tole Mammy ter kill six chick'ns, an' fry one o' 'em, an' brile one, an' make pie out de res', an' all fer Li'll' Ik'y's dinner. An' she say she gwine make Daddy barb'cue two pigs dis very evenin', an' nobody ain' to tech a moufle on 'em 'cep'n' Li'll' Ik'y, ef he 'll holt on ter de well-rope. An' she say, Mis's do, she jes' know her gweat big Little Ike ain' gwine let dat rope loose an' not git all dem goodies!"

It is probable that in so brief a while never was promised a greater number of luxuries to a child, even one born to loftiest estate. Chickens, ducks,—indeed, the whole poultry-yard was more than exhausted; every pig on the plantation was barbecued to a turn. During the ascent Little Ike was informed, with solemn assurance, that eatables of every description would be at his disposal forever. The time does not suffice to tell of other rewards, promised in the name of the munificent mistress, in the way of cakes, pies, tarts, syllabubs, gold and silver, and costly apparel. All this while Mrs. Templin, without uttering a word, turned the windlass slowly, steadily.

When the bucket with its contents reached the top, and was safely lodged upon the ledge, the mother seized her precious darling, his teeth chattering the while with the chill, and dragging him fiercely forth, said in wrathful tones:

"A-cold, is yer? Well, ef I be bressed wid strength, an' ef dey is peachy-trees 'nough in de orchid, an' in de fence-corners, I'll warm yer. You, dat has skeert me inter fits, an' made me tell all dem big stories,—an' dem on mist'ess,—dat I jes' knows I never ken git fergive fer 'em." And still holding him, she began striding toward the kitchen.

"Judy!" called her mistress sternly, "Judy, put that child down this minute! Are n't you ashamed of yourself? Instead of being thankful that he was n't killed, there you stand and are so angry with him you look as if you wished to kill him, yourself. Now take him to your house and put

some dry clothes on him. Then send him to me in the house where I'll have Till make some coffee ready for him. And mind you now, Judy, if you lay your hands on that child in anger, that won't be the last of it.—Do, for goodness' sake, try to learn some reason about your children!"

Judy led him off sullenly, and, in spite of her mistress's injunctions, muttered direful threatenings, louder and louder as she proceeded, ending thus, as, having clothed him, she dispatched him to the white house:



"Never you min', sir; wait till Sunday, when mist'ess go ter meetin', an' *you* 'll see. An', boy, ef you ever skeers me dat way ag'in, I'll put you whar yer won' wan' no mo' water an' no mo' meat, an' no mo' noth'n'. *Idee!* People all talk'n' 'bout my chile git'n' drowned same as puppies an' kitt'ns! Ought ter be 'shamed o' yourself. *I* is. I jes' 'spises ter took at yer! G' 'long out my sight!"

Ten minutes afterward, while Little Ike was in the kitchen luxuriating in coffee, biscuit, and fried chickens, she was singing in cheerful voice one of her favorite hymns.



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. VI.

WASHING DISHES.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Animato.

mf

1. With a skip and a hop And a jol - ly dish - mop And a
2. She has marshaled each ware With an or - der - ly care, And she

mf

pan of bub - bling wa - ter, With the lin - en so dry And her
dain - tily dips it un - der; Not a drop, not a dint, Not a

cresc.

fin - gers so spry, On - ly look at lit - tle daugh - ter!
spec - kle of lint, For her cleans - ing is a won - - der!

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics and is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It is also marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

III.

See the tinkling glass,
In a sparkling mass,
And the shining silver round it;
For, you know, there's a way,
To turn work into play,
And the thrifty lass has found it.

IV.

So the plates and the knives,
Lead hilarious lives,
And the cups and saucers rollic;
Even kettles and pans,
In her generous plans,
Take the scraping for a frolic.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

OH, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,
Of ten little fingers and ten little toes,
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose,
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose smelled something sweet,
So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,
And patter away went two little feet
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,
Made by Mamma that day.

The mouth grew round and the eyes grew big
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig;
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,
Into the cake that day.

And when Mamma kissed a curly head,
Cuddling it cosily up in bed;
"I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh, Mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee
Like fairy bells rang merrily—
"But the little bit of a mouse was *me*,
Out on the shelf to-day!"

HOW A LITTLE BOY CAMPED OUT.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

ONCE there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden — as large as a whole city block — and at the far end of it was a little knoll, or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight, and it would be "just like truly camping." So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent; a pair of blankets and a sofa-cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, and hard-boiled eggs, and some gingerbread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to put in his ears — to keep out little

brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt, and his big sister good-bye, and, shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the "Rocky Mountains" — as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catch-pins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was dreadfully still; but the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard; the brave cross-bow, with its pin-pointed arrows, promised safety; while the blankets, sofa-cushion, and the soft hay were all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so *dreadfully* still! Not even the smallest baby-breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made outdoors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other, and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out was n't delightful in *every* way.



PAUL SCRAMBLED UNDER THE BLANKETS AND LAY QUITE STILL.

bugs and things. She had the hired man help him drive the stakes and fasten the crumb-cloth over them. The hired man, of his own accord,

and the tiny feet gosteaing upstairs. When the elocution exercise was over, Mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went upstairs; but, before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There, in the starlight, she saw the brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and Paul whispered back, "*Kind* of lonesome,—and I heard something *swallowing*, very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, Mamma?"

Faithful Mamma did n't "tell,"—not until long afterward when Paul had grown to be so old and so big that he went "truly camping" far away to the Rocky Mountains.



And what was the "swallowing" that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imagined noise. Don't you?

SOMEBODY.

BY MARIA J. HAMMOND.



"SOMEBODY" was a little girl
Who had a curious way
Of ordering all her friends about,
Ten—twenty times a day.

"Oh, Mary," she would say, "come here,
And brush my hair for me!"
And "Jennie, please hang up my dress—
See, here 's the wardrobe key!"
And, "Oh, I 've left my fan downstairs;
Jo, fetch it,—that 's a duck!"

And, "Where 's my glove? Do find it, dear.
Oh, mercy!—just my luck!"
Or, "Horrors! there 's no water here.
Oh, won't you fetch some, Kate?"
Or, "Here 's a pin; just catch my dress.
Please hurry, I am late!"
Or, "Lend me, quick, a pen, a stamp;
I 've got this note to write!"
Or, "Whisk my dress off, will you, Bet?
This shoulder 's almost white."
"Come here! go there! do this, or that!"
To every one she 'd say;
And yet she was a charming girl
But for this curious way!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now for a good long talk. October is at hand, rustling her bright leaves softly, as is her wont. Some of you young folk are in the cities, more are in the mountains, a few linger by the sea, and the rest are a-meadowing somewhere, watched by the stars and the daisies, and wading barefoot in murmuring brooks and streams. But what of that? All who hear me are near me, and we shall speak of many things to-day in the warm light of changing oaks and maples.

First, you shall hear this pretty verse story, written on purpose for you by your friend, Mattie B. Banks. She very properly calls it

A PUZZLING VISIT.

"I went out to Dreamland last evening," said Sue.
"I looked all about me, and there I saw you;

We gathered sweet flowers, and built pretty bowers,

We laughed with the brooklets and cried with the showers;

The air was so fresh and the sky was so blue,
We'll go there, most surely, this evening," said Sue.

"Oh, no!" answered Lulu. "Why, I went there, too;

I looked all about me, and there I saw you.

We slid down the hillside, and rode by the rill-side,

And skated and slipped on the pond by the mill-side;

'T was frosty, and chilly, and white, it is true,
But still we will haste back this evening," said Lu.

"I really can't see through this puzzle," said Sue.

"You know you saw me, and I know I saw you;

We both went to dreamland, but mine was a streamland,
And yours, I should say, was a freezing, ice-creamland;

I don't understand it;—do you?" said Sue.

"I don't understand it at all," said Lu.

WAS IT THE SEA-SERPENT?

HERE is a letter which will at least startle the sea-gulls, if it does not succeed in scaring my dear nineteenth-century boys and girls.

DEAR JACK: Some of your "chicks" who are specially interested in the sea-serpent, about which ST. NICHOLAS has just printed a most interesting article, may not be aware that the monster has lately shown himself again. The *New York Times* and the *New York Herald* of July 21st gave us telegraphed accounts from Boston of how Captain Trant and his First-Officer of the steamer "Venetian" saw, or felt sure that on the morning of June 21st they saw, the monster disporting in the waves off George's Shoals, not very far from Newfoundland.

Captain Trant, after landing, said that what appeared to be about thirty feet of the serpent's back was out of the water. First-Officer Muir, in speaking of the incident, said:

"We were heading to the westward. There was a mirage that day. There were a number of whales about, and just ahead a large shark had been showing himself for some time.

"Suddenly I saw, about five hundred or six hundred feet away, a large round body that showed just above the surface. I brought the long-glass to bear, and distinctly saw a rough, scaly skin that could have belonged to nothing else than a sea-serpent. I called the captain's attention, and he saw it also; but while he was reaching for the double-glass to see it better, the serpent sank out of sight. The captain and I both saw about thirty or forty feet of the creature's body. It seemed to be about one foot thick across the back. The head and tail were both under water, so I can't tell how long the whole thing was; but I am sure it was a serpent, and a big one."

So, dear Jack, you see the story is vouched for, at least.

Yours truly,

ROBERT G. B.

BLUE ANEMONES.

YOUR Jack has received many answers to the question asked by "Fanny, Marian, Diana, and Eleanor," in the May number: "Are there blue anemones?" The answers all say, "Yes," and they come from the four points of the compass, north, south, east, and west.

From Canada, Gertrude Bartlett, of Toronto, says: "Often have I found blue anemones in the woods near Oswego, by old Ontario; also, in the groves near Toronto; and in both localities they are quite as common as their pink and white sisters." And Cora Rose says: "I have gathered beautiful bunches of the blue variety from 'The King's Garden,' in Palermo, Sicily."

C. D. M. Houghton, of Faribault, Minnesota, declares that the anemones analyzed by the botany class there "were of all shades from blue to light purple."

Edna Hardeman, of Aspen, Colorado, writes: "Here in the mountains, where I live, there are many blue anemones. I gather them every day, and they bloom very early in the Spring, and are often seen coming through the snow." Sarah G. Spalding, also of Colorado, confirms Edna's testimony, while Charles B. Wooster, of Eureka, Kansas, says: "There are a great many blue anemones in Kansas. We children call them 'Daisy Wind-flowers.'"

A. Scott Ormsby, of Summit, N. J.; Mabel Brunz, of Mount Vernon, New York; "H. S. A." of New York City, all write me that there are blue anemones. "Green Cricket," of Monroe, N. Y., says: "They are quite common where

I live, in Orange County, about fifty miles from New York City." Alice B. writes: "They grow wild in the South of France"; Lillie A. Cutter sends word from Paris that she has picked many pale blue anemones in the woods of Bavaria; and Jessie Robb learned, "by looking in the cyclopedias, that there are, besides pink and white ones, blue, yellow, purple, red, striped, and creamy violet anemones. Their native regions are, in order of prevalence, Southern Europe, North America, Siberia, the rest of Asia, South America, and South Africa."

Letters have come, also, from Grace G., Cornelia Tremaine, Grace S. of Tremont, N. Y., Annie Babcock, and Lillie Watkins, about blue anemones. Nearly all say that the shade of blue is dark, often purplish, and many contain nicely pressed specimens of this lovely wild flower—differing in shade and ranging from the size of a large crocus to that of the smallest violet—for all of which your Jack tenders his hearty thanks.

THE WATCH-DOG BATTALION.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1888.

DEAR JACK: In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, a question is asked as to the watch-dog battalion of the Prussian army.

It is now about three years since the Germans began to train dogs for outpost service in time of

war; the first experiments were so successful that a regular dog-corps is now in existence.

The dogs all are Pomeranians. Each dog wears a light iron collar and a pouch for letters. He is taught to detect a foreign soldier and to know the difference between a foreign uniform and that of his own land.

By certain sounds and gestures he is taught to give his master notice of his discoveries, and he has to run from post to post with letters in his pouch, besides looking up the wounded and stragglers of the regiment to which he belongs. Every company has two or three dogs, so that the corps numbers two score at least.

France and Russia have followed the example of the Germans, and are training dogs in the same manner. I am indebted for this information to an English periodical.

Yours truly, MARGARET WALPOLE.

"BOUND" IS RIGHT.

DEAR JACK: I think that the Little School-mistress's strange word with its contradictory meanings is "bound." The boy was "bound" to go swimming, but had he been "bound" he could not have gone. She held a book which was handsomely "bound." The school-girl could "bound" every State in the Union.

JEAN B. G.

[CORRECT answers have been received also from "Mugwump"—Bessie Scott and her friends—Lila F. Heath—Etta R.—Gwendolen Reid—F. W. D.—Alice W., and a young girl of Ludlow, Vt. who does not give her name.]

BABY'S LAST DAY ON THE SANDS.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

THE BROWNIES IN THE ORCHARD.

BY PALMER COX.



THE autumn nights began to fill
The mind with thoughts of winter
chill,
When Brownies in an orchard
met,
Where ripened fruit was hanging
yet.
Said one, "The apples here,
indeed,
Must now be mellow to the seed ;

And, ere another night, should be
Removed at once from every tree.
For any evening now may call
The frost to nip and ruin all."

Another quickly answer made :

"This man is scarcely worthy aid ;
'T is said his harsh and cruel sway
Has turned his children's love away.
If this be true, 't would serve him right
If frost should paint his orchard white."

"It matters not who owns the place,

Or why neglect
thus shows its
face,"

A third replied.

"The fact is
clear

That fruit should
hang no longer
here.

If worthy people
here reside

Then will our
hands be well
applied ;

And if unworthy
folks we serve,
Still better notice
we 'll deserve."

"You speak our
minds so full
and fair,"

One loudly cried, "that speech we 'll
spare.

But like the buttons on your back,
We 'll follow closely in your track,
And do our part with willing hand,
Without one doubting *if or and.*"



Then bags and baskets were brought
out
From barns and buildings round
about,
With kettles, pans and wooden-ware,
That prying eyes discovered there ;
Nay, even blankets from the beds,
The pillow-slips, and table-spreads
Were in some manner brought to light
To render service through the night.

If there 's a place where Brownies feel
At home with either hand or heel,
And seem from all restrictions free,
That place is in a branching tree.

At times, with balance
fair and fine

They held their stations
in a line ;

At times, in rivalry and
pride

To outer twigs they scat-
tered wide ;

And oft with one united
strain

They shook the tree with
might and main,

Till, swaying wildly to
and fro,

It rocked upon the roots
below ;

And apples that were forced to bide

A shock like this, from every side,

And through the trial held their own,

Were green enough to let alone.

So skilled at climbing were they
all

The sum of accidents was small :

Some hats were crushed, some
heads were sore,

Some backs were blue, ere work
was o'er ;

For hands will slip and feet will
slide,

And boughs will break, and forks
divide,

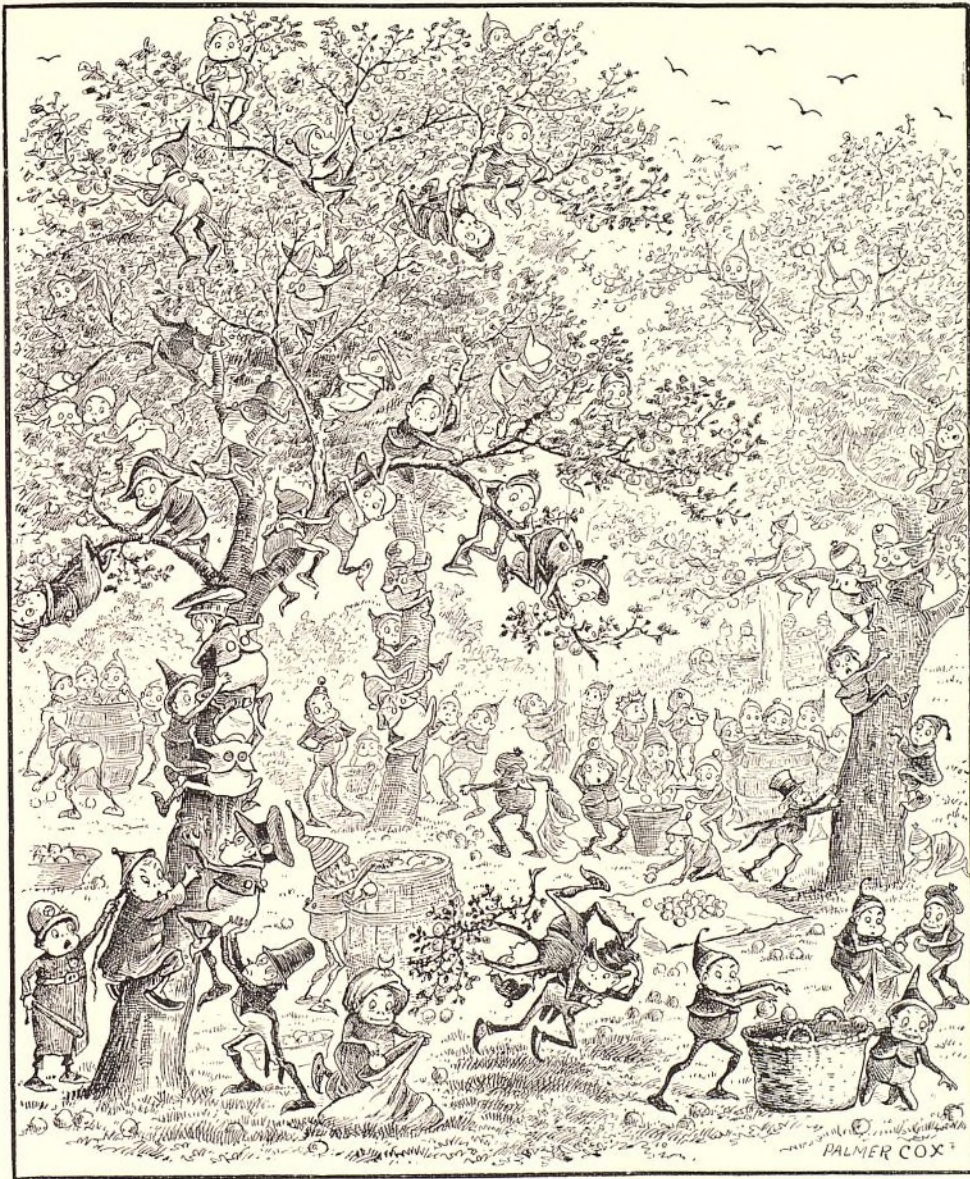
And hours that promise sport sublime

May introduce a limping time.



So some who clambered up the tree
With ready use of hand and knee,

For neither tramps nor thieves were here,
But Brownies, honest and sincere,



Found other ways they could descend
Than by the trunk, you may depend.
The startled birds of night came out
And watched them as they moved about,
Concluding thieves were out in force
They cawed around the place till hoarse.
But birds, like people, should be slow,
To judge before the facts they know;

Who worked like mad to strip the trees
Before they felt the morning breeze.
And well they gauged their task and time,
For ere the sun commenced to prime
The sky with faintest tinge of red
The Brownies from the orchard fled,
While all the fruit was laid with care
Beyond the reach of nipping air.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I wrote to you once before, and were delighted to see our letter in print.

We still take you, and think there is no nicer magazine or paper in the United States. I enjoyed "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," "Little Rosalie," and "Trudel's Siege" very much, and the other stories are interesting too.

Papa gave my brother Clifford and me a pony on our birthday (for it comes the same day, as we are twins) and we have lots of fun riding out on the boulevard to Forest Park with Papa every pleasant evening. I go riding one evening, and Clifford goes the next; but we can't do that now, for Papa sent the pony to pasture last week, because we are going to New York soon, and then sail for Europe. I don't want to go and leave my pony and all my dogs, a bit, and begged Mamma to leave me at home with my aunt; but she said she could not do without me a whole year, and I don't believe I could do without her either.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.
Your true friend,

CLARENCE S.—

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our "Young Ladies' Military Company" at the State University of Nebraska. There were already three companies, A, B, and C, of boys, and the band, which we think is the best part.

We organized our company of girls about the first part of April. Our uniforms are much the same as those of the "Girls' Military Company," which you told about in your January number.

The boys were very incredulous when we told them we were going to drill with their guns, and declared we could not do it. The guns were very heavy at first, but we persevered until we could drill the whole hour without any inconvenience. The first time we drilled in public we only had about half-an-hour's notice, and were, consequently, very nervous. But we got along splendidly, and everybody was astonished to see us do so well. After that we, with the rest of the battalion, were reviewed by the governor, and he paid us some very pretty compliments.

We had a great deal of honor given to us, as Company D, and several invitations, one especially of which we felt quite proud, from the 1st Regiment, to visit them in camp and join them on dress-parade, assuring us that we should have every attention shown us and be well cared for by the wives of the officers, etc.

We have a splendid captain, and we are all very proud of her. We have had our photograph taken as a company, and they are going to have one framed and hung in the new Armory, or "Grand Memorial Hall," as it is called.

Next year we expect to have a much larger company, for every one is anxious to join, now that it has been proved a success.

I remain, yours truly, A "CADETRESS."

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen no letters from here. Morristown is a very pretty and healthful place. I have five hundred paper dolls, and I make them grow; that is, I cut off the heads and put them on older bodies. Some of them look very funny, but others look better than they ever looked before. I know most of their names, and I do not know what I would do without paper dolls. I like the story "Aimée" the best, in the July number; but think "Juan and Juanita" about the best story I have ever read. I go to Sunday-school here, and like it very much. I am a little girl only eleven years old. I hope you will print this letter, as I want very much to see it in the "Letter-box."

Your very interested little reader, MOLLIE K.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I saw in a recent ST. NICHOLAS an account of a boy going to the top of the Capitol, I thought I would tell you about my going up to the top of the Washington Monument. It was a hot day, but it was very cool inside the walls. It was so dark that we had to take a candle to see. There were over nine hundred and thirty steps, and we were very tired when we got to the top; but we were well repaid for our walk, because the view was so beautiful. We could see almost fifty miles in all directions.

We have bought the ST. NICHOLAS ever since you began. The stories I like best are "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Sara Crewe."

I remain your constant reader,

W. T. T.—

BARNESTON, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle Will has sent you to me for about two years, and I could not do without you. My favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "Drill," and "The Two Little Confederates."

This place used to be the Indian Reservation. The Indians moved away from here seven or eight years ago. Barneston is built right on the Indian grave-yard. In digging cellars many queer things, such as knives, revolvers, bracelets, beads, thimbles, and other articles are found. They were buried with the Indians.

I have not got any pets but a little two-year-old sister, and she is the best pet I ever had.

From your loving reader,

WILLIE T.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy five years old, and I can't write yet, but my sister is writing this letter for me. I enjoy hearing all your stories, but my favorites are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Driven Back to Eden," and "His One Fault"; and I think "Davy and the Goblin" is the best of all. Yesterday was the Fourth of July, and we had a splendid time. We shot off a great many fire-crackers, and I never had so much fun in my life. I will say good-bye, and perhaps I will write again.

Your friend, THOMAS W.

MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not suppose you have ever before had a letter from here, as there have not been many children here since the days of the Washington family. We are spending a few weeks with our father, who is the superintendent. Last fall, the old deer-park was restored. There are nine old deer and seven fawns. The fawns have a reddish-brown coat, with white spots and stripes down the back. Two of the deer have twins; and they look so beautiful, frolicking and jumping through the green grass and honeysuckles.

This year the buildings of the old slave-quarters are to be restored. I was delighted with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I have read it over again and again. "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," was a lovely story, and so was "Prince Fairy-foot."

I think that you are the nicest magazine there is, and I thank you ever and ever so much for sending it to us.

I am your faithful twelve-year-old reader,

LUCRETIA WOLCOT D.—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Your pages have gladdened our household for several years, but I could not express to you how much you have been enjoyed. I stopped taking you for a few months, three years ago, but soon discovered what a necessary factor to my happiness you were, for I really felt lost without "OLD ST. NICK."

One of your chief attractions, to me, is your "Letter-box"; for there I receive information from ST. NICHOLAS readers, all over this great wide world, and become almost acquainted with them. I have never seen a letter from our city, so I propose to send my mite in its behalf.

Indianapolis is the greatest railroad center in the world, and has the largest number of side-tracks. Our Belt Road, by means of which transportation is carried on without going through the city, completely incloses the place. Though a girl, I am interested in such things, partly because three of my brothers are railroad men. We are proud of our grand new State-house, our Court-house, our new Union Depot, and have reason to boast also of our public institutions, our machine-works, our fine residence and business houses, and, last but not least, our newly-acquired natural gas. Our city's most recent elation is, however, in view of the fact that the Republican candidate for President, General Harrison, lives at Indianapolis.

I was deeply interested in your article concerning Miss Alcott. Her death was truly a great loss to all. I have read all her books, many of them several times, and consider them the best of any I have read.

Your devoted admirer, ROSE.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since "Juan and Juanita" began; that was December, 1886. I like that story very much; before it finished, another one began ("Jenny's Boarding-house"). So I have kept on till now. The "Two Little Confederates" and the "Brownies" are very nice.

I have neither brother, sister, nor father. Only Mamma and I. I will be twelve years old next September.

I remain, your loving reader,

A. J. D.—

CANDLER, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for over three years, and like you very much. We liked "Juan and Juanita," "The Kelp-Gatherers," and "Drill," the best. We also thought "Jenny's Boarding-house" was nice. We hope J. T. Trowbridge will write another story soon.

We have two large volumes of you bound. We are studying telegraphy and are getting along very well.

Your constant readers,

IRENE AND JIM.

HALIFAX.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, nine years old. I write from Halifax, down by the water. We used to live in the country: we had six cows, two calves, and two horses named Frank and Harry. I liked Harry best because I could drive him; they were both white. We used to have a brown horse called Dick, but Papa sold him because he bit my brother. We had lots of hens and chickens, and one beautiful dog called Fido; he was a beauty, and would follow us every place we went. We live in Montreal, which is a beautiful city; and we are down here only on a visit.

I got you in September. My papa gave you to me for a birthday present. I like "Sara Crewe," but I like the "Brownies" best of all.

Your loving reader,

MARY G. K.—

WOODBURY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little American girls. Our father is Greek, our mother is American. We have a beautiful fawn which our big sister named Donatello, after Hawthorne's Fawn. We have a donkey with seventeen names, but we call him Tanto.

We expect to go back to Greece this summer. Donatello is crying for us, so we must stop.

ZANTZA AND HELLE V.—

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of eleven years. I have four sisters, one older, and the other three younger than I. We are spending the summer at Squirrel Island, in Maine. This island has the ocean on one side and Booth Bay on the other. We can go in bathing later in the summer; the water is now too cold. The wind blows very hard here sometimes.

Your magazine is the very best out. I must stop now for fear of taking up too much room.

Wishing you very long life, I remain your constant reader,

J. S. D.—

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living on a ranch, and we thought we would write and tell you about some of the good times we are having. We go riding horseback, and enjoy it ever so much, especially when we go on the mountains. Sometimes when a large party go out riding we have cavalry lessons from a man who used to be in the army. We have very fine horses on the ranch; some of them are very spirited. We like to ride them and go tearing along.

One day we took a long walk up the mountains. Coming home we came upon a colony of tarantulas. Some of them were large, and we did not stop to play with them.

There is a beautiful creek in front of our house, and we have a boat there. We like rowing very much. We have to work some, too, for we have to keep the weeds out of the garden.

The story we like best is "Drill." We are very sorry it has ended. The boys were real nice boys, we think. We like the "Two Little Confederates" and "Tom and Maggie Tulliver" very much also. We have Shetland ponies to ride and to drive; so, of course, we enjoyed the story of "Jumbo" very much. We have a very, very small one that we think must look like Jumbo.

Your three friends,

LISA, FLOSS, AND ROYAL.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASHINGTON TERR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from this place, and as I have just seen something very interesting I thought you would like to hear from me.

From this place we have a fine view of the beautiful snow-clad Mt. Hood which is over 14,000 feet high.

At 11 o'clock on the night of the 4th of July it was illuminated with 200 pounds of red powder; it could be seen quite plainly from here, although it is 70 miles away. After the red-fire had burned out, a salute of 13 bursting-bombs were fired from this place.

The afternoon of the 4th was devoted to the amusement of the enlisted men of the command. They had all kinds of athletic sports and games, consisting of foot-races, sack-races, wheelbarrow-races, jumping, etc., concluding with a very exciting game of base-ball.

Prizes were awarded for all these things.

The evening was devoted to fireworks, and altogether it was a very pleasant day.

At half-past 4 in the morning, a salute was fired of 13 guns and at noon 38 guns were fired. I hope this will be of some interest to you as you give me so much pleasure every month.

Most sincerely,

H.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I buy you at the book store every month and I think your stories are the best I ever read. I liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and my sister Marian had a good cry when we heard that Miss Alcott was dead. I was awful sorry, because I think her books are just splendid; but I did n't cry.

I was born in Scotland, but I have lived in America ever since I was three years old, so my education has been purely American.

We went to Scotland and England last year, and I enjoyed visiting the ruins of castles and the places Sir Walter Scott tells about. I have read all his books, but I liked Ivanhoe and Rob Roy best. I have a little Scotch collie that I brought home with me, and his name is "Ivanhoe." I also have a large Newfoundland dog named "Rob Roy," and he is a true outlaw in nature, for he is never at home, and he prefers to get his dinner at some neighbor's rather than at home.

We live in the suburbs of Memphis and we each have a pony. Mine is named Hero, Marian's is Vivian, and Ellen's (she is my little sister only three years old, but she can ride) is named "Brownie." She thinks the Brownies in St. NICHOLAS are the "nicest 'tute boys." Marian and I call her pony "Ellen's Tree," the name "Jo" gave to the tree-limb, in "Little Women."

I am your admiring reader,

ALAN A.

SAN MIGUEL, AZORES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have come out to the Azores to spend the summer. One of my uncles sends you to me. I am always very glad to get you. I enjoy best the stories called "Two Little Confederates" and "Drill." The others I like too. I am always very much interested in the Letter Box. We see very funny things here. The women wear very large hoods called capotes, and the men, a hat with a large cape to it, called a *carapuca*. For a pet I have a little white dog. He came from Demerara in the West Indies. He is full of fun but will be quiet when told to. I call him Scamper. I have a brother and sister. They are both older than I. My brother likes very much to tease me, but I love him for all that. He has a Newfoundland puppy named Baron. A friend on the island gave it to him. We go often on donkey-excursions and have plenty of fun.

Good-bye, from

MARIAN N. (to years old).

PEKIN, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in China. Although so far away the St. NICHOLAS comes to my sister and me, and we enjoy it very much. As I looked at the beautiful moon to-night, I wondered if you would not like to hear the Chinese story about the sun and the moon. They say they are brother and sister. The moon is the elder brother, who thinks it is his duty to look after the sun, his younger sister. One day the sun asked the moon if she could go out at night. The moon answered, "You are a young lady; it would be imprudent for you to go out at night." Then the sun said, "But people keep looking at me when I go out in the day-time." So the moon told her to take the golden needles she wore in her hair, and stick them into the people's eyes when they looked at her. This, the Chinese say, is the reason why you can not look at the sun without hurting your eyes. I am twelve years old, my sister is eleven, and we have always lived in Peking. Your admiring friend,

HELEN M. W.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your letters with a great deal of interest, and have often wondered whether you would find one of my letters worth publishing. I am fortunate enough to have a good uncle, who makes life delightful to me. One of the good things that he has done was to take me to Europe last summer, and as I look back over the three months that I spent in traveling there I hardly know which day of pleasure to select for you. I have decided, however, to tell you about my visit to Windsor Castle, and as you prefer our letters should be brief, I must omit many little incidents.

Through the influence of a lady, whose daughter had formerly been maid-of-honor to the Queen, and who knew one of the present maids-of-honor, we were admitted to the Castle while the Queen was

there. An attendant escorted us at once to the apartment of one of the maids-of-honor, which we reached after mounting several flights of stairs. I was really disappointed to find a room which was only large enough to hold our party of three, and the three ladies-in-waiting. It was very simply furnished, which was rather surprising, as one expected to find everything very splendid in Windsor Castle.

Lady Evelyn M., to whom we were presented, was graceful, pretty, and attractive, in a simple white dress with white ribbons; her only ornament being a pin representing a trumpet of gold with a crown of diamonds and pearls above it. The pin, which was in memory of the Jubilee, was given to her by the Queen, who had also given others similar to it to all her maids-of-honor with a request that they would always wear them in her presence. They told us a little about their life, and that it was always a great pleasure to do anything for the Queen, as she expressed so much gratitude for their slight services. The King of the Belgians, and other royal visitors, were in the Castle, and the maids-of-honor would look about anxiously at times, fearing to cross their pathways. They then led us through the state apartments of the Castle, which were very gorgeous.

From a corridor we entered some magnificent rooms. In the Green Drawing-room, with green-silk hangings, we saw the rare Sevres china arranged in glass cupboards around the walls, some beautiful bronzes, &c. In the Red Drawing-room were the portraits of the Queen's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent; the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others. This was a very brilliant room, with its red hangings and crystal chandeliers. We saw a most interesting room, containing a fine collection of portraits by Van Dyck, the celebrated painter, who was born at Antwerp in 1599, and who was much encouraged by Charles I., and painted many portraits of him, his children, and his wife Henrietta Maria. Many of these portraits are in this room, and were painted between 1632 and 1641. One picture contains portraits of his eldest son, Charles II., his eldest daughter Mary, and his daughter Elizabeth. This is the picture which all the children who have studied Miss Yonge's little history know so well. Another group contains Anne (who died young) holding the baby James II., Charles II. who is in the middle, and at his left are Elizabeth and Mary.

In the Throne-room there are pictures by Benjamin West, an American artist, who showed talent in drawing at the age of seven, and, self-taught, began portrait-painting at sixteen, making his brushes from hairs stolen out of a cat's tail. The throne is of carved ivory, and stands under a canopy of blue velvet, with the rose (England), the shamrock (Ireland), and the thistle (Scotland) embroidered upon it. The Waterloo Chamber contains many portraits of the hero of the Battle of Waterloo. A portrait of the Duke of Wellington was especially fine. I wish that I could tell you of all the things that I saw in a great hall containing many presents which had been given to the Queen. Among them were the bullet that had killed Lord Nelson, beautiful swords, shields, and rare guns. I was greatly interested in the Queen's private chapel, which was very pretty, although small. It was a little circular chamber fitted with pews. The Royal Library had a great many illuminated books, and drawings by celebrated artists. A little corner of this library was particularly interesting, as it was the place where Queen Anne was sitting when she heard of the victory of Blenheim. From this window there is a beautiful view of Eton, Stoke Poges, &c. The state bedrooms were gorgeous, with their beautiful gilt bedsteads, and bed-coverings and canopies of rare embroidery. We passed through the room which the King of the Belgians had occupied the night before.

I am afraid that I have made my letter too long to ask you to listen to my story about the outside of the Castle and its surroundings. The towers were very impressive: the round tower especially, which was built in the time of Edward III., for the Round Table of the Order of the Garter. The cloisters and ivy-covered walls were beautiful. We finished the day by a luncheon at the Deanery, and a look into the Albert Memorial Chapel, where we saw the monument to the Queen's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The statue of the prince is of white marble, and there is a carving of his favorite dog at his feet. About the tomb there were fresh flowers, which the Queen sends there every day. We had but little time to give to the beautiful Saint George's Chapel, which we visited hurriedly, and then joined the family at the Deanery, at afternoon-tea on a picturesque little piazza, buried in ivy and roses, with red-cushioned couches,

against the old, gray stone walls; and the attractive little tea-table with its bright silver and pretty surroundings was very charming. A drive to the end of the Long Walk, planted two hundred years ago, brought us to the statue of George III., to which we bade farewell and then turned toward London.

GERTRUDE E—.

MACKINAC ISLAND, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have found great enjoyment in my leisure hours in following out the suggestion, in your March number, of pasting colored figures on large pieces of cardboard. My pieces were 17 x 14, with borders of gold or silver, and presented a very fantastic appearance. I am sure many more than those who have testified have found pleasure and profit in the employment, not to mention the children who were benefited by the pretty gifts.

Yours very truly,

FANNY S. E—.

HAMPTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has taken you different years since 1878, but during all that time I have never written to you. I have never seen a letter from here, so I think I would like to write to you and tell you about my dogs.

I had two of them. I had bits and harness for them, and drove them just as I would a span of horses. They made a well-matched team. One was more intelligent than the other. His name was Jack, and I thought a great deal of him. I taught him to bring in wood from the barn. One morning we found him dead in the barn. He had been poisoned. I felt very sad over his death. It spoiled my dog-team forever. I did not take ST. NICHOLAS for the year containing "Juan and Juanita," but saw so much about the story in the "Letter-box" that I regret not having done so.

Your sincere reader,

G. T. M—.

STUDYING BIRDS.

AS TWO weeks this summer on a farm was spent, I saw many birds as I came and went.

I saw the wild canary and her eggs of blue,
And also the king-bird, who with nesting all was through.

And a robin in the apple tree had just hatched out her brood;
And I often liked to watch them as they went to gather food.

And the swallow, with her nest so high up in the loft,
With their eggs in nests made by feathers so very soft.

And the chipmy with her nest in the honeysuckle near,
That would eat crumbs on the porch without showing any fear.

I saw the blue-bird in the stump as she sits and waits and waits,
Till by the time the eggs are hatched her ardor all abates.

KITTY G. SLENOU.

WE thank the young friends, whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them:

Lucy L. Eastman, Clare L. B., David E. W., Charlotte R., Little Richie, A. B. and F. S., Dorothy M. and Jacqueline A., F. M., Eunice M. S., Grace S. and Evelyn G., Margot and Ellen Champlin, E. M. H., Bertram Holmes, S. P. E. and S. B. E., W. M., Lloyd R. Coleman, Jr., Laura M. Hadley, Alice Richardson, Grace Hecht, Lizzie B. Ritchie, A. R. A. and G. W. M., Nellie C., Lillie Mast, John Oppie, Barbara D., Ella M. D., Lila Heath, Ida C. Hubbard, Hattie Goodwin, Ned Devlin, Adèle and Fanchon, Jessie A., Helen F. Douglas, Patty D. Adams, Jennie M. Wells, Bell Farrar, Kitty L. R., Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE regret to say that the verses in our September number, entitled "A Chinese Story," and there credited to W. J. Bahmer, by whom they were offered to ST. NICHOLAS, prove to have been written years ago by Mr. C. P. Cranch. The discovery was made too late for us to withdraw the poem, as the number containing it was already off the press. We are sincerely sorry that, through the imposition practiced upon us, ST. NICHOLAS has attributed Mr. Cranch's clever poem to the person who plagiarized it.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

COMBINATION RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Nabal. 2. Miles. 3. Devil. 4. Seton. 5. Repel. WORD-SQUARE. 1. Novel. 2. Obol. 3. Volee. 4. Elect. 5. Leets. A PYRAMID. Cross-words: 1. A. 2. Ara. 3. Abaca. 4. Alabama.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. Third row, Michaelmas; seventh row, roast goose. Cross-words: 1. Camphoric. 2. Philology. 3. Decollate. 4. Rehearsal. 5. Gladiator. 6. Prejudges. 7. Colophony. 8. Commodore. 9. Practiser. 10. Inspirers.

LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at H in "sham." Harrison and Morton. CUBE. From 1 to 2, Cordelia; 2 to 4, annealed; 1 to 3, cavalier; 3 to 4, reflexed; 5 to 6, stranded; 6 to 8, diademed; 5 to 7, simulate; 7 to 8, executed; 1 to 5, caps; 2 to 6, arid; 4 to 8, deed; 3 to 7, time.

ANTONYMS. Grant. 1. G-rant. 2. R-ally. 3. A-base. 4. N-ever. 5. T-rail.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Cromwell. 2. Receive. 3. Octave. 4. Mease. 5. Wive. 6. Eve. 7. Le. 8. L. 11. 1. Humboldt. 2. Unaided. 3. Marred. 4. Birds. 5. Odes. 6. Led. 7. D. D. 8. T. Pi.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest Summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wildfowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

GEORGE ARNOLD, in "September."

ANAGRAMS. 1. Overcoats. 2. Pantaloons. 3. Trousers. 4. Waistcoat. 5. Newmarkets. 6. Polonaise. 7. Raglan.

BEHEADINGS. Cleveland and Thurman. 1. C-rank. 2. L-oath. 3. E-rod. 4. V-aunt. 5. E-late. 6. L-east. 7. A-vail. 8. N-once. 9. D-raft. 10. A-pace. 11. N-once. 12. D-rill. 13. T-will. 14. H-edge. 15. U-til. 16. R-oily. 17. M-oral. 18. A-void. 19. N-opal.

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 JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—G. P.—Russell Davis—Louise McClellan—Nig and Mig—Ida C. Thallon—Nellie L. Howes—"Pussy Willow and Cousin George"—A. Fiske and Co.—C. A. I.—Harry J. Childs.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Katie V. Z., 3—F. and M. Leech, 1—"Dudle," 2—Amy F., 1—"Zanoni," 1—W. A. Jurgens, 2—Arthur L., 8—Jessie and Nellie H., 4—M. F. Wilson, 1—Agnes H. MacA., 1—M. E. and J. Champlin, 1—C. Mondschein, 2—"Patty-pan and Kettle-drum," 5—No name, Norwich, 2—Paul Reese, 9—Alpha, Alpha, B. C., 11—A. Koppel, 2—Enileve R., 2—E. A. Armer, 2—L. Day, 1—Frost Thom, 2—Austin, 2—"Socrates," 11—N. S. Reich, 1—R. Packard, 1—A. H. R. and M. G. R., 10—M. H. Munroe, 2—Ruby M., 1—Blanche, Alice and Rosa, 3—Fussy and Stony, 3—"C. D. W., 3—Emma E. P., 3—"A. Omega," 7—W. A. Lieber, 1—M. H. Dabney, 2—Florence B., 1—H. G. B., 1—M. Strong, 4—Violet and Pansy, 1—Clara and Emma, 1—E. S. Hine, 7—Plato, 2—L. A. and H. M. Stiles, 1—B. B. Wise, 1—A. Major, 1—"Mugwump," 2—Grace Kupfer, 11—Janet T. H., 1—"Ardmore," 1—M. G. Cassels, 1—M. McConnell, 1—"Kye," 4—"Hypatia," 2—F. Abeken, 1—S. and B. Rhodes, 10—"Two Chums," 3—Y. Campbell, 1—E. Richmond, 1—"Banana," 7—L. F. Heath, 2—A. H. Dey, 1—"Long Islander," 4—Nellie C., 1—B. P. S. F. C. B., 3—Rena and Jessica, 2—H. C. Ware, 2—L. S. Fitch, 1—A. M. Bingham, 5—"Mr. Mahoney" and others, 3—Marion and Addie, 2—"Electric Button," 2—D. L., 2—G. A. Hill, 2—Clara D. C. and Sarah M. S., 1—R. and J. Mayer, 6—Louise, Helma and Florence, 4—Jack and Jill, 1—Ada C. H., 11—H. Mattison, 2—Howard K. Hill, 11—Lillie, 4—San Anselmo Valley, 11—Effie K. Talboys, 7—G. M. C. H., 11—"Edgemere," 4—Pet and Pug, 5—Etta R., 3—"Infantry," 11—"Rag Tag," 4—J. P. Mitchell, 1—"Pyramus and Thisbe," 5—J. B. Scullin, 1—Shullsburg, Third Grade, 10—H. F. H., 2—C. A. I., "Chunk," 4—"Blousabella," 3—"Tea and Coffee," 2—Monell, 1—Marie L. E., 2—R. Lloyd, 4—"Three Blind Mice," 6—Ruth and Rob, 10—"May and 79," 9—W. F. Brillingham, Jr., 2—Lehte, 4—Lauretta K., 2—Nellie and Reggie, 9—G. Eveline Butlin, 1—"Herring," 10.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a certain word, and leave a large bird. 2. Behead a certain word, and leave a tree. 3. Behead a certain word, and leave everything. 4. Behead a certain word, and leave obsolete. 5. Behead a certain word, and leave rage. 6. Behead a certain word, and leave iniquitous. 7. Behead a certain word, and leave adroitness. The beheaded letters are all the same. ELSA BEHR.

A DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND.

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1. IN pansies. 2. A pronoun. 3. Relating to the hours. 4. Robbers. 5. Satisfied. 6. Conducted. 7. In pansies. ENCLOSED DIAMOND: 1. In pansies. 2. A feminine name. 3. Enraged. 4. Consumed. 5. In pansies. F. S. F.

MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the initials will spell a time to which some give the name of Nutcrack Night.

1. A son of Oceanus, who was also the father of Ægina. 2. The mother of Apollo and Diana. 3. The island on which Vulcan fell, after being hurled down from heaven, and where he established his forges. 4. The son of Erebus and Nox and the god of Sleep. 5. The

goddess of the Dawn. 6. A son of Dædalus. 7. The youngest of twelve brothers, all of whom, with the single exception of this one, were slain by Hercules. 8. One of the Muses. 9. A daughter of Nisus, King of Megara. 10. The mother of Sarpedon, who was driven from the island of Crete by his brother Minos. 11. The god of Fire. 12. A dark and gloomy region in the lower world.

"R. H. OMBOID."

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN robin. 2. A speck. 3. A feminine name. 4. A term of endearment. 5. A French general. 6. A small ornament. 7. Rage. 8. To obtain. 9. In robin.

II. 1. In action. 2. Base. 3. The surname of a statesman of to-day. 4. A fish. 5. A comrade. 6. An admonition. 7. The French word for "queen." 8. A bulky piece of wood. 9. In action.

III. 1. In armies. 2. A fish. 3. Enclosed. 4. Gathers. 5. Flowering trees. 6. Staggering. 7. To imbibe. 8. To lean. 9. In armies. Z. M. S. AND H. C. G.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in locker, but not in shelf;
My second in money, but not in pelf;
My third is in carol, but not in song;
My fourth is in righteous, but not in wrong;
My fifth is in marrow, but not in bone;
My sixth is in iron, but not in stone;
My seventh in dragon, but not in horse;
My eighth is in gangway, but not in course;
My ninth is in summer, but not in fall;
My whole is a poet well-known to all:
Born in October, seventeen-seventy-two,—
His name I know well. Do you know it, too?
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

