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THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY.

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THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

OUR Madge, in growing tall and wise,
Has reached that most befogged of tracts,
The Land of Half-Belief, that lies
Between the Fairies and the Facts.

Her little heart 's a crowded nest
Of faiths and fancies, dear and shy ;
The dearer, since she somehow guessed
They 'd flutter from her by and by.

Her doubts are pains, yet pleasures, too,
With which her timid thoughts will play ;
How sad the chill, " It may n't be true"—
How sweet the thrill, " But, then, it may ! "

On Christmas Eve she long had lain
With sleepless eyes, like owlet's bright ;
She rose, and rubbed the frosted pane,
And stared into the starry night.

She saw the moon laugh round and clear
From smoky wreaths of cloud, and throw,
In shapes like branching horns of deer,
The sharp tree-shadows on the snow.

Oh, would he come, the jolly Saint
Whom everybody talked about ?
" It may be so—and yet, it may n't ;
If I should watch, I might find out ! "

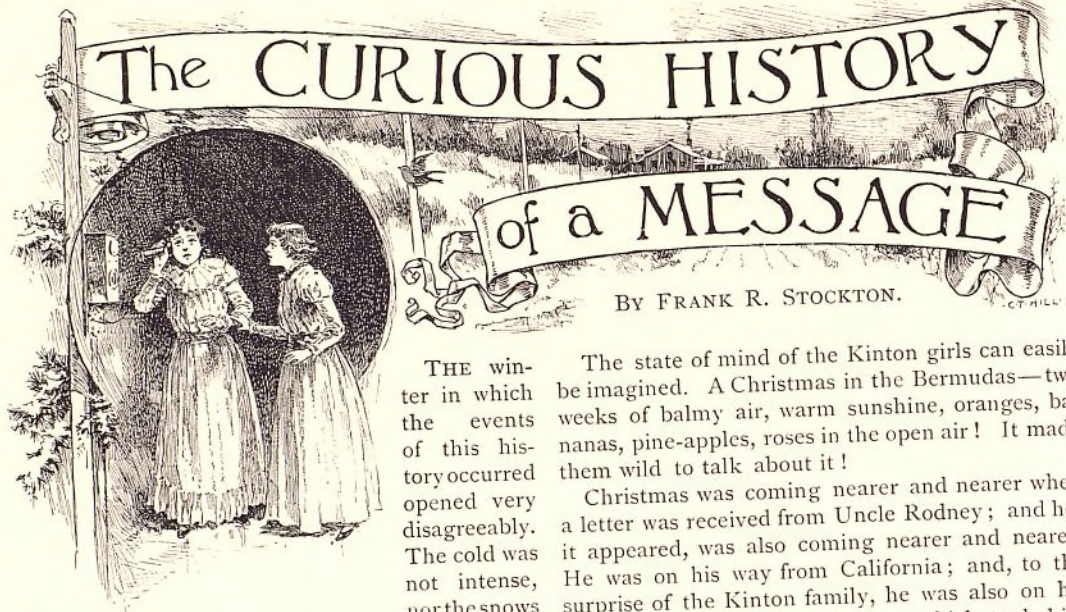
She turned ; her pulses wildly beat ;
She 'd like to spy — but should she dare ?
Yes ! Pat, pat, pat, with stealthy feet
She passed adown the winding stair.

The great hearth glowed ; the grave old cat,
With fixed, expanded, emerald eyes,
Erect, before the chimney sat ;
He seemed to wear a waiting guise.

The andirons shone ; the clock ticked on ;
Each moment made her more afraid.
" Oh, if he comes, I 'll wish I 'd gone —
But if I go, I 'll wish I 'd staid ! "

" Perhaps he is n't real at all —
But — if he is — perhaps he 'll mind ! "
A sudden soot-flake chanced to fall —
She fled, and never looked behind !

She throbbed with fright, she flushed with shame,
Her pillowed head she closely hid ;
She said, " I don't believe he came ! "
She sighed, " Oh, dear — suppose he did ! "



BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE winter in which the events of this history occurred opened very disagreeably. The cold was not intense, nor the snows

The state of mind of the Kinton girls can easily be imagined. A Christmas in the Bermudas—two weeks of balmy air, warm sunshine, oranges, bananas, pine-apples, roses in the open air! It made them wild to talk about it!

Christmas was coming nearer and nearer when a letter was received from Uncle Rodney; and he, it appeared, was also coming nearer and nearer. He was on his way from California; and, to the surprise of the Kinton family, he was also on his way to England. The business which took him there, he wrote, was pressing; and as he wished to catch a certain steamer, it would be impossible for him to stop to see his relatives. He had not yet decided the important question of a trip to the Bermudas; but on the way he would make some calculations, and see whether or not he would be able to give them this pleasure, and as he would pass through Afton, their railroad station, where the train stopped for a few minutes, he would send them his decision, by telephone.

deep, but it was a sloppy, sleety, slippery December in which one could expect neither good ice nor good sleighing.

The probabilities of an unseasonable Christmas were very much discussed by the members of a family named Kinton, who lived in a country house about thirty miles from New York. Mrs. Kinton was a widow, and her family was made up of herself and three daughters, whose ages ranged from seventeen to six. Her brother, Mr. Rodney Carr, was very often with them, but his presence was not at all to be depended upon.

The Kinton house, like several other residences in the neighborhood, was connected with the railroad station, about four miles distant, by a telephone wire; and communication in this way was often very useful, especially in bad weather.

The two older girls, Elinor and Maud, were generally ready to enjoy Christmas in any weather and in any place; but this year the prospect of a Christmas at home appeared extremely distasteful to them on account of a certain other prospect that had been held out to them by their uncle Rodney. This uncle was a generous man, and always glad to promote the pleasure of his nieces; and early in this winter he had made them a half-promise of something which Mrs. Kinton thought he should have said nothing about until he had felt himself able to make a whole promise. He had gone to California upon business; and, before starting, had told Elinor and Maud that if a certain enterprise proved successful, he would make them a Christmas present of a trip to the Bermudas. This unusual gift had been suggested to him by the fact that the most intimate friends of Elinor and Maud, the two Sanderson girls, who spent their winters in New York, were going with their mother to the Bermudas for their Christmas holidays; and Mrs. Sanderson had told him that she would be very glad if his nieces could go with them.

At first the girls declared that they would wait for no telephone, but would go to the station and see Uncle Rodney, if it were only for a minute; but on consulting a time-table of the railroad they found that the train on which their uncle would travel would reach Afton very early in the morning; and Mrs. Kinton put a veto upon the proposition to take the long drive at such an unseasonable hour. Consequently there was nothing to do but to wait for the day on which Uncle Rodney had said he would pass through Afton and be ready at the telephone at the proper time.

On the day after the receipt of this letter there came to the Kinton house a pleasant, little, middle-aged gentleman, who received a hearty welcome from every member of the family. This was Professor Cupper, an old friend and a man of science. It was his custom, whenever he felt like it, to spend a few days with the Kintons. Seasons

and weather made no difference to him. Friends were friends at any time of the year; and weather which might be bad for ordinary purposes was often very suitable for scientific investigations.

Of course the Professor was soon made acquainted with the exciting state of affairs, in which he immediately took an animated interest. He well knew what winter-time was in the Bermudas. He knew how his dear young friends would enjoy Christmas among the roses and the palmettoes; and he talked so enthusiastically about the land of flowers that the girls were filled with a wilder impatience; and even their mother admitted that she was beginning to be nervously anxious to know what Rodney would say. If the girls were to be in the Bermudas before Christmas it was necessary to know the fact soon, for certain preparations would have to be made. If Rodney were not such a queer sort of fellow, she said, he would have made up his mind days ago, and would have written or telegraphed his decision. But this sort of touch-and-go communication suited his fancies exactly.

The eventful morning arrived. Before it was yet light the two girls were up, dressed, and at the telephone. They had no reason to expect the message so soon; but the train might be ahead of time, and Uncle Rodney might have but half a minute in which to say what he had to tell them. On no account must the telephone bell ring without some one being there to give an instant response.

Consequently the Kinton girls, even little Ruth, were at the instrument, where Professor Cupper speedily made his appearance; and not long afterward Mrs. Kinton joined the expectant group.

The moment arrived at which the message could reasonably be expected. All were in a tingle! The moment passed; it became long passed. The girls looked aghast at each other! What had happened? Even the ruddy face of the Professor seemed to pale a little. He stepped to the instrument and sounded the signal. No answer came. He sounded again and again, with like result. For ten or fifteen minutes he called and rang without response.

"What can possibly be the matter?" cried Elinor. "Is everybody dead or asleep at the station?"

"Not likely," said the Professor. "But it is likely that your wire is broken."

At this announcement the girls broke into lamentations. Uncle Rodney must have arrived and departed, and the words which he had undoubtedly spoken into the telephone at the station had been lost! Now, how could they know what their uncle had decided upon? How could they know whether he intended them to go to the Bermudas or

not? He was to sail from New York that day, but he had not informed them what steamer he intended to take, and they did not know where to send a telegram. He had asked them to write to him in the care of a banker in London; but if they were to send a letter after him it would be so long before they could get an answer to it! Even a message by cable would not be much better, for he would not receive it long before he would receive a letter. There was absolutely nothing which they could do.

This mournful conclusion weighed heavily upon the whole family. Even little Ruth, who did not exactly understand the state of affairs, looked as if she were about to cry.

"I should have liked it better," exclaimed Maud, "if Uncle Rodney had told us we could not go; but to hear, after the holidays are over, that we might have gone, would be simply too hard to bear."

"As soon as I have had some breakfast," said the Professor, "I will go to the station—if Mrs. Kinton will give me a conveyance—and I will find out what has happened."

"And we will go with you!" cried Elinor and Maud.

After a hasty breakfast the Professor and the two girls set out in a sleigh for Afton. The snow was soft and not very deep, and the roadway beneath was rough; but notwithstanding the bumps and jolts, and the occasional blood-curdling gratings of the runners upon bare places, the impatient girls urged George, the driver, to keep his horses on their fastest trot.

When they were about half-way to the station, the Professor cried out:

"Hi! there it is! The line is broken!"

All looked around, and could see plainly enough that the wire had parted near one of the poles, and that part of it was resting on the ground. But it was of no use to stop; they were in a hurry to reach Afton to learn if Uncle Rodney had been there, and if he had left a message.

When they reached the railroad station they found that Mr. Carr had arrived on time; that he had telephoned to his sister's house; and that he had gone. The station-master told them that he had been outside, and had not heard what Mr. Carr had said, but that he thought it probable, since he had a very short time in which to say anything, that he had rung the bell, and without waiting for an answering ring, had delivered his message.

"That is very likely," said the Professor, "for Mr. Carr knew that his nieces were expecting to hear from him at the moment the train arrived here, and that they would, therefore, be ready at

their telephone. But as the line was broken, of course the message never reached them."

Very much dispirited, the little party drove home. The girls had been buoying themselves up with the hope that Uncle Rodney knew that the wire was broken, and had left a message for them at the station; but, instead of this, he had gone away in the belief that he had communicated with them, and would, therefore, do no more. Now they could not expect to hear from him until he reached England, and it would then be too late. The kindly nature of the Professor was affected by this disappointment of his young friends; and the thought came to him that had he been rich enough he would, himself, have made them a present of a trip to the Bermudas. Even George, the driver, who knew all about the affair and was deeply interested in it, wore a doleful face.

They drove slowly homeward, and when they reached the place where the wire had been broken, the Professor asked George to stop, and he got out to take a look into the condition of affairs. There was no real need that he should do this, for of course he could not repair the damage, and the station-master had promised to attend to that. But he had an investigating mind and he wished to find out just how the accident had happened.

It was easy enough to see how the wire had been broken. A tall tree stood near the spot, and from this a heavy dead limb had fallen which must have struck the wire—this had been broken off close to one of the poles, and from the supporting insulator near the top of the pole an end of the wire, an inch or two in length, projected. From looking up at the damaged wire the Professor glanced down the pole, and when his eyes rested upon the ground he saw there, lying on the frozen crust of the snow, a little dead bird, its wings partly outspread.

The Professor stepped quickly to the pole, and, stooping, regarded the bird. Then he stood up, stepped back a little and looked up at the broken wire. After which he advanced toward the bird, and looked down at it. From these observations he was called away by the girls, who wished to know what he was looking at.

Without answering, the Professor carefully picked up the bird, and returned to the sleigh.

"It is a poor little dead bird!" exclaimed Maud; "a dead, frozen bird!"

"Yes," said the Professor, "that is what it is." And, resuming his seat, they moved on.

For the rest of the way the Professor did not talk much; and when they reached the house, without taking off his hat, coat or overshoes, he sat down on a chair in the hall and steadfastly regarded the bird which lay in his outspread hands.

Mrs. Kinton, with Ruth, came hurrying downstairs. "Did you discover anything?" she asked.

Maud was about to speak when the Professor interrupted. "Yes," he said, delivering his words slowly, and with earnestness, "I think I have discovered something. I have reason to believe that the message sent by Rodney Carr is in this bird."

Exclamations of amazement burst from all his hearers. "What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Kinton.

"I will tell you," said the Professor. And they all gathered around him, gazing with astonished eyes at the bird which he held. "By a falling limb," he said, "your telephone wire was broken close to the glass insulator on one of the poles, and on the side of the pole nearest this house. At the bottom of the pole directly under the fracture I found this dead bird. Now my theory is this. The limb probably fell during the high wind of last night. The bird, taking an early morning flight, alighted on the broken end of the wire which projected a little from the pole after the manner of a twig. While settling on this slight perch and probably fluttering its wings as it took its position, Mr. Carr sent his message along the wire.

"If the end had merely projected into the air, there would have been no circuit, and no message: but the bird's little feet were on the wire, one of his fluttering wings probably touched the pole or the block, a connection with the earth was made, and the message passed into the bird. The little creature was instantly killed, and dropped to the ground, its wings still outspread."

"Do you mean," cried Elinor, "that you believe Uncle Rodney's message is now in that bird?"

"Yes," said the Professor, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, "I believe, or, at least, I strongly conjecture that your uncle's message is now in that curious complication of electric threads which is diffused through the body of a bird, as it is through that of a man, and which is known as the nervous system."

Mrs. Kinton and her eldest daughter were too surprised to say a word, but Maud exclaimed:

"A dead bird with a message in his nervous system is of no good to anybody! Oh, you poor little thing, not only dead but frozen, if you could but wake up and tell us whether Uncle Rodney said we were to go to the Bermudas or not to go, you would be the dearest and best bird in the world!"

"I have been considering this matter very earnestly," said Professor Cupper, "and I am going to try to get that message out of the bird. If its nervous system is charged with the modulated electric current produced by your uncle's words, I do not

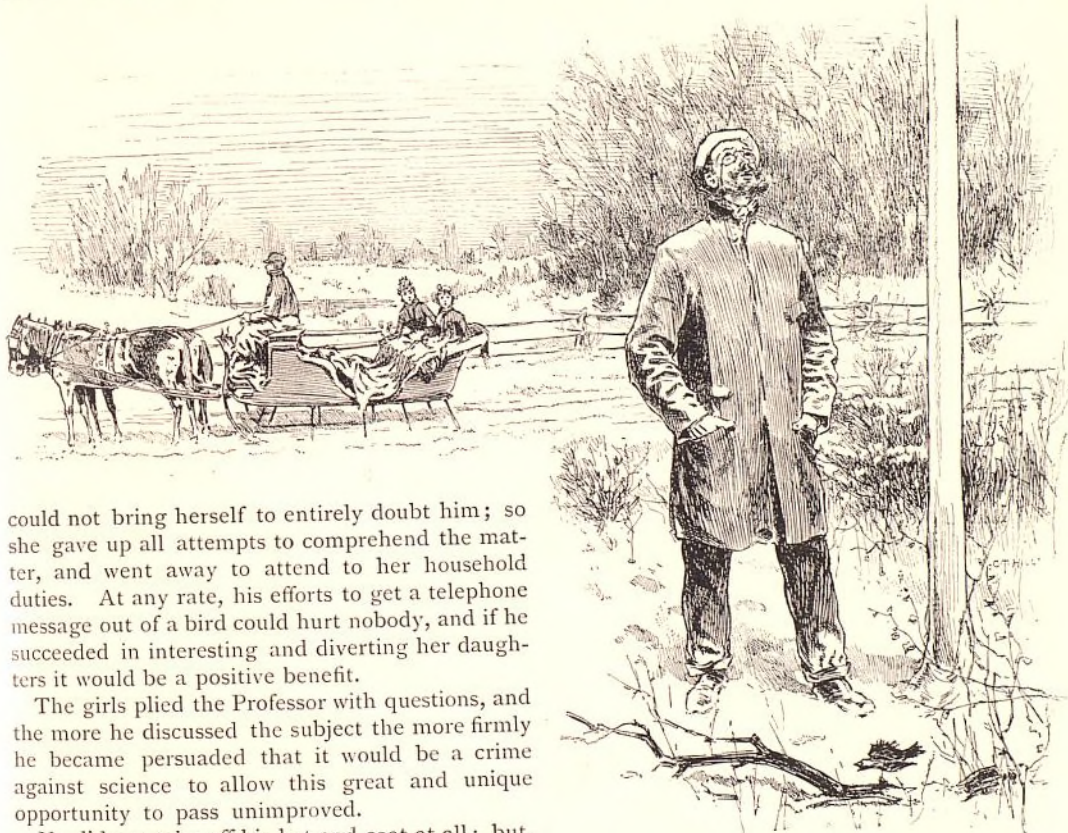
see why those modulations should not be transferred to a delicate electrical machine, which should record or repeat the message, faintly perhaps, but with force enough for us to determine its purport."

"If you can do that," said Elinor, "it will be a miracle!"

Mrs. Kinton's mind was in a state of bewilderment. She could not readily put full faith in what the Professor had said, and yet science had done so many wonderful things, and the Professor himself had done so many wonderful things, that she

uncle's message the moment it was reproduced, if, indeed, he should be able to reproduce it at all.

How this message was to be made known, whether by means of a phonograph, or a graphophone, or some other electric appliance, the Professor did not say. He was going to consult with some scientific brethren, and they would help him to determine what sort of experiments ought to be tried. He would bring back with him the necessary instruments, and perhaps also one or more of his learned friends, for this was a matter in



could not bring herself to entirely doubt him; so she gave up all attempts to comprehend the matter, and went away to attend to her household duties. At any rate, his efforts to get a telephone message out of a bird could hurt nobody, and if he succeeded in interesting and diverting her daughters it would be a positive benefit.

The girls plied the Professor with questions, and the more he discussed the subject the more firmly he became persuaded that it would be a crime against science to allow this great and unique opportunity to pass unimproved.

He did not take off his hat and coat at all; but, calling to Mrs. Kinton, he earnestly requested her to send him to the station in time to take the next train to New York. There he would procure the electrical appliances which he needed, and return to her house in the evening, or, at the latest, the next morning.

Of course the Professor went to New York, for everybody could see that he must not be thwarted in this most important investigation. He would have taken the bird with him, to try his experiments on it in the city; but apart from the fear that the electrical conditions of the little thing's nervous system might be disturbed by the journey, he was determined that the girls should hear their

"THE PROFESSOR WISHED TO FIND OUT JUST HOW THE ACCIDENT HAD HAPPENED."

which he was sure all scientific minds would be interested.

The bird whose nervous system, according to Professor Cupper's belief, was charged with the electric message in which Elinor and Maud took so deep an interest, was left with these two girls by the professor, with injunctions to take the best of care of it. Accordingly they carried it into an unused upper room, and there it was gently placed upon a small table; and when they went out they carefully closed the door, in order that no cat or other enemy should disturb or injure what Maud

called "the ornithological depository of their fate."

The direct interest of little Ruth in this affair

so loud if there was any danger of a little bird being at the other end of the wire.

She went upstairs and entered the room, and as



ELINOR AND MAUD.

was not great, for there was no idea of her going to the Bermudas. But she had heard what had been said about this mysterious bird, and although she did not understand it, that did not at all interfere with her curiosity and desire to have an undisturbed look at the little creature which had been choked to death by a message from her uncle Rodney, who she thought should not have spoken

been lowered. This had been done by her sisters, who had thought the room too warm. She went to the window and found that, even standing on a chair, she could not push up the sash.

Then another idea entered her mind. She went to her own little room, which was on the same floor, and brought back with her her doll's bed and bedstead. She knew perfectly well what a

she was a careful little girl, she shut the door behind her. Then she drew a chair up to the table, and, leaning upon it, earnestly regarded the bird. So far as she could see, there was nothing the matter with it except that it was dead; and she knew very well that in various ways and manners a great many birds do become dead. There seemed to her nothing very peculiar in the condition of this one.

Presently, however, she observed something which did seem to her to be peculiar. She drew back from the table, let her hands fall in her lap, and a thoughtful expression came into her face.

"Do dead birds wink?" she softly said to herself.

It seemed as if this were really the case, for while she spoke one eye of the bird was, for the second time, slowly opened and quickly shut. While she was pondering upon this strange occurrence a momentary tremor passed through the body of the bird. It was very slight, but her young eyes were sharp.

"It is shivering," she said. "Poor thing! It must be cold!"

She glanced at the window and saw that one of the upper sashes had

fond mother should do to warm a doll who was too cold. She put the bedstead on the floor, away from the window; then she took off the two little blankets, and, opening the register, laid them upon it. When they were thoroughly warmed, she took them to the bed, and, having arranged everything very neatly, she went to the table, tenderly picked up the poor, cold little bird, and carrying it to the bed, snugly tucked it in between the blankets.

Ruth now seated herself upon the floor near by to watch over her little charge, and very soon she saw a decided shaking between the blankets.

"It keeps on being cold," she said. And taking up a little down quilt which was used by her doll only in very cold weather, she placed that over the bird.

This additional covering, however, did not seem to have any effect in quieting the little creature. From shaking, it began to struggle. In a few moments one wing was almost entirely out from under the covering and exposed to the air; and while Ruth was endeavoring to put back this wing the other one came out, and then one leg. When she felt the sharp little claws on her hand, she was startled, although they did not hurt her, and involuntarily drew back. In a moment the bird wriggled itself out from between the blankets. Then it hopped into the middle of the bed; and as Ruth put out her hand to catch it, it spread its wings and flew to the back of a chair.

Ruth started to her feet, and as she did so the bird flew from the chair and began circling around and around the room. The little girl did not know what to do. She felt that the bird ought to be caught, or that somebody ought to be called; but before she had decided upon any further action the bird perceived the open window, and, darting through it, was lost to her view.

Tears now came into the eyes of the little girl, and slowly she went downstairs and told what had happened. Elinor and Maud were shocked and distressed, and even their mother was truly grieved. No matter how things resulted, it would be a great disappointment to the Professor not to be able to try his experiments. Ruth was too young to be blamed very much for doing what she thought was an act of kindness, but the girls found great fault with themselves for not having locked the door of the room.

"As it was likely that the bird was merely stunned by the electric current, and frozen stiff as it lay upon the snow," said Elinor, "it might have been easier for the Professor to get at the message than if it were really dead. A live nervous system, I should think, would be more likely to retain an electrical impression than a dead one."

"Don't talk that way," cried Maud, "or you will have us all wild to go out and catch that bird. It would be the worst kind of a wild-goose chase, for a bird with a message in him looks just like any other; and even if we had tied a rag to its leg or put a mark on it I think that by the time it had been chased from field to forest, and had had stones hurled at it and nets thrown over it, its electrical conditions would have been a good deal disturbed. No! We may as well drop this bird of Fate as it has dropped us. I don't believe the message went into him anyway. It simply shot out into the air, and we shall never know what it was until Uncle Rodney reaches England and writes or telegraphs back. Then, of course, it will be too late, and we shall have to be content to wait for the Bermudas until some other winter."

"One thing must be done instantly," said Mrs. Kinton. "We must telegraph to Professor Cupper what has happened. It would be very unkind to let him put himself to any further trouble now that the bird is gone and there is nothing for himself or his friends to experiment upon."



"THE BIRD BEGAN CIRCLING AROUND THE ROOM."

In twenty minutes George was riding to the station with a message which briefly stated that the bird of hope had revived and flown away.

Elinor and Maud went early to bed that night. They had a feeling that this world was a very tiresome place, and there was nothing in it worth sitting up for. But the next morning's mail brought a letter from Professor Cupper which made different beings of them.

The letter had been written late the night before, and was brief and hurried, as the Professor wished to get it into the post-office before the last mail closed. In it he said that he had been greatly disappointed and grieved by the news that it was impossible for him to proceed with the most interesting experiment of his life. That was over and done with, but he had been earnestly pondering upon the subject, and had come to the conclusion, for reasons which he would afterward explain, that the message was a favorable one, and that Mr. Carr had told his nieces that they were to go to the Bermudas. The Professor had decided to remain in New York for a few days, but would then return and finish his visit; and would give in full his grounds for the conviction that the Christmas present which the girls so earnestly desired had been sent to them.

"I believe it!" cried Elinor. "It is certain that Uncle Rodney sent us a message, and if Professor Cupper, who knows all about these things, says it was the right message, I see no reason to doubt it."

"I don't doubt it," said Maud. "I believe any other kind of a message would have killed that bird as dead as a door nail."

At first Mrs. Kinton felt perplexed, but as she so well understood her brother's generous disposition, and had such confidence in Professor Cupper's scientific ability, she did not feel warranted in opposing the conviction of the Professor and the desires of her daughters; and preparations for the trip to the Bermudas were immediately commenced. Of course her brother had sent no money, but it had been arranged how his sister could draw the money on his account.

Fingers now began to fly, and Elinor and Maud felt that the world offered many reasons why they should sit up late. In two days they were in New York, and on the day afterward, with their friends, they sailed for the Bermudas.

Shortly after their departure the Professor arrived at Mrs. Kinton's house, and, for the first time in his life, was delighted to find that his young friends were not there. He lost no time in giving Mrs. Kinton his grounds for the opinion he had sent her.

"On some accounts," he said, "it is a pity the bird escaped; but, after all, this matters little, for, alive, it could have been of no use to me. Its

emotions on reviving in a state of captivity would probably have obliterated, in its nervous system, all electric impressions. Having, therefore, nothing positive on which to base my judgment, I was obliged to consider the subject with reference to probabilities. The bird was not killed by the electric current; it was merely stunned, and afterward stiffened by lying upon the snow. I therefore infer that the message sent was a very brief one; and, being brief, I infer that it was favorable. Your brother has too kind a heart to say to the girls: "No"; or, "You can not go." No matter how limited his time, he would have managed to say something in the way of explanation and palliation. On the other hand: "Yes," or, "Go and be happy," would be all-sufficient. Such a message might merely stun a bird; a longer one might kill it."

"Maud said something of that kind," remarked Mrs. Kinton.

"Maud is a very intelligent girl," said the Professor, "and it will not surprise me if she ultimately engages in scientific pursuits. And now, madam," he continued, "how grateful should we be to science! If we had not been able to induce, even inferentially, through the medium of an ordinary bird, the purport of your brother's message, we should have known nothing of his desires and intentions."

"No," said Mrs. Kinton, smiling, "nothing!"

The girls spent a royal two weeks in the Bermudas, and shortly after their return there came a letter from their uncle Rodney in answer to one in which their mother had given him a full account of the state of affairs. In this letter Mr. Carr wrote:

"As well as I can recollect them, I telephoned to you these words, 'Very sorry, but I can't send the girls this year. Better luck next Christmas! All well?' But I could not wait for an answer to this question, for the whistle sounded, and I was obliged to run for the train. It was much against my will that I sent this message. Affairs had gone badly with me in California; and I found, too, that if I did not very speedily show myself in England I should have heavy losses. I earnestly considered the question on my way toward Afton, but finally decided that under the circumstances I could not afford to give the girls that Bermuda trip. But when I reached England I found my affairs in a great deal better shape than I had any reason to expect. By the time I got down to London, and found your letter, I was already considering what I should do to compensate the girls for the loss of their semi-tropical Christmas; for I knew it was then too late for them to go south with the Sandersons. So when I learned that my message had not been received, and the girls had gone to the Bermudas, I was delighted. In spite of your explanations, I must admit that I do not comprehend how that bird and Professor Cupper managed the matter; but nobody can be happier than I am that they managed it so well.

Maud sprang to her feet, one hand in the air:

"How grateful we should be," she cried, "for the blessings of science!"

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

DEDICATION.—This story is dedicated to that happy young girl, Jean Trego, always tenderly kind to old people, and always a lover of the outdoor world.



CHAPTER I.

THE DRIVE AND THE SLIDE.

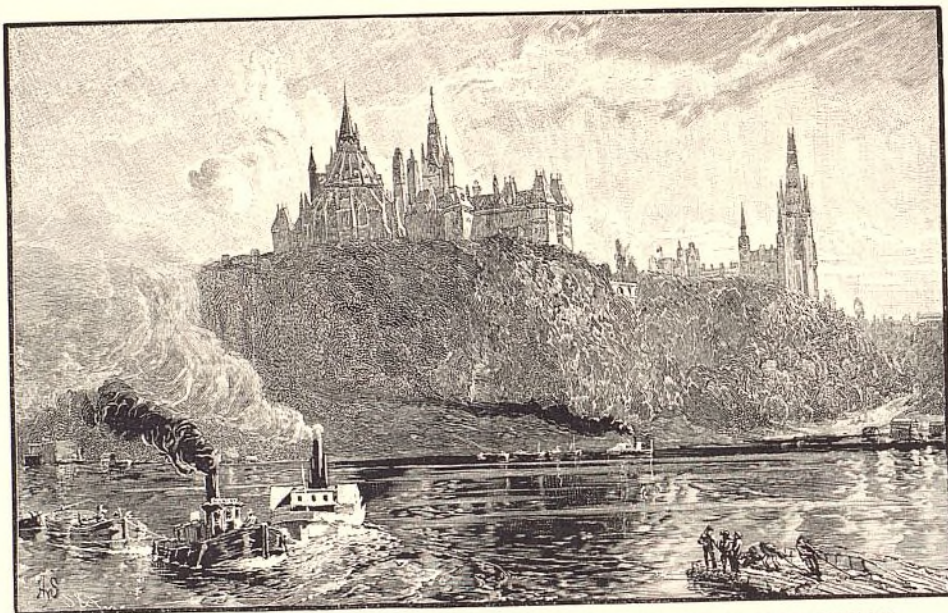
THE river Ottawa reflected such a sunset as one sees only in northern latitudes after the air has been cleared by thunder-storms. Its purple-brown water, which has gained for it the name of royal river, spread into far-off bays, the slate rock of its bed rising here almost to the surface, and there lying submerged by the channel's full flood. Canada is a country of river-like lakes and lake-like rivers.

A long drive of logs floated in the current,—the last drive of the season, for it was very late in May. Three weeks before, the river had been flooded with unsawed timber, and from shore to

shore had stretched booms, river parallels outlining the zones of ownership. At every boom some lumber-dealer's logs, marked with his mark, had to be sorted out and left before the drive could go on. Log cribs filled with stones were built across the river to support the strength of that chain of logs called the boom.

Bruno-Morel and his companions followed their drive in the flat-bottomed, sharp-pointed boat which lumbermen use. He felt glad the driving was so nearly done; for he could see the parliament buildings of Ottawa town stand out on their headland like a vision of palaces in the clouds. Distantly, he could see the French suburb, Hull, the lumber wharves, and betwixt them and him a tossing up of the river where Chaudière Falls make their tumult. The logs he was tending must go down a slide, or large descending flume, apart from boiling rapids and cascade.

Bruno-Morel looked eagerly to the slide; he would ride down it for the delight of being splashed. There were so many things he liked in his work. The winter woods life, the ringing of axes on resonant air, the swish of logs hauled through snow—Bruno was one of the teamsters; the log-house at night with its double row of bunks around two walls and its range of benches below them, its central earthen hearth built directly under a square hole in the roof and built



"HE COULD SEE THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF OTTAWA TOWN STAND OUT ON THEIR HEADLAND, LIKE A VISION OF PALACES IN THE CLOUDS."

above the height of a man's knees, glowing with coals like a furnace. There was always a swinging crane fixed to this flueless fireplace, and on the crane hung a kettle full of strong tea to which the men helped themselves as often as they pleased.

Bruno was sixteen years old, and the outdoor life had knit closer his wiry muscles and warmly tinted his dark French skin. He not only felt able to grapple with destiny, but he looked on destiny itself as a protecting saint. The people of his race live with little care and less toil. They sun themselves happily; the men smoke; the women knit stockings; it is always afternoon of a good day to the French-Canadian. He seldom cares to be rich; his customs have long been established. He inherits his strip of land; or if he fails to inherit, there is always something to do; a man is foolish to break his neck hurrying. It did not trouble Bruno-Morel that he and twenty of his brothers and sisters had been cast out from their native Chaudière* valley, because the father picked on Jules to succeed to the land. It had been the talk of the family that Jules was to get the land, years before his father turned fifty.

Oh, but the Chaudière valley was lovely when the sun shone across it after rain! There you might see each side of the transparent river—the rock-combed river—such green strips of farms as Bruno believed could be found nowhere else in Canada. And if not in Canada, where in the world?

* Chaudière, or caldron, is a name given not only to a lovely foaming river flowing into the St. Lawrence from the south, but to many rapids and falls throughout Canada.

He sometimes wondered if he could lay by work at fifty, as fathers in that valley did, and sit under jutting eaves, or by winter fire, to smoke his pipe the rest of his days. He scarcely went so far as to think that the lengthy age a French-Canadian generally enjoyed might be put to better use. The customs of his fathers were good enough.

An Americanized Frenchman had spent the winter in the logging camp, and was now one of Bruno's two companions in the boat tending this last drive of logs. He had lived over larger surfaces of the globe than Bruno could even imagine, and liked to be called the Wanderer by his wood-mates. His dialect was so much worse than ordinary Canadian-French that once, when testifying in court, the judge begged him to leave off English and speak French; which he did, so speaking it that the judge could not recognize his mother tongue.

"We shall not camp on the river bank to-night," said the Wanderer, in the jargon he affected, drawing his sacks of wrinkles closer around restless eyes, and staring through the lovely glow at those fairy towers of the capitol.

"No, no, no; I sleep in a raft-shanty to-night," said Bruno-Morel exultingly. "I float on down Ottawa and give myself no trouble. My pay in one pocket and a lump of black-pudding in the other. Zt!" He snapped his gay fingers.

"My wife will come out when she sees this drive," remarked the other man, scanning that

side of the river on which Quebec province lay and the French suburb straggled.

"And where will the raft-shanty land thee, my pretty Chaudière pebble," inquired the grimly humorous Wanderer, of Bruno-Morel,—“supposing you find a raftsmen willing to take you aboard?”

"I go to Quebec to see my sisters Alvine and Marcelline. Then, perhaps, will I make the good pilgrimage."*

"My sisters Alvine and Marcelline.' I thought you told us you had twenty brothers and sisters."

Bruno-Morel lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Oh! they are all except Jules spread away like leaves. They are old and have families of many children. My sisters:—I tended them when they were little; I led them out to play. If they wanted anything, 'Bruno-Morel, get it for thy Marcelline.' 'Bruno-Morel, get it for thy Alvine.' Many a whipping I took from the good mother before she died, for pulling her onions for them to suck."

"The whole province of Quebec," growled the Wanderer, "is a hundred years behind Amerikee. A hundred years behind. At Ste. Anne's I go into a shop. I am a man of small size, yet I grope down a step into that little pig'on-hole and knock my head against the top of the door. Why don't they have shops a man can step into without knocking his head? And there you find a woman keeping post-office in a candle-box set on end, with two shelves in it. And these old Frenchmen with holdings of land, what do they do, the lazy smokers, but turn off duty at fifty, pick one child to support them, and scatter the rest of their family to the four winds!"

"And what could you do better, my fine Wanderer, if your land could be cut up no smaller?" inquired Bruno-Morel, transfixing with his contempt the abuser of his fathers.

"I would n't be a hundred years behind the age," the Wanderer grumbled.

"It's just as well," remarked the other lumberman, speaking English as his people often do to keep themselves in practice. "This mudderin' progress is more infidel than Christian."

The Wanderer grunted.

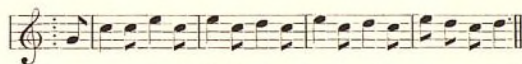
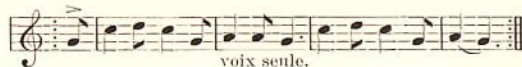
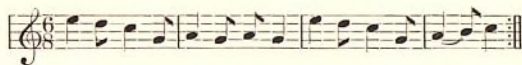
"This Bruno-Morel, he would give all the wages he can ever earn, to be master of that stony strip running uphill in the Chaudière valley;—is it not so?"

"There's no place like it in the world," said Bruno strongly. "I would rather live there and have Alvine and Marcelline by me, than sit on the

throne chair in parliament yonder. But since I am not Jules,"—he snapped his fingers, laughing, and began to sing:

† "En roulant ma boule-le roulant,
En roulant ma bou-le,
Der-rière, chez nous, y a-t-un é-tang,
En roulant ma bou-le,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rou-li roulant, ma bou-le roulant."

"Behind the Manor lies the mere,
(In rolling my ball.)
Three ducks bathe in its water clear,
(In rolling my ball.)
Roly, rolling, my ball rolling,
In rolling my ball rolling,
In rolling my ball."



Away on their left the Laurentian mountain range was being warmed from blackness to rosy flushing. The river itself received color as if pinkness had been poured to its very depths. This would last briefly, fading first to milk-opal, then to gray. Finally a smoky mist would cover the



THE RIVER FLOORED WITH LOGS.

water, starred by electric lights on projecting wharves and whitened by the foam-line of that boiling Chaudière.

* All French-Canadians call going to the church and shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré "making the good pilgrimage."

† The first stanza of an ancient Canadian chanson. Mr. William McLennan's pretty rendering is given with the text.

The lumbermen were anxious to slide their raft before the afterglow faded. The cribs were ready for the plunge when a few of the withes and pegs which fastened them in long trains were pulled out, leaving small lots securely held together.

Bits of foam, like white butterflies, continually filled the air above the half-circular falls whose roaring interfered with the men's voices shouting directions to each other. Betwixt their boat hugging the north shore, and the cascade itself, intervened a wide space of rapids, whirlpools, and dark rock. Both shores seemed crowded with mills and factories, and a great bridge here spanning the river seemed a causeway over lumber-docks.

Down that descending canal, the slide, shot one and another bunch of timbers. The men poled them into its race current.

An old Algonquin squaw, known as Sally, stood on the bridge and watched this coming into harbor of freight from the woods. Her copper face had the distorted, toil-saddened look so many Indian women wear, her black eyes reminding one of the eyes of suffering dumb creatures. A basketful of birch-bark work and ornamented moccasins was on her shoulders. Her coarse hair hung down her breast and back. A blanket folded around her trailed its point in the dust. She wore a brown linsey petticoat; her moccasins flattened themselves wearily on the bridge flooring.

The Algonquin woman had a son named François, who spent much time wandering away to his tribe.

Occasionally he was to be seen on the homeward road, nearly naked, saying he must go back to see his old mother; and he usually remained with her until she had clothed him again by her various handicrafts.

Sally did not know that François was at this time on his way home.

He was skulking among buildings on the Quebec side of the river near a roaring flume among rocks called the Devil's Hole. François had been waiting for the shades of evening to help him on his way, for he wore as scanty a remnant of tanned leather as he had ever brought home.

Bruno-Morel seized his chance to leap upon a swaying crib. His companions laughed to see the boy's muscular skill. Logs in water, if uncoupled, are a most deceitful base; they roll over at a touch. When most densely packed they part and open a crushing mouth to swallow any victim; and tenaciously do those wooden lips close over a man when he has gone down. Nothing is more treacherous, unless it be the sawdust which spreads itself so like a sandy beach at the river's edge that people have stepped upon it and plunged under. It adds its own poison gas to the danger of drowning.

Both lumbermen had run many a slide. They rowed ashore, thinking it no risk for Bruno-Morel to poise himself on the last crib as it shot to the brink of the slide:

"Rou-li roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma bou-le."



A LOG-JAM.

Sally screamed to him from the bridge. He looked up, then looked down, and saw what threatened him as he took the plunge. The first crib which had gone over had broken up, and the timbers were floating at right angles in all directions. His single thought was how it would shame him to be drowned in a slide, strong swimmer and hearty lad that he was.

Bruno jumped for his life. But his crib jumped equally far. It struck him as he dived.

The men above the slide knew nothing of this. Sally ran, shouting in Algonquin and French, toward the Quebec shore. She saw her son François slip to the water's edge and plunge after the boy. Her outcry brought people together in a flock, Bruno-Morel's fellow-lumbermen among them. Both men threw off their woolen blouses and moccasin-like boots, and dived also.

François came up dripping and like a mummied merman, having found nothing. The other rescuers, too, came up empty-handed. An excited crowd searched with poles and lights long after the even-glow had darkened to night.

It would have comforted Bruno-Morel to hear the Wanderer say hoarsely to his surviving companion as they tramped the walks of the French suburb going to their beds:

"That boy was caught in the break-up. He never dropped that fashion through the bottom of the Ottawa, merely running a slide!"

CHAPTER II.

THE BEAUPRÉ ROAD.

IN the month of July, six weeks later, Alvine Charland walked along the Beaupré road. She had left Quebec early in the morning, but had stopped many times to look back at the ancient citadel from different points of the winding road, for whatever one may have in mind, such sights draw the eye, and through it comfort him.

She had stopped, also, to pray in the church at Beauport, and to lean on the bridge which spans the Montmorenci just before it takes its leap down the precipice.

Gate-charges prevented Alvine from going around the bluff and looking at that perpendicular torrent which seems to clothe its rocky descent in everlasting robes of glistening white satin. But she could look up a gorge where it foamed before its ale-colored flood slid under the bridge.

So evening found her still some miles away from the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré; and it threatened a storm. Her way, indeed, lay through an endless village where every few rods she might ask shelter; for the farm-houses huddled in one continuous row between St. Lawrence river and the Laurentian hills — that natural battlement against icy winter air from Labrador.

There was a wide flat strip between river and houses, and salt air prevailed along Beaupré road, for you could see where the Atlantic tide left its high-water mark. The island of Orleans, twenty-two miles in length, seemed to keep Alvine company on her way, so steadily did it unroll its panorama of wooded hills, church towers, and Norman-roofed houses.

The cottages on the Beaupré road were all built after this ancient pattern, their sharp gables being in some cases triangularly roofed. There were houses of stone, of blocks, and rough-cast ones finished outside with coarse plaster, but all with wide up-curved eaves and dormer windows. Many chimneys were nearly as large as the dwellings they topped, and more than one flue stood inclosed in panels of wood.

To Alvine Charland it was like walking among the homesteads of her native Chaudière valley. She was used to seeing barns thatched with bundles of straw, which in a weather-beaten state looked like drapery of dull gold velvet; and to huge dormer doors in barns with smaller doors opening in them. There was nothing quaint to her eye on the Beaupré road, not even the wayside chapels so diminutive they could scarce hold more than an altar.

Some houses had broad stone coping along the edge of their gables, from chimney to eaves.

And several homesteads made that gaudy display of riches which an uneducated French-Canadian is pretty sure to make when his purse overflows. Still, Alvine beheld with delight the florid residence of one family; an expansion of the usual type, having the figures of a pink boy on one side of the door and a blue girl on the other. A tent stood on the lawn, and near it played a fountain, presided over by another cast-iron urchin well painted. In the midst of the summer-house, which also decked the green, hovered a lavender and yellow angel.

Occasionally some housewife opened half a swinging window and glanced out at Alvine. As their eyes met, resident and passer saluted each other politely.

The window-sashes were all lined inside with gay wall-paper, patterns inclining to lace effects being the favorites. But most windows and doors stood wide open, and children played along the road.

At Alvine's left hand the hill foliage was at intervals cleft by a rocky ledge dripping spring-water all the way down. Cool breaths of mint came from such mossy recesses. But pines, ashes, elms, and maples, in crowding succession, fanned and shaded her before the herald wind of the storm began to pour along the Beaupré road.

Alvine had sat down by one of those small caves built opposite every house for a fruit and milk cellar, and which — roofed with sod or thatched with pine branches — suggests a hermit's cell, especially when near a wayside shrine. The doors were all strong and well padlocked. She took some bread out of her pocket to eat; it was time for her evening meal, and she had been told that in the pensions at Ste. Anne de Beaupré they charged for what you ate aside from lodgings. Water for her to drink had run down-hill to meet her at every cleft in the mountain-side.

Alvine was a tawny girl, with dark, hazel eyes and braided hair, handsome only in her young and pliant shape, which labor had strengthened without disfiguring, and in a wistful, loving expression of face which attracted strangers. She was dressed in what her people call the American fashion, instead of in the linsey petticoat and short sack of rural Canadiennes. Her hat had come from the shop of some Quebec milliner, and was ornamented with flowers. Her black wool gown hung bunched in the prevailing way, and she wore *bottes Françaises*, or store-made shoes, instead of *bottes sauvages*, as the Canadian calls his moc-casins. These garments she had put on with better adaptation than was common.

While she ate her bread, along the road came rattling a vehicle, queerly unlike the two-wheelers

she had met at intervals during the afternoon. It was a little wooden wagon on four wooden wheels, drawn by a large Newfoundland dog. In the wagon sat a lean, black-bearded man, unruffled by the dust cloud which rushed at him. He was going Alvine's way serenely, and with as little effort of his own as an idol taking an airing. The willing dog, hanging out his tongue, trotted along the well-beaten track. It was a sight common enough in the Chaudière valley; nor to Alvine's eye was there anything peculiar in the man's blue woolen tasseled cap, and loose blouse girdled with a fringed red sash.

Through the dust his twinkling black eyes saw Alvine, and, touching his cap, he greeted her in passing:

"Good-evening, Mademoiselle."

"Good-evening, Monsieur," replied Alvine.

Before he rattled out of sight, a steeper grade taxed the dog, and he had the grace to relieve his claw-footed steed by turning himself around in the wagon and pushing the ground with his heels.

Alvine had finished her bread and added some furlongs to her journey, when it began to rain gently. She had not asked for shelter when she might have done so, and the walls now nearest to her were the remains of a ruined stone house partially choked up with weeds. It was unroofed, excepting at the north-east corner. The stone partition between two rooms was still perfect, and a doorway pierced it. In each room there was an oblong depression in the wall where cupboard or closet shelves had been ranged. A tall maple-tree grew in the outer room beside the partition door.

The rain that began so gently became sheets of flapping water by the time Alvine had darted into this old ruin. She sheltered herself in the roofed corner, half distrustful of it, though the wind blew all rain away from her there and kept her dry. As if that flood of sky-water washed darkness down, the air grew opaque to sight, and it was night where twilight hovered a moment before.

Alvine wished she had stopped at any inhabited house. The rain poured and poured. She wondered if she would have to choose between staying there all night and wading out in the storm. Alvine did not people the ruined house with terrors projected from her own mind, and there would be little travel on the Beaupré road; yet she reasonably dreaded to spend the night there. Weeds stood high and wet close to her. Spiders, of course, and other tiny creatures had taken the

old place to themselves, and it was open to any prowler that might creep about on four feet or two.

But balancing this was Alvine's reluctance to wet her clothes. She was on a serious quest, and they were her grand toilet and the only outfit she had with her. Girls of fifteen are not usually so careful, but Alvine had paid for these with her own labor. A wool dress and trimmed hat in such cases become more than a temporary skin; they are part of one's life made portable.

There had been no lightning, and the wind sunk; the rain had all that mountain and river region to itself. Its downpouring sounded like the steady murmur in thousands of hives. Now an angry dash was made; it stung a wall or thumped against rocks.

Alvine sat on some stones in her corner. Unexpectedly, and as if many little flashes had been reserved and melted into one cannonade, the lightning glared out terribly, painting all visible creation on a scroll of fire. Alvine saw as if with the outer rims of her eyes every leaf on every weed within the old walls; but her central sight saw sharply through the doorway, standing against the tree growing there, that very person for whom she was searching—her brother Bruno-Morel. He was looking up at the sky, his lips were parted, and rain trickled down his cheeks.

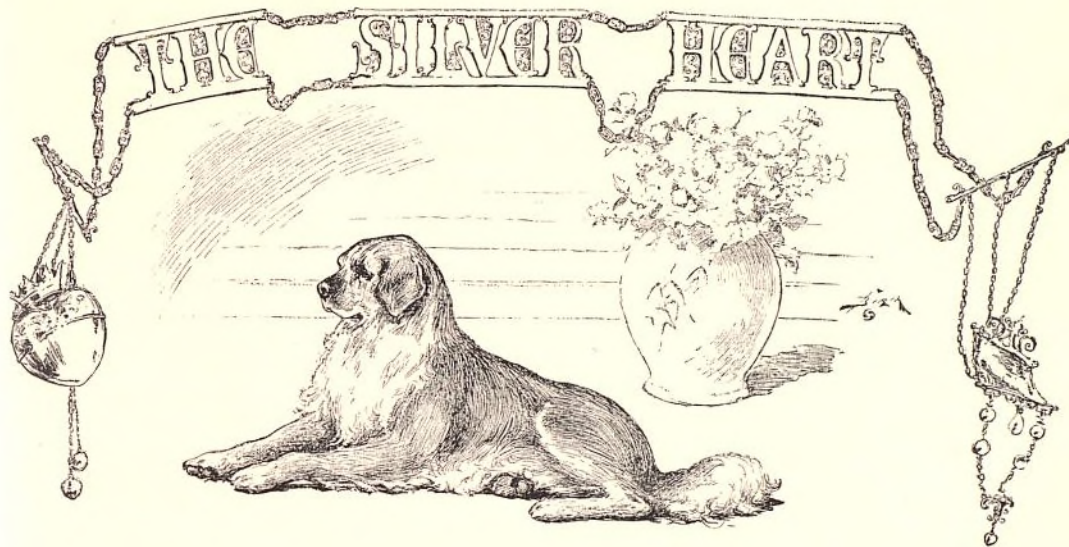
She saw his drenched blouse, and noted it was unbuttoned at the neck. She saw him one instant the central figure of a glaring world, and the next he was quenched from her sight in darkness, and thunder jarring the ground defied her to have any sense but hearing.

Alvine drew in her breath to scream his name, and jumped up to run and catch him. But some form of self-restraint stopped her in the act. She could not say why it was. Whatever change had come over him he would not hurt her; and Bruno was not a boy to be unnerved by one's jumping upon him from ambush. So much she loved him, and had she not come out to hunt him and lead him back docile by her side? Yet now she hesitated, and another flash came showing every bark line on the tree, and no Bruno-Morel anywhere. Alvine called instantly, running out regardless of her clothes and that revival of flooding rain which follows lightning:

"Bruno, Bruno—thy Alvine! Bruno, come back, then. I, alone in the dark, thy Alvine—"

But no reply reached her as she splashed recklessly along the road.

(To be continued.)



OR

FAITHFUL LEO

BY MRS. HOLMAN HUNT.

THERE is a valley of the Rhine where the orchards are so full of fruit that the glossy boughs bend to the grass with their load of crimson apples and russet pears. So abundant is the harvest there that the laden branches must be propped, enabling them to bear their burden until the gathering-time. Then the maidens mount the tall ladders laid lightly to the branches, and shake lustily, while the fruit falls *thud, thud* into the grass beneath, and the little children who play around, minding cows, or often chasing the goats, gather the fruit into light wooden carts, and draw home their load in triumph; or they pack it in sacks for stronger arms than their own to bear away.

Then these merry Swiss children clamber the hillsides after the goats, or drive home the tinkling cows to the milking; while their busy mothers set to work and cut the rosy apples, threading them upon strings to dry for winter food, when the trees will be leafless, and the little ones, who now run with heads uncovered to the sun, will be muffled in knitted hoods and gloves against the icy wind and snow.

In this happy valley lived "faithful Leo," but not as a peasant's dog; he had nothing to do with the life of these sunburnt children beyond sending them scattered to right and left, with rippling laughter, when he occasionally took a stroll in the orchard.

Leo lay basking in the sun outside a large hotel, rich and formal, where he had been left by a master who cared little for him, and who had never returned to claim him. To this hotel flocked all manner of travelers: some simply to amuse themselves with the music and the dancing, the chatter and the picnics; while others, restless and worn, came there to drink the waters and bathe in the hot springs which travel from their grim subterranean fountain into the pleasant valley.

Such invalids were too earnestly bent upon the hope of cure to pay much heed to Leo as they passed him on their way to the healing springs. These tired people would cross a pine-log bridge spanning the tearing river, sometimes singly, but oftener in little bands (for suffering, like joy, seeks fellowship), and disappear into the ravine, whose path is seldom lighted by the sun, so sheer the high rocks rise on either side. Only for one half-hour of the day do the waters of that torrent reflect the sun that burns the earth above. The springs' healing powers should be great indeed to match the terrible aspect of the place whence the waters issue. Three thousand feet above hangs the earth like a great dome, its crust pierced here and there, letting the sunlight in, and laced across with roots of rugged trees. One by one, along a slender bridge, the sick folk (tapers in hand) feel their way into this gnome world, the vapors

steaming from cavernous rocks, where for centuries, even as far back as the days of early Christians, generations of sufferers have come for healing.

But Leo's lot was not cast amongst these; his days were spent in the pursuit of pleasure or in enjoyment of serene content: he had not an ache nor a pain under his fine tan coat, as he lay with silky ears hanging heavily beside his haughty face, and sturdy paws spread before him.

He was listening lazily to the sweet notes of a stringed band as the music was wafted over beds of China-roses and ox-eye daisies, yellow and white. Now and then he snapped at a fly that seemed by its buzzing to disturb his meditations, but on the whole he was decidedly comfortable; the visitors did not trouble him as they strolled up and down, up and down, under the alcove where he lay or brushed the extreme tip of his tail as they swept long skirts upon the lawn. Most of the strollers spoke to Leo in passing,—“Dear old fellow,” “Nice Dog,” they said,—but he only blinked his brown eyes a little haughtily and took no further notice of these advances.

There was but one visitor at Ragatz whom Leo cared very much to see, and she was not his owner, neither had she any relations with him beyond those of instinctive attraction. She was better to him than mistress: she was the friend of his choice.

The lady was tall, thin, and dark, not like an English woman, although her name was English. Her features were dark and oriental, and her dark eyes overshadowed by masses of waving black hair; but the eyes were kindly, and her voice like sweet music, pleading and gentle. Around her there was ever a scent of magnolias, as with soft silk skirts she passed up and down the alcoves among her friends, not often speaking, but listening to the music, for she loved it.

She would toy with a silver heart that hung on the girdle at her side, while holding out a hand to pat the blunt head of the St. Bernard with her long delicate fingers. At first Leo had answered only by dreamily shutting his eyes with a look of content, but he could not long resist the lady's gentle ways: his dignified reserve broke down, and soon he might be seen delightedly wagging his tail at the first sign of the approach of the “lady of the silver heart.”

In course of time Leo began to be called the “dark lady's dog”; he shared with her many a dainty meal, when, away from the noise and heat of the *table-d'hôte*, she sat at the open window of her room, taking dinner alone. Or he followed her in long walks by the reedy banks of the river, and up the zigzag paths through the beech-

woods, where the squirrels dart in and out; and hiding himself cunningly from the servants, made his bed outside her door at night.

The summer came to an end; the apples were gathered in the orchard; the tinkling of cattle-bells grew less and less; the pomegranates in the garden-pots dropped scarlet flowers as their leaves turned to russet gold; the dancing fountain in the pleasure garden only trickled slowly over lazy fish in the marble basin below; and the black swan ceased to take his shower-bath beneath it, scattering timid ducks to right and left, as he had done when the sun made summer rainbows in the misty spray. The musicians put their instruments to bed. The time had come for visitors to leave the valley of cheerful plenty.

Poor Leo little knew the grief that was preparing for him, and he shook himself joyously as his dear lady held out her gloved hand one sunny morning, saying, “Come, old fellow, let us take our last walk together.”

Off he bounded in clumsy delight, pushing his friend against the portico. Down beside the river where grow the *Dornbeeren* with orange fruit,—the small birds' winter food,—along the tunnel bridge over the tumbling Rhine, and out into the nut-plantation, whence rose far-off voices of children as the young branches cracked before their eager footsteps.

Leo thought to himself it was the happiest run he had had for a long time, perhaps ever, and he tried to say this to his dear lady by sidling up to her and rubbing his sturdy coat against the Indian shawl she had wrapped about her, for although the sun shone, there was a keen wind blowing down the valleys. “We will come here again,” thought the dog, as they crossed a shaky little foot-bridge over the babbling stream.

The lady sat down to enjoy the picture of purple rushes fringing the water on one side, and the fields of russet-gold millet where the reapers worked. The women—their heads bound in blue kerchiefs—were turning the ground for its next year's burden of plenty, with glad health in the sway of their limbs; and the wind made rustling music in the fields of Indian corn.

“How beautiful!” she said aloud. “I wish I had a sixth sense to *feel* it all to the full. My dear dog, I wish you too could enjoy all this as I do”; and taking his sturdy head between her hands, she added, “Yes, I am sure I was right and my old governess wrong when she used to argue that my dogs and cats had no souls. Whether your soul, dear Leo, is quite your own, or only a transmigrated one, I don't know, but that you *have* a soul I am quite sure; and that it is further on the road to perfection than some

still inhabiting humanity, I am inclined to believe. Dear faithful old fellow, how I shall miss you!" and the petals of a rose in her shawl fell scattering around Leo, and even a beautiful tear fell with them. The dog whined in sympathy, put up a paw on the lady's arm, and pushing his heavy body against her, said plainly, "Get up. Why sadly lose time that might be enjoyed on the hills yonder?"

"I fear your soul never transmigrated from poet or artist, Leo, but rather from an athlete. Physical exercise seems your one idea of happiness." And the lady rose to go farther. But Fate had taken part against Leo's promised ramble. They were to return, and sorrowfully, for the silver heart he knew so well was missing from the lady's girdle. "Gone!" she exclaimed, running her hand down the chain. "Why did I not fasten it more securely? Surely I shall never be so fortunate as to find it a second time. See, Leo," she said, holding out the chain pendantless, "I have lost my heart. Go look for it"; and she turned herself cautiously about, lest the lost treasure should have lodged itself in some fold of her dress.

After sniffing about through the grass and fallen leaves, Leo gave himself a convincing shake and started off at a steady trot on the homeward road.

From the red kiosk of the little white-washed church, nestled in the village hard by, sounded the bell for vespers, echoed by the tinkling of the cattle, driven home by their child-guide; while the tumbling river gathered up the sounds, and carried them on with its own grand music. Clouds gathered, and rain fell more and more heavily, the wind soughed through the fields of wheat, and *showers* of starlings dropped from the poplars into the red gold reeds beneath.

The two trudged on,—Leo with steady pace and purpose; the lady, the victim of each shining stone and glittering leaf, losing hope with every fresh beguilement. Suddenly the dog hastened his pace and disappeared into the depths of a low, covered bridge which the hastening evening made dark and mysterious. At the extreme end of the tunnel he set to work scraping vigorously between the timbers, and the lady came up to him just in time to see her silver heart, loosened from the earth, drop between the planks into the sad-colored waters beneath.

She had scarcely realized what had happened before Leo was again at her side, the treasure in his mouth! It had fallen into the brink of the river among stones and reeds, and so escaped being swept away.

It would be difficult to say which was the greater, the dog's pride or the lady's gratitude, upon the recovery of the precious trinket.

"There," she said, dropping it into the bosom of her dress, "lie there, faithless heart, and learn not to throw yourself away so recklessly. I shall fasten you more securely in future; this is not the first time you have troubled me. Ah, Leo!" she said, "we might all take a lesson from you. But, come, we must trudge on, for it grows late, and this wind up the valley makes me shiver."

Things sad and happy, both must end; and so, much too soon for Leo's content, did this last walk with his dear lady. Next morning there was snow upon the mountains, far down into the valley, and days of cold comfort for our poor dog, for, with a loving embrace, the lady left him.

Poor fellow! he followed the carriage, with its jingling bells and grass-decked harness, as far as the railway station; then came the merciless whistle, and away went the train. Leo watched it tearing through the valley till lost in the mountain tunnel; then, sulky and dejected, he trudged back to the empty hotel. They were dreary days that passed while the "Hotel des Bains" was being put in order for its winter sleep; dreary to Leo, but not so to the workers. All labor seems happy in this land of plenty; outside in the valley men and women work on, regardless of weather; gardeners turning the earth, dressing the fruit-trees, weeding garden-beds; the saw and the hammer never idle, and unceasingly the cattle-bells tinkle; while within doors pretty Louise and her fellows, with white caps slung back ever so far from carefully coiled tresses, look as if the ceaseless scrubbing in which they have been employed for a week past were pure enjoyment.

Was there ever such rubbing and scrubbing? It did not cease even while the presiding genii took their meals. Such washing of floors, such polishing of paint and door-handles by the women, such cleaning of windows and beating of carpets by the men, and all directed under the smile of content. It was enough to give such grace to house-cleaning as would have satisfied George Herbert himself.

Leo prowled about the empty corridors between pails and brushes, his head hung down and his tail limp indeed. He knew quite well that he should not find his lady there, but an unquiet mood was upon him, and would not let him rest. Although Madame Vizinard, the hotel-keeper's wife, offered him choice morsels from her plate, and never forgot his liking for the bones of the *poulet*, which appeared without fail at the family supper, and although, so far as the busy season would allow, she spoke kindly to him as she passed from room to room inspecting the house-cleaning, Leo could not respond graciously. He pined after his lady of the soft dark eyes who had magic in



LEO AND THE LADY.

her voice; the stout, brisk little body, the tightly twisted hair, drawn back smooth and shining, the shrill voice and busy step of the hostess, could not charm away his melancholy.

Dogs' melancholy, like that of men, is sometimes unreasonable and ungrateful.

Last came the carpenters, with planks and nails. They hammered up windows and doors, to save

the bright paint from rain and snow, and Leo found himself left upon the door-step. Then the ghostly figure of the *Chef*, in white cap and garments, passed across the hall, and our dog was alone, the rain-drops from the portico dripping steadily over his coat. There he lay, looking sullenly down the avenue of autumn leaves, quite indifferent to the glories of their red and gold,

and wondering how on earth any dog, and above all a St. Bernard, could be expected to endure such a fate, when from force of old habit he found himself pricking up his ears at the sound of wheels upon the sodden gravel.

"New visitors!" he said to himself, his melancholy for the time replaced by curiosity. *Tinkle, tinkle*, they came, a carriage and four steaming horses, the feathered plumes upon their heads looking somewhat dragged after a day's journey from the snowy heights of Davos into the rain-watered plains below. *Click!* went the whip as the driver turned his horses sharply round the corner, and the carriage, of course, must follow, though there seemed to be but slender connection between it and the lightly harnessed team.

"Not coming here after all," thought Leo; and curiosity (which, like melancholy, is as strong in dogs as in men) mastering other feelings, he trotted off in the direction of the wheels. He had not far to follow the tinkling bells, for the horses had already stopped at Mr. Vizinard's private winter apartments, whither he and his family had migrated when carpenters took possession of the great hotel. On the doorstep stood a stranger wrapped in furs, who was talking cheerily to "mine host."

"He seems a fine fellow, and I shall value him," said the stranger, and he took out some gold coins from his pocket-book. "Fine coat; been clipped, I see, for the hot weather. I suppose you have had a good season here. As soon as I heard of the dog I determined to come thus far out of my way to bring him myself." "Who is he?" thought Leo, as he came close enough to sniff at the owner of the fur coat, without appearing to be too inquisitive. "What has he come for, so late in the year?" thought Leo.

"He seems friendly already," said the gentleman, giving the dog a kindly pat. "Will you come with us quietly, old fellow? or must we put you in a box, I wonder?"

Put *him*, Leo, a true St. Bernard, in a box! Never! And he turned haughtily away.

Then there sounded a voice from the carriage, calling, "Leo, Leo, let us be friends! What a beauty you are!" The voice sounded like his dear lady's. It spoke her language. Was it possible that he of the fur coat was going to the country of Leo's lost lady? These questions passed through the dog's brain; he turned, looked reluctantly back at the hotel, then a little distrustfully up into the stranger's face. Again that voice, so like his mistress's, — and yet, not altogether hers, — called him. He could resist no longer, and bounded into the carriage, where, after sundry fidgetings and twirlings among warm rugs, he felt himself at

ease, and with at least fresh hope in possibilities of movement.

It was not long before the carriage started. At first the novel motion made him restless; he barked, and had some thought of jumping out, but the encouragement of the lady's voice and the contents of a luncheon-basket reassured him; and by the end of their four-hours' journey Leo felt a philosophical content.

The place of their halt was not likely to conduce to good spirits either in dogs or men. The hotel called "Belle Vue," more with regard to sound than fact, was one of those bare summer buildings which have of late sprung up among the snowy Alps. Its chilly *salle à manger*, with gilded wall-paper, painted ceilings, and gas, in which half a dozen belated travelers gathered at the end of a table prepared for fifty guests (not with any hope of the arrival of these, but from an idea on the part of the *maitre d'hôtel* that this made business look more prosperous) — all this did not add to our dog's content, nor could he be induced to feed there; he made the round of the table, and then, with sulky tread, passed out into the garden. But here the prospect was no more encouraging. There stood the fountain that would be gay, but could not (for the water was only half turned-on); the paths weed-covered; the arbors that would be rustic, but were only spider-haunted; tubs planted with shrubs that had long since given up all thought of growth in so chill an atmosphere; and, most melancholy of all, a rustic aviary destitute of birds. The dog looked before him to the snow-clad hills; behind him, to the more distant snow, with shining threads of little hillside streams, not yet frozen in their winter sleep; on either side, up the valley to the little church upon the hill, and down the valley to the cavernous rocks where the road lay engulfed; and hope well-nigh died within him.

He was cold, hungry, and ill content. Things looked little hopeful; yet he felt a restless sensation of something better in store — something yet to track, which should restore his happiness. He wandered again into the hall, where stood a stuffed eagle, the melancholy and only survivor of the aviary in the garden. Leo looked up at it, gave a slight shudder, and trotted upstairs.

Of a sudden all was changed; faint hope turned to certainty! As a housemaid, passing hurriedly to prepare rooms for the new guests, flung open a door at the head of the stairs, Leo bounded in.

The faintest scent of magnolias was about the place, fragrance just enough to remind one amidst the snow hills and chilly air, that summer had once been possible.

"What a fuss that great dog makes," grumbled

the housemaid, who was the last of her race left in the cheerless hotel, the civility of whose inmates seemed to be frozen up for the winter, so little of hospitality was there amongst them. "If that pretty lady, who spoke a civil word to every one she came across, were still in this room, I would

hold of the golden thread of hope, and was reflecting upon the best means to make that hope certainty.

"Very well," said the housemaid, "I want my supper, so if you're not coming I'm not going to wait for you."



THE MAID SCOLDS LEO.

not mind being cooped up here all winter, even though she lay ailing on this very sofa as she did," and the bustling maid shook up the pillows, sending a scent as of summer flowers about the room; "but to have people coming with their great clumsy dogs about the place, at this time of year, keeping me slaving here when the rest have gone back to Lucerne, is not what I will endure another year. I'll not engage myself till the 'end of the season' again"; and with a farewell swish of her duster, she said, "Now you get up from the rug there; I've made all tidy for ladies and gentlemen, and not for a great dog like you."

But Leo only winked in his sleep; he had firm

Then she shut the door with a bang, and the sense of having done something disagreeable seemed greatly to soothe her irritated feelings.

Leo had made up his mind, remembering the gold pieces he had seen paid down by his time-being master, before he took possession of him. He had a strong conviction that the exercise of a little cunning would not be uncalled for in effecting his escape. Therefore when the lady and her husband came into the room, where the dog lay dreamily before the porcelain stove, he made no attempt to move; it was only when the serving of coffee brought with it some slight interruption, that he took occasion to slouch out of the room,

with an air as of accident, and with the secret determination never to return.

When once outside the place called "Belle Vue," Leo fell into a steady trot. Down the road, through the tunnel of cavernous rock, along the wooden bridge, swung from precipice to precipice above waters thundering and boiling, he went; for is it not true, "Over fords that are deepest, love will still find the way"? Through pine forests where the wind blew piercingly, over long deserted roads, down, ever down, into the valley lands where Nature looked kindlier than on the heights he had left.

At last, thoroughly tired out, under the archway of an old town, Leo rested. With sunrise all was astir. The people in the restaurants took down their shutters, from church towers rang a single bell for prayer. The women appeared in groups of two and three, under shelter of the roofed market-place, while a few workmen were already seated, sipping coffee beneath the ash-trees whose scarlet berries told of coming winter; but to-day it was St. Martin's summer in which those good folk were rejoicing.

Leo, who but a few days since had turned away in scorn from the proffered kindness of Madame Vizinard, was now driven to condescend to the manners of ordinary dogs; being very hungry, he, the proud St. Bernard, accepted alms in shape of bread and meat!

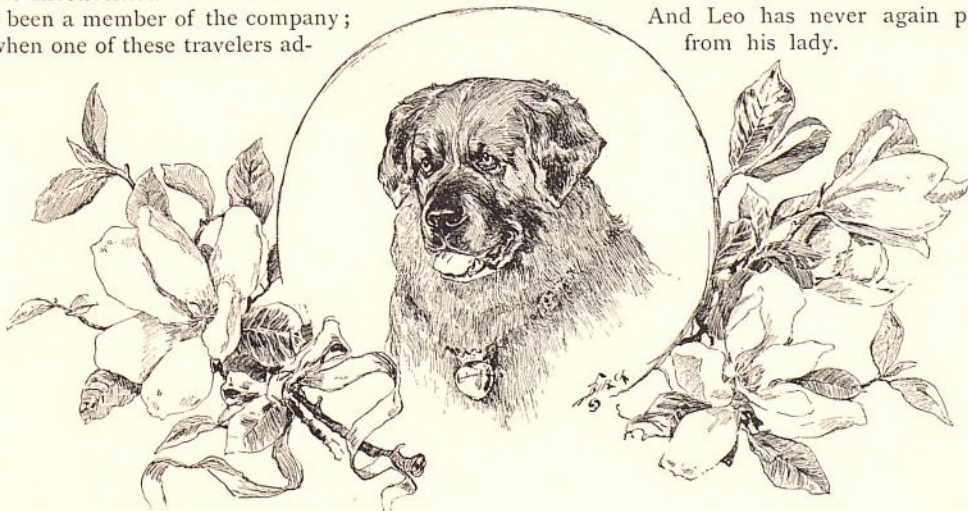
All regular carriages had ceased to run between these outlying Swiss towns, since the snow began to show itself low down on the mountains; only now and again a stray *voiture de retour* took its belated journey by the road leading to the French frontier.

It was one of these carriages that rolled past while Leo took his humiliating meal. No time was to be lost. Up he got and trotted after the strangers with as unconcerned an air as if he had always been a member of the company; but when one of these travelers ad-

ressed him in a patronizing tone, he turned his head away as if he and they were only accidentally following the same route, and his real object of interest was the fine scenery through which they passed. Notwithstanding this cynical reserve on his part, Leo never failed to appear with the carriage at each halt of the two-days' journey, when refreshment was in question. On passing the French frontier, however, he was constrained — magnolia flowers compelling him — to part with these late-found friends. Alone and weary, past battlemented towns, castles and bishops' palaces, broad pasture lands, where dappled cows grazed luxuriously, prosperous villages whence the people flocked to the grape-gathering, where stood the quiet oxen loaded with vats of rich juice, — past all these plodders, love leading him, Leo the faithful reached a noisy sea-port. There was little elasticity in his half-lame gait as he jog-trotted past, little pride in the heart once so haughty; but affection increased according to his devotion. Down the long *rue* with its inviting shops, through arcades of the fish market, past the quay where the people wrangled over cheapened wares; steadily ever onward, dodging between bales of goods, tram-trucks, and porters, down the steamboat ladder, into the boat itself and up to the feet of a lady who lay muffled in soft furs and half asleep in the most sheltered part of the deck, her thin hands toying with a silver heart that hung at her girdle.

"Not *you*, Leo? It can not be! Who brought you here? Did you know how ill your friend has been since we parted! You faithful dog!" And accepting his wild expressions of joy, the lady carressed him in return. Then taking the silver chain from her side, she fastened it round Leo's neck, saying, "He should wear the silver heart, who is faithful as St. Bernard!"

And Leo has never again parted from his lady.

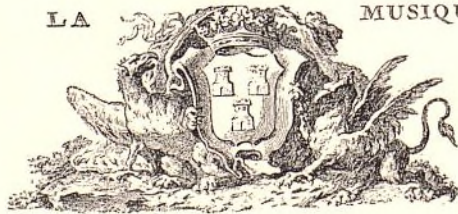




Carlo Venturo pinxit

J. B. Ponce del. 1766

LA MUSIQUE





LA MUSIQUE.

(On an old French Engraving.)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

LITTLE peers of olden France,—
Jaunty cap with plume adance,
Snow-white ruff, and careless curl,
Ear-drop, necklace, all of pearl !
Little lady, little knight,
Sing unto your hearts' delight,
Warbling clear, or humming low.
But it is not ours to know
What the words or what the notes
Tuned by your soft treble throats ;
Not a tone our ears can win
From the pleading violin,
And your fingers, as they poise
On the keys, awake no noise.
Dainty birds of long ago,
Only this we surely know :
Other children change and change,
Till their childish selves grow strange,
And their mothers softly sigh,
Seeing how the morn slips by ;
You three courtiers small and gay —
You will be the same always !
Never Time with his rough share
Comes to plow your foreheads fair ;
From all touch of changeful days
You were caught with your sweet lays ;
By the painter's loving skill
We may see and love you still ;
Blithe you were — and keep you so,
Dainty birds of long ago !



TEN WEEKS IN JAPAN.

BY MABEL LOOMIS TODD.



WHAT immortal school-boy was he who first noticed the curious fact that all the large rivers in his geography flowed past the largest cities?

Rivers may have this obliging peculiarity—but the various paths taken by total eclipses of the sun across the earth's surface, are far from following so desirable a precedent. Indeed, it often seems as if things that happen in the sky actually select the most out-of-the-way and inaccessible parts of the globe as the only points from which they will deign to be seen.

The longest total eclipse ever observed—with, I believe, one exception—was that of 1883, May 6th, during which totality lasted for nearly five minutes and a half. Its track was thousands of miles in length, but lay almost wholly across the Pacific Ocean. It touched land only on the outskirts of the Marquesas Islands—a barren reef being the only point available for setting up instruments.

Even these obstacles did not deter astronomers from observing this fine eclipse, and the Caroline Island, six miles long by one mile wide, has become famous in scientific annals.

Alaska, Labrador, the summit of Pike's Peak—are only a few of the points to which observers and instruments have been transported to view solar eclipses.

Transits of Venus, it is true, are visible over much larger areas than eclipses traverse, but astronomers go far apart from one another to observe them, in order that Venus shall be seen projected upon portions of the sun's disk as widely separated as possible. Then, after years of calculation, the distance of the sun from the earth can be found.

But this seeming coyness of eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, confers one advantage in the fact that while astronomers are scouring the earth for good observing positions, they are able to see many strange places—which the average tourist would never think of visiting merely for pleasure.

The path of an eclipse may be hundreds, or even thousands, of miles long, but it is only about one hundred miles wide usually; and any astronomer who wishes to get good observations of the total eclipse must place himself very nearly in the mid-

dle of this path. So there is a long line of points from which the sun is seen to be exactly covered by the moon,—not from all at the same time, but from one after another, as the moon's shadow trails along the surface of the earth.

The progress or track of a total eclipse is, in general, from west to east. That of August, 1887, in which totality lasted between three and four minutes, lay at first slightly north of east.

Beginning near Berlin early in the morning, crossing the Russian Empire and the Ural Mountains, it turned somewhat to the south, passing laterally through Siberia and over Lake Baikal. Then, veering more to the south, it left the Asiatic continent at Mantchooria, and after crossing the Sea and main island of Japan, it ended several hundred miles out in the Pacific Ocean, about two hours and a half of absolute time after beginning in Berlin.

The only parties sent out from the United States to observe this eclipse, were in charge of Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton, and of Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst. Professor Young went to Russia, near the beginning of the eclipse track; Professor Todd started in the opposite direction for Japan, to be near its termination.

The bright envelope of light which surrounds the darkened body of the sun during an eclipse is called the corona. If you look at the full moon through a window-screen, you will see rays of scattered light which look somewhat as the corona does—only they appear longer and much more regular than the real corona, which looks very different during different eclipses.

The corona is very faint, and it can never be seen, except while the moon hides the sun; and so astronomers have had only a small amount of time to study it. They are much puzzled to account for all that they see; but they have found a substance in it which is not known to exist on the earth, and which they have therefore agreed to call "coronium."

The corona is brightest near the edge of the sun, and this part of it may be a sort of atmosphere of the sun. The streamers or wisps of light, extending outward irregularly in almost every direction, are sometimes millions of miles in length, and seem to be due to a great variety of causes, possibly magnetic and electrical in part; but it seems cer-

tain that much of this light is reflected from the cloud of small bodies called meteors, which surround the sun.

Astronomers do not know whether this varies rapidly from hour to hour. And in addition to its greater duration than usual, this eclipse was a very favorable one for deciding this question by a comparison of photographs of the corona, taken about two hours apart.

Also, as the track lay across civilized countries, instead of barren water spaces, or through barbarous settlements, the telegraph was immediately available, whereby one astronomer could communicate at once with the other, in case anything of peculiar interest occurred.

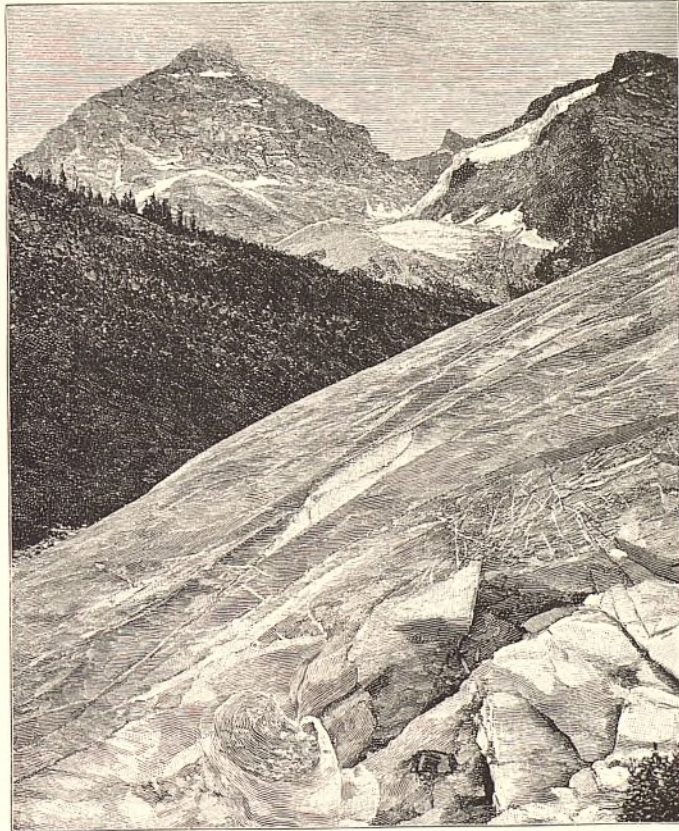
The party for Japan was to start early in June, and on the 31st of May, 1887, the first train had gone straight through from Montreal to Vancouver, on the Canadian Pacific line. No steamer had yet sailed for China and Japan from that far-away and almost unknown port, but the pioneer voyage was to be begun on June 20th, by the old steamer "Abyssinia." So we bought the first tickets which were sold from Boston to Yokohama by that route, and indeed sailed on this first steamer.

I must stop by the way long enough to speak of the scenery through which this railroad runs. It is interesting all the way, but the crowning delight of the journey comes during the last day or two in British Columbia—after the Rocky Mountains are reached. Four ranges are crossed in immediate succession,—the Rocky, Selkirk, Gold, and Cascade ranges,—while snow-covered peaks, enormous glaciers, mountain torrents leaping hundreds of feet at one bound and dissipating in spray long before they can reach the valley below, cañons of marvelous wildness and magnificence, make all those hours one bewildering series of grand and beautiful pictures. Switzerland itself can scarcely offer a parallel.

Through a noble ravine, unromantically known as "The Kicking-Horse Pass," the terrible power of fire had made havoc with acres of hemlock forest, even to the tops of some of the nearer mountains, where human foot has never trod. Its fatal breath had turned miles of greenery into a melancholy

black waste. Close at hand the charred bark had peeled off the still upright trunks, leaving them gloomily white—a sinister grove without life or beauty.

After so many hours and miles of grandeur, it was almost a relief to reach the little town of Yale at the head of navigation on the Fraser, after passing through its magnificent cañon. Here the river spreads out peacefully after its tumultuous descent through the mountains; and beyond this foreground comes the ethereal gleam of Mt. Baker—



A MOUNTAIN VIEW IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING PART OF GREAT GLACIER. (BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.)

snow-covered, and far away in Washington Territory. The vegetation through this region is almost rank in its luxuriance. Thickets of wild-roses, beds of purple lupine, solid masses of scarlet "painted-cups," and of nodding yellow lilies, lined the track.

The little city of Vancouver is now only about three years old. But there are six or eight thousand inhabitants, and much business and traffic. The "Abyssinia" started promptly, and we steamed out into a very infrequently-crossed portion of the Pacific Ocean. After gales, fog, and cold, we an-



RIDING IN JINRIKI-SHAS.

chored fifteen days later in the beautiful harbor of Yokohama.

Of the beginning of our experience in the "Land of the Rising Sun," I have only space to say that it seemed more like an animated fan or screen than anything real. Riding in *jinriki-shas* was endlessly entertaining, and I am obliged to confess that pity for the coolies who draw them does not extend far beyond the first day. These men are so eager for custom, and they run along in a sort of dog-trot apparently so easy and tireless, that the rider soon ceases to feel any troublesome compunctions, and heartily enjoys the novel conveyance.

After consulting many officials and meteorological records as to the location most likely to prove clear on the 19th of August, Professor Todd finally selected Shirakawa, a city more than a hundred miles from Tokio, near the center of the path where the eclipse would be total. To this city a railroad had just been completed. All the pleasant journey there, was picturesque with thatched

cottages,—many of the roofs gay with growing flowers,—rice-fields, ponds full of creamy lotus-blossoms, and cranes stalking about in marshes, or flying, as if for decorative effect, through the sunny air.

Upon our arrival we found ourselves objects of intense interest.

Our train was the first for passengers which went through to the little city, and the crowd at the station followed us all the way to the native hotel which became our first headquarters. Seated in a circle on the straw-matted floor, with our shoes left at the entrance (where an eager assembly examined them), we enjoyed one of our first purely Japanese meals. A vista of numerous rooms, partly separated from each other by sliding paper-screens, opened beyond us, ending at last in a cool, damp garden, full of flowers, stone lanterns, and a fountain. Each of us was provided with a tiny square table, about six inches high, upon which was placed a lacquer bowl of strange soup

containing an omelet, the bowl for rice with chopsticks, and other articles not easily to be described in words. Little maids, strikingly like the well-known trio of "Mikado" fame, served us smilingly, and seemed surprised that our ability to eat rice ceased with the third bowlful. But until one has become quite accustomed to the use of chopsticks, eating with them is a rather laborious operation — particularly helping one's self to soup.

Professor Todd had received from Count Oyama, the Japanese Secretary of War, permission to set up his instruments at the top of the old castle; and the next day we visited the beautiful ruin. The dwellings had been burned in the revolution of 1868; but three tiers of stone embankments, surrounded by a moat, rose picturesquely near the city. As we strolled up the grassy path, with insects buzzing and humming all about us, and the peaceful sunshine lying silently over the grim

sort of opposing element struggled for the mastery — stoutly-repelled but ever-advancing modern thought, hatred toward foreigners, noble desire for the best ideas and civilization, Buddhism, Shinto-worship and Christianity; while through it all the forces of Shogun and Mikado battled unto death.* But out of this revolution, and the ideas which stood behind it, came light and progress and "new Japan," eager for knowledge and full of splendid, far-reaching ambition.

For three hundred years the old gray walls have looked down upon the town eighty feet below, and upon the vivid green rice-fields, stretching away to distant mountains. The moat flows darkly around, reflecting the sky and the massive masonry above. A portion of it is overgrown with the magnificent leaves and blossoms of the pink lotus; and yet another part is now a profitable rice-plantation.

Picturesque gnarled pines are rooted here and



JAPANESE ARTISTS ORNAMENTS LANTERNS.

stone-walls, it was hard to imagine that only twenty years before had been fought here a bloody battle, as this last stronghold of the once all-powerful Shoguns fell before the Mikado's conquering forces.

Bitter times were those stormy years, when every

there, and over the whole ruin run ivy and swinging festoons of white wild-roses.

Carpenters and coolies were soon at work setting the instruments and making the houses to cover them; and on every clear night careful observations of stars were made with the transit in-

* See "Great Japan: The Sunrise Kingdom," St. Nicholas for November.

strument having some special attachments, which gave us our latitude, or distance from the earth's equator, as well as accurate local time. The latter was compared with the local time at the Ob-

ure in relief, of a horse, appeared to be the only distinctive manufacture. The reeling of silk seemed the chief occupation of the women. In nearly every house could be seen young girls plunging their hands into basins of hot water for the white cocoons which floated about in the steaming bath.



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

servatory in Tokio, which told us how far east we were from Greenwich, the world's prime meridian. All these preliminaries, with many others, were necessary to make available future observations of the eclipse.

In the mean time, a few excursions about the town proved that there was little of interest in the shops. A heavy sort of porcelain, made not far away, which showed upon every piece either the outline or fig-

ure in relief, of a horse, appeared to be the only distinctive manufacture. These curious coins are seldom seen in the larger cities frequented by foreigners.

The Japanese inn was finally abandoned for the tents on the castle, and during five weeks we camped out in a truly Bohemian fashion, very attractive to those not burdened with pretentious conventionality.

How our cook was able to provide us with dinners of several courses from a combination of the

* Kuruma is defined as carriage, or cart, or chariot. Jinriki-sha is a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a man. The words are used interchangeably.

painfully deficient material to be found in the town and the "tinned" articles which we received from San Francisco and England, through Yokohama, was always a mystery. But he was a Japanese and had resources of which we knew not. It was always with a feeling of delightful security that we approached our tent dining-room, and "Cook-san" never disappointed us. We did make an effort toward freedom from condensed milk, and engaged the one man in the town known to own a cow to bring us fresh "*chichi*." Several days passed, and he did not come. Inquiries for a week brought out the information that our milkman owned only "one piece cow," and he could not supply us. His regrets were accompanied by a magnificent spray of tall white lilies.

have much silver in their composition, which may account for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be so or not, the bells make a profound impression upon all sensitive or musical organizations, heretofore accustomed to the more discordant church-bells of a newer civilization.

And never did the lovely temple-bell in Shirakawa ring out so sadly and deliciously as one night when a great fire laid waste a portion of the city. Thirty or forty houses made a fine blaze for two or three hours, and we watched it from the castle wall with pity and interest. The crackling of the flames as they licked up one little thatched roof after another, was terribly audible; so, too, were the helpless cries and shouts of the surrounding crowd — while the red cinders were whirled far aloft,



QUIET ENJOYMENT.

The bells of Japan are among its loveliest possessions. One of the sweetest of them rang out many times every day into the waiting air, in this far-away little city. Its tone was intensely thrilling and pathetic. The bells are not sounded by a clapper within, but are struck from the outside by a sort of wooden arm, or battering-ram. Being withdrawn to the proper distance and released, it strikes the bell once — and the strokes are allowed to succeed one another only with a dignified and stately regularity. Tradition says the finest bells

and fell even around us. But through the confusion and tumult, the calm bell rang out its indescribably beautiful note — in quicker succession than usual, but losing none of its dignity and sweetness, for all the discordant sounds so near.

The music in Japan, however, is far from being melodious. Nearly everything is in a minor key, E-minor being apparently the favorite. It is all equally chaotic and unintelligible to foreign ears, from the weird songs of the workmen as they chant in unison, to the elaborate pieces performed by



THE CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION.

ladies upon the *koto*,* accompanied by the voice. There being much yet to be done in Shirakawa upon the new railroad, gangs of twenty or thirty coolies were busy all day in heavy labor of all sorts. At their work they sang and shouted together upon three notes, which at last became nearly unendurable. I observed in many places the song or chant of laborers, and this one unchanged succession of sounds was, I believe, peculiar to this particular region. I have written it out in notes as well as it can be so expressed — but there is a weird, nasal intonation which it is impossible to transcribe :



and so on, day in and day out. I think these three notes, sung thus, contained more melody, or "tune," as children say, than anything else I heard in Japan. In some places the laborers ended invariably on the second of the scale — at others on the seventh, both of which actually wear one out,

mentally, waiting for the restful tonic which never comes.

The officials and other dignitaries of the city and surrounding region were exceedingly attentive and polite, sending presents continually, and doing many graceful things to make our stay agreeable. One evening several of these gentlemen paid us a visit, bringing with them three musicians and a dancing-girl.

The *koto* was not used on this occasion; the *samisen*, a smaller three-stringed instrument, played with an ivory spatula; and the *kokyū*, held like a banjo, but played with a big bow like that of the double-bass; and a flute, constituted their equipment, accompanied by singing. The young girl who danced for us was graceful and attractive; her posturing, performances with a fan, and the stamp of her bare little heels in a sort of rhythm with the music were pretty and skillful. The names of two or three of the pieces played for us show how largely nature and flowers enter into the thought of the Japanese, "Harusame" (Spring Shower); "Umenimo-Harus" (Spring Falls on Plum-blossoms); "Haru-hana" (Spring Flower). And flowers are everywhere — in every tiny gar-

* A 13-stringed harp, or zither, about six feet long, and played as it lies upon the floor, instead of being held upright.

den, often thickly blossoming in the roof-thatch, and filling the meadows and roadsides. I once saw an immense squash-vine, covered with its yellow flowers, trained from the ground quite over a little house, hiding it completely from passers in the road.

The shops and smaller houses in Shirakawa were also very hospitable to swallows, whose nests frequently hung from the low ceilings just above our heads, and as we bargained for some bit of porcelain or lacquer, the birds would flutter in and out, perfectly fearless and at home.

Royal purple Canterbury-bells crowned the castle walls; "sun-tanned" yellow lilies and clematis disputed every thicket with the swinging white roses, while the pink lotus reigned over them all. Some of the neighboring ponds were full of the tiny, scentless, white water-lily and the rank yellow pond-lily, and moist places abounded in small, feathery, white orchids. There was also a very superb lobelia, almost exactly like our own cardinal flower, except that its color was the richest purple. All these beautiful things were endlessly attractive to paint, and I spent many hours in the entrance of my tent, at work on their dainty curves and colors.

One of our boys brought up to me one morning



ONE KIND OF STRAW RAIN-COAT.



HAIR-DRESSING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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a superb group of lotus-flowers, buds, picturesque seed-vessels, and leaves, in which each stem was carefully tied with a string just above where it had been cut. They are thus kept fresh longer.

These regal flowers were at least six feet high, and I had no canvas large enough for them. At last I thought of the *mino*, or straw "rain-coats," several of which I had bought to serve as mats about the tent. Taking a fresh one, I had it tacked up before me at once, and upon that improvised background I painted the queenly flowers and their huge, surrounding leaves.

The greatest interest in these paintings seemed to animate all the Japanese about the place. From the white-robed police who guarded the castle entrances, to the coolies who brought water through the day, all, at one time or another, would stop and look on as I worked, so that I rarely painted without an audience.

Among the water-carriers was one poor creature who, from his entire lack of personal comeliness, was noticeable even among his companions—none of whom possessed physical graces to any marked degree. His garments of dark-blue cotton were older—not to say fewer—than those of the rest, and he had a singularly retreating, expressionless chin, which was still further over-



SELLING TEA-POTS AND OTHER METAL UTENSILS.

shadowed by the straw band which held upon his head his queer little round hat. We wickedly christened him the "Missing Link"; and, truly, no mortal seemed ever to embody that title so fully. He was a picture of forlorn, hopeless poverty and subjection as he toiled up the steep path, bearing across his shoulders the yoke from each end of which hung the wooden buckets of sparkling water. (Clear, pure, safe water was one of our compensations at Shirakawa.)

And yet, this poor specimen of humanity, hardly a man, began at once to show the most intense and absorbing interest in each flower-painting. After every trip with his buckets he would come to my tent—timidly at first, then advancing nearer, as I showed no displeasure. There he would stand, watching eagerly, almost thirstily, until, remembering his yoke, he would start away abruptly, only to come panting up the hill again to see what had been added in his absence.

During the two mid-day hours, when all the laborers rested and took their lunch, this coolie sat in the shade of a particular bush near by, with his little bowl of rice, often making excursions to my

tent, even if I were not still painting, to look through the opening at the various studies pinned around the sides. Often at such times he acted as showman and general guide to the other workmen—they standing in a circle about him as he pointed out one thing after another. I watched him on many a sultry noontide from the shade of a large tree not far away, and I could see his poor face fairly glow with enthusiasm as he talked to his audience in a perfect whirl of Japanese.

I asked our interpreter one day what the man was talking about.

"Oh!" said he with a slight shrug, "that's only an eccentric coolie admiring your flowers, and telling his friends how you did them and which he likes best."

One morning this poor water-carrier came up to me rather shyly with a great bunch of beautiful wild-flowers in his hand, which, with a word or two, he presented "for *okusan* [madam] to paint."

I thanked him as well as my meager Japanese permitted, and put the flowers in water, at which he seemed gratified and went away. After that his floral offerings were frequent, as well as his exhibi-

tions of the studies to others. But it seemed as if the water-buckets grew daily heavier for him—sometimes he would come up to the tents only once or twice during the day, and I often saw him resting in the shade on the upward path.

“Coolie sick,” replied one of my servants who had mastered a few words of English, when I asked about him. The last time I saw the poor “Missing Link,” he had toiled up with his buckets and a splendid tangle of wild pea-vines, whose large purple clusters hung down richly from a mass of green. These he brought to me, his face lighting up once more as I thanked him, while he looked about at the different pictures. Then the usual stolid heaviness settled over his uncouth features, and he returned away, going heavily down the grassy path, and around the corner of the old stone wall. He never came back again.

One of my last excursions in the neighborhood was a pleasant *jinriki-sha* ride of five miles to the base of a high hill,—or mountain, as it might more properly be called,—at the top of which was an ancient Buddhist temple to the horse-headed *Kiwanon*, Goddess of Mercy. Leaving our men and *kuruma* below, we began the climb, which, although steep, was very lovely, through sunny woods full of flowers, past quaint little shrines, with constant views of a blue and hazy distance.

At the top we found the small temple of unpainted wood, which, standing high up against the sky, had long been a familiar landmark from the castle. It was richly carved, and weather-stained to a silvery gray color. Within, the ornaments were rather cheap and uninteresting, being chiefly pictures of horses in every imaginable attitude—some fully painted, others merely sketched in outline on pine boards. Outside, in a shrine, stood a life-sized figure of a horse. Stone lanterns, partly moss-grown, and a large bell completed the visible equipment—all of which was charmingly overshadowed by fine old Japanese cedars, which grow to a great height.

The ministering priest at this lonely altar—a man with a cleanly-shaved head and fine face—approached us by a shady path, his thin robes of black and green catching the welcome breeze. My companion wished to purchase one of the horse-pictures from the interior as a memento of the temple, to which the priest at once consented, seeming well pleased with the handful of coin which he received for his complaisance.

When we reached the little town at the foot of the mountain, on our homeward way, all the inhabitants came out to see us—some offering flowers, while an old lady presented us with hot ears of roasted sweet-corn on a pretty tray, which



A JAPANESE SHOE-SHOP.

were very appetizing after our long walk. One little boy ran to me, holding out a large locust, somewhat like a katydid, which makes a most unmelodious screaming, much to the edification of its hearers. These little creatures can be bought in cages for a few *sen*, and children often keep them as pets.

Twilight fell during the homeward ride, and each coolie lighted his little paper lantern as we sped on into the early evening. Against the

examine us in our various trips, had an expression of absorbing interest upon their faces, such as they might have worn on seeing some strange but not unamiable animal. As long as we appeared not to notice their gaze this expression continued. But the instant we smiled or showed any consciousness of their nearness, the faces looked startled, smiles disappeared, while curiosity and wide-eyed surprise, not unmingled with apprehension, filled their features. It was much as if a toy elephant should unexpectedly nod or speak.

As the time for the eclipse drew near, the number of visitors to the castle greatly increased, and the preparations, extended through long weeks, received their final touches. At last the 19th of August dawned,—“the great, the important day,”—ushered in with the clearest of skies and the most radiant sunbeams. Twenty or thirty of the guards, in snowy dresses, watched the castle and all its entrances, and none except the specially invited guests were admitted. The instruments were carefully adjusted for instant use, and, in spite of the torrid heat, we were all astir with eager anticipation. The guests quietly gathered in the open space below the instruments, and a subdued hum of pleasant conversation filled the hot noontide. The eclipse was to begin at thirty-seven minutes after two o'clock. About



A GLIMPSE OF A JAPANESE HOME.

yellow sky, flat-topped pines stood boldly outlined, while nearer by we caught glimpses of many a picturesque interior. In these little thatched houses a square hole in the polished floor held a few sticks burning brightly and casting a ruddy light on the surrounding household group. A kettle hung above the fire, and the brown faces and limbs of the family, as well as the little china bowls out of which they were all eating rice, caught the flickering light as it danced in warm tints about the poor little room.

The children, who frequently stood in groups to

an hour before this, a delicate little white cloud floated up toward the zenith and spread very quietly over the bright, blue sky, until even the visitors began to look upward, with some fear lest the afternoon might be only partly clear after all. And that little white cloud not only grew into great size itself, but it was joined by other and darker ones from all directions, which, as they seemed to gain confidence from numbers and blackness, soon shut out the sun completely and spread consternation over every face around us. The beginning of the



THE UNITED STATES ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN, 1887. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

eclipse was not seen at all, but we caught a few glimpses of the sun afterward—a gradually narrowing crescent.

As it became apparent that my part of the work—which was to draw the filmy, outermost streamers of the corona—could not be done, I left my appointed station and hastened to the upper castle wall. Here, standing near the instruments, I watched the strange landscape under its gray shroud. Even inanimate things seem endowed at times with a terrible life of their own, and this deliberate, slow-moving pall of cloud seemed a malignant power, not to be evaded. At the instant of totality a darkness and silence like that of death fell upon the castle and the town and all the world around.

Not a word was spoken: the very air

about us was motionless, as if all nature were in sympathy with our suspense. The useless instruments outlined their fantastic shapes dimly against the massing clouds, and a weird chill fell upon the earth. Darker and still darker it grew. Every trace

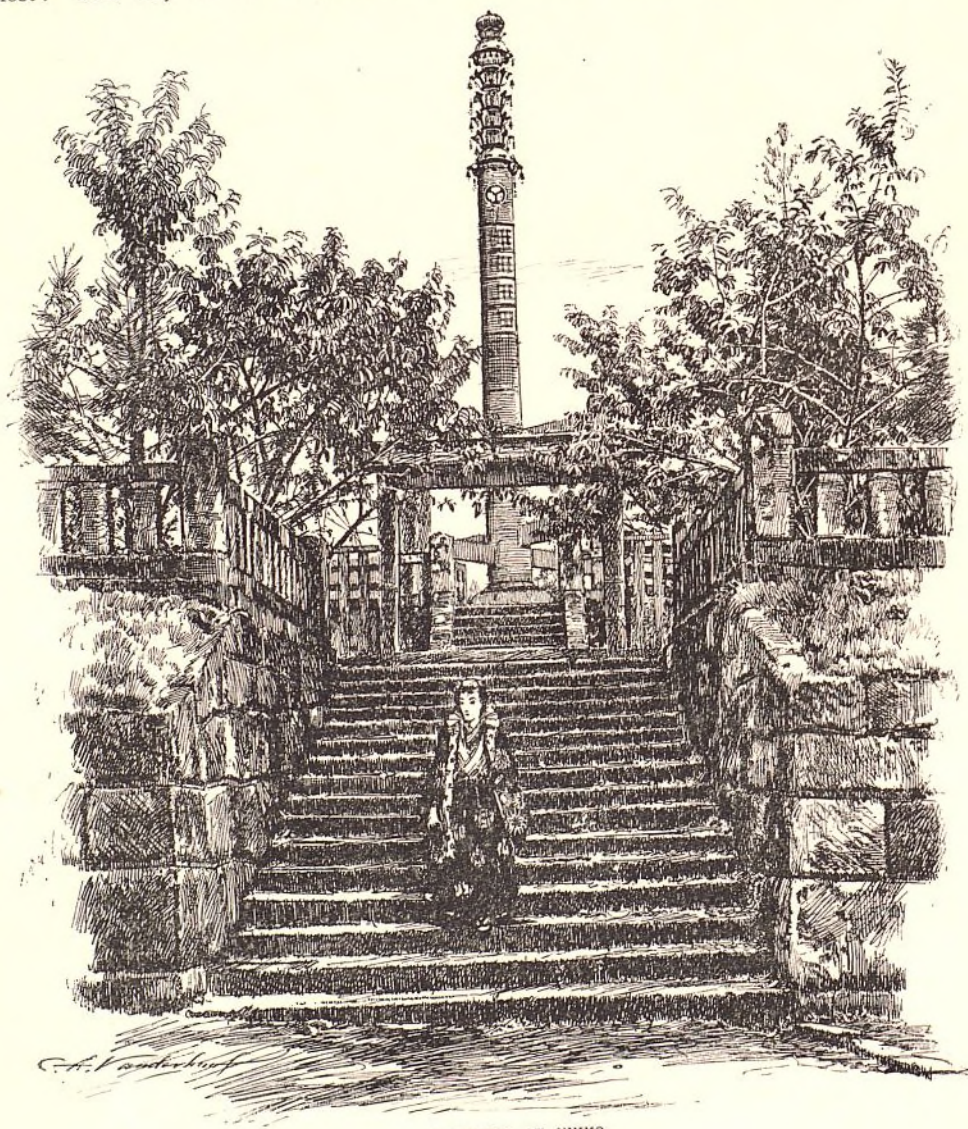


NEAR VIEW OF CERTAIN ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, IN POSITION.

of color fled from the world. Cold, dull ashen-gray covered the face of nature; and a low rumble of thunder muttered ominously on the horizon. Even at that supreme moment my thoughts flew backward over the eight thousand miles of land and stormy ocean already traveled, the ton of telescopes brought with such care, the weeks of patient waiting at the old castle,—all that long journey and those great preparations for just these three minutes of precious time, which were now slipping away so fast.—And already they were gone! One sharp, brilliant ray of sunshine flashed down upon us. Totality was over—and lost! This tiny rift in the clouds showed

the slender edge of the sun for a second and was gone. And a profound sigh, as of great nervous tension relieved, came up from the crowd below. The calamity was too great to be measured at once, and it was some minutes before we cared to speak. We had trusted Nature, and she had failed us, and our sense of helplessness was overwhelming.

Every astronomical student now knows how the track of this ill-fated eclipse was followed by clouds all along its course, and how totality and the wished-for corona were hidden by clouds from nearly all the eager eyes and waiting instruments through its entire length. But an astronomer must



A TEMPLE AT NIKKO.



FUJI-SAN, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN, AS SEEN FROM OMIYA VILLAGE.

be philosophic; and our astronomer nobly displayed this quality.

And so, gradually, our visitors left us, and the sound of demolishing and packing was heard on the hill. The tents were folded, and the party dispersed.

I stayed for a few days at lovely Nikko, of which the Japanese proverb says, "Let no one who has not seen Nikko pronounce the word beautiful." Here are the tombs of *Iyéyasu*, the first *Shogun* and founder of Yeddo, and of *Iyemitsu*, with innumerable temples, mountains, springs, and torrents, and a beauty and verdure of foliage almost beyond description. Leading to it from the railway station at *Utsunomiya* is an avenue twenty-five miles long, shadowed all the way by evergreens, through whose interlacing boughs, more than one hundred feet above, the sunbeams can scarcely penetrate to the traveler, rolling easily along in his *jinriki-sha*. This avenue is a portion of the road by which the old *daimios*, or nobles, used to make their pilgrimages once a year to Nikko, and was built for them hundreds of years ago.

As Professor Todd was to make another expedition for astronomical observation to the summit of *Fuji-san*, or *Fuji-yama*, the great sacred mountain, a time only long enough for necessary preparation was now spent in Tokio. But during those few days I saw many interesting things, among others a place where the rich and heavy wall-papers for which Japan is famous were made. The thick paper has the design stamped upon it in relief while it is yet white. Over this are laid by hand and patted firmly down, small sheets of silver foil. When a certain length has been covered with the shining leaf, it is taken to another room and overlaid with transparent yellow varnish, which makes it look like bright, rich gold. If the background is to be a different color from the design a perforated pattern exactly covering the design is laid over it. Upon this the paint is dabbed with brushes by young girls standing at a long table. The figures being protected, as I have said, the color reaches only the background, and the gold leaves or flowers or butterflies then stand out clearly upon dark red or other color. In a further room more young girls were filling up rough edges of the out-

line with their brushes dipped in the background color. When the paint is dry, another coat of the clear but most ill-smelling varnish is added, and the whole hung up to harden. Many of the designs were very rich and decorative, and I was interested in seeing several with which I had become familiar through Japanese papers imported into America, and in observing the difference as to price and length of roll here and at home.

After the wonderful trip to the top of Fuji — which was an event for a life-time — the remainder of our visit in Japan was spent socially and delightfully in the capital and at Yokohama. But all too soon our steamer sailed from that fascinating land.

After picking up somewhere in the gray wastes of the Pacific Ocean the day which, as all young students of geography will readily understand, we had dropped at the 180th meridian in going over, we found ourselves once more in Vancouver, which seemed to have grown as with years since we had been away.

The royal mountains were clothed in autumn reds and yellows, and it was America! Even this remote corner of British Columbia was home, and we sped across its beauties and through all the days thereafter, until the satisfaction of the general home-coming became the bright particular welcome which warms the heart.



If I'd been born across the seas,
In a little house of clean bamboo,
Among the flowering cherry-trees; —
If I'd been fed on fish and rice,
The queerest nuts that ever grew,
And all the different sorts of teas; —
If I'd been used to a jinriki-sha,
And never seen a railroad car,
Perhaps it would n't seem so nice
To be a Japanese!

But "Mary Jane" does sound so plain,
Compared with "Neo Ina Yan";
And such a place as "Jones's Creek"
(That 's where I live and must remain)
Could not be found in all Japan!

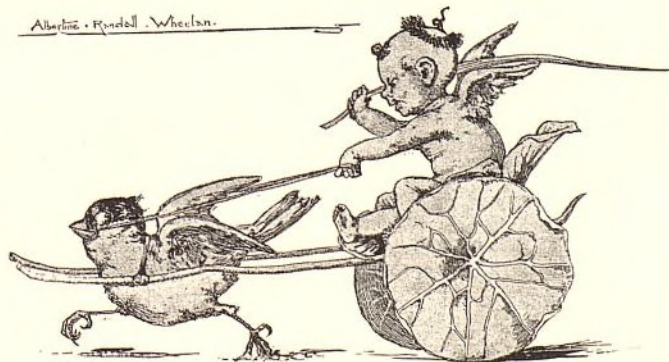
Instead of "Pike's" or "Skinner's Peak,"
Of Fuji-yama there they speak —
The Sacred Mountain by the seas.
How elegant geographies
Must be in Japanese!

We have such very common things,
Like pigs in pens, and coops of hens,
Round corner-stores that smell of cheese;
While they have storks, with spreading wings,
That live among the reedy fens.
Their girls have paper parasols
And painted fans, as well as dolls;
They wade in flowers to their knees,
And live a life of joyous ease,
The happy Japanese.



Yet Mamma would n't be the same
 With beady eyes and funny name,
 And might not care so much for me.
 And — come to think — they never can
 Have any Christmas in Japan!
 They worship curiosities,

Great metal idols, made by man
 About the time the world began.
 So, on the whole, I'd rather be
 A little, plain American; —
 An *imitation*, if you please,
 Not *truly* Japanese.





BICEPS GRIMLUND'S CHRISTMAS VACATION

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.



one great question which Albert Grimlund was debating was fraught with unpleasant possibilities. He could not go home for the Christmas vacation, for his father lived in Drontheim, which is so far away from Christiania, that it was scarcely worth while making the journey for a mere two-weeks' holiday. Then, on the other hand, he had an old great-aunt who lived but a few miles from the city and who, from conscientious motives, he feared, had sent him an invitation to pass Christmas with her. But he thought Aunt Elsbeth a very tedious person. She had a dozen cats, talked of nothing but sermons and lessons, and asked him occasionally, with pleasant humor, whether he got many whippings at school. She failed to comprehend that a boy could not amuse himself forever by looking at the pictures in the old family Bible, holding yarn, and listening to oft-repeated stories, which he knew by heart, concerning the doings and sayings of his grandfather. Aunt Elsbeth, after a previous experience with her nephew, had come to regard boys as rather a reprehensible kind of animal, who differed in many of their ways from girls, and altogether to the boys' disadvantage.

Now, the prospect of being "caged" for two weeks with this estimable lady was, as I said, not at all pleasant to Albert. He was sixteen years old, loved outdoor sports, and had no taste for cats. His chief pride was his muscle, and no boy ever made his acquaintance without being invited to feel the size and hardness of his biceps. This was a standing joke in the Latin-school, and Albert was generally known among his companions as

"Biceps" Grimlund. He was not very tall for his age, but broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with something in his glance, his gait, and his manners which showed that he had been born and bred near the sea. He cultivated a weather-beaten complexion, and was particularly proud when the skin "peeled" on his nose, which it usually did in the summer-time during his visit to his home in the extreme north. Like most blonde people, when sunburnt he was red, not brown; and this became a source of great satisfaction, when he learned that Lord Nelson had the same peculiarity. Albert's favorite books were the sea romances of Captain Marryat, whose "Peter Simple" and "Midshipman Easy" he held to be the noblest products of human genius. It was a bitter disappointment to him that his father forbade his going to sea and was educating him to be a "landlubber," which he had been taught by his boy associates to regard as the most contemptible thing on earth.

Two days before Christmas, Biceps Grimlund was sitting in his room, looking gloomily out of the window. He wished to postpone as long as possible his departure for Aunt Elsbeth's country-place, for he foresaw that both he and she were doomed to a surfeit of each other's company during the coming fortnight. At last he heaved a deep sigh and languidly began to pack his trunk. He had just disposed of the dear Marryat books on top of his starched shirts when he heard rapid footsteps on the stairs, and the next moment the door burst open, and his classmate Ralph Hoyer rushed breathlessly into the room.

"Biceps," he cried, "look at this! Here is a letter from my father, and he tells me to invite one of my classmates to come home with me for the vacation. Will you come? Oh, we shall have grand times, I tell you! No end of fun!"

Albert, instead of answering, jumped up and danced a jig on the floor, upsetting two chairs and breaking the pitcher.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "I'm your man. Shake hands on it, Ralph! You have saved me from two weeks of cats and yarn and moping! Give us your paw! I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life."

And to prove it, he seized Ralph by the shoulders, gave him a vigorous whirl and forced him to join in the dance.

"Now, stop your nonsense," Ralph protested, laughing; "if you have so much strength to waste, wait till we are home in Solheim, and you'll have opportunities to use it profitably."

Albert flung himself down on his old recovered sofa. It seemed to have some internal disorder, for its springs rattled and a vague musical twang indicated that something or other had snapped. It had seen much maltreatment, that poor old piece of furniture, and bore visible marks of it. When, after various exhibitions of joy, their boisterous delight had quieted down, both boys began to discuss their plans for the vacation.

"But I fear my groom may freeze, down there in the street," Ralph ejaculated, cutting short the discussion; "it is bitter cold, and he can't leave the horses. Hurry up, now, old man, and I'll help you pack."

It did not take them long to complete the packing. Albert sent a telegram to his father, asking permission to accept Ralph's invitation, but, knowing well that the reply would be favorable, did not think it necessary to wait for it. With the assistance of his friend he now wrapped himself in two overcoats, pulled a pair of thick woolen stockings over the outside of his boots and a pair of fur-lined top-boots outside of these, girded himself with three long scarfs, and pulled his brown otter-skin cap down over his ears. He was nearly as broad as he was long when he had completed these operations, and descended into the street where the big double-sleigh (made in the shape of a huge white swan) was awaiting them. They now called at Ralph's lodgings, whence he presently emerged in a similar Esquimau costume, wearing a wolf-skin coat which left nothing visible except the tip of his nose and the steam of his breath. Then they started off merrily with jingling bells, and waved a farewell toward many a window wherein were friends and acquaintances. They felt in so jolly a mood that they could not help shouting their joy in the face of all the world, and crowing over all poor wretches who were left to spend the holidays in the city.

II.

SOLHEIM was about twenty miles from the city, and it was nine o'clock in the evening when the

boys arrived there. The moon was shining brightly, and the milky way, with its myriad stars, looked like a luminous mist across the vault of the sky. The aurora borealis swept down from the north with white and pink radiations which flushed the dark blue sky for an instant, and vanished. The earth was white, as far as the eye could reach — splendidly, dazzlingly white. And out on the white radiance rose the great dark pile of masonry, called Solheim, with its tall chimneys and dormer windows and old-fashioned gables. Round about stood the great leafless maples and chestnut-trees, sparkling with frost and stretching their gaunt arms against the heavens. The two horses, when they swung up before the great front door, were so white with hoar-frost that they looked shaggy like goats, and no one could tell what was their original color. Their breath was blown in two vapory columns from their nostrils and drifted about their heads like steam about a locomotive.

The sleigh-bells had announced the arrival of the guests, and a great shout of welcome was heard from the hall of the house, which seemed alive with grown-up people and children. Ralph jumped out of the sleigh, embraced at random half a dozen people, one of whom was his mother, kissed right and left, protesting laughingly against being smothered in affection, and finally managed to introduce his friend, who for the moment was feeling a trifle lonely.

"Here, Father," he cried. "Biceps, this is my father; and, Father, this is my Biceps —"

"Why, what stuff you are talking, boy," his father exclaimed. "How can this young fellow be your biceps —"

"Well, how can a man keep his senses in such confusion?" said the son of the house. "This is my friend and classmate, Albert Grimlund, *alias* Biceps Grimlund, and the strongest man in the whole school. Just feel his biceps, Mother, and you'll see."

"No, I thank you. I'll take your word for it," replied Mrs. Hoyer. "Since I intend to treat him as a friend of my son should be treated, I hope he will not feel inclined to offer any proof of his muscularity."

When, with the aid of the younger children, the travelers had peeled off their various wraps and overcoats, as an onion is peeled, they were ushered into the old-fashioned sitting-room. In one corner roared an enormous, many-storied, iron stove. It had a picture in relief, on one side, of Diana the Huntress, with her nymphs and baying hounds. In the middle of the room stood a big table and in the middle of the table a big lamp, about which the entire family soon gathered. It was so cosy and homelike that Albert, before he had been

half an hour in the room, felt gratefully the atmosphere of mutual affection which pervaded the house. It amused him particularly to watch the little girls, of whom there were six, and to observe their profound admiration for their big brother. Every now and then one of them, sidling up to him while he sat talking, would cautiously touch his ear or a curl of his hair; and if he deigned to take any notice of her, offering her, perhaps, a perfunctory kiss, her pride and pleasure were charming to witness.

Presently the signal was given that supper was ready, and various savory odors, which escaped, whenever a door was opened, served to arouse the anticipations of the boys to the highest pitch. Now, if I did not have so much else to tell you, I should stop here and describe that supper. There were twenty-two people who sat down to it; but that was nothing unusual at Solheim, for it was a hospitable house, where every wayfarer was welcome, either to the table in the servants' hall or to the master's table in the dining-room.

III.

AT the stroke of ten, all the family arose, and each in turn kissed the father and mother good-night; whereupon Mr. Hoyer took the great lamp from the table and mounted the stairs, followed by his pack of noisy boys and girls. Albert and Ralph found themselves, with four smaller Hoyers, in an enormous low-ceiled room with many windows. In three corners stood huge canopied bedsteads, with flowered-chintz curtains and mountainous eider-down coverings which swelled up toward the ceiling. In the middle of the wall, opposite the windows, a big iron stove, like the one in the sitting-room (only that it was adorned with a bunch of flowers, peaches, and grapes, and not with Diana and her nymphs), was roaring merrily, and sending a long red sheen from its draught-hole across the floor.

Around the great warm stove the boys gathered (for it was positively Siberian in the region of the windows), and while undressing played various pranks upon each other, which created much merriment. But the most laughter was provoked at the expense of Finn Hoyer, a boy of fifteen, whose bare back his brother insisted upon exhibiting to his guest; for it was decorated with a fac-simile of the picture on the stove, showing roses and luscious peaches and grapes in red relief. Three years before, on Christmas Eve, the boys had stood about the red-hot stove, undressing for their bath, and Finn, who was naked, had, in the general scrimmage to get first into the bath-tub, been pushed against the glowing iron, the ornamentation of which had been beauti-

fully burned upon his back. He had to be wrapped in oil and cotton after that adventure, and he recovered in due time, but never quite relished the distinction he had acquired by his pictorial skin.

It was long before Albert fell asleep; for the cold kept up a continual fusillade, as of musketry, during the entire night. The woodwork of the walls snapped and cracked with loud reports; and a little after midnight a servant came in and stuffed the stove full of birch-wood, until it roared like an angry lion. This roar finally lulled Albert to sleep, in spite of the startling noises about him.

The next morning the boys were aroused at seven o'clock by a servant who brought a tray with the most fragrant coffee and hot rolls. It was in honor of the guest that, in accordance with Norse custom, this early meal was served; and all the boys, carrying pillows and blankets, gathered on Albert's and Ralph's bed and feasted right royally. So it seemed to them, at least; for any break in the ordinary routine, be it ever so slight, is an event to the young. Then they had a pillow-fight, thawed at the stove the water in the pitchers (for it was frozen hard), and arrayed themselves to descend and meet the family at the nine o'clock breakfast. When this repast was at an end, the question arose, how they were to entertain their guest, and various plans were proposed. But to all Ralph's propositions his mother interposed the objection that it was too cold.

"Mother is right," said Mr. Hoyer; "it is so cold that 'the chips jump on the hill-side.' You'll have to be content with indoor sports to-day."

"But, Father, it is not more than twenty degrees below zero," the boy demurred. "I am sure we can stand that, if we keep in motion. I have been out at thirty without losing either ears or nose."

He went to the window to observe the thermometer; but the dim daylight scarcely penetrated the fantastic frost-crystals which, like a splendid exotic flora, covered the panes. Only at the upper corner, where the ice had commenced to thaw, a few timid sunbeams were peeping in, making the lamp upon the table seem pale and sickly. Whenever the door to the hall was opened a white cloud of vapor rolled in; and every one made haste to shut the door, in order to save the precious heat. The boys, being doomed to remain indoors, walked about restlessly, felt each other's muscle, punched each other, and sometimes, for want of better employment, teased the little girls. Mr. Hoyer, seeing how miserable they were, finally took pity on them, and, after having thawed out a window-pane sufficiently to see the thermometer outside, gave his consent to a little expedition on *skees** down to the river.

And now boys, you ought to have seen them!

* Norwegian snow-shoes. See ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. X., p. 304.

Now there was life in them! You would scarcely have dreamed that they were the same creatures who, a moment ago, looked so listless and miserable. What rollicking laughter and fun, while they bundled one another in scarfs, cardigan-jackets, fur-lined top-boots, and overcoats!

"You had better take your guns along, boys," said the father, as they stormed out through the front door; "you might strike a bevy of ptarmigan, or a mountain-cock, over on the west side."

"I am going to take your rifle, if you'll let me," Ralph exclaimed. "I have a fancy we might strike bigger game than mountain-cock. I should n't object to a wolf or two."

"You are welcome to the rifle," said his father; "but I doubt whether you'll find wolves on the ice so early in the day."

Mr. Hoyer took the rifle from its case, examined it carefully, and handed it to Ralph. Albert, who was a less experienced hunter than Ralph, preferred a fowling-piece to the rifle; especially as he had no expectation of shooting anything but ptarmigan. Powder-horns, cartridges, and shot were provided; and quite proudly the two friends started off on their skees, gliding over the hard crust of the snow, which, as the sun rose higher, was oversown with thousands of glittering gems. The boys looked like Esquimaux, with their heads bundled up in scarfs, and nothing visible except their eyes and a few hoary locks of hair which the frost had silvered.

IV.

"WHAT was that?" cried Albert, startled by a sharp report which reverberated from the mountains. They had penetrated the forest on the west side, and ranged over the ice for an hour, in a vain search for wolves.

"Hush," said Ralph, excitedly; and after a moment of intent listening he added, "I'll be drawn and quartered if it is n't poachers!"

"How do you know?"

"These woods belong to Father, and no one else has any right to hunt in them. He does n't mind if a poor man kills a hare or two, or a brace of ptarmigan; but these chaps are after elk; and if the old gentleman gets on the scent of elk-hunters, he has no more mercy than Beelzebub."

"How can you know that they are after elk?"

"No man is likely to go to the woods for small game on a day like this. They think the cold protects them from pursuit and capture."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to play a trick on them. You know that the sheriff, whose duty it is to be on the look-out for elk-poachers, would scarcely send out a posse

when the cold is so intense. Elk, you know, are becoming very scarce, and the law protects them. No man is allowed to shoot more than one elk a year, and that one on his own property. Now, you and I will play deputy-sheriffs, and have those poachers securely in the lock-up before night."

"But suppose they fight?"

"Then we'll fight back."

Ralph was so aglow with joyous excitement at the thought of this adventure, that Albert had not the heart to throw cold water on his enthusiasm. Moreover, he was afraid of being thought cowardly by his friend if he offered objections. The recollection of "Midshipman Easy" and his daring pranks flashed through his brain, and he felt an instant desire to rival the exploits of his favorite hero. If only the enterprise had been on the sea he would have been twice as happy, for the land always seemed to him a prosy and inconvenient place for the exhibition of heroism.

"But, Ralph," he exclaimed, now more than ready to bear his part in the expedition, "I have only shot in my gun. You can't shoot men with bird-shot."

"Shoot men! Are you crazy? Why, I don't intend to shoot anybody. I only wish to capture them. My rifle is a breech-loader and has six cartridges. Besides, it has twice the range of theirs (for there is n't another such rifle in all Odalen), and by firing one shot over their heads I can bring them to terms, don't you see?"

Albert, to be frank, did not see it exactly; but he thought it best to suppress his doubts. He scented danger in the air, and the blood bounded through his veins.

"How do you expect to track them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Skee-tracks in the snow can be seen by a bat, born blind," answered Ralph, recklessly.

They were now climbing up the wooded slope on the western side of the river. The crust of the frozen snow was strong enough to bear them; and as it was not glazed, but covered with an inch of hoar-frost, it retained the imprint of their feet with distinctness. They were obliged to carry their skees, on account both of the steepness of the slope and the density of the underbrush. Roads and paths were invisible under the white pall of the snow, and only the facility with which they could retrace their steps saved them from the fear of going astray. Through the vast forest a deathlike silence reigned; and this silence was not made up of an infinity of tiny sounds, like the silence of a summer day when the crickets whirr in the tree-tops and the bees drone in the clover-blossoms. No; this silence was dead, chilling, terrible. The huge pine-trees now and then dropped a load of snow on the

heads of the bold intruders, and it fell with a thud, followed by a noiseless, glittering drizzle. As far as their eyes could reach, the monotonous colonnade of brown tree-trunks, rising out of the white waste, extended in all directions. It reminded them of the enchanted forest in "Undine," through which a man might ride forever without finding the end. It was a great relief when, from time to time, they met a squirrel out foraging for pine-cones or picking up a scanty living among the husks of last year's hazel-nuts. He was lively in spite of the weather, and the faint noises of his small activities fell gratefully upon ears already appalled by the awful silence. Occasionally they scared up a brace of grouse that seemed half benumbed, and hopped about in a melancholy manner under the pines, or a magpie, drawing in its head and ruffling up its feathers against the cold, until it looked frowsy and disreputable.

"Biceps," whispered Ralph, who had suddenly discovered something interesting in the snow, "do you see that?"

"Je-rusalem!" ejaculated Albert, with thoughtless delight, "it is a hoof-track!"

"Hold your tongue, you blockhead," warned his friend, too excited to be polite, "or you'll spoil the whole business!"

"But you asked me," protested Albert, in a huff.

"But I did n't shout, did I?"

Again the report of a shot tore a great rent in the wintry stillness and rang out with sharp reverberations.

"We've got them," said Ralph, examining the lock of his rifle. "That shot settles them."

"If we don't look out, they may get us instead," grumbled Albert, who was still offended.

Ralph stood peering into the underbrush, his eyes as wild as those of an Indian, his nostrils dilated, and all his senses intensely awake. His companion, who was wholly unskilled in woodcraft, could see no cause for his agitation, and feared that he was yet angry. He did not detect the evidences of large game in the immediate neighborhood. He did not see, by the bend of the broken twigs and the small tufts of hair on the briar-bush, that an elk had pushed through that very copse within a few minutes; nor did he sniff the gamy odor with which the large beast had charged the air. In obedience to his friend's gesture, he flung himself down on hands and knees and cautiously crept after him through the thicket. He now saw without difficulty a place where the elk had broken through the snow crust, and he could also detect a certain aimless bewilderment in the tracks, owing, no doubt, to the shot and the animal's perception of danger on two sides.

Scarcely had he crawled twenty feet when he was startled by a noise of breaking branches, and before he had time to cock his gun, he saw an enormous bull-elk tearing through the underbrush, blowing two columns of steam from his nostrils, and steering straight toward them. At the same instant Ralph's rifle blazed away, and the splendid beast, rearing on its hind legs, gave a wild snort, plunged forward and rolled on its side in the snow. Quick as a flash, the young hunter had drawn his knife and, in accordance with the laws of the chase, had driven it into the breast of the dying animal. But the glance from the dying eyes,—that glance, of which every elk-hunter can tell a moving tale,—pierced the boy to the very heart! It was such a touching, appealing, imploring glance, so soft, and gentle, and unresentful.

"Why did you harm me," it seemed to say, "who never harmed any living thing—who claimed only the right to live my frugal life in the forest, digging up the frozen mosses under the snow, which no mortal creature except myself can eat?"

The sanguinary instinct—the fever for killing which every boy inherits from savage ancestors—had left Ralph, before he had pulled the knife from the bleeding wound. A miserable feeling of guilt stole over him. He never had shot an elk before; and his father, who was anxious to preserve the noble beasts from destruction, had not availed himself of his right to kill one for many years. Ralph had, indeed, many a time hunted rabbits, hares, and mountain-cock, and capercaillie. But they had never destroyed his pleasure by arousing pity for their deaths; and he had always regarded himself as being proof against sentimental emotions.

"Look here, Biceps," he said, flinging the knife into the snow, "I wish I had n't killed that bull."

"I thought we were hunting for poachers," answered Albert dubiously; "and now we have been poaching ourselves."

"By Jiminy! So we have; and I never once thought of it," cried the valiant hunter. "I am afraid we are off my father's preserves, too. It is well the deputy-sheriffs are not abroad, or we might find ourselves decorated with iron bracelets before night."

"But what did you do it for?"

"Well, I can't tell. It's in the blood, I guess. The moment I saw the track and caught the wild smell, I forgot all about the poachers, and started on the scent like a hound."

The two boys stood for some minutes looking at the dead animal, not with savage exultation, but with a dull regret. The blood which was gushing from the wound in the breast froze in a solid lump the very moment it touched the snow, although the cold had greatly moderated since the morning.

"I suppose we'll have to skin the fellow," remarked Ralph, lugubriously; "it won't do to leave that fine carcass for the wolves to celebrate Christmas with."

"All right," Albert answered, "I am not much of a hand at skinning, but I'll do the best I can."

They fell to work rather reluctantly at the unwanted task, but had not proceeded far, when they

that'll curdle the marrow of your bones with horror."

"Thanks," replied the admirer of Midshipman Easy, striking a reckless naval attitude. "The marrow of my bones is not so easily curdled. I've been on a whaling voyage, which is more than you have."

Ralph was about to vindicate his dignity by re-



"THE BEAST PLUNGED FORWARD AND ROLLED ON ITS SIDE IN THE SNOW."

perceived that they had a full day's job before them.

"I've no talent for the butcher's trade," Ralph exclaimed in disgust, dropping his knife into the snow. "There's no help for it, Biceps, we'll have to bury the carcass, pile some logs on the top of it, and send a horse to drag it home to-morrow. If it were not Christmas Eve to-night we might take a couple of men along and shoot a dozen wolves or more. For there is sure to be pandemonium here before long, and a concert in G-flat

ferring to his own valiant exploits, when suddenly his keen eyes detected a slight motion in the underbrush on the slope below.

"Biceps," he said, with forced composure, "those poachers are tracking us."

"What do you mean?" asked Albert, in vague alarm.

"Do you see the top of that young birch waving?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Wait and see. It's no good trying to escape.

They can easily overtake us. The snow is the worst tell-tale under the sun."

"But why should we wish to escape? I thought we were going to catch them."

"So we were; but that was before we turned poachers ourselves. Now those fellows will turn the tables on us—take us to the sheriff and collect half the fine, which is fifty dollars, as informers."

"Je-rusalem!" cried Biceps, "is n't it a beautiful scrape we've put ourselves into?"

"Rather," responded his friend, coolly.

"But why meekly allow ourselves to be captured? Why not defend ourselves?"

"My dear Biceps, you don't know what you are talking about. Those fellows don't mind putting a bullet into you, if you run. Now, I'd rather pay fifty dollars any day, than to shoot a man even in self-defense."

"But they have killed elk, too. We heard them shoot twice. Suppose we play the same game on them that they intend to play on us. We can play informers, too. Then we'll at least be quits."

"Biceps, you are a brick! That's a capital idea! Then let us start for the sheriff's; and if we get there first, we'll inform both on ourselves and on them. That'll cancel the fine. Quick, now!"

No persuasions were needed to make Albert bestir himself. He leaped toward his skees, and following his friend, who was a few rods ahead of him, started down the slope in a zigzag line, cautiously steering his way among the tree trunks. The boys had taken their departure none too soon; for they were scarcely five hundred yards down the declivity, when they heard behind them loud exclamations and oaths. Evidently the poachers had stopped to roll some logs (which were lying close by) over the carcass, probably meaning to appropriate it; and this gave the boys an advantage of which they were in great need. After a few moments they espied an open clearing, which sloped steeply down toward the river. Toward this Ralph had been directing his course; for although it was a venturesome undertaking to slide down so steep and rugged a hill, he was determined rather to break his neck than lower his pride, or become the laughing-stock of the parish.

One more tack through alder copse and juniper jungle,—hard indeed, and terribly vexatious,—and he saw with delight the great open slope, covered with an unbroken surface of glittering snow. The sun (which at midwinter is but a few hours above the horizon) had set; and the stars were flashing forth with dazzling brilliancy. Ralph stopped, as he reached the clearing, to give Biceps an opportunity to overtake him; for Biceps, like

all marine animals, moved with less dexterity on the dry land.

"Ralph," he whispered breathlessly, as he pushed himself up to his companion with a vigorous thrust of his skee-staff, "there are two awful chaps close behind us. I distinctly heard them speak."

"Fiddlesticks," said Ralph; "now let us see what you are made of! Don't take my track, or you may impale me like a roast on a spit. Now, ready!—one, two, three!"

"Hold on there, or I shoot," yelled a hoarse voice from out of the underbrush; but it was too late; for at the same instant the two boys slid out over the steep slope, and, wrapped in a whirl of loose snow, were scudding at a dizzying speed down the precipitous hillside. Thump, thump, thump, they went, where hidden wood-piles or fences obstructed their path, and out they shot into space, but each time came down firmly on their feet, and dashed ahead with undiminished ardor. Their calves ached, the cold air whistled in their ears, and their eyelids became stiff and their sight half obscured with the hoar-frost that fringed their lashes. But downward they sped, keeping their balance with wonderful skill, until they reached the gentler slope which formed the banks of the great river. Then for the first time Ralph had an opportunity to look behind him, and he saw two moving whirls of snow darting downward, not far from his own track. His heart beat in his throat; for those fellows had both endurance and skill, and he feared that he was no match for them. But suddenly—he could have yelled with delight—the foremost figure leaped into the air, turned a tremendous somersault, and, coming down on his head, broke through the crust of the snow and vanished, while the skees started on an independent journey down the hillside. He had struck an exposed fence-rail which, abruptly checking his speed, had sent him flying like a rocket.

The other poacher had barely time to change his course, so as to avoid the snag; but he was unable to stop and render assistance to his fallen comrade. The boys, just as they were shooting out upon the ice, saw by his motions that he was hesitating whether or not he should give up the chase. He used his staff as a brake, for a few moments, so as to retard his speed; but discovering, perhaps by the brightening starlight, that his adversaries were not full-grown men, he took courage, started forward again, and tried to make up the ground he had lost. If he could but reach the sheriff's house before the boys did, he could have them arrested and collect the informer's fee, instead of being himself arrested and fined as a poacher. It was a prize worth racing for! And, moreover,

there were two elks, worth twenty-five dollars apiece, buried in the snow under logs. These also would belong to the victor! The poacher dashed ahead, straining every nerve, and reached safely the foot of the steep declivity. The boys were now but a few hundred rods ahead of him.

"Hold on, there," he yelled again, "or I shoot!"

He was not within range, but he thought he could frighten the youngsters into abandoning the race. The sheriff's house was but a short distance up the river. Its tall, black chimneys could be seen looming up against the starlit sky. There was no slope now to accelerate their speed. They had to peg away for dear life, pushing themselves forward with their skee-staves, laboring like plow-horses, panting, snorting, perspiring. Ralph turned his head once more. The poacher was gaining upon them; there could be no doubt of it. He was within the range of Ralph's rifle; and a sturdy fellow he was, who seemed good for a couple of miles yet. Should Ralph send a bullet over his head to frighten him? No; that might give the poacher an excuse for sending back a bullet with a less innocent purpose. Poor Biceps, he was panting and puffing in his heavy wraps like a small steamboat! He did not once open his mouth to speak; but, exerting his vaunted muscle to the utmost, kept abreast of his friend, and sometimes pushed a pace or two ahead of him. But it cost him a mighty effort! And yet the poacher was gaining upon them! They could see the long broadside of windows in the sheriff's

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"WRAPPED IN A WHIRL OF LOOSE SNOW, THEY WERE SCUDDING AT A DIZZING SPEED DOWN THE PRECIPITOUS HILLSIDE."

mansion, ablaze with Christmas candles. They came nearer and nearer! The church-bells up on the bend were ringing in the festival. Five minutes more and they would be at their goal. Five minutes more! Surely they had left strength enough for that small space of time. So had the poacher, probably! The question was, which had the most. Then, with a short, sharp resonance, followed by a long reverberation, a shot rang out and a bullet whizzed past Ralph's ear. It was the poacher who had broken the peace. Ralph, his blood boiling with wrath, came to a sudden stop, flung his rifle to his cheek and cried, "Drop that gun!"

The poacher, bearing down with all his might on the skee-staff, checked his speed. In the mean while Albert hurried on, seeing that the issue of the race depended upon him.

"Don't force me to hurt ye!" shouted the poacher, threateningly, to Ralph, taking aim once more.

"You can't," Ralph shouted back. "You have n't another shot."

At that instant sounds of sleigh-bells and voices were heard, and half a dozen people, startled by the shot, were seen rushing out from the sheriff's mansion. Among them were Mr. Bjornerud himself, the sheriff, with one of his deputies.

"In the name of the Law, I command you to cease," he cried, when he saw down on the ice the two figures in menacing attitudes. But before he could say another word, some one fell prostrate in the road before him, gasping:

"We have shot an elk; so has that man down on the ice. We give ourselves up."

Mr. Bjornerud, making no answer, leaped over the prostrate figure, and, followed by the deputy, dashed down upon the ice.

"In the name of the Law!" he shouted again, and both rifles were reluctantly lowered.

"I have shot an elk," cried Ralph, eagerly, "and this man is a poacher. We heard him shoot."

"I have killed an elk," screamed the poacher, in the same moment, "and so has this fellow."

The sheriff was too astonished to speak. Never before, in his experience, had poachers raced for dear life to give themselves into custody. He feared that they were making sport of him; in that case, however, he resolved to make them suffer for their audacity.

"You are my prisoners," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "Take them to the lock-up, Olsen, and handcuff them securely," he added, turning to his deputy.

There were now a dozen men — most of them guests and attendants of the sheriff's household —

standing in a ring about Ralph and the poacher. Albert, too, had scrambled to his feet and had joined his comrade.

"Will you permit me, Mr. Sheriff," said Ralph, making the officer his politest bow, "to send a message to my father, who is probably anxious about us?"

"And who is your father, young man?" asked the sheriff, not unkindly; "I should think you were doing him an ill-turn in taking to poaching at your early age."

"My father is Mr. Hoyer, of Solheim," said the boy, not without some pride in the announcement.

"What — you rascal, you! Are you trying to play pranks on an old man?" cried the officer of the law, grasping Ralph cordially by the hand. "You've grown to be quite a man, since I saw you last. Pardon me for not recognizing the son of an old neighbor."

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Biceps — I mean, Mr. Albert Grimlund."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Biceps Albert; and now you both must come and eat the Christmas porridge with us. I'll send a messenger to Mr. Hoyer without delay."

The sheriff, in a jolly mood, and happy to have added to the number of his Christmas guests, took each of the two young men by the arm, as if he were going to arrest them, and conducted them through the spacious front hall into a large cosy room, where, having divested themselves of their wraps, they told the story of their adventure.

"But, my dear sir," Mr. Bjornerud exclaimed, "I don't see how you managed to go beyond your father's preserves. You know he bought of me the whole forest tract, adjoining his own on the south, about three months ago. So you were perfectly within your rights; for your father has n't killed an elk on his land for ten years."

"If that is the case, Mr. Sheriff," said Ralph, "I must beg of you to release the poor fellow who chased us. I don't wish any informer's fee, nor have I any desire to get him into trouble."

"I am sorry to say I can't accommodate you," Bjornerud replied. "This man is a notorious poacher and trespasser, whom my deputies have long been tracking in vain. Now I have him, I shall keep him. There's no elk safe in Odalen so long as that rascal is at large."

"That may be; but I shall then turn my informer's fee over to him, which will reduce his fine from fifty dollars to twenty-five dollars."

"To encourage him to continue poaching?"

"Well, I confess I have a little more sympathy with poachers, since we came so near being poachers ourselves. It was only an accident that saved us!"

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(A Little Rhymed Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



THE wind was blowing over the moors,
And the sun shone bright upon heather and
whin,
On the grave-stones hoary and gray with age
Which stand about Haworth vicarage,
And it streamed through a window in.

There, by herself, in a lonely room —
A lonely room which once held three —
Sat a woman at work with a busy pen,
'T was the woman all England praised just then —
But what for its praise cared she?

Fame cannot dazzle or flattery charm
One who goes lonely day by day
On the lonely moors, where the plovers cry,
And the sobbing wind as it hurries by
Has no comforting word to say.

So, famous and lonely and sad she sat,
And steadily wrote the morning through;
Then, at stroke of twelve, laid her task aside
And out to the kitchen swiftly hied.
Now what was she going to do?

Ah, genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has an honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work,"
And her eyes had failed as her strength ran low,
And the toils, once easy, had one by one
Become too hard, or were left half-done
By the aged hands and slow.

So, every day, without saying a word,
Her famous mistress laid down the pen,
Re-kneaded the bread, or silently stole
The potatoes away in their wooden bowl,
And pared them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done,
"The less to the larger must give way,
These things are little, while I am great;
And the world will not always stand and wait
For the words that I have to say."

No; the clever fingers that wrought so well,
And the eyes that could pierce to the heart's
intent,
She lent to the humble task and small;
Nor counted the time as lost at all,
So Tabby were but content!



LA GRANDE FRANÇOISE

BY EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

VISIT Havre and ask where,
In her ship-yards on the Seine,
Lay the vessel, great and fair,
That King Francis builded there,
As the triumph of his reign.

Full three centuries have fled
Since "La Grande Françoise" was framed.
Far and wide the wonder spread;
Paynim foes were filled with dread
Where in whispers she was named.

Day and night the hammer's stroke
Like a roll of war-drums sped;
From the caverned walls of oak
Tongues of ringing metal spoke,
Telling news of timbers wed.

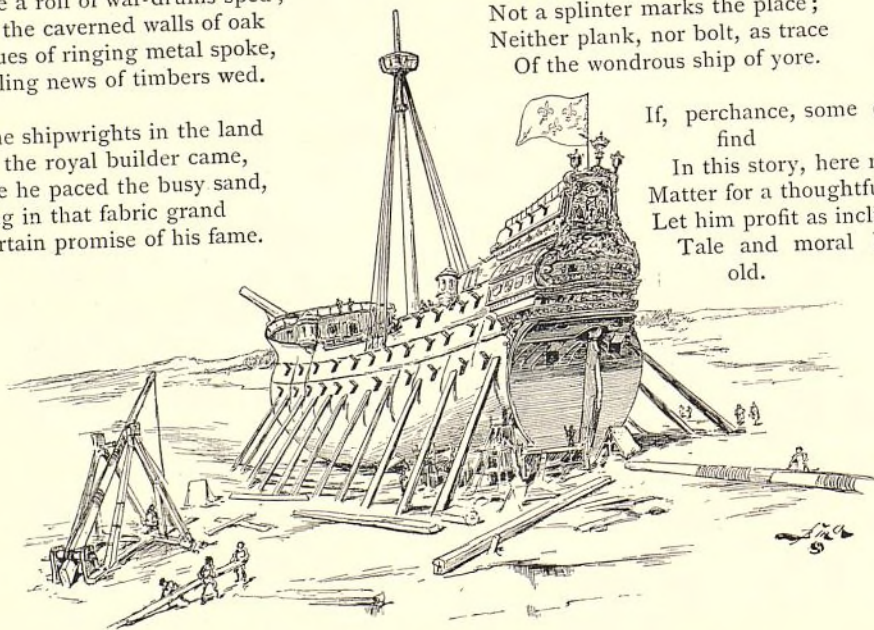
All the shipwrights in the land
To the royal builder came,
While he paced the busy sand,
Seeing in that fabric grand
Certain promise of his fame.

Six broad fathoms in its girth
Rose the tall, majestic mast:
Past all reckoning its worth;
Never yet upon the earth
Grew another spar so vast.

Let who will the king deride:
Lo! his war-ship, good and staunch,
Utterly refused to glide
Into the expectant tide;
Proving more than he could launch.

Gone are all her strength and grace.
On the teeming river shore
Not a splinter marks the place;
Neither plank, nor bolt, as trace
Of the wondrous ship of yore.

If, perchance, some one may
find
In this story, here retold,
Matter for a thoughtful mind,
Let him profit as inclined—
Tale and moral both are
old.





Little Saint Elizabeth

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.



HE had not been brought up in America at all. She had been born in France, in a beautiful chateau, and she had been born heiress to a great fortune; but nevertheless, just now, she felt as if she was very poor indeed. And yet, her home was in one of the most splendid houses in New York. She had a lovely suite of apartments of her own, though she was only eleven years old. She had her own carriage, and a saddle-horse, a train of teachers and attendants, and was regarded by all the children of the neighborhood as a sort of grand and mysterious little princess, whose incomings and outgoings were to be watched with the greatest interest.

"There she is!" they would cry, flying to their windows to look at her. "She is going out in her carriage. She is dressed all in black velvet and splendid furs! That is her own, own carriage. She has so much money that she can have anything she wants — Jane says so. She is very pretty, too; but she is so pale, and has such big, sorrowful, black eyes. I should not be sorrowful if I were in her place; but Jane says the servants say she is always quiet and looks sad."

She rarely turned her large, dark eyes to look at other children with any curiosity. She had not been accustomed to the society of children. She had never had a child companion in her life, and these little Americans who were so very rosy and gay, who went out to walk or to drive with groups of brothers and sisters, and even ran in the street laughing and playing and squabbling healthily — these children amazed her.

Poor little Saint Elizabeth! She had not lived

a very natural or healthful life herself, and she knew absolutely nothing of real, childish pleasures. You see, it had occurred in this way. When she was a baby of two years, her young father and mother both died, within a week, of a terrible fever, and the only near relatives the little one had were her Aunt Clotilde and her Uncle Bertrand. Her Aunt Clotilde lived in Normandy, her Uncle Bertrand in New York. As these two were her only guardians, and as Bertrand de Rochemont was a bachelor, fond of pleasure, and knowing nothing of children, it was natural that he should be quite willing that his elder sister should undertake the rearing and education of the child.

There was a very great difference between these two people. The gray-stone chateau in Normandy and the brown-stone mansion in New York were not nearly so unlike as the lives they sheltered. And yet it was said that, in her early youth, Mademoiselle de Rochemont had been as gay and as fond of pleasure as either of her brothers. But then, when her life was at its brightest and gayest, — when she was a beautiful and brilliant young woman, — she had had a great and bitter sorrow which had changed her forever. From that time she had seldom left the house in which she had been born, and had lived almost the life of a recluse. At first she had had her parents to take care of, but when they died she had been left entirely alone in the great chateau, devoting herself to the life she had resolved upon and to works of charity among the villagers and country people.

"Ah, she is good, she is a saint, is Mademoiselle," the poor people always said when speaking of her; but they also always looked a little awestricken when she appeared, and were never very sorry when she left them.

She was a tall woman, with a pale, rigid, hand-

some face which never smiled. She was just, but cold and exacting. She wore always a straight gown of black serge, with broad linen bands. Her favorite reading was religious works and legends of the saints and martyrs: she strove to do only good deeds; and adjoining her private apartments was a little stone chapel.

The little curé of the village, who was plump and comfortable, and who had the kindest heart and the most cheerful soul in the world, used at times to remonstrate gently with her—always in a roundabout way, however, never quite as if he were referring directly to herself.

"One must not let one's self become the stone image of goodness," he once said. "Since one is really of flesh and blood, that is not best. No, no; it is not best."

But Mademoiselle de Rochemont never seemed mere flesh and blood, exactly; she was more like a marble saint who had stepped from her pedestal to walk upon the earth.

And she did not change even when the baby Elizabeth was brought to her. She attended strictly to the child's comfort, and tried to do her duty by her; but it can scarcely be said that her manner was any softer, or that she smiled more. For a week or two Elizabeth used to be frightened by the sight of the black dress and the rigid, handsome face, but in time she became accustomed to them; and through living in an atmosphere so silent and without brightness, a few months changed her from a laughing, romping baby into a pale, quiet child, who rarely made any childish noise at all.

In a demure way she became fond of her aunt. She saw few persons besides the servants, who were all trained to quietness also. She was a sensitive, imaginative child, and the solemn stories she heard filled all her mind and made up her little life. She longed to be a saint herself, and spent hours in wandering in the terraced rose-gardens, wondering if such a thing were possible in modern days, and what she must do to succeed in her desire. Her chief sorrow was that she knew herself to be very weak and very timid—so timid that she often suffered when people did not suspect it; and she was afraid that she was not brave enough to be a martyr. Her little dress—cut straight, and very narrow—was made of white woolen stuff, and gathered to a blue band at the waist.

She was a very sweet and gentle child, and her pure little pale face and large dark eyes had a lovely, dreamy look. When she was old enough to visit the poor with her Aunt Clotilde—and she was hardly seven years old when she began—the villagers did not stand in awe of her, but began to love her, almost to reverence her, as if she had

been indeed a little saint. The little ones delighted to look at her, to draw near her sometimes, and to curiously touch her soft white and blue robe. And when they did so, she always returned their looks with a tender, sympathetic smile, and spoke to them in so gentle a voice that they were very fond of her. They used to talk her over, and tell stories about her when they were playing together afterwards.

So, in this secluded world in the gray old stone château,—with no companion but her aunt, with no occupation but her studies and her charities,—thinking of little else than martyrs, saints, and religious exercises, Elizabeth lived until she was eleven years old. Then a great grief came to her. One morning Mademoiselle de Rochemont did not leave her room at the regular hour. As she never broke the fixed rules she had made for herself and her household, this occasioned great anxiety. Her old maid-servant waited half an hour,—an hour; and then went to the door and took the liberty of listening to ascertain whether her mistress was moving about the room. There was no sound. Old Alice returned looking agitated. "Would Mademoiselle Elizabeth mind entering to see if all were well? Perhaps Mademoiselle, her aunt, might be in the chapel." Elizabeth went. Her aunt was not in her room. Then she must be in the chapel. The child entered the beautiful little place. The morning sun was streaming in through the stained-glass window, a broad ray of mingled brilliant colors slanted to the stone floor and touched with warm hues a dark figure lying there. It was Aunt Clotilde, who had sunk forward while kneeling, and had died in the night.

That was what the doctors said when they were sent for. She had died apparently without any pain or knowledge of the change coming to her. Her face was serene and beautiful, and the rigid look had melted away and had been replaced by one of perfect rest.

In less than two months from that time Elizabeth was living in the home of her Uncle Bertrand, in New York. He had come to Normandy for her, himself, and had taken her back with him across the Atlantic. She was richer than ever now, as a great part of her Aunt Clotilde's money had been left to her, and Uncle Bertrand was her guardian. He was handsome, elegant, and clever; but having lived long in America, and being fond of American life, he did not appear very much like a Frenchman—at least, he did not seem like the men Elizabeth had known, for she had seen only the curé and the doctor of the village. Secretly, he was hardly pleased at the prospect of taking care of a little girl; but family pride, and the fact that such

a very young girl, who was also such a very great heiress, *must* be taken care of, decided him. But when he first saw Elizabeth he could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

She entered the room, when she was sent for, clad in her strange little robe of black serge.

"But, my dear child—" exclaimed Uncle Bertrand, aghast, staring at her slender figure in its severe dress.

He managed to recover himself very quickly, and was in his way very kind to her; but the first thing he did was to send to Paris for a maid and more conventional clothing.

She felt as if she were living in a dream when all the old life was left behind, and she found herself in the big, luxurious house in the gay New York street. Nothing that could be done for her comfort had been left undone.

But, secretly, she felt bewildered and ill at ease; everything was so new, so strange, so noisy, and so brilliant. The dress she wore made her feel unlike herself; the books they gave her were full of pictures and stories of things of which she knew nothing; her carriage was brought to the door and she went out with her governess, driving round and round the park with scores of other people who looked at her curiously, she did not know why. The truth was that her refined little face was very beautiful indeed, and her soft dark eyes still wore the dreamy, spiritual look which made her unlike the rest of the world.

"She looks like a little princess," she heard her uncle say one day. "She will some day be a beautiful, a lovely woman. Her mother was so, when she died at twenty; but she had been brought up differently. This one is a little saint. I am half afraid of her." He said this with a little laughter to some of his friends to whom he had presented the child. He did not know that his easy, pleasure-loving life made her uneasy. He gave brilliant parties; he had no pensioners; he seemed to think of little but pleasure. Poor little Saint Elizabeth had many an anxious thought of him in the quiet hours when he was fast asleep after a grand dinner or supper party.

He never dreamed that there was no one of whom she stood in such dread: her timidity increased tenfold in his presence. When he sent for her, and she went into the library to find him sitting luxuriously in an arm-chair, an open novel on his knee, a cigar in his white hand, a light smile on his handsome mouth, she could hardly answer his questions and could never find courage to tell him what she so earnestly desired to say. She had soon found out that Aunt Clotilde and the curé, and the life they had led, did not specially interest him. It seemed to her that he

did not understand them: How could she tell him that she wished to spend all her money giving alms to the poor? That was what she wished to tell him—that she desired money to send back to the village; that she needed it to give to the poor people she saw in the streets, to those who lived in the miserable places.

But when she found herself face to face with him, and he seemed to find her only amusing, all her courage failed her. Sometimes she thought she would even beg him to send her back to Normandy, to let her live alone in the château, as her Aunt Clotilde had done.

One morning, when she dressed, little Elizabeth put on the quaint black serge robe, because she felt more at home in it, and her heart was full of determination. The night before, she had received a letter from the curé, and it had contained sad news. A fever had broken out in her beloved village, the vines had done badly, there was sickness among the cattle; there was already suffering, and if something were not done for the people they would not know how to face the winter. In the time of Mademoiselle de Rochemont they had always been made comfortable and happy at Christmas. What was to be done? The curé ventured to write to Mademoiselle Elizabeth.

The poor child had scarcely slept. Her dear village! Her dear people! The children would be hungry, the cows would die, there would be no fires to warm the aged.

"I must go to Uncle," she said, pale and trembling. "I must ask him to give me money. I am afraid, but it is my duty. Saint Elizabeth was ready to endure anything that she might do her duty and help the poor."

Because she had been called Elizabeth, she had thought and read very often about the Saint whose namesake she was—Saint Elizabeth, whose husband was so cruel to her and who sought to discourage her good deeds. And oftenest she had read the legend which told how one day, as Elizabeth went out with a basket of food to give to the poor and hungry, she had met her husband, who fiercely demanded that she should tell him what she was carrying; and when she was frightened and in her terror replied "Roses," and he tore the cover from the basket to see if she spoke the truth, a miracle had been performed, and the basket was filled with roses, so that she was saved from her husband's anger and knew also that she had been forgiven. To little Elizabeth this legend had seemed quite real, and to her it proved that if one were but doing good, there would be nothing to fear. Since she had been in her new home she had, half consciously, compared her uncle Bertrand to the wicked Landgrave, though she was too sensi-

ble and too just to think for a moment that he was really as cruel as was Saint Elizabeth's husband; only, she thought he did not care for the poor, and lived only to enjoy the pleasures of the world; and surely that was selfish and wrong.

She listened anxiously to hear when her uncle Bertrand should leave his room. He always rose late, and this morning he was later than usual, as he had had a dinner-party the night before.

It was nearly noon before she heard his door open. Then she went quickly to the staircase; her heart was beating so fast that she put her little hand to her side and waited a moment to regain her breath. She felt quite cold.

"Perhaps I must wait until he has eaten his breakfast," she said. "Perhaps I must not disturb him yet. It would perhaps make him displeased. I will wait — yes, for a little while."

She did not return to her room, but waited upon the stairs. It seemed to be a long time. It happened that a friend breakfasted with him. She heard a gentleman come in and recognized his voice, which she had heard before. She did not know what the gentleman's name was, but she had met him going in and out with her uncle once or twice, and had thought he had a kind face and kind eyes. He had looked at her in an interested way when he spoke to her, even as if he were a little curious about her, and she had wondered why he did so.

When the door of the breakfast-room opened and shut as the servants went in and out, she could hear the two laughing and talking. They seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. Once she heard an order given for the mailphaeton — they were evidently going to drive as soon as the meal was over.

At last the door opened and they were coming out. Elizabeth ran down the stairs and stood in a small reception-room; her heart began to beat faster than ever.

"Uncle Bertrand," she said as he approached, and she scarcely knew her own faint voice, "Uncle Bertrand —"

He turned, and seeing her, started, with rather an impatient exclamation; evidently he was at once amazed and displeased to see her. He was in a hurry to go out, and the sight of her odd little figure standing in its straight, black robe between the portières — the slender hands clasped on the breast, the small, pale face and great dark eyes uplifted — was certainly a surprise to him.

"Elizabeth," he said, "what is it you wish? Why do you come downstairs. And that impossible dress — why do you wear it again? It is not suitable!"

"Uncle Bertrand," said the child, clasping her hands still more tightly, her eyes growing larger in her excitement and fear of his displeasure; "It is that I want money — a great deal. I beg your pardon if I disturb you. It is for the poor. Moreover, the curé has written, 'The people of the village are ill; the vineyards did not yield well.' They must have money — I must send them some."

Uncle Bertrand shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"That is the message of Monsieur le Curé, is it?" he said. "He wants money! My dear Elizabeth, I must inquire further. You have a fortune, but still I must not permit you to throw it away. You are a child and you do not yet understand."

"But," cried Elizabeth, trembling with agitation, "they are so poor when one does not help them — their vineyards are so little. And if the year is bad they must starve. Aunt Clotilde gave to them every year — even in the good years. She always said they must be cared for like children."

"That was your aunt Clotilde's good heart," replied her uncle. "I must know more of this. I have no time at present — I am going out of town. In a few days I will reflect upon it. Tell your maid to give that old garment away. Go out to drive; amuse yourself — you need fresh air. You are too pale."

Elizabeth looked at his handsome, kindly face in utter helplessness. This seemed a matter of life and death to her; to him it was a child's fancy.

"But it is winter," she panted, breathlessly, "there is snow. Soon it will be Christmas and they will have nothing! Nothing for the poorest ones! And the children —"

"It shall be thought of later," said Uncle Bertrand. "I am too busy now. Be reasonable, my child, and run away. You are detaining me — I can do nothing now."

He left her with a slight, impatient shrug of the shoulders, and even with an amused smile on his lips.

Elizabeth shrank back into the shadow of the portières. Great, burning tears filled her eyes and slipped down her cheeks.

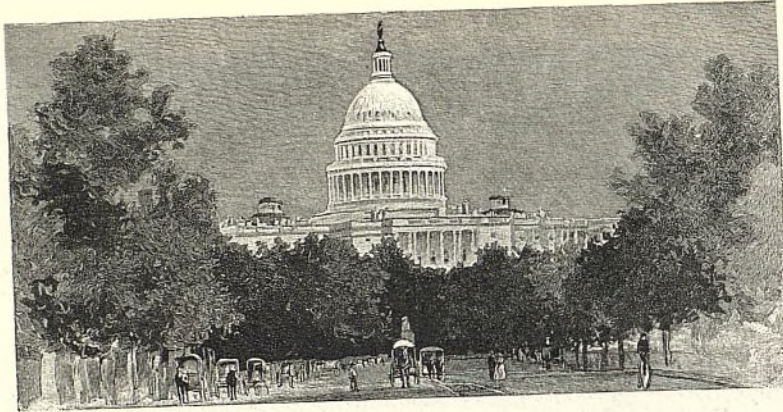
"He does not understand," she said. "He does not know. And I can do no one good — no one." And she covered her face with her hands and stood sobbing, all alone.

When she returned to her room she was so pale that her maid looked at her anxiously and spoke of it afterward to the other servants. They were all fond of Mademoiselle Elizabeth. She was so kind and gentle to everybody.

(To be continued.)



ON ERRANDS FOR SANTA CLAUS.



THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE FEDERAL POWER.

IT was taken for granted, in our preliminary remarks last month, that the reader is more or less familiar with the outline of the Government as it is described in the language of the Constitution. Let us bring that "literary theory" to the light, and detect beneath the surface of its simple words a trace or two of hidden meaning.

The United States of America is somewhat of a League and somewhat of a Nation. It is a League, or Confederation, to the extent that it is a union of sovereign States; it is a Nation to the extent that it is a union of the people who compose those States. Strictly speaking, its power is partly federal and partly national; federal, so far as it recognizes and deals with the States, in their sovereign capacity as States; national, so far as it recognizes and deals with the people, as individuals or citizens of the United States. In a wider and more general sense, however, we speak of it as federal, because it is based upon a compact or agreement; that compact is the Constitution. By the Federal Power, therefore, we mean the authority granted by the Constitution to the United States — in other words, we mean the Government of the Union.

The Federal Power was established for a special purpose — to exercise a general care or guardianship over the rights and interests of the people and the States. Its creation did not destroy the independence or authority of the States. The Federal Government was made supreme and indestructible, but its authority was limited to certain objects;

the States, though shorn of certain powers, remained sovereign and indestructible, and independent in their own sphere of action.

The government of each State concerns itself, chiefly, with those affairs which touch the interests of its citizens in the ordinary transactions and course of life. With these local or private affairs of the State the Federal Power has nothing to do. Its province is to preserve harmony between the States, and ensure the equal rights of all citizens of the United States; to protect the States from invasion or domestic harm, and defend every person from injustice or tyranny on the part of any State; to shield both States and people from foreign violence or injury, and promote their general welfare at home and abroad. The authority of a State stops at its own boundaries; the power of the United States stretches over continents and seas.

The Federal Power, then, alone has charge of all our interests abroad. This branch of its work, covering as it does our commercial and general intercourse with foreign lands, seems clear. The other branch, that which concerns us at home, — its domestic relations with the people and with the States, — is yet more important, and, in some regards, uncertain and obscure.

We have already stated the broad design and province of the Government. On that subject we are not without a guide. The Constitution declares, in its opening words, the purposes for which the Government was established; and the Tenth Amendment expressly limits the powers of the United States to those granted to it by the Constitution. Hence, from all the provisions of the Constitution, taken together, we should be

able to gather a fair idea of the scope of the Government's authority.

But if we run over those provisions, one by one, we shall find that its powers are stated in general terms. The Constitution points out little more than the general intent; it leaves much unsaid, and much to be inferred. When we speak of the "express" powers of the Government we mean those which are conferred in so many plain and direct words. But its powers are not only those which are expressly granted. The Tenth Amendment took special care to avoid that term. It refers to the powers of the government as those "delegated" by the Constitution,—not "expressly delegated,"—and thus left the exact extent of those powers still open to dispute. When we see the Government engaged in any class of work, we have a right to demand that it shall show its authority under the Constitution. But we need not expect it to point to some express provision as directly answering our question. It may be doing the work under its incidental or implied powers—that is, those which "go without saying," those which may be inferred from the language of the Constitution. It may be doing the work under its auxiliary powers—that is, those covered by the sweeping provision authorizing it to adopt all necessary and proper means to carry out its other powers. Or it may be doing the work under what are styled its resulting powers—that is, powers which cannot be directly traced to any express provision, as incidental, auxiliary, or implied, but which may be inferred from the general intent of the entire Constitution; in other words, which result or flow from the sum total of its powers. Let us take a few illustrations.

The Constitution says that the Government shall have power to levy and collect taxes, to borrow money, to regulate commerce, to declare war, and so on. These are express powers, and when we hear of the Government taxing, borrowing, declaring war, or doing certain other plain acts, we know where it claims its authority. And yet, as we shall soon see, these express provisions are not wholly free from doubt.

Again, in no part of the Constitution is power to suspend what is known as the writ of *habeas corpus** expressly conferred upon the Government. There is, however, a provision forbidding it to suspend the writ, unless required by public safety in cases of rebellion or invasion; and from this emphatic denial of power we infer that it has power to suspend the writ under certain circumstances—

namely, in time of martial law and public peril. Accordingly, the Government has not hesitated to suspend it in emergency.

So, too, the Constitution does not, in so many words, empower the Government to carry on war. But it empowers it to declare war; and from that power, and its power to raise armies and provide a navy, and to employ the militia of the States in the service of the United States, we may clearly infer, even if there could be any question as to the meaning of the word "declare," that it has a general "war power" in the full sense of that term.

Again, in 1807, the Government ordered a general and unlimited embargo† which locked up in our ports all ships or vessels bound to foreign shores. It was a startling and tremendous exercise of power. It reads like a warlike act; but it was not urged under the general war power. It was upheld by the judiciary on the ground that the Government had absolute authority to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States, and that its exercise of that authority could not be called into question, although its action in that instance tended to utterly destroy our foreign commerce. It might be very properly asked, in connection with this subject, whether the recent retaliation measures proposed against Canada were similarly inspired in a friendly way under the power to regulate commerce, or whether they sound of war. Either construction, apparently, could be maintained.

Take another case. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the United States consisted of thirteen States and a great tract of land known as the Northwest Territory, extending northward to the Great Lakes, and westward to the Mississippi River. In no part of the Constitution is power expressly granted to the United States to acquire new territory. Yet, in 1803, the United States purchased from France the vast region then styled Louisiana, spreading from the Gulf of Mexico to British America, and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, out of which a number of our present States and Territories have since been carved. The right to make this purchase was seriously questioned; but the Supreme Court of the United States afterward declared that the Government has the right to add to the national domain, by conquest or by purchase, under its express and absolute powers to make war and to make treaties. Further on, in 1845, the Government annexed and admitted into the Union as a State the Republic of Texas; this was not done by

* So called from the Latin words used in the ancient form of the writ, signifying "You may have the body." Its chief use is to set at liberty a person wrongfully imprisoned, by bringing him before the court where the legality of his imprisonment may be inquired into. It is the most celebrated writ in English history, and its arbitrary suspension in time of peace would be an act of high-handed despotism.

† The word "embargo" means a restraint on the sailing of ships either into or out of port, but limited as to time. The embargo of 1807 did not limit the duration of the restraint; hence the formidable nature of the act.

war or treaty, but the right to make the addition was claimed under the power to admit new States.

Take yet another case. In the late Civil War the Government was brought face to face with a dire crisis. Its treasury was bankrupt, its credit was exhausted, its troops were in the field fighting for its life. It needed means to carry on the war; those means could not be had without money. It did not have money, it could not borrow it; it therefore boldly made it — out of nothing. That is, it issued "greenbacks." In sheer desperation it put its stamp on paper, and solemnly declared that paper to be as good as gold.

In no part of the Constitution can express power be found to justify that action. After the war closed, the question was submitted to the Supreme Court. The Court held that the action of the Government was lawful, and this was its reasoning: The Constitution intended that the Government should endure for ages. It was expressly given the power to declare war and raise armies and provide a navy, and under its general war power it had a right to defend its life in any way that might be necessary; and, if paper money was necessary to that end, it had a right to issue it.

After the war, however, the Government continued to issue greenbacks. The war necessity had passed; the question was again laid before the Supreme Court, and this time the Court took a different tack and went further than it did before. It held that the Government has the right to make paper money not only in time of war but in time of peace, and it defended that right under various provisions and reasonings — under the express power to borrow money, and under other express provisions, under the auxiliary powers as proper means to carry out other powers, and under the *sum of all the powers* which clothed the Government with certain supreme "attributes of sovereignty" possessed and exercised by older Governments.

These acts are named merely as illustrations. They have gone into history; they have been passed upon by the highest court in our country; and those decisions stand, until reversed by future decisions or overcome by Constitutional Amendment, as the true meaning of the Constitution. They are not mentioned to arouse debate. It was paper money that helped to save the Union. The purchase of Louisiana was, in the light of events, a grand achievement. It was a "long reach" of statesmanship. For, by it, the Republic at one bound passed from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; and, having gone so far, it was inevitable that sooner or later it should leap the crest of the continent and plant its power on the shores of the Pacific. Under the right to extend our domain, whether by purchase, by conquest, or by annexation,

we have attained the magnificent proportions, as a nation, which we present before the world today.

But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that we have done these and other things by liberal views as to the extent of the Federal Power. When one provision was evidently against us, we have fallen back upon another. We have made the plainest and most rigid terms of the Constitution stretch and bend (they have been even wrenched) to the dictates of national policy or to the necessities of the times. The provision of the Constitution in regard to the "territory" of the United States referred, almost beyond a doubt, to the North-west Territory; and its provision in regard to the admission of new States had in mind the creation of States either by dividing up some of the "thirteen" already in existence (with their consent) or the formation of new ones out of the Northwest Territory — not the admission of foreign States or the creation of States out of foreign territory. And we might produce still stronger proof as to the true intention of other provisions.

Two clauses of the Constitution are of special importance. The first is that which confers upon the Government the power to tax and raise revenue in order "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." This provision, or the "general welfare" part of it, has been the subject of heated arguments from the beginning of the Government to the present day. Under this provision, the Government plainly has power to raise a revenue; but whether it can rightfully use its power to tax for other ends than those of revenue, and collect more money than it actually needs, and to what matters of general welfare it can apply the revenue so collected, are questions that have been brought before the people time and time again, and notably so in the campaign just ended.

The second clause of great consequence is that which authorizes Congress to make all laws which may be "necessary and proper" to carry out the other powers granted by the Constitution. As to what the Government may or may not do under this, its auxiliary power, there is no test beyond the discretion, or even the caprice, of Congress and the extreme limits of the Constitution itself; the courts refuse point-blank to interfere with the right of Congress to choose its own "means" so long as they tend toward proper ends.

To the work actually being done by the Government under these two clauses, the language itself furnishes only a bare clue. And as we have seen, nearly every provision can be made to stretch to objects little imagined by the casual reader of the Constitution. The powers exercised by the Gov-

ernment are greater than appear in words. This fact you should keep in mind.

All the way along our national career we find the people divided over the question of Federal authority—some favoring its liberal extension, others demanding that it be held carefully in check. The right of the Government to construct or aid “internal improvements”—such as the building of national roads, the opening of water-ways, and the improvement of navigable streams,—to charter national banks, and carry out other great measures, has been fought step by step; and for this reason the later amendments to the Constitution, to guard as far as possible against new doubts or conflicts, expressly confer upon the Government the power to enforce the provisions of such amendments. As there are people to-day who believe that the Government has far exceeded its true province, so there are others who believe it has not gone far enough.

It is suggested, for instance, that the Government should build ship-canal, and take charge of the railroads, of the telegraph, and of a variety of other great interests, and manage them for the common benefit of the people, and that, if it does not possess sufficient power under the Constitution as it stands, amendments should be adopted giving it more power.

It will surprise no one at all familiar with the subject to be told that the Government is doing things which, under the Constitution, it ought not to do; and, on the other hand, that it is not doing things which, under the Constitution, it ought to do. And those who blindly demand an increase of power would do well to first understand the power it actually wields to-day. That amendments will be adopted in the course of time cannot be doubted; for new conditions provoke new questions. But they are serious affairs. They should be made with caution. The person who would offer a change or addition to the Constitution to meet every trivial or passing topic of the day is not a safe adviser of the people.

Every American who is a citizen of one of the United States lives under two governments and owes a double allegiance. He owes allegiance to the government of the State wherein he lives, upon which he directly relies for protection in his rights of life, liberty, and property; and he owes allegiance to the Government of the United States, whose power he may invoke should his rights as a citizen of the Union be denied to him by a State, or should they be put in danger wherever he may roam. Each government works in a separate

sphere; yet there is a vague borderland of authority where the movements of the one seem to blend in the power of the other. He should understand the workings of these governments, and their exact relations to each other and to himself. He should understand not only the Constitution and Government of the Union, but the constitution and government of his State. With that knowledge he will realize how far his civil liberty may be affected or imperiled by any disturbance of their powers. Taking a just pride in both, but watchful of his own personal independence, he will not seek to impair their agencies for good nor will he rashly wish to add to their armor from any false notion of sovereign display or glory.

In studying the Constitution, the limitations upon power should be carefully observed. And in viewing the operations of the Federal Government we should not lose sight of the less pretentious but equally important operations of the State.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTMENTS OF ADMINISTRATION.

THE operations of the Federal Government include the actions of the three great branches into which its power is divided. But the methods employed by Congress and by the Judiciary are outside the purpose of our sketch. It is sufficient to say that the work of Congress (located at the City of Washington and consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives) is chiefly shown in the laws which it enacts, and which are spread upon the statute books, within easy reach of all. The work of the Judiciary (consisting of various courts, located some at Washington and others throughout the country) is chiefly shown in its interpretation and application of those laws in the settlement of controversies concerning private or public rights or private or public wrongs; and its leading decisions, so far as they involve principles or questions of interest to the public, are set forth in the various volumes of Court Reports, also within reach of all.

The work of the third great branch—the Executive—is shown in the actual administration of the laws. At the head of this branch stands the President of the United States (with headquarters at Washington), in whom alone the entire Executive Power of the Government is vested by the Constitution; and, acting under his general command, are the subordinate agents of administration* (many residing at Washington, but most of them dis-

* A special Committee of the Senate (without pretending to be entirely accurate) lately reported the number as 171,746—those figures including, of course, the Army and Navy as well as the civilians in Government employ. Allowing for fluctuation, it may be placed generally at 170,000 and upward.

persed in various parts of the United States and various foreign sections of the earth) — in round numbers, not far from 175,000 strong. Upon this branch rests the duty of carrying into effect the thousands of laws, in all their variety and intricacies, which Congress for one hundred years has been industriously enacting, presumably in strict performance of its own duty and in the interest of the people and the States. A knowledge of that work involves a knowledge of the laws and the methods whereby those laws are carried out by the agents of administration — the daily practical movements of the Government itself.

The great mass of work thus imposed upon the Executive Power of the Government — embracing so many distinct subjects, and requiring so many thousands of agents to perform — must be arranged and treated in an orderly and systematic manner. To expect the President to give it his close personal attention and directly superintend the doings of each agent, would be absurd. The magnitude and diversity of the work demand its separation into parts, and the general supervision or management of each part must be intrusted to a separate officer. On this business basis, and in accordance with the design of the Constitution, Congress has divided the work among seven executive departments, each in charge of a general officer or "head of department," known, respectively, as the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior; and the work of each department is still further subdivided and distributed among "bureaus" and "divisions" and minor "offices," in charge of lesser heads or chiefs, designated as "commissioners," "superintendents," "directors," and by various other general or special titles.

An Executive Department, then, properly means one of the grand divisions of Government work boldly marked out or suggested by the express provisions of the Constitution. These grand divisions readily arrange themselves. The sovereign relations of the Republic with foreign powers, and its official intercourse with the Governments of the States at home may be regarded as one distinct grand division; accordingly, we have the Department of State. The coinage, currency, revenue, and general fiscal affairs suggest another great branch of work; hence, we have the Department of the Treasury. The mention of armies suggests work that in time of trouble is likely to tax the energy of a separate division; thus, we very appropriately have a Department of War. The prosecution of offenses against the United States, and other judicial matters wherein the interests of the

Republic are concerned constitute a general division, represented by the Department of Justice. The postal service, as one of the most intricate and important branches of Government work, certainly forms another grand division; therefore, we have the Post-Office Department. Maritime protection, like the military or land defense, forms a separate division; and thus we have the Department of the Navy. The various matters of domestic concern, not covered in these other Departments, but contemplated by the Constitution, such as the census, public lands, patents, and "odds and ends," may be conveniently grouped into another general division; and thus we have the very miscellaneous, yet not misnamed, Department of the Interior.

To some of these Executive Departments are intrusted matters which, on their face at least, do not strictly belong to the grand division to which they have been assigned by law. For instance, the "Weather Bureau" is a bureau of the War Department; the work being intimately connected with the peaceful interests of agriculture and commerce, it is very generally demanded that it should be taken from military control and placed elsewhere. On the other hand, it is urged by some that the subject of Indian affairs, now in charge of a bureau of the Department of the Interior, should be transferred to the War Department. The Coast Survey, the Light-House Board, the Marine Hospital Service, and other bureaus or offices, while they imply connection with maritime affairs, deal really with commerce and mercantile interests rather than with matters of national defense, and are to-day found under the Department of the Treasury, rather than under the Navy, as their titles might suggest. The Departments were established during a series of years. As special interests required attention and special bureaus were created, they were, in many instances, placed under the most convenient Departments then existing. Some of these bureaus have grown in size, and, having been retained where they were originally placed, instead of being shifted to more appropriate Departments, they contrast strangely with the work of other bureaus immediately about them. In this way, we may account for seemingly improper or haphazard classification of Government work.

It may further be noted that the Government is engaged in some unassigned work, not embraced within any of the regular established Executive Departments. The Department of Agriculture, while called a "department," and while independent of the other departments, is really only an independent bureau with a mere commissioner in charge. It has often been proposed to raise it

to the rank of an Executive Department, with a secretary at its head, preserving its present name; or to add to it certain other work now being done in other bureaus and call the whole a "Department of Industries." In like manner, it has been proposed to bring together and consolidate the various branches of scientific work, now being done by the Government in various bureaus and under different departments, and establish a separate "Department of Science." But the objection made to these suggestions is, that the work done by the Department of Agriculture, and by the other bureaus in question, while perhaps important and proper for the Government to perform, as matters bearing upon national welfare, does not form, in itself, a broad, grand division of administration, distinctly mapped out or indicated by the Constitution, and to do as has been suggested would be to lift auxiliary or incidental work into undue prominence. And an Executive Department, once established, the tendency would be toward a gradual building up and extension of power, with danger of exceeding "necessary and proper" limits. So far as actual results are concerned, or for the purpose of this sketch, it makes little difference whether they are called departments or bureaus; the work is being done, though perhaps not on so great a scale as would otherwise be the case. That other Executive Departments will be established is very probable. Two of those already established, the Department of the Treasury and the Interior Department, are liable to become unwieldy by increase of business; and part of the work now intrusted to them might very properly and advantageously be taken away and lodged in one or more separate divisions. The various bureaus of the Treasury Department, a few of which have been noted, relating more directly to commercial matters than to purely fiscal duties, might be grouped into a "Department of Commerce,"—a subject in itself, comprising a broad division of Constitutional work. This, however, is a question of administra-

tive convenience rather than of strict necessity, at the present time.*

It is the heads of department, then, through whom the President must chiefly deal in giving his orders and to whom he must directly look for information as to what is being done in the administration of the Government. The Constitution, recognizing this dependence, provides that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." This dependence, of course, extends from the principal officers to the subordinate chiefs. The Constitution requires the President to give to Congress, from time to time, information of "the state of the Union," and this he does, at least once a year, in the shape of his "Annual Message." The heads of department, with one exception, are likewise ordered by Congress to render regular annual reports, at the beginning of each session of Congress, in regard to the operations of their departments. It might be imprudent to require the Secretary of State to publicly disclose all the doings of his department; yet even that department is ordered to annually transmit to Congress certain information gathered by its agents abroad, together with other details not involved in the secrecy of unfinished diplomatic negotiations.

The President, in his Annual Message, relies on the annual reports of the heads of department, and these heads of department in turn rely upon (and transmit with their reports) the reports made to them by their subordinate bureau and division officers. In this way, at the beginning of every session of Congress, the general operations of the Government during the preceding year, with recommendations for legislation, are spread before the legislative branch of the Government in the interesting but formidable literature of "annual reports." In addition to the regular reports required by law, and other reports which the

* Since the writing of the foregoing views, and on the eve of putting them into type, another bill before Congress, providing for the establishment of an Executive Department of Agriculture, has nearly reached the final stage of legislation, and may become a law by the time this number of *ST. NICHOLAS* shall go to press. The adoption of such a law, it must be frankly confessed, will be a departure from what has heretofore been regarded as the distinct and true lines of the Constitution. Agricultural (or farming) interests, so far as they require dealing with by law, are matters within the province of each State, and the Federal Government cannot interfere with them, except so far as they form a part of commerce with foreign nations or among the States—as, for example, the passage of diseased cattle from State to State. Aside from this feature (which belongs to the general subject of "Commerce") the operations of the Department of Agriculture do not form a great division of Constitutional work; its duties are scarcely executive in their nature; and to class that work as an "Executive Department" is to torture the meaning of the term as it is used in the Constitution. The enactment of the pending measure is not un-

likely to result in one of two serious evils pointed out by eminent students of the question—either it will be the establishment of a great "reservoir" into which Congress will be pouring power for years to come, by the addition or creation of other bureaus, and in whose increasing volume the interests of Agriculture as now cared for will be neglected or lost; or, it will arouse the envy of other industries and interests, which will demand similar recognition by Congress, and we may then expect to see the formation of other Executive Departments, one devoted exclusively to "Manufactures," another to "Labor," another to "Art," and perhaps we may even realize the sarcasm of the critic and have a separate "Department of Everything." All this, however, is by the way. The movement is noticed as another effort to expand the language of the Constitution beyond its apparent meaning. But these criticisms, based purely upon Constitutional principles, should not be understood as questioning the value or the propriety of the present work of the Agricultural Department or its claims to enlarged powers within special lines, as will be hereafter explained.

Executive Department may see fit to send to Congress from time to time (as well as the publications continually being issued to the public by departments and bureaus), the President and other officers of the service are incessantly being called upon by either House of Congress, when in session, for information on special subjects to guide the law-makers in their important work of legislation.

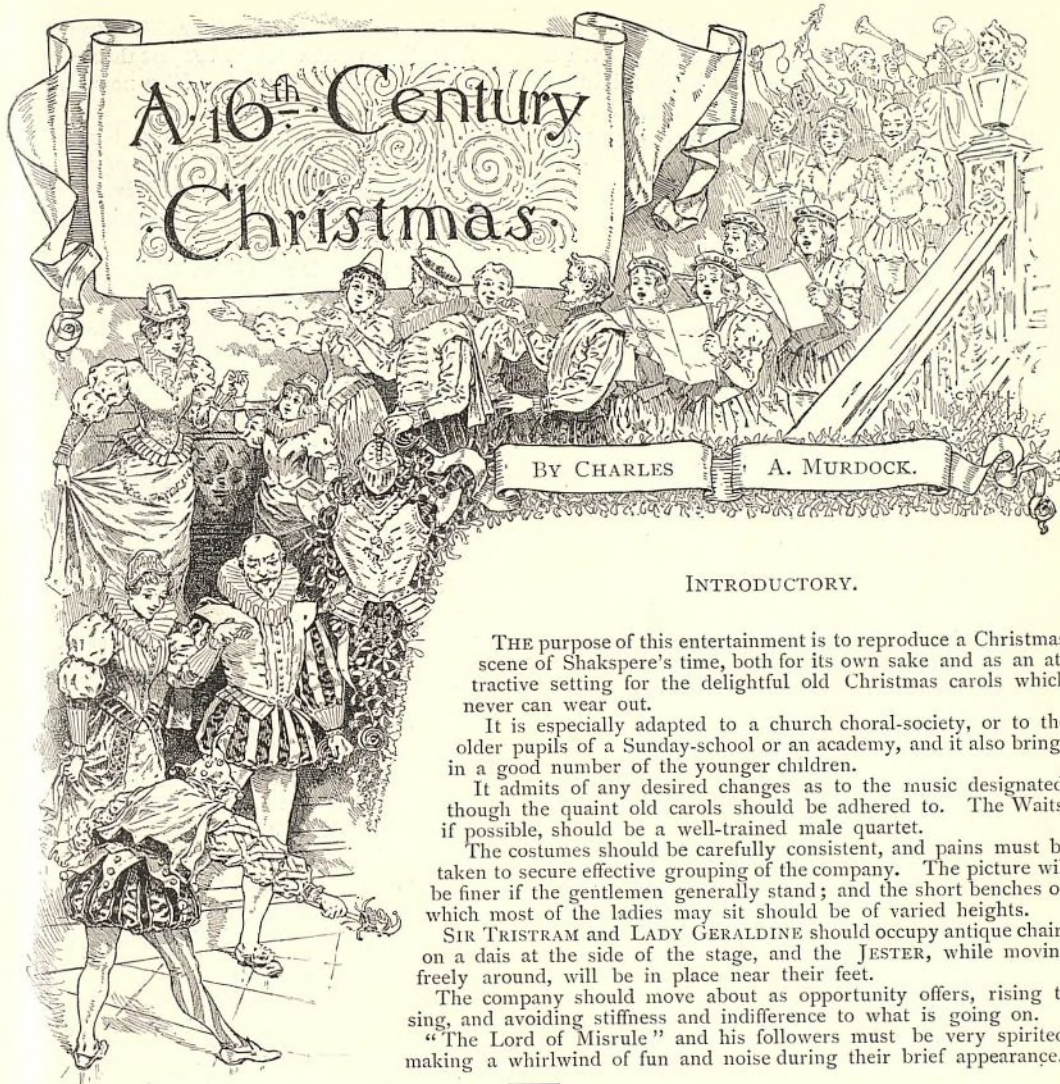
The head of each Executive Department is authorized by Congress to prescribe regulations, not inconsistent with law, for the government of his department, the conduct of its officers and clerks, the distribution and performance of its business, and the custody, use, and preservation of the records, papers, and property appertaining to it. From the intricacy of these regulations and from blind devotion or long adherence to senseless forms, have grown up some very roundabout methods of business, commonly known as "red-tape"—a name taken from the color of the ribbon used in public offices in tying papers.* To follow, for instance, a simple purchase of stationery for department use, through the official maneuvers, from the time the stationery is ordered until it is finally paid for, would be to go through a maze of

books and a small regiment of clerks. In the keeping of Government accounts it is necessary that there should be guards against fraud, and there is reason in requiring that each transaction in relation to the collection or disposition of public funds shall undergo the scrutiny of different clerks and be recorded in different books, each entry or clerk acting as a check upon the other. But there is scarcely a branch of department detail, as now observed, whether in matters of finance or in minor matters of unimportant correspondence, that is not open to improvement, and in some regards the extent to which this detail is carried is simply farcical. Indeed, the evil has become so notorious that a committee of the Senate was recently appointed for the special purpose of overhauling these dusty and cobwebbed methods, and the result has been some sort of effort to do away with useless details and ensure economy, dispatch, and general simplicity in the transaction of public business. Further observations of a general nature, in regard to the officers and methods of administration, may be postponed for the sake of present brevity, until we come to the organization and work of particular departments.

[To be continued.]

*The term "red-tape" is not confined to the United States. Charles Dickens, in ridiculing this feature of circuitous action on the part of the British Government, described it as the "Circumlocution Office" or the chief of public offices "in the art of perceiving how *not* to do it." Mark Twain, in his famous satire of "The Great Beef Contract," has placed on record his views about official formalities and delays on the part of our own Government. Nor is his burlesque so extravagant as many people may suppose, as will appear from various illustrations given in the report of the Senate Committee. The statement of some very ordinary instances of red-tape occupies pages of that report; we may condense one specimen to its smallest limits. Take, for instance, the case of a clerk in the division of accounts in the General Land Office, in the Interior Department, examining an account of a disbursing agent of that department. In the course of his examination that clerk would need to know the balance to the credit of the disbursing agent at the last settlement of his accounts by the First Comptroller of the Treasury. This requires him to obtain the information from the Office of the Register of the Treasury, where it is kept. Now, to get that information, the clerk, in following out the regular methods, would fill out a blank request for information, addressed to the Register of the Treasury, place his initials upon that request, and hand it to the chief of the division of accounts, who would in turn hand it to the assistant chief, who would place his initials also upon it and return it to the chief, who would then put his initials upon it and pass it to the law-examiners, one of whom would examine and put his initials upon it, and pass it to another law-examiner, who would also initial it, and then forward it by a messenger to the room of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, where it would be received and the name of the commissioner stamped upon it by a clerk, and then returned to the division of accounts, where another clerk would make a record of it and also of the name of the clerk who filled up the blank request; and it would then be handed to the clerk who originally made it, who would then pass it to another clerk, who would record it in full in the record of letters written in that division, initial it, and hand it back to the original "requesting" clerk, who would make a letterpress copy of it, address an envelope to the Register of the Treasury, and place the

envelope and the inclosure in a basket, whence a messenger would carry them to the mailing-room. Without tracing the course of that letter through the Post-Office Department, we may next begin on it when it arrives at the Register's Office in the Treasury Department. There it would be opened by a messenger, who would hand it to a clerk, who would make out the required certificate showing the balance on the last account, with other data, put his initial on the certificate, and hand it to the chief of his division, who would put his initial on it and forward it by a messenger to the Assistant Register, who would sign and deliver it to a messenger, to be mailed to the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Here comes in the agency of the Post-Office Department again. When received in the Land Office the certificate would be delivered by a messenger (who opens the mail) to a clerk, who would hand it to another clerk, who would place around it a "jacket," stamp on the jacket the date of its receipt in the office and the running number of the communication as shown by the Index, make a brief note of the contents of the certificate on the back of the jacket, and then hand the certificate to another clerk, who would make an entry of it in a book called the "Numerical Index" and check the jacket, and hand it to another clerk, who would enter the certificate in the "Register of accounts and letters received," and check the jacket and forward it, with its contents, by a messenger, to the chief of the division of accounts, who would hand it to another clerk, who would enter the certificate in a "Register of accounts and letters received," and also in an "Index," check the jacket, endorse thereon the volume and page of the register in which it had been entered, and then hand it over to the clerk who originally made the request, who then could go on with his examination of the account of the disbursing agent. That, by the way, is only one step in the terrible "red-tape" rigmarole still to be pursued before the final examination and settlement of that agent's account! Here, then, is a trifle—a request for a few figures which could be obtained, within a few minutes, by the clerk putting on his hat, jumping into a street-car, riding to the Treasury Department, only six short blocks away, receiving orally the information from the clerk who has it in the Register's Office, and returning to his desk in the Interior Department!



BY CHARLES A. MURDOCK.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE purpose of this entertainment is to reproduce a Christmas scene of Shakspeare's time, both for its own sake and as an attractive setting for the delightful old Christmas carols which never can wear out.

It is especially adapted to a church choral-society, or to the older pupils of a Sunday-school or an academy, and it also brings in a good number of the younger children.

It admits of any desired changes as to the music designated, though the quaint old carols should be adhered to. The Waits, if possible, should be a well-trained male quartet.

The costumes should be carefully consistent, and pains must be taken to secure effective grouping of the company. The picture will be finer if the gentlemen generally stand; and the short benches on which most of the ladies may sit should be of varied heights.

SIR TRISTRAM and LADY GERALDINE should occupy antique chairs on a dais at the side of the stage, and the JESTER, while moving freely around, will be in place near their feet.

The company should move about as opportunity offers, rising to sing, and avoiding stiffness and indifference to what is going on.

"The Lord of Misrule" and his followers must be very spirited, making a whirlwind of fun and noise during their brief appearance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR TRISTRAM.....An English gentleman	MASTER RIVERS.....Another tuneful guest
LADY GERALDINE.....His wife	A JESTER.....
LADY BEATRICE.....A guest, who sings	GREGORY.....A servant
LITTLE EDITH.....The grandchild	HUGO.....A servant

* Waits, ladies and gentlemen, "The Lord of Misrule" and his merry band, children, etc., etc.

SCENE — AN OLD ENGLISH HALL.

(Curtain rises, discovering two servants and a jester.)

GREGORY — By the mass, this is the merriest Christmas I e'er did see. Didst ever know such goings on? Such eating, and drinking, and frolicking? What a dinner had we the day; and Ods body, what a pudding was that! They perforce left enough for us to feast withal.

HUGO — Aye, that they did, and right royally I tell thee, Gregory, we do well to live in these days of good Queen Bess, when there 's plenty to eat and drink. I warrant thee those knavish knights we hear of oft went hungry.

GREGORY — The more fools they. I care not for glory. As the merry play-actor saith, "I am

one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." Ah, Hugo, that's a rare play; it maketh one to laugh mightily. The master goeth oft to see it, and he delighteth in that merry Launce. Marry, thou



shalt see anon how pat I'll do't; the master saith, Christmas or no Christmas, I shall present Launce and his dog.

HUGO — The feasters soon shall come, I trow. 'T is eight o' the clock. How now, Fool? Why art thou drowsy? Whence these doleful dumps? Awake and give us a taste of thy drollery.

JESTER — O, give o'er, I prithee. 'T is sad enough to show folly to the wise. My pearls are not for swine.

HUGO — *Swine!* Thou unmannerly knave; we'll whack thee soundly an thou mind'st not.

JESTER — Nay; an thou canst not be civil, I'll take myself away. I'd fain be still. I'm grinding at my mill 'gainst the Yuletide.

GREGORY — What mean'st thou, boy?

JESTER — Dost think we men of mind can forth-

with do our task, as ye can lift a trencher? Aforetime must we store the jest that seemeth struck like flash of steel. E'en now I'm sitting on the jokes I'll hatch anon.

GREGORY — Ho! Ho! thou art *rare*, Sir Fool.

JESTER — Then leave me lest I be *well done* with such a scurvy fire as you would give.

GREGORY — My life, but thou art quick. I would I had your wit.

JESTER — O, covet it not, good Gregory. Thou art fool enough without it.

HUGO — He hath thee "on the hip," as saith the Jew. Hark! I hear the steps of the gentles. Let us to our posts.

(Enter the Christmas company.)

SIR TRISTRAM — This way, good friends. I pray you be merry and at ease; make our home your own. My sweet wife here, and my chicks will look to't that a Christmas in old England shall not see you want for anything. In our simple English way we bid you welcome to Yuletide.

LADY GERALDINE — Find seats, dear hearts. We'd have such a Christmas eve as would drive all thoughts but happy ones far from you. 'T is a blessed time, for the good-will the angels sang of yore gains apace, and in this fair land, far from those lonely heights where the shepherds watched their sheep, we gather to praise Christ's name, and show each to each the love we bear.

SIR T. — Aye, she speaketh well. I own 't is true; but I fear me ye may not be *merry*. My wife is *unco' guid*, as the canny Scots would say; but —

I'm yet a sinner
Who loveth dinner,
And fain would see you gay;
I fear not folly,
I'd e'er be jolly,
Nor work when I can play.

JESTER — O, nuncle, thou mak'st me weary.

SIR T. — How now, gentle Jester, an why dost repine?

JESTER — It is my sweet privilege to play the fool, and it likes me not when you begin.

SIR T. — You rascally lout, what mean you?

JESTER — Know you not there is a time for all things? The mistress would have us gay, but she hath sense to know that they only can be truly happy who are truly good.

You, my wicked lord, nor I, nor no man
E'er can happy be as noble woman.

WOMEN — Hear, hear; good for the Jester.
MEN (*derisively*) — Oh, oh!

SIR T. — Ah, you sly dog, you know how to make friends where friends are worth the having.

LADY G.—Thank you, boy. None need have fear we shall be too serious. And now, to begin, let us sing "The First Nowell."

SIR T.—One moment, an it please you. (*To Jester, who runs out.*) Boy, come hither! (*Whispers to Jester, who runs out.*) I hope it is no offense, but at the last Yuletide the words of these same Christmas Carols slipped so villainously from our minds that we sang but illy,—and it is no marvel, for we sing them but once the year,—so I bethought me to send to London, and Master Evans hath sent me here the words, in good fair type, that all may read, and, not fearing to slip, may sing right lustily. Boys, give out the songs. Now will we sing "The First Nowell." (*They sing.*)

JESTER—Nuncle, that is a goodly song. It refresheth my spirits. If you had a soul, I think it would do it good.

SIR T.—*If* I had a soul, blockhead; and why have I not?

JESTER—I give it up. I know not why.

SIR T.—But what proof hast thou that I have not?

JESTER—Art a philosopher and askest me to prove a negative? It resteth for thee to prove that thou hast.

SIR T.—And how can it be done, my pretty knave?

JESTER—Marry— (*Sings*)

Now, mark me! *do!*
But show a *ray*
Of love for *me,*
It goeth *far*
To prove thy *soul.*
Now, say not *la!*
But let us *see*
Your cake 's not *dough.*

SIR T.—Good, fool! By all the saints, this is admirable nonsense. Thou hast earned the cross, and shalt bear it. (*Giving money.*)

JESTER—Oh, no; I'm not musical for nothing. I can not draw silver music from a heart of flint. Not I, forsooth. 'T is the caitiff wretch that bideth round the corner.

SIR T.—Now, let the frolic begin. Ho, Gregory! Hugo! go bid my hinds bring hither the Yule log. (*Exeunt G. and H.*) Now, friends, be-think you that Care 's an enemy of life. As saith Young Hamlet: "What should a man do but be merry?" Master Shakspeare giveth us another good text in Richard II.: "Be merry, for our time of stay is short." Let us all stand up and shout for Yuletide joy.

(Stand and hurrah. Ladies wave handkerchiefs. Log brought in.)

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas Log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your health's desiring."

LADY G.—Let us raise our voices in the grand old carol, "From Far Away."

SIR T.—Ah, good wife, thou chooseth well. I love that same old song.

LADY G.—Be seated all. Frame your minds to mirth and merriment, for now 't is seasonable.

SIR T.—Boy, can not you sing? Too much carol maketh me sad. I fain would have a stirring ditty—or a rollicking ballad.

JESTER—Ah, master, Heaven is not so partial to any mortal as to make him beautiful, and wise, and then to gild him with the power of



song. I'm no nightingale, nor be I a lark (though perchance at times I aid one,—but that is apart).

LADIES—Oh, sing, sweet youth.

JESTER—It ill beseemeth me to say you nay. To decline mayhap were more inglorious than to fail, but i' faith I can not. I'm coltish to-night.

SIR T.—Coltish? What mean'st thou?

JESTER—Why, a little hoarse. An it please you, ask Master Rivers to sing. He hath a marvelous fine voice, and knoweth a ballad 't would make ye merry to hear.

LADY G.—Thou speakest well. Good Master Rivers, favor us, an thou wilt, with thy antique song.

MASTER R.—An it please you, my lady, I'll sing from now till Michaelmas.

JESTER—Oh, not so long, good master. Be brief, if you would win our love.

(*Master Rivers sings "The Leather Bottel" from "Pan Pipes." All clap hands and cry "Good!"*)

SIR T.—My thanks, good friend. The performance doth thee credit. I would I had thy voice—and thy years. Well, sweet wife, 't is thy choice next. What wilt thou offer to our guests and the general joy?

LADY G.—Good my lord, our little grandchild, Edith, hath a verse. Brief is it, but beautiful. 'T was writ by Master George Herbert, and "Lovejoy" calls he it. Come hither, Edith. Now, sweet child, say thy little lines. (*Edith recites.*)



S on a window late I cast my eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with
J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch.
One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who
am never loath
To spend my judgment) said:
"It seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters
both
Of Joy and Charity." "Sir,
you have not missed,"
The man replied. "It figures
Jesus Christ."

SIR T.—"Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and most pathetic." Now will we have a bit from a bright play. My servant, Gregory, is no Burbage, but he doth something smack; he hath a kind of taste for the players' art, and will now give you the speech of Launce, from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The dog you see not. 'T is "in his mind's eye." Sirrah, stand forth. (*Gregory recites Act. II., Sc. 3.*) (*Applause.*)

(Singing without: "God rest thee, Merry Gentlemen.")

LADY G.—'T is the Waits singing from door to door. When they have done we will bid them enter. (*Waits conclude their carol.*) Good my lord, may we not call them in to share our festivity?

SIR T.—Marry will we. Jester, bid you the

minstrels to come in and sing for us again. They discourse most excellent music. (*Waits enter and sing again: "The Boar's Head Carol," or some carol for male voices.*)

SIR T.—'T is well; 't is very well. Perchance the Waits are dry. Belike you all may be, for so in sooth am I. Hugo, bring hither the loving-cup. Break this respectful stillness. You have been staid too long. (*General talk, very brisk and voluble. Loving-cup passed.*)

SIR T.—(*Resuming seat.*) Now, neighbors all, again let quiet reign. We'll have another Christmas song. (*Waits sing: "What Maid Was This?" from "Christmas Carols Old and New."*)

JESTER—Sir Twistem, methinks that song was e'en as good as the other one.

SIR T.—No more, my sweet fool. Thou need'st not think to match thy crossed shilling.

JESTER—Ah, good my lord, think not I care for thy silver; 't was the winning gave me joy. But I love music; my soul longeth for it. I suck sweet melancholy from a song as thou suckest a dull brain from thy potatoes.

SIR T.—Sirrah, thou abusest thy privilege. I care not for ale, nor is my brain befogged.

JESTER—Then, speaking of silver, canst thou tell me why a boxed rat is like a man becoming short of money?

SIR T.—Beshrew me, boy, I can not answer.

JESTER—Because, look you, it will be a gnawing to get out.

SIR T.—Go to! *annoying.* A villainous jest, i' faith.

JESTER—Nuncle, where hadst thou this fine ale?

SIR T.—Of Master Davenant at the Crown Inn, sirrah.

JESTER—Of Master Davenant! Then why is the Crown Inn like Jacob's Well?

SIR T.—I know not that, either.

JESTER—Because, hark ye, *he brews drink* there.

SIR T.—*Go to*, thou art too subtle for me. *He brews drink!* 'T is passing good! (*Wipes tears.*) *Hebrews drink*—to be sure. I wonder not that the melancholy Jacques would fain wear motley. By the way—that same sad man reminds me—(*Addresses Waits.*) My good friends, could ye sing for us that fine song the huntsmen sing in the forests of Arden, as 't is done at the Curtain theater?

WAITS—Aye, good my lord, that can we.

SIR T.—We must have a little spice withal, or the carols will pall upon our taste. (*Waits sing, "What shall He have who Kills the Deer?" from the Boosey collection.*) (*The bystanders in the scene applaud.*)



LADY G.—Lady Beatrice, wilt thou not sing for us that quaint old ballad that I love so well?

LADY B.—If it is thy pleasure, I can not decline. (*Lady B. sings "O, Mistress Mine," or "Phil-lida Flouts Me," from "Pan Pipes."*) (*Noise without.*)

LADY G.—Good my lord, what noise is this without?

SIR T.—It must e'en be those merry roisterers who follow The Lord of Misrule. Fear them not, they are but somewhat rude. They 'll do no ill. Some there are, poor souls, who know no way to show their joy but by making a monstrous noise.

(Enter The Lord of Misrule and followers with music, hobby-horse, etc. They dance and distribute papers, for which they receive pennies. A poor child comes with Christmas-box.)

LADY G.—Ah! dear little mouse. Bring hither thy Christmas-box. Soon may 't be full.

(Roisterers exeunt.)

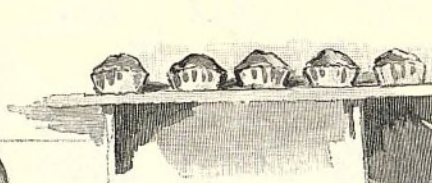
JESTER — (*yawning*) I have an exposition of sleep come upon me, nuncle. Is to-day to-morrow, or yesterday? If too full we fill one day, 't will spill and spoil the next. I fain would niggard with a little rest. Christmas joys are well, but —

"A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings."

SIR T.—Thou art not altogether a fool. The time draws near, "so I regret the daintiest last to make the end most sweet." Dear heart, what shall be the final act in this our Yule-tide play?

LADY G.—Glad are our hearts. Peace, plenty, and joy smile upon all. Let our last act on the birthday of our Lord be the union of our voices in praising His name. Let us sing "Gloria in Excelsis." (*All sing.*)
(*At the close, curtain falls.*)

NOTE: Almost all the songs named in the text can be obtained by ordering through music-dealers, and most of the waits and carols are to be found in the "English Melodies" and "Sacred Series" of the collection called "The Choralist." Of course, when necessary, other old songs and carols may be substituted at will, for those mentioned here.



MAKING CAKE

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.
Energico.

HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. NO. VIII.

Music by T. C. H.

1. Clip, clip, whip, whip, Pa - per all the pat - ty pans, And

Cresc.
cream the but - ter white;.... Clip, clip, flip, flip,

Cresc...... *f*
Cakes to beat the ba - ker-man's, - So whip with all your might.

II.
Whisk, whisk, brisk, brisk,
Soon the whites will stand alone,
The sugar's all stirred thin;
Whisk, whisk, frisk, frisk,
Out is every raisin-stone,
And now the flour goes in.

III.
Beat, beat, fleet, fleet,
Sprinkle in the spicery
And patter on the plums;
Beat, beat, sweet, sweet,
Bake it in a trice-a-ree,
For here the Taster comes!



OUR POLLY.

(A new version of an old rhyme.)

THERE was a young lady — and, what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this young lady scarce ever was quiet.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

If I were to ask you to shut your eyes and try to fancy that Christmas stood before you, what would you see? Ah! not one, but many. Some of you would see, in your mind's eye, an old man with long, white, frosty beard and kindly face, his brave form draped in a sparkling robe of snow decked with icicles—old Father Christmas from top to toe. Some would see another sort of figure,—a round, roly-poly, jolly personage, dressed in furs from crown to sole, laughing in every feature of his plump, ruddy face, all aglow after driving his Dunder and Blixen, and half hidden by his great sleigh-load of toys. Some of you, again, would see nothing but the toys, and your only thought, I shudder to say, would be, "Which of them are for me?" Some of you would see no fancied personage at all; but glorious winter without, and within doors a bright home, a glowing hearth, and all the family eager to welcome you from school for the happy holiday week. And a great many of you would scarcely close your eyes before the beautiful Christ-child would come and fill your soul with love and joy and gratitude; and your one next thought would be to give happiness to many, to make other hearts as glad as your own on the Perfect Day.

So it would be; and all would be looking out of themselves and into themselves. Meantime, waves of happiness and of sadness from the great, busy world would be rolling by, too softly to be distinctly heard—and then!—

There's a saucy sparrow for you; to think of a tiny bird like that—one of my best little friends, too—whispering me to end my discourse; assuring me that the children understand me perfectly, but are quite ready to hear about something else. He says, too, that the St. Nicholas Christmas is, after all, an early bird like himself, and there is plenty of time for all things.—Ah, well. Your

giver of wholesome advice must ever stand ready to take a like benefit. So I'll heed Mr. Sparrow, and wishing you many happy returns of all good visions, good thoughts, and blessed occasions, I'll give out this pretty winter song in short words. It is sent you by our friend Eudora S. Bumstead, and is called

BLOW, WIND, BLOW!

Now the snow is on the ground,
And the frost is on the glass;
Now the brook in ice is bound
And the great storms rise and pass.
Bring the thick, gray cloud;
Toss the flakes of snow;
Let your voice be hoarse and loud,
And blow, wind, blow!

When our day in school is done
Out we come with you to play.
You are rough, but full of fun,
And we boys have learned your way.
All your cuffs and slaps
Mean no harm, we know;
Try to snatch our coats and caps,
And blow, wind, blow!

You have sent the flowers to bed;
Cut the leaves from off the trees;
From your blast the birds have fled;
Now you do what you may please.
Yes; but by and by
Spring will come, we know.
Spread your clouds, then, wide and high,
And blow, wind, blow!

UNHANDY MONEY.

"THE other day," writes a new friend, "G. B.," "I heard a boy say that his father had come home from a long voyage with his 'pocket full of rocks.' And when I remarked that his father must be a sort of giant to wear a pocket big enough to put rocks in, he laughed at me and said he meant money when he said rocks.

"Since then I have heard of real stone money. The inhabitants of the Marshall Islands in the Pacific Ocean use it. Their stone money is a kind that is found on the Pelew Islands, and is shaped like grind-stones. Some of them are so large that a single one may weigh two and even three tons."

INTERESTING TO BABIES.

WILL my youngest American hearers—my very youngest—please give me their attention?

Ah, here you are! Well, my little ones, as you very soon are to begin to learn your letters, if, indeed, you are not already learning them, it may interest you to know that the babies of other countries, as well as baby Americans, are expected to know their alphabets at a very early age; and some of them, because there are more letters in their alphabets, have even a harder time than you do. Some, again, have less to learn. For instance, as a sprightly and learned correspondent informs this pulpit, the Sandwich Island alphabet

has only twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, and Latin, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the German and Dutch, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each. But, on the other hand, the Arabic has twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Muscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty; the Ethiopic and Tartaric, two hundred and two.

If this information bewilders you, my poor little letter-learners, don't mind it. It will keep. One of these days you will be big and able to play tag, and, later on, base-ball in all these languages. Then, a few letters, more or less, in any one of them, will be a matter of small consequence to you. Even now, I dare say, after what I have told you, you'd be able to play with the letter-blocks of any country. In truth, if I were you, I think I should prefer a box of Ethiopic or Tartaric letter-blocks to begin with.

If you wish, I'll mention this matter to Santa Claus.

SAND-FIDDLERS.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I saw in your department an incident called "Have You Seen Him?" by a little boy who signs himself "E. P. McE." I think I can tell him what it is. It is sometimes called a sand-fiddler. I have often seen these funny little sand-fiddlers on the beach at Sullivan's Island, near this city. They are somewhat like a baby crab, and are very funny little creatures. You can see clean through them.

This is the first letter I have ever written to you.
Your loving reader, L. G. W., JR.

PATENT SOAP BUBBLES.

WHAT is this strange news that comes to me? Can it be true that human beings are to-day proposing to sell to young folks patent soap-bubblers that are "warranted to blow a hundred soap-bubbles without re-filling"? Warranted to blow them! Think of that! Who wants one? Not I, nor mine. Do you, my children? As if the great charm of blowing bubbles were not in the uncertainty of getting any at all! It makes me furious to think of the effect such a tool as this would have upon a child's character. Like as not, too, the patent bubbles, so blown, are warranted not to burst — pah! Think of it, my youngsters, you who have seen real ones — those beautiful, floating, shining, picture-y things that go out in a diamond-twinkle almost as soon as you look at them! Now, I'll wager that these hundred patented bubbles go rolling about the house till they are dusty! Perhaps children may even get an occasional hurt by stubbing their toes against the tough globules — who knows? and Mamma may chide the servants for allowing such dangerous things to lie around. — Warranted indeed!

WHICH IS WHICH?

HERE is a letter from Anna M. Talcott, who first put the "Fruit and Vegetable" question, and

you have a right to see it; though your Jack must say that the matter is not yet quite settled.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: I was much pleased to read the letters in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS from Anna J. H., Arthur J. Sloan, Jessie T., Winifred Johnson, and Elsie M. R. I wish to thank them all, as well as those whose letters did not appear in print. All I can say in answer to the above-mentioned letters is to ask if corn, beans, pease, tomatoes, pumpkins, and squash are not considered vegetables? I thought I had discovered the difference when a friend told me vegetables were served with meats, and fruits never, until I remembered cranberries and apple-sauce. Some one suggested looking out the derivation of the different words. There must be a difference, or a man would never put up a sign in our street that he sold "Fruit and Vegetables."

Yours distractedly,

ANNA M. TALCOTT.

WHAT THE KNOWING POET HEARD PUSS SAY.

MY friend, John P. Lyons, who evidently is a poetical stenographer of the most expert kind, sends you the following faithful report of a modest cat's soliloquy:

BEFORE the blazing fire, on a downy Turkish rug,
Lay Pussy gently napping, quite as snug as any bug;
She looked supremely happy, and most musically purred,
Nor imagined for a moment she was being overheard;
But I happened to be present and caught every word she said,
And this is quite the train of thought that ran in Pussy's head:
"Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it is to be a cat!
Yes, every day I live, I grow more positive of that.

"For all the great, big, busy world — as is quite right and meet!
Comes humbly every day to lay its tribute at my feet; —
Far down within the damp, dark earth the grimy miner goes,
That I on chilly nights may have a fire for my toes;
Brave sailors plow the wintry main, through peril and mishap,
That I, on Oriental rugs, may take my morning nap;
Out in the distant meadow meekly graze the loving kine,
That milk, in endless saucerfuls, all foaming, may be mine;

"The fish that swim the ocean, and the birds that fill the air —
Did I not like their bones to pick, pray think you they'd be there?
But first, of all who wait on me, pre-eminent is man;
For me he toils through all the day, and through the night doth
plan;
Especially the gentleman who keeps this house for me,
And takes such thoughtful, anxious care, that I should suited be.
He's stocked his rare old attic with the finest breed of mice, —
A little hunting, now and then, comes in so very nice!

"And furthermore, the thoughtful man, a wife has married him,
To tidy up the house for me, and keep it neat and trim;
And both of them with deference my slightest fancy treat;
And as I'm quite fastidious about the things I eat,
They never offer me a dish, to please my appetite,
Until they've tasted it themselves, to see if all is right;
And to entice my palate, when it's cloyed with other things,
All fattening in a gilded cage, a choice canary swings.

"But best of all, they're training up, with pains that can't be told,
Their children, just to wait on me, when they have grown too old.
Ah, truly I am monarchess of all that I survey;
No rules or laws I recognize, no bells or calls obey.
I eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, nor ever have I toiled;
No kind of base, degrading work my paws has ever soiled.
Oh, truly 't is a gladsome thing to be a pussy-cat!
I'm truly glad, when I was born, I stopped to think of that."

NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

PAPER dolls may be made to serve as Christmas cards, and at the same time as an ingenious medium for conveying a gift of money, in a way which is sure not to offend.

Select comical heads from cards or pictures, and make bodies of stiff cardboard. Dress your dolls in colored tissue-paper, folding new, clean bank-notes to serve as aprons or ruffles (see No. 2), or as shawls, petticoats, or other articles of clothing (see No. 3 and No. 4).



I.

“ I am de jolly waiter-gal
Who rings de bell for tea.
I 's brought you here a plate ob jam
As nice as nice can be ! ”

The portrait of Lady Washington on a silver-certificate, may be utilized as the head of one doll. Fold the bill very neatly, and stitch it so lightly to the pasteboard body that it can be removed without damage. A mob-cap of white tissue-paper, trimmed and tied with very narrow ribbon, will conceal the back of the head, and the rest of the dress should be in “ Colonial ” style (see No. 3).

Silver dollars may also be used (see No. 1, where the waiter-girl holds one). It is inserted into a slit in the pasteboard and represents a silver salver. On this may be fastened an ordinary china button, and, with a drop of sealing wax in

the center, it will fairly imitate a plate of jam. The silver dollar may also be treated as in No. 6, using the head of the Goddess of Liberty by carefully pasting tissue-paper of the same color as the card's background over the rest of the dollar, so as to bring out the profile of the goddess *en silhouette*. A jaunty little modern bonnet can be added, and will still further disguise the origin of the head.



II.

“ I 'll sweep your room, Miss Mary Ann,
And keep it neat and clean.
I 'll do the very best I can,
Although I be quite green. ”



III.

“ Take off my cap, — cut off my head
Just underneath my collar !
Although you would not think it,
'T is worth a silver dollar ! ”

Or, using the "eagle" side of your coin, you may give it, as an emblazoned shield, to a knight, gayly equipped in plate-armor of silvered paper, while feathers plucked from your pillow stream from his helmet like the plume of Navarre.

The set of dolls represented in our

illustrations was given last Christmas by two children to their aunties. With the accompanying doggerel lines, they created much amusement. Other methods will suggest themselves to our young workers. It is sometimes well to consider the tastes or fancies of the recipient in preparing the gift.



IV.

" I 's heard dat dis kind family
Has brought up lots of chil'-
en ;
I 's come to nuss 'em for you ;
You 'll find me kind and
willin'."



V.

" I am a proud Knight-Templar,
As you can plainly see,
And none but one more brave
than I,
Can take my shield from me."



VI.

" I 'm sure you 're glad to see
me,
Hard-featured though I be ;
And if you wish to cut me up,
Why, take the Liberty."

CONTENTMENT.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.



ELL me, little bird,
why
You stay when the
snow is here?
Have you not wings to
fly
To some happier at-
mosphere?

" I love the wild dance
of the snow,
And the berries, frosty
and red;

Why should I hasten to go,
When here is my daily bread?

" And if my notes are but few,
When you think of the thrush and the jay,
What can a little bird do,
But sing on through the storm, as he may?

" ' Chickadee-dee-dee-dee,'
Perhaps some one is glad to hear
Just this frolic whistle from me
In the songless time of the year."

THE LETTER-BOX.

READERS of ST. NICHOLAS who are members of "The King's Daughters," and all who were interested in Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins's paper in our issue for January, 1887, will be glad to know that the Society has lately begun the publication of an official organ called "The Silver Cross." This periodical is issued under the auspices of the Central Council of "The King's Daughters," and all communications concerning it may be addressed to Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, 230 West 59th St., New York City.

CANDO, DAKOTA.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading Mrs. H. P. Handy's "True Story of a Dakota Blizzard." I have lived in Dakota nearly four years and would like to correct one or two of her statements. She is much mistaken about how much snow falls here during the winter. We have a great deal more than falls in Missouri. We had over three feet of snow last winter, and still more falls in the southern part of Dakota. I live only forty miles from Devil's Lake, so of course there is no difference in the snowfall there and here. Then again, blizzards very seldom or never (and they never have in my experience) come up very suddenly. It begins blowing and *gradually* grows worse until you can not see any distance, scarcely, and during that time people had better keep in the house and not risk their lives for the sake of attending to the stock, for it does not stay so bad very long. I have seen many blizzards, and only twice, and but for a few minutes then, it was so thick that we could not see our barn. It is strange every one writes about the terrible Dakota blizzards, and the few people lost in them, and never seem to think that in their own States there are six or seven sunstrokes a day during the summer. I don't mean to say we have no bad blizzards here; but people who have been here and are wise have things so prepared that when one comes they do not have to go out in them. Hoping these remarks may remove a wrong impression some have entertained, I remain, Yours respectfully,
B. A.—

FARGO, DAKOTA.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In the story entitled "What Dora Did," published in the September number of your delightful magazine, the opening paragraphs contain what purports to be a description of a Dakota blizzard. As the writer was not herself an eye-witness, merely giving the testimony of another, and her statements are not in accordance with the facts, I ask the privilege of correcting them. A blizzard is indeed a high wind that sweeps over the treeless prairies of the North-west, but it does *not* bring with it a "shower or fog of ice." If *there is snow on the ground* it is taken up and whirled about by the wind, as it is very dry, entirely unlike the damped, heavy snow that falls in the Eastern States, and it requires but a short time for the air to become filled with the flying particles. If there was no snow on the ground there would be none in the air, and the blizzard would lose its terrors if those compelled to face it were warmly clothed. The statement that "owing to the extreme cold very little snow falls in Dakota" is also erroneous. The last two winters have been extremely severe in this latitude, and the snowfall each season as heavy as has been known since the country was opened for settlement. Indeed, the winters when very little snow falls are the exception, not the rule, fortunately for the country. During the cold season it is much more comfortable as well as pleasanter to move around in sleighs than in wheeled vehicles, and when the spring thaw comes the ground absorbs the melting snow and insures conditions suitable for seeding.

A genuine blizzard is of very rare occurrence in this latitude. During the four years of my residence here I have never known but one; that was on the 12th of January, 1888, and lasted but a few hours. There were no lives lost in this or the adjoining counties of Dakota or Minnesota, and the storm hardly deserves mention beside the death-dealing wind that swept over Southern Dakota, Iowa, and Nebraska on that terrible day.

If any reader of ST. NICHOLAS wishes to visit Northern Dakota, even in the winter, I assure him he need not be prevented by fear of the "icy fog that comes sweeping down from Behring Strait," as did that far-off locality originate such a phenomenon, its force would be so far spent in sweeping over Alaska and British America there would be very little left to expend upon Dakota. M. N. H.

KARLSRUHE, BADEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though we have taken you for several years none of us have ever written to you before. I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the nicest story I ever read, and every one that I know that has read it agrees with me. "Donald and Dorothy," "His One Fault," and "Juan and Juanita" are also among my favorites. I was very much interested in the paper about "The Rocking-Stone of Tandil," that appeared in the March number of this year, because I was born in the Argentine Republic, in the town of Buenos Ayres, and though I never saw the stone itself, I have heard a great deal about it. The Gaucho chief, Rosas by name, was afterward elected President of Buenos Ayres. At first he ruled well, but afterward became a great tyrant. All the natives were compelled to wear red waistcoats; if they refused they were buried in the earth with only their heads sticking out, and then spears and daggers were thrown at them. Rosas afterward died in England. We came here about five months ago from Buenos Ayres. We were exactly four weeks on the voyage. I have four brothers and two sisters, and I am the eldest girl, but have one brother older than myself. Most of your readers will be surprised to hear that I have never seen snow, there being no such thing in Buenos Ayres. I should like very much to correspond with a girl of my own age in some foreign land. I hope one of your readers will write to me and tell me something about the land she lives in, and I in return will tell her about Buenos Ayres and Karlsruhe.

I am thirteen years old and rather small for my age. We have been having holidays, but to-morrow we begin school again. I hope my letter will be printed, as I have never written to you before, and I have never seen any letters from Karlsruhe in your pages.
Your constant reader,
ELINOR COOPER.

CHÂTEAU D'HENNEMONT,
ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, SEINE-ET-OISE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Portuguese girl, five years old, and I have taken you for three months,—since I came from Lisbon,—and I love you already very, very much.
I have a pet, a dear little animal called "Aoutas." We are four little friends who live in a park. We eat heaps of *boubons*, but we devour you with still more pleasure.
RISIE,
A small girl.

LISBON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you, with the thousands who do so constantly, what a blessing you have been in our home. We *all* love you, but you seem most especially to belong to our Queenie (my sister Faye), who for several years has not been able to leave her throne-chair, except for her bed at night. She is a prisoner in her own palace, which is our country home, where she is shut up with flowers and books and all beautiful things that may be brought to her. She is anxious for me to write to you and tell you how you have made so many hours of her imprisonment bright, how you have given her glimpses of the great world of which she has seen so little, and how you have made her forget pain by your charming pictures and stories. She has many friends who visit her—some whom she has never seen sending her gifts and greetings from afar; but of them all none are more faithful to her than you.

Perhaps your boys and girls may like to know how a little country girl may be a Queen whose subjects bow before her almost every day. Her scepters are *love* and *patience*, and they rule all who know her.

I am most of the year in the bright, growing city of Grand Rapids, where I have a large circle of child acquaintances who share my admiration for ST. NICHOLAS. For them I send you greeting, as well as for our little Queen, and for myself, her faithful subject. I am, dear SAINT,
Yours sincerely,
MYRTLE K.—

SPUYTEN DUYVIL, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Buddie Holt, of Spuyten Duyvil, New York City, who has sent two letters to you, this morning sat in bed thinking out an improvement on a riddle that was in the St.

to relieve the strain on the button-holes. The end pieces are circular, and measure four and one-half inches in diameter. The bag may be lined with oiled-silk, but drilling of some dark color is as good. The material for the outside may be of almost any strong cloth, but Adah canvas is particularly recommended, as it does not discolor readily, and it is very durable. The even texture, too, will recommend it to many young people who may wish to embellish the little satchel with geometrical designs worked in silk or worsted. Many of the larger traveling-bags are trimmed with worsted dress-braid, neatly feather-stitched on, and this, too, makes a pretty ornament. The handles should be lined with burlap or wiggan, to prevent their becoming stringy with use.

A friend who has made one of these bags, used plain, smooth gray linen, and embroidered on it, with crimson wash-silk, in letters necessarily small,

"For the rain it raineth every day."

Other appropriate mottoes would be:

"Heigho! the wind and the rain!"

"The rain a deluge showers."

"The dismal rain came down in slanting showers."

"Water, water all around."

"Here 's to the pilot that weathered the storm."

"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

"No loud storms annoy."

"When the stormy winds do blow."

The mottoes may be put on in a slanting direction, as it is not desirable to have them too legible. An outline picture, worked in silks, of a little boy or girl under an umbrella, would be pretty.

With one more suggestion I will close. When they are large enough, these same rubber-bags sold with waterproofs make the best possible lining for the rainy-day bag.

LIMOGES, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your lovely magazine for three years. A gentleman, a dear friend, sends it to me. I do enjoy the stories so much, especially "Sara Crewe" and "Juan and Juanita." I was so sorry to hear of Miss Alcott's death. I think her stories were beautiful, and I know all the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS will miss her. I think your magazine the nicest magazine I have ever read, and when my little friends come to see me we enjoy the pictures so much. They can not read English, so I explain to them in French. I do not like this place very much. The people are very superstitious and hang bouquets under the windows to drive away the "witches." The other day the archbishop came here, and all the people ran up to him as he was coming out of church to kiss his rings and hands. I would rather be home at my grandpa's in the country, playing with a big black dog named "Watch." He is very intelligent and brings the cows home every

night. But one day he was too smart. My uncle went to the lot to bring home some hay, and "Watch" thought he wanted the cows, so he brought them. But poor "Watch" for his trouble had a good scolding and was told to take them back. Wishing that ST. NICHOLAS came every week instead of every month, I remain,
Your affectionate little reader,
MAMIE C. G.

SUFFERN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine for five years, and think your stories are the best I have ever read. "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Sara Crewe" are my favorites. My sister and I have a little dog named "Nellie." She is very pretty and knows six tricks. We are all very fond of her. Besides "Nellie" we have two large dogs, "Jack" and "Nero," and a little mule. I wish Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would write a sequel to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," for I think all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS must have been very sorry when it ended. I know I was.

My little brother heard my sister say she intended going to the dentist, and he said he had to go, too, to have his "hind teeth fixed." I wonder how many of your little friends can say this sentence very fast. It has afforded us many hearty laughs. It is: "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws." Hoping this letter will not stray to the "Riddle-box," but safely reach the "Letter-box," I am,
Your devoted admirer,
MARY VIOLET S.

THE SURF COTTAGE,
BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A party of girls and boys, staying at this hotel, got up some shadow pictures last evening. We had "The Ballad of the Oysterman," "Little Miss Muffet," "Simple Simon," and "A Little Bachelor." We were very greatly assisted by the article in ST. NICHOLAS on the subject.
Your sincere friend,
ELISE R.

We thank the young friends whose names are given below for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude and Howland, N. W. W., Dolly Canfield, Winifred H., Louis J. Hall, Thos. W. Hatch, Chas. A. Stebbins, Mary E. Cullaton, Clara Ascherfeld, Marion Georgie, Eddie B. A., Mabel E. Dibble, Aleen L. M., Maggie W. Moring, Gertrude V. L., Jennie R., B. Goddard, Eartha C. Ryer-son, Frankie Boyd, Ivy S., Hattie R. B., Clara Earl and Hattie Thompson, E. L. S., Marie Prevost, Gertrude Newhall, Bessie W. A., Laura Anderson, L. Asher, Ida H. Allen, Lena A. C., N. C. S., Annie E. Hamilton, Mary L. G., Naomi Lewis, Bill Jones, A. Fiske, Louise S. R., Ethel and M. Whitney, Mary, Josie and Laura, Fannie C. W., Marion A., Elsie and Annie D., Nina F. Jackson, Clara Allen, Edith Nye, and Gussie T.

REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

In the August number of ST. NICHOLAS a prize of ten dollars was offered for the best "King's Move Puzzle" received before September 1st. In response to this invitation, which was extended to all, nearly four hundred puzzles were sent in. They came from all over the United States, as well as from Canada, England, Germany, and even far-off Russia; and were based upon the names of cities, rivers, islands, lakes, generals, battles, Biblical characters, musicians, musical instruments, statesmen, artists, inventors, plants, animals, trees, games, precious stones, printers, Roman emperors, soldiers, and sailors.

The prize was to be awarded to the maker of the puzzle "best adapted for use in ST. NICHOLAS." After a careful and rigid examination of all the puzzles received,—no easy task!—the very best one was selected, and will appear in next month's "Riddle-Box." For the best twenty-one solutions received to it, twenty-one prizes in cash will be offered.

In the following Roll of Honor the work of each sender had some special merit which we can not note at greater length except in the case of Lida and Sam Whitaker, whose industry deserves special mention. They forwarded a puzzle in which the names of one thousand and three cities and towns might be spelled out.

PRIZE WINNER, ADELINE M. LINCOLN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles S. Brown — Josephine L. Williamson — Helen B. O'Sullivan — Mrs. E. D. Ogden — B. de Laguna — Arthur S. Lovejoy — Harry L. Johnson — Eddie A. Blount — Helen B. Higbee — E. Macdougall — S. Macdougall — Agnes B. Warburg — M. D. Sterling — F. S. Lathrop — F. E. Stanton — M. F. Reynolds — Jared W. Young — S. Szold — P. H. Black — Anna and Emily Dembitz — Annie B. Kerr — Marcus Robbins — Ethel Bobo — J. M. Nye — Clara Ascherfeld — Mrs. Mary A. and Alice C. Hunter — M. A. E. Woodbridge — M. L. Abraham — Fannie and Alice Lee Fearn — Andrew Robeson — Matilda Goudine — Jeannie Perry — "Dummoix" — Maisy Zogelpho — Annie McNeilly — Roe Spaulding — Christine L. Bowen — Grace Fernaid — Lily F. A. Melliss — Elizabeth Lewis — Helen E. Hoyt — Beatrice A. Auerbach.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CONCEALED AUTHORS. 1. Pope, Moore, Scott. 2. Byron, Milton, Bulwer. 3. Burns, Sheridan, Addison. 4. Stowe, Aldrich, Beecher. 5. Alcott, Burnett, Roe. 6. Southey, Cooper, Cowper.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Baldwin; finals, Neemuch. Cross-words: 1. Babylon. 2. Arsinoe. 3. Laodice. 4. Dianium. 5. Watteau. 6. Idiomatic. 7. Nineveh.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Tippecanoe. 1. ro-UTE-d. 2. t-RID-ent. 3. dr-OPS-y. 4. c-APT-ure. 5. k-EEL-ing. 6. pr-ACT-ice. 7. s-TAR-ting. 8. w-INK-ing. 9. s-TOP-ped. 10. s-TEA-ling.

COMBINATION DIAMONDS. From 1 to 2, receipt changing; from 3 to 4, counter-charming. I. 1. C. 2. Toe. 3. Trunk. 4. Counter. 5. Entry. 6. Key. 7. R. II. 1. H. 2. Pas. 3. Porte. 4. Harming. 5. Sting. 6. Eng. 7. G. III. 1. R. 2. Led. 3. Laces. 4. Receipt. 5. Deity. 6. Spy. 7. T. IV. 1. H. 2. Daw. 3. Domee. 4. Hanging. 5. Weird. 6. End. 7. G.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Terpsichore. Cross-words: 1. Titan. 2. Arete. 3. Ceres. 4. Cupid. 5. Vesta. 6. Priam. 7. Picus. 8. Iphis. 9. Thoas. 10. Terra. 11. Irene.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, parades; 1 to 3, palaver; 2 to 3, soldier; 4 to 5, curdled; 4 to 6, cuddles; 5 to 6, devoirs.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Washington Allston. Cross-words: 1. Wheel. 2. bAton. 3. baSin. 4. nicHe. 5. alibl. 6. proNg. 7. waGon. 8. aAtlas. 9. Olive. 10. aNgle. 11. plAte. 12. sheLL. 13. coraL. 14. flAStk. 15. mITre. 16. mOuse. 17. Notes.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Stones. 2. Tyrant. 3. Orange. 4. Nan- nie. 5. Engird. 6. Steeds. II. 1. Grates. 2. Relent. 3. Alpaca. 4. Teapot. 5. Encore. 6. States.

SEPARATED WORDS. First row, Giving thanks; second row, Old homestead. 1. Gash-Older. 2. Idea-List. 3. Vale-Diction. 4. Inn-Holder. 5. Nest-Or. 6. Gowns-Man. 7. Tight-Ens. 8. Hand-Spike. 9. Aver-Ted. 10. Not-Ed. 11. Key-Age. 12. Sun-Dry.

WORD-BUILDING. A, al, lac, coal, coral, oracle, coracle, caracole.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, compassionate; 3 to 4, dis- passionate; 1 to 3, cerated; 3 to 2, deplore; 1 to 4, collate; 4 to 2, emulate. Inclosed Diamond: 1. P. 2. Map. 3. Mason. 4. Pas- sion. 5. Poise. 6. Noe. 7. N.

PL. No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November.

THOMAS HOOD.

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 SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Sharly and Leppy—Paul Reese—Grace Kupfer—May L. Gerrish—Clara O.—Louise Ingham Adams—A. L.—K. G. S.—Russell Davis—H. W. Ruggles—Pearl F. Stevens—Ada C. H.—M. Josephine Sherwood—"San Anselmo Valley"—J. Wallie Thompson—Fred and Blanch—Aunt Kate, Mamma and Jamie—Nellie L. Howes—Mary W. Stone—Caryll Harper—"My wife and I"—Helen C. McCleary—"Mohawk Valley"—"Nig and Mig"—Ida C. Thallon—Alpha Zeta.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from G. Shepard and R. and C. Willis, 1—J. A. Smith, 1—Minnie, Fannie, and Katie, 4—M. H. B. and B. T. S., 1—K. L. Segernd, 1—"Eureka," 4—B. Magee, 1—N. Altmeg, 1—Jean W., 1—Bessie Byfield, 3—J. Berry, 3—E. R. Cutter, 1—M. King, 1—N. Husted, 9—"Long Islander," 4—"Big Lynche," 7—G. Styer, 1—F. E. Hecht, 1—C. W. Miles, 1—E. Norris and B. Verdenal, 3—R. L. Barrows, 1—J. I. H., 1—"Gypsy," 5—Jentie Y., 6—H. Justice, 1—M. F. Davis, 1—J. M. Fiske, 4—Hildegard Hawthorne, 3—Zoe H., 1—"Pan- dora," 8—W. F. Brittingham, Jr., 1—Minerva, Jessamine, and Pansy, 1—E. B. C., Jr., 2—M. Markham, 1—J. and N. H., 1—Greta and Lin, 3—A. E. Wix, 2—Ford Wadsworth, 1—C. A. Studebaker, 2—Etta Reilly, 3—"Miss Ouri," 2—L. S. Palmer, 1—M. Jacobs, 1—M. and E. Stone, 1—A. S. Parsons, 1—Bill Jones, 4—R. H., 9—H. W. H., 1—E. Karst, 1—L. Voigt, 1—B. L. Mahaffy, 1—H. E. Mattison, 2—"Three Readers," 4—"Roxy," 1—"We, Us & Co.," 1—Réné 2—W. B., 1—C. N. Cochrane, 3—W. A. Jurgens, 1—"Grandma," 10—A. E. Burnham, 2—"Two Little Sisters," 9—Julia L. B., 2—Gracie F., 1—"The Reids," 11—"Joker," 2—S. K. Hait, 6—"Jo and I," 11—"Kettle-drum and Patty-pan," 3—"Lehte," 11—Colonel and Reg, 5—"Alfred and Mamma," 3—Florence and Louie C., 1—Mamma, Susie, and Annie, 9—"Gruoch," 5—J. W. Hardenburg, 2—"The Trio," 9—G. R. Dunham, 2—"Lillie," 5—Tom, 1—"May and 79," 10—Mattie E. Beale, 4—Jack and Kittley, 3—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 10—"Northern Lights," 2—May and Nettie P., 1—Ida and Alice, 10—A. M. Osborn, 1—Laura G. L., 4—M. B. and O. E., 5—Effie K. Talboys, 5—"Hypatia," 2—A. L. McKean, 1—N. Beardslee, 1—A. Forrester, 3—Walker L. Otis, 4—B. B. McCrack, 1—N. L. Forsyth, 1—Tilly G. Davis, 1.

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter in idle talk, and make a fraud. Answer, ch-e-at.

1. Insert a letter in a masculine name, and make a small, rude house. 2. Insert a letter in a possessive pronoun, and make heeds. 3. Insert a letter in reserve, and make a healing compound. 4. Insert a letter in pertaining to wings, and make a sacred place. 5. Insert a letter in to gasp, and make to color. 6. Insert a letter in parts of the foot, and make books. 7. Insert a letter in certain beverages, and make succulent plants. 8. Insert a letter in domestic animals, and make vehicles. 9. Insert a letter in to crowd, and make a rich beverage.

The inserted letters will spell the name of a city of the United States. "MAY AND 79."

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	. . .	11	. . .
2	. . .	12	. . .
3	. . .	13	. . .
4	. . .	14	. . .
5	. . .	15	. . .
6	. . .	16	. . .
7	. . .	17	. . .
8	. . .	18	. . .
9	. . .	19	. . .
10	. . .	20	. . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beetle. 2. Driven aground. 3. A sweet- meat made of fruit. 4. Having the form of fingers. 5. Cowardly.

6. Representing sounds. 7. A serpent. 8. A tropical tree, the fruit of which is a substitute for bread. 9. Days exempt from work. 10. Associates.

The zigzags from 1 to 10 will spell the patron saint of childhood, whose festival occurs on December sixth; from 11 to 20, a name sometimes given to the four weeks before Christmas. F. S. F.

ANAGRAMS.

THE letters in each of the following sentences may be transposed so as to form a single word.

1. Men eat girls. 2. Neat boy. 3. Neat girl. 4. Satin on a tin star tub. 5. Made in pint pots. 6. I love. 7. Fat bakers. 8. Seal soup. 9. Cart horse. L. S. P.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In pearly. 2. A vine. 3. A coin. 4. An insect. 5. In pearly. II. 1. In pearly. 2. A small dwelling-house. 3. Majestic. 4. A light blow. 5. In pearly.

The two central words, when read in connection, will name an aromatic herb. W. H.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a low, heavy sound, and leave a Russian coin. 2. Syncopate the act of rising out of any enveloping substance, and leave an American philosopher. 3. Syncopate a prayer, and leave a bright constellation. 4. Syncopate a platform, and leave a philosopher. 5. Syncopate a blaze, and leave renown. 6. Syncopate to defraud, and leave idle talk. 7. Syncopate to assemble, and leave an absent-minded person. 8. Syncopate a track, and leave an imprecation. 9. Syncopate to manage, and leave savage.

The syncopated letters spell the name of a plant regarded with superstition by the Druids. DVCIE.

is
res
last
be
bed

im-
first
bird;
help
33-
ers.
mil?
win-
ins.
73-
52-
76-
My
osed,
rans-
m of
7-8r
4-64
6 are
wild
of a
ney;
pon;
bird;
trim-
lumi-
er's;
which
n.

e.
which

3. A
ulated.
name.

ow the
words.