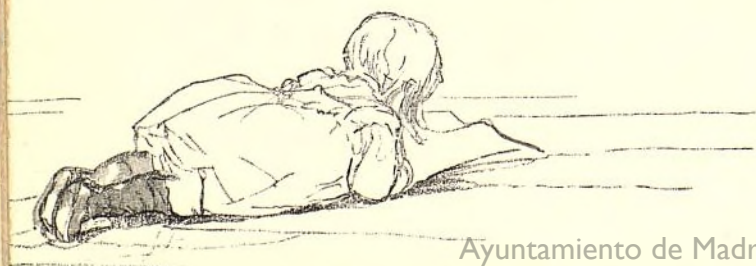




"IF YOU 'RE WAKING, CALL ME EARLY."



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE GOLD THAT GREW BY SHASTA TOWN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

FROM Shasta town to Redding town
The ground is torn by miners, dead;
The manzanita, rank and red,
Drops dusty berries up and down
Their grass-grown trails. Their silent mines
Are wrapped in chapparal and vines;
Yet one gray miner still sits down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

The quail pipes pleasantly. The hare
Leaps careless o'er the golden oat
That grows below the water moat;
The lizard basks in sunlight there.
The brown hawk swims the perfumed air
Unfrightened through the livelong day;
And now and then a curious bear
Comes shuffling down the ditch by night,
And leaves some wide, long tracks in clay
So human-like, so stealthy light,
Where one lone cabin still stoops down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

That great graveyard of hopes! of men
Who sought for hidden veins of gold;
Of young men suddenly grown old —
Of old men dead, despairing when
The gold was just within their hold!
That storied land, whereon the light
Of other days gleams faintly still;

Somelike the halo of a hill
That lifts above the falling night;

That warm, red, rich, and human land,
That flesh-red soil, that warm red sand,
Where one gray miner still sits down!
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town!

"I know the vein is here!" he said;
For twenty years, for thirty years!
While far away fell tears on tears
From wife and babe who mourned him dead.

No gold! no gold! And he grew old
And crept to toil with bended head,
Amid a graveyard of his dead,
Still seeking for that vein of gold.

Then lo, came laughing down the years
A sweet grandchild! Between his tears
He laughed. He set her by the door
The while he toiled his day's toil o'er,
He held her chubby cheeks between
His hard palms, laughed; and laughing
cried.

You should have seen, have heard and seen
His boyish joy, his stout old pride,

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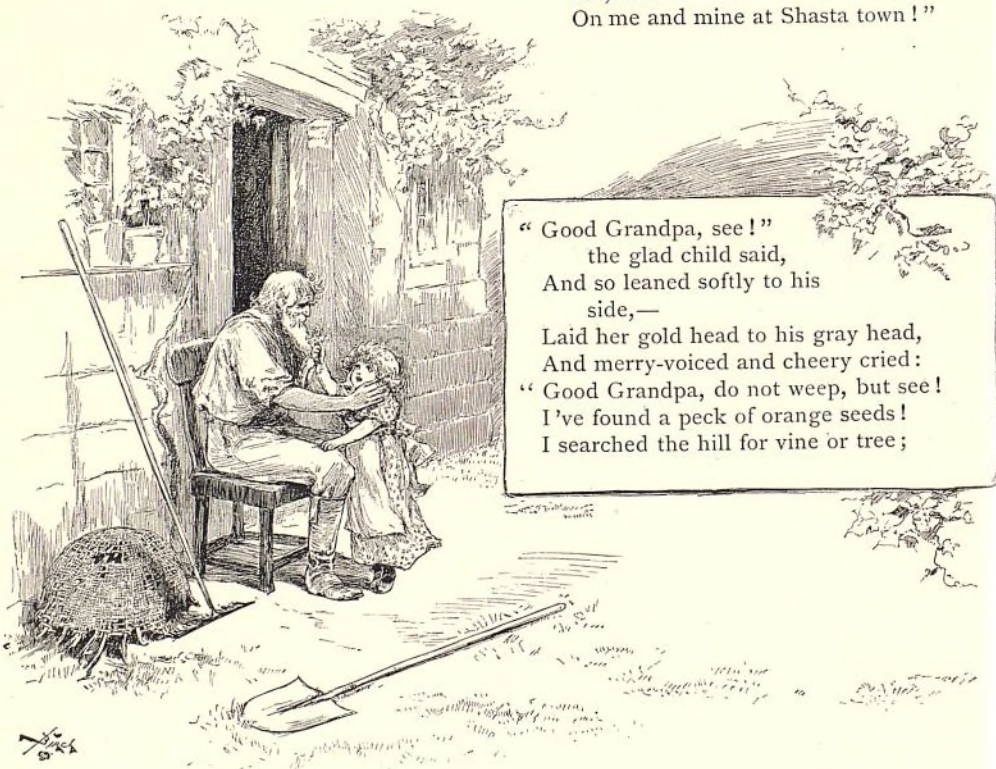
When toil was done and he sat down
At night, below sweet Shasta town!

At last his strength was gone. "No more!
I mine no more. I plant me now
A vine and fig-tree; worn and old,
I seek no more my vein of gold.
But, oh, I sigh to give it o'er;
These thirty years of toil! somehow
It seems so hard; but now, no more."
And so the old man set him down
To plant, by pleasant Shasta town.

Nor left one leafy vine or tree
Of all that Eden nestling down
Below that moat by Shasta town!

* * * * *

The old man sat his cabin's sill,
His gray head bowed upon his knee.
The child went forth, sang pleasantly,
Where burst the ditch the day before,
And picked some pebbles from the hill.
The old man moaned, moaned o'er and o'er:
"My babe is dowerless, and I
Must fold my helpless hands and die!
Ah, me! what curse comes ever down
On me and mine at Shasta town!"



"Good Grandpa, see!"
the glad child said,
And so leaned softly to his
side,—
Laid her gold head to his gray head,
And merry-voiced and cheery cried:
"Good Grandpa, do not weep, but see!
I've found a peck of orange seeds!
I searched the hill for vine or tree;

And it was pleasant: piped the quail
The full year through. The chipmunk stole,
His whiskered nose and tossy tail
Full buried in the sugar-bowl.

And purple grapes and grapes of gold
Swung sweet as milk. White orange-trees
Grew brown with laden honey-bees.
Oh! it was pleasant up and down
That vine-set hill of Shasta town!

* * * * *

And then that cloud-burst came! Ah, me!
That torn ditch there! The mellow land
Rolled seaward like a rope of sand,

Not one! — not even oats or weeds;
But, oh, such heaps of orange seeds!

"Come, good Grandpa! Now, once you said
That God is good. So this may teach
That we must plant each seed, and each
May grow to be an orange-tree.
Now, good Grandpa, please raise your head,
And please come plant the seeds with me."

And prattling thus, or like to this,
The child thrust her full hands in his.

He sprang, sprang upright as of old.
"T is gold! 't is gold! my hidden vein!"

'T is gold for you, sweet babe, 't is gold !
Yea, God is good ; we plant again !"

So one old miner still sits down
By pleasant, sunlit Shasta town.



THE SNOW FLOWERS.

BY ARLO BATES.

WHEN birds to sun-lands southward wing,
And chilly winds begin to blow,
The babies that were born in spring
Think all delights are ended so.
But Jack Frost laughs aloud, "Ho, ho !
There 's joy ahead they little know.
They have not seen the snow !"

Then he begins to call his sprites
From the bleak, trackless north afar,
Where each one in the frozen nights
Has made from ice a crystal star.
And Jack Frost laughs in glee, "Ha, ha !
These shine like bits of glittering spar.
What flowers fairer are ?"

And from the clouds he rains them down
Upon the cheerless earth below ;
So thick they cover field and town,
So fair the brooks forget to flow.
And Jack Frost laughs, well pleased, "Ho, ho !
Could summer whiter blossoms show ?
What think you of my snow ?"

THE WHITE PASHA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

THE DARK CONTINENT



STANLEY'S LETTER CREST.

DURING the past twelvemonth, or so, there have been coming from the heart of Africa — that mysterious and little-known land — sundry rumors concerning a personage whom the natives call the White Pasha. In African countries a Pasha is a military officer whose rank corresponds to that of general in European usage. A Bey is a colonel; but neither Bey nor Pasha need always be in command of troops. A Pasha usually has an authority of some sort, however. The White Pasha, in this case, is known to have with him a large force of armed men; for the natives, of a warlike race, have made many attacks on the White Pasha and have always been beaten off. So this mysterious personage, whoever he is, must be well provided with means of defense and have with him many warriors. Who can he be? There are not many white men traveling about in the midst of the Dark Continent, as Africa is sometimes called. Some have thought the White Pasha may be General Gordon, the wonderful and famous man who was besieged in Khartoum, a year or two ago, by the Mahdi, or Prophet, when that person rebelled and fought against the Egyptian Government, took Khartoum, and cruelly put its defenders to death. It sounds like a fairy tale to be told that Gordon escaped far to the south of Khartoum and organized a force of fighting natives and is making his way out of the Dark Continent. But the story is improbable. Many people have begun to think the White Pasha is Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer.

Everybody will hope that this unknown armed white traveler is Stanley; otherwise, there is reason to believe that that remarkable man has perished. But, as Stanley is one man in the heart of Africa, who is not only white, but well provided with arms, ammunition, and men, this is likely to be he. We Americans claim Stanley as an American; but he was not born in this country, although he has lived here — when he has not been wandering in savage lands — and it is fair to call him one of us.

Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old he was sent to

the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old, he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad, he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again left to shift for himself.

Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate Army. He was taken prisoner by the Federal forces, and, being allowed his liberty, he volunteered in the Federal Navy, being already fond of seafaring and adventure. He did his work well, and in course of time was promoted to be Acting Ensign on the iron-clad "Ticonderoga." He seems to have made friends wherever he went, for he was brave, modest, and of a generous disposition.

The war being over, he was discharged from the naval service, and his love of adventure led him to travel. He went to Asia Minor, saw many strange countries, wrote letters to the American newspapers, and, in 1866, visited his native village in Wales. At St. Asaph he gave a handsome dinner to the children of the poorhouse where he had been cared for as a child; and, in a little speech to the youngsters, he told them that he was grateful that he had been so well nurtured there, and that the education given him at St. Asaph's was the foundation of all the success he had had in life, or might have hereafter. Even then Stanley might say that he was a successful man; for he was beloved and respected, had made his own way in the world, had traveled far and wide, and was making for himself a name and fame.

Returning to the United States, he was sent by

Mr. Bennett, of *The New York Herald*, to Abyssinia in 1868, a war having broken out between the British and the king of that country. Here Stanley got his first taste of African adventure. It was not a long war; for the British soon shut up King Theodore in his fortress of Magdala, where he perished miserably, by his own hand, amidst the flames of the burning citadel. It was a strange campaign, and Stanley wrote an account of the war, with its cruelties and its wild adventure, that reads like a romance, true though it all was.

The very next year a great rebellion broke out in Spain, and a war, long and cruel, followed. Cities were sacked, sieges were undertaken, and the land was filled with trouble. Thither went Stanley, again in the service of *The New York Herald*, for which he had done so much satisfactory work. He saw the battles and the sieges, studied the art of war, and wrote letters describing very vividly all that passed before his eyes.

When the war in Spain was over, in the autumn of 1869, the world was beginning to wonder whether Dr. Livingstone, the devoted Christian missionary and African explorer, were alive or dead. Dr. Livingstone was a Scotchman who studied medicine and divinity for the purpose of going to pagan nations to preach Christianity and minister to the needs of the heathen. He offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and was sent to South Africa, a country which we then knew very little about, except for a short distance from the coast. And what little was known of the interior of the Dark Continent was told by slave-catchers who brought to the coast the poor black people they had captured and driven out to sell, like so many cattle, to the slave-traders. Dr. Livingstone, a kind and gentle man, determined to do what he could to hinder the work of these cruel slavers, break up their trade, and spread the light of the Christian religion throughout the unknown land.

He arrived at Cape Town, Africa, in 1840, and from that time to his death, more than thirty-three years, he spent his life in the work to perform which he had consecrated himself. As he went away from the few settlements of the white people, he soon began to explore regions that were indeed dark and "full of the habitations of cruelty." His mind was kindled by a love for exploration as well as by a desire to take the light of the Gospel to pagan tribes. So, in 1858, he returned to England and published a book giving an account of his missionary labors and his discoveries. That book created much interest throughout the civilized world. It was a message from the Dark Continent, as Stanley afterwards called Africa. Money was liberally subscribed to enable Livingstone to

carry on his explorations. He went back accompanied by his wife, and, starting from the mouth of the Zambesi river, he explored that stream and its tributaries, discovered a great lake in the interior, rumors of which had reached the coast; and he traversed all the region around the head-waters of the northeast branch of the Zambesi. His wife died in the interior of Africa in 1862, and in 1863 he returned to England, and published another book giving a history of his explorations.

Again he returned to his task, in 1865, and when nothing had been heard of him for a year there came a report that he had been killed by the savages. An expedition under Mr. E. D. Young was sent in search of Livingstone, and, although he was not found, tidings of his being alive were gathered from the natives, and early in 1869 letters from the missionary explorer, written a year before, were received, showing that he was alive and well. He had traversed many thousands of miles, the first white man that had ever penetrated those untraveled regions, accompanied only by his faithful and affectionate blacks, recording in his little journals what he saw and heard, and gathering a store of novel and most fascinating information. But now, in the autumn of 1869, more than twenty months had passed since his last letter was written. No word of his came out of the darkness, only saddening rumors, and the world began to believe that the faithful missionary and explorer had died in the heart of the Dark Continent.

It was at this time that Stanley, resting after a long and weary campaign in Spain, received from Paris a telegram from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, summoning him to that city. With his usual soldierly promptness, Stanley packed his baggage instantly, and, without an hour's delay, was off for Paris as fast as steam could carry him. Arriving at the French capital early in the morning, he went straightway to Mr. Bennett's hotel before that gentleman was out of bed. In answer to his knock on the door, a voice called to him to enter. The two men had not met in years; Stanley was bronzed and aged by sun and storm, and Bennett asked, abruptly, "Who are you?"

"I am Stanley, and I have come in answer to your message," was the reply.

Bennett invited Stanley to a seat, and, drawing a wrapper over his shoulders, asked, "Will you go to Africa and find Livingstone?"

We may well imagine that Stanley was startled. He reflected for a moment. Then he answered, "I will." The agreement was actually concluded. But, before he left the room, some of the smaller details were agreed upon and Stanley went out, clothed with a commission to find Livingstone, and promised ample funds for all expenses and for the

relief of the great explorer, in case he should be found in need, as undoubtedly would be the case, if he were found at all.

This was in November, 1869; and Stanley was told to go to Africa by a devious route, in order to visit sundry places of interest on his way. He went first to the Suez Canal opening, that great work being just ready for commerce. Then he visited Constantinople, the battle-fields of the Crimea, Bombay, and thence to Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, where he arrived early in 1871. Some time was spent in organizing the expedition, several caravans, or trains, being dispatched, one after the other, loaded with ammunition, arms, provisions and other necessities, and with a large supply of goods with which to purchase his right of way through hostile or unfriendly kingdoms and chieftaincies; for it is the custom of the rulers of interior Africa to levy tribute on all who pass through their territories. Glass beads, fine brass and copper wire, cloths of divers colors, and trinkets of European make are as good in that country as money is in civilized regions.

Last of all, and bringing up the rear, was Stanley himself. His force, leaving the coast March 21, 1871, consisted of one hundred and ninety-two persons, negroes and Arabs. The daring adventurer launched out into the untraveled spaces of Central Africa, with these words ringing in his ears, "Find Livingstone!"

Enduring many hardships, now fighting and anon coaxing the natives, Stanley pressed on, his general course being in a north-westerly direction, certain signs and certain rumors, perhaps instincts, leading him to believe that Livingstone would be found, if alive, in the region of Lake Tanganyika. He heard stories, reasonable and incredible, of the white man who had gone into the heart of the continent years before and had been lost to view. After a little these rumors grew more distinct and hopeful, and he made up his mind that Livingstone was alive and that he should find him, provided the missionary explorer did not elude him; for some had said that Livingstone did not wish to be found. So Stanley pressed on and, to his great joy, found traces of the lost man. His first intimation of being near Livingstone was when a black, coming from the village where an unknown white man was said to be, spoke to him in excellent English. This man was one of Dr. Livingstone's servants; and soon the two white men met for the first time, in the midst of the Dark Continent, at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, November 10, 1871.

Stanley had found Livingstone.

Any but men of the cool and self-contained Saxon race would have rushed into each other's

arms. Not so with these. Stanley, lifting his cap, said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The doctor nodded a reply, and Stanley said, "I am Stanley."

Stanley found that Livingstone was destitute of goods or other means of barter, and was now at a standstill. Look on the map of Africa (p. 254). Due west from Cape Delgado (which is below Zanzibar and on the northern line of Mozambique), you will find Lake Nyassa, the great lake discovered by Livingstone in 1859. North-westerly from that body of water, and about one-third of the way across the continent, is Lake Tanganyika, and near its upper end, on the eastern shore, is Ujiji, where Stanley found Livingstone. Stanley, fresh from the outer world, and fired with the spirit of adventure, proposed that he and Livingstone should together explore the great lake of Tanganyika at its northern end to find, if possible, whether this was one of the sources of the Nile for which so many men have vainly searched for centuries past. The expedition was carried out successfully, and the explorers satisfied themselves that the Nile had no affluent drawing from the lake; no outlet could be found.

Stanley remained with Livingstone until March 14, 1872, busied with explorations of the region. He supplied Livingstone with all the goods and commodities that he could spare, and on his return to Zanzibar he sent him men, supplies, and such articles as he needed, fulfilling the orders of Mr. Bennett. Stanley never saw Livingstone again in life. A strong friendship grew up between the two white men who met in the interior of Africa under such strange circumstances, and when Stanley, in 1874, learned that Livingstone had died on the shores of Lake Bemba, at the very threshold of the dark region he desired to explore, he was smitten with grief.

Livingstone died of malarial fever contracted in the pestilential marshes of Africa, as many Europeans have died before and since. His faithful blacks embalmed his body and carried it to the coast, hundreds of miles, bringing with them every article belonging to the doctor, even to the smallest scraps of paper, on which were written the notes of the explorer's last work. Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, that grand resting-place for the great ones of England. Stanley was one of those who bore him to his grave. It was then, he tells us, that he vowed that he would clear up the mystery of the Dark Continent, find the real course of the Great River, or, if God should so will, be the next martyr to the cause of geographical science.

When Stanley returned to Europe, after his discovery of Livingstone, in July, 1872, many peo-

ple refused to believe his story. Some said it was the idle tale of "a mere newspaper correspondent"; but the evidence he brought with him, letters from Livingstone, and other things, was too strong. The Queen believed him, for she sent him a beautiful box of gold set with jewels; and the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, a very high and mighty body, believed him, for it showed him high honor. But it does seem a great shame that after a Christian and a noble-hearted man, as Stanley is, had done so much and suffered so many privations in a good cause he should have been stigmatized as a pretender. No wonder he was angry.

Stanley tells us that he saw in London, one day soon after the burial of his great friend Livingstone, in the window of an old book-shop, a queer little book with the title, "How to Observe." He bought it, took it home, and speedily mastered its contents. It was a modest manual for the observer, telling him what to observe and how to observe, laying down very general rules for this purpose. It was just such a book as a keen-witted traveler like Stanley would find quickening. As his thoughts were already turned toward the Dark Continent and its mysterious depths, he bought books of African travels, books of botany, natural history, geography, geology, and ethnology, and hungrily mastered all that they had to give him. He was preparing his mind for observing and understanding all he might see and hear, in case he should ever go into the heart of Africa. For him the opportunity came, as it usually does to those who are ready and willing.

The outlet of the great Lake Tanganyika was as yet undiscovered; nobody knew much about the great river that reaches from the Congo coast into the interior, losing itself in the foam of the cataracts; and the secret sources of the Nile were yet undiscovered. Even the then famous lake known as Victoria Nyanza was only imperfectly sketched on the maps; and people familiar with African exploration were uncertain whether that vast body of water was one lake or a chain of lakes. These things Livingstone hoped to clear up; but he died without the sight.

Discussing such matters with the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph* one day, Stanley was asked whether he could settle these questions if he were commissioned to go to Africa.

He said: "While I live, there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done." This was well said, and equally to the point was the answer that James Gordon Bennett telegraphed under the sea from New York to London, when the proprietor of the *Telegraph* asked him, by the cable, if he

would join the new expedition. "Yes. Bennett," was the answer speedily flashed back. The mighty work was determined upon.

Of course, there were a great many details to be arranged, and many things, large and small, to be looked after. Six weeks were allowed for preparations. When it was noised abroad that Stanley was to make another expedition into the heart of Africa, he and the people associated with him were overrun with applications from men to go with him and with all sorts of strange contrivances and absurd inventions to help him out. But when he finally left England, August 15, 1874, he had engaged only three white men, Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker. These, with the goods and other needed articles, were sent on before, and, twenty months after his last departure from Zanzibar, Stanley was once more at that place, ready to begin his final preparations.

This work required much time and skill, to say nothing of experience and patience. Everything must be carried by porters, for the journey must be made on foot. The trails in many places are not more than eighteen inches wide, leading through jungles and tangled thickets, and in many places even these must be cut by the travelers. Each porter carries, usually on his head, a burden of sixty pounds; and as the total weight of the entire "outfit," as we would say in America, was a little more than eight tons in weight, a carrying force of some three hundred men was required. The burdens consisted of cloths, beads, brass and copper wire, and other articles for trading purposes, stores, medicines, bedding, ammunition, tents, a boat built in sections (the "Lady Alice"), oars, instruments, photographic apparatus, and other articles too numerous to mention, but absolutely necessary to the expedition.

Stanley found some of the men who had been with him on his previous journey when he searched for Livingstone; and it spoke well for his treatment of them that they all wished to go with him again. When he was ready to depart, he had two hundred and twenty-four persons, some of the men taking their wives with them. He had also with him three native young men from the English mission near Zanzibar. With him, too, was the faithful Kalulu, an African boy, originally a slave, given to Stanley when he was in the Tanganyika country, on the Livingstone search. This lad had been in America, and all of Stanley's friends will remember the bright, handsome, bronze-colored lad, who accompanied his beloved master everywhere in this country, dressed in a picturesque suit of garments like a page's costume.

Leaving Zanzibar, with many conflicting emotions, the company landed at Bergamoyo, on the

mainland, November 13. Five days later, having secured six asses for the use of the sick, and made their final preparations, the column boldly advanced into the heart of the Dark Continent.

By looking at the map of Central Africa shown on page 254, you will see that the general direction of the expedition was at first nearly westerly, then, curving to the north, it was aimed for Victoria Nyanza, at the most northerly point of that stage of the journey. The march was hindered by heavy rains, damp and poisonous exhalations arose from the ground, and the first month of the expedition was a gloomy one. Stanley's own weight, in thirty-eight days, fell from one hundred and eighty pounds to one hundred and thirty; and the three young Englishmen were reduced in like manner. Very soon, one of these, Edward Pocock, was taken ill, and, although he was carried back to the high table-land nearer the coast, he died and was buried in that lonely region, Stanley reading the Church service over his African grave.

By the 21st of January, fatigued by toilsome marches, or smitten with disease, twenty of the men had died, many were sick and disabled, and, to crown their misfortunes, eighty-nine men had deserted. They were now in a hostile region and were attacked by the natives two days in succession; but after hard fighting they got away and left the inhospitable tribes behind them, and new men were engaged at the friendly villages they entered. In this way, the expedition fought and labored onward to the Victoria Nyanza.

There was great excitement and hilarity in the Stanley company when, on the 27th of February, the shores of Victoria Nyanza were reached at its extreme southern verge. The natives celebrated the event with an extemporaneous song of victory and triumph. The word "Nyanza," Stanley explains, means "water," whether in a cup or in a great lake. We should translate the title of this great lake as Victoria Water, but usage will probably adopt Victoria Lake as the fittest name for this great sheet of water. Stanley circumnavigated the lake, passing entirely around it, and settling all dispute as to the draining of the waters of this lake into Albert Nyanza, a smaller body of water connected by the Victoria Nile with Victoria Nyanza. As the White Nile draws from Albert Nyanza, it may be said that Victoria Nyanza is one of the sources of the Nile, if not *the* source of that historic river.

In their voyage around the Lake Victoria, which consumed six weeks, the explorers had a taste of the sort of warfare that they might expect on all such water expeditions. They were repeatedly attacked from the shore and from canoes. But the fire-arms of the white men usually dispersed the

enemy. During the absence of the exploring party from the camp on the lake, Frederick Barker died of fever, leaving Frank Pocock and Stanley the only white men in the party.

It was here that Stanley met good King Mtesa, the ruler of the country of Uganda, and who, under the teaching of Stanley, was converted to Christianity. Mtesa had been a mild-mannered and benevolent pagan; then he embraced Mohammedanism, and now he accepted Christianity as the true faith. When Stanley went away, after a long and pleasant tarry with the king, Mtesa said to him: "Stamlee, say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall be continue a Christian while I live." This message was safely delivered and, although King Mtesa did not live to see his kingdom Christianized, missionaries were sent to Uganda and the religion of Christ was there preached, as he had desired. Mtesa will long be known as a generous and kindly African king.

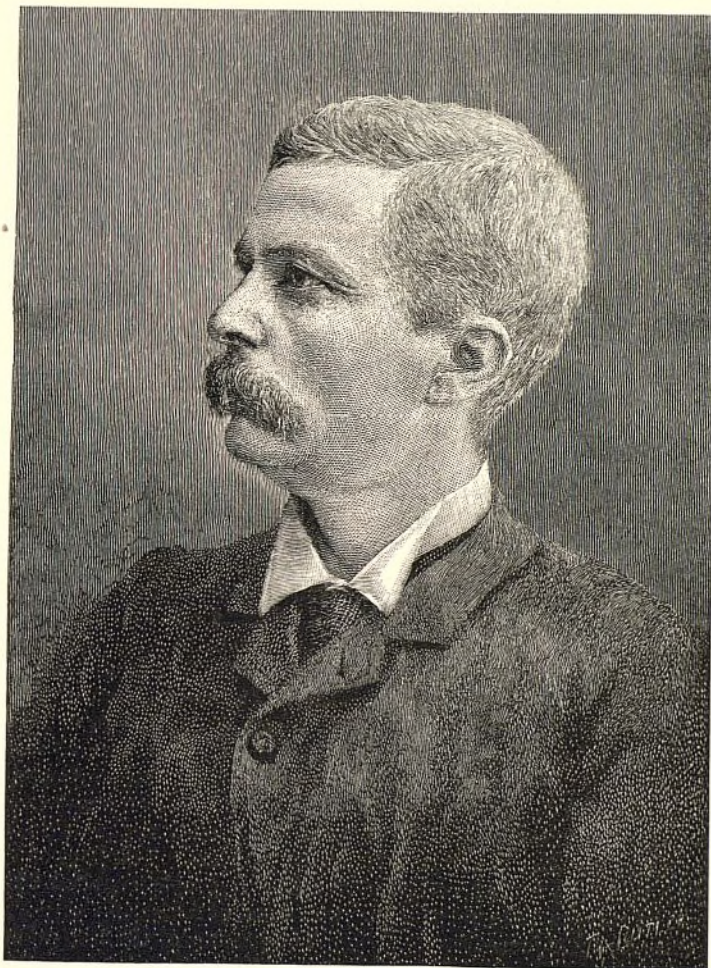
On his way to a lake lying westward of Victoria Lake, and known as Muta Nzege, Stanley passed through the regions of another African king, Rumanika, who was an odd character, but, on the whole, very friendly to the white man. At the court of Rumanika Stanley heard many strange stories of the unknown regions in the heart of the continent. One told of a race of dwarfs; another of a tribe of little men with tails like those of a buffalo. In those far-off lands, he was gravely told, were people with ears so long that they descended to their feet; one ear was used as a blanket to sleep on, while the other was a cover to the sleeper. Later on, Stanley met men who told him that on Lake Tanganyika were to be found ships sailing, manned by white Africans. Is it any wonder that we have been for centuries beguiled with ridiculous tales about these foreign lands?

King Rumanika had an inquiring mind. Observing that Stanley's nose was not flat like an African's, and that the nose of Stanley's bull-dog was a pug, he asked why the white man's nose was so long and the nose of his dog so short. The king was satisfied when he was told that the white man's nose was made long by smelling of the quantity of good food that he had in his country, and that the dog's nose was made short by pushing open the house doors.

From Muta Nzege, Stanley went south to explore that part of Lake Tanganyika that he and Livingstone had not had time to sail around, in 1871-72. He went entirely around the southern part of the lake, which he found to be three hundred and twenty-nine miles long, averaging a

width of twenty-eight miles. It has no known outlet, and a lead-line of two hundred and eighty feet found no bottom. Stanley tells an interesting native story, that in ancient times an old woman and her husband dwelt here in a hut, in the middle of which

disaster. In a moment of thoughtlessness, the woman let a stranger see the well and attempt to catch one of the fish. Then the earth groaned and heaved, the well sank, and its place was covered by the sheet of water, bottomless and



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES REUTLINGER, PARIS.

Yours very sincerely
Henry Morton Stanley

was a marvelous well full of crystal-clear water, and with many fish upon which the aged couple lived. The gods had told them that so long as they never divulged the secret the well should be theirs alone. To show it to a stranger would be a great

vast, that is now known as Tanganyika, a name signifying a plain of water.

Stanley's march from Tanganyika to the river Lualaba was very toilsome and perilous. The route lay through jungles well-nigh impassable,

while the ground was so covered with tropical growths and the forests were so dense as to be almost impenetrable. But worse obstacles than these afterwards encountered him. At Nyangwe, the most distant point in Central Africa ever reached by those who had gone before him, Stanley had the good fortune to meet with Tippoo Tib, a famous Arab trader; otherwise he might have had to turn back to Ujiji, as Cameron and Livingstone had done before him. For a consideration of five thousand dollars, Tippoo Tib agreed to accompany Stanley on the exploration of the Lualaba, or Great River. If this agreement had not been made it is likely that the expedition would have failed, and we should never know, as we know now, that the Congo and the Lualaba are one river, the second largest in the world, extending from its mouth on the western coast of Africa more than halfway across the continent, and having its rise near the great lakes of the interior. Hereafter, this one vast stream may be known as the Livingstone, a name given to it by its explorer and discoverer.

Tippoo Tib agreed to go with Stanley sixty marches, taking with him one hundred and fifty of his own followers. As we shall hear of Tippoo Tib many times, in our news from Africa, we may as well explain that he is a man well known through the interior of the Dark Continent as a person of great wealth and influence, able to assemble a thousand men at very short notice, and on the best of terms with the petty kings who vex the souls of all white explorers, robbing them at times, and exacting oppressive tribute at others. Stanley got on better with the natives than did any of those who had gone before him. He was wise, patient, gentle, and yet so firm and decided that he was held in great awe and respect wherever he was known. It would appear that no man ever had so complete sway over the minds of savages and semi-savages as had Stanley on this and other journeys.

The object of the journey was to shed light on the western half of the continent, then represented on the map by a blank, through which meandered a few uncertain lines representing rivers—guessed at, but not known.

Leaving the river and deflecting to the westward, Stanley struggled on through a forest matted and interlaced with vines, swarming with creeping things, damp and reeking with vapors, and dripping with moisture. It was a most intolerable stage of the journey. When again he struck the river, he resolved to go by land no farther. Here he was finally abandoned by Tippoo Tib, who resolutely turned back. Stanley, as resolutely, set himself to work building and buying canoes, and led by his own section-built English boat, the

"Lady Alice," the expedition started down the great river, which here flows due north. The fleet was twenty-three in number, loaded with stores, goods, and supplies.

Of the adventures of that famous voyage we have not here space to tell. The explorers were sore beset, at times, by hostile tribes who attacked the strangers from the shore, or from canoes, in pure wantonness, as they paddled or drifted down the stream. Sickness and hunger were often their lot; they were pursued by cannibals who boasted that they would eat the flesh of the strangers. And not seldom they were overtaken by tropical storms. In places, too, they encountered rapids and cataracts around which their fleet had to be dragged through paths cut in the virgin forest, while savages hovered about. The forests were alive with African beasts; chimpanzees and gorillas chattered and roared from the thickets, and monkeys swung in the climbing vines that festooned the trees. A hippopotamus once attacked them, and elephants and rhinoceroses were never far away. It was a journey the like of which man has never before undertaken.

At a point below where the great river turns from its northerly course and deflects to the westward, just above the equator, were found a series of cataracts, seven in number, the first of which was named Livingstone Falls and the seventh Stanley Falls. In years to come we shall hear much of Stanley Falls, as a supply station has since been established there. The natives from this point downward to the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, have lost something of their natural ferocity. They have been tamed by trade. Great was the rejoicing of Stanley's Zanzibar men when they saw, not far from this point, fire-arms in the hands of the native warriors. This showed them that they had reached a people supplied by traders from the west coast of Africa.

The passing of the last group of cataracts was attended by many dangers. In spite of all their efforts, canoes were sometimes carried over the falls and wrecked. In one afternoon, nine men were lost in this way, and among them was Kalulu, Stanley's favorite native boy, who had faithfully accompanied and waited on him for years, and who came to New York with his master several years ago. His name will be found on the maps now, for Stanley named the cataract where he met his death, Kalulu Falls. A still greater grief was in store for the harassed explorer; for, on the 3d of June, Frank Pocock, the last of Stanley's white companions, was drowned in the Congo by the upsetting of a boat. This was a heavy and most lamentable disaster. Frank was a brave, faithful, and devoted follower of Stanley, who has paid a touching trib-

ute to the manliness, affection, and courage of this lovable young Englishman who lies buried in the savage wilderness of the Congo.

Very soon, as they drew near the coast, in the latter part of the summer of 1877, sickness and famine pressed hard upon the weary travelers. They were destitute of nearly everything that could sustain nature. They could not buy of the churlish natives, and starvation stared them in the face.

Knowing that a trading-post was established at Embomma, two days' journey down the river, Stanley decided to write a letter on an old piece of drilling, and send it by several of his swiftest runners.

The letter was written in simple, direct language, and was eloquent by its very simplicity. Stanley briefly stated the condition and size of this party which had just traversed a continent, and spoke of them as being threatened with absolute starvation unless food could be had within a day or two at most, saying that their own stores were gone; that they could buy none with the merchandise they carried, and that there was nothing to be had on any terms, except upon fixed market days. He asked for a quantity of such cloths as the natives would receive in exchange for food,—but hinted strongly that an immediate supply of rice and grain would be a more direct means of relieving his famished people. Stanley promised to be responsible for all expenses; and after signing the letter added a decidedly characteristic postscript identifying himself as the discover of Livingstone, in case the recipient of his appeal should not recognize him by his name.

Another letter was written in French, and another in Spanish. Most European merchants find that their business requires them to understand French and Spanish.

In the anxiety of his despair, Stanley left no means untried to reach the unknown white traders whom he heard were at Embomma.

We can not imagine the amazement of the white men at Embomma when this cry of starving men came out of the trackless wilds of the Congo country where there certainly was no reason for the dwellers at the trading-post to suppose that any civilized man was wandering.

The gentlemen into whose hands this threefold message fell were Mr. John W. Harrison and Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, the former from Liverpool and the latter a Portuguese. Stanley was truly fortunate that his cry for help went to such men. Their response was prompt, generous, and most thoughtful.

Stanley's messengers joyfully returned to the camp and were closely followed by a small caravan

laden with ample supplies of food and other necessities, even luxuries, for the relief of the famishing people, who, when this timely succor arrived, were on the brink of starvation, having had nothing to eat for thirty hours.

Words fail properly to describe the joy and exultation of the distressed followers of Stanley at the sight of this welcome relief. Murabo, a boat-boy, who seems to have been something of a minstrel and a bard, struck up an impromptu hymn of praise celebrating the kindness and liberality of "the white men of the second sea," and loud and clear, says Stanley, rose the chorus at the end of each stanza:

"Then sing, O friends; sing, the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea."

As for Stanley, the devoted leader, the "great master," as they called him, he tells us that he rushed to the privacy of his tent to hide the tears of gratitude and joy that welled from his eyes. The journey was ended. Privations were over. He had successfully accomplished his perilous journey across the continent and could now lay aside the burden of responsibility and dismiss all fears of disaster or failure.

Stanley sent back to the coast a touching letter of thanks, in which thankfulness to the God who had delivered them out of all their perils, and to the kindly gentlemen who had succored them, were written out of a full heart.

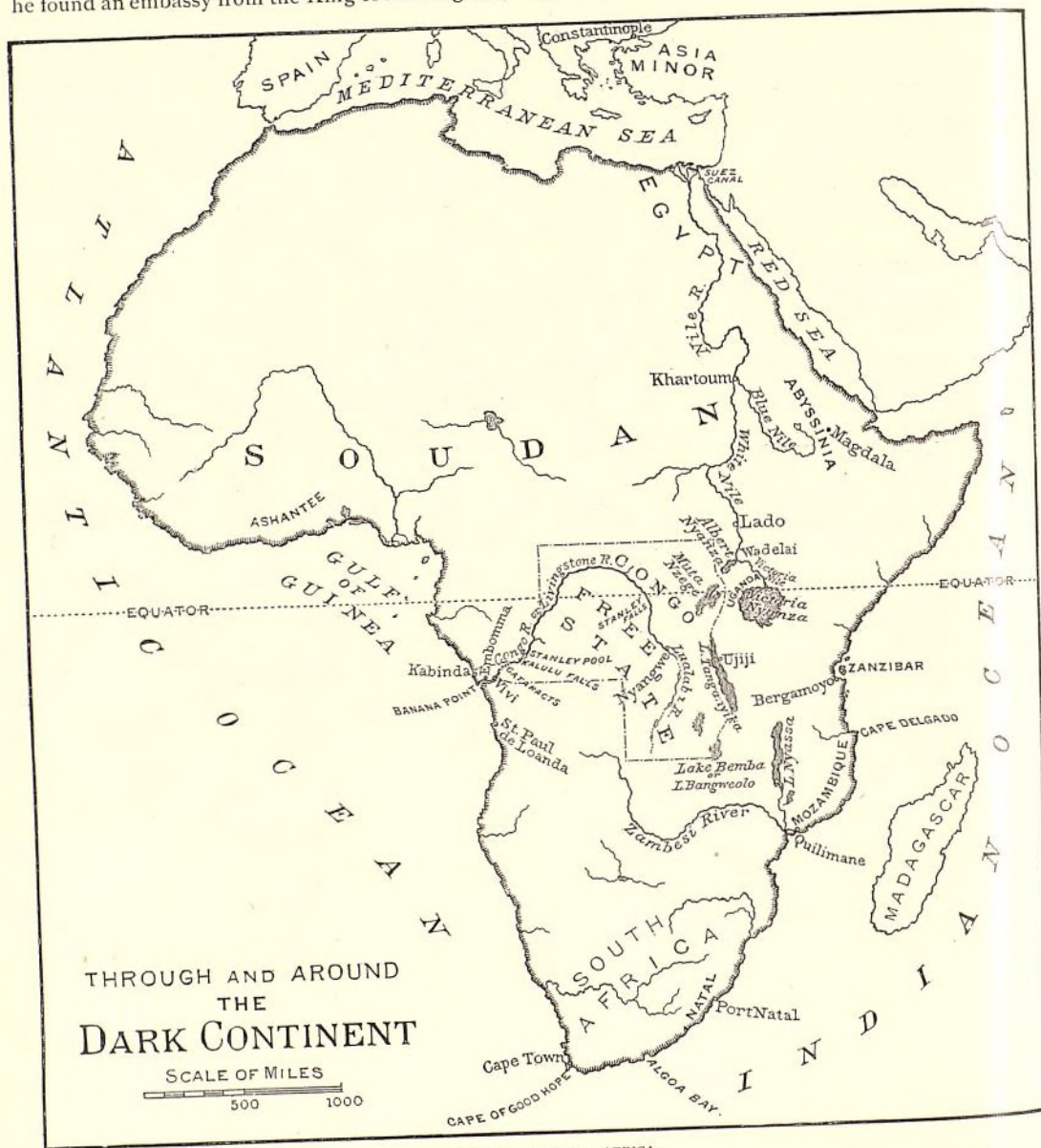
There is little left to tell of this wonderful expedition. On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of their departure from Zanzibar, the company, now numbering one hundred and fourteen blacks and one white man, met the advance guard of civilization, the generous traders and merchants of Embomma. How pale these looked to Stanley, who had so long seen only the bronze faces and dark skins of the natives! How well-dressed and gay they seemed in comparison with the tattered and dirty voyagers from the heart of the Dark Continent.

From the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, the expedition was carried by steamer to Kabinda, a seaport only a short distance up the coast, where the blacks supposed that Stanley would leave them and go home; but, true to his word, he told them that he would never leave them until they were once more in their own home. Carried thence to the port San Paolo de Loanda, they were embarked on board a British man-of-war and then taken to Cape Town. Thence, touching at Port Natal, they steamed to Zanzibar, where they arrived on the 20th of November. Long since given up for dead, the blacks were greeted by their kindred with songs and tears, with thanksgivings, wonder, and cries of joy. They had

pierced the heart of the continent, doubled the great Cape, and were at home.

Stanley returned to England from Zanzibar, December 13th, 1877. Immediately on his arrival, he found an embassy from the King of the Belgians,

the new organization was called, and he returned to Africa in 1879, where he remained nearly six years, hard at work on the Congo, or Livingstone, making roads, establishing stations, and opening the way for commerce. His exploits in building



who had been planning an expedition to open up the Congo country to trade and who wanted Stanley to take command. With great reluctance, for the explorer now desired to enjoy the sweets of civilized life for a season, Stanley undertook the management of the International Association, as

roads, some of which were over mountains and across rocky chains, won for him from the natives the title of "Rock Breaker." At the head of the cataracts nearest the west coast the river widens into a broad lake, studded with islands, and known as Stanley Pool. At the foot of the cataracts is a

trading-post, called Vivi; and large steamers can ascend the river to Vivi, while above that point, as far as Stanley Falls, steamboats of lighter draft are now running in considerable numbers. When we remember that the distance from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls is nearly one thousand miles of savage river, we can understand why the great explorer should say, "We found the Congo having only canoes; to-day there are eight steamers." But since then the number of steamers has been multiplied many times.

A railroad has been planned to carry freight around the cataracts. Soon, trading-stations will be scattered along the five thousand miles of navigable waters of the great river. Stanley found a vast country that had no owner. The river drains a region containing more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The Congo Free State, founded by Stanley's friend, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, lies chiefly south of the great bend of the river, and contains an area of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles; its population is more than forty-two millions. The articles collected from the African trade are ivory, palm-oil, gum-copal, rubber, beeswax, cabinet-woods, hippopotamus teeth and hides, monkey-skins, and divers other things. These are bought with goods, such as colored beads, brass and copper wire, cotton cloth, cutlery, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of articles known as "notions" or "trade-goods." The basis of all buying and selling in the Congo Free State is free trade; all nations that participated in the Berlin Congo Conference have right to trade and barter and establish posts within the boundaries of that territory, vast and rich, made accessible through the labors of Stanley.

During his six years' service in Africa, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, Stanley made brief visits to Europe and the United States. It was while he was in this country, in the winter of 1886-87, that he was summoned back to Europe to take command once more of an African expedition; this time to rescue another white man lost in the heart of the Dark Continent. This was Emin Pasha, governor of the Province of Equatorial Africa. Emin is the Egyptian name of Dr. Schnitzler; Pasha, as we have said, is the title of a civil or military officer. The province, over which Emin Pasha or Schnitzler is governor, is one of the outlying possessions of the Egyptian Government. When the revolt in the Soudan took place and Gen. Gordon was besieged in Khartoum, the Province of Emin Pasha was cut off from the rest of Egypt, and there he has been ever since, shut up in the region due north of the Albert Nyanza. Its capital is Lado, on the

affluent leading from the Albert Nyanza to the White Nile. Here Emin Pasha has been closed in by hostile tribes, without sufficient ammunition or other supplies to enable him to cut his way out, or to traverse the routes that may be open through regions not hostile.

Finally, to rescue Emin Pasha, subscriptions were started in Europe. The largest subscriber to the Emin Pasha relief fund is Mr. William Mackinnon, a wealthy Scotchman, who is president of a great line of steamers, the Peninsular and Oriental. The Burdett-Coutts family are also large contributors. The fact that Mr. Mackinnon, a private citizen, gave so much money to the fund has moved some people to think that the British Government, and not Mr. Mackinnon, is really backing up this new expedition; and that the real object is to come in the rear of Khartoum, as we have already said, and retake it from the rebels who have held it ever since it fell into the hands of the victorious false prophet (El Mahdi) in 1884.

Stanley sailed once more for Africa in January, 1887, making his headquarters for the organizing of his expedition at Zanzibar, where he has so many true friends among the Arabs and the blacks. The supplies for the expedition were shipped directly to the Congo and carried up-stream by steamers. At Zanzibar, Stanley did his recruiting only. At Zanzibar, too, Stanley's old friend, Tippoo Tib, was met, and Stanley signed an agreement with him making him governor of Stanley Falls, to defend that point against all comers, Arabs or natives, a salary being guaranteed him then and there.

Accompanied by Tippoo Tib, the great explorer went to the mouth of the Congo, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, reaching Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, March 18, 1887, and soon after ascending the river on which he had encountered so many hardships and endured so much suffering. His force consisted of nearly one thousand men, and his supplies, arms, and ammunition, intended for the relief of Emin Pasha, were enormous in quantity. One of the arms provided for his own use was a revolving many-chambered gun, of the Mitrailleuse pattern. This terrible engine would be so great a novelty among the savages who annoyed Stanley on his first voyage down the great river that it was thought they might be subdued into good behavior when they beheld its working.

The exact line of travel to be pursued by Stanley in his search for Emin Pasha is not known. The explorer, for reasons of his own, chose to keep that a secret. But it was generally supposed that he would strike for Wadelai, on the White Nile, just above Albert Nyanza. At any rate, he dis-

appeared somewhere into the vague unknown of the region lying between the Upper Congo and that lake. More than a year has now passed since we heard any tidings of the White Pasha, except such wild rumors as have come out of the darkness of the continent. It seems strange that a captain, at the head of more than a thousand men, can so completely disappear in the interior of a continent that he should be lost and never heard of for so long a time. Where is he, if alive? And if Stanley has perished, where are the many men that were with him? Where the goods and munitions of war? No wonder people are asking these questions.

But bad news came from one of Stanley's aiding expeditions not long ago. This expedition, commanded by Major Barttelot, one of Stanley's trusty lieutenants, left the Upper Congo, last April, with supplies for Emin Pasha, which Stanley had left behind for that purpose. On the 19th of July, it appears, Major Barttelot was attacked and killed by his own carriers. The expedition being thus broken up, one source of supplies for Stanley and Emin Pasha was cut off.

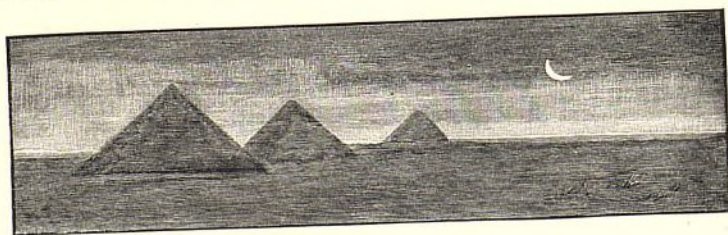
Probably no man has ever excelled Stanley in his wise treatment of the Africans. He seems to have a natural instinct of the best way to manage these people, who combine great childishness with natural ferocity. Stanley is firm, but kind, considerate, and generous. The natives know that he is strong, and they have faith in his honesty and truth. He has managed the savages with wonderful skill. The slave-traders hate and fear him, and many people have thought that if he were ever surprised and cut off in Africa it would be by the malice of these bad men, who fear for their trade. Stanley, like Livingstone, saw enough

of the horrors of the slave-trade to be in deadly earnest to do all that lay in his power to stop it. Tippoo Tib, the Arab trader, has long been a slave-dealer, though he has pretended to give up that horrible traffic since he has been associated with Stanley. Very likely, if he ever got a chance to go into the slave-trade again, without being found out, he would do it. And, if Stanley stood in his way, some men think Tippoo Tib would not hesitate even to kill Stanley, and so be rid of him. Tippoo Tib is now a very great man in Central Africa. He is enormously rich, and he can raise a force of many thousands of men whenever he has occasion to call for them.

It is singular that it should now be thought necessary to send a search expedition for Stanley, after all that he has done in that direction himself. But Leopold, King of the Belgians, and others, devoted friends of Stanley, propose to do this very thing, unless news of the White Pasha's safety comes to us.

When Stanley was in this country, soon after his discovery of Livingstone, he was full-checked, rosy in color, and his hair was dark and handsome. When next he came, after his memorable trip through the heart of the Dark Continent, the ruddy hue of his face was gone, and his beautiful hair was nearly white. But the brightness of his eyes was not dimmed, and the alert and sinewy limbs were as agile as of old. He has borne privations and great hardships well, but they have left their mark on his face; and countenance and head are old long before their time.

It would be a great loss to the world of commerce and of Christian endeavor and human activity if the White Pasha should return no more.



THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

PETIT-PÈRE.

THOUGH a French-Canadian never hurries, and may accomplish no more in a week than the nervous, driving American in half a day, he keeps pace with nature by rising with the sun. The cackle of French voices begins at early cock-crowing.

Alvine waked in the dawn. Her ankle was by this time quite painful, but she crept off the feather bed and put on her dried and crumpled clothes.

Mother Ursule could be heard disturbing the dewy mountain-silence outside, filling her oven with sticks. By the time Alvine limped outdoors, and sat down near the pig-pen, which was under the same roof as the oven, the housewife had left this task and was cooking breakfast.

Two bristle-backed swine stared at Alvine, and returned a grunt for her polite good-morning. The pig of the French-Canadian seldom gets fat. He has, in many cases, the freedom of the roads, but his development runs to hair and ears, and he looks sharply able to take care of himself.

The outdoor oven was built on supports, high off the ground, of stone covered with plaster. Its dome top was sheltered by a roof of boards, and it had a large iron door fastened by a latch. When the wood within it burned out it would be heated to such a degree that tall loaves of bread could crust themselves in its slowly lowering even temperature.

Pelletier descended the gallery steps to open his blacksmith shop, and paused beside the oven to ask how his guest had slept, and if the bite of a sweet-tempered dog like Gervas was working her damage. The shop was built with the hill for a rear wall; so its roof was below them and the blacksmith could have walked out upon it as upon a balcony. But, instead, he opened a door under the eaves and entered his smithy by a stairway of planks inside. He then set wide a door through which a pony might squeeze, and looked out on the Beupré road, on glistening flats stretching riverward behind his opposite neighbor's house, and on St. Lawrence itself, delightful to the eyes in morning freshness.

Pelletier's forge was a fireplace scooped high in the side of the wall. So stained with ancient

smoke was the interior of the shop that when the noon sky arched its bluest, and plenteous light penetrated everywhere else, a handful of fire halfway between ground and rafters made there the single spot of positive color in a dense negation of blackness. In front of the shop hung its sign: "E. Pelletier, Forgeron."

Had Alvine been in a boat on the St. Lawrence she could now have seen the mists rise off the mountains, experiencing surprise, perhaps, as points revealed themselves through the bank of grayness, and first one well-defined ridge and



A BIT OF THE BEAUPRÉ ROAD.

then another over it appeared — stable lines in the midst of changing vapor. But she could only look at the eastern spread of the river flushing with sun-rise, and uphill as high as Mother Blanchet's overhanging residence, for there the sky-line abruptly presented itself to her eye. Rows of potato plants stretched up and down the incline.

It seemed probable that the potatoes, as they ripened, would swell out of their earthen pockets and obligingly roll down to the Pelletiers' door. There was a high ledge behind the house, a waterfall coming down it in continuous short leaps, clear as dew where it trickled, its course intensely marked with green.

Above the potato slope, and just under Mother Blanchet's fence, some logs were built to form a terrace where growing things could sit nursed on a level lap in the sun. Here flourished Mother Ursule's garden: onions, lettuces, cabbages, and melons also, for their vines dripped down the logs.

Gervas came awkwardly to Alvine as she sat by the pig-pen, and snuffed politely at her skirts; to which she replied that the ankle did hurt, but she comprehended it was a mistake on his part. Gervas's wagon stood in its own stable above the blacksmith shop; a half-excavated shed well thatched with pine boughs, but with the front open.

Mother Ursule brought cross-barred and striped woolen blankets from all the beds in the house, and hung them over the gallery to air. Then her array of loaves came out in her arms to the oven. She nodded kindly to Alvine all the way down the path, and was pleased when her guest lifted the oven latch for her, and showed its glowing heart ready to render utmost service.

While Mother Ursule was raking out coals and putting in bread, a tiny old man dressed in gray appeared on the gallery. He wore moccasin shoes, laced high around the leg, and a girdle which held his blouse in at the waist. But the striking points of his apparel, and the points which gave it character, were a red cotton handkerchief tied around his head and breeches cut short off at the knee. Thick gray stockings ascended and covered him well, yet without taking away a juvenile air which made this little old man seem rejoicing in his first trousers. They were not fitted to the slope of the limbs, but gave these a wide and generous outlet, apparently promising that the little old man should not soon outgrow their width.

As soon as he saw Mother Ursule he showed his gums in a smile. He had no teeth left. His face was like the face of an angel, if angels' faces are ever tanned to the color of a hickory-nut and inclosed in snow-white strands of thin hair. It held the eagerness of childhood tempered by that knowledge of sorrow which leaves its stamp after the sorrow is long outlived. His entire person expressed lightness, and his stature was so small that altogether the queer little ground-colored man became one's type of a fairy man.

* Childishness. No English word so well expresses it. † The Canadian-French have strong aversion to being vaccinated. They will not submit to it. Small-pox has consequently been a scourge among them, at times epidemic in Montreal and other places.

"Good-morning, good-morning," cried Mother Ursule. "It is a fine day, Petit-Père."

He answered without lisp or mumble, for long use had readjusted his vocal organs so that no parts were missed.

"Good-morning, my daughter Ursule. All the world is sweet."

"It is your father, madame?" inquired Alvine, surprised by an inmate whose presence she had not suspected.

"It is my husband's grandfather, mademoiselle. He is eighty years old. He is," said Mother Ursule, putting her knuckles on her sides and standing straight, to give her entire attention to the subject, "as swift on foot as any young man along the Beupré road. Willingly, like a little son, he does my errands. Monsieur Pelletier, indeed, is much more like the grandfather. We call him Petit-Père instead of Grandpère, because he is so small and has long seemed to be growing young, and more like our child than our venerable father. It is fifteen years since our calamity, and he had then made a beginning en enfance.* No one yet calls him childish; for truly, even Mother Blanchet will tell you, he has been as far back as our memories go never other than a sweet child. Mademoiselle, you will see this tiny creature sit down on the floor and lean his head against my knee when he is tired. About our calamity we do not speak. But you should know we lost all our family in one winter. Nine children, mademoiselle, and my husband's father and mother, and seven brothers and sisters. We also had it, but three of us survive."

"P'tite vérole?" † whispered Alvine.

Mother Ursule nodded several times.

"But Petit-Père, he never sorrowed over the loss of them like we sorrow for the dead. Mademoiselle, every day he goes up the hill to call them. Sometimes he comes back crying because they stay away so long. On a fine morning, like this, he is sure of bringing them all home, and thou wilt hear him tell me to kill the pig and have black puddings ready."

"All this makes him charming, madame," pronounced Alvine.

"So now we will go to breakfast," said Mother Ursule, in a gratified tone. "And then will I look at the foot which I have so neglected this morning."

"It is nothing, madame. I can go slowly on with it to-day."

"Not an inch from the house of Monsieur Pelletier will you move, my child, until the pits made by Gervas's teeth are healed. That

reminds me I have not beaten him with the oven-stick."

Gervas sat down by Alvine and looked discouraged.

"Oh, madame, do not touch him," begged the girl. "He did but his duty. If it had not been for Gervas, indeed, should I have had a taste of thy good cream?"

Benevolent vanity overspread Madame Pelletier's face.

"It is good cream," she affirmed, with the air of a righteous person who will not be so foolish as to deny her own virtues. "And Gervas did us no bad service when he dragged thee to our house, poor, trembling rabbit. But this to thee, monsieur," she added, shaking her finger at the dog, who snapped in embarrassed fashion at a fly, and then fixed his gaze on a gnarled, wind-stunted apple-tree which grew behind the oven. "Keep thy meddlesome teeth out of pilgrims henceforth. And call now thy master to his breakfast."

Gervas got up, relieved as a boy who has escaped a whipping, trotted to the roof of the blacksmith shop and uttered three yelps.

Up came Pelletier promptly, and they went in to their first meal, of strong tea, dark bread, and coarse beefsteak dressed in a sour gravy.

Pelletier put his arm affectionately across the shoulder of his diminutive grandfather and led him to his usual place at the table, while explaining the custom of the house to their guest in English.

"E go preach, Petit-Père. Have the binnydiction."

Accordingly, Petit-Père pushed his red handkerchief back from his temples and said the consecrating word over the meal with his dark palms standing upright.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO OF HIS CHILDREN.

LAVENDER daisies, shading almost to the thought of crimson, with gold-colored centers, were thick upon the hills. In damp places, though distant from the pools made by shut-in glens, grew plenty of buttercups, their humid yellow shining always freshly polished.

Alvine could see this enameled robe lying around the feet of the mountain, knobbed with rocks, ornamented with clusters of trees and seamed with gullies, as she washed her clothes. For Mother Ursule had declared she must be well laundered before she went farther on her pilgrimage, so crumpled and mud-stained had the rain left her. She put on a petticoat and sack of Mother Ursule's which wrapped her around twice. The housewife

dressed her ankle in fresh cloths and fresh grease after washing it with cold water.

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed Alvine, as a door was opened in the plank wall at the end of the kitchen. For through this square hole one could see the mountain-spring descending from rock to rock, from fern nook to moss nest, between overhanging bushes on which elderberries, scarlet as a smear of blood among green leaves, startled the eye. They seemed no kin to the elder-bush which fills western fence-angles with white-lace balloons during early summer and brown-red, wild juiced fruit in August weather. The sight that startled Alvine was a wooden spout conducting the water to Madame Pelletier's hand, and pouring away into some unseen channel with ceaseless music.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Mother Ursule, as she received her basin of cold hill-water, "it is very good to have it so, and all winter long doth it pour thus without asking, until the heart of the earth becomes solid with cold. Even then the least kind shining will bring a trickle down, and when spring loosens all ice, how it doth crack and clatter!"

Petit-Père stood about the broad-boarded floors and watched Alvine from the moment she was put before his twinkling eyes. He went obediently down to the oven and took note of the bread's progress when asked to do this by his daughter; but presently he was back, lifted by the door-sill between rooms as by a pair of skates. Wherever there is any door-sill in a French-Canadian cottage, it is three or four inches high.

Madame Pelletier and Alvine went uphill to the washing-shed, and Petit-Père, still clinging to the unusual presence of a young person, said he would take his knitting and go along.

The washing-shed was set near a sandy basin in the descending rivulet, scarcely as large as the iron kettle in which Mother Ursule heated water. But it was a basin always filling itself as soon as emptied. The kettle stood on a four-legged iron support much like a toy bedstead. Mother Ursule took a gourd to dip water into it, and lighted the fire.

"Gracia'!" she shouted as the slippery border of the rivulet half betrayed her, and her great bulk slid downhill several inches.

"Glissant," she admonished Alvine, pointing to this sleek track after escaping from it, and wagging a face red with the exertion of catching herself. "Pre' garde, pre' garde."*

The washing-shed covered a large stationary tub beside which there was a railed place for the cake of soap and the clothes-beater—a broad, flat, wooden tool having a short handle.

Alvine was able to stand by the tub and scour her garments, but this the house-mother would not

* Contraction of *prenez garde*, "take care."

allow. She took the labor into her own hands from first wetting the coarse cotton to the final hanging out her drying-pole.

Two interruptions drew her downhill: her

They examined goods at their leisure, children spreading out gay cotton prints to covet, their elders scolding down prices, and the peddler—a Frenchman who thus distributed Quebec merchan-



PETIT-PÈRE.

baked loaves had to be carried in from the oven, and a peddler stopped his wagon below the gate. Her neighbors across the road came out, Pelletier left his shop, Mother Blanchet waddled downhill, a picturesque sight in white cap, her cotton sack girdled into a homespun petticoat by a long brown cord; and three families swarmed like bees at the cart's end, nearly filling up the narrow road.

dise through the valley—declaring with face, hands, and nimble legs the ruinous cheapness of his wares. He carried tempting stuff besides wearing fabrics, and when the blacksmith had pried into one oblong box he took a ten-cent piece from his pocket and exchanged it for a very small paper of bits carefully picked from that box.

Alvine washed in the tub during Mother Ursule's

engagement with the peddler. It was like being in the gallery of a great amphitheater and looking down and away at wonderful sights. Faintly blue vapor trailed along the island of Orleans, and she could see fishing-boats at patient anchor in the river, and a steamer rushing down-stream filled with people to its guards. Eastward could be heard at intervals the softened far-pealing of bells, which she knew were the chimes of Ste. Anne.

Petit-Père sat on a rock shaded by a dwarf tree, busy with his knitting-needles. A long stocking hung down from them between his knees, and though he worked slowly, zealous intention kept his tongue sticking out. A gray woolen cap was drawn over his head-kerchief for outdoor wear, its bagging end and tassel drooping over one ear. He cast his thread over and looked up smiling at Alvine; and she as often put her hand to her temple, carried it downward in a curve, and made him a bow full of young grace.

Pelletier was in the habit of speaking English when he had any secret from his grandfather, or wished to explain his grandfather's ways to any outsider. The aged Frenchman could not understand a word of even such English as the blacksmith talked. Uphill came Pelletier, his whiskers expanding in a smile, and slyly showed his paper packet to Alvine while the old man knitted tranquilly. It held a few pieces of candy, some shaped like strawberries and others like slices of lemon.

"Freet,"* said Pelletier, "confiture, and sugar. For make some bread to Petit-Père; eat."

"Does he like it?" inquired the girl, pleased to be in the secret.

"Yes, yes, yes; v'ey much. See you," said Pelletier, pointing with delight at the busy little man who pulled a long thread off his ball of yarn. "E don't know what might be happen now!"

The middle-aged grandson slipped up behind his pet sire and laid his paper of sweets suddenly upon one of the broad-trousered knees.

Petit-Père, letting his knitting fall to the ground, took hold of them.

"À bon marché, à bon marché!" † he cried, his chuckles tumbling over each other. "My son Elzear, that pleases me! It is enough," he calculated, "to fill the mouths of all my children. Now they will come back to father, and sit in the evening around my knees and let me count them and pat their heads, my sons and my daughters."

"Eat it thyself, my Petit-Père," urged the blacksmith; but his grandfather, denying himself, sat plainly tempted by the coarse sweets spread on his knee. He looked at Alvine and weighed in his mind her right to a share and the wisdom of giving it to her or keeping it back.

* Fruit. † A French-Canadian may use this exclamation when he means a pretty thing, and without any reference to its cheapness.

"But she has come home. She stays in my sight, and the others are yet scattered. She should, therefore, have a bit, my good girl. But no, she may stay for a kind word—I will try that. And my chicks straying through woods and mountains, I need the confiture to coax them back. My son Elzear, this is bait for one of my boys that I saw on the hill yesterday. He would not come nigh then, but now will he come nigh me!" The little father chuckled and shook his paper of candy.

"Perhaps he saw my brother Bruno," exclaimed Alvine.

"It was surely thy brother," nodded Petit-père; "and all the other children would be thereabouts. I have waked in winter nights and cried about them because they must then be so cold. But these fine days they frolic, the rascals, they kick up their heels and are out of the old father's sight. There is a time to gather the hay," his treble voice proclaimed, "and there is a time to gather my children into the house. I must be about it while the sun shines. A girl to-day; a boy to-morrow; I shall soon have them."

"Eat some confiture," still urged the blacksmith, in a coaxing attitude with his hands on his knees. "Do you wish to drive me away, also—to eat none of my gift?"

"No, no, no," cried the father in alarm. "What would I do if they all left me? But see you, my son Elzear, this piece is for Luce, and this for Flavie, and this for Louis, and this for Narcisse —"

"And this one for Petit-Père," said the blacksmith, picking up a lemon slice and holding it under his nose. The old face, which was no more shrunken and wrinkled than a winter-kept russet, began to outline its cheek with smiling creases, the mouth opened and accepted its bite of candy; but Petit-Père got up and carried his knitting and the rest of the sugared stuff downhill with him.

Pelletier and Alvine watched him stand at the gate until his daughter Ursule could leave the peddler.

"My daughter Ursule," he said to her as she approached, "will you put my confiture on the highest shelf until I go out to look for the children? And here, my daughter Ursule, my stocking, is it not ready for the heel?"

Madame Pelletier took the candy packet and stood still to examine the stocking, her little grandfather, whose head did not tower to her shoulder, waiting by, with the ball in his docile hands.

"This is a fine long stocking," she observed.

"Is it not?" he cried, showing his gums.

"Yes, it is time to set the heel. But thou hast dropped two stitches, my Petit-Père."

"Have I done so, indeed? That might make holes to let the frost through to my Hermene-gilde's legs."

"I will pick them up for thee," promised his daughter.

"A long time have I been at this one, and it makes only three. How many legs have all my children, my daughter Ursule?"

"Fret not thy precious heart about that. Am I not also knitting and ever knitting to help thee keep the family covered?"

"Yes, yes," said Petit-Père, his anxieties quieted. The small Canadian father trotted by her side into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

A LAKE ENCAMPMENT.

OUT of the dimness and uncertainty which lay far off on Megantic, Marcelline Charland and her rescuers saw some object coming toward them. The sinking splendor of burning woods reflected upon the lake, made another forest seem to glow under water. If a tree toppled down in showers of coals on the land, a similar tree shook out its sparks under the ripples. And it was a strange sight to see a boat push across this submerged picture of fire, its oarsman riding toward a burning world upon a sea of flame.

Monsieur Lavoie and both girls kept calling to him, though there was no chance of his passing them by unseen, so tall and dark were their figures, thrown out by the red glow behind them.

"How many people are there in the boat, my Aurèle?" inquired Monsieur Lavoie.

"Papa, I can see but one man, and he is a very ugly fellow."

"But the splash of his oars is a beautiful sound."

"He is an Indian," whispered Marcelline, as the boat came across the gravel, and the next moment it crunched in sand.

Monsieur Lavoie, hearing it thus grounded, said:

"Have you come to help us out of this trouble, my man?"

"Yes, monsieur," he replied in guttural French, holding the prow of his boat while he waited for them to get in. "Hot here, very hot."

"It has been hotter. Are you from Agnes?"

"No, monsieur. I from camp."

"If the other fugitives reached the town, I thought they would perhaps miss us and send a boat for us."

"Agnes all on fire, monsieur. Folks fighting fire there, yet."

"Where, then, shall we go?" exclaimed Monsieur Lavoie. "These children are a mass of

blisters. My face is so burned that I have no use of my eyes. We ought all to have medical help at once."

"Doctor over there," said the Indian, pointing across the lake. "Doctor in camp with families over there."

"Who are you?" inquired Monsieur Lavoie, before intrusting the children and his own blind helplessness to their rescuer. "What is your name?"

"Name François. I am Algonquin, monsieur. My mother was Algonquin chief's daughter," explained the son of that poor, overburdened Princess Sally, whose latest labors he had already rubbed badly on the elbows and soiled to dirtiness over sleeves and front.

"And is your doctor an Algonquin, also?" continued Monsieur Lavoie.

"No, monsieur," replied this poor descendant of a once great and gentle tribe. "Doctor Englishman from Sharebrooke town. Families from Sharebrooke town camping on lake shore."

"Do you belong to the camp?"

"Yes, monsieur. I fish and tend to boats. I go to these woods and hunt before woods burn down."

"Take us to the camp, then. They will surely take pity on such castaways as we are."

"Yes, monsieur," said François. He helped the girls to a seat and guided Monsieur Lavoie into the stern. "It only three miles across to camp. It five miles to Agnes."

As he took his oars and shot his party out over the reflected fire, Aurèle and Marcelline on a bench together gazed at what they left behind. Though oases of grayness marked where the flames had done their work and left their ashes, this milky way was by no means a continuous track. The great roaring force was stalking eastward and southward, seeming to crumble the world as it moved, and its hot breath quivered almost like the aurora at the zenith, stars dancing tipsily through such a medium.

The farther their boat receded, the vaster did this sight of fire become.

Aurèle, opposite Monsieur Lavoie on her bench, — for she and Marcelline sat with their backs toward the Indian, — gazed a long time; then she left it and crept to tell her father.

"Can't you see one little bit, poor papa? The burning of Rome must have been a chip afire, compared to this sight."

"Would I look at it if I could — for very spite — Aurèle?"

"Yes, you would, papa. Oh, how I want you to see it! It would live forever in your mind. That seems to me very cruel: that this monster

fire should sear you in the face so you can not see its beauty."

"The rapture of coming to mature years and being middle-aged," said the poet, "lies in this one fact—you find out there are so many things in

"Ah, papa, you miss much."

"Yes, my Aurèle. We, of necessity, miss much. Every one is obliged to do so. We are not boundless receptacles."

François ceased rowing to look into the water.



"THE FARTHER THEIR BOAT RECEDED, THE VASTER DID THIS SIGHT OF FIRE BECOME."

this world you don't want. When I was your age, Aurèle, I wanted everything. My capacity was shark-like; nothing sated me. Now I am your venerable parent with much to enjoy and much to be grateful for; and the few things which I can not have, I do not want: chief among them the sight of this fire. I have had enough of it!"

"Fish come up to-night," he remarked. "Big fire draws fish. Plenty to catch."

"Were you fishing when you heard us call?" inquired Monsieur Lavoie.

"Yes, monsieur. When I saw big fire I knew fish come up. Pile of fish in front of boat. I caught plenty. Then I heard folks call."

"Did you hear any one else calling along that shore?"

"No, monsieur. I saw some loaded boats go back to Agnes before it was night."

"Probably all the other people got off in those boats."

As distance tarnished the splendor of the forest fire, Aurèle turned her face toward the beach they were approaching. Marcelline sat quietly on her bench, crying under her breath with the pain of her burns. Some water had soaked through the boat's seams, and in this scanty moisture she set the bottoms of her crisped shoes; but the anguish of all her hurts was unceasing, and hard for a little girl to bear in secret.

A star on the lake edge with white blots behind it turned satisfactorily into a camp-fire before a semicircle of tents. The tinkling sound of guitar music came from a group of figures sitting around the camp-fire, and at intervals a chorus of voices swelled high, drowning the guitar.

Some children came scampering down to the water's edge, a man walking behind them.

"How many fish did you catch, François?" they shouted.

"He has brought you three muskallonge, already baked," said Monsieur Lavoie in English, lifting his voice to reach the children's ears and his hat in general courtesy.

At that sound, and at sight of strange folks, they hung back from the boat, and the man hurried up to help out his guests.

He heard very few words before taking all three patients to the camp-fire, and then into separate tents to dress their burns. The guitar-playing and singing broke up in a hurried search for soft cloths. The English physician had not come camping without preparation for all kinds of accidents. His wife, and the young girls, her sisters, and a jolly man, his cousin, who had made the camp-fire as merry as the hearth of any ancient castle when minstrels were in hall, now made it as bounteously hospitable. They called up the sleeping cook, who dressed François's fish; and they spread for a great supper the long table of boards nailed to low posts set in the ground, which had a tree to canopy it. Those who were not needed to help the doctor ran from storehouse to table with loaves, pots of jam, butter, preserves of rose and ginger, tinned meats, and everything which the camp afforded.

The cook in his shed, upon a rusty stove which showed that rain had leaked upon it, but which was yet the key-note of comfort in camp, browned muskallonge and made hot coffee.

The children, staying up beyond bedtime to see

what François brought, were having still longer holiday to see what was done for those refugees from the fire. They hung approvingly around the supper. There were plenty of cots in the tents, every train to Agnes bringing friends who came out here for a day's or a night's experience of camping.

When the doctor was done dressing his patients, two mummies walked out of two tents and were led together to the table.

"Papa," said Aurèle, "you look worse than the papooses we saw away below Tadoussac."

"I am sorry I have not yet the pleasure of seeing how you look, my daughter."

"Papa, you may see me with your mind. I look like one of those young French babies in the western part of the province that they seal up tight in bolsters, you remember."

Both spoke in English to avoid rudeness toward their entertainers, and one of the young English girls presently spoke to them in French, to compliment them by the use of their own language.

Marcelline Charland was unable to leave the tent where the doctor dressed her burns. She lay on a cot packed in cloths. This child of few pleasures, who had scarcely in her life been waited on except by Bruno and Alvine, and was used to being at the nod and call of exacting people, now found herself tended and fed like an infant by people much above her.

Two children stood by, after their elders left the tent, and told her how much fun it was to camp beside Megantic. Every summer they came to this spot. It was called their cove. Sunset was the time to go in bathing. Then the water was warm and the sand like velvet. You could put on your bathing-suit and wade all around the cove, never going over your head. They were both learning to swim, and offered to give points to Marcelline if she felt able to take a plunge tomorrow. Then you could course through the woods above camp, and find lovely pink and brown fungus shelves sticking out on trees, and numberless lichens on rocks; and something made a noise in those woods that was n't a cow either, so you'd better be back near camp at sundown, for some men at Agnes shot a wildcat once. And they knew where you could get all the hill strawberries you wanted.

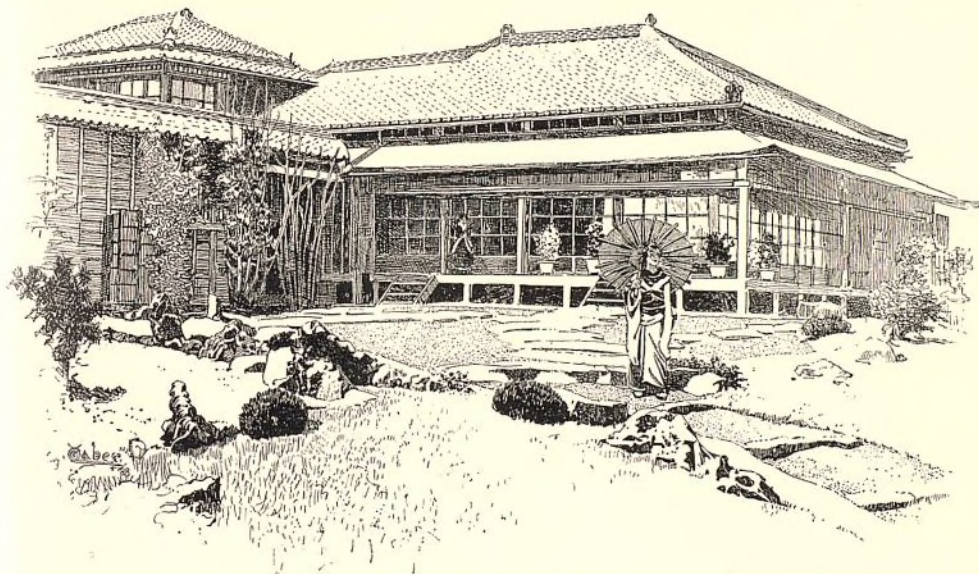
To this talk Marcelline listened with respect, not understanding a word.

When the English-Canadian children were put into their own cot-beds she watched a lamp screwed to the center-pole, and listened to voices outside around the camp-fire, and to water lapping the sand. Even pain has its pleasant side; for, though Marcelline was feverish during the night, she had a grateful sense of being well cared for.

(To be continued.)

SEEING THE REAL MIKADO.

BY ARTHUR L. SHUMWAY.



PRESENT IMPERIAL RESIDENCE, TOKIO.

"OHIO!"* exclaimed a familiar voice.

I glanced up from the letter which I was engaged in writing as I sat upon the front veranda of the Windsor House, one of the principal foreign hotels, situated on the "bund" in the Port of Yokohama. The voice was that of a young Englishman whose acquaintance I had made on board the steamer that carried me from the shores of Uncle Sam's domain to the Land of the Rising Sun. Returning by way of the United States from England, whither he had gone on the business of the large Yokohama mercantile house with which his father was connected, he had happened to take at San Francisco the steamer upon which I had engaged passage. The acquaintance thus begun ripened to a fast friendship after our arrival at Yokohama. His home was on "The Bluff," the foreign residence portion of Yokohama; and, although making the hotel my nominal headquarters, I was very frequently his guest at his table and by his fireside. Whenever I made a tour of exploration through the town, I called first at the business house where he was employed, to see whether he could accompany me. Almost invariably he man-

aged to arrange his work so that he could go with me. With his help I could better understand the significance of the strange things I saw, and draw truer conclusions from the experiences which fell to my lot. On this occasion he had taken the trouble to come for me to the hotel.

"Ohio," I said, returning the Japanese salutation, and rising to receive him.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" he inquired.

"Writing some letters for to-morrow's mail," I replied. "What else should I be doing?"

"You should be on your way with me to the railway station," he answered.

"What is the attraction there?" I asked.

"The arrival of the great 'Tenshisama' from Tokio by special train," was the reply.

"What! — the Mikado?"

"Even he, the son of heaven; the *nin-wō*, or king of men; the *kōtei*, or august ruler."

"What brings him here?"

"Had you forgotten that this is the first day of the Yokohama races? The Mikado perhaps has come to see the races."

* Good-morning.

"When does the imperial train arrive?"

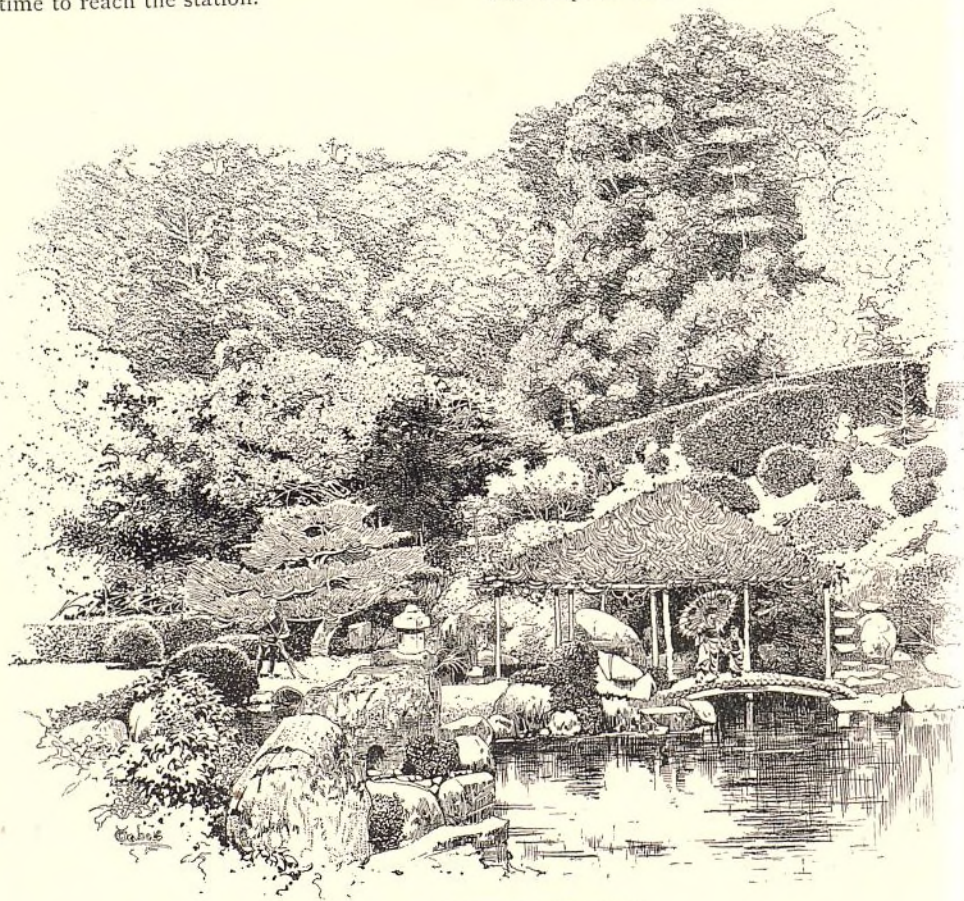
"It is due here at eleven o'clock, and it will arrive exactly on time. It leaves Tokio at 10:15. That allows three-quarters of an hour for the run of eighteen miles, an average speed of twenty-four miles an hour without stops. You will perceive that the Emperor of Japan is n't so ambitious to travel at great speed as most sovereigns are supposed to be."

"What time is it now?"

"Nearly a quarter to eleven. We shall hardly have time to reach the station."

all sorts of questions about the Oriental monarch we were about to see,—just as I always availed myself of the opportunity to draw upon his inexhaustible fund of general information regarding the island, when we were going about together.

"The present Mikado's name is Mutsuhito," he said. "The name may be translated 'benevolent man.' He is the one hundred and twenty-third emperor in the imperial line, and boasts—or could boast if he chose to do so—of belonging to the oldest dynasty of monarchs in the world. The first emperor in this line was a contemporary of



VIEW OF FUKIAGE GARDENS, TOKIO.

"I will go, of course. It would never do to miss seeing the Mikado, when there is such an opportunity."

"Certainly it would not. Besides, there is no haste about finishing your letters. The morning paper says that the O. and O. mail-steamer is still in Hong Kong and will arrive here three days late."

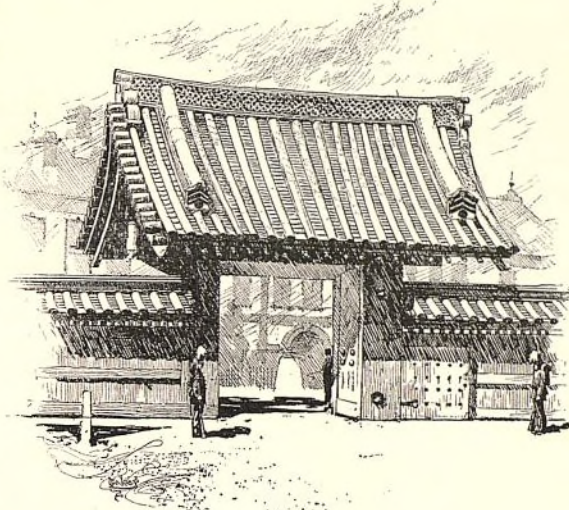
So we started, post-haste, for the railway station. On the way I peppered my companion with

Nebuchadnezzar,—think of it! The name Mikado itself means 'honorable gate,' like the Egyptian term 'pharaoh,' and reminds one of the Turkish 'sublime porte.' The first Mikado was Jimmu Tenno. As he began to reign about 660 B. C., Japanese chronology begins professedly at that point. The first seventeen Mikados are said to have lived to be over one hundred years of age,—one attaining the advanced age of one hundred and forty-one years. Seven of the one hundred

and twenty-three sovereigns in this great dynasty have been women."

"Has n't the present monarch any other name besides Mutsuhito?" I inquired.

"No," was the reply. "The Mikados have personal names, but no family names. When they die, however, each receives an *okuri-na*, or posthumous name, by which he is known in history, and no mikado can bear the name of a predecessor. In two instances, however, Mikados have reigned twice, and have received two posthumous titles each. During his life the Chinese characters representing the personal name of the Mikado were forbidden to be used (or if used, a stroke had to be omitted), the reigning Mikado being designated as *kinjō*, 'the present emperor,' or *kōtei*, 'august ruler,' and the first time in history that the sovereign's name appeared during his life-time was when Mutsuhito, in February, 1868, delivered to the foreign ministers a document in which he announced that the dual government was at an end, and that he himself had assumed the supreme government."



GATE OF THE PRESENT IMPERIAL RESIDENCE.



THE REAL MIKADO.

"How long did the dual government of Japan last?" I asked, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, although as early as 25 B. C. four corps for the defense of the country against the aborigines had been created, and each placed under a *shōgun* or general, it was not until the seventh century that a military class began to make itself felt. From the twelfth century onward, two great military families were rivals for the military supremacy, that one being successful which had possession of the Mikado for the time being. But it was not till 1596, when the Tokugawa family in the person of Iyēyasū overcame all rivals, and made their headquarters at Yedo, that the so-called dual government really began. In 1854 the then-ruling shogun or 'tycoon' gave great offense by signing the treaty with Perry, which formally 'opened' Japan, enabling eastern and western nations alike to establish commercial and diplomatic relations with the little island empire which had for so many centuries preserved its national isolation. A period of anarchy and bitter antagonism to foreigners followed, however, for over ten years. The western nations resented the barbarous way in which their subjects, resident in Japan, were treated, and sent an expedition against the empire. Suddenly, by one of those freaks of sentiment which have won for the Japanese the reputation of being fickle, a reaction in favor of the despised foreigner set in, the shogunate was suppressed, the two hundred and seventy-eight daimios, or military princes, in the empire, from patriotic motives resigned their estates into the hands of the emperor, and harmony pre-

ailed all around. This unification of the national government took place in 1868."

"And just what is the form of government now?" I asked.

"The Mikado is supreme in temporal and spiritual matters alike; Shintoism is the state religion; * there is an executive ministry consisting of eight departments, a Senate of thirty members, a Council of State (unlimited in number), and a Great Council, the real governing body. This Great Council has three sections—the Right, which consists of the executive ministry; the Left, which consists of the council of state; and the Center, composed of the prime minister, the vice-prime minister, and a cabinet of five 'advisers.' Matters of great importance come before the

origin—a mirror, a crystal ball, and a sword—are still cherished in the palace where the emperor is now living. These emblems have come to be viewed much as the inhabitants of Troy viewed the Palladium of their city."

"What has been the history of the present Mikado's reign, thus far?"

"Mutsuhito was the second son of Mikado Kōmei Tenno. The succession is not determined by the order of birth in the royal family, you will see. The Mikado nominates his own successor. Mutsuhito was born November 3, 1850, in the castle at Kioto, which had for years been the Mikado's capital, and therefore the sacred city of Japan. He grew up in the palace, never being allowed to see a foreigner until he was nineteen years of age.



THE OLD IMPERIAL CASTLE AT KIOTO.

Mikado and the Great Council; but unimportant questions go to the ministers. The Mikado is still an absolute monarch, but he has promised an elective parliament, to be organized in 1890."

"Does the Mikado still claim descent direct from the gods?"

"Yes, and the sacred emblems of his spiritual

* Shintoism has since been disestablished, and there is now no state religion in Japan. The recent advances of Christianity in the Empire are marvelous.

In 1867 his father died, and he was declared emperor under the care of a regent. He was then but seventeen years of age. A year later the regency was abolished. Early in 1868 *Keiki San*, the Shōgun who was then in power, finding the chief nobles and daimios against him, retired, and the Mikado, as already stated, assumed the reins of government himself, and a few days later an in-

invitation came to each of the foreign representatives to visit Kioto,—an invitation which was accepted by only two, the British and Dutch ministers. Later, however, the French minister also decided to accept. On March 23, 1868, the emperor gave audiences to the ambassadors of France and Holland. This was the first time a Japanese emperor ever granted an interview to representatives of Christian nations.* Four days later, Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, with a numerous native and foreign guard, while on his way to the palace to meet the Mikado according to appointment, was attacked by assassins, and only saved by the bravery of Mr. Goto Shojiro, an officer of the Japanese Foreign Department, who rode at Sir Harry's side. The next day the imperial decree was issued by which treaty relations were established with foreign powers. On April 6th of the same year he took the oath which is the basis of the present government, pledging himself to establish a representative government. This was the emancipation of Japan from 'the uncivilized customs of former times.' From the hour when he took that oath dates the emergence of the empire from the old feudal civilization, and the Europeanization of people and country. You will perceive that the distinguished gentleman whom we are to see to-day has witnessed some momentous changes in his time."

"Yes, indeed. When was Tokio made the capital?"

"In the following year, 1869. In 1872 the Mikado adopted European dress and habits of life, at least for public service. His new palace is to be mainly in European style."

By this time we had reached the vicinity of the station. There appeared to be no excitement, although it was generally known that His Majesty would soon make his appearance. I suppose there were not above two hundred persons gathered at the station, and of these by far the greater part were jinriki-sha runners, hucksters, coolies, attachés of the railway, and people in the lower walks of life who happened to be in the vicinity. National flags (a red disk on a white ground) adorned the front of the station, but otherwise there were no decorations visible anywhere in town. Two weeks later (November 3, 1882), when the emperor's thirty-second birthday was celebrated, the houses and stores everywhere, and the ships in the bay, were profusely decked.

Just inside of the station on the stone floor stood the Mikado's private coach, to which a magnificent span of Arabian horses was attached. This coach and span had been sent on from Tokio by an early freight train, in advance of the royal party. This was not the equipage used by the emperor on state

occasions, I was told, but simply His Majesty's ordinary carriage. The horses were very docile, yet they were manifestly full of mettle, and bore themselves with the dignity becoming animals privileged to wear gold-mounted harness and to draw the Emperor of Japan. The coach was elegant in finish, but modestly plain throughout. It was covered by a green silk cloth, bearing the Mikado's crest on either side in dull gold. The most gorgeous thing about the coach was the tasseled and embroidered box-cloth provided for the driver.

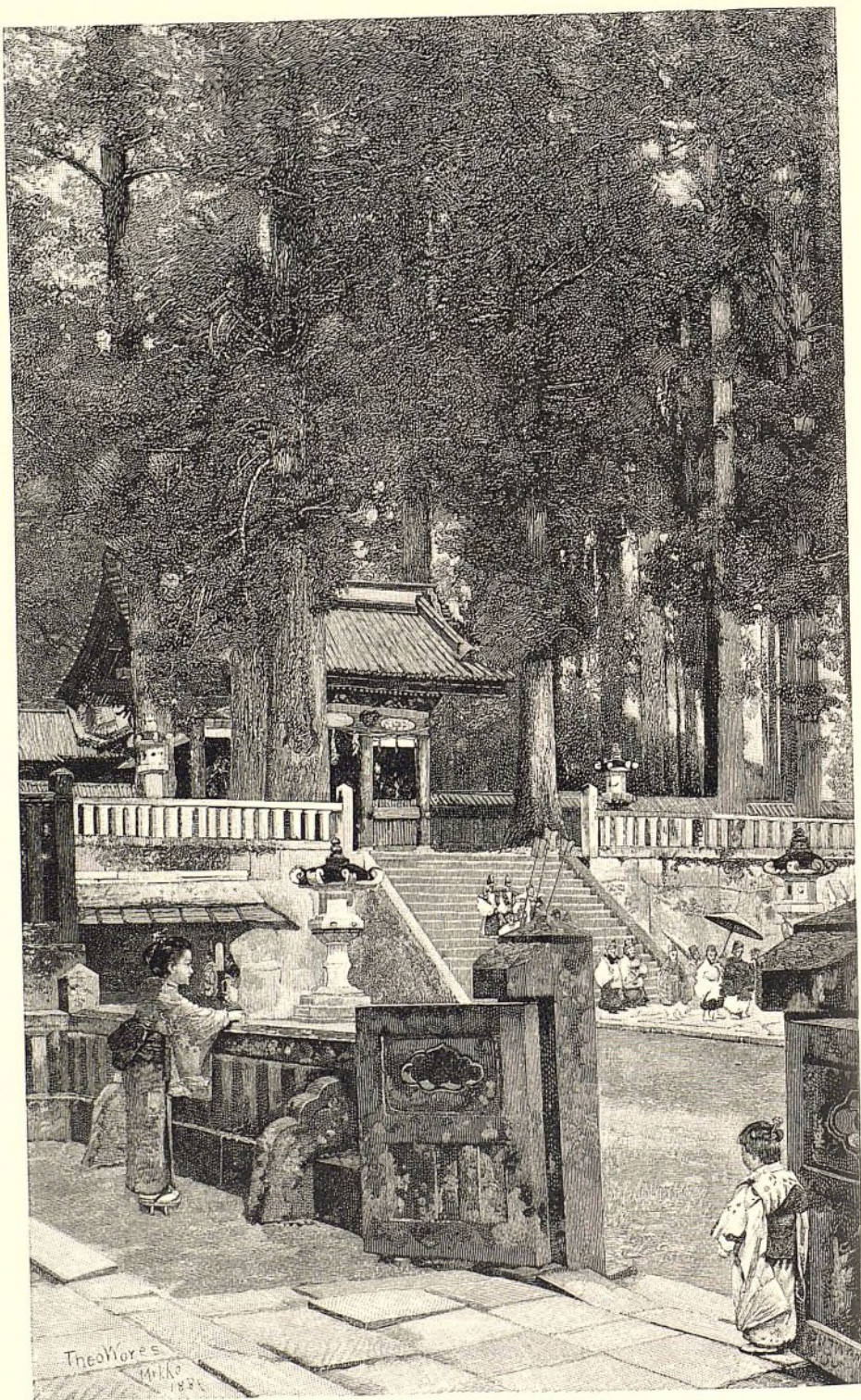
Near the coach were standing the coachmen, who had accompanied the royal equipage on its journey from Tokio to Yokohama, and the emperor's private body-guard. The coachmen were immaculately dressed, wearing garments modeled after the foreign style. Their heavy dress-coats almost touched the floor, they wore white gloves, and the men's small size was partly overcome by the addition of tall silk hats with wide gold bands.

We had yet two or three minutes to wait, and my friend utilized the time by recalling some interesting reminiscences.

"Ten years ago," he said, "the advent of the Mikado in Yokohama would have created a tremendous sensation. I remember very well the occasion when the Mikado first appeared publicly before a promiscuous gathering of his subjects. It was at Tokio, upon the completion of the Yokohama railway, eleven years ago, I think. I was but a mere boy then, of course. The emperor was seated upon a rude temporary throne erected in the station. As he took his seat and became visible, every native present prostrated himself, laying his face in the very dust. Mutsuhito not only permitted himself to be seen, but made a little speech to his subjects. It was a strange day for Japan. Few of the Japanese present had ever expected to live to see the day when the sacred Mikado would forsake the solitude of his luxurious prison-palace. Prior to that day he had been more of a prisoner than is the ex-king of Oudh in his sumptuous quarters at Calcutta."

"I suppose his people think he is the most gracious and condescending of sovereigns," I observed.

"No doubt. And yet even now he does not come and go as freely as most monarchs. Whenever he goes out he is accompanied by a body-guard, and maintains everywhere an impenetrable reserve. A tourist might stay in the capital city for years without beholding his sacred person, unless he accommodated himself to the few set times when His Majesty appears by announcement before his people."



GATEWAY OF THE TOMB OF THE FIRST SHŌGUN, IYÉYASŪ.
(ENGRAVED AFTER A PAINTING BY THEO. WORES.)

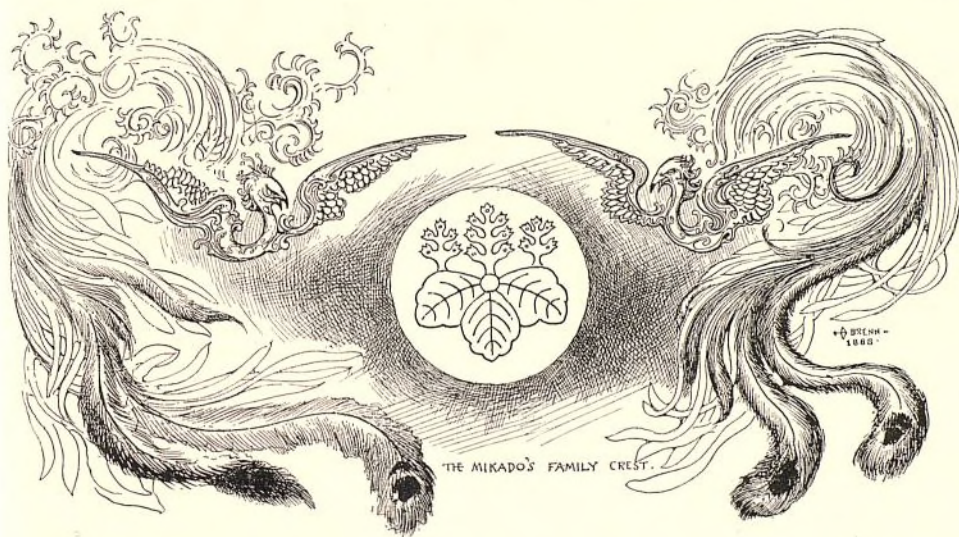
"How about the empress?"

"She is, of course, even more exclusive. The women belonging to the aristocracy of Japan are very seldom seen by travelers. Her photograph shows her to be a very pretty woman, and she takes so much interest in the young of her sex that with her own money she has founded a normal school for Japanese girls."

At this moment the royal train rolled into the

the trousers on each side, a broad white band around his soldierly cap, and the ubiquitous royal crest (consisting of sixteen chrysanthemum petals arranged in the form of a medallion) showily embellished in silver upon the lapel of his coat. This was he who swayed the destinies of 35,000,000 of people.

I find my remembrances of the emperor's features somewhat at variance with the ordinary por-



depot. First came a locomotive, plentifully decorated from smoke-stack to tender with chrysanthemums, laurel, and immortelles. Then followed seven first-class carriages, filled with high officials and court attendants. The imperial coach was in the middle of the train.

Every head was bent low in a prolonged but silent greeting. The obeisances were scarcely deeper, however, than the Japanese make one to another anywhere and at any time.

"There is nothing required now in the way of formal homage to the emperor," whispered my friend, "and only one thing expressly prohibited in the way of disrespect. No subject can look down upon him."

"Look down upon him?" I repeated.

"Yes," was the reply. "Literally, I mean. No Japanese is permitted to view the Mikado from an upper window as he passes by in the street below."

"Under penalty of —?"

"Arrest and imprisonment."

At this point two or three functionaries stepped from the imperial coach, followed a moment later by a tall, erect young man dressed in a uniform of dark-blue stuff, with immense white stripes down

traits of him which appear from time to time in magazine articles and in the pictorial press. He is decidedly not a handsome man. Indeed it was to my mind his bearing in spite of his face, and not his face at all, which gave him the air of dignity — I might almost say of austerity — which characterized him. His face was swarthy, rather unintellectual than strong, and adorned with a precarious growth of whiskers. As beards are not indigenous to the Japanese chin, I could not admire his good taste, so much as I did his courage, in trying to raise a beard. I notice that his later photographs represent him with only a mustache.

His Majesty, attended by an honorary guard of officials, walked rapidly from the car through a waiting-room and entered his coach, from which the green cloth was now removed. The other Tokio dignitaries entered handsome coaches provided by some Yokohama stable, and the whole procession proceeded direct to the race-course, accompanied by an escort of soldiers, police, and musicians. The road that led to the track had been freshly graded, rolled, and graveled in honor of the royal party.

Anxious to gain still another glimpse of Japanese royalty, I persuaded my friend to go up to Tokio

with me, a fortnight later, to witness the ceremonies in connection with the celebration of the emperor's birthday in that city. There are a great many holidays observed in the Orient, even the banks and leading business-houses closing on the slightest provocation. I think there were twenty-one so-called legal holidays each year in Yokohama, at the time of which I am now writing. During the three days of the Yokohama races already referred to, for instance, every bank and prominent business house in the city was closed! It goes without saying, therefore, that on the occasion of the emperor's birthday all business was suspended, and that in the capital city the native and foreign population alike were wholly given over to the observance of the day.

The principal attraction in Tokio was in the quarter called Hibiya, or "parade-ground." We proceeded thither in jinriki-shas. Here the imperial troops in garrison, to the number of seven thousand, were to parade before the Mikado on a large open square reserved for that purpose. When we arrived, the vicinity was thronged with great numbers of men, women, and children, all arrayed in holiday attire. There was a reserved space in the most eligible part of the grounds, but as our names had been omitted, in some unaccountable way, from the list of distinguished personages to whom invitations and passes had been sent, we contented ourselves with crowding as near to the front as possible.

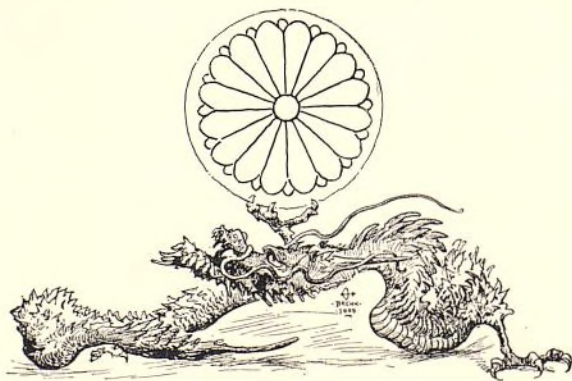
In general the sights were such as are characteristic of these occasions the world over. There were innumerable booths, where enterprising natives were taking advantage of the gathering to do a big business on a small scale; the articles of merchandise consisting of all sorts of toys, banners, confectionery, photographs, fruits, and a thousand strange-looking articles besides, the classification

of which is beyond my power. I was impressed, however, with the minuteness of the profits made. There were articles on sale with the prices marked in rin, the tenth part of a cent. One sen (of a value little less than an American cent) would buy a glass of a beverage corresponding to our lemonade, half a dozen sticks of candy, or a collection of pulpy wads which became handsome ferns upon being cast into a vessel of water.

The behavior of the crowd was rather quiet. There was no hurraing, no applause, and no audible salutation of the emperor and his staff when they arrived on the grounds.

The Mikado was mounted on a fine Arabian horse, and came preceded, attended, and followed by a body-guard of policemen and lancers. The leading officers of state accompanied the royal retinue, all arrayed in their finest military uniforms and mounted on their favorite chargers.

The parade and review were an agreeable surprise. Although the small size and smooth faces of the soldiers detracted somewhat from their military aspect, the discipline displayed was good, and many of the evolutions were very pleasing to the eye. The cavalry managed their horses admirably. After the review the foreign representatives proceeded to the imperial yashiki by invitation, and enjoyed a luncheon served in Japanese fashion. In the evening a splendid reception was held at the private residence of His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which was attended by more than a thousand guests, native and foreign. The house was lavishly decorated, and the extensive grounds illuminated as only grounds in the Orient are illuminated. A feature of the reception was a magnificent display of fire-works, in which the novelties introduced and the combinations of colors were the subject of admiring comment on the part of the foreign population.



THE OFFICIAL CREST OF THE MIKADO.

LASSOING A SEA-LION.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

THE sea-lions of San Miguel Bay were not often disturbed in their solitude by human visitors. Once in a while, curiosity or a desire for seal-oil took men there; but as a rule the bay and the little island which it indented were deserted except by the sea-lions and gulls.

One morning in August, however, the sea-lions awoke to find a little schooner resting as placidly as a sleeping gull on the calm water of the land-locked bay.

The bay was calm, indeed; but a glance toward the open sea told of a storm that had raged the night before; and though unbroken by waves, there was an angry swell on the bosom of the usually quiet Pacific that told of a fury not yet subsided.

It required no very keen eye to discern that the little schooner — "Emily" was the name painted on the stern — had been roughly treated by the elements.

The topsails were torn into shreds the frayed ends of which told of many a fierce snap in the gale; and the deck was in a confusion only to be produced through continued washing by storm-dashed waves.

On the deck lay two boys. Each had an arm around a stanchion and both had the soft, regular breathing which betokens healthful sleep. And good need had they to sleep, for the preceding night had been passed in wakefulness and terror.

"Just for fun," as Joe Rousby had said, he and his friend Bob Slater had rowed to the "Emily" as she lay at anchor in Santa Barbara Bay on the afternoon before, and had started for a sail, in spite of angry remonstrances of old Captain Martin; for though usually willing to let Joe have the schooner, he had three good objections against lending her at that time.

First, he had just fitted out the "Emily" for a fishing cruise; second, he saw a storm coming up; and third, he did not like his property to be used against his wishes.

The storm had caught the boys, and, unable to return to the bay, they had been driven helplessly about all night, until, thoroughly exhausted, they had dropped to sleep where they lay.

Joe was the first to be wakened by the bright warm beams of the sun and the deafening chorus

of barks and yelps that issued from the throats of the sea-lions. He sprang to his feet and looked around. Then with a shout of joy he stooped over and vigorously shook his sleeping companion.

"Bob! Oh, Bob!" he exclaimed. "We're safe, we're safe!"

"Eh!" said Bob, quickly rising to his feet, "Safe — safe? Where — where are we? How did we get here?"

"We're in San Miguel Bay," answered Joe; "for there's the Santa Rosa," pointing to a high hill on a neighboring island, "and there are the Santa Inez mountains," pointing to the range back of Santa Barbara. "How we came here I don't know, unless we struck on that neck of land, and were washed over. It must have turned ebb soon after or we'd be ashore, now."

"What's that noise?" asked Bob.

"That," said Joe, "is the welcome of the sea-lions."

"Sea-lions!" repeated Bob, looking out on the ocean. "Where? I can't see any."

"Can't see any? Why, if you look toward shore you can't see anything else! Don't you see those black things crawling about on the rocks all around the bay?"

Bob thought that he did.

"We must get home as quick as we can," said Joe, after they had dropped anchor, bathed, and breakfasted, "for our folks will be dreadfully frightened. They'll think we are drowned. But won't Captain Martin bless us when he sees his topsails made into shoe-strings," he added with a rueful glance upward.

"How much would it cost to have new ones made?" asked Bob.

"Oh! I don't know. Fifty dollars maybe — twenty-five, anyhow; and five dollars is the extent of my pile. Have you any money?"

"Dollar," replied Bob, dismally. "I wish we'd taken the captain's advice instead of his schooner! Father can't afford to pay for the sails, you know; and your mother can't, of course. But we *must* do it somehow."

"It's all very well to say we must," said Joe; "but how? That's the question. I'd hate to go back without a word to the old man. He's been very kind to me, Bob; and I had no business to

take the 'Emily' when he forbade it. I only did it for fun. I'm afraid, though, that mother is right, when she says somebody else generally has to pay for my fun! What a noise those sea-lions do make—Oh, oh, an idea, Bob! An idea!—as sure as you live!"

"What is it?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"Let's take a sea-lion home and exhibit him, and make some money that way. The people at the hotel would pay to see one; and lots of the town-people have never seen a sea-lion, although the islands are full of them."

"That's so," said Bob; "for I never saw any before. But how can we take one home? We'll have to catch him first."

"Naturally!" said Joe; "but that's easy enough. I've seen them caught lots of times. And once I saw two that were caught and taken alive to San Francisco; so I know how to do it all. The trouble will be in making a cage."

"A cage?"

"Yes, you see we lasso him —"

"And there is Pedro Gonzales's lasso in the cabin!" interrupted Bob.

"So it is," said Joe. "Then I won't have to make one. After he is lassoed, we must put him in a big cage and tow him out to the schooner. I could make the cage, if only I had the wood. There are tools and nails enough on board."

"Can't we find any wood on shore?" asked Bob.

"I'm afraid — Yes! there's an old tumble-down shanty that was used by some men who came here once for seal-oil. We'll get the boards from that. Come on! and we'll lower the boat."

Along the shore was a line of low rocks, with here and there a broad patch of sandy beach, or an occasional spur of rocks standing out like a sentinel. But now neither rocks nor sand could anywhere be seen, because of the hundreds and thousands of sea-lions playing and basking in the sun.

Bob would have been content to watch their comical antics for the whole morning; but Joe said they must hurry. So they rowed to a smooth piece of beach and pulled the boat up, much to the consternation of the assembly of sea-lions, which barked, flapped, rolled, and tumbled over one another in their haste to gain the water.

Joe led the way to the ruined shanty, and at once began to split the boards into strips three inches wide. The finished cage was not remarkable for beauty; but, as Joe said, it was strong and a sea-lion would not be critical about the appearance of it. It was about seven feet long by three feet high and wide.

The boys quietly rolled it to a spot as near as possible to the piece of beach where they had

landed, and where the sea-lions were by this time again gathered. One side of the cage was left uncovered, but slats with nails driven in the right places stood ready for instant use. Joe had been careful to approach the timid creatures from the side away from the wind, and they had not taken alarm.

Like many boys of Southern California, Joe and Bob were skillful in the use of the lasso; but as Joe was more expert, Bob took only a rope with a noose on the end, to slip over the creature's tail, after Joe should have lassoed the head.

With the noose in his right hand, and the coils of the lariat hanging on his left arm, Joe crouched behind a rock and peered about to select a good specimen.

"There!" he said, after a short pause; "do you see that big fellow, sleeping away as if it were midnight and were never to be anything else? Let's catch him. Follow close, Bob, for I may need you to help hold him."

Joe ran swiftly toward the selected lion, paying no attention to the others, which at once began a pell-mell rush for the water. The destined victim also did its best to flop away to safety as soon as it had waked up; but Joe's noose was already circling through the air, and the clumsy beast suddenly found itself provided with a necktie fitting uncomfortably tight.

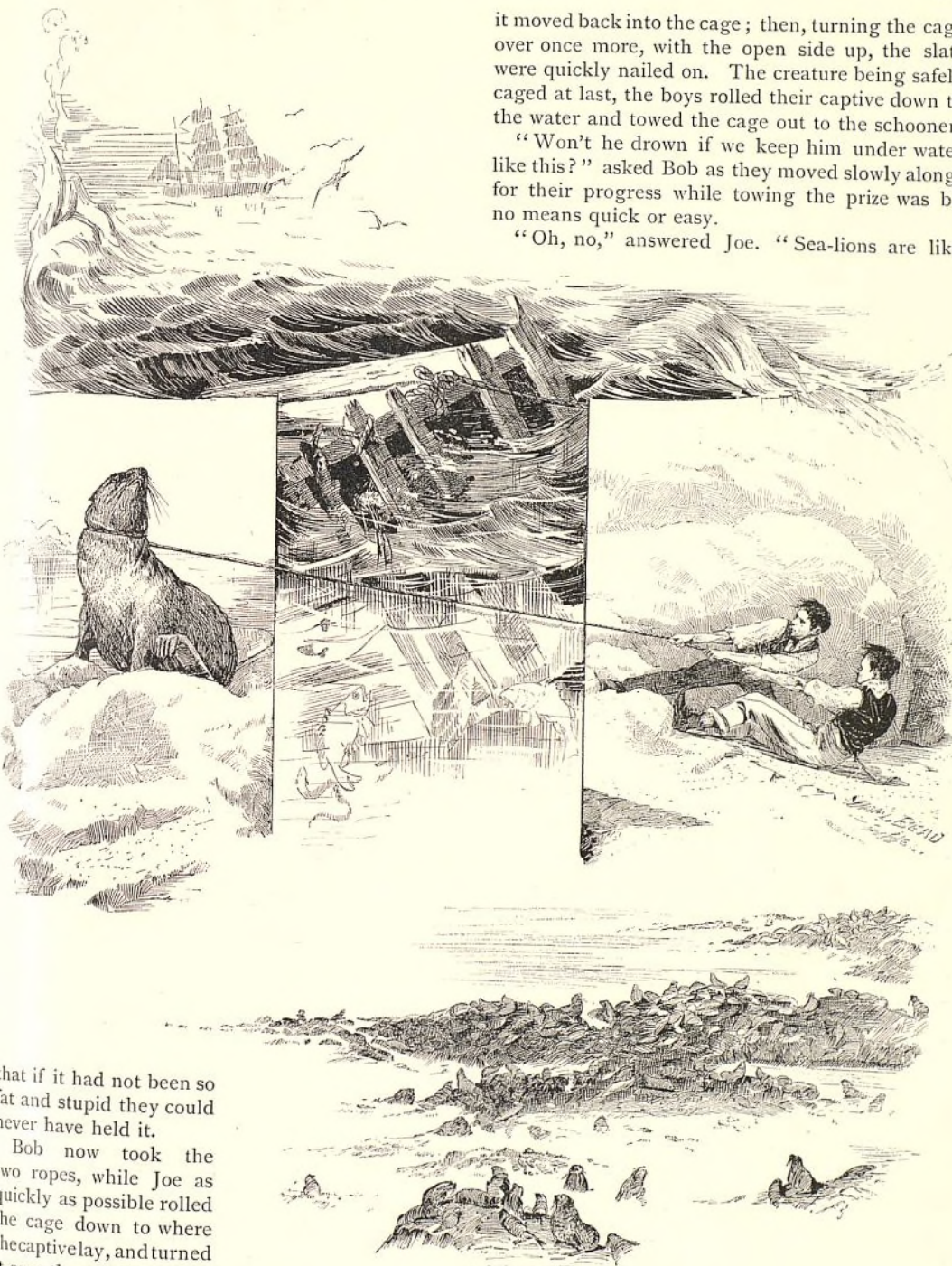
The sudden jerk that Joe gave the lariat pulled the animal over on its side; Joe laid back with all his might, and Bob was by his side in a moment. But the sea-lion, after its first astonishment, fell into a rage, and began a furious struggle, now to reach the water, and now to reach the boys, so that the would-be captors had quite as much as they could do, alternately to pull the animal from the water and to keep away from it themselves.

The angry monster roared, snarled, and gnashed its long, sharp teeth in a style which emphatically discouraged any close intimacy at that moment; and though it evidently had considerable trouble in breathing, it did not seem to be much worse off than the boys; for their efforts made them pant quite as hard as did the captured lion.

For some minutes it was "nip and tuck"; and, as Joe said, it seemed for a while that "tuck was likely to have the best of it"; but just as the boys were about to give up the fight the sea-lion suddenly ceased to struggle.

"Get your noose over its tail! Quick, Bob," said Joe.

Bob ran, and fortunately succeeded at the first attempt. The lion made one more effort to escape when it found its tail imprisoned, but it was evidently exhausted. The lion had been too fond of eating and sleeping, Joe said; and he also declared



it moved back into the cage; then, turning the cage over once more, with the open side up, the slats were quickly nailed on. The creature being safely caged at last, the boys rolled their captive down to the water and towed the cage out to the schooner.

"Won't he drown if we keep him under water like this?" asked Bob as they moved slowly along, for their progress while towing the prize was by no means quick or easy.

"Oh, no," answered Joe. "Sea-lions are like

that if it had not been so fat and stupid they could never have held it.

Bob now took the two ropes, while Joe as quickly as possible rolled the cage down to where the captive lay, and turned it over the sea-lion.

Then, with some difficulty, the boys slipped the ropes under the edges of the cage and up through the top, and tied them firmly. Next they turned the cage over and poked at the sea-lion with sticks until

whales and hippopotamuses; they can stay under water a long time."

When they reached the "Emily" they contrived, after some hard work, and by means of a clever

arrangement of blocks and tackles, to get the cage with its snarling occupant on deck. A good wind was blowing in the right direction, so they hoisted sail at once, towing the boat behind them. They postponed dinner, although they were very hungry, until they were fairly under way.

Notwithstanding the good breeze, the usually lively "Emily" seemed unaccountably slow. To be sure, they had no topsails; but that deficiency was not enough to account for the lumbering way in which the schooner moved. The afternoon wore away and still the islands seemed hardly five miles distant, while the mainland looked as far off as ever. It began to appear as if the boys must spend another night on the schooner.

"What's that?" exclaimed Bob suddenly, pointing northward.

Joe shaded his eyes and looked. "That," said he, "is the San Francisco steamer on her down trip. Get the telescope out of the cabin. I'll see if I can make out which one it is."

Bob jumped down the hatchway, but immediately re-appeared with a frightened face, gasping:

"Joe! Oh, Joe! the cabin's full of water!"

Joe stared a moment, then cried, "Hold this wheel!" and ran down the ladder.

"She's sinking, Bob," he exclaimed the next moment, as with white face he re-appeared on deck. "We must get off as quick as we can."

The small boat was drawn alongside and they clambered into it. The boys were hastily pushing off, when Joe remembered the sea-lion.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "it's a shame to leave the poor lion to die. I'm sure he can't live in that cage."

"Will there be time to unloose him?"

"I think so," said Joe, pulling back to the schooner. "At any rate I'll risk it."

He climbed up on the schooner again, and suddenly it occurred to him that it would do no harm to tow the animal after them. If they were picked up, they would be able to save it; and if they were not, they might, at the worst, perhaps eat it.

The boys were cooler now, and together they managed to get the cage overboard; and besides they put many small but valuable things from the cabin into the boat. Then they rowed away and tried to get as near the steamer's course as possible.

"What do you suppose made the 'Emily' leak?" inquired Bob.

"She must have knocked a hole in her when she went ashore last night," said Joe. "Perhaps it was a small hole and the water was a long time getting in. That's why she sailed so slowly."

Fortunately the officer on the deck of the steamer had already seen the sinking of the schooner; then, sweeping the ocean with his glass, he saw the small

boat with flags of distress waving vigorously; for the boys, as the steamer came nearer, left the oars, shook their handkerchiefs and shouted.

When the boys and their sea-lion — which they insisted upon keeping — were taken on board, they told their story. The gruff old sailor who commanded the steamer read them a severe lecture, and told them that he did not stop at Santa Barbara on his down trip; but that he would leave them at Santa Monica and take them up, three days later, on his return voyage.

There was no help for it, so the boys made themselves as comfortable as possible, and when they arrived in port, telegraphed to their parents. The hotel-keeper at Santa Monica consented to keep them until the return of the steamer.

Of course the story was told in the local paper with all the details, not forgetting the sea-lion, which had been put ashore too. The result was that they had many visitors — so many that they were considering the propriety of charging an admittance fee to see not only the sea-lion, but themselves as well, so that they might collect some money for Captain Martin, whom they felt they had treated very badly. Indeed, they were even debating the price they should charge, when the hotel-keeper came up to them and whispered:

"There's a circus-man from Los Angeles looking at your sea-lion. Keep your eyes open, boys!"

The boys could not understand why a circus-man looking at their sea-lion should demand unusual vigilance on their part.

"Mornin'," said a drawling voice behind them; "you are the chaps who ran away with the schooner?"

"We did n't really run away with her," said Bob independently.

"Eg-zactly," said the stranger. "She run away with you, did n't she? Eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

The boys maintained a dignified silence.

"I've just been a-lookin' at your sea-lion," said the man, taking a seat by Joe.

"Oh!" exclaimed Joe. "You're from the circus in Los Angeles."

"Just so!" assented the man in surprise, thinking the boys were very sharp. "So you know me, do you? Well then, I suppose you know what I'm after."

"No," replied Joe, laughing at his own humor; "unless you want Bob and me for curiosities."

"Pretty good, pretty good!" ejaculated the circus-man, approvingly. "But that is n't it. However, I'd like to take that lion off your hands if you'll sell him reasonable."

"Sell him!" exclaimed the boys at once.

"Yes, why not?" answered the man. "What can you make out of him? I'll give you a

fair price. Say, now, what will you take for him?"

Joe looked at Bob and Bob looked at Joe. Joe saw that he must be spokesman. "You know what he is worth," he said. "You set a price."

"Set a price on your goods!" exclaimed the man. "Not much. What 'll you take?"

"You offered to buy," said Joe. "You must make us an offer."

"Pretty good! pretty good!" said the man, who seemed to admire anything shrewd, even if it was against him. "Well, then, what do you say to five hundred dollars?"

"Five hundred dollars!" ejaculated both boys in amazement at the sum which seemed to them enormous for the paltry sea-lion.

But in truth, the sum was very much less than is usually paid, and, as the circus man knew this, he naturally supposed the boys were surprised at so low an offer, so he said:

"Well, why don't you set a price, then? What do you say to a round thousand?"

It must be confessed that Joe thought he was dreaming; but instinct, perhaps, or his natural sharpness, made him say:

"Make it fifteen hundred, and you may have him. Eh, Bob?"

"Certainly," gasped Bob.

"The lion's mine," said the man at once; "providing he's sound. Is he hurt in any way?"

"Not a bit," replied Joe, who was wishing he had asked more. "When will you pay us?"

"I'll go to Los Angeles and be back this afternoon with a draft," was the reply.

The boys told the landlord of the sale, whereupon he bade them not to devote their time to rejoicing until they had the draft and knew it was good, too. So, in a state of mind made up of hope and fear and doubt, the two boys whiled away the day. But they need not have feared. The circus manager returned that afternoon with a certified check, which was declared good by the local bank.

By the advice of the banker, they bought a draft on San Francisco, reserving enough in cash to pay for their board and for their passage. When all this was done and the two boys stood alone in their room, they first looked silently at each other and then began to turn somersaults and to perform other strange antics.

"Joe," said Bob at length, "how much was the 'Emily' worth?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "Not over a thousand dollars, though. Not so much."

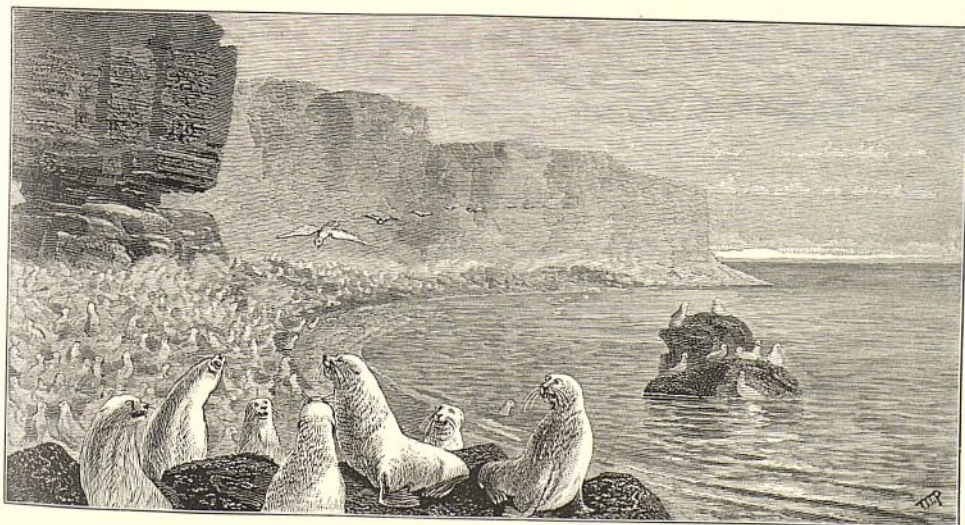
"Let's give Captain Martin a thousand dollars, then."

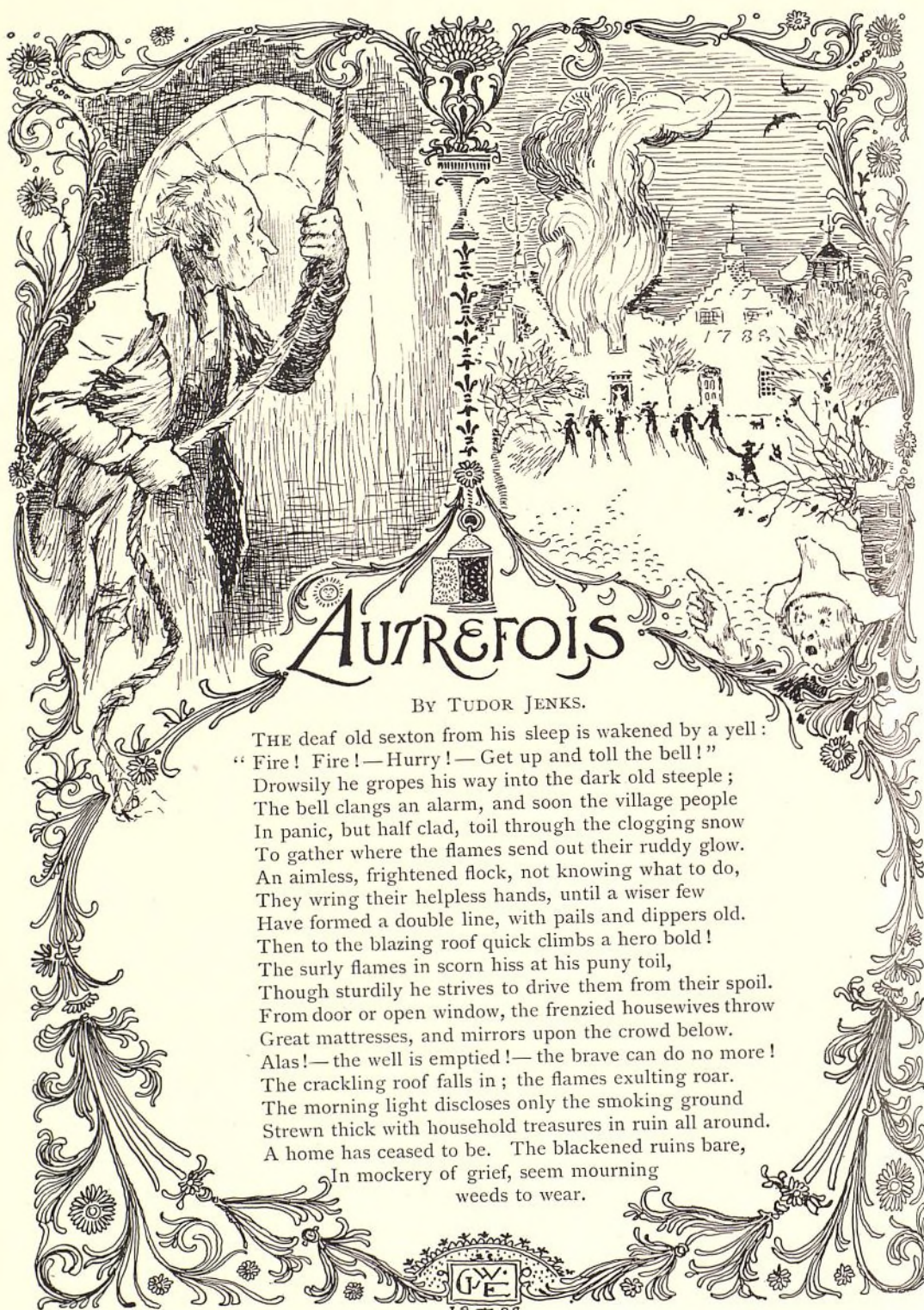
"All right!"

The telegram had robbed them of the grand triumphal entry they had originally counted on making into their native port, but their families were glad to see them, and the boys agreed that it was good to be home.

"And, now, Mother," said Joe, with his arm around her waist, "I know it was wrong of me, and I'm sorry; but you are glad of the two hundred dollars, are n't you? You needed them, did n't you? And you'll forgive me the worry I caused you, won't you?"

And, mother-like, she did.



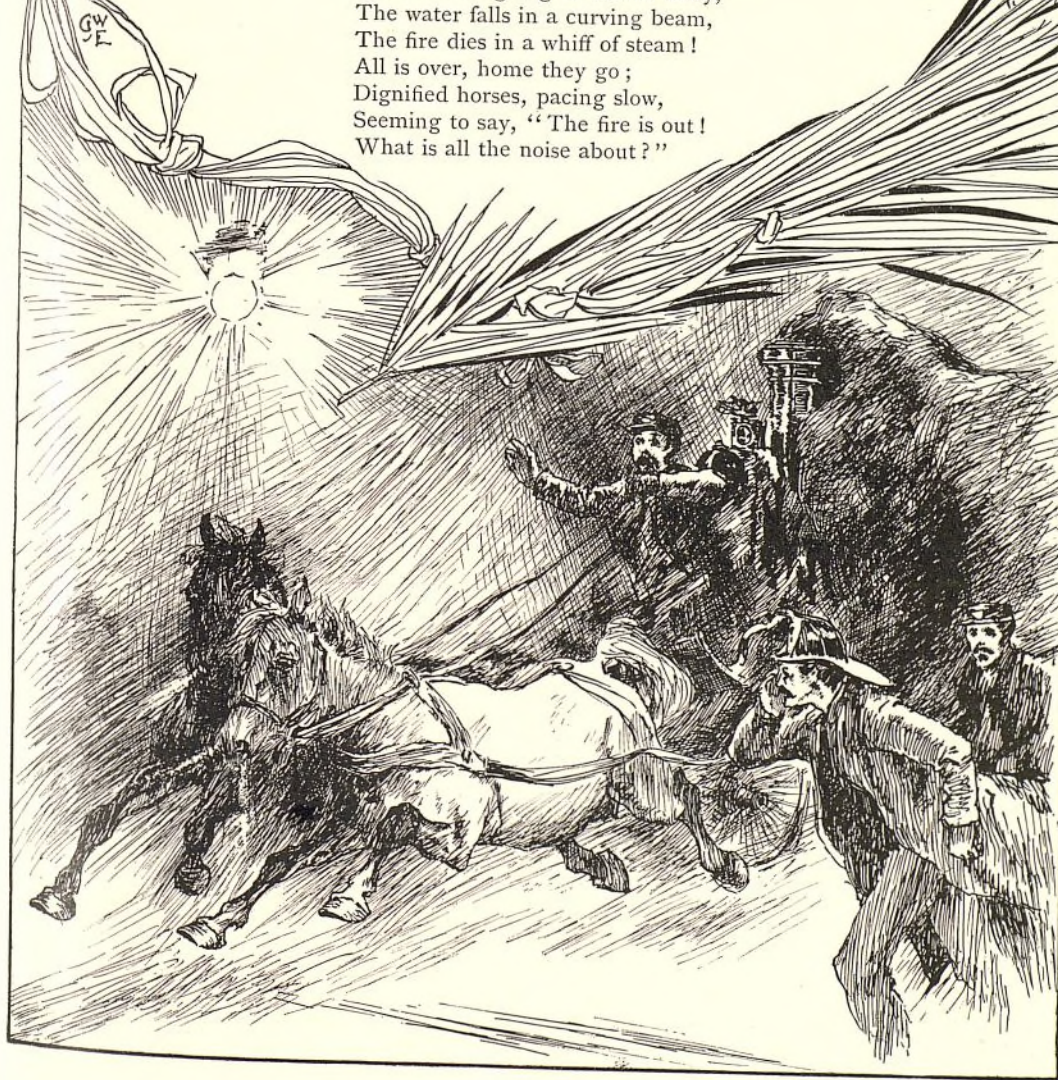


THE deaf old sexton from his sleep is wakened by a yell :
 " Fire ! Fire ! — Hurry ! — Get up and toll the bell ! "
 Drowsily he gropes his way into the dark old steeple ;
 The bell clangs an alarm, and soon the village people
 In panic, but half clad, toil through the clogging snow
 To gather where the flames send out their ruddy glow.
 An aimless, frightened flock, not knowing what to do,
 They wring their helpless hands, until a wiser few
 Have formed a double line, with pails and dippers old.
 Then to the blazing roof quick climbs a hero bold !
 The surly flames in scorn hiss at his puny toil,
 Though sturdily he strives to drive them from their spoil.
 From door or open window, the frenzied housewives throw
 Great mattresses, and mirrors upon the crowd below.
 Alas ! — the well is emptied ! — the brave can do no more !
 The crackling roof falls in ; the flames exulting roar.
 The morning light discloses only the smoking ground
 Strewn thick with household treasures in ruin all around.
 A home has ceased to be. The blackened ruins bare,
 In mockery of grief, seem mourning
 weeds to wear.

AUJOURD'HUI

"TING, ting!" rings out a little bell. The horses, trained to their duty well,
Into harness go with a bound; men seem springing from the ground!

The fire under the boiler roars;
Backward rush the heavy doors.
Into the street with a cautious glide,
Then they gallop! How they ride!
Steadily peals the warning gong,
Cleaving through the bustling throng,
With clatter—sparks—a rumblingsound.
A sudden stop,—the fire's found;
The hose unwinds, all ready to play,
The trembling engine throbs away,
The water falls in a curving beam,
The fire dies in a whiff of steam!
All is over, home they go;
Dignified horses, pacing slow,
Seeming to say, "The fire is out!
What is all the noise about?"



AN INVITATION

"I wish you'd come
to see me.
It isn't very far.
The gate is always
open wide.
You'll find the door
ajar."

"But please come
very early.
The little maiden said,
For when the evening's
just begun,
They make me go to bed."



A PROBLEM IN THREES.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

If three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little maids
At play in the garden wide,
And if each little maid had three little cats
(Three times three times three),
And if each little cat had three little kits,
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends
With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And if none of them all should send regrets,
How many guests would there be?

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE City of Washington is the seat of the Federal Government and, as such, the center of administration. There the President has his headquarters, surrounded by Congress, by the Supreme Court, by the Executive Departments, and by many of the inferior offices and tribunals established by Congressional enactment. The office of President is of Constitutional creation, and the exercise of his Constitutional functions is not restrained to any particular place. It is different with the administrative offices created by statute and attached to the seat of Government; by legislative command they must be exercised in the District of Columbia and not elsewhere, except as otherwise expressly provided by law. During the sessions of Congress the President is practically held prisoner at the Capital by the exactions of legislative business, and rarely absents himself longer than a few days at a time; the adjournment of Congress releases him from his heavy and constant labors in connection with the making of laws, and charged then only with the performance of his purely executive duties, he may shift his location as his personal convenience may prompt, and issue his orders from any section of the country to which he may go. Such has been the practice, and such, in the light of custom, is his Constitutional privilege. These absences have been indulged in by every President except one (and he, the grandfather of our next Executive, died shortly after inauguration), and Presidential acts of greater or less importance have thus occasionally been performed away from Washington. But such absences being in the nature of holiday vacations, and the business so transacted by the President being comparatively slight and of no special significance, we need not pursue his move-

ments and work beyond his ordinary official residence.*

This official residence, designated by law as "The President's House," is familiarly known as the Executive Mansion or White House. Its foundations were laid during the administration of President Washington; its first occupant was John Adams, who took possession in the fall of 1800, when the Government formally removed to the District of Columbia as its permanent seat. The White House is a public edifice, in the sense that it was built and is owned by the Government, the free use of the building and its furniture being assigned to the President, during his term of office. It was designed, however, as its name, "The President's House," implies, as the private habitation of the President, and not as an office for the transaction of his public duties. But the original intention has not been carried out, and his private abode (by the failure of Congress to make other arrangements) is separated from his official quarters only by a door.† And it would seem that American tourists have never been able to distinguish the line between his public and his domestic relations. In the time of Washington, the people trooped through every part of his residence at all hours of the day and night, and this annoyance, of which he secretly complained, has been meekly borne by many of his successors down to the advent of President Cleveland. The private apartments of the President are now closed against sightseers, much to the vexation of a class who foolishly contend that, as public property, the entire household should be thrown open to general inspection.

It was high time that the President should take this stand; and by words of sharp rebuke he has attempted to teach some people a further lesson in propriety. As an officer of the Government, the official conduct of the President is a matter for public view and criticism; as a private citizen, his domestic affairs are his own, sacred from popular

* Whether the President could go outside the United States and issue orders from abroad is a question that no President has given us occasion to debate. Should circumstances call him abroad, it is to be assumed that his absence would be treated as an "inability," within the meaning of the Constitution, and that his duties would temporarily devolve upon the Vice-President.

† A suggestion that has found some favor in Congress is to construct a new building in the rear of the present mansion, of similar

size and connected with it by a corridor; the new wing to be used exclusively as a private residence, and the old wing as an office for the President and his official household. In the summer months, our later Presidents have sought rest and privacy in a cottage at the Soldiers' Home, in the outskirts of the city, using the White House as a business office during the day. President Cleveland has secured seclusion and quiet by building a suburban residence at his own expense.

comment or intrusion. This ideal barrier, respected by all honest and thoughtful persons, seems invisible to partisan rancor and to a sensational society and press.

But neither the Constitution nor the laws recognize any distinction between the person of the President and the person of the humblest citizen. They are both equal, so far as any assaults upon their lives or reputations may call for legal redress; and both alike are liable to punishment for offenses against the law. During the Presidency of John Adams the vituperation heaped upon the Chief Magistrate and upon others in authority was so virulent and despicable and so hostile to the dignity of the Government as to evoke from Congress a severe law for its repression. This law, however, at once became odious to the people, jealous of the Constitutional right of freedom of speech, and was speedily repealed. Two Presidents have been struck down by the hands of assassins, and with their fall the nation trembled. National horror incited national apprehensions. It was suggested that a mere attempt against the life of a President should be deemed an offense against the stability of the Government, and be made punishable, as in other countries, by death. But though the nation shook, the Republic remained firm. The Vice-President instantly grasped the reins of power, and the Government went safely on. Popular excitement died out, and popular traditions revived. The American people have declined to admit that the safety of republican institutions depends upon the existence of any one public man or any number of public men, however high their stations of authority. The killing of a President is ordinary murder; an unsuccessful attempt upon his life is merely an assault with intent to kill; defamation of his character is simply libel or slander, and the gravity of each offense, in the eye of the law, is neither more nor less in the case of a President than where the victim or intended victim is a citizen in private life.* If aggrieved by personal aspersions, the President may appeal to the criminal or civil remedy open through the courts of law to all citizens; or he may seek refuge in the quiet philosophy that treats such assaults as unworthy of notice and relies on honorable society and journalism to ignore or resent malicious and unjust abuse. As to the safety of his person, his main reliance is upon the law-abiding instincts and patriotism of the great mass

of the people. In the dark days of the war, Lincoln (yielding rather to the entreaties of friends than to his own inclination) was accompanied in some of his rides about the Capital by armed horsemen, or shadowed in his walks by officers on foot; but in ordinary times of peace our Presidents have scorned the possibility of dangers from which monarchs and other rulers are supposed to shrink even in their sleep. Franklin Pierce, we are told, "used to gallop about Washington at midnight on a spirited steed which was totally blind"; Buchanan strolled through the streets and markets of the city, affably chatting with the passers-by and mingling with the crowd; Grant walked or rode with free and fearless nonchalance, and once, when he increased the pace of his horses beyond the speed allowed by law, was promptly arrested for fast driving! The grounds of the Executive Mansion are fenced with iron; a few watchmen guard the building and the park at night. That is the extent of vigilance and force — a bare show of prudence and protection. In the daytime the grounds and house are a public thoroughfare; the gates are seldom closed; and expulsions from the place, occasionally made by the attendants, are confined to that peculiar class of visitors, more whimsical than harmful, popularly described as "cranks."

As the law surrounds the President with no royal provisions for personal protection, and with no royal privileges of personal immunity, so there is an utter absence of royal splendor or display in his official household and surroundings. The appropriations made by Congress afford no encouragement in this respect. A private secretary, an assistant secretary, three executive clerks, four assistant clerks, a steward (who, under the direction of the President, has charge and custody of, and is responsible for, the plate, furniture, and other public property in the Executive Mansion), an usher, four messengers, five doorkeepers, one watchman, and one fireman constitute the entire office and household retinue provided for by the present law. The contingent expenses of the establishment — such as stationery, telegrams, fuel, gas, furniture and carpets, books for the library, care of grounds, and the like — are borne by the Government. For food and kindred items, whether purchased for his personal use or for the state entertainments annually expected of him as the head of official society, and for cooks, coachman, and other domestic attendants, he must pay out of his personal funds; and with a salary of

* The only practical suggestion inspired by the last assassination of a President, and actually adopted, was the extension of the line of Presidential succession. Prior to 1886, this line consisted of the Vice-President (who, by the terms of the Constitution, succeeds to the office upon a vacancy arising through removal, death, resignation, or inability), the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1886, Congress

changed this line by cutting off the President *pro tempore* of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, adding, in their stead, the heads of Executive Departments, in the order in which those heads were named in Chapter II. of this series (beginning with the Secretary of State and ending with the Secretary of the Interior), but subject to certain qualifications and conditions stated in the law.

only fifty thousand dollars a year, a President must practice economy if he would keep his expenses within the limits of his purse. An attempt to discharge his social obligations with a princely hand would quickly bring him to the brink of bankruptcy. Washington, possessed as he was of an independent fortune on which he could draw for special luxuries, or to meet the demands of official hospitality, requested Congress to regard only "such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require" in fixing the Presidential compensation. The salary was accordingly placed at twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and so remained until 1873, when it was doubled in amount. But twenty-five thousand dollars a century ago "went further," as the saying is, than fifty thousand dollars will reach to-day. The gilded equipage of Washington, "with its coachmen and footmen in powdered wigs, and its white horses with blackened hoofs," regal compared to the private Presidential carriage of 1889, was only in harmony with the brilliant style in which he maintained the dignity of the "American Court." In the stable of John Adams, stocked and sustained at public cost, we find numerous horses, plated harness, an "elegant chariot," and other vehicles and traveling paraphernalia. Jefferson and Madison had horses of their own, but they did not scruple to let the Government pay for the expense of stabling. The "office carriage" and horses now provided for White House convenience, and used mainly by the assistant secretary in carrying Presidential messages to the Capitol, are decidedly ordinary in value and appearance — as are the private vehicles and horses bought by the President for the personal use of himself and family. It is well enough to believe in the sterling patriotism of our forefathers, but it is idle to hold up the administrations of bygone years as patterns of social simplicity for the present generation of officials to copy. The solid silver plate, forming part of the public property in the White House, is no glaring evidence of modern prodigality, and the President need not abandon it for pewter simply to avoid unfavorable comparison. There was certainly nothing very wicked in the use by Van Buren of gold spoons; but if there is a single feature of old-time extravagance or pomp surviving to-day, a trip through the Presidential offices, kitchen, and stable fails to bring it to view. The social and ceremonial phase of life at the White House will be taken up, how-

ever, in another chapter; we may first observe the details of the President's office work.*

The business apartments, few in number, are situated on the second (or top) floor of the building. That occupied by the President (used by him as office, private audience-room, and Cabinet chamber) is guarded by a door-keeper, and admission is regulated by card, except in the case of Members of Congress and prominent officials, who are privileged to pass freely in and out during certain hours. The adjoining room is occupied by the private secretary, the one beyond by the assistant secretary, and an opposite room by clerks.

Much of the work daily performed in the Executive Mansion constitutes no part of the necessary duties of the President, and is imposed by popular ignorance and presumption. The desire of Americans to take a look at their Chief Magistrate is natural and proper enough in its way; but when this curiosity insists upon wringing his hand by wholesale and chattering compliments into his ear, it becomes, to say the least, unreasonable. Still, this is one of the ordeals to which he submits, with more or less grace, out of deference to the public; and hundreds of tourists file before him each week, grasp his hand, murmur their trifles, and go away with sensations of patriotic delight.† But his time and patience are taxed not only by visiting tourists and delegations calling merely to pay their respects. He is besieged by persons of every description, and by all sorts of petitions and complaints.

The most formidable and least welcome class of callers is the army of chronic office-seekers. At the beginning of a new Administration these applicants for "spoils" literally swarm about the place. They adopt various methods to gain audience with the appointing power, and, failing to secure an interview, have recourse to correspondence to advance their claims. Add to these individuals the personal intercessions of Congressmen and others, and the thousands of written testimonials and recommendations in behalf of applicants, and we may infer something as to the extent of this dreadful persecution. It is related that Lincoln, in his perplexity as to the merits of two rival candidates for office, grimly placed in a scale the recommendations submitted by each, and settled the matter by the actual weight of the papers. Nor was he the only President harassed by such contentions. The rush for place has driven some minds to the verge of distraction; it is directly

* We have omitted all reference to the necessary qualifications of the President and the manner of his election. These matters were described in a previous series, published in *ST. NICHOLAS*; for an explanation of that subject, and particularly of the Congressional work of counting the electoral votes (a ceremony just now of special interest), the reader is referred to the number for February, 1885.

† This tedious and automatic hand-shaking (which, for conven-

ience in disposing of crowds, takes place in the large reception parlor, or East Room, on the entrance floor, instead of in the small audience room above) has been styled the "Presidential pump-handle performance." At one of these receptions, not long ago, more than a thousand visitors, by actual count, shook the President's hand within half an hour, being at the rate of forty "shakes" to a minute.

responsible for the fatal illness of one President, and indirectly responsible for the death of another.

Against the importunities of this class and of other thoughtless and aggressive petitioners, the private secretary acts as a defense. The office of President of the United States was not designed as a national intelligence and employment bureau. He has duties of far more consequence than the distribution of Federal patronage and the answering of private conundrums; and, even were he so disposed, he could not attempt, by reason of the limits upon his time and physical endurance, to hear every person wishing an interview, or personally to attend to all inquiries sent him by mail.

Only a small proportion of the letters received, or of the people who call upon private business ever reach the eye of the President. The crowd of callers, and the mass of correspondence that daily deluge the White House, must first run the gauntlet of the private secretary and subordinate clerks in attendance. The experienced door-keeper at the head of the stairway is a good judge of faces; and if he has any misgiving about the particular mission of a caller, the caller is apt to be invited politely to see the private secretary and state the object of his visit. This official readily disposes of trivial questions and business, and in many cases the visitors go away better satisfied with the advice or information so obtained than if they had seen the President himself. The same "sifting" process is practiced in regard to the mail. The letters are opened by the clerks, who select for submission to the President only such as they consider important or necessary for him to see, and this selected batch is further reduced in size by the final judgment of the private secretary. Every letter, however, whether actually read by the President or not, receives attention. The numerous communications addressed to him, as head of the Republic, are restricted to no particular variety or subject. Applications for pensions or for patents put in frequent appearance, along with begging appeals for money, quaint political comment or advice, and notes expressing every shade of popular eccentricity, desire, or fancy. While the President is not the proper official to address for information as to department or bureau doings, or on like topics, yet such letters are not allowed to go astray. If an application for a pension is received, the private secretary promptly forwards it to the Commissioner of Pensions, and courteously informs the applicant of its receipt, and of the disposition made of it. The same course is pursued with other inquiries or requests, improperly sent to the White House instead of to department or bureau heads. All are duly acknowledged and the correspondents steered into the proper chan-

nels. The private secretary, it should be stated, is the organ of communication between the President and the people. He has general direction of all the office-work, and signs his name to office correspondence as the President's representative. Possessing necessarily the absolute confidence of his chief, the influence he wields in public affairs marks him as a conspicuous figure in Administration circles.

The business relations between the President and Congress, so far as they are evidenced by work at the Executive Mansion, consist in the making out of nominations, forwarding of treaties, approval or disapproval of bills, and the transmission of information on general or special subjects. Bills and other measures passed by Congress and forwarded to him for signature, are presented to him in person by some member of the Congressional Committee on Enrolled Bills. As the President visits the Legislative department only on rare occasions of ceremony, his communications are committed to paper, signed by him, and delivered by the private secretary or one of the office assistants in person. As a matter of official courtesy, these communications are closely guarded until actually delivered to the House of Representatives or Senate. In the case of treaties transmitted to the Senate, the secrecy continues until removed by that body. The Annual Message (transmitted at the opening of Congress), nominations to office, notifications of approval or disapproval of bills, and messages of general or special information, are given publicity through printed or manifold copies prepared for the convenience of the press and furnished to the correspondents the moment the originals reach their legislative destination at the Capitol.

Upon the ratification of a treaty by the Senate, it is promulgated by a Proclamation, signed by the President and attested by the Secretary of State. The designations of "Thanksgiving Day," and other Executive notifications intended for popular guidance or warning, also take the form of Proclamations.

In matters of administration, the commands of the President are communicated to the various departments as "Executive orders." The heads of department, popularly styled the "President's Cabinet," meet him at the White House every Tuesday and Thursday morning for general conference. In addition to these regular Cabinet meetings, special consultations are sometimes called. In the latter case, the private secretary may go through the formality of summoning the officers by written requests for their attendance, or adopt the speedier and more business-like method of "ringing them up" by telephone. In the absence from the city of a head of department, his duties devolve upon an

assistant secretary or other officer designated by law, or by simple order, and this acting-head represents the department at the Presidential councils. Each officer, on Cabinet days, goes to the White House carrying under his arm a large leather portfolio containing official papers that he may wish to submit to the President; and the phrase, "a Cabinet portfolio," has come into vogue as synonymous with a Secretaryship.

The President presides, seated at the head of the long table, facing north; on his right are seated the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and Postmaster-General; on his left are the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney-General; and opposite to him, at the foot of the table, is the chair of the Secretary of the Interior. The private secretary occupies a seat at a small desk facing the southern window and near the President. This arrangement is not in accordance with the order of precedence observed by Congress in establishing the Presidential succession. If the Attorney-General and Secretary of the Navy should change seats, bringing the former fourth and the latter sixth,—the rank alternating across the table,—the order would be strictly correct.

The sessions of the Cabinet are informal affairs. No persons except those named are permitted to enter the room during the councils, and no official record of the proceedings is kept. The business done or discussed covers all leading subjects belonging to the various branches of administration on which the President may desire information or advice,—department reports concerning special matters of importance, appointments to office, and questions of general administrative policy. The conference is perfectly free and easy, officers of different departments expressing opinions on affairs not directly relating to their own; and in discussing some doubtful step it may happen that the matter in doubt will be influenced and settled by the views of some officer whose department is least interested in the question at stake—as if a question of foreign policy, broached by the Secretary of State, should be determined by the arguments of the Secretary of the Interior. It is a delicate matter for the head of one department to criticise the ordinary affairs of another; and his advice would scarcely be tendered unless directly invited by the President. There have been jealousies and rivalries around the Cabinet table as well as outside the White House; and matters of etiquette as well as matters of State have provoked official fallings-out. The secrecy of the proceedings has shielded many wrangles from the public.

The Cabinet, as a body, is unknown to the Constitution and the laws. It is the growth of custom. There is no obligation on the part of the President to hold these councils, nor is he bound to pay the slightest attention to any advice offered by his confidential advisers;* and Presidents, with wills of their own, have occasionally acted in direct opposition to Cabinet advice.

A striking illustration of this fact is afforded by the case of the Emancipation Proclamation—the great historic war-measure before referred to, and the most important proclamation that ever came from the hand of a President. Various versions have been given of what occurred in the cabinet-room, and of the scene at the final signing of the paper. In a recent debate in the House of Representatives, it was intimated that at the last moment Lincoln's courage almost failed, and a large painting hanging in the Capitol, representing the scene and showing the President with arrested pen about to attach his name, was referred to as evidence of a wavering mind.

An excellent authority gives a different account. The advisability of issuing the Proclamation was fully discussed at various meetings of the Cabinet; and leading advisers of the President, with grave arguments and warnings, urged him against the act. Lincoln patiently heard them to the end—and the subject was put aside. He gave no hint as to what course he would pursue. One day, months afterward, the members of the Cabinet were summoned to the White House. When all had arrived the President addressed them. He pointed to a paper—a draft of the Proclamation, prepared by him. He told them that he had resolved to issue it; that he did not wish and would not permit debate; that his mind could not be altered; his only purpose in calling them together being to submit the paper to their inspection for any suggestions they might have to offer in the way of mere verbal changes or "matters of form." With these brief, impressive words, the document was laid before his ministers of state, and then boldly spread before the world!

When pressed by imperative duties, such as the preparation of his Annual Message (upon which he usually begins about the middle of November), it sometimes becomes necessary for the President to shut himself away from the crowd and refuse to be disturbed even by officials, except those reporting on urgent department affairs. But, generally speaking, his day is given up to hearing what others have to say. Hand-shaking tourists, autograph-hunting boys, office-seekers, politicians, Congressmen with personal and partisan

* President Jackson is said to have been guided more by the advice of a few personal friends than by the opinions of his official Cabinet; the term "Kitchen Cabinet," bestowed upon that circle of Presidential favorites, has been similarly used in connection with other Administrations.

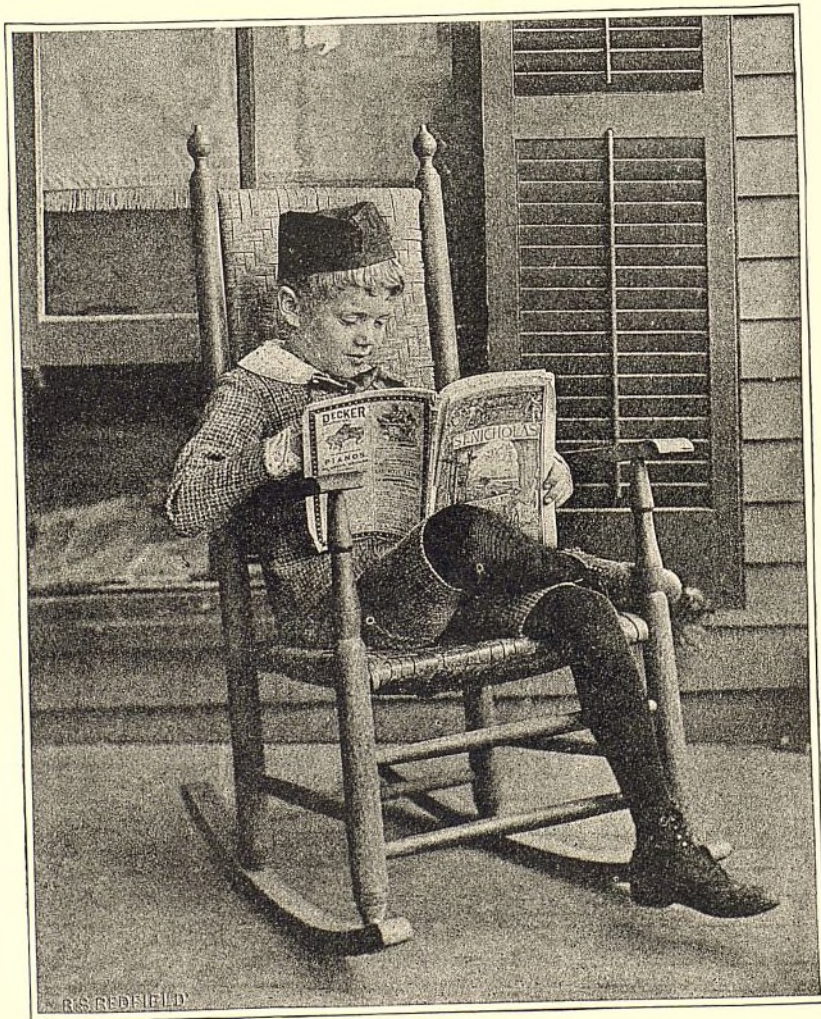
advice or requests, and public officials,—these and other people keep him busy, and scarcely allow him a moment for reflection during ordinary business hours.

Some Presidents have not allowed affairs of State to worry them to any burdensome extent or to interfere with their recreations or repose; others have deliberately assumed vexatious details that might as well be left to subordinate officers and clerks. They all have been accustomed to yield more or less time to the different classes of callers whom it has not been deemed courtesy or

policy to avoid; but after all these people have come and gone, and after many of them have retired to rest, a painstaking and hard-working President begins the serious labors of the day. For, after the evening has well advanced, he retires to his library, and there, alone, with applications and requests, with legislative measures and department reports, submitted to him for action, he examines the merits of each question, writing his messages to Congress and his executive orders, or studying and shaping administrative policy, far into the night.*

* The daily method ordinarily observed by President Cleveland is as follows: He goes to his office at 9 o'clock, and looks over his mail (as reduced through the sifting process of the private secretary) until 9:30; receives Cabinet officers until 10, members of Congress until 12, other callers from 12 to 1:30, and for a few minutes every

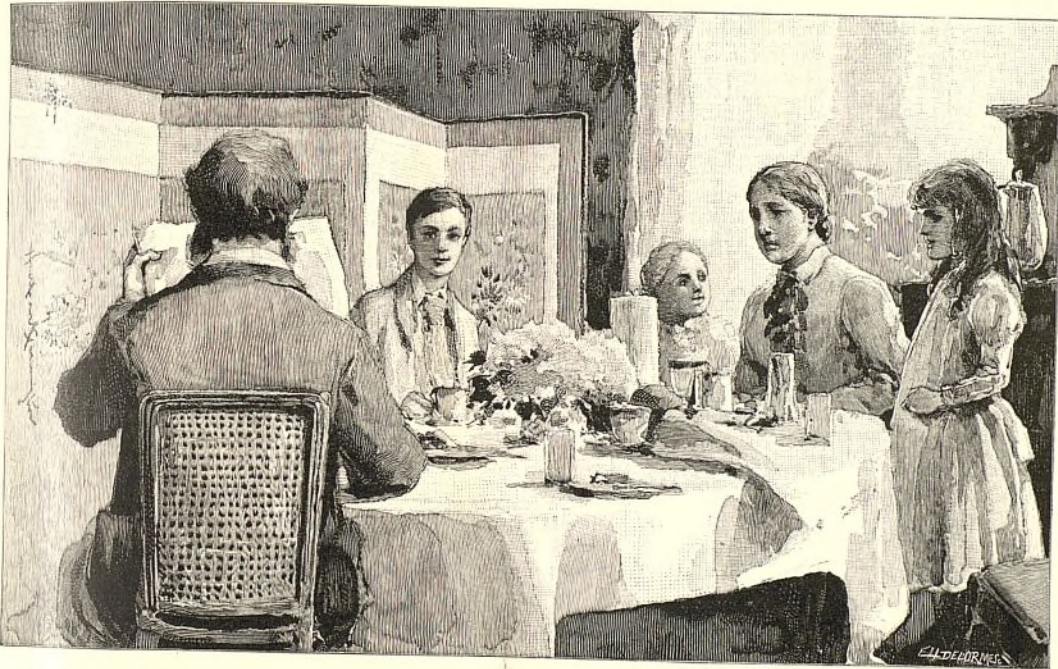
other day receives visiting tourists in the East Room. After luncheon, he attends to matters brought to his attention during the forenoon, and works until 5, when he goes out for a drive; he dines at 7 (the "established hour" for Presidential family dinners), and afterward goes to his study and works until midnight.



OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT.

A MODERN MIDDY.

BY JOHN H. GIBBONS, U. S. N.



At the breakfast table one morning, Colonel Brown, while reading his newspaper, came upon an item which caused him to turn to his young son and exclaim: "Halloa, Marryat, what do you think of this?"

Marryat Farragut, the heir-apparent of the Brown family, thus questioned, could only ask: "Think of what, father?"

Colonel Brown adjusted his glasses and read the following paragraph:

"The Hon. Sylvanus Coddle, member of Congress from this district, announces that the cadetship at the United States Naval Academy, for which the Secretary of the Navy has asked him to name a candidate, will be filled by a competitive examination. All boys, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who are residents of the district, and can furnish certificates of good character, are eligible. The examination will be conducted in the Circuit Court room, by the following committee: Judge Oyer, Dr. Scalpel, and Professor Parallelogram. Candidates will report at 10 A. M., Tuesday, the 15th inst."

"Well, would you like to try?" inquired the colonel, as he laid aside the paper and looked at his son, who had become much interested during the reading. "You have always talked about going to sea."

"Of course I would," replied Marryat, casting an eager side-glance at his mother, who looked uneasy at the mere suggestion.

If Colonel Brown had a weakness, it was enthusiasm for "the military,"—by which he meant the army and navy. A distant relative of the Brown family served under Perry in the battle on Lake Erie. The colonel himself was a veteran of the Civil War. He named his only son after the celebrated writer of naval romances, and added the "Farragut" in deference to his hobby and patriotic feeling. Evidently the boy's destiny was now to be fulfilled. After a family consultation, in which the colonel gently overruled all his wife's objections, Marryat received the parental permission to enter the contest. Dr. Scalpel, after an examination, pronounced eight of the boys physically sound; Judge Oyer dozed over the credentials of the eight applicants, and looked very wise, while young Professor Parallelogram, the principal of the High School, plied them with questions in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Grammar, and the history of the United States. The result was not long in doubt. Marryat came

out an easy victor. He was one of those quick, active, intelligent boys who impress their elders favorably. Next day Marryat was announced as the successful candidate, and received the congratulations of his many friends, including the Hon. Sylvanus Coddle. Ten days later, the Brown house-



DISCUSSING THEIR SONS' CHANCES.

hold was thrown into a state of great excitement by the arrival of a large envelope, postmarked "Washington," and stamped "Navy Department, Official Business." It contained a letter authorizing Marryat to present himself to the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, on the first of September, at the examination for admission.

"You will have to leave here the day after tomorrow," said the colonel, unable to hide his disappointment. "The time is so short that I can't arrange my business affairs so as to permit me to accompany you to Annapolis. But you can look out for yourself, my son."

After hurried preparations and leave-takings Marryat started on his journey alone. It proved uneventful. The hopeful candidate arrived at his destination without having missed his trains, and without having lost his pocket-book—accidents not uncommon to inexperienced travelers.

Annapolis, once the capital of the United States, is content with that historical distinction. The town is sleepy, slow, and old-fashioned, living only in the memories of its eventful past. Nar-

row streets; brick walks that have been worn into hollows; low, rambling, weather-beaten houses with musty green blinds that seem to be always closed; rickety wharves where vessels no longer moor—these are the heirlooms of the old Colonial days. The bustle and confusion of a thriving town are entirely wanting; but everywhere one finds relics of real historic interest. The old State House, built of bricks brought from England, raises its dingy wooden dome above the surrounding house-tops, with only the tall spire of St. Ann's to keep it company. The Continental Congress met in this same State House, and the room in which George Washington resigned his office as commander-in-chief of the army is still shown to visitors. There is also an old hotel which received the father of his country as an occasional guest. What need of modern improvements when a town possesses such landmarks!

But when the small army of candidates for the Naval Academy makes its annual invasion, the town takes a new lease of life. Marryat was so busy making acquaintances among the new arrivals, who swarmed in the hotels and boarding-houses, that he thought little of the decayed grandeur of Annapolis. A fellow-feeling exists among the boys who thus come together from every State in the Union. The small office of the hotel became a general assembly room, where the boys, their parents, and their friends met together and discussed the situation. A tall, awkward farmer-boy from the West talked loudly with Marryat about their prospects, while a dark-eyed, reserved Southerner now and then put in a quiet word. A shy, rosy-cheeked New England boy, who wore knickerbockers and never left his father's side, listened attentively, but, when spoken to, blushed deeply and answered in monosyllables. Candidates from the same State became friends at once. "What State are you from?" was a question which Marryat was repeatedly called upon to answer.

On the night of his arrival, Marryat was subjected to his first "running." Hazing is now almost unknown at Annapolis, Congress having made it a court-martial offense, punishable by dismissal. Hazing "plebes" has given place to a mild form of annoyance known as "running," by which the candidates are made to feel their great social and mental inferiority, as judged from the cadets' standpoint. Here is a synopsis of a little farce in which Marryat took a principal part:

Scene—A room in the hotel. Half a dozen candidates discovered, busy over their books. A loud knock on the door is heard. Enter two very small cadets, in blue uniforms bright with brass buttons. Candidates all rise and anxiously await develop-

ments. One of the cadets says, loftily, "Good afternoon, *young gentlemen*."

Candidates reply in chorus, "Good afternoon."

Small cadet (sternly to Marryat). "What's your name?"

Marryat (nervously). "Brown."

Small Cadet (severely). "Brown *what*?"

Marryat (at a guess). "Marryat Brown."

Small Cadet (scowling). "Marryat Brown what?"

One of the candidates has evidently been a party to some previous interview, for he whispers something to Marryat, who replies with more confidence, "Brown, sir."

Small Cadet. "Ah! — that's much better. And how do you spell it, Mr. Brown?"

Marryat. "B-r-o-w-n, sir."

Small Cadet. "Try it again, Mr. Brown."

Marryat (after a second prompting by the know-

translated, means that Marryat is sure to fail at the examination and be rejected.)

Thus the nonsense goes on. Other candidates are called in and made to cut droll capers. Reciting children's rhymes, singing songs, playing circus, imitating animals, and a hundred other absurdities are gone through with. The cadets never smile. They move among the others like superior beings, demanding homage which is freely given. The admiring candidates, abashed at finding themselves so green, long for the time when they too can swagger and exact the deferential "sir," and fill their conversation with nautical phrases. But even "running" is now considered as another form of hazing, and is fast taking its place among the lost arts.

The new-comers found a notice posted in the hotel office, informing candidates that the examination would be held on the following day. In



"ONE OF THE CADETS SAYS, LOFTILY, 'GOOD AFTERNOON, *YOUNG GENTLEMEN*.'"

ing candidate). "B, sir; r, sir; o, sir; w, sir; n, sir; Brown, sir."

Small Cadet. "You spell well. Ever bone any math?" (In English: "Have you ever studied mathematics?")

Marryat (hesitating). "Ye-ye-yes, sir."

Small Cadet (with lightning-like rapidity). "If a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, what'll half a herring cost? Quick!" (Marryat ponders.) "Oh, you'll bilge!" (Which latter remark, being

the meantime Marryat, accompanied by some of his new acquaintances, set out to explore the unknown lands that lay beyond the walls.

The Naval Academy grounds extend along the banks of the Severn river, where it flows into the Chesapeake Bay. The Severn forms the northern boundary, Annapolis harbor the eastern, while on the land side two high brick walls, running at right angles to each other, separate the fifty acres of government land from the town of Annapolis.

As they passed the sentries at the gate, Marryat looked in wonder and delight at the garden spot in which he suddenly found himself. The change from the musty town was refreshing. The grand natural beauties of West Point were wanting (Marryat had seen West Point), but everything that man's hand could do had been done to make the park-like inclosure pleasing to the eye. Green



A SUCCESSFUL AND A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

lawns, shady avenues, grassy terraces, winding walks and drives, groves of gnarled oaks and rows of shapely maples—these met the view on every side. Besides, everything showed the presence of a thriving colony.

Along the outer wall for nearly its whole length were rows of substantial-looking brick houses, the quarters for the officers and their families. On the left of the main avenue they saw the cadets' quarters, an immense building with gray façade and brown-stone cappings, girdled with a wide veranda and surmounted by a clock tower. They visited the armory, the hospital, the laundry, the bakery, the natatorium, and the physical and chemical laboratories. Along the Severn side, and separated from it by terraces and lawns, were many places of interest; the observatory, the steam-engineering building with its foundry and machine-shops, a photographer's gallery, the seamanship hall filled with hundreds of models, the ordnance building

whose ceiling and walls were covered with battle-flags that told of many an historical sea-fight, and still farther on a long row of crumbling halls and houses known as the "old quarters." Marryat learned, upon inquiry, that these "old quarters" formerly had been the barracks of Fort Severn, and an octagonal building that had been raised over the old parapets was pointed out to him. This was now used as a gymnasium.

A solid sea-wall skirted the river and harbor front, and jutting out from the angle was a crooked wharf leading past the boat-houses to the frigate "Santee." Moored alongside was the practice steamer, "Wyoming," and not far distant the gunnery steamer, "Standish," flashed back the sunlight from her polished brass-work. Further out in the stream the monitor "Passaic" and the sailing-ship "Constellation" rode at anchor. A dozen steam-launches bobbed up and down at their moorings, as though eager to start away. Marryat and his companions could stand and admire the fleet only from a distance; but in imagination they were running up the rigging and swinging on the lofty spars. Reluctantly they turned away and looked back through the many parks, drill-grounds, and quadrangles. They saw rows of captured cannon, an ugly-looking monitor, ships' figure-heads utilized as statues, a curious Japanese bell, and monuments which commemorated the glorious deeds of heroes. Then they sat on a rustic bench to rest, and listened to the band until the martial strains of "Hail Columbia" and the hauling down of the colors warned them that it was growing late. Tired as they were when they reached the hotel, Marryat and his friends did not go to bed that night until they had thoroughly discussed their respective chances of "donning the navy blue."

Work began in earnest next day. Marryat's credentials having been presented to the superintendent, he reported at the armory for examination. Four days were taken up by the mental examination, five hours each day, the alternate days being devoted to re-examining those who failed in the first trials. Marryat's competitive examination had prepared him in a measure for the work, but he found this ordeal much more difficult. Out of eighty-four applicants, forty were found to be mentally qualified. Marryat was among the lucky number. The successful candidates were then examined physically by the doctors, and all except two passed. It was with the air of a conquering hero that Marryat hastened to the telegraph office and sent a message to his father announcing his success.

In due time Marryat received an answer—a money order for two hundred dollars. The regu-

lations of the Naval Academy required a deposit of this amount with the paymaster, to purchase the necessary outfit of clothing, books, and other authorized articles. He was then required to sign an agreement to serve in the navy for eight years (including his time at the Naval Academy), unless sooner discharged. A village notary with due solemnity administered the oath. These formalities over, Marryat was no longer Master Brown, dependent upon his father for bed and board, but Naval Cadet Brown, drawing a salary of five hundred dollars a year.

During September, the upper classmen were on furlough, and the "plebes" were quartered on the "Santee," the old frigate that had looked so formidable to Marryat, and with it he soon became familiar. The greatest inconvenience was sleeping in a hammock, and Marryat for some time could not become reconciled to the loss of his "four-poster." However, there was little time for regret. Squad drill began at once, three hours of each day being given to converting the awkward boys into soldierly cadets; or, as an old sailor put it, to "getting the hay-seed out of their hair."

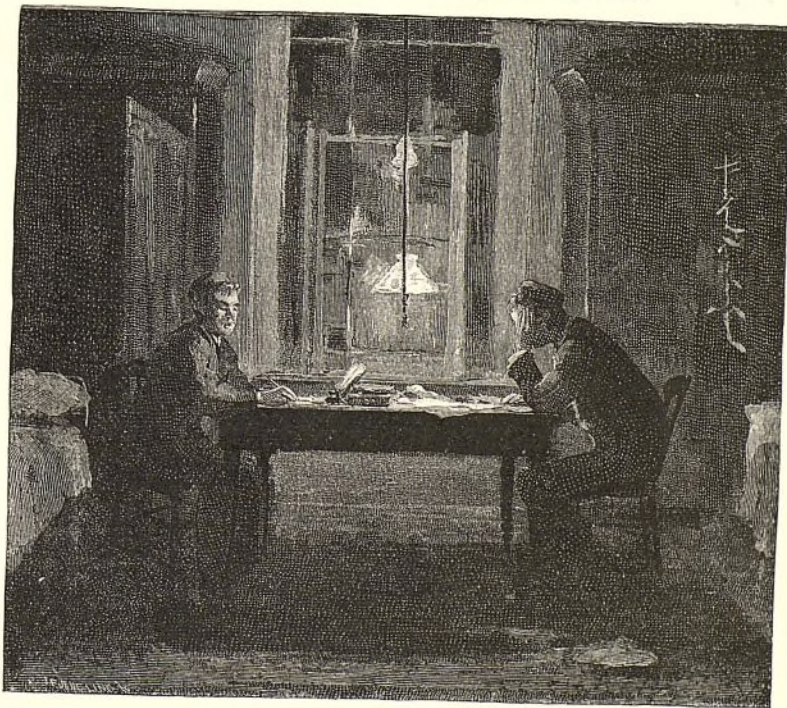
Marryat's happiness was not complete until, after many delays for fitting and altering, the uniforms were served out. They were certainly very neat. The full-dress suit was of dark-blue cloth, the jacket, a brass-buttoned, double-breasted "round-about," having a standing collar trimmed with gold lace and embroidered with two gold anchors. The undress suit consisted of a navy-blue blouse trimmed with lustrous black braid, and trousers of the same material. The blue cap, worn with each suit, was set off by a gold cord and an embroidered anchor. The plain canvas working-suits were not so attractive. An overcoat for winter, and white duck trousers for summer completed the outfit, with all of which it is hardly necessary to say that Marryat was very much pleased.

With October came the beginning of the new term, and Marryat's impressions at that time were

set forth in a letter to his father, from which we give a few extracts:

"I am now comfortably settled in my quarters," he wrote, "and ready to begin hard study. My room-mate is Fred Daily, who is also from Wisconsin. We became friends from the time that we discovered we were from the same State, and when we were given the privilege of choosing our own room-mates we determined to pull together.

"Last Saturday was a busy day. All hands returned from leave, and the work of organization began. The cadets are divided into four divisions. One division is quartered at the old buildings, and three in the new building. Daily and I are in the first division, which occupies the first floor. We are under the eyes of the cadet-officers of the division,—the 'stripers,' as they are called,—who room on the same floor with us and are responsible for order. In addition, an upper-classman is detailed each day to keep a still closer watch over us. All this makes the discipline very strict.



STUDY.

"We are very well provided for by the commissary. I can not complain of the food; it is plain, but wholesome. The mess-hall reminds me of the dining-room at a large hotel, but an ordinary landlord would be driven wild by three hundred boys all talking at the same time. Yet at the tap of the bell you could hear a pin drop, until the order

'rise' causes each chair to shoot back with a parting rattle, and we march out in strict military fashion. An upper-classman is always on hand to spot you if you unbend.

"This system of spotting lies at the bottom of all the discipline. A record of all offenses is kept, and demerits are given, in a big or little dose,



A DECORATED WARDROBE DOOR.

according to the gravity of the offense. Less than eight demerits for any one month puts you in the first conduct-grade and entitles you to certain privileges. From that to the fourth, or lowest, grade is a steady descent, and when you get twenty demerits you have sunk as low as possible."

Colonel Brown was very much pleased to see that Marryat seemed to find his new life congenial.

Marryat having now become a full-fledged cadet, we need no longer regard him as a special charge, but can turn our attention to naval cadets in general.

Outside of the technical studies, the course of instruction at the Naval Academy is comprehended in the one word, "Math." "Math" is the cadets' abbreviation for mathematics, the rock upon which many an aspirant for naval honors is wrecked. Of course there is instruction in other branches—modern languages, English studies, natural sciences, etc.—but a cadet soon realizes that the great stepping-stone is mathematics. When a graduate looks back upon what he has passed through, his most vivid recollections are of this hydra-headed "Math"; of the algebra and geometry that worried him as a "plebe," and of the applied mechanics that took away half the pleasure of his

senior year. What a struggle it was to weed out all youthful imagination from the mind, and to plant there only those ideas that could be expressed in mathematical formulæ! And yet "Math's" importance is not overrated, for it is the groundwork of many of the professional studies. Naval Architecture, which teaches the cadets how to design and build a ship; Navigation, which teaches them how to guide this ship across the trackless ocean; Ordnance, which teaches them the methods of constructing and using the great guns; Steam Engineering, which teaches them the many applications of that great motive power—all require a thorough knowledge of mathematics.

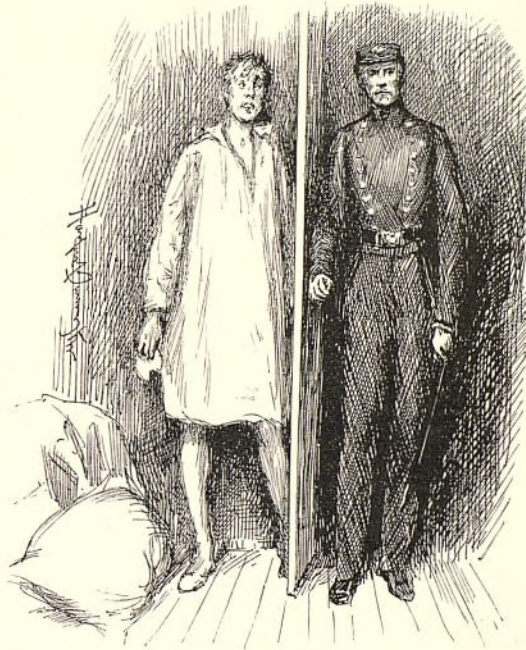
While the theoretical part of the education may prove irksome to those who are filled with a spirit of adventure,—who might have succeeded better in the days of the old navy, when there was wider scope for such temperaments,—these will find the practical instructions more to their liking. Here they can satisfy their longing to hang by their heels on a royal-yard, or to put a pistol shot through a wooden soldier at twenty paces. These drills are based on the general principle that before a cadet can become an officer he must be thoroughly familiar with all the duties of those who will be under his command. The only way to attain this familiarity is by actually performing these duties in every detail.

The drills afloat, in which there is quite a large fleet engaged, are particularly novel and interesting. Every Saturday the cadets embark on the "Wyoming," a ship-rigged steamer, and make a cruise in the bay. They do all the work. Down in the fire-room some of them are heaving coal into the roaring furnaces, others are in the engine-room looking out for all the machinery. On deck, youthful sailors are running up and down the rigging, ready, at the call of the boatswain's pipe, to handle the light spars or heavy sails. In a good working breeze the engines are stopped and the upper-classmen are given an opportunity of handling the ship under sail—tacking, wearing, and other evolutions being carried out under their orders. At other times, a target is moored at some distance and the cadets are exercised in firing the broadside and pivot guns. But the "Wyoming's" "smooth-bore" guns are out of date; so the stanch little steamer, "Standish," has been fitted out with two comparatively modern rifled guns, and is sent out for practice every afternoon. Moreover, since iron and steel ships have replaced wooden vessels, the iron-clad monitor "Passaic," whose turret still shows traces of the battering that she received at Charleston during the rebellion, has been added to the fleet, and also cruises in the Chesapeake, crawling along like an immense turtle and making the

earth tremble with the roar of her fifteen-inch guns. Again, while the larger vessels are quietly riding at anchor, the "mosquito fleet," the steam launches and pulling boats, come out into the stream, and dart hither and thither in obedience to signals; now in line, then in column, the cadets directing the helms, running the engines, or manning the oars. One launch, from the bow of which a long spar protrudes, cruises by herself, and there is some doubt as to what she is trying to do; but when the end of the spar drops and the water is violently uplifted in a seething mass of spray and foam, every one knows that a torpedo has been exploded. The cutters have more peaceful missions, as they glide along under the steady clicking of the oars, or rise and fall with each puff of wind that fills their flowing sails.

When springtime comes, the drills on shore are unusually attractive. What a pretty sight the battalion of infantry makes, as the long line of blue uniforms, white leggins, and flashing muskets passes by,—and can anything be more exciting than the grand charge of the light artillery, when the platoons rush down the hill, wheel about, fire a broadside, and dismount and disperse before the smoke has cleared away? At the ranges, one

shells toward the sky and drops them far out in the bay. In the machine shops one class is busy at the lathes, turning out working models of marine engines; or hard at work with hammers and riveting tools, putting patches on an old boiler that, owing to the large number of these additions, has little of the original shell left. The rigging loft is



CAUGHT.



LARKING.

occupied by the "plebes," who are there initiated into the mysteries of knotting, splicing, and other "knacks" of the seaman's craft. Boxing, fencing, broadswords, gymnastics, and dancing take place in the armory and gymnasium.

Due attention is also given to the physical development of the cadets. In athletic sports, boating, of course, comes first; but base-ball, foot-ball, lawn-tennis, and other field sports of the "land-lubbers" are not despised. On Thanksgiving Day a field tournament is held, an amusing feature of which is chasing the greased pig. The latter ought to be considered as a purely naval pastime, when it is remembered that salt pork is so regular a ration in the sailor's mess afloat. The tournaments in the gymnasium, which generally take place on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, are fine exhibitions of muscular strength, and the contestants show that they are as much at home on the flying rings as on the flying jib-boom.

The hops are the chief amusement on Saturday nights. The gymnasium is decorated with flags

can see groups banging away with muskets and revolvers at the battered targets, or turning the cranks of Gatling and Hotchkiss guns which pour forth a shower of bullets; while down by the seawall a thundering mortar hurls its screeching

and bunting, the music is entrancing, brass buttons shine everywhere, and the "sisters, cousins, and aunts," with true Pinaforean devotion, flock to the scene of gayety. At the "stag," the cadets dance among themselves, and the most awkward youths pluck up enough courage to appear on such occasions, in the vain hope that they may overcome natural timidity and bud forth, in due time, as society men. The great "stag" event is the annual masquerade, when the fun is uproarious.

Four years of these studies, drills, and amusements make up the naval cadet's life at Annapolis. The only break is the annual summer cruise and the September furlough. The practice ships sail with the classes on board, in June, and after a long stay at sea put into Portsmouth, N. H., to give the cadets a run on shore, and to lay in fresh provisions for the return passage. One class remains at Annap-

ships of the navy, where their training is continued. The full course thus extends through six years.

This long course of preparation has had its natural results. The day of the midshipmite is passed, and his mantle has not fallen on the naval cadet. A boy can not enter the Naval Academy until he is fourteen, and at that age Farragut and Lord Nelson were knocking about on board ship, picking up what technical education they could in the rough school of experience. With the advance of science in naval warfare, the forcing process of education has changed the free-lance of the fore-castle, who had no ideas beyond making a "long splice" or brandishing a cutlass, into a mathematical prodigy, with a weakness for "tangential strains" and "curves of pressure." Congress has been tinkering with the subject of naval education for a great many years. Its last enact-



A "STAG" DANCE.

olis during the summer, and is kept busy at practical exercises, studies being suspended. But even when the four years have slipped by, naval cadets are not yet freed from the trammels of school, for the law requires that they shall then perform two years' sea-service in the cruising

ment was to abolish midshipmen altogether and to distribute the fresh material on a new plan. "Hereafter," said the law-makers, "there shall be no appointments of cadet-midshipmen at the Naval Academy; but in lieu thereof all the undergraduates shall be called naval cadets, and from those

who successfully complete the six years' course appointments shall be made to fill vacancies in the lower grades of the line and engineer corps of the navy and of the marine corps. These appointments shall be made in the order of merit, as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy. At least ten appointments must be made each year. Those who do not receive appointments shall be given a certificate of graduation and honorable discharge, and one year's pay (\$1000)." This is the law as it now stands.

It will be seen that, after all, our young friend Marryat Brown, of whom we took leave some time ago, is not sure of a place on the navy-list. Should he, however, graduate with distinction, after six years of hard study, there will be three positions open to him — "the lower grade of the line, and engineer corps, and of the marine corps." Sometimes, as a special reward, the cadet who graduates at the head of his class is sent to the Royal Navy College at Greenwich, England, for a two years' course preparatory to receiving an appointment as naval architect. The lowest grade of the line is that of ensign; the highest that of admiral. In the staff corps the lowest grade is that of assistant-engineer, and the highest that of chief engineer. The grades in the marine corps are similar to those in the regular army. The pay, while at sea, of an ensign is \$1200 a year; of an assistant-engineer, \$1700; and of a second-lieutenant in the marine corps, \$1400.

Here, then, is an opportunity for Marryat to step into a comfortable life-position, without the

struggle that most college graduates have to undergo before they are able to practice their professions with profit. He is self-supporting from the first, and can throw all his energy into the work before him. Whether he will be successful or not rests with himself alone, but it will be well for him to bear in mind that the laggards are sum-



MARRYAT PLAYS TENNIS.

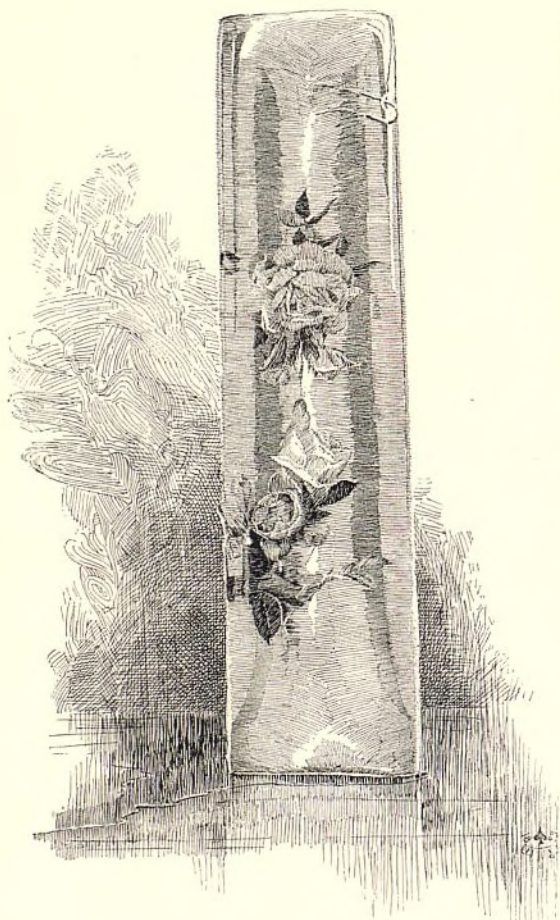
marily dismissed. Let us hope he will show due appreciation of his country's generosity, and that if it be his fortune to be called upon to battle for her he will serve her faithfully and well.



THE COAL AGE.

A ROSE IN A QUEER PLACE.

BY PROFESSOR FREDERICK STARR.



WELL, boys and girls, here is a picture for you. What is it? I did not know at first. I thought it was a picture some artist had painted, which had been photographed. But it is more remarkable than such a picture would be. I think it one of the most wonderful things I saw in Florida.

In that warm land, where ice is so desirable for cooling food and drink, it is not naturally formed, and so must be made. I visited an ice-factory yesterday. The process of ice-making is simple and

interesting. It depends upon the principle that gas in expanding, like liquids in evaporating, draws heat from neighboring bodies. First, a great basin of brick-work and metal is built. This is filled with brine. A frame-work just above the basin supports a large number of metal tanks, which reach down into and are surrounded on all sides by the brine. At this factory I think there were one hundred of these tanks. Each is shaped like a brick, and is perhaps one foot wide, two feet long, and four feet deep. When in position they are like bricks set up on end with a little space between each one and its neighbors. Wooden covers fit over the tops. Of course, brine surrounds them all, and a coil of iron tubes passes everywhere through this brine and around the tanks, on every side, and below. The tanks are filled with perfectly pure water. The coils of tubes are filled with condensed ammonia gas. This gas expands rapidly, and while expanding draws heat from the brine. The cold salt-water surrounding the tanks, in turn draws heat from the water within, until a solid brick-shaped block of clear ice is formed by the freezing of the water in each tank. The ammonia gas is collected after use, condensed under pressure by an engine, cooled and may then be used again.

I saw the process of lifting one of the tanks. They seized it with a hoisting-machine, raised it from the brine, lowered it carefully into warm water, to loosen the cake of ice from the sides of the tank, lifted it and slid out a great four-hundred-pound cake of ice, so clear and transparent that one could read small print through a foot of it.

They have twenty tons of ice forming here, all the time. They lift a tank every thirty minutes, take out the ice, refill the tank with water and replace it. The freezing takes forty-eight hours. The tank they have just emptied will be filled soon, and a new block of ice will be taken from it on "the day after to-morrow."

Now, it seems that this freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies im-

bedded, in all its beauty of form and color—a marvellous thing, I think. The ice-makers like to perform this experiment, as it shows the clearness of their ice; and pride is taken in freezing pieces of unusual beauty and transparency.

A delicate spray of flowers, a cluster of ripe fruit, or a brilliant-colored fish are favorite subjects. Exhibitions of such freezings are occasionally made at fairs, and a particularly beautiful or interesting piece makes a very attractive gift for a birthday or for Christmas.

What a pretty way to preserve objects! I would like a collection of Florida specimens so preserved. No dried-out herbarium specimens; no faded and distorted alcoholic preparations; no unnatural taxidermist mounts, but everything in its natural color, its perfect outline, its living beauty. Here, a clear little block with a chameleon; here, a larger one with a coiled rattlesnake; there a young alligator, a cluster of grape-fruit or oranges, a spray of flowers or a series of forest-leaves. But, alas! such a collection would not last a single week.

Nature, herself, sometimes makes such preparations, but neither often nor everywhere. My rose

in ice reminds me of the old mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros in the Siberian ice-blocks. You have read of them in ST. NICHOLAS? They were specimens that had been kept for hundreds

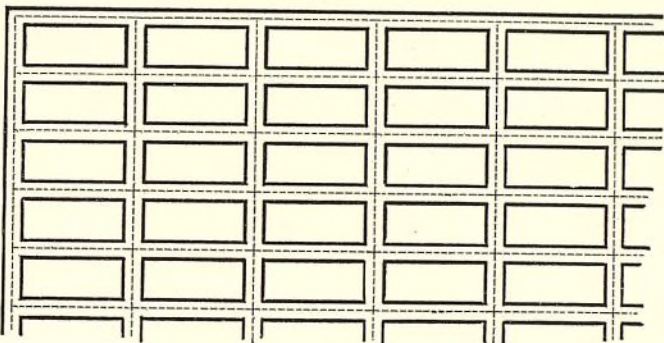


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE ICE TANKS.

of years in that cold climate. So perfectly preserved were they, that the flesh, the hair, the skin, the eyeballs, were not decayed.

Perhaps such a collection of Florida specimens might be *kept* in Siberia, in some cold corner of that desolate land, but here the rose in ice gives us but a transitory delight and then is gone forever.

THE DISCONTENTED SNOW-FLAKE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

In a fresh little, feathery, fluffy white coat,
An egotist Snow-flake from heaven did float;

And he sighed to his fellows,—a similar
throng,—

“Seems to me there’s a sameness in falling so
long!

“I am tired of this tingle and chill; I desire —”
(They shuddered to hear him) “a room with a
fire;

“A tiger-skin rug and a Japanese screen,
And some chocolate to drink, and a nice maga-
zine!”

He had sunk past the roof, with its chimneys
like hats,

Of the Warwickshire-Walsingham-Warburton
flats.

A ninth-story window was open — one puff
Of the wind, as he reached it, was impulse
enough.

He alighted within with a rapturous thrill,
But he very soon after began to feel ill.

Soon his liquid remains like a tear-drop were
seen

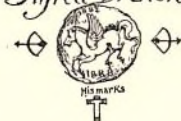
On the well-printed page of the nice magazine;

And a caller, observing, remarked in sad tones,
“How affecting the stories of Jane Johnson Jones!”

The Ballad of a runaway Donkey:

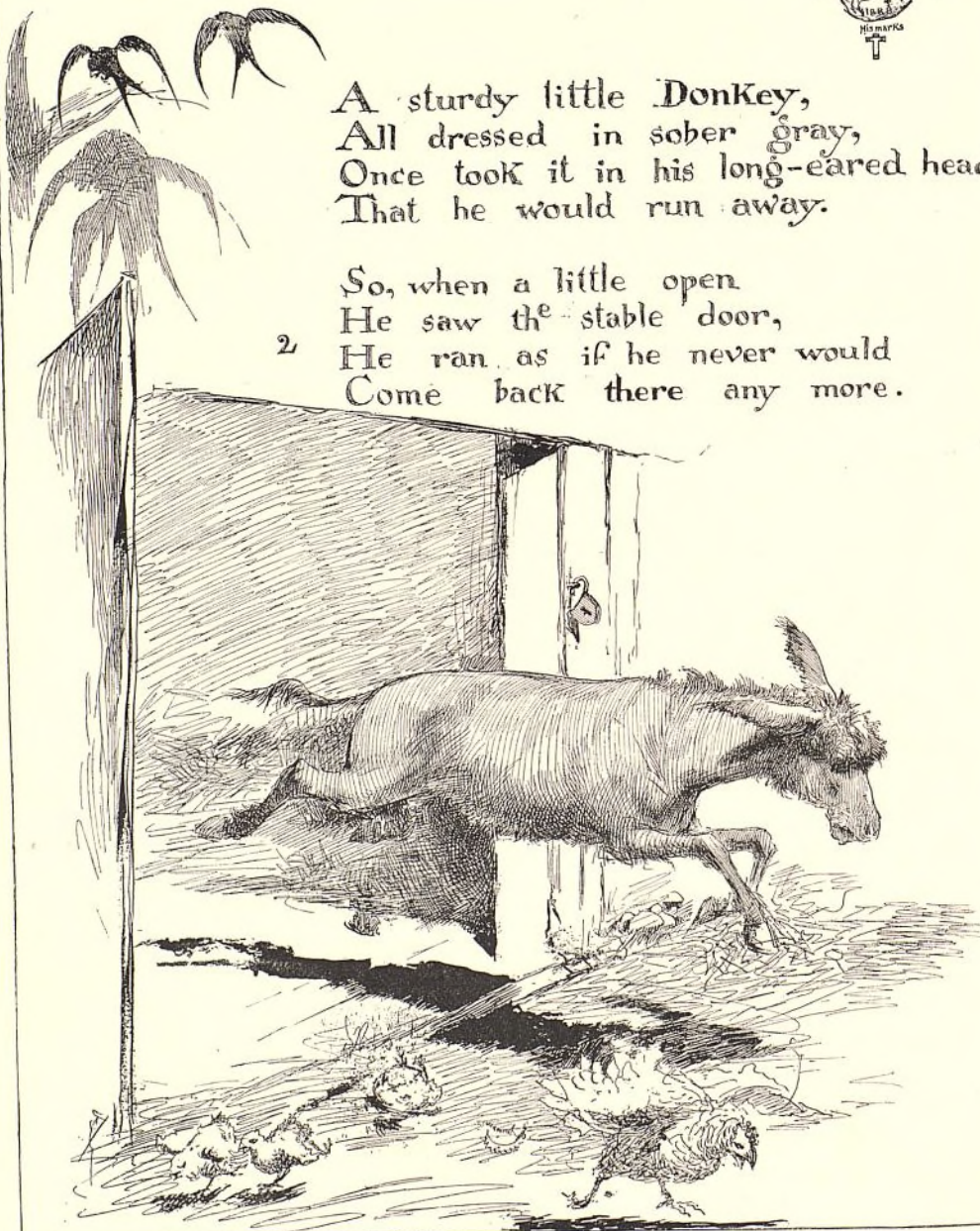
by Emilie Poulsson:

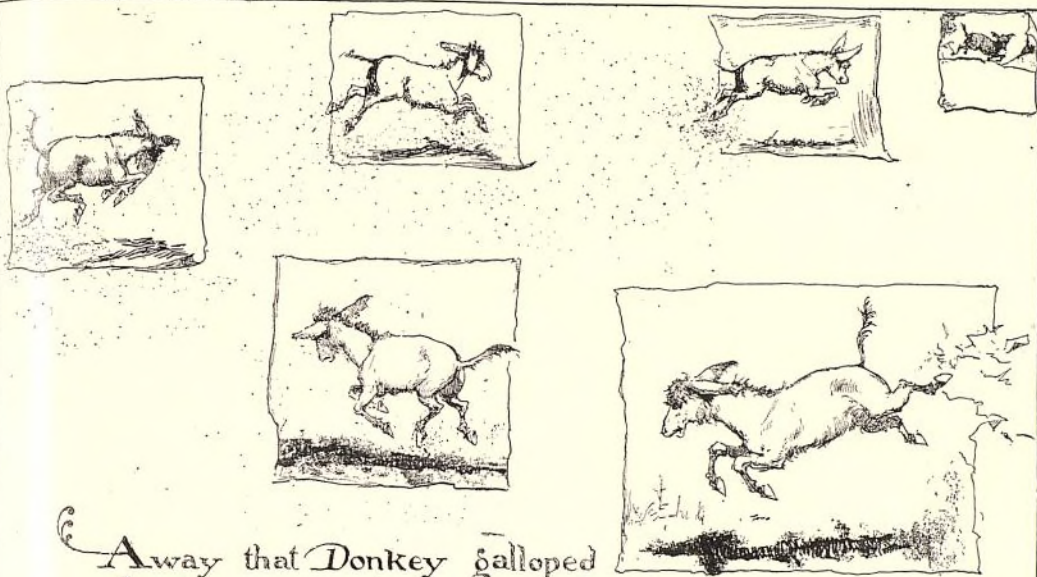
here shadow'd forth in divers pictures by Alfred Brenon.



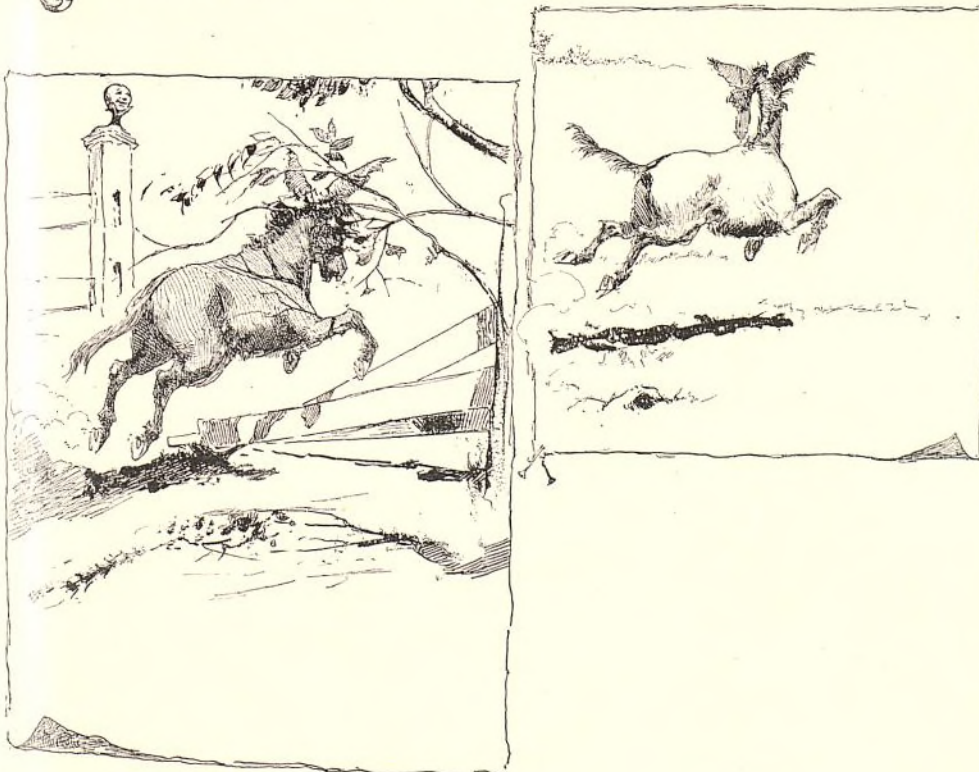
A sturdy little Donkey,
All dressed in sober gray,
Once took it in his long-eared head
That he would run away.

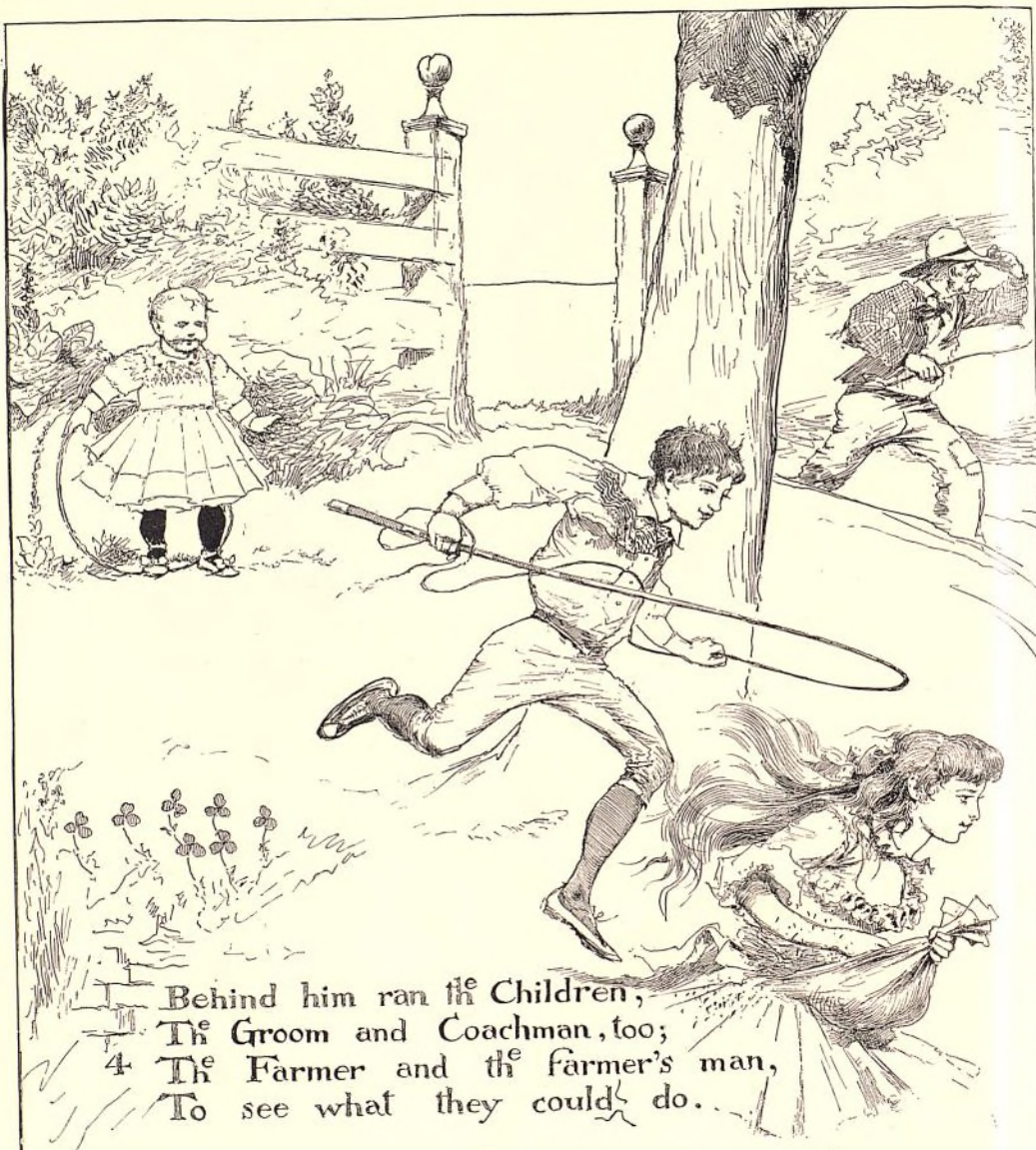
So, when a little open
He saw the stable door,
2 He ran as if he never would
Come back there any more.





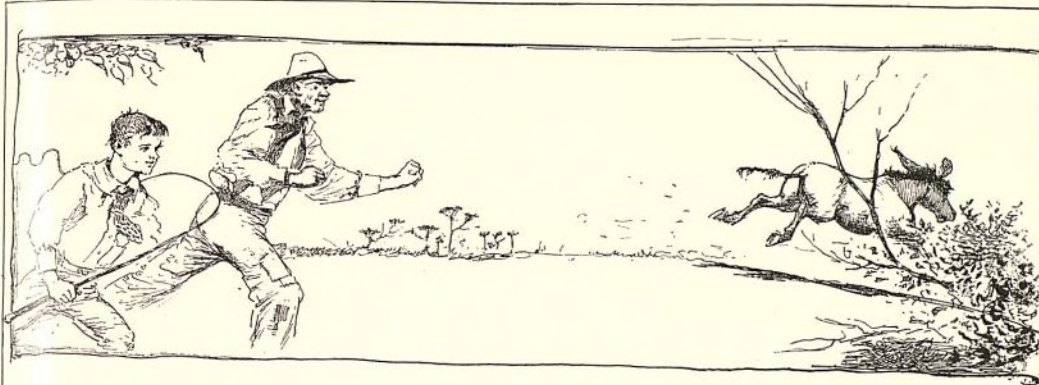
Away that Donkey galloped
 And ran and ran and ran
 3 And ran and ran and ran and ran
 And Ran and RAn and RAN!





Behind him ran th^e Children,
 Th^e Groom and Coachman, too;
 4 Th^e Farmer and th^e farmer's man,
 To see what they could do.

Some carried whips to whip him,
 Some, oats to coax him near;
 5 Some called "Come here you foolish beast!"
 And some, "Come, Barney, dear."



But there's an end to all things,
 And so, (th^e stupid elf)
 11 When no one else could capture him
 This donkey caught himself.

For, running in th^e barnyard,
 He did not calculate
 12 What consequences would befall,
 And hit the swinging gate.

It quickly swung together,
 Down, dropped th^e iron latch
 13 O, Barney Gray! to think that you
 The runaway should catch!

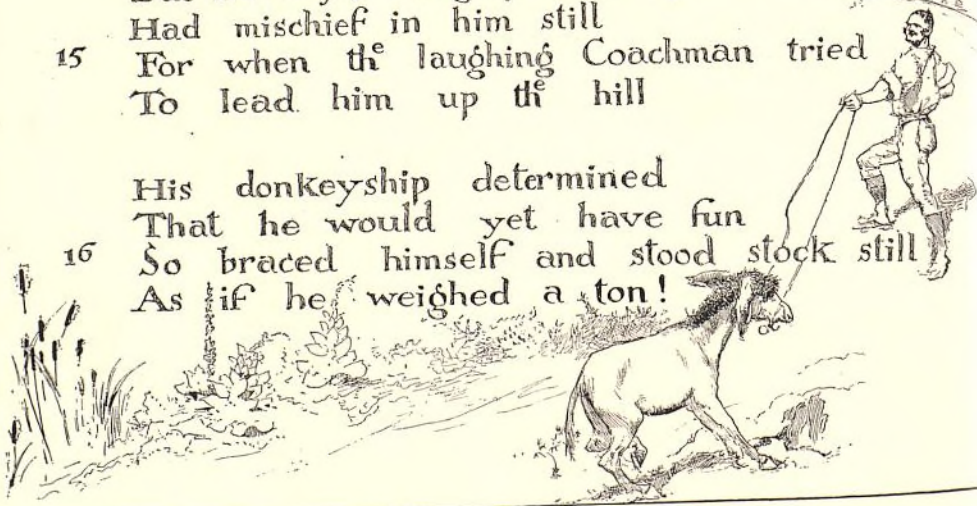


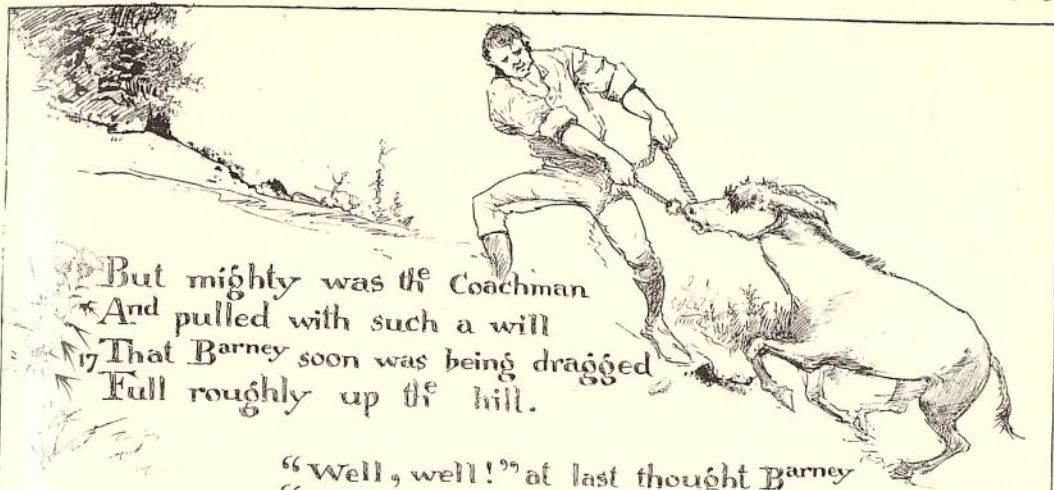


The Children danced with pleasure,
 The Groom roared with delight,
 14 The Others smiled their broadest smiles
 Or laughed with all their might.

But Barney, naughty Barney,
 Had mischief in him still
 15 For when the laughing Coachman tried
 To lead him up the hill

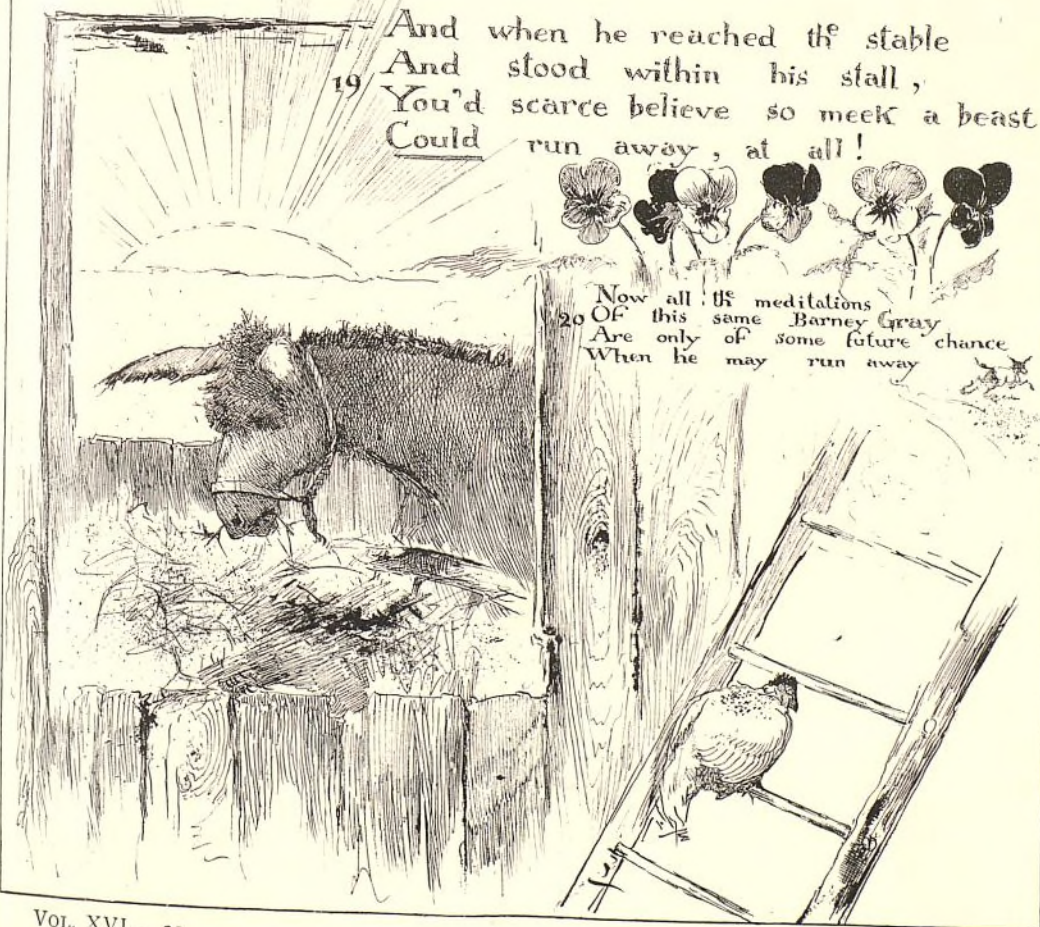
His donkeyship determined
 That he would yet have fun
 16 So braced himself and stood stock still
 As if he weighed a ton!





But mighty was the Coachman
 And pulled with such a will
 17 That Barney soon was being dragged
 Full roughly up the hill.

“Well, well!” at last thought Barney
 18 “The Coachman is so strong
 I might as well be good’ just now,”
 And so he walked along.



And when he reached the stable
 And stood within his stall,
 19 You’d scarce believe so meek a beast
 Could run away, at all!

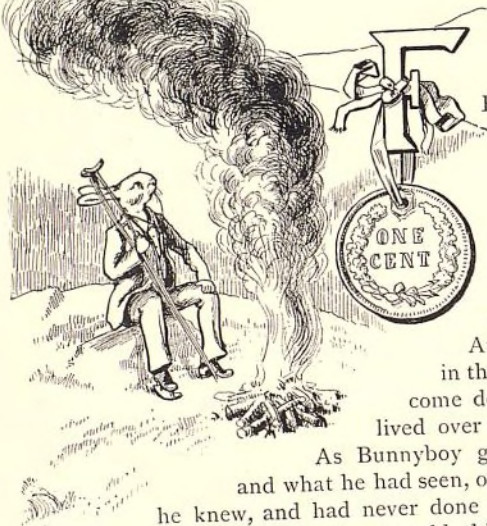
Now all the meditations
 20 Of this same Barney Gray
 Are only of some future chance
 When he may run away

THE BUNNY FAMILY IN TROUBLE

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

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CUDDLEDOWN MISSING.



FROM the top of the hill behind Runwild Terrace, where the Bunny family lived, there was a charming view of all the country for miles around.

Bunnyboy and Brownny had often taken their little sisters, Pinkeyes and Cuddledown, to the very highest point, where they could look over the tops of the houses and trees on every side, and see more pretty hills and valleys and glistening rivers and ponds than they could count in a whole day.

Away off in the distance, farther than they had ever been in their lives, they could see where the blue sky seemed to come down to meet the ground, and they used to wonder who lived over there, so near the golden sunsets.

As Bunnyboy grew older, he began to boast about what he knew, and what he had seen, or done, and sometimes about things he only made believe he knew, and had never done or seen at all.

He may have fancied others would think he was very wise if he talked "big," for he had not then learned how silly boasting sounds, or why those who are really wise are always modest in speaking of what they know or can do.

Another thing Bunnyboy did not know, was that boasting leads to lying, and telling lies is sure, some day, to end in trouble and shame.

Bunnyboy soon found out about these things, in a way which made him remember the lesson as long as he lived.



One pleasant afternoon in the early summer, all the Bunny children had climbed the hill and were watching a lovely sunset, when Cuddledown asked him how many miles it was to sundown.

Bunnyboy said it was not as far as it looked, and that he had walked farther than that one day when he went to the circus with Cousin Jack.

Cuddledown said she would like to look over the edge, where the sky came down, and see what was on the other side, where the sun stayed at night.

Then Bunnyboy very boastfully said he would take her there some day, and show her the beautiful place where the fields all shone like gold, and the rivers like silver, and all the rest was just like a rainbow place, all the time.

Little Cuddledown believed everything Bunnyboy said, because he was older; and though he forgot all about his boasting before they went home, she remembered it and often thought about it afterward.

One day, when the other bunnies were away, she asked her mother whether she might go out to see the rainbow place where the sun went down.

Mother Bunny thought she meant only to climb the hill behind the house, and told her she might go.

Off started Cuddledown, thinking, in her own brave little way, she could go to the edge of the world and get back before tea-time, because Bunnyboy had been farther than that, and had said it was not as far as it seemed to be.

In a little while the others came home, and the mother, hearing them at play on the lawn, supposed Cuddledown was with them until an hour or two had passed and they came in to tea without her.

When she asked for Cuddledown and was told they had not seen her, Bunnyboy was sent to the hill to bring her home, but soon returned saying she was not there.

Then the family were alarmed, and all went out to look for her in the neighborhood, but everywhere they were told the same story, "No one had seen Cuddledown that afternoon."

When evening grew dark, and they could not find her, they began to fear she had lost her way and was wandering about the fields or woods alone in the darkness, or that perhaps she had fallen into some stream and been drowned.

The kind neighbors came out with lanterns to help them search for her, while Cousin Jack did the best thing he could do, by climbing the hill and building a bright fire on the top, that she might see the light and come that way, if she was anywhere near the village.

All the long night they searched near and far, and when morning came they had found no trace of the lost Cuddledown.

A sadder family or a more anxious party of friends never saw the sun rise to help them, and without stopping, except to take a hasty breakfast, they kept on looking for her in every place where a little Bunny-child might be lost.

Some went tramping through the woods, shouting her name and looking behind the fallen trees, and in the ditches, while others went up and down the brooks and rivers, and along the shores of the ponds, to see whether they could find any tiny footprints along the edges, or possibly her little hat floating on the water.

All that day and the next they searched and searched, until they were nearly worn out with grief and disappointment, and then at last they gave up, and almost every one thought the dear little Cuddledown had fallen into the river and had been carried away to the ocean, and that they should never see her any more.

Several days later, when Mother Bunny had repeated to the Deacon what Cuddledown had said to her before going out, he asked what she could have meant by the "rainbow place where the sun went down."

Then Bunnyboy remembered what he had boastingly told her, the day they watched the sunset together, and was so overcome with the grief and shame that he burst out crying and told his father all about it.

Cousin Jack at once said, "This explains a part of the mystery, for now we can guess which way little Cuddledown went,

and we must begin the search again, going westward as far as she could walk that afternoon."

That very day another searching party started out, and Cousin Jack, who was lame and could not walk so fast as the others over the rough fields, tried to make up for it by doing more thinking.

Taking a knapsack, to hold a blanket and food enough for a few days, he started off on his crutches, telling the almost broken-hearted mother, as he said good-bye, not to give up, for something in his heart told him that their dear lost Cuddledown would yet be found.

While the others were searching the fields he took the road leading west until he came to a shallow stream which crossed the road, about three miles from home.



There was no bridge, because the stream could be easily forded by grown folks, but Cousin Jack thought a tired little Bunny-girl would not have dared to wade through the water, and might have stopped there to rest. Then he began to look



very carefully along the roadside for any signs of her having been there.

Near the edge of the stream he saw a large round stone, and by its side something glistening in the sun. He picked it up and found, to his great joy, it was a bright new penny with a hole in it, and remembered that he had given Cuddledown one just like it, on the day she went away.

He felt sure she had been sitting on the stone, and looking closer he found a number of strange-looking footprints in the soft earth, larger than any he had ever before seen in that part of the country.

The tracks led to the water, and wading across, he found the same footprints on the other shore, all pointing to the west.

He at once decided to follow them as far as he could, and, taking the road, he traveled on for several miles, guided by the marks of the strange feet where the ground was soft.

When night came he had reached a place where the road divided into two narrow paths, and all signs of the footprints were lost.

He was very tired and almost discouraged, and was glad to wrap his blanket around him and lie down to rest until morning, before deciding which of the two ways to take.

Before he went to sleep he remembered how Cuddledown used to say a little evening prayer her mother had taught her, and he began to repeat it very softly to himself:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, to safely keep;
And when the morning comes again,
Please help me to be good. Amen!"

When he came to the last line, he thought a minute, and then, instead of saying it just as she did, he changed it the next time to this:

"And when the morning comes again,
Help me to find our child. Amen!"

Then he felt better, but could not go to sleep for thinking about the two paths, and at last he got up, and looking around him, saw, far away in the darkness, the glimmer of many lights.

He knew there must be a settlement there, and that one of the paths must lead that way.

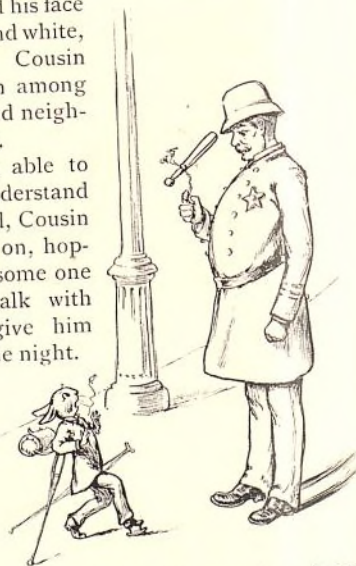
He noticed carefully which one it was, and then lay down and slept peacefully.

In the morning he awoke refreshed, and more hopeful than ever of finding Cuddledown, and all day long he kept cheerfully on the way, stopping only to eat a lunch from his knapsack, or to take a drink of water from a spring on the roadside.

The distance was longer than it had seemed to him the night before, and when evening came he was glad to see the lights shining not very far off. About nine o'clock the lights began to go out, one by one, and when he reached the place the houses were all dark and the streets deserted.

The only living creature he met was a great surly fellow who spoke to him gruffly. The creature had a short club in his hand, and wore a star on his breast, and his face was smooth and white, unlike any Cousin Jack had seen among the friends and neighbors at home.

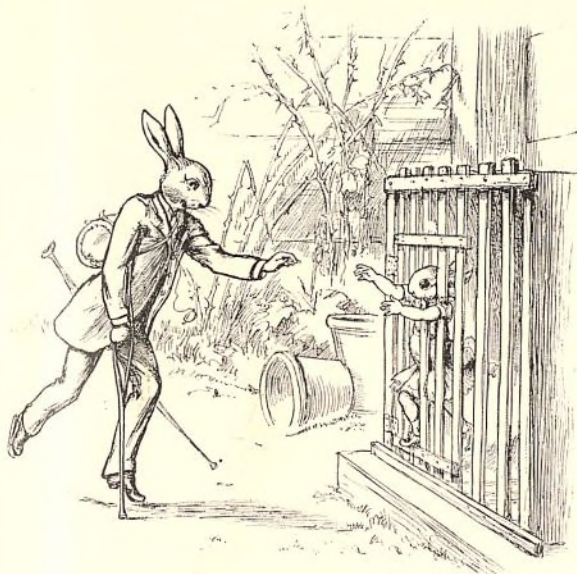
Not being able to make him understand a single word, Cousin Jack hurried on, hoping to find some one who could talk with him, and give him shelter for the night.



Suddenly, while groping his way through a narrow street, he heard a low, pleading voice, and stopping to listen, he caught quite distinctly the words:

"And when the morning comes again,
Please take me to my home. Amen!"

Springing forward to the place from which the sound came, he called softly, "Cuddledown!"



Cuddledown! where are you?" Then out of the darkness came a quick, glad cry. "O Cousin Jack! is it you? Please take me out of this terrible prison."

The voice came from a large square box in the rear of the house, and behind some strong bars, nailed across the open side of the box, he found



poor Cuddledown penned up alone, like a wild beast in a cage.

In less than a minute he had torn away the bars

and taken her out, and his heart was so full of thankfulness at having found her alive, that he sat down upon the ground and clasped her close in his arms, while the trembling bunny nestled her face on his shoulder and cried for joy.

Presently she raised her head and whispered, "Oh! Cousin Jack, please let us go away from this place just as fast as we can, or the strange creatures here will find you and shut us both up in wooden cages."

Cousin Jack thought any place was better and safer than this, where a helpless little Bunny-child was kept shut up alone in the cold and dark, and he told her not to be afraid, for they would start at once for home.

Taking his crutches, and telling her to keep a tight hold upon his coat, they hurried away, and without meeting any one, were soon on the open road.



Cousin Jack was anxious to get away as far as possible, before stopping to rest, and Cuddledown was so glad to get out and be with him once more that she trudged along bravely for nearly two hours.

Then they stopped to rest near a grove of hemlocks, where Cousin Jack cut off some branches to make a kind of bed, and said they would rest there until morning.

Taking her in his arms again, he wrapped the blanket around both, and they lay down to sleep, with only the darkened sky and the waving branches of the trees above them.

Just before Cuddledown went to sleep she whispered to Cousin Jack, "Did God send you to find me, and show you the way?" and he answered, "I hope so, for I am sure he loves little children, and is sorry for every one who is in trouble."

They were up before sunrise, and after making

a breakfast from the food left in the knapsack, they set out again for home.

Cousin Jack hoped they could get there before bedtime, for now that he knew the way and need not stop to look for footprints, they could return much faster than he had come.

He could not carry her very long, for he had to use both hands to manage his crutches, and this troubled him, for he was afraid she would be worn out with walking before their journey was over.

Cuddledown was a brave little bunny, and kept saying she was not very tired, and did not mind the sun and dust.



On the way she told him all about how the strange big creatures had found her resting by the shallow stream, where she had dropped the penny, and what happened to her when they carried her off to the settlement.

There they had put her in the wooden prison, as she called it, where she had been kept, for more than a week, as a plaything for their children.

She could not understand what they said, and their queer, pale, and smooth white

faces frightened her as they stared at her through the bars.

She said they gave her the strangest things to eat, and only a little loose straw for a bed, and the great clumsy children used to take her up and carry her about by the ears. Sometimes they were so rough and squeezed her so hard she thought she should die with the pain.

Cousin Jack said he had heard of something like this before, but could hardly believe any one could be so cruel as to take other living creatures, who had done them no wrong, away from their homes and friends, and shut them up in pens or cages, just for the pleasure of looking at them, or playing with the poor helpless victims.

He told her he was glad the bunnies had been taught to love their own homes and friends and

freedom, as the most precious things in the world, and were too gentle and kind-hearted to wish to rob others of all that made life sweet to them.

Cuddledown said she hoped she should never see any living creature shut up in a pen as she had been. Then Cousin Jack told her not to think any more about it, for she would soon be safe in her own happy home again, where they would all love her more than ever.

At noon they stopped to rest once more, near a brook, when Cousin Jack bathed her tired feet, and let her take a nap for an hour.

All the afternoon they kept on the way, and at sundown came to the stream without a bridge, and knew they were only a few miles from home.

Cousin Jack waded through the water with Cuddledown clinging to his back on the knapsack, and though they were very tired the thoughts of home made the rest of the way seem short.

As they climbed the Terrace a bright light was shining in the window, and they could see the family gathered around the table, looking very quiet and sad.

This was all changed in a twinkling as Cousin Jack stepped into the room, leaving Cuddledown outside for a minute, while he told them the good news gently. The first thing he said was, "Cheer up! Cuddledown is found!" and before he could answer their eager questions, Cuddledown bounded into the room and was safe in her mother's arms once more, but too happy to speak.

They were all nearly wild with joy, and they almost smothered her with hugs and kisses, until Cousin Jack reminded the family that they had come to stay, and when a pair of hungry tramps had walked so many miles, over a dusty road, since sunrise, one of the first things on the programme ought to be a warm bath and something good to eat.

Then Mother Bunny stopped repeating over and over again, "O my poor precious darling!" dried her eyes, and began to bustle about, making things very lively in that family, until both had been made as comfortable as possible and were ready to tell all about their strange journey.

When Cuddledown told the story of her going to find the "rainbow place," and said it was ever so much farther off than she had thought it was, Bunnyboy went over to her side and told her how sorry he was he had told her what was not true, that day on the hill, and promised he would never, never boast about himself again, nor try to deceive any one, even in fun.

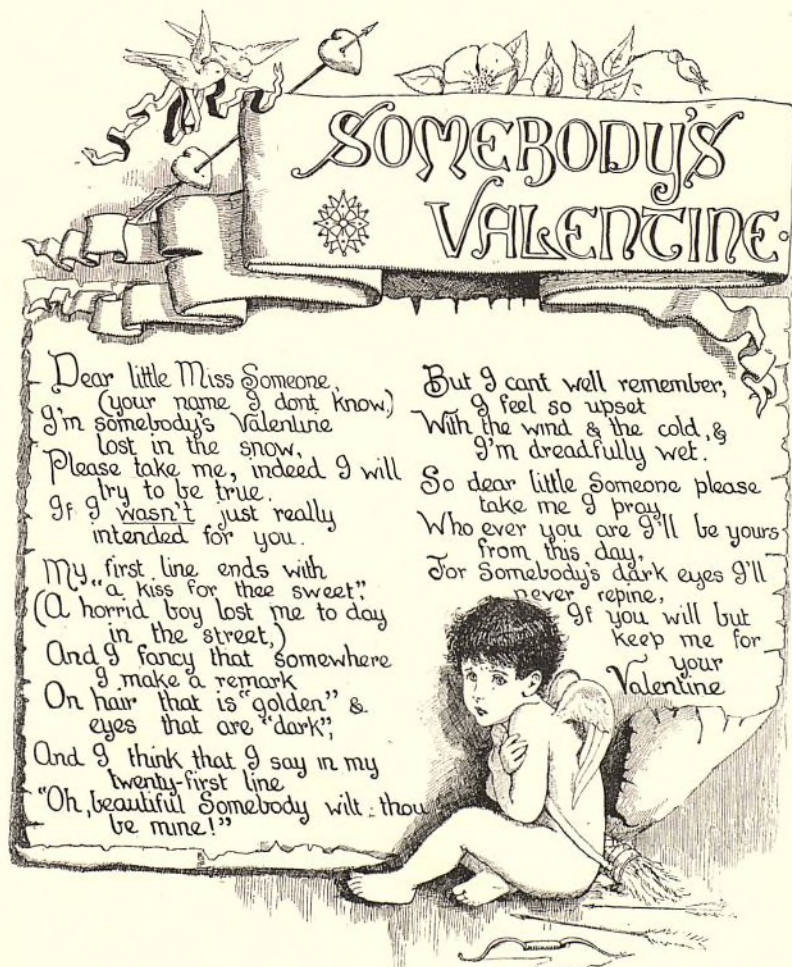
Then Cousin Jack told his part of the story, and when he had finished, they all thought it was very strange that he happened to take the right one of the two paths, and find the right place in the dark.

Pinkeyes said that perhaps a guardian angel had led him all the way, but Deacon Bunny said he had a great deal of faith in every-day angels, with brave, willing, and loving hearts, even if they had but one leg and a pair of crutches, instead of wings.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "we don't really know very much about guardian angels, or how they work; but my notion is this: If I had not been kept awake by thinking about Cuddledown's 'Now I lay me,' I might not have seen the lights which led me to the settlement, or known which of the two paths to take.

"And if Cuddledown had not been saying her prayer, like a good child, just as I was passing by in the dark, I might never have found the missing one at all.

"Now it seems to me," said Cousin Jack, "that the good mother who taught Cuddledown her little prayer, had something to do with my finding her child, and until we know more about these mysteries I think we ought to follow her teaching and example; and for one, I am going to write Mother Bunny's name at the head of the list of the Angels in this family."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

HO, for a short month and a merry one, my hearers! Think of February's crisp cool days and long cozy evenings, its toboggan-slides and its fields of shining ice! Then there's St. Valentine's day, and Washington's birthday, and all the other welcome days that this short month crowds into its allotted eight and twenty. Truly it deserves to have an extra day once in four years. Bear it in mind, my hearers, and set the alarm in your memories, for 1892.

As this is a snow month and the flowers are all tucked away, warm and comfortable and quite out of hearing, there could n't be a better time for me to tell you, confidentially, the story of

THE BOLD VIOLET.

ONCE there was a modest sunflower who, though she had been much admired, hung her head shyly and longed to hide herself in the shadows of the garden.

"It is so conspicuous here by the porch," she sighed to herself, "and everybody stares at me so!"

"Don't you like it?" whispered a bold little violet near by. "I do."

The sunflower, naturally shocked at this remark, made no reply, but bent lower on her stem, as if striving in some way to atone for her companion's audacity.

"Yes," continued the bold violet, "I like it. I learn through the children's comments that I'm not only sweet, but I'm lovely, and above all, I'm modest. All this is delightful, and I'm thankful that I can make myself so agreeable."

Then the bold violet turned its face to the light, squared its pretty shoulders, and swayed in the breeze.

Soon two children came out of the cottage and stood a moment near the porch. Then the eldest

child, with a great effort, severed the humble sunflower from its stem and cast it away, saying crossly, as she tugged at the flower, "There! It's high time for you to come off. Why don't you look up at the sun, as you ought to do!" But both the children knelt and praised the violet for remaining fresh so long. "You're just as pretty as you can be, you little sweetness!" said the youngest child, softly caressing it.

"I know it," thought the bold violet. "Is n't it nice!" And she did n't hang her head one bit, but just swayed there in the breeze, squaring her pretty shoulders, and holding her face to the light till the sun went down.

MORAL.—It must not be expected that every flower shall live up to its reputation.

CLEVER YELLOW-BIRDS.

BURDETT, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you about a very interesting thing that happened in our yard. Some yellow-birds built their nest in a lilac bush under our bedroom window. We put some cotton out of the window. In a little while they came and got it. They built their nest; but a few days after they finished it we noticed a great commotion among them, and they seemed to be building another nest; then all was quiet. After they had hatched their eggs and the young birds had flown away, Mamma cut off the branch on which the nest was, and, on examining it, she found that there were two nests, one right on top of the other, so made that they looked like one long nest. There was n't anything in the top nest, so Mamma lifted it off from the other nest, and in the under nest were four yellow-bird's eggs and one cow-bird's egg. The cow-bird does not build a nest of its own, but goes around and lays its eggs in other birds' nests, just as the English cuckoo does. I think that those yellow-birds were very smart to know that there was an egg there that they did not lay, and so manage as not to hatch it.

I have taken you for three years, and this is the first time that I have ever written to you. I am ten years old. I have a donkey, a dog, a cat, and a cock. My big brother says that I have the same animals as were the Street Musicians of Bremen, in Grimm's fairy tales. From your loving reader,
N. L. W.

ALL RIGHT!

DEAR JACK: Here is a short verse in which five words having the same pronunciation are used consecutively, in a form which "makes sense."

Draw up the table, set by it a chair;
Get pen and ink, and paper white and fair;
Let all stand near; 't will be a pretty sight,
I'm sure, to see the right Wright write "rite"
right.
A. T. D.

GRAPES THAT COME HIGH.

CARPINTERIA, CAL.

DEAR JACK: In the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, Nellie E. H. writes about a grape-vine in Santa Barbara which is forty-six inches around and which produced forty tons of grapes last year. But that one died and was cut down, so that the largest one in the world is in Carpinteria. There are two branches that started from one root and have twined themselves together, each one measuring about thirteen inches in diameter. These branches grow up for about seven feet and then branch out, and now cover a trellis eighty by one hundred and ten feet. It is thought that the vine is fifty-four years old, and last year it produced four tons of grapes. We have also in Carpinteria the largest geranium bush in the world, which measures one hundred and thirty-two feet in circumference; and a walnut orchard of one hundred and sixty acres.

Your interested reader,

NETTIE W.

A GOOD EXAMPLE—AND WHY?

ONE day a great and good philanthropist, who could not let even a single day go by without doing some kind deed, or helping some one less fortunate than himself, was asked admiringly if he could say

how much good he had done in the world. His truthful answer was: "I—why, I have never done any good to speak of!"

HOW GRASSHOPPERS JUMP.



DEAR JACK: Have you ever noticed that when a grasshopper jumps he does not do so by placing his jumping-feet, the hind ones, on or against that from which the jump is made?

The feet of his jumping-legs are turned backward, and when he prepares to go, these legs are closed like a jack-knife and drawn up at a

slight angle, and the feet so held that they touch nothing—his weight resting on the four small front legs and the lower part of his body. Momentum is then given by a blow struck simultaneously by the jumping-feet; his big jumping-legs springing out to almost a straight line, and remaining so while he is in the air.

Please tell your boys and girls to watch them next summer.

A. L. BRENON.



SPIDER SILK.

YOUR old friend, Mr. John R. Coryell, sends to my pulpit this bit of information, to which I invite your attention:

THERE was once a gentleman in Italy who conceived the idea that the silk spun by the spider could be made of use just as is the silk of the silk-worm. Of course he was laughed at by his friends, but he succeeded, nevertheless; for, in course of time, a pair of as nice silk stockings as ever you saw was the result.

He was naturally very much elated with this success, and forthwith began to collect as many spiders as he could find accommodations for. But he had no sooner set his "collection" at work than he discovered that spiders would rather fight than spin. The ladies, particularly, were very bad, and made nothing of eating two or three of the gentlemen every day, and of then retiring to sleep off the effects of the meal.

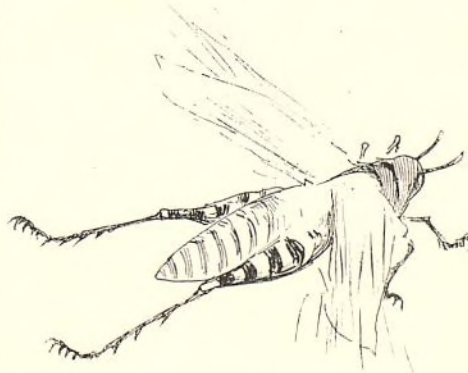
That Italian gentleman gave up his idea of run-

ning an opposition to the silk-worm with the spider; but often since that day others have tried the same experiment, either for pleasure or with a notion of turning it to profit. Gloves and stockings made of spider silk are not uncommon, and occasionally there is a whole gown made of it. It is not so very long ago that the Empress of Brazil sent such a spider-silk gown to Queen Victoria.

But the management of spiders seems to be better understood in South America than elsewhere; for in Peru, from ancient times, spider silk has been put to a great many uses, though it has never been made in sufficient quantities to become an article of commerce.

In the South Kensington Museum of London there is an odd bit of spiders' work, which Miss Gordon-Cumming found in the Fiji Islands. It is in the shape of a fool's cap, and it was made just as it is by the spiders, with no other help from man than a frame of light twigs of wood to weave it upon. It is said that when the natives wish such a cap, they merely set up the frame in some secluded corner, and leave it there until the accommodating spiders have woven over it again and again. The cap is as light as the same bulk of feathers,

but is frequently of the thickness of heavy felt. Just what use the Fijians make of these singular caps Miss Gordon-Cumming does not say. It may be that they are worn as night-caps.



A MESSAGE.

DON'T forget the birds. Those who linger north are very glad, you may depend, to find crumbs and tidbits upon the snow in bitter weather.



CUP AND SAUCER: THE NEW BABES IN THE WOOD.

BY WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

N Paris, near the junction of the boulevard Montparnasse and the boulevard Raspail, is a small restaurant, known in the "Latin Quarter" as the *Café des Artistes*. Monsieur and Madame Avril are the joint proprietors of this establishment. Monsieur Avril is by no means a big man, but his wife is almost a giantess; and he is very proud of being the husband of so majestic a woman.

These worthy

people have no children, but they own a fine black cat which goes by the name of Seal-skin.

One morning, at an unreasonable hour, just after Etienne, the *garçon*, had taken down the shutters, and while he was in the act of sprinkling the floor, Seal-skin strolled leisurely into the café accompanied by two very young gray kittens. These kittens were graceful and engaging, and had evidently arrived with the intention of making the *Café des Artistes* their home. Although both Monsieur and Madame Avril were kind people, they decided that this would not be a convenient arrangement. They therefore offered the kittens to several of their customers, but nobody seemed in the least inclined to adopt them.

At length, Monsieur Avril, who had less sensibility than his wife, proposed that the kittens should be drowned; but Madame Avril, who would not have wounded Seal-skin's feelings for anything in the world, could not listen to this atrocious proposal. They finally agreed, however,

upon another plan. Madame Avril gently but firmly placed the kittens in an old apricot-basket and tied two copies of *Le Petit Journal* securely over the top, at the same time cutting various tiny holes in the newspapers, in order that they might have fresh air to breathe. Even this unavoidable cruelty nearly broke Madame Avril's heart; for all the while she was employed in preparing the basket, the little kittens were making the most plaintive, appealing noises, and were going rapidly round and round the floor, at times endeavoring to conciliate even the legs of the chairs and tables, by rubbing softly against them.

Monsieur Avril, who perceived that his wife was in a melting mood, quickly took up the basket,



D. AUDRA.
PARIS '88.

MASTER PETITS-FOURS.

carried it down the *rue Bréa*, along the *rue Vavin*, across the Luxembourg Gardens, and laid it near the foot of Lequesne's beautiful statue of the

"Dancing Faun," right in the middle of a bed of scarlet geraniums. Then he stole away with a guilty air. Not long after, Mademoiselle and Master Petits-fours, who were out for an afternoon promenade with their *bonne*, approached the statue. These children were brother and sister, and lived with their parents on the fourth *étage* of a large apartment-house in the *rue du Luxembourg*. Master Petits-fours began to prance about in front of the statue as if he were trying to imitate the antics in which a real Faun might once have indulged.

"Look, my *bonne*," he exclaimed, "Monsieur the Statue is smiling at me and blowing upon his *mirliton*"; and the boy smiled back at the Faun. But here Mademoiselle, who had been hovering around the geraniums like a gay butterfly, gave a cry of delight and ran up to the *bonne*, bringing the basket and its contents of mewling kittens, which she displayed with great pleasure, stroking their fuzzy little backs and talking to them in a soft tone and with caressing words.

"Do you think Mamma will allow us to keep them?" asked Master Petits-fours with his thumbs in his pockets, who, like a man, was thinking of

the practical results of the discovery which his sister had made.

"If she does," rejoined the little girl breathlessly, "they will always be companions, and then we can call them, if we like, Cup and Saucer!"



MADemoisELLE PETITS-FOURS.

Mamma must have consented, for how else did the kittens come to reside with the children and their parents in the fourth *étage* of a large apartment-house in the *rue du Luxembourg*?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE failed to mention in the December number that the picture on page 122 of the little girl in Japanese costume, was reproduced from a photograph by Mr. A. J. Treat of San Francisco. Our thanks are due to Mr. Treat for this courtesy, and our apologies for the omission of the proper credit.

SEVERAL good friends of ST. NICHOLAS have expressed a fear that the small type used in the "Letter-box" department is injurious to the eyes of our readers. Upon careful consideration, it has been decided that, after this month, larger type shall be used for these pages.

THE LETTER-BOX.

SPUYTEN DUYVIL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following is a letter written by my young boy cousin, only seven years old. He had no help whatever, and I think it would interest some of your little readers if they found it among the letters in ST. NICHOLAS. S. E. B—.

S. E. B—.

WILD BEASTS.

THE Buffalo has a hairy hide.

THE Buffalo has a hairy hide.
The bear is cruel, and many a hunter has found his death-bed in
the jaws of them.

The panther will not come up and lick your hand: he'd rather bite it; but then I must not leave the lion out. You can not tame him by kissing him. It is easier to meet him in a cage in the circus than on his land where he was born.

The elephant is not a weak beast; he can wring a man to death by one strain of his trunk. You must Remember that he does not go lightly along like a Giraffe.

The Camel does not mind trotting along on the hottest sands.

The Polar bear is somewhat different from the grizzly; white fur, of course.

It seems to me there were no horses before Columbus arrived. Zebras are pretty, but hard to tame.

The Antelope and Gazelle can go as fast through the forest as a bird can soar in the air.

There is the Reindeer that the Laplanders feed on (and fish), and the reindeers pull them around as the horses do us. BUDDIE H—.

the reindeers pull them around as the horses do us. BUDDIE H—.

WILLIAMS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I'm one of your little girls, seven years old. I never was in a school-room, but I read all the stories out loud to Mamma, and I am trying to write this letter myself, so you will know how much I love you. Mamma gave you to us, if we would not ask to go to the circus, and we think the "Brownies" and "Two Little Confederates" are better than a circus.

Please ask the lady who wrote "Sara Crewe" to make her story longer next time.

longer next time. She has very heavy brown hair two feet long. Ruby is a slim brunette, and I am a fat blonde. My other sister, I say, is away at school. It is eight miles to our school-house, but I live in California. Last Christmas, Papa put our presents on an orange-tree, on the lawn, and it was beautiful to look at; and so warm that day that we needed no wraps, and Mamma told us we must try and remember it always, for she did not think any other little girls ever had a Christmas-tree outdoors. Good-bye, with love

I did not mean to make this letter so long. Good-bye, with love to all your boys and girls and a kiss to you, from
 GRACE S— and RUBY S—.

OPAL S— and RUBY S—.

THE letter which follows explains itself, and we may here express our thanks to the Secretary of the Children's Christmas Club of Philadelphia for sending us the report of the club, and say that we are very glad the article concerning Christmas Clubs (in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1887) was the cause of the founding of the Philadelphia organization :

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take much pleasure in sending you a report of the Children's Christmas Club of Philadelphia. We

started our club after reading the article in ST. NICHOLAS last December. Although we did not have such a large number of poor children at our first dinner as some of the other clubs, we think it a good beginning, as our club is composed entirely of children. Hoping that a great many more Christmas Clubs will be started this year, believe me, very truly yours,

MARY WRAY BENSON, Secretary.

MARY WRAY BENSON, Secretary.

The article to which the letter refers gave the story of the founding of the Children's Christmas Club of Washington City. The Washington Club was organized soon after the original Children's Christmas Club, of Portland, Me., was formed. The history of this pioneer club may be found in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1893.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Winnipeg in the "Letter-box." We have two little dogs; they know a few tricks. Our favorite stories are "Juan and Juanita," "Jennie's Boarding-House," "Drill," and "The Brownies," by Palmer Cox. I am nine years old, and I have a little brother six years old. We have very cold winters in Winnipeg, and have lots of fun making snowballs and sliding down toboggan-slides and going out for snow-shoe tramps. We also buy our ice in big pieces about three feet thick, which the men can hardly pull off the wagon, that they get on the river. And we buy our water by the barrel in summer. Sometimes in the river-water you find little tiny fish. Sometimes the snow is as deep as yourself, where it has drifted up against the fences. We go to school morning and afternoon. We have taken you about two years and enjoy you more than any other magazine we get. Two years ago we went out to Victoria, B. C., and saw many Chinamen. We have been to Toronto about twice.

ARTHUR and FRANK.

Your loving readers,

ARTHUR and FRANK.

DRESDEN

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma has told me such a funny thing that happened to her cat when she was a little girl: I must tell you all about it. It was in Spain,—for Mamma is Spanish, and the sweeter Spanish *Manila* can not be found in the whole world. But I must talk about the cat, not about Mamma. It was a pussy,—a black one,—with a little white spot on the top of his nose. He used to be a great pet, and once an organ-man with a monkey stopped in the street underneath mamma's window and commenced to play. Meanwhile the monkey climbed up and stood on the rail of the balcony, while pussy was purring in the sun. At first the cat was very much frightened and made a mountain of his back, but the monkey looked so harmless and so good-natured that the mountain came down, and soon they began to play together. By and by the monkey became a little rough, or, at least, the cat thought so, and scratched him. Then the monkey took the cat's paws and examined them very carefully to find out how it was done, but the cat had already drawn in his claws, and the monkey was very much puzzled. This happened three times, and each time the monkey became more angry until, at last, out of patience, he took the cat and threw him off the balcony, and the poor cat fell to the street, and that was the end of him. Good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS. Give us many good stories like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita."

Your loving reader,
ROSITA CERDÁ C.

Your loving reader,

ROSITA CERDÁ C—

TEMPLETON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been your subscriber for two years, and shall be this year, for I already have the number for November, 1888. I have the bound volumes of Volume XIV., and the first part of Volume XV. I did not take you when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a serial, but the public library here takes you, and has all your volumes bound, so I read it in one of them.

I went to Boston last September and saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as a play in the Boston Museum, the first time it was acted, and it was a very interesting play.

I think that you are the best American juvenile magazine published. With best wishes for a successful year, I am yours sincerely,

WILLIAM N. S.—

KIEFF, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two Russian girls, and we write to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine. We are cousins, and only one of us takes it, but we both read it through and through, and, of course, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is our favorite story. We like American books exceedingly, especially Miss Alcott's, and should so much like to go to America one day,—Americans seem to be so jolly. We hope you will print our letter in the "Letter-box," for we think it is the first one you have from any of our compatriots.

Before closing this letter we beg you not to think that in Russia people are sent to Siberia every day; it really happens rarely; your Emperor is very good and kind, and we all love and respect him very much.

Hoping to take your magazine for many a year yet to come, we remain your antipodes and admiring readers,

SASHA B— and VERA L—.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS has sent us a little story, which we print below, of the strange true incidents of a Christmas-day on the Amazon River in far-away South America:

WHAT BEFELL ONE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

By M. F. S.

PARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Far up the Amazon River, a little boy and girl, brother and sister, had planned to have a Christmas-tree. This was on the day but one before Christmas, a day that proved to be a very adventurous one. For, to begin with, Mamma, in looking over a large *balai* (basket) of unironed clothes, found to her dismay that they were all *eaten*. And by what? By nothing less than a colony of *cupim* (white-ants) that, during the night, had come up through the crevices of the wooden floor. Big garments and little, when held up for inspection, fell into a shower of snowy pieces, no larger than six-pences. Even Dolly's best muslin frock had not escaped. Joao, the Indian boy, was called, a part of the flooring removed, and the ants' covered walks, leading yards beyond the dwelling, were saturated with kerosene. Then, after this, a snake, six feet long, was found hanging from a palm-thatched out-building, and promptly killed. But this for the children was no very uncommon event. A more interesting one happened later when they had a long talk with a party of half-Indians, who were going up-river by canoe for a great alligator-hunt. Now, was this not enough of adventure for one day in the lives of two little children? But something else was still to happen; Mamma said, on most days something *did* happen. You shall hear. In the garden—the tangled tropical garden of cocoa, mango, and orange trees—was a tank, in which lay an electric-eel. The children delighted in stirring this creature up with a stick; a proceeding often imitated by a big, favorite monkey. Well, on this day, a scamp of a neighbor's son had fastened an umbrella-rib to the stick, and slyly given it to the monkey who began his favorite operation. But with an unlooked-for result! The poor electrified monkey was thrown back by the shock he received, and lay as one dead! Later on, trembling with terror, he ran away into the deep forest beyond, and was never seen again.

But to return to the Christmas-tree. One tree, just right, as the children said, had been found at a long distance and had been brought and placed by the old *perchada* (stoop) door. The morning of the Nativity dawned cloudless and warm. Papa was to prune the tree into shape, and early, knife in hand, was advancing toward it, when a cry of dismay from the children met his ear. What was it? Mamma heard and hastened toward the spot, followed by the faithful Joao. What did they see? Their tree, their Christmas-tree, lying leafless and bare! A few green fragments of leaves hung dejectedly from branch and bough, and that was all! All except a long trail of sawn, jagged leaves, borne along by a host of enterprising ants, *satiba*, which during the night had done this deed. They were more horrid creatures even than *cupim*, so Mamma said. If only Santa Claus could have petrified them into brown atoms on the spot! Why, they had desolated the very rose-trees of the garden. Much-tried Mamma came to the rescue as usual.

"Never mind the tree," she said, "you shall hang up your stockings instead, and help me arrange a pretty table."

"And we'll have lots of fun," chimed in the already consoled children. And so they had.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that you have never had a letter from here before, so I will write you one. I am a little girl nine years old. I live in La Crosse, which is sometimes called the Gateway City, because it is through this city that people pass to go to the North-west. I have taken your book for a year, and I like it very much. I wish that all the girls and boys took it. I think it is very kind of you to publish the letters, so that other children in other parts of the country read them. I go to Madison most every summer. Madison is the capital of the State of Wisconsin. There are many nice buildings in it. Two years ago I went to Great Bend, Kansas. I had a nice time there. I like the stories, "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," and "Trudel's Siege" very much. I must close now.

Your fond reader,

MINNIE E. S—.

BEAUFORT, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing letters in your November number of the magazine, from correspondents of seventeen, I have ventured to send a letter too.

I do not ever remember seeing Beaufort, S. C., represented in your "Letter-box." It is a very pretty little town on the Beaufort river, which is, properly, an arm of the sea.

We have a population of between four and five thousand, of which three-fourths are negroes. As a race, they are very interesting and amusing. I have some very good friends among the colored people who, when they come to see us all, almost always bring some gift, usually something raised by themselves upon their own lots. One old woman, whom we call Aunt Nancy, lives on one of the islands near here, and pays her visits on Saturday when she comes to Beaufort to do her marketing. Her presents vary with the seasons: in summer, she brings us eggs and berries; at this time of year, peas and ground-nuts; her last gift was fine sweet-potatoes. Of course, we reciprocate, with presents of clothing, sweetmeats, etc.; but both the offerings are free-will ones, and we do not feel called upon to give because the visitor has, nor *vice versa*. Most of the negroes have musical voices and are good story-tellers; our washwoman being no exception to the rule. Her tale of "My Conversion" is worth listening to. A great number of the colored people are engaged on the dredges, and at the phosphate works, of which there are a number on our island.

I have often been to the Old Fort Grove on picnics. A portion of the old fort, built in the sixteenth century, still remains; although the lilies of France are no longer to be traced on its tabby walls. I enjoy your historic stories and am reading Mr. Alton's "Routine of the Republic," with interest.

With kind remembrances to all lovers of ST. NICHOLAS,

I remain your reader,

EFFIE R—.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a fourteen-year-old American boy from New York, and a sincere admirer and interested reader of yourself. I have been living, ever since the 15th of June, on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne, just opposite the much-renowned Righi. Our villa is about fifteen minutes' good rowing from the town, but, in a light boat and rowing standing up, one can do it in less. Nobody ever seems to remark on this queer way of rowing, though it must look strange to an American. It is, however, much easier than the old-fashioned way (though I suppose this way is just as old among the Swiss), as one can throw the weight of one's body on the oars, and thus save the muscle. We have already had a fall of snow here, but it melted right away and was succeeded by rain. This is a terrible place for rain; on an average, I think that we must have had here six rainy days out of every ten, this summer. The German *fatos* spoken by the peasants around Lucerne is terribly difficult to understand and very ugly,—it is so guttural. There is no fishing to speak of in this lake,—that is, line fishing; with a net you can get some few fish, but it does not pay for the trouble unless you have to earn your living by it. The hunting is even worse than the fishing, for though there are a few ducks around here, you are not allowed to shoot them in the marshes they principally frequent; so hunting does not pay either. This summer I walked up the Pilatus, which is about seven thousand feet high, and from which the view is beautiful. On a clear day you have spread out before you the grand range of mountains called the Bernese Oberland, among which are the famous Jungfrau, Monck, Eiger, etc., which all seem close at hand, though they are in reality many miles away. The Pilatus is about a thousand feet higher than the Righi, and I think this view is much finer. The Pilatus railway was completed this summer, but will not be open to the public until next year. It seems almost a shame to desecrate these grand old mountains with railroads. I have taken you five years, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and would find it hard to do without you now.

I remain, your friend and reader,

JOHN H. T—.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

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 NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from May L. Gerrish, Isabel F. Gerrish and Emily A. Daniell—Paul Reese—Louise Ingham Adams—"Willoughby."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from F. and A. Schmidt, 1—A. J. Snow, 1—K. Guthrie, 1—M. H. Ware, 1—"Locks and Keys," 3—C. P., 1—Maude E. Palmer, 11—L. D. Bloodgood, 1—Clara O., 8—"Alfreata," 1—Lillian A. Thorpe, 10—O. Evans and M. Burrows, 5—"Miss Ouri," 4—L. P. Coleman, 1—"Infantry," 11—Julia and Eddie, 1—"Jennie, Mina, and Isabel," 10—Ida C. Thallon, 10—"Pandora," 4—"Blithedale," 11—"Jo and I," 11—"Aunt Kate, Jamie, and Mamma," 10—Percy, Frank, and Bert, 3—Ward Brothers, 7—Herbert D. Condie, 3—S. and P., 2—J. S. Gibson, 1—Edna L. Farr, 1—"Mohawk Valley," 9—James R. Sharp, 2—"May and 79," 8—J. Bert Harris, 3—Etta Reilly, 2—Mary W. Stone, 9—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Ida and Alice, 9—Harry Mattison, 1—Tom, Dick, and Harrie, 8—Agnes and Oscar Warburg, 11—L. H. F. and "Mistic," 4—Katie Campbell, 1.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A large bird. 2. A Mace-bearer. 3. Provision for successive relief. 4. To scatter. 5. A kind of settle. Downward: 1. A letter from Maine. 2. A verb. 3. A vehicle. 4. Units. 5. Small cords. 6. Scarce. 7. However. 8. A pronoun. 9. A letter from Maine.

REBUS.

The answer to the accompanying rebus is a proverb referring to the possible weakness of that which seems strong.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

EACH of the eleven following groups of words may be transposed to form one word of eleven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell a word meaning to quibble; and the diagonals, from the lower left-hand corner to the upper right-hand corner, will spell a kind of decoration.

1. Let soap tear. 2. Grant has cat. 3. I coal the log. 4. I vex grand L. I. 5. Ate clams in D. 6. Strut Corn Co. 7. Even nice Con. 8. Hi slim cheat. 9. Nabs cruel pt. 10. A Hilt City Co. 11. Pica I rented.

CUBE.

1	2
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5	6
.
.	.	3	.	.	4
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, propriety of conduct; from 2 to 4, pertaining to a country of North America; from 1 to 3, traders; from 3 to 4, a flat iron; from 5 to 6, broiled; from 6 to 8, one who drains; from 5 to 7, brave; from 7 to 8, a tutor; from 1 to 5, any substance used in the composition of medicines; from 2 to 6, to improve; from 4 to 8, adjacent; from 3 to 7, kind.

NELL O. AND KATHERINE K.

WORD PROGRESSIONS.

In a word of sixteen letters, meaning a geometrical figure, find sixteen smaller words (without changing the position of the letters) answering to the following definitions:

1. A child's term for a parent. 2. A state of equality. 3. A Turkish coin. 4. Similar. 5. A proper name found in the Bible. 6. A sea in Asia. 7. The entire sum. 8. An exclamation. 9. To cut off. 10. What printers dislike. 11. A spot on cards. 12. A musical instrument. 13. A small pack-saddle. 14. To perform. 15. A river of Russia. 16. A preposition.

Reverse the order of the sixteen letters, and find words answering to the following definitions:

1. A word of denial. 2. To make a slight bow. 3. A knot. 4. A lyric poem. 5. A mixture of type. 6. A seed. 7. A river of Italy. 8. A measure of length. 9. Another measure of length. 10. A feminine name. 11. A household deity. 12. A Scriptural name. 13. A sharp blow.

"JOHN PEERYBINGLE."

WORD TRANSFORMATIONS.

1. FIND a body of men commanded by a colonel; curtail, and leave orderly government; curtail again, and leave administration; curtail and transpose, and make to sully deeply; behead, and leave frost; reverse, and make a military commander; transpose, and make deep mud; curtail and reverse, and leave a margin.

2. Find a journal; transpose, and make a place where milk is kept; behead, and leave gay; curtail, and leave a tune; curtail again,

and leave a place "which is beside, Beth-aven"; add a letter, and make succor; transpose, and make a feminine name; add a letter and transpose, and make a hostile incursion; reverse, add a letter, and make the first word given.

3. Find an old game at cards; curtail, and leave a kind of type; again, and leave to charge with powder; again, and leave precise; curtail once more, transpose, and make to cut off; behead and reverse, and make what printers make only accidentally.

4. Find a small cloak worn by women; curtail, and leave to disguise; transpose, and make intellectual; again, and make to bewail; behead and curtail, and leave a word which occurs frequently in prayer-books; behead and curtail again, and leave a pronoun.

5. Find places where shelter may be found; syncope a letter, and leave metallic veins; transpose, and make an island on which a very famous Greek oracle was situated; again, and make a rich tapestry hanging at the back of an altar; insert a letter, and make a pannier; remove this letter, and curtail, and leave a portion; transpose, and make short poems; syncope and transpose, and make turf; behead and reverse, and make to execute.

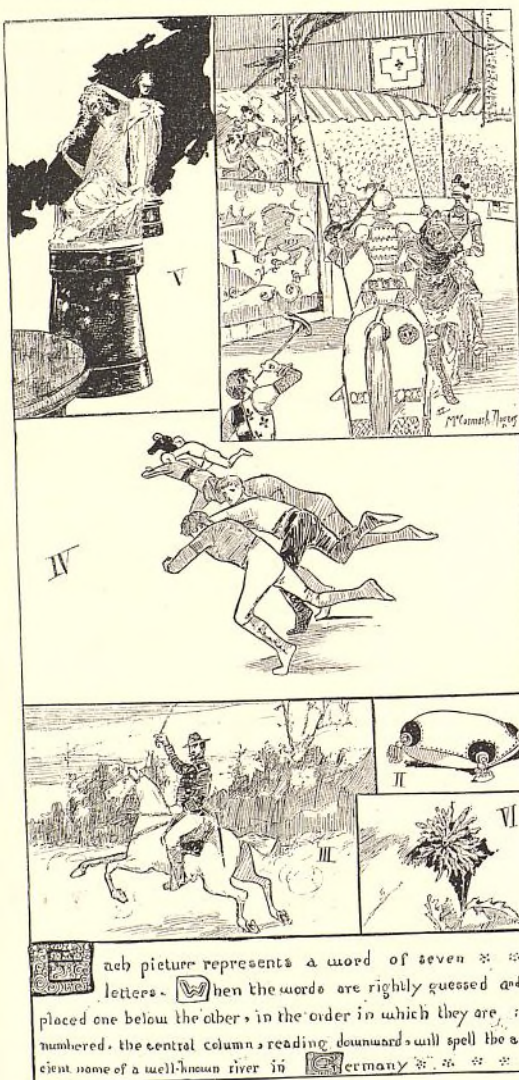
6. Find a certain tree; transpose, and make ran; again, and make was inclined; add a letter, and make frightened; transpose, and make holy; behead and curtail, and make a portion of land.

"PROTEUS."

ACROSTIC.

1. To summon. 2. A coward. 3. A military engine. 4. A pretender to superior knowledge. 5. A raptorial bird. 6. Moderates. 7. A name which forms part of the title to one of Dickens's works. 8. Blazes. 9. To cement.
- All of the words described contain the same number of letters, and one of the rows, reading downward, will spell the name of a certain day in February, which is the subject of the following "pi":

Fi melascand yda eb arif dan gribh,
Enwrit lwil heav hareton glifh;
Fi no maledcans ayd ti eb wresho dan nari,
Tinrew si nego, dan wll tno coem gania.



Each picture represents a word of seven letters. When the words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the central column, reading downward, will spell the ancient name of a well-known river in Germany.

EASY ENIGMA.

From the letters which spell a certain month of the year make words which may be defined as follows:

1. Withered. 2. A prophet. 3. An equal. 4. A vegetable. 5. A beverage. 6. A masculine name. 7. Most correct. 8. To stop. 9. Cinders. 10. To guide. 11. A stalk. 12. To measure. 13. Formerly. 14. Any limited time. 15. Compact. 16. Saucy. 17. An insect. 18. Precipitous. 19. Fixed. 20. To annoy. 21. To appear. 22. To be stocked to overflowing. 23. A vegetable growth larger than a shrub. 24. To encounter. 25. A favorite. 26. A plague. 27. That which measures. 28. A pool. 29. A clan or

- family. 30. A merry frolic. 31. Joined. 32. A pronoun. 33. Disposition of mind. 34. To notice. 35. Gradation. 36. A certain style of dry goods. 37. Before.
- What is the month, and what are the thirty-seven words formed from it?

ABSENT VOWELS.

INSERT a vowel wherever there is an x in the ten sentences which follow. When they are complete, select a word of five letters from each sentence. When these ten words are rightly selected and placed one below the other, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the names of certain missives, very pleasant to receive:

1. XLL CXVXT, XLL LXXS.
2. VXX DXG YXXR GRVXX WXTX VXXR TXNTH.
3. WX HXTX DXLXY, YXT XT MKXX XS WXXS.
4. BXTTXR HXLF X LXXF THXN NX BRXXD.
5. PXNNY WXXS, PXNND FXLXSH.
6. X DRXWXXNG MXN WLL CXTH XT X STRXX.
7. TWX XLL MXLX MKXX THX THXRD X GLXTTXN.
8. HXXVY XN THX MXTH SXVXS THX PXRX.
9. SPXX TX SPXX, SPXX TX SPXX.
10. HXSTX MKXS WXSTX.

JOHN PEERYBINGLE.

RIDDLE.

THE light of the nation, in war and in peace,
My hero he flourished in good old Greece;
And his life-blood to all he unsparingly gave,—
For though wicked, from darkness his country he 'd save.

Tall was he, and slender,—and yet he was fat;
Which sounds rather strange, though 't is true for all that;
And though inwardly weak, as 'most every one knew,
He often went out when a great tempest blew.

Yet when weary mortals retire to bed,
This faithful one watches with hat on his head;
But a coat, if he owns it, he never puts on,
Though already — alas! — in consumption fast gone.

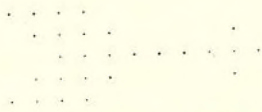
And thus his gaunt form, ah, it wasted away
As the icicle melts in the sun's brightest ray;
And all that remains of this hero so brave
Are his stick and his snuff-box — which last proves his grave.

C. L. M.

OCTAGON.

1. EQUAL value. 2. Temperate. 3. Pleasing to people in general. 4. Insolent. 5. Furnished with a new lining. 6. A bird who is made the subject of a famous poem. 7. A color. G. R.

ARROW.



ACROSS: 1. Steals. 2. To elect. 3. A West Indian tree which furnishes a light, elastic wood, often used for archery bows. 4. An exhalation. 5. Otherwise.

DOWNWARD: 1. (two letters.) A prefix denoting repetition. 2. (four letters.) Elliptical. 3. (five letters.) A large pill. 4. (five letters.) A fixed gaze. 5. (three letters.) One half of a word meaning to furnish with means. 6. (three letters.) The sun.

C. R. D.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

IN the following six sentences are concealed six words,—a hint as to what the word is being given in each sentence. The seventh sentence contains a Roman numeral. The words and letter, when rightly selected, may be placed so as to form a half-square; within the half-square a five-letter diamond may be found, and within the diamond a three-letter word-square.

1. If ever Eve redeems her character she will be highly esteemed.
2. Olive rode down to the ruins and saw the place where the fire had eaten away the wood.
3. In this relieve we discover a figure of the Indian who made a solemn promise to be always a good friend to the white men.
4. Adam and Eve denied their faults and were driven from the first garden.
5. Just before dark the sky and clouds presented a bright color.
6. We have done all we could to discountenance calling the boy by his nickname.
7. Did David drive Dick to Dartmouth to deliver a letter?

"R. H. OMBOLD."