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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 5.

## DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

### CHAPTER I.

ONE fine day in September, in the year 1863, there was quite an uproar on the Gaston plantation, in Putnam County, in the State of Georgia. Uncle Jake, the carriage-driver, was missing. He was more than fifty years old, and it was the first time he had been missing since his mistress had been big enough to call him. But he was missing now. Here was his mistress waiting to order the carriage; here was his master fretting and fuming; and here were the two little children, Lucien and Lillian, crying because they did n't know where Uncle Jake was—"Daddy Jake," who had heretofore seemed always to be within sound of their voices, ready and anxious to amuse them in any and every way.

Then came the news that Daddy Jake had actually run away. This was, indeed, astounding news, and although it was brought by the son of the overseer, none of the Gastons would believe it, least of all Lucien and Lillian. The son of the overseer also brought the further information that Daddy Jake, who had never had an angry word for anybody, had struck the overseer across the head with a hoe-handle, and had then taken to the woods. Dr. Gaston was very angry, indeed, and he told the overseer's son that if anybody was to blame it was his father. Mrs. Gaston, with her eyes full

of tears, agreed with her husband, and Lucien and Lillian, when they found that Daddy Jake was really gone, refused to be comforted. Everybody seemed to be dazed. As it was Saturday, and Saturday was a holiday, the negroes stood around their quarters in little groups discussing the wonderful event. Some of them went so far as to say that if Daddy Jake had taken to the woods it was time for the rest of them to follow suit; but this proposition was hooted down by the more sensible among them.

Nevertheless, the excitement on the Gaston plantation ran very high when it was discovered that a negro so trusted and so trustworthy as Daddy Jake had actually run away; and it was not until all the facts were known that the other negroes became reconciled to Daddy Jake's absence. What were the facts? They were very simple, indeed; and yet, many lads and lasses who read this may fail to fully comprehend them.

In the first place, the year in which Daddy Jake became a fugitive was the year 1863, and there was a great deal of doubt and confusion in the South at that time. The Conscription Act and the Impressment Law were in force. Under the one, nearly all the able-bodied men and boys were drafted into the army; and under the other, all the corn and hay and horses that the Confederacy needed were pressed into service. This state of

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things came near causing a revolt in some of the States, especially in Georgia, where the laws seemed to bear most heavily. Something of this is to be found in the histories of that period, but nothing approaching the real facts has ever been published. After the Conscription Act was passed the planters were compelled to accept the services of such overseers as they could get, and the one whom Dr. Gaston had employed lacked both experience and discretion. He had never been trained to the business. He was the son of a shoemaker, and he became an overseer merely to keep out of the army. A majority of those who made overseeing their business had gone to the war either as volunteers or substitutes, and very few men capable of taking charge of a large plantation were left behind.

At the same time, overseers were a necessity on some of the plantations. Many of the planters were either lawyers or doctors, and these, if they had any practice at all, were compelled to leave their farming interests to the care of agents; there were other planters who had been reared in the belief that an overseer was necessary on a large plantation; so that, for one cause and another, the overseer class was a pretty large one. It was a very respectable class, too; for, under ordinary circumstances, no person who was not known to be trustworthy would be permitted to take charge of the interests of a plantation, for these were as various and as important as those of any other business.

But in 1863 it was a very hard matter to get a trustworthy overseer; and Dr. Gaston, having a large practice as a physician, had hired the first person who applied for the place, without waiting to make any inquiries about either his knowledge or his character; and it turned out that his overseer was not only utterly incompetent, but that he was something of a rowdy besides. An experienced overseer would have known that he was employed, not to exercise control over the house servants, but to look after the farm-hands; but the new man began business by ordering Daddy Jake to do various things that were not in the line of his duty. Naturally, the old man, who was something of a boss himself, resented this sort of interference. A great many persons were of the opinion that he had been spoiled by kind treatment; but this is doubtful. He had been raised with the white people from a little child, and he was as proud in his way as he was faithful in all ways. Under the circumstances, Daddy Jake did what other confidential servants would have done; he ignored the commands of the new overseer, and went about his business as usual. This led to a quarrel—the overseer doing most of the quarrelling. Daddy Jake was on his dignity, and the

overseer was angry. Finally, in his fury, he struck the old negro with a strap which he was carrying across his shoulders. The blow was a stinging one, and it was delivered full in Uncle Jake's face. For a moment the old negro was astonished. Then he became furious. Seizing an ax-handle that happened to be close to his hand, he brought it down upon the head of the overseer with full force. There was a tremendous crash as the blow fell, and the overseer went down as if he had been struck by a pile-driver. He gave an awful groan, and trembled a little in his limbs, and then lay perfectly still. Uncle Jake was both dazed and frightened. He would have gone to his master, but he remembered what he had heard about the law. In those days a negro who struck a white man was tried for his life, and if his guilt could be proven, he was either branded with a hot iron and sold to a speculator, or he was hanged.

The certainty of these punishments had no doubt been exaggerated by rumor, but even the rumor was enough to frighten the negroes. Daddy Jake looked at the overseer a moment, and then stooped and felt of him. He was motionless and, apparently, he had ceased to breathe. Then the old negro went to his cabin, gathered up his blanket and clothes, put some provisions in a little bag, and went off into the woods. He seemed to be in no hurry. He walked with his head bent, as if in deep thought. He appeared to understand and appreciate the situation. A short time ago he was the happy and trusted servant of a master and mistress who had rarely given him an unkind word; now he was a fugitive—a runaway. As he passed along by the garden palings he heard two little children playing and prattling on the other side. They were talking about him. He paused and listened.

"Daddy Jake likes me the best," Lucien was saying, "because he tells me stories."

"No," said Lillian, "he likes me the best, 'cause he tells me all the stories and gives me some ginger-cake, too."

The old negro paused and looked through the fence at the little children, and then he went on his way. But the youngsters saw Daddy Jake, and went running after him.

"Let me go, Uncle Jake!" cried Lucien. "Le'me go, too!" cried Lillian. But Daddy Jake broke into a run and left the children standing in the garden, crying.

It was not very long after this before the whole population knew that Daddy Jake had knocked the overseer down and had taken to the woods. In fact, it was only a few minutes, for some of the other negroes had seen him strike the overseer and had seen the overseer fall, and they lost no



time in raising the alarm. Fortunately the overseer was not seriously hurt. He had received a blow severe enough to render him unconscious for a few minutes,—but this was all; and he was soon able to describe the fracas to Dr. Gaston, which he did with considerable animation.

"And who told you to order Jake around?" the doctor asked.

"Well, sir, I just thought I had charge of the whole crowd."

"You were very much mistaken, then," said Doctor Gaston, sharply; "and if I had seen you strike Jake with your strap, I should have been tempted to take my buggy whip and give you a dose of your own medicine."

As a matter of fact, Doctor Gaston was very angry, and he lost no time in giving the new overseer what the negroes called his "walking-papers." He paid him up and discharged him on the spot, and it was not many days before everybody on the Gaston plantation knew that the man had fallen into the hands of the Conscription officers of the Confederacy, and that he had been sent on to the front.

At the same time, as Mrs. Gaston herself remarked, this fact, however gratifying it might be, did not bring Daddy Jake back. He was gone, and his absence caused a great deal of trouble on the plantation. It was found that half-a-dozen negroes had to be detailed to do the work which he had voluntarily taken upon himself—one to attend to the carriage-horses, another to look after the cows, another to feed the hogs and sheep, and still others to look after the thousand and one little things to be done about the "big house." But not one of them, nor all of them, filled Daddy Jake's place.

Many and many a time Doctor Gaston walked up and down the veranda wondering where the old negro was, and Mrs. Gaston, sitting in her

rocking-chair, looked down the avenue day after day, half expecting to see Daddy Jake make his appearance, hat in hand and with a broad grin on his face. Some of the neighbors, hearing that Uncle Jake had become a fugitive, wanted to get Bill Locke's "track-dogs" and run him down, but Doctor Gaston and his wife would not hear to this. They said that the old negro was n't used to staying in the woods, and that it would n't be long before he would come back home.

Doctor Gaston, although he was much troubled,



"THE YOUNGSTERS SAW DADDY JAKE, AND WENT RUNNING AFTER HIM."

looked at the matter from a man's point of view. Here was Daddy Jake's home; if he chose to come back, well and good; if he did n't, why, it could n't be helped, and that was an end of the matter. But Mrs. Gaston took a different view. Daddy Jake had been raised with her father; he was an old family-servant; he had known and loved her mother, who was dead; he had nursed Mrs. Gaston herself when she was a baby; in short, he





was a fixture in the lady's experience, and his absence worried her not a little. She could not bear to think that the old negro was out in the woods without food and without shelter. If there was a thunderstorm at night, as there sometimes is in the South during September, she could hardly sleep for thinking about the old negro.

Thinking about him led Mrs. Gaston to talk about him very often, especially to Lucien and Lillian, who had been in the habit of running out to the kitchen while Daddy Jake was eating his supper and begging him to tell a story. So far as they were concerned, his absence was a personal loss. While Uncle Jake was away they were not only deprived of a most agreeable companion, but they could give no excuse for not going to bed. They had no one to amuse them after supper, and, as a consequence, their evenings were very dull. The youngsters submitted to this for several days, expecting that Daddy Jake would return, but in this they were disappointed. They waited and waited for more than a week, and then they began to show their impatience.

"I used to be afraid of runaways," said Lillian one day, "but I'm not afraid now, 'cause Daddy Jake is a runaway." Lillian was only six years old, but she had her own way of looking at things.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lucien, who was nine, and very robust for his age; "I never was afraid of runaways. I know mighty well they would n't hurt me. There was old Uncle Fed; he was a runaway when Papa bought him. Would he hurt anybody?"

"But there might be some bad ones," said Lillian, "and you know Lucinda says Uncle Fed is a real, sure-enough witch."

"Lucinda!" exclaimed Lucien, scornfully. "What does Lucinda know about witches? If one was to be seen she would n't stick her head out of the door to see it. She'd be scared to death."

"Yes, and so would anybody," said Lillian, with an air of conviction. "I know I would."

"Well, of course,—a little girl," explained Lucien. "Any little girl would be afraid of a witch, but a great big double-fisted woman like Lucinda ought to be ashamed of herself to be afraid of witches, and that, too, when everybody knows there are n't any witches at all, except in the stories."

"Well, I heard Daddy Jake telling about a witch that turned herself into a black cat, and then into a big black wolf," said Lillian.

"Oh, that was in old times," said Lucien, "when the animals used to talk and go on like people. But you never heard Daddy Jake say he saw a witch,—now, did you?"

"No," said Lillian, somewhat doubtfully; "but I heard him talking about them. I hope no witch will catch Daddy Jake."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lucien. "Daddy Jake carried his rabbit-foot with him, and you know no witch can bother him as long as he has his rabbit-foot."

"Well," said Lillian, solemnly, "if he's got his rabbit-foot and can keep off the witches all night, he won't come back any more."

"But he *must* come," said Lucien. "I'm going after him. I'm going down to the landing to-morrow and I'll take the boat and go down the river and bring him back."

"Oh, may I go too?" asked Lillian.

"Yes," said Lucien loftily, "if you'll help me get some things out of the house and not say anything about what we are going to do."

Lillian was only too glad to pledge herself to secrecy, and the next day found the two children busily preparing for their journey in search of Daddy Jake.

The Gaston plantation lay along the Oconee River in Putnam County, not far from Roach's Ferry. In fact, it lay on both sides of the river, and, as the only method of communication was by means of a bateau, nearly everybody on the plantation knew how to manage the boat. There was not an hour during the day that the bateau was not in use. Lucien and Lillian had been carried across hundreds of times, and they were as much at home in the boat as they were in a buggy. Lucien was too young to row, but he knew how to guide the bateau with a paddle while others used the oars.

This fact gave him confidence, and the result was that the two children quickly made their arrangements to go in search of Daddy Jake. Lucien was the "provider," as he said, and Lillian helped him to carry the things to the boat. They got some meal-sacks, two old quilts, and a good supply of biscuits and meat. Nobody meddled with them, for nobody knew what their plans were, but some of the negroes remarked that they were not only unusually quiet, but very busy—a state of things that is looked upon by those who are acquainted with the ways of children as a very bad sign, indeed.

The two youngsters worked pretty much all day, and they worked hard; so that when night came they were both tired and sleepy. They were tired and sleepy, but they managed to cover their supplies with the meal-sacks, and the next morning they were up bright and early. They were up so early, indeed, that they thought it was a very long time until breakfast was ready; and, at last, when the bell rang, they hurried to the table and ate



ravenously, as became two travelers about to set out on a voyage of adventure.

It was all they could do to keep their scheme from their mother. Once Lillian was on the point of asking her something about it, but Lucien shook his head, and it was not long before the two youngsters embarked on their journey. After seating Lillian in the bateau, Lucien unfastened the chain from the stake, threw it into the boat, and jumped in himself. Then, as the clumsy affair drifted slowly with the current, he seized one of the paddles, placed the blade against the bank, and pushed the bateau out into the middle of the stream.

It was the beginning of a voyage of adventure, the end of which could not be foretold; but the sun was shining brightly, the mocking-birds were singing in the water-oaks, the blackbirds were whistling blithely in the reeds, and the children were light-hearted and happy. They were going to find Daddy Jake and fetch him back home, and not for a moment did it occur to them that the old negro might have gone in a different direction. It seemed somehow to those on the Gaston plantation that whatever was good, or great, or wonderful had its origin "down the river." Rumor said that the biggest crops were grown in that direction, and that there the negroes were happiest. The river, indeed, seemed to flow to some far-off country where everything was finer and more flourishing. This was the idea of the negroes themselves, and it was natural that Lucien and Lillian should be impressed with the same belief. So they drifted down the river, confident that they would find Daddy Jake. They had no other motive—no other thought. They took no account of the hardships of a voyage such as they had embarked on.

Lazily, almost reluctantly as it seemed, the boat floated down the stream. At first, Lucien was inclined to use the broad oar, but it appeared that when he paddled on one side the clumsy boat tried to turn its head up stream on the other side, and so, after a while, he dropped the oar in the bottom of the boat.

The September sun was sultry that morning, but,

obeying some impulse of the current, the boat drifted down the river in the shade of the water-oaks and willows that lined the eastern bank. On the western bank the Gaston plantation lay, and as the boat floated lazily along the little voyagers could hear the field-hands singing as they picked



"THE FIELD-HANDS WERE SINGING AS THEY PICKED THE OPENING COTTON."

the opening cotton. The song was strangely melodious, though the words were ridiculous.

My dog's a 'possum dog,  
Here, Rattler! here!  
He cross de creek upon a log,  
Here, Rattler! here!

He run de 'possum up a tree,  
Here, Rattler! here!  
He good enough fer you an' me,  
Here, Rattler! here!

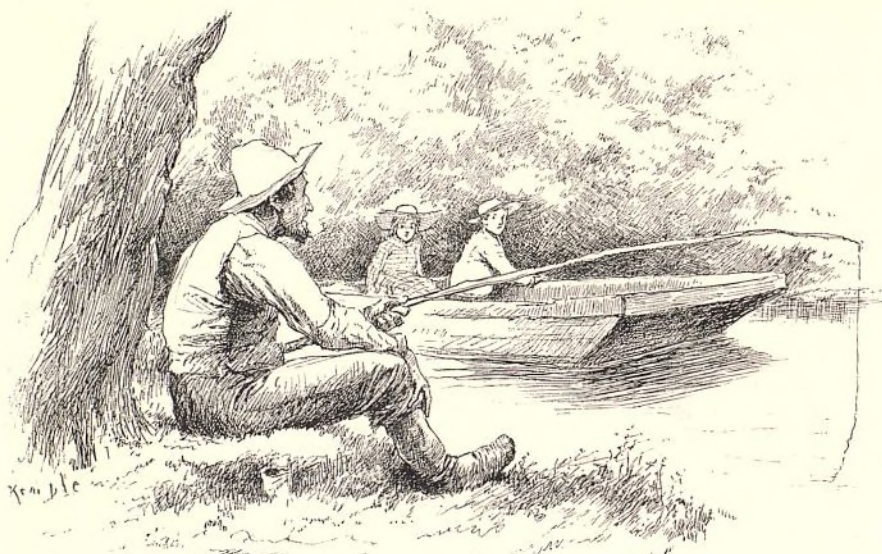
Kaze when it come his fat'nin' time,  
Here, Rattler! here!  
De 'possum eat de muscadine,  
Here, Rattler! here!

He eat till he kin skacely stan',  
Here, Rattler! here!  
An' den we bake him in de pan,  
Here, Rattler! here!



It was to the quaint melody of this song that the boat rocked and drifted along. One of the negroes saw the children and thought he knew them, and he called to them, but received no reply; and this fact was so puzzling that he went back and told the other negroes that there was some mistake about the children. "Ef dey 'd 'a' bin our chillun,"

boat took that course, but Lucien and Lillian had no sense of fear. The roaring and foaming of the water pleased them, and the rushing and whirling of the boat, as it went dashing down the rapids, appeared to be only part of a holiday frolic. After they had passed the shoals, the current became swifter, and the old bateau was swept along at a



"MAYBE HE KNOWS WHERE DADDY JAKE IS," SAID LILLIAN.

he said, "dey 'd 'a' hollered back at me, sho'." Whereupon, the field-hands resumed their work and their song, and the boat, gliding southward on the gently undulating current, was soon lost to view.

To the children it seemed to be a very pleasant journey. They had no thought of danger. The river was their familiar friend. They had crossed and recrossed it hundreds of times. They were as contented in the bateau as they would have been in their mother's room. The weather was warm, but on the river and in the shade of the overhanging trees, the air was cool and refreshing. And after a while the current grew swifter, and the children, dipping their hands in the water, laughed aloud.

Once, indeed, the bateau, in running over a long stretch of shoals, was caught against a rock. An ordinary boat would have foundered, but this boat, clumsy and deep-set, merely obeyed the current. It struck the rock, recoiled, touched it again, and then slowly turned around and pursued its course down the stream. The shoals were noisy but harmless. The water foamed and roared over the rocks, but the current was deep enough to carry the bateau safely down. It was not often that a

rapid rate. The trees on the river bank seemed to be running back toward home, and the shadows on the water ran with them.

Sometimes the boat swept through long stretches of meadow and marsh lands, and then the children were delighted to see the sand-pipers and kill-dees running along the margin of the water. The swallows, not yet flown southward, skimmed along the river with quivering wing, and the king-fishers displayed their shining plumage in the sun. Once a moccasin, fat and rusty, frightened by the unexpected appearance of the young voyagers, dropped into the boat; but before Lucien could strike him with the unwieldy oar, he tumbled overboard and disappeared. Then the youngsters ate their dinner. It was a very dry dinner; but they ate it with a relish. The crows, flying lazily over, regarded them curiously.

"I reckon they want some," said Lucien.

"Well, they can't get mine," said Lillian, "'cause I jest about got enough for myself."

They passed a white man who was sitting on the river bank, with his coat off, fishing.

"Where under the sun did you chaps come from?" he cried.

"Up the river," replied Lucien.



"Where in the nation are you going?"

"Down the river."

"Maybe he knows where Daddy Jake is," said Lillian. "Ask him."

"Why, he would n't know Daddy Jake from a side of sole leather," exclaimed Lucien.

By this time the boat had drifted around a bend in the river. The man on the bank took off his hat with his thumb and forefinger, rubbed his head with the other fingers, drove away a swarm of mosquitoes, and muttered, "Well, I'll be switched!" Then he went on with his fishing.

Meanwhile the boat drifted steadily with the current. Sometimes it seemed to the children that the boat stood still, while the banks, the trees, and the fields moved by them like a double panorama. Queer-looking little birds peeped at them from the bushes; fox-squirrels chattered at them from the trees; green frogs greeted them by plunging into the water with a squeak; turtles slid noiselessly off the banks at their approach; a red fox that had come to the river to drink disappeared like a shadow before the sun; and once a great white crane rose in the air, flapping his wings heavily.

Altogether it was a very jolly journey, but after a while Lillian began to get restless.

"Do you reckon Daddy Jake will be in the river when we find him?" she asked.

Lucien himself was becoming somewhat tired, but he was resolved to go right on. Indeed, he could not do otherwise.

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing?" he exclaimed. "What would Daddy Jake be doing in the water?"

"Well, how are we's to find him?"

"Oh, we'll find him."

"But I want to find him right now," said Lillian, "and I want to see Mamma, and Papa, and my dollies."

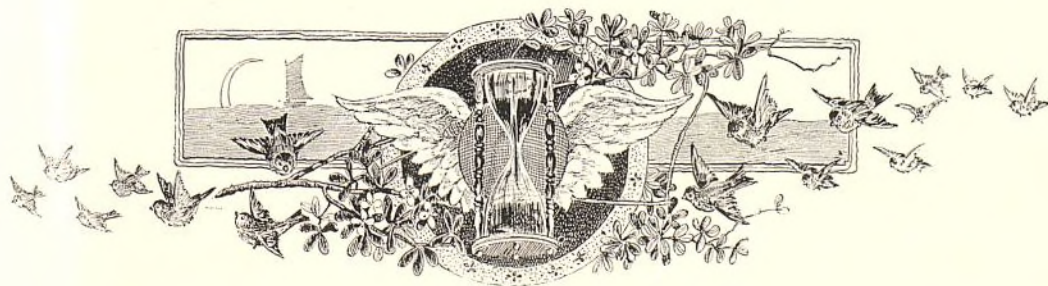
"Well," said Lucien, with unconscious humor, "if you don't want to go, you can get out and walk back home." At this, Lillian began to cry.

"Well," said Lucien, "if Daddy Jake was over there in the bushes and was to see you crying because you did n't want to go and find him, he'd run off into the woods and nobody would see him any more."

Lillian stopped crying at once, and, as the afternoon wore on, both children grew more cheerful; and even when twilight came, and after it the darkness, they were not very much afraid. The loneliness—the sighing of the wind through the trees, the rippling of the water against the sides of the boat, the hooting of the big swamp-owl, the cry of the whippoorwill, and the answer of its cousin, the chuck-will's-widow—all these things would have awed and frightened the children. But, shining steadily in the evening sky, they saw the star they always watched at home. It seemed to be brighter than ever, this familiar star, and they hailed it as a friend and fellow-traveler. They felt that home could n't be so far away, for the star shone in its accustomed place, and this was a great comfort.

After a while the night grew chilly, and then Lucien and Lillian wrapped their quilts about them and cuddled down in the bottom of the boat. Thousands of stars shone overhead, and it seemed to the children that the old bateau, growing tired of its journey, had stopped to rest; but it continued to drift down the river.

(To be continued.)





## THE FOSSIL RAINDROPS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



VER the quarry the children went rambling,  
Hunting for stones to skip,  
Into the clefts and the crevices scrambling,  
Searching the quarrymen's chip.

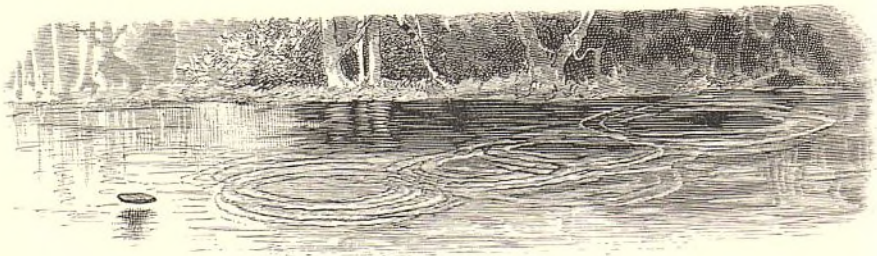
Sweet were their voices and gay was their laughter,  
That holiday afternoon,  
One tumbled down and the rest tumbled after,  
All of them singing one tune.

Here was a stone would skip like a bubble,  
Once were it loosed from its place,—  
See what strange lines, all aslant, all a-trouble,  
Covered over its face.

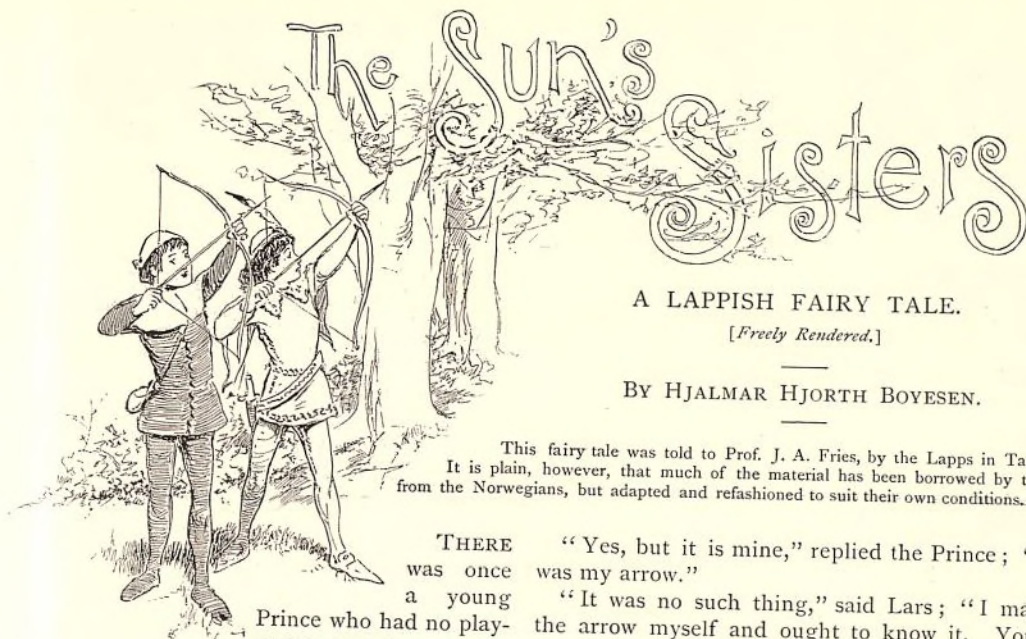
Half for a moment their wonder is smitten,  
Nor divine they at all  
That soft earth it was when those slant lines were written  
By the rain's gusty fall.

Nor guess they, while pausing to look at it plainly,  
The least in the world perplexed,  
That the page which old Merlin studied vainly  
Had never such wizard text.

Only a stone o'er the placid pool throwing,  
Ah — But it told them, though,  
How the rain was falling, the wind was blowing,  
Ten thousand years ago!







## A LAPPISH FAIRY TALE.

[Freely Rendered.]

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

This fairy tale was told to Prof. J. A. Fries, by the Lapps in Tanen. It is plain, however, that much of the material has been borrowed by them from the Norwegians, but adapted and refashioned to suit their own conditions.

THERE was once a young Prince who had no playmates except a peasant lad named Lars. The King, of course, did not like to have his son play with such a common boy; but as there were no princes or kings in the neighborhood, he had no choice but to put up with Lars. One day the Prince and Lars were shooting at a mark; and Lars hit the bull's-eye again and again, while the Prince's arrows flew rattling among the tree-trunks, and sometimes did not even hit the target. Then he grew angry and called Lars a lout and a clodhopper. Lars did not mind that much, for he knew that princes were petted and spoiled, and could not bear to be crossed.

"Now, Prince," he said, "let us shoot up into the air and see who can shoot the highest."

The Prince, who had a beautiful gilt bow and polished steel-tipped arrows, had no doubt but that he could shoot much higher than Lars, whose bow was a juniper branch which he had himself cut and cured. So he accepted the offer.

"Let us aim at the sun," he cried, gayly.

"All right," shouted Lars; and at the same moment they let fly two arrows, which cleft the air with a whiz and vanished among the fleecy clouds.

The boys stood looking up into the sun-steeped air until their eyes ached; and after a moment or two, the Prince's arrow fell at his side, and he picked it up. Nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before Lars's arrow returned, and when he picked it up, he was astonished to find a drop of blood on the tip of it, to which clung a dazzlingly beautiful golden feather.

"Why—look at that!" cried the boy, with delight. "Is n't it wonderful?"

"Yes, but it is mine," replied the Prince; "it was my arrow."

"It was no such thing," said Lars; "I made the arrow myself and ought to know it. Yours are steel-tipped and polished."

"I tell you it is my arrow," cried the Prince in great anger; "and if you don't give me the feather, it will go ill with you."

Now, Lars would have been quite willing to part with the feather, if the Prince had asked him for it, but he was a high-spirited lad, and would not consent to be bullied.

"You know as well as I do that the arrow was mine," he said, scowling; "and the feather is mine, too, and I won't give it to anybody."

The Prince said nothing; but, pale with rage, he hurried back to the castle and told his father, the King, that his arrow had brought down a beautiful golden feather and that Lars had taken it from him.

Now, if you have any acquaintance with kings, you may perhaps imagine how the old gentleman felt when he heard that his son and heir had been thus wronged. It was to no purpose that Lars showed him the drop of blood on the rude whittled arrow; he insisted that the feather was the Prince's, and that Lars was a thief and a robber. But Lars was not to be frightened even at that. He stuck to his story and refused to give up the feather.

"Well, then," said the King, with a wicked grin, "we'll say that it is yours. But in that case you must be prepared to prove it. When you bring me the golden hen, from whose tail this feather has been shot, then I'll admit that it is yours. But if you fail, you will be burned alive in a barrel of tar."

Now, to be burned alive in a barrel of tar is not a pleasant thing; and Lars, when he heard that



such a fate was in store for him, wished he had never seen the golden feather. But it would be disgraceful to back down now, so he accepted the terms, stuffed into his luncheon-bag a leg of smoked mutton and a dozen loaves of bread, which the cook at the castle gave him, and started on his journey. But the question now arose, where should he go? Golden hens were not such everyday affairs that he might expect to find them in any barn-yard. And barn-yard hens, moreover, were not in the habit of flying aloft; and the golden feather had come down to him from some high region of the air. He became heavy-hearted when he thought of these things, and imagined, whenever he saw a farmer burning stumps and rubbish at the roadside, that it was the barrel of tar in which he was to end his days. For all that, he kept trudging on, and when evening came he found himself on the outskirts of a great forest. Being very tired, he put his luncheon bag under his head, and soon fell asleep. But he had not been sleeping long when he was waked up by somebody trying to pull the bag away from under him. He raised himself on his elbow, rubbed his eyes, and to his astonishment saw a big fox sitting on his haunches and staring at him. "Where are you going?" asked the fox.

"I was n't going anywhere," said Lars. "I was sleeping."

"Well, I am aware of that," observed Reynard; "but when you are not sleeping, where are you then going?"

"Oh, well," said Lars, "the fact is, I am in a bad scrape. I have got to find the golden hen that has lost a tail-feather."

And he told the fox his story.

"Hum," said the fox; "that *is* pretty bad. Let me look at the feather."

The boy pulled out the feather from his inside vest pocket, where he kept it carefully wrapped up in birch-bark.

"Ah," said Reynard, when he had examined it; "you know I have a large acquaintance among hens. In fact, I am very fond of them. I should n't wonder if I might help you find the one which has lost this feather."

Lars, who had been quite down in the mouth at the prospect of the barrel of tar, was delighted to hear that.

"I wish you would bear me company," said he. "If you'll do me a good turn, I'll do you another."

The fox thought that was a fair bargain; and so they shook hands on it, and off they started together.



"HE SAW A BIG FOX SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES AND STARING AT HIM."

"Do you know where we are going?" asked Reynard, after a while.

"No," said Lars; "but I supposed you did."

"I do. We are going to the Sun's Sister.\* She has three golden hens. It was one of those you hit with your arrow."

"But will she be willing to part with any of them?" asked the boy.

"Leave that to me," answered Reynard; "you know I have had some experience with hens."

Day after day they walked up one hill and down another until they came to the castle of the Sun. It was a gorgeous castle, shining with silver and gold and precious stones. The boy's eyes ached when he looked at it. Even the smoke that curled up into the still air from the chimneys was radiant like clouds at sunset.

"That's a nice place," said Lars.

"So it is," said Reynard. "It is best, I think, to have me sneak into the poultry-yard, where the three golden hens are, and then I'll bring out the one that has lost its tail-feather."

Lars somehow did n't like that plan. He did n't

\* The Lappish words *Baievas oabba* mean "the Dawn."



quite trust Reynard in the matter of hens; he knew the fox had a natural weakness for poultry, but, of course, he was too polite to say so.

"No, Reynard," he began, blushing and hesitating; "I am really afraid you might come to harm. And you might make too much of a racket, you know, setting the whole poultry-yard in commotion."

"Well, then, you go yourself," said Reynard, somewhat offended; "but take heed of this warning. Look neither to the right nor to the left, and go straight to the poultry-yard, seize the hen that has lost one of the three long tail-feathers, and then hasten out as quick as you can."

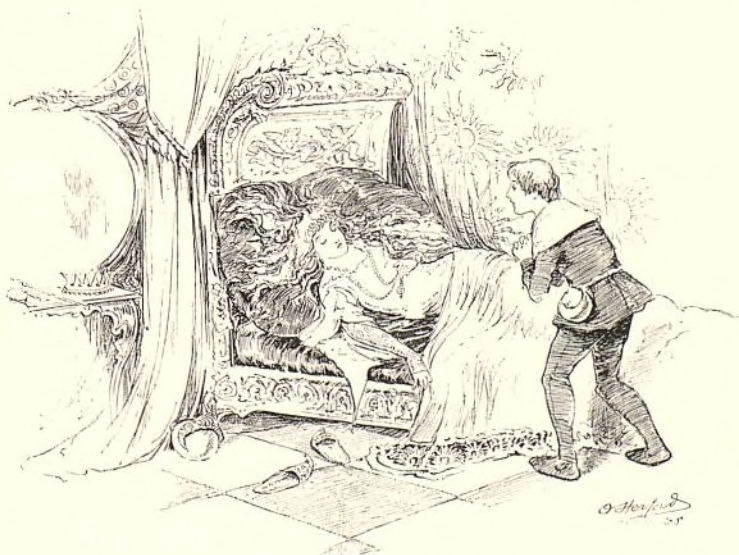
Lars promised that he would obey in all particulars. The gate was wide open; the sentries, who stood dozing in their boxes, did not seem to mind him as he entered. It was high noon; the watchdogs slept in their kennels, and a noonday drowsiness hung over the whole dazzling palace. So the boy went straight to the poultry-yard, as he had been directed, spied the three golden hens, the splendor of which nearly blinded him, grabbed the one of them that had lost a tail-feather, and started again in hot haste for the gate. But as he passed by the wing of the palace he noticed a window, the shutters of which were ajar. A great curiosity to see what was behind these shutters took possession of him. "It would be a pity to leave this beautiful place without looking about a little," he thought; "I can easily catch that hen again if I let her go now, for she is as tame as a house-chicken."

So he let the hen go, opened the shutter, and peeped into the room. And what do you think he saw? Well, he could scarcely have told you himself, for he was so completely overwhelmed that he stood gazing stupidly, like a cow at a painted barn-door. But beautiful—oh, beautiful, beyond all conception, was that which he saw. That was the reason he stood speechless, with open mouth and staring eyes. Of course, now you can guess what it was. It was none other than the Sister of the Sun. She was lying upon her bed, sleeping sweetly, like a child that is taking an after-dinner nap. Goodness and kindness were shining from her features, and Lars was filled with such ineffable joy at the mere sight of her that he forgot

all about the hen and the barrel of tar, and his playmate the Prince, and the fox's warning. He did not know that this was her great charm—every one who looked upon her was instantly filled with gladness unspeakable. Sorrow, and care, and malice, and hatred instantly fled from the heart of every one who came into her presence. No wonder Lars could not think of hens, when he had so lovely a creature to look upon. For several minutes he stood at the window, lost in the rapturous sight. Then stealthily, and without thinking of what he was doing, he climbed over the window-sill, and step by step drew nearer.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful! how beautiful!" he whispered with bated breath. "Oh, I must kiss her before I go, or I shall never have peace so long as I live."

And down he stooped and kissed the Sun's Sister. You would have supposed now that she would have wakened. But, no! She lay perfectly still; her bosom heaved gently, and the red blood went meandering busily under her soft, transparent skin, and her dazzling hair billowed in a golden stream over the silken pillow, and down upon the floor. Lars would have been content to spend all his life gazing at her. But a strange uneasiness came over him,—his errand, the golden hen, the barrel of tar, and all the rest of it came back to his memory slowly, as if emerging from a golden mist, and, with a sudden determination, he covered his eyes with his hands, jumped out of the window, and started again in search of the hen. But, somehow, the whole world had now a different look to him. Everything had changed, and the golden



"LARS CLIMBED OVER THE WINDOW-SILL, AND STEP BY STEP DREW NEARER."



hen, too. When he tried to catch her, this time, she flapped with her wings, gave a hoarse shriek, and ran as fast as she could. Lars plunged ahead, reaching out with both his hands to catch her, but she slipped from his grasp, and yelled and screamed worse than ever. Instantly her two companions set up a sympathetic cackle, and in another minute the entire poultry-yard—geese, ducks, peacocks and hens—joined the chorus, making an ear-splitting racket, the like of which had scarcely been heard since the world was made. The Sun's Sister, aroused by this terrible commotion, rubbed her beautiful eyes, and started in alarm for the poultry-yard. The dogs came rushing out of their kennels, barking furiously; the sentries who had been dozing at the gates drew their swords and flourished them savagely, and everybody in the whole castle was astir.

"What are you doing here?" asked the Sun's Sister, when she saw the boy chasing her favorite golden hen.

"Oh, well," said Lars, feeling rather bashful; "I was only amusing myself."

"Well," said the Sun's Sister, gently (for she was as good as she was beautiful), "you can't amuse yourself catching my hens unless—unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Lars.

"Unless" (and here the face of the Sun's Sister grew very sad) "unless you can rescue my sister Afterglow\* from the Trols, who carried her off far behind the western mountains many years ago."

Lars scarcely knew what to answer to that; he would have liked to consult his friend Reynard before saying anything. But the Sun's Sister looked so beautiful that he had not the heart to say her nay, and so he rashly promised. Then he took his leave reluctantly, and the moment he was outside the gate and could no more see the radiant face, his heart seemed ready to break with longing and sadness.

"Well, did n't I tell you you would get into mischief?" said Reynard, when he heard the story of Lars's exploits. "So now we shall have to rescue this Afterglow too. Well, that'll be no easy matter; and if you can't behave any better than you have done to-day, then there's really no use in our attempting it."

Lars had to coax and beg for a full hour, and promise that his behavior should be the very pink of propriety and discretion, if Reynard would only forgive him and help him in his next enterprise. Reynard held out long, but at last took pity on Lars and gave consent.

Day after day, and night after night, they trav-

\* The Lappish word means "the Evening Red,"—the flush that follows the sunset,—as *Bacivaa cabba* is literally "the Morning Red."

eled toward the far mountains in the west, and at last arrived at the castle of the Trols.

"Now," said the fox, "I shall go in alone, and when I have induced the girl to follow me, I shall hand her over to you, and then you must rush away with her as fast as you can; and leave me to detain the Trols by my tricks, until you are so far away that they can not overtake you."

Lars thought that was a capital plan, and stationed himself outside the gate while the fox slipped in. It was early evening, and it was almost dark; but there shot up a red blaze of light from all the windows of the castle of the Trols. Reynard, who had been there many a time before, and was an old acquaintance of the Trols, soon perceived that something unusual was going on. So far as he could see they were having a ball; and the Trols were all taking turns at dancing with Afterglow,—for she was the only girl in the whole company. When they saw the fox one of them cried out:

"Hallo, old Reynard, you have always been a light-footed fellow. Won't you come in and have a dance?"

"Thanks," said Reynard, "I am never loath to dance."

And he placed his paw upon his breast and made his bow to Afterglow, who was darker than her sister Dawn, and more serious, but scarcely less beautiful. She filled the heart of every one who looked upon her, not with buoyant joy and hope, but meditation and gentle sadness. She was sad herself, too, because she hated the ugly Trols who held her in captivity, and longed to go back to the beautiful palace of her brother, the Sun. So when Reynard asked her to dance, she scarcely looked at him, but with a weary listlessness allowed him to put his arm about her waist and swing her about to the measure of the music. And Reynard was a fine dancer. Swiftly and more swiftly he gyrated about, and every time he passed a candle he managed to blow it out. One—two—three!—before anybody knew it, it was pitch dark in the hall; and before the Trols had recovered from their astonishment, Reynard had danced out through the door into the hall, from the hall into the court-yard, and from the court-yard into the open field, outside the gate.

"Lars," he cried to the boy, "here is Afterglow. Now take her and hurry away as fast as you can."

Lars did not have to be told that twice; but taking Afterglow by the hand ran as fast as his feet could carry him.

Reynard instantly slipped in again and pretended to help the Trols to light the candles. But it took him a long time to strike fire with the flint, because the tinder was damp, and if the



Trolds had not been as stupid as they were, they would have seen that the fox was making them trouble instead of helping them. After a long while, however, they succeeded in getting the can-

point of catching him, but yet eluding them by his agility and unexpected turns and leaps. He took good care to lay his course in the direction opposite to that which Lars and Afterglow had



"REYNARD MADE HIS BOW TO AFTERGLOW."

dles lighted, and then they perceived that Afterglow was gone.

"Where is Afterglow? Where is Afterglow?" they all roared in chorus, and some of them wept with anger, while others tore their beards and hair with rage.

"Oh, you sly old fox, it is you who have let her escape," shouted one great, fat, furious Trold, "but you shall suffer for it. Just let me get hold of you, and you sha'n't have another chance to play tricks again."

Instantly they all made a rush for Reynard, yelling and weeping, and stamping and threatening. But Reynard, as you know, is no easy customer to

sitting on his hillock, called out:

"Look, there comes the Sun's Sister."

The Trolds, supposing it was Afterglow, turned with one accord toward the east, and instantly, as the first rays of the Dawn struck them, they turned into stone. For the Trolds only go abroad in the night, and can not endure the rays of the Sun. And the huge stones, vaguely retaining their shapes, can yet be seen in the marsh in Lapland where they perished.

Now, Reynard lost no time in seeking Lars and Afterglow, and toward evening he found their tracks, and before morning came he had overtaken them. When they arrived at the castle of



REYNARD LEADS THE TROLDs INTO THE MARSH.

catch; and the Trolds were no match for him in running. He led them a dance over fields, and moors, and mountains, keeping just in front of them, so that they always supposed they were on

the Sun they were received with great delight, and Dawn and Afterglow, after their long separation, kissed and embraced each other, and wept with joy. Now Lars was at liberty to take the golden



hen and depart for the King's castle; but the trouble with him now was that he did not want to depart. He could not tear himself away from Dawn's radiant presence, but sat as one bewitched, staring into her lovely face. And so it came to pass that they were engaged, and Lars promised to come back and marry her, as soon as he had made his peace with his master the King, and presented him with the golden hen. Now, that seemed to Dawn a nice arrangement, and she let him depart. Lars invited his good friend Reynard to bear him company, but when they came to the place of their first meeting Reynard refused to go any farther. So Lars fell upon his neck, thanked him for his good service, and they embraced and kissed each other. The King received Lars pretty well, and was delighted to get the golden hen. But when he heard about the Sun's Sister, whom no one could look upon without being filled with gladness, his brow became clouded, and it was easy to see that he was much displeased. So he told Lars that, unless he brought the Sun's Sister instantly to the court and gave her as a bride to the young Prince, he would have to be burned in the barrel of tar after all. Now, that was the most unpleasant thing Lars had heard for a good while, and he wished he could have had the counsel of his good friend Reynard; for otherwise he saw no way out of the scrape. Then it occurred to him that the Sun had two sisters, and that possibly he might induce Afterglow to marry the Prince. He made haste accordingly to be off on his journey, and when he saw the tar-barrels being made ready on the hill-top behind the castle, he vowed that, unless he was successful in his errand, he would be in no haste to come back again. When he arrived

at the palace of the Sun, Dawn was overjoyed to see him. But when he told his story and mentioned, in passing, the tar-barrel, then she was not quite so well pleased. However, she went to consult Afterglow; and Afterglow, after her experience with the ugly Trolks, was not at all averse to marrying a handsome young Prince. So she rode away on a splendid charger with Lars, and the Prince, when he heard she was coming, rode out to meet her, and even the old King himself vowed that he had never seen any one so beautiful. He grew so gentle, and courteous, and affectionate as he looked at her, that he forgot all about his threats; and when Afterglow asked him what that great pile of tar-barrels was for, he felt quite ashamed of himself, and answered:

"Oh, I was going to burn a wretch there; but as I suppose you don't like the smell of burnt wretch on your wedding-day, I'll give orders to have it removed."

The next day the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence; and the feasting and the dancing and rejoicing lasted for an entire week. When it was all over, Lars asked the King's permission to go on a long journey. He had no fear of a refusal, for the King had become so nice and gentle, since his daughter-in-law came into the family, that even his best friends scarcely recognized him. So he readily granted Lars's request. With a light heart and bounding steps Lars went eastward, day after day, and night after night, until he came to the palace of the Sun. And there he celebrated his wedding with Dawn, and lived with joy ineffable in her sweet presence, until the end of his days. If he is not dead, he is probably living there yet.

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### NED'S "PLEASE."

BY R. M. S.

SAID hungry Ned at breakfast,  
 "Mamma, another cake."  
 "If——" prompted she;  
 "If," promptly he,  
 "*I die before I wake!*"



## WASHINGTON AS AN ATHLETE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

IN a certain rather cheerful house of my acquaintance live two boys, concerning whom the interests of patriotism in this year of Washington's Inauguration "centennial" induce me to disclose a sad instance of modern degeneracy.

These boys are strong and healthy, sleep well, eat three stout meals a day (not counting intermediate episodes of sweetmeats), or tear up and down stairs making noise enough for a herd of infant elephants, and, with the single exception of an acute mania on the subject of athletics, would appear to be in normal possession of their faculties. What, then, can I say in excuse for their response to a polite invitation from one of the elders of their family to hear her read aloud a chapter describing the acts and virtues of the Father of their Country? Shall I tell you what that answer was? They said: "Please, we had rather not; Washington is *such* a chestnut!" Of course, there is nothing for you to do but to shudder after hearing this. It is enough to make the Washington Monument jump over the Potomac!

"Perhaps, gentlemen," was the next remark of the elder, when she had regained control of her breathing apparatus, "in the course of your vast and varied researches into American history you have never been made aware that Washington was the best all-around athlete of his day. As a sprinter, now,—"

These phrases, unintelligible save to the initiated, had a magical effect.

"What was his record?"

"Was he up to Myers?"

"Could he do the mile-run in 4:12?"

"Did he run on a cinder-track or a dirt-track?"

"Was he anything of a hurdler?"

"Wait a moment, *please!* If you will excuse the omission of technical phrases, and make allowance for feminine ignorance in dealing with the mighty theme, I will read you what I have written upon the subject."

No boy can imagine a better place in which to grow up than Virginia in the days of Washington's boyhood. The house of every planter in the "tide-water" region, where families first formed into what they called neighborhoods, was built in the midst of a vast estate. To go abroad meant

to tramp or ride for hours on one's own land, in glorious forests where the wigwam's smoke had scarcely ceased to curl. Deer looked with mild-eyed wonder at the passers-by. Small game of infinite variety was to be had by raising a rifle to the shoulder. Grapes and nuts grew upon low-swung branches, and springs of delicious water bubbled under foot. In the clearings the rich soil laughed when they tickled it, yielding corn and tobacco, vegetables and flowers.

As early as 1623, there was a famous plantation upon the lower James, called Littleton, where peach-trees bore luscious fruit, and in the garden of two acres belonging to the house grew "primroses, sage, marjoram, and rosemary," to remind its owner of the old country; while his orchards were filled with "apple, cherry, pear, and plum trees." Most of the plantations bordered upon majestic rivers, whose shallows supplied oysters, terrapins, crabs, and ducks, in countless numbers. The waters of such streams, warmed by the southern sun, making bathing and swimming a luxury, were alive with fish, both great and small. Whatever those old Virginians lacked, it was not good things to eat, while Nature thus emptied her horn of plenty at their doors!

Life under such conditions, with a horde of lazy, well-fed colored people to do the farm-work, guests on horseback coming, going, staying as long as it pleased them to rest their horses, was a very easy one. The occupations of the men were almost entirely out-of-doors. Hunting, fox-chasing, angling, trapping, breaking colts, and riding around their big estates, filled up their days. Until of an age to be put aboard some slow-sailing tobacco ship, and started in the captain's care to some relative or friend in England, who would superintend their schooling, the sons of the colonists followed in the footsteps of their sires.

In this way was nursed the generation that produced the band of Virginian patriots of which Washington was chief. Luckily for him and for America, Washington's bringing up was less luxurious than that of his friends and kinsmen. Circumstances, and his mother, trained the lad to be as hardy as an Indian on the war-path, and as simple and self-reliant as a New England farm-boy of the type that gave statesmen to the North. For



him, there was no voyage to the mother-country, with grand opportunities for rubbing off colonial awkwardness. His first schooling (if the chronicler Weems be right) was derived from one of his father's tenants—a slow, rusty old man named Hobby, who was sexton as well as dominie, and who, in the intervals of teaching “the three R's” to the neighbors' girls and boys, swept out the church, and, now and then, dug a grave. The next master was a certain Mr. Williams, graduate of the Wakefield school in Yorkshire, upon whom Weems bestows this rap, in passing: “Mr. Williams, George's first tutor, knew as little Latin as Balaam's ass.”

Latin or not, George acquired the foundation of a fair education for that time, and to this his enormous industry, aided by much reading of good English literature in after days, supplied what was lacking.

People who have forgotten Washington's battles remember the cherry-tree and his hatchet. Weems started that pleasing tale, and it is he who tells also of a race on foot between George and his neighbor, “Langy Dade.”

First, let me tell you—for boys to-day resemble the Apostle Paul in one thing, certainly: they like to prove all things—that among the many authors who have written about the youth of Washington, the one upon whose preserves all the rest have browsed, whose quaint stories have come to be our classics, was this very Parson Weems.

People who have grown up in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, where Weems was well known, are not quite sure whether there ever was a hatchet—or, for that matter, even a cherry-tree in the garden of excellent Mr. Augustine Washington, near Fredericksburg!

For Parson Weems was reputed to have a very vivid imagination. He used to drive about Fairfax County in an old-fashioned gig with a calash, peddling his own books and others, from plantation to plantation. When he succeeded in making a sale, he would whip out the fiddle that always accompanied him, and, standing up in his gig, play the merriest, maddest dance-music. The negroes, who stood gaping round his gig, could no more resist him than the rats could resist the Pied Piper of Hamelin! First, they swayed, then they beat time with foot and hand, and at last broke into a regular corn-shucking jig! When Weems remained overnight at the house of one of his patrons, he would volunteer to read family prayers, and at the moment the last “Amen” was said, would fall to playing reels and jigs upon his fiddle. His sermons were the oddest ever heard from a Church of England clergyman. He was often at Mount Vernon, and from General and Mrs. Washington he received many kindnesses. In the course of much

fireside gossip, during his wanderings from one country-house to another, Mr. Weems picked up the anecdotes of Washington's youth, which he has told in his book. And if you are ever so fortunate as to visit the rooms of the Society Library in University Place, New York, ask permission to see a copy they have there, an early edition, of this famous “Life of George Washington.” It was published in 1814, with an introduction by “Light Horse Harry Lee.”

And now for the foot-races, as reported by Parson Weems: “‘Egad! he ran wonderfully,’ said my amiable and aged friend John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew Washington well. ‘We had nobody hereabouts that could come near him. There was a young Langhorn Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner, too. But then, he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up, and would brag that he had sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough.’”

As in running, so in wrestling, in the use of foils, in high-jumping, climbing, shooting at a mark, and pitching quoits, George excelled his mates. Before our war between the States, they used to show at an old tobacco-warehouse in Alexandria some weights,—one, I believe, of more than fifty pounds,—said to have been thrown by Washington in a match where first boys, then men, were surpassed and put to confusion by his achievements. His unusually long arms and immense hands were justly a source of wonder in such contests.

The river near which was his first home,—the Rappahannock,—while not so wide as the Potomac or the James, is yet wide enough to fill with astonishment the looker-on who is to-day shown where young Washington threw a piece of slate the size of a silver dollar across the river, clearing thirty yards beyond the opposite bank. Of the many who have since tried to emulate this feat, not one, it is claimed, has succeeded in clearing even the water there. Another time, Washington stood in the bed of the stream running under the Natural Bridge of Virginia, which towers two hundred feet above, and hurled a stone upon the top of the arch. And again, when older, he threw a stone from the Palisades into the Hudson.

Washington never lost his taste for this branch of athletics. Charles Wilson Peale, the soldier-artist, who portrayed several of the heroes of the Revolution at headquarters during their campaigns, was himself an adept in athletic exercises. On one occasion, in 1772, while at Mount Vernon,



there was upon the lawn a party of young fellows, playing at "pitching the bar," when Colonel Washington suddenly appeared among them, and, without taking off his coat, held out his hand to claim the bar. "No sooner," said Peale, in describing the scene to a friend, "did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than it lost the power of gravitation and whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far, beyond our utmost limits. We were indeed amazed as we stood around, all stripped to the buff, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, and having thought ourselves very clever fellows; while the Colonel, on retiring, pleasantly observed, 'When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again.'"

A tale still current in Washington's old home neighborhood in Virginia recounts how once as a stripling he sat reading under the shade of an oak-tree near his school. Some of his friends had engaged a champion wrestler of the county to test their strength in an impromptu ring. One after another fell a victim to the champion's skill, till, grown bold at last, he strode back and forth like one of the giants of old-time romance, daring the only boy who had not wrestled with him either to put his book down and come into the ring or own himself afraid!

This was more than the self-contained Washington could stand. Quietly closing his book, he accepted the challenge. Long after, when the student under the oak-tree had become the conqueror with whose honored name the whole civilized world resounded, the ex-champion told what followed, "After a fierce, short struggle," he said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground, with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones."

With the memory of these boyish encounters in mind, and with all his sympathy for athletic exercises, think what it must have been to Washington, when Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army, to come upon a party of his young officers amusing themselves at a game of "fives," and, in spite of his evident enjoyment of the sport, to find them too much overcome with awe to go on playing. It was in vain that the General encouraged them to resume their sport; so, at last, feeling that greatness has its drawbacks, he bowed, wished his officers good-day, and walked away.

As a horseman, from beginning to end of his vigorous life, Washington had no peer. Like all Virginian boys, he took to the saddle as a duck takes to water. Once astride his steed, it was all but impossible to dislodge him. From the day when as a lad he first rode to hounds after old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, across the county named for that worthy nobleman, he was a skilled

and dashing fox-hunter. In the army, when on horseback, riding down the line, cheered to the echo by the soldiers, who believed, with a superstition worthy of the ancients, that here was a being born to lead them, he was physically the most imposing figure present. In person, Washington showed in his maturity the fruits of the lifetime he had given to what athletes nowadays call "training." His habits, at all times, were those exacted of a "crew" or "team" of modern days, before the occasions when those heroes appear in public, to fill with despair or exultation the bosoms of their friends. From the Indians of the Shenandoah wilderness, among whom he spent weeks during his first surveying tour, he learned the swift, elastic tread that distinguished him in walking. His powers of endurance were worthy of his extraordinary physical strength, though it must be said he had few illnesses to test his constitution, and, indeed, was rarely ailing. It may be some consolation to aspirant heroes of the future to hear, while upon this topic, that Mrs. Washington said it was well the general was so rarely ill, as she could never get him to take his medicine!

"Major Laurence Lewis once asked his uncle what was his height in the prime of life," says Custis. "He replied, 'In my best days, Laurence, I stood six feet and two inches in ordinary shoes.' Of his weight we are an evidence, having heard him say to Crawford, Governor of Canada in 1799, 'My weight, in my best days, sir, never exceeded from two hundred and ten, to twenty.' His form was unique. Unlike most athletic frames, which expand at the shoulders and gather in at the hips, the form of Washington deviated from the general rule, since it descended from the shoulders to the hips in perpendicular lines, the breadth of the trunk being nearly as great at the one end as at the other. His limbs were long, large, and sinewy; he was what is called straight-legged. His joints, feet, and hands were large, and could a cast have been made from his right hand (so far did its dimensions exceed nature's model), it would have been preserved in museums for ages as the anatomical wonder of the eighteenth century."

Mr. Custis, who was Washington's adopted son, tells elsewhere of a summons once received by him, when a lad, to speak with the General in his private room. There, for the first time, he saw the Chief partially undressed. On his vast chest and arms and shoulders, the muscles stood out like a net-work of iron wire, under a thin covering of flesh. Custis observed that the chest "instead of being arched" was slightly "indented." Physical strength, bred and nurtured as was Washington's, does not desert its fortunate possessor, leaving him inert and unable to perform the feats



he gloried in while "training." Also, it endures till past the time when the ordinary man's vigor begins to wane. There is extant a striking story of a ride, in the autumn of 1799, when the General set out, in company with Major Lewis, Mr. Custis, Mr. Peake, and a servant, to go from Alexandria to Mount Vernon,—the General, then a man of sixty-seven, riding a Narragansett horse recently procured from the North for his own use. When still at a considerable distance from home, he dismounted to examine some object in the wood beside the road, where a fire of brush was burning. At the moment of resuming his saddle his horse took fright at the fire and shied violently, bounding from under his rider, who fell heavily upon the ground. At once, the others sprang from their saddles and hastened to his aid. But the General would have no help, arose with remarkable agility, and brushed the dust from his clothes, remarking dryly that, though he had been worsted this time, it was through an accident no rider could foresee or guard against. Meantime it was discovered that all the horses of the party had set off briskly in the direction of their stables. Night was falling, the gentlemen realized that they were hungry, tired, and four good miles from Mount Vernon. There was nothing for it but to walk. This they set out to do, but were luckily relieved by some negroes who, returning from work, had met and captured their flying steeds.

This adventure was popularly spoken of as "the only time a horse ever got the better of General Washington." But we have his own testimony, in the tale I heard from an old-time inhabitant of Alexandria, as to another mishap when in saddle; wherein, however, Washington ultimately came off victor. It was in his early boyhood that George was one day in Alexandria, looking at some beautiful Maryland thoroughbreds, brought by a dealer to the town to sell. Of course, the lad had no thought of buying, and after patting and admiring the fine animals, turned to leave, when the dealer jokingly offered to give him one of the most spirited of these horses, if he could manage to keep his seat on its back, as far as Mount Vernon and back again. Young Washington, with sparkling eyes, eagerly accepted the challenge, and to the surprise and alarm of the lookers-on, when the fiery creature was brought out and saddled with difficulty, managed to

spring into the saddle, and seize the reins. Like an arrow the swift steed was off and out of sight! Next day, while the gossips around the market-place were still shaking their heads over the rashness of that boy Major Laurence Washington had taken to live with him at Mount Vernon, George, sitting easily upon the now tamed and docile horse, rode gayly up before the livery-stable door. Some say the dealer desired to give him the horse he had fairly won, but that Washington declined, adding he had *not* "kept his seat," having been thrown once, and dragged, though still retaining his hold upon the reins.

A better-known instance of his daring horsemanship is his adventure with the favorite thoroughbred sorrel colt of fiery temper belonging to his mother, and pastured near their house. Some lads, going with Washington to visit the horses, dared him to try his hand at breaking-in this untamed creature to the saddle-rein. By their united efforts, they succeeded in forcing a bit between the sorrel's teeth, and George vaulted upon his back. A fierce struggle followed; the horse resented madly the double insult of a rider and a bridle; and, at last, finding himself unable by any effort to shake off his incumbrance, reared again, and with a final desperate plunge fell, blood spurring from his nostrils, dead upon the field. It has always seemed to me that not the least exhibition of Washington's bravery, on this occasion, was the immediate confession to his mother that he had killed her favorite horse. For Mrs. Washington had in abundance that quality of inspiring awe, afterward so conspicuous in her illustrious son. She was not made of yielding stuff. In her presence, even after they were "proper tall fellows," her sons were said to stand as "mute as mice." Her anger (also like Washington's in his later life) was something no offender cared to face. Therefore, it was the more creditable to both son and mother, that, on hearing of her misfortune, she made the memorable answer:

"While I regret my loss, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

"There—I have read you enough, I think, to prove that my hero is worthy to be yours."

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Wash-ing-ton—ath-lete!" was the expressive comment.



## THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE POOR BUTTERFLY.

THE next day Alvine told Madame Pelletier why she wanted to follow the grandfather when he set off up the hills.

One whole round of twenty-four hours had he staid about the cottage enjoying the girl's presence, perhaps crediting her coming home to something he had done to attract her.

He pulled his gray cap over his head-kerchief and said:

"My daughter Ursule, this is a fine morning, and all the world is sweet."

"Yes, indeed, my Petit-Père. It is so clear I have many times heard the bells of Ste. Anne."

"My son Elzear is safe at his forge."

"Yes, safe enough; smoking instead of making his fire smoke, and talking with a neighbor instead of shoeing the neighbor's horse. He is a comfortable man," added Madame Pelletier, in her husband's defense.

Her small grandfather stood on one foot, setting the other upon its instep. He looked like an elderly lad meditating truancy.

"You must be sure to kill a pig to-day, my daughter Ursule. It is probable my poor Narcisse has not tasted black-pudding since he went away."

"Petit-Père," the daughter demanded, setting her hands upon her sides, the downy, abundant hair about her mouth and cheeks showing strongly in the light, "will you wade any water to-day?"

"No, my daughter Ursule. No, my good child; I will obey your word about the wading."

"Last time you came home with your stockings wet above the bottes Sauvages. If you wade in the water you will cough, your limbs will stiffen with rheumatism, you will have to take doses from my square bottle on the high shelf."

Petit-Père wrinkled his short nose and drew his mouth into an expression of nausea.

Madame Pelletier, after this warning, turned to her work, and the grandfather started on tiptoe down the gallery steps, looking well admonished and full of the best intentions. The hill was steep climbing alongside Mother Blanchet's farm, but he took it without a pause until the first summit was reached, when he rested and looked back.

Behold! there toiled after him the girl whom he

thought he had given the slip. Her ankle made her slow. Petit-Père at first thought he would show her his heels and run. Then he thought of hiding. But his heart was tenderer than a large brother's or sister's would have been in a similar case, so he waited until Alvine dragged herself to his level, and reasoned with her, piteously twisting his little face.

"My excellent daughter, my returned child, after thy Petit-Père has said so many prayers to bring thee home, wilt thou desert me and go wandering off again?"

"Father," said Alvine, "I only wish to go with you to find my brother."

"Now, that is not thy affair." The grandfather shook his forefinger. "Do you know where my children hide themselves?"

"No, monsieur."

"The little father knows. The little father will bring the children home. Listen; do you hear bells?"

"Yes, monsieur. Mother Ursule says those are the bells of Ste. Anne."

"There will come a day when my children will all walk behind me, my returned pilgrims. And the bells of Ste. Anne will ring that day! But if as fast as I catch them they slip from me again—eh?"

Her adopted father gave her a distressed look.

Alvine, whose mind was very literal, wanted to explain that she was not one of his children, yet for the sake of truth itself she could not cross Petit-Père.

"I will not slip away, monsieur," she promised, wondering how her pilgrimage could be made without bringing sorrow to this gentle creature.

"Is it 'monsieur' you say to your father?"

"I will call you, then, nothing but father," said Alvine. "And, father, I am as anxious to see my brother as you are. He has been gone out of my sight a long time. If he sees me perhaps he may come back with both of us sooner than with you alone."

Petit-Père listened, and turned his eyes reflectively.

"You will not gallop off at his heels if he takes to flight?"

"No, father. I would gallop poorly with this limp."

He took her by the hand. As they began the



next height, he meditated on her bitten ankle and watched the halting step it gave her. "It would be a good plan," the grandfather whispered to himself with laboring breath, "to bring Gervas out after the rest of them, since my daughter Ursule says it is Gervas that caught this one. The dog of my son Elzear is a fine dog."

Standing on the second height, they could see the spires of Ste. Anne's and a great extent of the St. Lawrence. Far below them wound the Beauré road half concealed by foliage, and cottage roofs everywhere met the eye. The ridge where they stood was a lap of stony meadow; below it stretched a field of dwarf peas. Petit-Père was unwilling to stand and look about; he hurried their steps westward, dragging Alvine's hand, a light-footed grandfather.

But when they came to a cluster of stunted trees having low forks, he could not resist stopping to drag himself up into the fork of one. There he stood laughing, and mimicked the far-off sound of bells:

"Ton, ton! ton, ton!"

"Father, what age are you?" inquired Alvine, remembering that Madame Pelletier had told her he was eighty, and thinking it impossible so old a man could do such things.

He looked ashamed, and avoiding her eyes, slid down from the tree. Alvine saw that he felt rebuked, and limping along beside him, wondered how she could atone for her question. But presently he forgot it, for they descended into a hollow full of lovely white fluted flowers inclosed in bells of green. Their smell was so sweet that Alvine gathered handfuls. Petit-Père gathered handfuls, too, but it was to lay the bells flat on one palm and explode them by a blow from the other.

"Les bateaux,"\* he said with satisfaction, amusing himself by repeated explosions; he could have been tracked half a mile by the bursted steamboat flowers strewed behind him.

The hollow stooped yet deeper to one of those hill-clefts made by water-courses; such spots as never tire the eye, so various and rugged are the rocks, so clear the rill caressed by verdure in the whole line of its descent, so dense the trees making twilight at noon.

Alvine heard a sound which startled her into quick hopping behind Petit-Père. It was an accordion drawing its breath, now in long strains and now in jerks, as a variable hand pulled it out and played the keys.

Bruno played the accordion. It was such an instrument she had imagined him carrying along the Beauré road, if the boy printed about in the English papers proved to be Bruno. The only

thing he took away from home was an old accordion that had made music for a former generation of Charlands.

She could close her eyes and see her father sitting in his door,—for, it must be owned, sitting in the door was her father's principal business,—neighbors leaning on both fences, and Bruno in the path, his head on one side, his nimble fingers playing. Homeless people associate tender longing with any spot they have called their own, and Alvine's eyes grew wet as she thought of the valley and those tunes Bruno sent across it.

If this player were Bruno, he could not have his old accordion with him, for he brought nothing but his life and the clothes he wore through that break-up of logs.

There was nobody visible in the ravine. Even Petit-Père cast a baffled gaze all around. Yet you could hear the accordion strains composing themselves into the old French chanson, "Malbrouck," and presently a lad's voice broke out singing:

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, mirontaine,  
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Ne sait quand reviendra."†

"Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, mirontaine,  
Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,  
But when will he return?"

Alvine first saw the musician. It was Bruno. He sat in the fork of a low sycamore or plane tree, which thrust one arm up behind him, propping his back.

She pointed him out to Petit-Père, and the old man at once shook his finger against her lips. They crept close to the tree without making any noise to attract Bruno's eyes,—bright and wild in their expression, but with the innocent wildness held in the eyes of harmless woods-dwellers. The boy showed his contact with the healing outdoor world.

Alvine wanted to call him, but it seemed so probable he would take to flight like a cedar-bird upon the least noise, that she let Petit-Père push her behind a stump, and, crouching there, she waited the best chance of approaching her brother.

He was still singing:

"La Trinité se passe,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, mirontaine,  
La Trinité se passe,  
Malbrouck ne revient pas."

"But Trinity Term is past,  
Malbrouck does not return."

The little grandfather walked carefully to a rock below the tree, and, as if he had no idea that a startled boy in the tree held song and accordion

\* Steamboats—the name of the flower.

† Mr. William McLennan's translation of this old song is given in the text.



suspended, and trembled at the point of dashing down and away, he began to spread the rock with the bait he had brought, the confiture his son Elzear had given him, some slices of bread thickly sandwiched with sour cream, and a clean white onion from Mother Ursule's garden.

This plea from the simple grandfather had its effect on the blundering mind.

Bruno, from his perch in the tree, looked without shyness at the little man, holding his accordion under one arm and moving one bare foot forward to descend, the temptation of so much food being



PETIT-PÈRE AND ALVINE DISCOVER BRUNO IN THE WOODS.

He then looked up and stretched his arms appealingly to Bruno.

"Come, my pretty Narcisse, come and eat the good breakfast thy father has prepared. Confiture, my child,—la crème. Come, Narcisse, my pigeon. Fly down."

more than a famished rover like himself could withstand.

"But I am not Narcisse," he declared, his expression clouding.

"Thou art my pretty son," wheedled the grandfather.



"But I am not Narcisse."

Bruno's gaze wandered about in search of his own name.

Petit-Père's face also clouded. His eyes dropped to his fingers, and he began to review his family and count. The wee man, in his short breeches, standing in that verdant gloom, with his red kerchief arching a perplexed forehead, and his unbelted blouse betraying a red wool shirt or underjacket, the fingers of one hand spread out and the other traveling over it with forefinger, numbering them — was a quaint sight.

Birds sang and darted, carrying an instant's sunlight on their wings. The boy in the tree, attracted by this old father and his meal of French dainties, grew visibly gentler.

"They have been gone so long," said Petit-Père. "Many winters the snows came, and our waterfall froze, and I looked out of the window for them in vain. There would also be ice in the river. My son Elzear, when he went *au fort*,\* the great fort, Quebec, he said young men ran about on snow-shoes, and there was a mountain of ice under the frozen falls of Montmorenci, and the toboggans shot down that mountain of ice half a moonlighted night. Yet, none of my children were abroad with snow-shoes and toboggans. They waded in the cold; they needed father. Never do I mix them in my prayers or forget the size of each. There were my son Olivier and his seven, and the nine little ones of my son Elzear — all my children; I count not Simard's daughter, the mother of Elzear. She was not to me like Ursule. Do you say I have lost a name of them?" He numbered on his fingers, "My Hermenegilde, and my Marie, and Arthur, and Louis, and Luce, and Narcisse, and my Flavie who was scalded, and grew not well. Then my little children — children of Elzear and Ursule — Virginie, Anne, and Pierre, Désiré, and Elzear the little, — Ah, black-eyed rogue! he is big enough to throw his arms around my waist; also the little Ursule, and Marguerite, Jean Ba'tiste, and Bruno —"

"That's my name," cried the youth in the tree with a shout of discovery. "I am called Bruno."

Petit-Père reasoned with him.

"My son, you are Narcisse. Bruno — he is the bébé! How could he play Malbrouck in my ear and climb a tree?"

"But my name is Bruno," insisted the boy, looking down at Petit-Père.

"Come down, then," cajoled the grandfather, winking, and by the wink distorting one side of his eager face. "Call thee Bruno, or call thee Narcisse, play tricks on the old father; but come

down and eat, and I will forgive thee all thy pranks."

The boy whom Alvine had described as a poor butterfly driven before the wind, alighted without further coaxing, and made such a ravenous meal as butterflies seldom make.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NEIGHBORS AND RELATIONS.

WHEN nothing was left on the rock except an onion-top, Bruno and the grandfather looked at each other with mutual favor. Alvine moved rebelliously behind her stump at being obliged to stay away from her brother while a stranger claimed him. Her tawny skin grew paler with suspense and anxiety.

"Where did you get this?" inquired Petit-Père, touching the accordion.

"I bought that in Quebec," replied Bruno.

"Who gave thee the money, my child?"

"I am strong," boasted Bruno. "I worked for it. In Montreal I helped to unload steamboats. There is more money of mine somewhere — I can not remember." He cast his eyes about in mental search after his lumbering wages which remained undrawn.

"Have the other children grown?" inquired Petit-Père wistfully.

"What other children?" asked the boy.

"Thy brothers and sisters, and also the little ones of Elzear and Ursule. I had forgot they would grow. It must be they change. I can see thou art changed."

"Father, do you smoke as much as ever?" inquired Bruno, overriding his elder's query. "I know where Indian pipes grow. I will bring you some Indian pipes."

"But Indian pipes are not to smoke in, my son."

"Why not?" inquired Bruno, staring. "They shine clear as wax. When we used to find Indian pipes I thought they were for men to smoke in."

His face puzzled itself over this confusion of a childish notion with his present.

"Who feeds you every day?" asked Petit-Père.

"It is sometimes a woman here, and sometimes a woman there, when I stop at the gate and play a tune."

"But art thou not unhappy roving away from home, my Narcisse — my Bruno? Come back with me," begged the father, stroking one bramble-marked sleeve. The boy jerked his arm away in annoyance.

\* To the fort. A relic of speech among the oldest Canadians from the time when forts were centers of population. See "Picturesque Canada."



Grief appeared in the face under the red headkerchief.

"Father," said Bruno,—and half of Petit-Père's grief vanished,—"I am hunting that slide. I started down a slide with the last of our logs at the end of the drive, and something stopped me. I can't find it again. I can't remember what made me leave in the middle of the slide, but I dream about it all night. Do you know where I was lumbering, father? We hauled logs; at the opening of spring we rolled them in the river. You bore a hole in a log; you take a peg and a strong withe. In goes your withe,—drive your peg,—it is fast. Bore a hole in another log; in goes the other end of the withe; drive another peg; it is fast. So you bind your logs together for the drive. Then you launch your boat to follow it. That is a great life. Tea, beans, fat meat—the snow—and at night you are snug in your cabin while the frosts crack trees."

"Pretty lad!" exclaimed Petit-Père, sparkling with pride. "My Narcisse has been to see the world!"

"But I can't find my way back," complained Bruno, letting his head sink forward, "and I must finish my slide."

"Wilt thou not, then, my Narcisse, come home with me?"

"Father," exclaimed the boy, "do you think my slide was in the Montmorenci river?"

Alvine started when she heard this.

"The falls of the Montmorenci river," said Petit-Père,— "I never saw them, but my son Elzéar says they are high as a mountain. Did I not tell thee they freeze in winter and make a mountain of ice beneath them? Doubtless there is a good slide for toboggans down that mountain of ice, my son?"

"I got into a boat," said Bruno, pursuing his own thought, "and rowed past Montmorenci falls on the St. Lawrence. What a grand slide they make. If a man started there he could not stop. Don't you think I could slide the Montmorenci, father?"

"Stand up," said Petit-Père, sincerely, "and let me see how long your legs are."

Bruno stood up, quite as seriously, holding his accordion with one arm.

"Turn around," demanded Petit-Père. Bruno turned around, showing his briar-combed trousers, back, front, and sidewise, his long tanned feet working nervously upon the grass. He had taken off shoes and stockings and dropped them somewhere in the woods, because custom made his soles yearn for bare ground in summer.

"Your legs are not long enough to slide down the Montmorenci, my Narcisse," pronounced the

grandfather, with conviction. "You should wait till they grow longer."

"Bah!" said Bruno. "I am large; I am long-legged enough. In the lumber camp there was no man who could handle logs better. It will be nothing to slide the Montmorenci falls. And when I start over there with the last lot in the drive—then I shall go to the bottom without stopping."

"Bruno!" cried Alvine, rising behind her stump, "you will be killed! The falls are much more than two hundred feet; you don't know what you are doing!"

Her brother heard all these words, staring at her. At the end of them, he was off like a deer up the ravine.

The grandfather and sister both ran after him, calling. They crossed the brook and climbed the opposite side of the cleft to head him away from the woods. In crossing, Petit-Père fell into the water and Alvine pulled him out. They reached high ground and panted still up the mountain, calling, but the boy had vanished like any wild creature, and they might search for him the whole day without success.

When Alvine was convinced of this, she turned downhill crying, and Petit-Père, as they restrained their descending steps, cried beside her, his tears exceeding hers. They went directly down to the Beaupré road instead of retracing their first diagonal course.

"I scared him away," lamented Alvine.

The grandfather said not a word of reproach to her. He cried on his brown hands like the aged little boy he was. And thus they reached Simard's cottage, and found Mother Simard sitting on the doorstep with a lapful of fresh meat which she was cutting up into bits. The house was a rough-cast one, dormer-windowed, with a pine interior stained in oil. Mother Simard, who was the sister-in-law of Petit-Père, did not look greatly the blacksmith's elder, being a shapeless sunburned Frenchwoman in cotton sack and homespun petticoat. As she cut up the meat she chatted across the road with her opposite neighbor, who sat knitting in an upper dormer window; and so narrow was this dividing line that neither woman raised her voice above the ordinary tone.

When she saw Petit-Père and the stranger appear around her house, she rose up, holding her petticoat forward in bowl-shape to keep the meat from falling, and made them a bow.

"Good-day, little father, and good-day to you, mademoiselle. Will you come into the house, or sit out by the spring where the old father Simard is?"

"Thank you, madame," replied Alvine. "If



you please, we will sit and rest outdoors. By running I have hurt my sore ankle very much."

"It's you, then, that Gervas, the beast, bit! When Gervas comes here I throw my oven-wood at him—which would grieve the heart of Elzear; but he might hurt my children."

in his mind. You may have seen him with an accordion?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" exclaimed Mother Simard. "He played at our gate, and I gave him some black-pudding."

"My son Narcisse *has* had black-pudding,



"'THUS DO I SEE HIM STANDING ON THE HILL,' ROARED THE FAT OLD FRENCHMAN, LAYING DOWN HIS PIPE AND SETTING HIS HANDS UP LIKE TALL EARS ABOVE HIS HEAD."

She made an outcry, as her visitors wiped their faces.

"Is there trouble at Pelletier's?"

"No, madame," said Alvine. "But we have just seen my brother and he ran away from us. I am from the Chaudière, madame, and my brother has been hurt and he is wandering around confused

then," said Petit-Père, consoling himself. From crying he turned to chuckling.

Mother Simard made a gesture toward the horizon with one hand and her head, which expressed her knowledge of all his fancies.

"The poor little father," said she, behind his back, to Alvine, as they went toward the spring.



"He chases them ever like lost sheep. He is so strong and active compared to our father Simard, who keeps his mind, but not his legs. My husband went to Ste. Anne's this morning to early service, and took the children with him."

"How many children have you, madame?"

"Only twelve, mademoiselle. But Simard took eleven; the baby is in the house asleep."

The spring, nested at the root of a tree, sent its tributary trickle to the ravine water-course. Some rustic seats were fixed here in deep shade, from which a vile odor of native tobacco came out to meet them, and it was through a cloud of smoke that Father Simard was to be seen. The fat old man looked deeply seasoned by smoking. He took his pipe from his mouth and turned lazily to greet the people approaching him. Alvine limped to a seat, and Madame Simard sat down and continued her meat-cutting near by; but Petit-Père rested his hands on the arm and back of his neighbor's bench, for the purpose of boring at Simard's deaf ear like a poised lady-bird.

"A hand's-breadth this time," shouted Father Simard, having bowed to Alvine; "thou hast shrunk a hand's-breadth since last I saw thee, Louis Pelletier. If you stop not your shrinking up and your galloping abroad, the people along the Beaupré road will take you for a rabbit. Thus do I see him standing on the hill," roared the fat old Frenchman, laying down his pipe and setting his hands up like tall ears above his head. "V't!" He snapped his fingers to intimate a rabbit's sudden flight.

"Thou lazy cabbage, sitting with thy leg fast in the ground," said Petit-Père, showing his gums. "I always outran thee. But I have been in the water this morning." He cast an anxious glance at the unheated oven, and rubbed his damp knee.

"Have a glass of drink to warm thee," shouted Simard.

"Yes, yes, yes. Let me bring you some beer," urged Madame Simard.

"We have nothing but beer in our chest under the bed, but it is good, fresh beer."

"I return my thanks to you both," said Petit-Père. "But no, no, no. Thou seest, aunt of Elzear, it clouds my thoughts of the children to drink such drink."

"He always says the same," murmured Mother Simard, as she sliced her meat and mused about

this quaint father, of a class who drink spirits as a favorite remedy, but are little drunken.

"I have seen thy girl's Narcisse this morning. He was on the hill," called Petit-Père into the ear of Simard, who opened his mouth like a fish, and then shut and drew it down among his double chins to hide his contemptuous pity.

"But this roving life will make him wild. By winter I hope to have my children all home again."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Simard indulgently.

"So many children in the world, yet we all do pine after them that have gone out of it," sighed Mother Simard low to Alvine. "My husband's brother who lives in Quebec is sending his children to make the good pilgrimage this week. They come on the pilgrim boat."

"Yes," said Alvine, "I should have come in that, but I had my brother, also, to seek."

"They will then return to Quebec along the Beaupré road, resting with us by the way. Their neighbor brought us the news. A pretty sight that will be, mademoiselle, six boys and six girls, the oldest being fifteen years old and able to direct her brothers and sisters. She is named Hermenegilde. It is a name of the Pelletier family. You understand, mademoiselle, these children I tell you of are cousins to the little-father's grandson, Elzear."

Alvine's mind readily traced the labyrinths of French relationship. She thought it would be a pretty sight — a family of twelve brothers and sisters trudging home from the church together along the mountain-skirting Beaupré road.

The grandfather and Alvine on their return passed that ruined stone house where she had sheltered herself from the rain. Petit-Père went into it and pulled handfuls of mint growing there, which he rubbed over his person and stuffed in his pockets.

Madame Pelletier stood on her gallery and saw them coming. The sun was now hot overhead, but the grandfather's knees yet owned to his falling in the stream, and he waved the diverting mint at the eyes of his guardian.

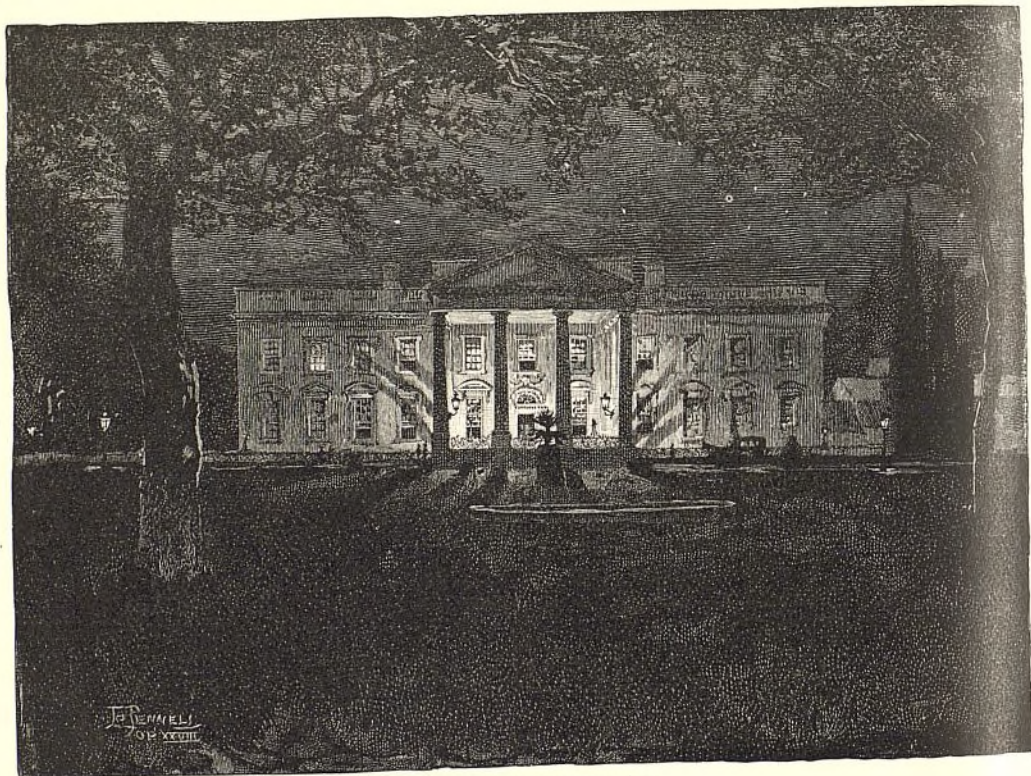
"My daughter Ursule," he said, mounting the gallery, "smell my garments. Do they smell good? I rubbed mint on them! Mint, when one has had the misfortune to slip down in the water, is sovereign. It is even better than the stuff in that square bottle of yours — eh?" he appealed.

(To be continued.)



## THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.



THE WHITE HOUSE AT NIGHT.

### CHAPTER V.

#### COURT-FASHIONS AND CEREMONIES.

THE Government is a practical business institution, and the President, as part of the system, would offend no intendment of the Constitution should he refuse to permit any encroachment upon his time beyond the limits of his business office. State dinners and levees are entirely outside of administrative duties, and we touch upon them, in connection with other items of official etiquette, more by way of diversion than from any high appreciation of their political importance.

All through the Government service, as in private business establishments, we, of course, find the

relation of superior and subordinate, and from this relation necessarily follow certain distinctions of grade, or official classification, and certain rules of courtesy governing the business intercourse between agents of equal or unequal rank. The President is higher than a Secretary of Department, a Secretary higher than a bureau chief, a bureau chief higher than a clerk. An officer, issuing instructions or commands, disregards the conventional or complimentary forms observed by him when communicating with officers of equal or higher grade; a subordinate, corresponding with one above him in authority, is more or less deferential in his address.\* This complaisance, however, extends chiefly to such harmless expressions

\* On the other hand, insubordination, or conduct prejudicial to the authority of a superior officer, would obviously impair the efficiency of the service. A notable instance of administrative "discipline" occurred some months ago, when a Bureau Chief, guilty of criticising the judgment of the Secretary of the Interior, was overhauled by a vigorous letter from the Secretary, and gently "allowed to resign" (a polite alternative for "dismissal") by the President.



as, "To the Honorable the Secretary," and "I am, with great respect, your obedient servant," at the beginning and ending of letters; and is only objectionable when it becomes indiscriminate or extravagant. In strict propriety, official communications should be addressed to the "office"—not to the name of the individual holding the office; and a public office receives no augmented dignity by reason of mere wordy additions. This was the view taken by the House of Representatives at the beginning of the Government, when the Senate desired to style the President "His High Mightiness," or by some other senseless title; and the Senate, by submitting to this view, established a precedent applicable to every subordinate office.\*

In writing to a high official or a member of Congress by name, the prefix "Hon." is permissible on grounds of general usage; but the employment of this title in addressing minor officers is meaningless, as also is the phrase, "To His Excellency the President"; yet, this and other errors of over-effusion are frequently made by correspondents both in and out of official circles.

In ranking the President as head of the Republic we regard him only in his public capacity. His preëminence is the preëminence of his office, and this office, as we have said, was intended to exercise business functions. The idea that he is "the first gentleman of the land,"—the chief of our social as well as of our political system,—is a fiction that might suggest to a stranger the division of the American people into "castes." There is no such division. Official and fashionable "society" at Washington, however, has conceits and festivals peculiar to itself. Starting with the President, as the head of everything, it has arranged official classes into a line of precedence, and established a code of definite rules for observance in their personal relations with one another. This order of precedence, as understood by students of official etiquette, is as follows: First, the President; second, the Vice-President (the presiding officer of the Senate, or "Upper House" of Congress); and third, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court—as the respective heads of the three great branches of the Government. Next come the President of the Senate *pro tempore* and Senators; then the Secretaries of Departments; the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court; the members of the foreign diplomatic corps and certain other foreign representatives; the Speaker of the House of Representatives and Representatives; the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy; Amer-

ican diplomatic officers; followed by others in the ranks of the Judiciary, the Army and Navy, and in other divisions of the Federal service. These distinctions are not without advantage on ceremonial occasions in preventing disorder or unseemly rush; but so far as they regulate matters of social intercourse, the practical citizen is apt to view them with some amusement and disdain. When Congress recently changed the line of Presidential succession by substituting the heads of Department in lieu of the President *pro tempore* of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, some folks in "society" construed the law as advancing Cabinet officers to a public rank above that of members of the legislative department of the Government; and, with this suggestion, came a serious quibble as to whether the "Ladies of the Cabinet" should make the first call on the "Ladies of the Senate," as had been the custom before the passage of the law, or whether the families of Senators should acknowledge the superiority of the heads of Department by reversing the established rule. As the controversy actually imperiled none of our republican institutions, we need not follow its course. Seventy years ago it was maintained that the head of each Department owed a visit of ceremony to each Senator at the beginning of every session of Congress; and the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, was called to account by some Senators for his failure to pay that mark of respect. The Secretary, in a pungent letter to the Vice-President, stated that he considered "the Government of the United States as designed for the transaction of business," and bluntly denied any obligation to pay visits of etiquette or to do anything else not within the line of his official duty. This independent reasoning he applied to other public agents and to the families of public agents, and in doing so showed plain common sense.

The "social obligations" of the President, as they are termed, are formal courtesies and hospitalities expected by the people, by the chief dignitaries and officers identified with the Government, and by the representatives of foreign powers, and observed by him in complimentary recognition of his public and official relations. They are mere state fashions, hollow enough when sounded, but supported by custom and by some regard for the traditions and vanities of the Old World.

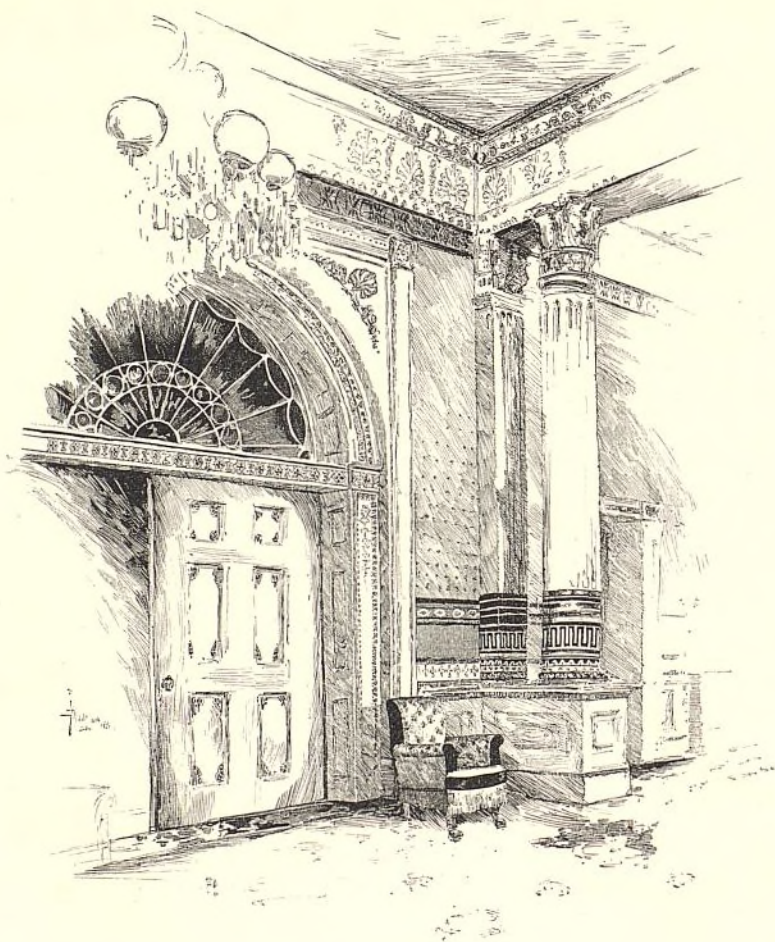
Officially, the preëminence of the President is respected by the other Departments of the Government—not as an acknowledgment that the Administrative Department is, in point of power, higher

\* A reference to this controversy, with some remarks about the Constitutional objection to "titles," will be found in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1885. A part of the ridicule which the proposition of the Senate inspired was the suggestion that the Vice-President be styled "His Superfluous Excellency."



than the Judiciary or Legislature, but as a concession to inherited notions that the executive of a government, from the constancy (or continuous nature) of its authority and presence, and from certain peculiarities of duty, is publicly most conspicuous and well-suited to the idea of a "national head."

after briefly opening their annual term in the courtroom at the Capitol, and without removing their judicial robes, take carriages and depart for the White House on a visit of ceremony. Similarly, the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments call, in a body, and in full court uniform,\*



A CORNER OF THE EAST ROOM.

Upon this theory,— though, also, in recognition of his functions as part of the Law-making power,— at the beginning of every session, and before proceeding with legislative business, Congress waits upon the President, through a joint committee specially appointed by the Senate and House, to notify him that both bodies have regularly convened and are ready to receive any communication he may desire to make. So, too, the Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States,

shortly after each inauguration, and on one or more occasions annually, to testify of international esteem. And so, at stated or special times, officers of the Army and Navy in the military dress of their respective grades, and delegations from other branches of the Administration, and the people by multitudes, go in formal processions, on like missions of compliment and homage to the nation's chief. Curiosity, rather than sincerity, may impel many to join these throngs; but he would be an

\* That is, the uniform of foreign courts. Civilian officers of our Government (except the Justices of the Supreme Court, who wear silk gowns) always dress in plain citizen's attire, both here and abroad.

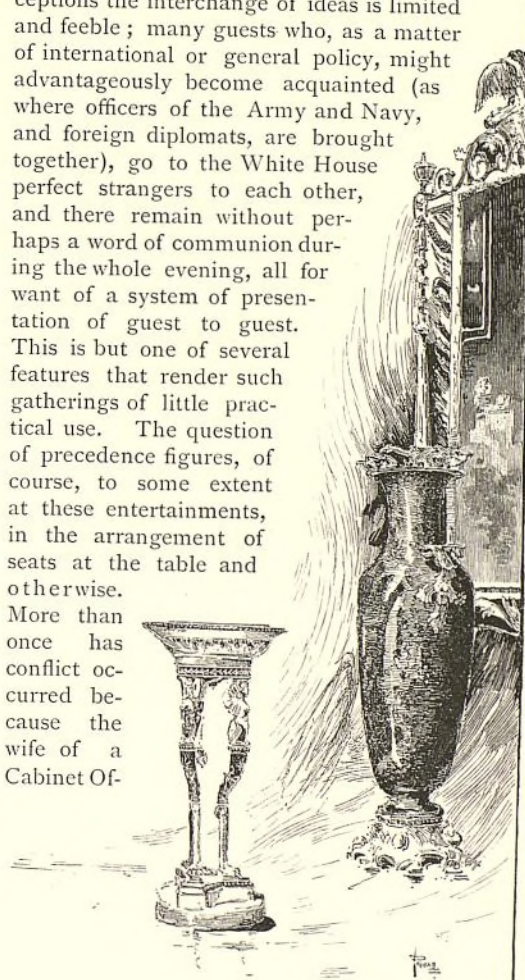


unfair critic who should fail to see some sparks of charming loyalty in it all.

These calls the President does not return; indeed, according to the refinements of etiquette, he need return calls of ceremony only in the case of an ex-President, a President-elect, or a Royal visitor.\* When a newly-appointed foreign diplomat of high grade arrives at the city of Washington, he is officially "received" by the President in an audience arranged through the Secretary of State, and on the final departure of a minister, a similar audience may be had to allow him to officially present his letters of recall and to say farewell.† But the dignity and proprieties of his station do not permit the President to hold further direct official intercourse with individual members of the Diplomatic Corps (the Secretary of State being the medium between them and the Executive), nor to accept any hospitalities at their hands. General society, whether private or official, has no right to expect his presence in any drawing-rooms or at any tables other than those of State. If the President wishes to "unbend,"—a thing that, theoretically, he never does, but which, as a matter of fact, is a performance not infrequent,—and visits or dines at the house of an official or personal friend, he crosses the threshold of the White House leaving his magisterial office behind—going as a private citizen and not in the capacity of President. These are some of the fine-spun rules of fashion that hedge the details of his social life.‡

It is through certain formal dinners and receptions at his own Mansion that the President discharges such "social obligations" (to repeat an inaccurate phrase) as he may owe, reciprocating the civilities extended to him by official classes, and exchanging respectful greetings with the public generally. He annually gives one dinner to the members of his Cabinet, another to the Diplomatic Corps, a third to the Justices of the Supreme Court, and some Presidents have gone further and added dinners to leading members of the House and Senate, and to chief officers of the Army and Navy, thus entertaining, through representative guests, the Congress and the military branch of the Government. These dinners are brilliant affairs, if such things as gaudy dress of diplomats and women, blazing chandeliers, and floral decorations, combined with the silver plate and table embellish-

ments, constitute brilliancy. They are, also, as a rule and from the standpoint of sociability, decidedly stupid affairs. And scarcely less stupid are the state receptions given in honor of these various political classes. At some of these receptions the interchange of ideas is limited and feeble; many guests who, as a matter of international or general policy, might advantageously become acquainted (as where officers of the Army and Navy, and foreign diplomats, are brought together), go to the White House perfect strangers to each other, and there remain without perhaps a word of communion during the whole evening, all for want of a system of presentation of guest to guest. This is but one of several features that render such gatherings of little practical use. The question of precedence figures, of course, to some extent at these entertainments, in the arrangement of seats at the table and otherwise. More than once has conflict occurred because the wife of a Cabinet Of-



A CORNER OF THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

ficer has gone into the banquet hall in advance of the wife of a foreign minister; and apparent slights to official dignity have caused more than one diplomat, used to marked deference abroad,

\* In ordinary official communications the President is supposed to omit all complimentary forms, signing his name without an apologetic or complaisant word. When corresponding directly with a Foreign Ruler, however, as in the case of dispatches or letters of international congratulation, he addresses his correspondent as "Great and Good Friend," and describes himself, above his signature, as "Your Good Friend."

† These audiences are usually held in the State Audience-Room, or Blue Parlor, of the White House, and will be briefly referred to hereafter under another head.

‡ They are but a small part of the official etiquette of Washington society, which undertakes to regulate the status and conduct of everybody moving in its peculiar world. Cabinet dinners and receptions and kindred affairs, including the most minute curiosities of official gayety and decorum, executive, legislative, judicial, and international, have been studied by special writers and fully described in treatises intended for the use of those particularly interested in fashionable lore.



to inveigh against the "primitive" customs of our country. Distinctions of grade are all right in their way up to a certain degree and on some public occasions, as before remarked; but they can be overdone. The Queen of Siam was drowned, not long ago, because, as the chronicler informs us, "there was nobody present of sufficient rank to be permitted to pull her out of the water"; and equally ridiculous, if not as serious, consequences have followed in Europe from a like observance of form. The American people may be inclined to approve the ruling of the White House, that if either is entitled to distinction the wife of our Secretary of State should be allowed to precede the wife of a foreign envoy, especially when that issue is pointedly presented by the envoy as a public grievance; but they are not likely ever to adopt the rigid "proprieties" of foreign courts to the exclusion of the first principles of courtesy and wisdom.\*

The exact number of state banquets and receptions given during an official season varies, of course, with the convenience of particular Presidents; the same may be said of the drawing-room receptions of the "Lady of the White House," of the informal dinners to distinguished guests, and of details regulating invitations, admission, and introductions. But there is one fixed festival of time-honored preëminence—the general reception on

New Year's day. It is then that official and unofficial society turn out *en masse*, and the historic East Room is flooded with humanity of every nationality and type. Thousands upon thousands pass before the President; each visitor (from the intellectual giant to the toddling child) is duly introduced by name through an officer detailed for that duty, enjoys the grasp of the Executive hand, receives a gentle shake or a pleasant nod from the President's wife, a smile from the "Ladies of the Cabinet," or those assisting in the reception, has barely time to glance swiftly about the room at the assembled dignitaries and to catch a strain from the music of the Marine Band, and is hurried out by the pressure of the crowd behind.†

In point of numbers only one other ceremonial is at all comparable with this great annual levee—the ceremonies of Inauguration. Ushered into office with the pageantry of a returning conqueror,‡ the radiance of position encircles the President like a national halo to the end of his Administration. Then, like a fitful will-o'-the-wisp, it leaps to the head of his successor; and he drops back into the great American community, stripped of official power and prestige—a private citizen. "Society" kneels in the presence of a new leader. "The King is dead! Long live the King!" The populace takes up the shout. We are not so different from other nations after all!

(To be continued.)

\* An oriental custom long observed at the White House was that of clapping the hands to summon attendants from room to room; but this curiosity "went out of office" with President Arthur. The practical ideas that have caused the substitution of electric bells may sweep away the few foibles of ceremony that still remain.

† The official programme of the last New Year's reception was as follows: At 11 A. M., the President received the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps; at 11:15, the members of the Supreme Court, Court of Claims, and the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; at 11:25, Senators and Representatives, the Commissioners and judicial officers of the District of Columbia, ex-members of the Cabinet and ex-ministers of the United States; 11:40, the officers of the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps; at 12, the Regents and the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the Commissioner of Agriculture, the Civil Service Commissioners, the Inter-state Commerce Commission, the Assistant Secretaries of the Departments, the Assistant Postmasters-General, the Solicitor-General, the assistant Attorneys-General, the heads of the bureaus and minor departments, and the President of the Columbian Institute for the Deaf and Dumb; at 12:15, the Associated Veterans of the War of 1846, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the members of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association of the District of Columbia; and at 12:35 the citizens, or "general public," who were admitted up to 2 P. M., when the reception closed, leaving hundreds of people still in line, outside the White House doors. This programme accords with the general custom. Under some administrations additional entertainment was provided for New Year's visitors, the people, after shaking hands, passing into the dining-room and partaking of egg-nogg, turkey, and other refreshments. This feature, however, has been discarded as impracticable, owing to the great increase in the number of callers in recent years.

‡ For a description of inaugural scenes, the reader may refer to ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1885.







BAS-RELIEF OF ANTINOÛS, IN THE VILLA ALBANI, ROME.

## A YOUTH OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

IN Rome one expects to see things Roman; so we are not surprised to find that the Capitol, the Vatican, the Lateran, the semi-public collections and many private collections all have an Antinoüs to show—either in statue, bust, or bas-relief. So, too, since all Italy once was Roman, we may ex-

pect to find elsewhere than at Rome his delicate beauty represented,—in Florence, Venice, Naples, wherever, indeed, the gems of ancient art have been collected.

But this is far from being all. In places remote from Italy—in Paris, Dresden, Madrid—the for-

VOL. XVI.—23.



tune of art has deposited the Antinoüs statues; and even in gray, chill London his mysterious beauty frequently attracts the eye.

as Harpocrates, the god of silence; as an Egyptian divinity; or yet again as himself, with only his own attributes of peerless youth and beauty. In every



STATUE OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, IN THE VILLA ALBANI, ROME.

There is no mistaking the type. To know it once is to recognize it always, whether appearing as Bacchus, with vine leaves and thyrsus; as Mercury, messenger of the gods; as Hercules; as Vertumnus;

character there is the same exquisitely molded form, rounded rather than sinewy; the same great breadth of shoulder, and columnar throat supporting the lovely, drooping, flower-like head.



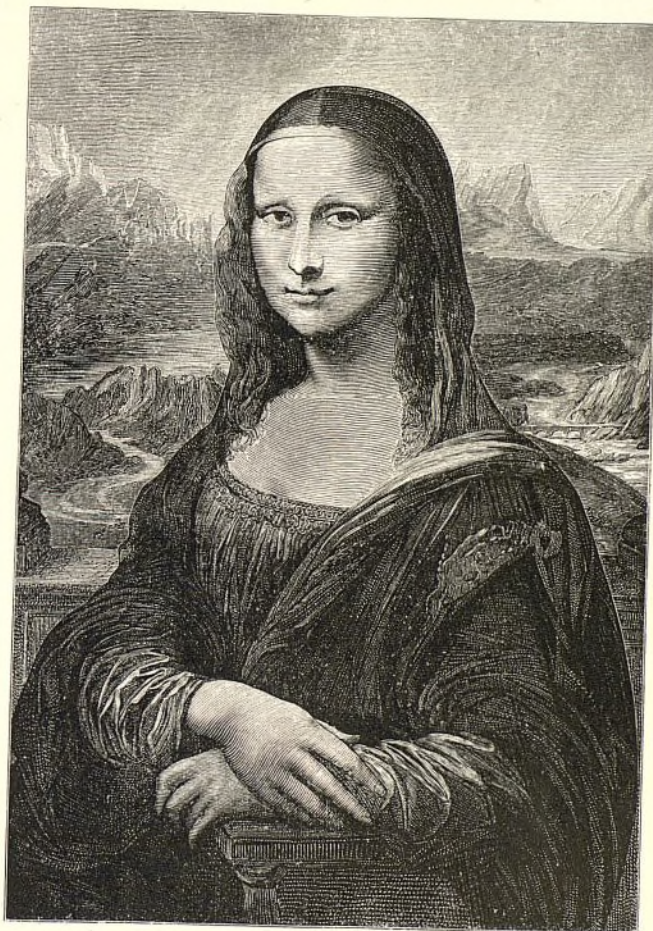
In every character, too, the face wears a singular expression of sadness, which is rather to be felt than understood. He alone could explain it, and the sad sweet curve of his lips will never part to disclose the secret. It is a sadness as mysterious as the mirth of Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, on whom we gaze with a sort of fascination. Each moment seems to promise that the next she will tell us why she smiles; yet the years pass by, and still the promise is unfulfilled. With Antinoüs it is different. We recognize the mystery, but also recognize that "his soul, like the Harpocrates he personated, seems to hold one finger on closed lips in token of eternal silence."

We know very little of his history beyond the record transmitted in art. That he was beautiful; that he was of Greek descent, and born in Bithynia some year between 100 and 110, A. D.; that the Roman Emperor Hadrian met, loved, and made him (probably) his page, or, at least, gave him some post from which he gradually rose into the position of chief favorite and friend—this is about all of which we can be sure.

The Emperor was more than twice his age,—a keen, Greek-cultured man, of scholarly sympathies and impulsive action. He made mistakes—as who does not?—was often blame-worthy, tried often to atone for his errors; but, somehow, failed to win much love. At last he met this beautiful youth, and, widely as they were separated by worldly place and age, they soon grew close to each other's hearts. Hadrian had been a great traveler, and now planned another extended tour. He would visit the more remote parts of his great empire, with the boy Antinoüs for a companion. The young would learn from the older man: while the old relived his youth through sympathy with the younger.

So, together, they traveled through Greece and Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia; reached Egypt, began a voyage up the Nile, came to Besa,—and *there* was the end, for there Antinoüs was drowned! It was an accident, some say; but there are gloomier conjectures in history: one, that Hadrian had consulted an oracle, and learned that his own life was in danger unless another life should be given in exchange. Whereat, say some and hint others, he sacrificed his favorite. But

probably this is a scandal without foundation. A more rational explanation is that the youth, learning the peril which threatened his patron, voluntarily devoted himself to death, to avert that doom from the other. Greater love hath no man than to



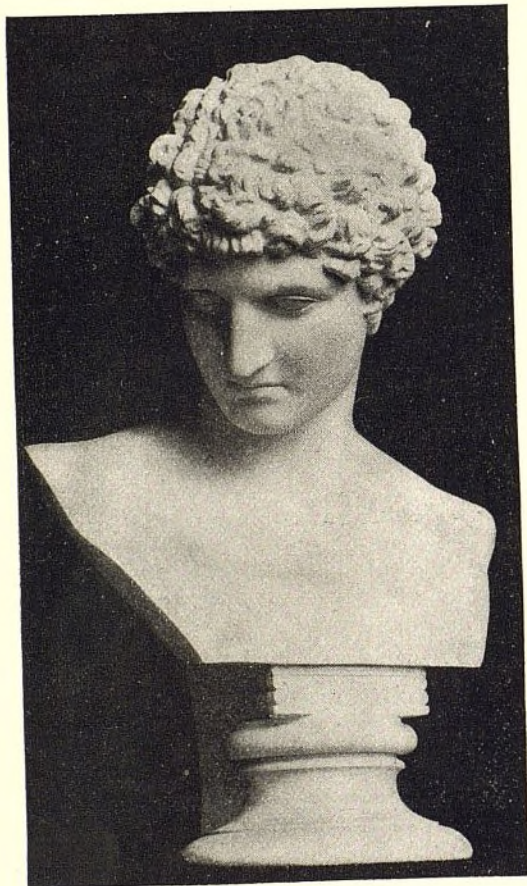
MONA LISA DEL GIOCONDO. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.)

lay down life for a friend. Heathen and Christian alike realize this; and Antinoüs may have felt that to the world his own existence could count for little, while Hadrian's was all-important.

However this may be, at Besa on the Nile he perished; and the Emperor mourned him with passionate grief. Moreover, that all might know the worth of what was lost, he caused it to be proclaimed that the beauty which had vanished here had only been transplanted to the sky, from mortals to immortals, and that Antinoüs was now a god. Whether he believed it, who can tell? Perhaps, as a modern critic suggests, there was something scenic in his display of grief; nevertheless, after his own fashion, he honored his dead.



This much is certain: about the time Antinoüs died a new star appeared in the sky; and what should it be, thought Hadrian, but his favorite's soul admit-



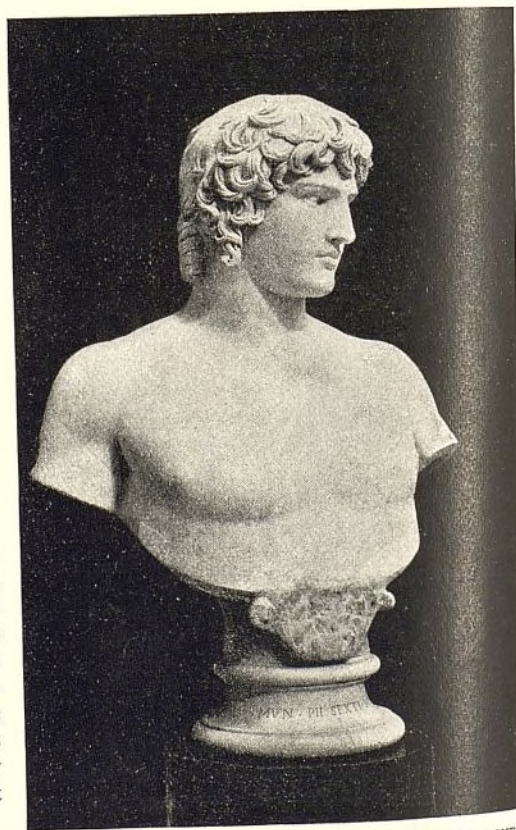
BUST OF ANTINOÛS, ROME.

ted among the gods? Also, a red lotus lily was discovered; at least, the Emperor had never heard of it before (probably he was not a skilled botanist), and the flattering poets declared that the white lily had grown red in memory of the life-blood chilled in the Nile. Pancrates told the legend in verse so well and acceptably that Hadrian caused him to be entertained at the public cost in Alexandria; while Mesomedes, another rhymester of the day, was rewarded for his hymns to the deified Antinoüs by a pension so enormous that the next emperor felt obliged to cut it down.

Dion Cassius, the historian, says that Hadrian was laughed at for his belief in the star and flower. It is not likely, however, that any one laughed to his face; and the work of establishing the new god went on. Besa was rebuilt and enlarged — "Besa" no longer, but Antinoöpolis, or Antinoë, the city of

Antinoüs. A great temple was erected to him here; also another in the Greek city of Mantinea. Regular rites, and a priesthood to perform them, were established; while the anniversary of his death and enrollment among the gods was a solemn festival, at which games were celebrated, and red lotus wreaths worn in his honor. Medals were struck; statues, busts, inscriptions — all did their utmost to hand down to posterity his fame. And when, not many years ago, the hieroglyphics were deciphered on a venerable obelisk in Rome, even there was found commemorated this favorite of gods and men, the obelisk being dedicated to him in the joint names of Hadrian and his Empress, Sabina.

The Emperor survived his friend, in all probability, about ten years, but had been weary of life and the world long before death relieved him. He spent in his last days much time in his famous villa near Tivoli, and among its ruins have been



BUST OF ANTINOÛS, IN THE SALA ROTONDA, VATICAN, ROME.

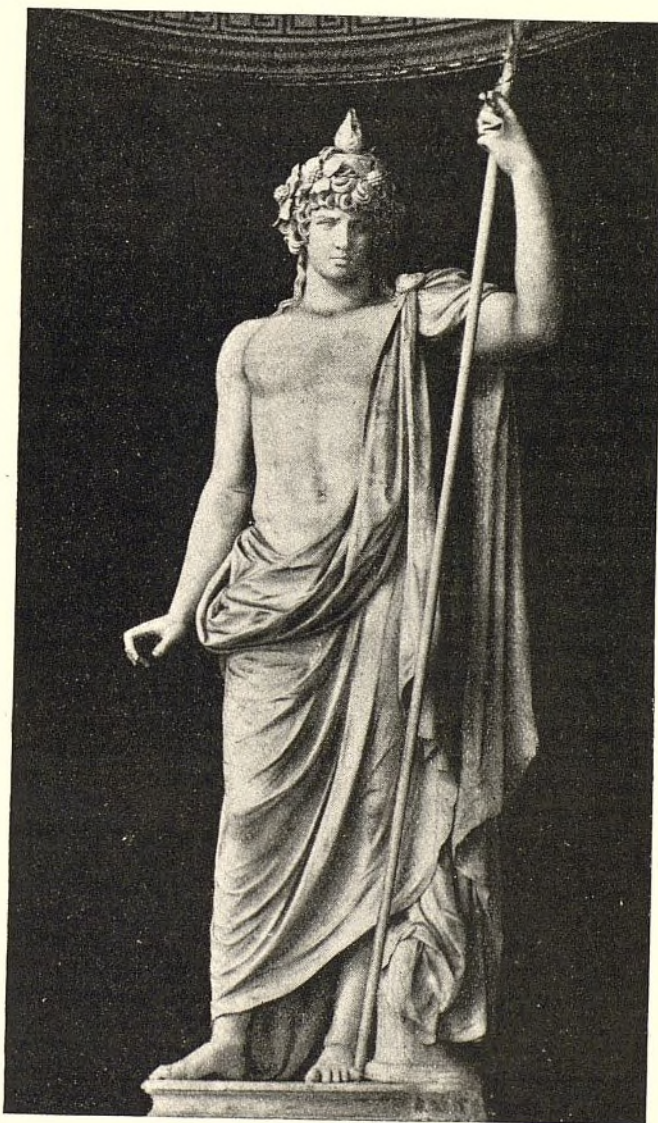
found many exquisite statues, and, notably, many fine ones of Antinoüs.

More beautiful than any of these is a bust in the Sala Rotonda of the Vatican. Marble gods, god-



desses, and deified mortals surround it— Hercules, with his club; Juno, in majesty severely simple; Nerva, with wrinkles of care as well as of wisdom; Claudius, with a face too anxious and commonplace to suit his Jove-like attributes. There, too, is the deified Antinoüs, represented as Bacchus, a youth graceful beyond praise, but whose grace and beauty pall before the unadorned humanity of the opposite bust.

Ineffable sweetness curves its lips; its melancholy is hardly more than the dew of morning upon a flower. We draw near, irresistibly attracted; although marble, it thrills with life. Then a glance from beneath the drooping lids reproves us, and we draw back in awe. Now, as then, that still beauty is a thing apart. We can only gaze; we have no other share in his young life, his early immortality!



STATUE OF ANTINOÛS, AS BACCHUS, IN THE VATICAN, ROME.



## STORM-BOUND SPARROWS.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

IT'S all very well for those who live in the country to speak ill of the English sparrow, and to tell us, as they do, that this saucy little ball of feathers and fluff, with short, hard bill, is, by its pugnacity, driving away the song-birds. I don't wonder that people harbor malice against the little foreigner if the charge be just. But I am not convinced that there is not some prejudice against the stranger on the part of those who make complaint. Of one thing I am sure, and that is that the sparrow does not drive away the brown thrush; for, last spring, two thrushes made their appearance in Union Square, New York, and remained there for a week or ten days; and I am a witness that they were more than a match for the sparrows. Many times, with a dozen or more passers-by, I have halted to watch them. Bankers and brokers, to whom the presence of these country songsters in the very heart of the city was so great a novelty that (forgetting their interest in those creatures so well known to their vocabulary, the "bulls" and "bears") they stood for a long time looking at the birds. They were absorbed in watching these two birds drive their long mandibles into the soft earth where earthworms live. Meanwhile a dozen or two of envious sparrows gathered around gazing with hungry eyes at the tempting morsels, yet without daring to enter the lists with the thrushes, although outnumbering them twelve to one. I am really sorry, if it be true, that the warblers and bobolinks are suffering from the vicious temper of the sparrows; still, being one who lives in the city and sees the country for only a few weeks in the summer, I wish long life to the plucky little strangers from over the seas. The thrush and the bobolink do not come to sing in my orchard, because I have no orchard for their accommodation, but only the ordinary city "yard," some twenty-five feet by twenty. The orioles never swing their nests from some inaccessible twig upon the topmost bough of the elm in my doer-yard, because the best substitute I have for an elm-tree is an ugly telegraph-pole, scarred and torn with the stabs of many "climbing-irons" on the boots of the telegraph men.

But my friends the sparrows are a continual delight. They find some little cranny under the

cornice of the house, some angle, perhaps where the water conduit leaves the roof, and begin house-keeping. And how busily they work! Just across the street a wagon stops. It comes from the wholesale butcher's, and is laden with meat in enormous pieces. A good thick layer of straw covers the bottom of the wagon. Down swoops Mr. Sparrow. Here's material for his new home; and up he rises with a straw so long and large that it bears almost the same proportion to his size that a telegraph-pole would to mine. He fights and struggles with it. The weight is too great; he can not raise it high enough. Down drops Mrs. Sparrow, who has been looking on from the front door of the new home under the cornice; but in spite of her good will, she can not help him much, and they have to let it fall. Do you think he has abandoned it? Not at all. He takes a few seconds to rest and picks it up again. Up he goes,—has almost reached his house,—sinks ten or fifteen feet—rises again, five—a gust of wind comes around the corner of the street and tugs away at the loose end of the straw. For a moment Mr. Sparrow holds on, but the odds are too much for him. He is forced to let go, and away floats the straw to the ground, half a block distant. Now it's Mrs. Sparrow's turn,—for there is perfect concord between Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow when the house is to be made or furnished. She pursues the straw, picks it up, and waits a moment. Her feminine instinct teaches her that sometimes a thing can be done by coaxing, when all other methods fail. Winging her flight to the top of the porch, she rests there with her foot on the straw; then she takes another flight,—this time to the cap of a third-floor window. Another rest, another flight, the nest is reached, and a tier is added to their building.

Then for a soft, warm lining, the plastering and papering of their house. Every morning Jane carries out the Eastern rugs from the house, and shakes and beats those wonderful harmonies of color, woven at Bagdad or Ispahan a century or more ago, and perhaps walked on by sandaled feet or touched in prayer by cotton or velvet-covered knees when the *muezzin* called. The sparrows perch expectantly upon the fence, for (cunning little creatures that they are) they know that



French-heeled slippers and thick-soled boots have the trick of wearing the wool from antique rugs, and that after Jane has taken the rugs into the house there will be downy little flakes of soft red and gold-colored wool—just the things for baby-sparrows to nestle into.

So these birds teach me something. The Bible says that God cares for the sparrows, and tells us we may judge, since he cares for these though their value is so slight that two of them are sold for a farthing, how much more He will care for us, boys and girls, men and women. We are assured, therefore, that little birds are not beyond the care of Providence. But how they have to scurry round and work for a living! They are at work all the time, from the first silver streak in the morning to the dusky mirk which closes a city day. A maid shakes out a table-cloth. Down swoop the sparrows—invisible before, they seem to come by magic. A truckman ties a nose-bag on his horse's nose for the noon meal of oats. The horse in his eagerness shakes the bag about; a few particles of grain fall from it. Presto! a cloud of sparrows are fighting and contending for the yellow tidbits. The ash-cart rattles along the street, and in a lazy, careless, slovenly way (as is his custom) the ash-man spills some of the contents of the barrels. Ah! there are crusts there, and the sparrows are at once at work.

Surely we may learn not to fold our hands believing that we shall be cared for without effort of our own, since these sparrows have been given to us as an illustration of creatures for whom Providence provides.

Brave, plucky, and industrious little fellows! Right under the noses and feet of the horses, between the wheels of the wagons, at the feet of the busy passers-by, in crowded Broadway or in the quiet of the city parks, always seeking a living; never idle, never lazy. Neither is life all sunshine for them. Alas, they too have their ups and downs! When the cold chill rains of autumn come, and when house-tops and telegraph wires glitter with the scintillations of the diamond-like hoar-frost, the tender little feet must be so cold! For our sparrows are not like rich city people. They never go to Florida. Nor are they like the country birds, children of warmth and summer, who migrate when the chill fall comes. The sparrows take "pot-luck" with us all winter, and very bad luck it is, sometimes; as when comes that most unwelcome thing, a snow-storm in New York. When, in the country, the downy flakes sift gently from a gray sky; and when country boys and girls bring

out the sleds or toboggans; and when the farmer thinks that soon he will be able to send teams into the woods, to haul the logs or the cord-wood: then we in the city wonder, when we leave the house for the office, how we shall get home again; whether we shall be able to squeeze into the overcrowded cars. Ah! then the sparrows have a sad time—a sad, cold, hungry time! For the white mantle which covers the earth covers also the cook's

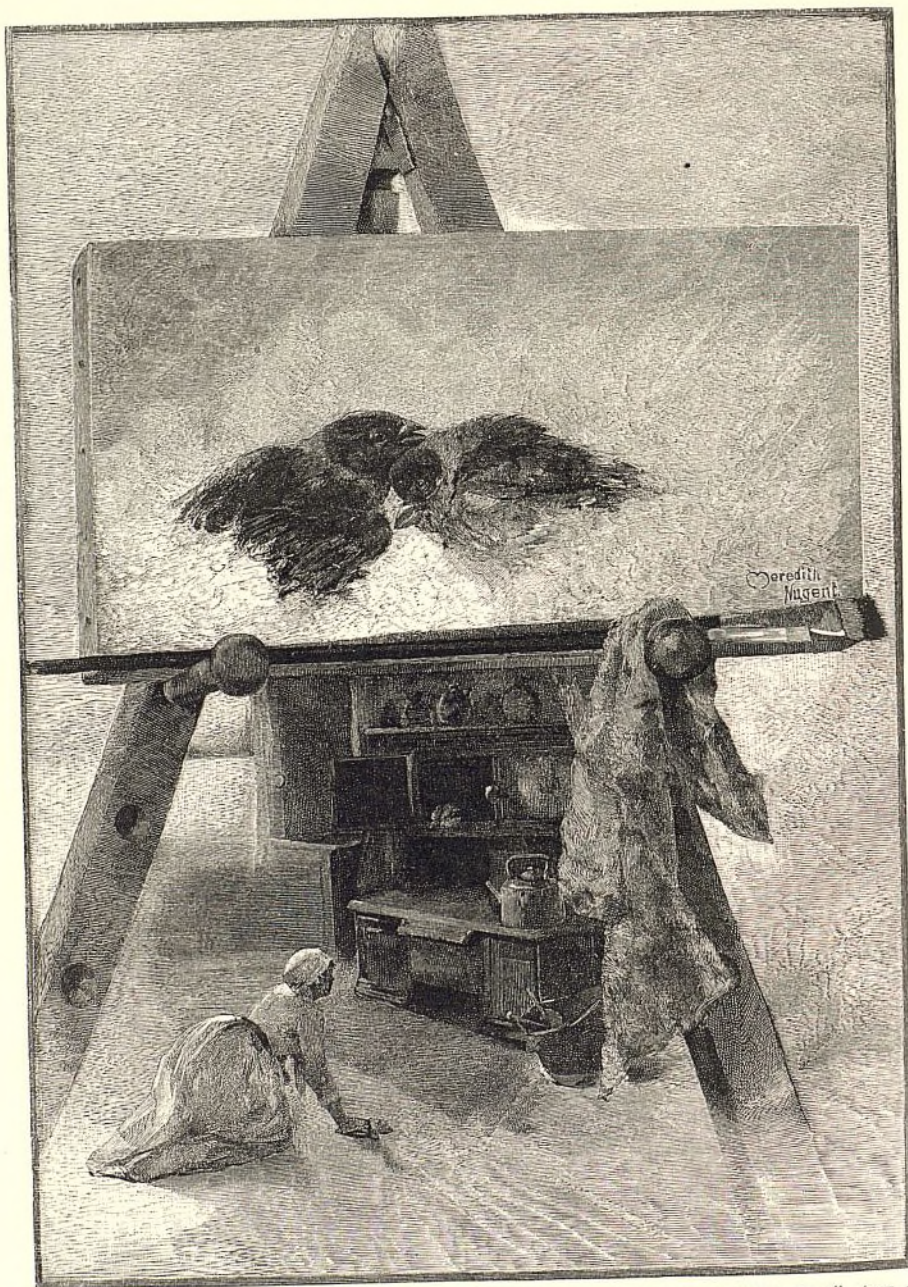


BEGGING FOR BREAKFAST.

crumbs, and the oats, and the waste scraps. Then poor Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow may fly far and search long, and but for the kindness of a few thoughtful people, their little crops will be empty after all. Should the snow last many days, despite their cunning and industry, thousands of the little strangers must die of starvation or of cold.

Last winter, when the city of New York experienced the sensation of a genuine blizzard, when the snow fell in those hard, frozen particles which sting the face like tiny sharp instruments, and when in a few hours drifts had obstructed the





"SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT ANY WARNING, OUT FROM THE OVEN FLEW THE APPARENTLY DEAD BIRD." (SEE P. 363.)

streets so that all traffic was at a standstill; when people almost lost their lives traveling but a few blocks; when street-cars were left in the streets and half hidden by the drifts; when at one time it seemed even as if the inhabitants of the great city might be in danger of starving,—the blizzard having blockaded all railroads and ferries, so that no provisions could arrive,—what became

of the sparrows? Thousands and thousands perished; and after the snow had thawed, their poor little frozen bodies were collected by bushels in the parks and squares.

On the second day of the blizzard, when the drifts before our house were so high that from the sidewalk it was impossible to see even the hat of a passer-by across the street, the boy





DRIVEN IN BY THE BLIZZARD.

from the grocery, who had come to our rescue with milk and eggs and other necessities, rang the bell. When Maria, our kitchen-maid, opened the basement door, she saw two sparrows huddled together in a corner under the stoop where they had taken refuge from the storm. Their feathers were sticking from their little bodies almost at right angles. Their heads were buried deep in their feathers, their eyes were closed, and their bodies had the swaying movement of a tipsy man. The coming of the boy had not frightened nor disturbed them; but when the warm air which rushed through the open doorway reached them they opened their eyes and lifted their heads and

seemed to look in an inquiring way, as if wondering what had happened, and whether summer had come again. Maria's heart was touched — she also is from across the sea, and perhaps a fellow-feeling made her kind. However that may be, she was in no hurry to close the door, despite the bitter cold.

"Well, well," said Maria, "poor little birdies, I wonder if you are hungry. You're very cold; I'll go and get you something to eat."

Now, I don't think the birds understood what she said, but there was that in her voice which they comprehended; for one of them fluttered his wings, shook himself together, and without wait-



ing for an invitation, or even saying "by your leave," hopped past Maria and into the passageway. His mate seemed for a moment astonished at this boldness, and then seeing that no harm had befallen the intruder, followed.

dows, alight on the cross-bars of the sashes, and twitter to each other,—perhaps conversing about the severe weather and pitying such of their kind as had not had the good fortune to reach the semi-tropical warmth of a furnace-heated house. But



A WARM PERCH.

"Well, I never!" said Maria, and closing the door she followed them.

The birds hopped about the dark hall two or three times and thence into the dining-room, attracted probably by the light, or by the faint odor of good things to eat, which always hangs about such a room. Once there, they acted as if they had come to stay, and hopped about and twittered to each other, doubtless congratulating themselves upon having found comfortable quarters, and ungratefully cast a silent reproach upon the neatness of Maria, by pecking crumbs from the carpet beneath the table. When meal-time came, they were not in the least put out by the presence of the family, nor disturbed; but went hopping and chirping around the table and under it, picking up crumbs dropped as the reapers dropped the wheat for Ruth. When night fell they took up their quarters lovingly side by side on the gas-bracket and, warm and well fed, prepared for a quiet night's rest. When the gas was lighted they did exhibit some agitation—evidenced by their flying once or twice around the room, but they seemed to find it an agreeable surprise when another meal was served. By that hour they were so tame that they dared even to feast from the fingers of the people seated around the table.

They remained with us three days, during which time they never once made an attempt to leave the room, but would occasionally fly to the win-

on the fourth day, when the sidewalks had been shoveled clear, and huge bonfires were lighted in the snow-drifts to melt them,—when carts and wagons and street-cars were moving,—their instincts told them that it was again safe to venture forth, and the desire for liberty once more awoke in their breasts. For Mr. Sparrow is a true vagrant. They did not remember the way they had come in, for although the basement-door was often opened, they made no attempt to fly through the passage and out-of-doors, but circled and circled around the room and dashed themselves against the windows, having evidently quite lost their heads. When at last a window was opened, out they flew, without so much as twittering a good-bye or a "thank you" to Maria.

Our next-door neighbors were a young couple who had one child, a girl, one of the sweetest and dearest little tots whose loving ways ever won the susceptible heart of an Irish nurse. Of course she was the pet, not of the nurse only, but of the housemaid and the cook also,—in fact, of the whole household. On the same day that our unbidden guests left us in their ill-mannered fashion, Annie, our neighbor's housemaid, on going into the yard, saw lying on a spot from which the snow had thawed, the wet, stiff body of a sparrow. There it lay on its back in a pool of water, with eyes closed and legs cramped to its body, hard, stark, and cold. "Poor thing," thought Annie,



"I must bring you in and show you to Missy Ruby." Suiting the action to the word, she picked up the dead bird and carried it into the kitchen. But it was wet and cold, and in that condition not fit for Princess Ruby's fingers. "Sure it will dry if I put it into the oven for a few minutes, and when Mary, the nurse, comes down it will be nice and warrum," said Annie to Jane the cook.

"Do you think the mistress will let Missy Ruby touch a dead bird?" responded the cook.

"And why not?"

"Oh, because it's horrid — a cold, dead thing."

"But it won't be cold, sure; and it may please the little Missy."

"Well, we'll just see what Mary says."

So the bird was put in the oven of the range and the door left ajar. The cook and the housemaid resumed their work, the one preparing the lunch, the other on her knees scrubbing the floor. Some moments passed thus, when, lo! suddenly and without any warning, out from the oven flew the apparently dead bird, brought back to life by the warmth.

"The Saints defend us!" exclaimed Annie, as the bird flew past her and dashed at the window-panes. "Quick, open the door, cook, and a good riddance to it! Faith, when a dead bird flies it means no good luck to anybody!"

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## CONSOLATION.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

WHEN Molly came home from the party to-night,—  
The party was out at nine,—  
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes  
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,  
With her face on my shoulder hid,  
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)  
That they did n't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee,—  
I am old and exceedingly wise,—  
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;  
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,  
And people are hard to suit,  
And the man who plays on the violin  
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought,  
How very much better 't would be  
If every one of the folks that I know  
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way  
To make this world look bright  
Is, never to mind what people say  
But to do what you think is right."



## WHEN THE BRIGADE CAME IN.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

IF you look on the map of North America, you will find the British Territory all dotted over with the names of places to which "Fort" is prefixed or "House" appended. They, nearly every one, belong to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose business is the gathering of all the furs of this northern land, and whose officers are a governor, deputy governor, chief-factors, chief-traders, and a local governor.

Fort Simpson, the "head" fort of the extreme northern region, is within five hundred miles of the Arctic Ocean. It occupies a position at the point where the River of the Mountains (sometimes called the Liard) ends its journey from the Rocky Mountains in the waters of the Mackenzie. This fort, 3752 miles north-west from New York City, is surrounded by a stout stockade inclosing the buildings needful for living purposes, for storing all the furs brought in from neighboring forts by the Indians, and for the trappers and snarers who make the fort their headquarters in winter; and, also, the great "store-house," wherein are kept the ammunition and the articles given to the natives in exchange for furs, food, and fuel. The great store-house is replenished once every year. The time is usually in August, when the brigade of boats comes in from its long, long journey to Hudson's Bay, or to the Methye Portage, a place where boats and cargo have to be "carried" nearly eleven miles. Sometimes the furs are exchanged at this portage for the freight brought down from Fort York on Hudson's Bay, at which latter place it is left by the yearly ship from England. If this exchange is made, the brigades return to their respective forts, and the journeys can be accomplished in one season.

In this far-away Fort Simpson lived Edna Dean, one of the loveliest little girls in all the world. The nearest neighbor on the south was Fort Resolution, 338 miles away; and, up north, Fort Norman kept them company at a distance of 236 miles; while 312 more miles brought one to Fort Good Hope, desolate in situation and cold to the heart, from the icy chill of the Arctic seas.

No wonder Edna Dean was lonely! She had been born at the post, as it sometimes was called, and had never been away from it a night, because there was no place to visit in all that region. Edna's

father was living, but he was a Hudson's Bay Company's man,—a chief-trader,—and was gone from home (that is, from the fort) for months at a time, so that he was seldom there long enough to become well acquainted with his own daughter. She had a kind and very loving mother, who, being an invalid, had not been able to join in any of the simple pleasures of Edna's life; she had a brother, but he was seventeen and was very often away with their father in the far north, trafficking with the natives for skins, or gathering furs from the different forts, to make ready for the annual "send-off" to York Factory.

Twice, since Edna could remember, Chief-trader Dean had been all the way to Hudson's Bay with the brigade of canoes that carried thousands of dollars' worth of furs annually from Fort Simpson to the factory—a distance of 2000 miles—and three times he had been to the Methye Portage and returned the same summer, in season to distribute clothing and provisions to the other forts.

The Deans lived in the officers' quarters at Fort Simpson, with Mr. Adam Selwyn, who was Mrs. Dean's brother. Their only attendants, in the year of this story, were Joe, the Esquimaux, and Bee, his wife. At certain seasons the post was left with not more than half a dozen persons within the stockade; while, during the winter, it was usually thronged with residents and besieged by those who fain would enter and live upon the store there gathered, rather than be forced to hunt or fish for a living.

In winter (and it usually is winter at Fort Simpson) the mercury often freezes hard enough to be used as shot, while in the fierce, short summers it occasionally shoots upward to 100° above zero, in the shade.

Edna rarely ventured to show her pretty pale face out-of-doors in cold weather without being clothed from head to foot in furs. This little maid of Fort Simpson had more sealskin suits at command than any young girl of Paris, London, or New York; and truly, she had need of them!

You must not imagine that Edna Dean was very ignorant, for her mother had instructed her in many things; and an old, kind-hearted missionary, for a time resident at Fort Simpson, had done his best



to gratify the child's eager desire for knowledge of the great world lying south of the Arctic desolation that surrounded her home. Edna was wonderfully wise and thoughtful for a girl of her years, and about Indians she really knew more than any other white girl of her age anywhere.

The problem of Edna's education was often discussed at the fort, and when Mr. Dean was again chosen by the Governor to accompany Chief-factor Smith in conveying the brigade of canoes to York Factory, the question came up anew. The opportunity was an excellent one, and it was, after due deliberation, decided to send her on the long, long journey to the Company's ship at Fort York, whence, early in September, she could go to relatives in England.

Edna never knew how her mother, with many tears, prepared herself for the separation from her only daughter. The child felt only the bliss of anticipation, and perhaps it was well, for that bliss was all that she enjoyed.

Before the time came to make ready, news arrived at the fort that war had broken out between the Dog-Rib Indians and the Rabbit-Skin Indians, two of the Chippewyan tribes.

It was decided not to risk Edna among these new dangers; but the very thought of them fired the young ambition of Edna's brother.

The lad had been honored with the name of Franklin Ross, after the two Arctic explorers, one of whom had arrived at Fort Simpson in the year 1825 with three mahogany boats and three canoes, on his way to the far, far north.

Now Franklin Ross thought, as Edna was to remain at home with their mother, that he might accompany the expedition, and he made haste to put in his plea to go with the brigade. He *preferred* to meet the warlike Indians, for he had unlimited faith in the might and majesty of the Great Hudson's Bay Company over Indians and the whole world. The Dog-Ribs had been his daily companions and his play-mates, almost from his cradle days, and, as for the Rabbit-Skins, certainly *he* was not afraid of *them*!

All this he confided to Edna. Franklin Ross had a way — not unusual with brothers the world over — of making Edna believe in him and in his prowess. Alas for the hopes of Franklin Ross! Chief-trader Dean denied his request, but gave the promise of a voyage to the great portage in the ensuing year.

From the last of April until the end of May, Fort Simpson was a busy place. Dog-sledges were coming in from the northern forts with loads of furs; little bands of trappers arrived almost daily, to add to the store of furry treasures; and when all was ready, they waited for the frozen River of the

Mountains to break up. The canoes were drawn to a place of safety. Ninety-pound bales of fur were made ready, and packages of like weight of food and bedding prepared. Every possible care had been taken for the journey, when, on the second day of June, the glorious thaw came on, with shout of ice and roar of water that filled the northern air with the jubilee of coming summer. The waters of the Liard came down on the frozen Mackenzie, like the sweep of a mighty army; the artillery of ice, in cakes and floes and bergs, rattled over its sleeping heart until it too awoke and arose, and joined the fray. The bed of the Mackenzie could no longer hold the raging waters which, with sudden rise of forty feet, flooded the land. Then, at Fort Simpson, the hearts of the little band stood still with awe. The thing for which they had waited was come, and — but while they feared, the gorge overflowed and the rush of waters subsided, leaving the fort unharmed. Then, in quick succession, came the furs from Fort Liard; the launching of the canoes; the storing of freight; and, all too soon for Mrs. Dean and Edna, the farewell moment.

The hour of starting was three o'clock in the morning. Faithful Joe carried Mrs. Dean outside the fort gates to a point whence she could see the departure. It was a sad parting; but, at last, it was over, and the husband and father suddenly became "Chief-trader Dean, Commander of the Brigade." He went down the bank to as motley a crew as ever paddled canoe. There, awaiting his word, were Englishmen, Highlanders, Canadian voyagers, Esquimaux, and Indians.

As the last boat swept around a curve and was hidden from sight, Joe was at hand to carry Mrs. Dean in.

Bee bore witness to her affection with tears, and then they carried Mrs. Dean back to the place where she must await her husband's return.

The day of the departure was one of great activity at Fort Simpson. The potatoes must be planted, in order to make the utmost of the very brief summer. Edna devoted her time that day to her mother, and it so happened that no one gave attention to Franklin Ross. He was secretly plotting and planning to make his escape, with the intention of following the brigade and joining it at a safe distance from home. He knew that his father could not spare a man to accompany him back to the fort; and he also knew that his father would not make him return alone. Accordingly, he believed there would be first, a stern scolding; and, after that, a glorious good time with the brigade. While he planned, his opportunity came, in the shape of two Dog-Rib Indians, who had loitered up the river with a few superior seal-skins,



which they had obtained from the Esquimaux of the coast. Being told at the fort that the brigade was gone, they went away, it was believed, to overtake it, in the hope of obtaining better prices for the skins.

At the hour for tea, Franklin Ross did not respond to the call, but it was not until sunset (that is, at ten o'clock) that the news suddenly spread through the stockade that the boy was missing. A search was made. It was in vain. Mr. Adam Selwyn walked about up and down in the twilight like one distracted. He seemed able to issue but one order, and that was that no one should tell Mrs. Dean that her only son was missing.

"Oh!" cried Edna. "She will ask me, and what *shall* I say?"

"Say? Say nothing!" cried that bewildered gentleman, as he tried in vain to consider what ought to be done.

It was Joe who seemed suddenly to fathom the disappearance. He had observed the unwillingness with which Franklin Ross obeyed the order to remain at home, and with what eagerness the boy had gazed on the line of boats poling up the river; and Joe said to Mr. Selwyn, "The lad shot his heart out of his eyes after the boats to-day, and he's gone with the Dog-Ribs to overtake the brigade."

"Gone off with two strange Indians!—and there is no hope of overtaking them; no knowledge of their camping-place," groaned Mr. Selwyn.

"Joe will go! Joe will overtake them. Joe will bring him back. Trust Joe!" exclaimed the Esquimaux.

"You go alone? No, no! We must wait and fit out a canoe."

"We no wait! We no *time* to wait! You say, 'Joe, go!'"

"Joe, go!" echoed Mr. Selwyn, not in the least realizing that he had given an order. Edna heard it and hastened to follow Joe. With her own hands she packed a few pounds of pemmican, hardly enough to last a week; consulted him in haste about a gun and ammunition which she fearlessly appropriated from the stores; and, thus equipped, with one blanket only, Joe took his place in a frail canoe, to start on an unknown journey up the rapids of a mighty river in search of a runaway boy, in time of war, and with the nearest habitation more than three hundred miles away!

In the Arctic summer-night, Edna alone witnessed the departure, for Bee was ignorant of what was taking place at the river side, and Edna did not once think of *her*, until Joe called out from his canoe: "Tell my Bee, Joe will return."

Edna ran up from the bank, climbed the height,

and stepped into the stockade unobserved. She hastened to Bee with the story and the message. Bee said: "It is well," and hid her tears, but with a sorrowful heart. Edna told her mother that Franklin was missing, while her Uncle Selwyn listened at the door. Mrs. Dean made no moan. She even turned comforter to her broken-hearted little girl and upheld Bee in the belief that all would end well.

A week went by. No Joe. No Franklin Ross. No news from Fort Resolution, the next post southward.

Meanwhile, Mr. Selwyn had fitted out a canoe with provisions and crew and sent it in search of Joe and the runaway boy. Every rabbit-snarer who came in was closely questioned; every fisher among the Indians who arrived was offered a large reward to go in search; but, alas! Joe, the interpreter, was needed to make known the requirements.

Three weeks passed. The canoe returned with the news that the brigade had tarried but three hours at Fort Resolution and, having taken the skins in waiting there, had proceeded on its way. It brought no news of Joe; had heard nothing of Franklin Ross; and the party, having told the story of the missing youth at Fort Resolution, was obliged to return, as there was no possibility of overtaking Mr. Dean.

The next day a little band of trappers, coming from the South, brought word that Joe had arrived at Fort Resolution, nearly famished and worn to a skeleton by his continual tracking, paddling, and poling, but nothing could restrain him from continuing the search. So, having been fed and provided with what food his small boat could carry, he was sent off with a companion, a half-breed, who knew the country to the south-west.

At Fort Simpson they waited, as best they could, for many days. Now and then bands of feathered Indians in war-paint came within sight, but no one mentioned the fact to Mrs. Dean or Edna to disturb their repose.

To return to Franklin Ross.

While planning and contriving a way of escape by himself, the two Indians in their canoe came along, and he saw an opportunity to overtake the boats while some one else did all the hard work of getting up the river. Now, Franklin Ross, although not yet eighteen, was full-grown, and at first the Indians refused to take in a passenger; but the sight of a few large gilded buttons and the promise of a knife apiece made them consider the boat large enough to accommodate him. There was little chance for Franklin to secure provisions without awaking suspicion; and, knowing that the rivers they must pass were full of fish, and the



summer air vocal with songs of birds-of-passage, he contented himself with filling his pockets full of food from the pantry, and provided fish-hooks in plenty. Thus equipped, and with an extra coat and his gun, the lad set out, regardless of the

Fort Simpson, by poling dexterously up the river, and then came to Pine Island. At that point Franklin fell asleep. When he awoke he shared his last morsel with his companions. The boat went on and on until, at the next rapids, the shore being favorable, the party landed and drew the canoe through the swirling waters, with a line.

At mid-day the Indians offered dried reindeer for dinner, but the boy's hunger was not sufficiently keen to reconcile him to the food, and he fasted until nightfall.

The second night, having kept at the oars without rest for thirty-six hours, the Indians ran their canoe into a small river without name, one of many which flow into the greater river. They seemed to have watched their opportunity to run in while Franklin was asleep; for, unused to the sudden heat of the sun, and the cramp caused by sitting in one position all day, the lad had fallen into a doze about ten o'clock at night, just as the sun was going down. He was aroused by the touch of the bark canoe on the rocks of the shore, and was surprised to find himself within a narrow boundary of small headlands with one high rock near at hand. After the landing was effected, to his consternation his two companions leaped back into the canoe and put off down the river with frantic speed, leaving him alone on the bank! What was perhaps worse, his gun and his top-coat were in the canoe. The poor lad, in his pitiable condition, knew not what to do. He besought the Indians, by all the signs of Dog-Rib distress that he knew, to return for him, but they, gesticulating once or twice toward the shore where he stood, paddled off and were soon out of sight behind one of the headlands.

Franklin surveyed the situation, walking down the bank in the direction the canoe had taken. He had not traveled far, when the mystery of the sudden departure was solved. He saw a boat, evidently a white-man's boat, and beside it, on guard, a man with a gun over his shoulder, but napping with his head held aloft. Whether it was a white man or an Indian he did not wait to learn, for at almost the same instant he saw a wonderful sight: Far out in the lingering light of the descended sun, he beheld the brigade of boats passing up the Mackenzie! One wild minute of yearning and longing; one vehement cry, tossing wildly his arms toward the canoes, and Franklin ran to the sleeping guard.



FRANKLIN BEHELD THE BRIGADE OF BOATS PASSING UP THE MACKENZIE.

voice within which ventured to remind him of his mother and sister.

The two Dog-Rib Indians had come down from Great Bear Lake, and Franklin soon found that they were pretending not to understand either his words or his signs. He thought "he knew considerable about Indians," but before midnight he was ready to make his escape, and fully resolved to do so, at their first encampment, and to find his way home on foot. To his utter surprise they did not land at nightfall, but kept on all night, passing the long rapids, fifteen miles from

far, when the mystery of the sudden departure was solved. He saw a boat, evidently a white-man's boat, and beside it, on guard, a man with a gun over his shoulder, but napping with his head held aloft. Whether it was a white man or an Indian he did not wait to learn, for at almost the same instant he saw a wonderful sight: Far out in the lingering light of the descended sun, he beheld the brigade of boats passing up the Mackenzie! One wild minute of yearning and longing; one vehement cry, tossing wildly his arms toward the canoes, and Franklin ran to the sleeping guard.



He aroused him, and besought him to launch the boat and sail after the brigade.

"It's my father, there!" he assured the surprised stranger, who awakened his companions to assist in understanding the youth's meaning if possible; but even pantomime failed. Not one of the party knew a word of English. The three men belonged to a party of Danish gentlemen who were exploring the region in the interests of science. There was nothing to be done but to stand helpless while the boats passed on their way.

Having seen them disappear from sight, the runaway crept under the canvas tent and slept, as best he could, surrounded by clouds of mosquitoes, until the sun came up, about half-past two in the morning.

From that moment, Franklin saw no more of the Dog-Ribs. Possibly they had thought themselves near a lodge of Rabbit-Skin Indians when they took their sudden departure. The party of explorers received Franklin with the utmost kindness, and continued to share with him their food and shelter. Although he believed himself to be not over sixty miles from Fort Simpson, he feared to set forth alone, lest he should lose his way, as many a wanderer had done within his memory. He therefore went with the party while it investigated rocks, and gathered flower specimens, or sought out birds' eggs. They were always finding the latitude and longitude of places, and digging to see how deep lay the strata of frozen earth. Sometimes it made him angry to see how enthusiastically these full-grown men would chase butterflies, hunt down insects, pursue mice and hares, or run headlong after the laughing geese, that were molting and could not fly.

It was the first of July when the Danish gentlemen reached their winter house, on Great Slave Lake.

Meanwhile, the brigade was nearly at the Great Portage, called Methye Portage, Portage La Loche, and several other confusing names. At this point came the message to Chief-trader Dean that he must exchange furs with the Hudson River Brigade, for the year's supplies, and return with them to Fort Simpson instead of going on to the Bay. This exchange required two weeks of hard labor.

Let us now follow faithful Joe. We shall find him on the track of the two Dog-Ribs, two hundred miles in the interior, and quite away from the pathway of the traders. Joe had seen Franklin's gun. He knew it at a glance, and the Dog-Rib who carried it made him understand that he obtained it "from the men with the skins, following the brigade," and that "no boy was with them." From encampment to encampment, from lodge-smoke

to lodge-smoke the faithful Esquimau worked his way; often eating fish raw, because he had no time to stop and cook them; always urging his companion on, whether in sudden storm of thunder or tempest of rain, lest the clew be lost. And so, searching, in the dream of a summer's night, all brightness and moonlight, the two men came, unexpectedly, upon the small house of the Danish explorers. Joe knocked at the door. Its inmates were sleeping.

They were aroused by the cry, "*Betha! Betha!*" which is the Dog-Rib word meaning "Talk!" or "Speak!"

The interpreter with the expedition did not understand, but Franklin did, and a sudden trembling seized him, as he called out in the same language: "*Addow-addlis,*" which is, "What do you want?"

"Friends wait," replied Joe. "Who speaks?"

"Joe! Joe!" screamed Franklin Ross, jumping from his bed; and without ceremony seizing upon the Esquimau, he exhibited his delight by a series of hand-shakes and ejaculations which were looked upon with wonder by the Danish gentlemen. But in time they were made to comprehend that the lad had been lost, and was found. Franklin's troubles now seemed at an end.

The scientific party departed on their homeward journey the following day. Being in need of men, they offered to take Joe and his comrade across the lake and down the river, to Fort Chippewyan, where they could join the brigade on its journey northward. There could be no risk of losing it, for it was compelled to stop at that post to land stores for the fort.

The trip was accomplished in safety, and, with many thanks and true regret, Franklin bade adieu to the strangers, who had treated him with the utmost kindness.

At Fort Chippewyan, Franklin heard so much about the famous portages in the Clearwater river, and the very names were so enticing, that he gave Joe no peace, in his urgent desire to see one.

Joe himself, after a few days of enforced idleness, longed to be in action. Chief-trader Dean's son was entitled to consideration at the fort, and easily obtained a boat for a day's sail from the lake into the Athabasca river. It was all arranged that, should the brigade arrive during the voyagers' absence, it was to be detained until their return, and, with food for a two-days' picnic, Franklin and Joe set sail. The wind was fair all day, and the boat sped on its way up the river, making wonderful progress, from the rising to the setting of the sun.

They went ashore at the point of a deserted Company's House, near lofty cream-colored cliffs, drew their boat to land, and went to sleep.



The following morning, much against his judgment, Joe yielded to Franklin's entreaties and shot into the Clearwater river before noon on that day. It being impossible now to miss the boats, there could be no reasonable excuse for turning back, and, finally, a portage was at hand. It was the last one between the Methye Portage and Fort Chippewyan, and was in length 2350 paces.

As the boat drew near, the roar of the waters broke upon their hearing. Approaching from below, a cloud of mist uprose; but, the wind suddenly veering, what was their astonishment to behold upon a rock in the very midst of the boiling current, four Indians, and one figure which, in the momentary view obtained through the mist, they were convinced must be Chief-factor Smith. Again the veil of mist was swept aside, and they saw the well-known form standing there.

and was tossed down the fall. How, no one could tell—but every soul was saved alive, and even the canoe swirled up against the rock, and was secured.

The second boat, containing Mr. Dean, was about to follow the same course; but, being saved at the last instant of grace, it landed, and from the high bank that gentleman, by frantic gesture, attracted the notice of the brigade and warned it against nearer approach. At the ordinary height of the water, the course they were following would have been the right one to gain the portage.

No sooner did Joe perceive the situation, than he acted upon it. He hurried to the right bank of the river, where the stream was narrow, with rocks cropping out. Securing the boat and taking a rope, he climbed to the bank above. After many efforts, with a stout fish-hook on a line, used as a sling, the line was cast on the rock and held, and



"EVERY SOUL WAS SAVED ALIVE, AND EVEN THE CANOE WAS SECURED."

It had happened thus. The return voyagers were, many of them, new to the region, and Mr. Smith had undertaken to convoy the boats, by keeping in advance. Incautiously, in the high state of the water, he advanced too near the cascade, so that the frail little canoe, finding itself in the current, danced on, in spite of every endeavor,

the rope drawn over. Then, the same hook was sent ashore with the canoe's line made fast to it and, one by one, Mr. Smith and his followers, all save one, were guided over the rapids. This one sent the canoe; then, tying the rope about his body, he gave a signal and was hauled through the boiling surge, receiving many a bruise from the rocks.



Mr. Dean, after saving the brigade from a like fate, though in the full belief that he should never see his friend and the canoe's crew alive, made all possible haste down the bank to the fall below, and his blank astonishment at meeting the entire party escorted by Joe and his own son crossing the river in a sail-boat, can be imagined though not described.

Just twenty days later, at the Fort, Mr. Selwyn was marching up and down within the stockade, thinking of the sad news that must soon come to the ears of Mr. Dean, when Bee entered, her stoical face moved to unwonted animation, and announced, "The boats! the boats!"

"The boats! the boats!" cried every voice within hearing; and two minutes later, every man and dog on the premises was out seeking confirmation of the report.

It was true. Edna ran in to tell her mother,

their best attire, the Indians in many-colored feathers, and a spirit of general joyousness evidently pervading the party. Chief-trader Dean was the first to spring ashore. No one dared address a word to him as he entered the fort. Every one sought to evade him. "Where is my wife?" said he sharply to Bee.

"Here, Papa!" answered Edna, opening wide the door. "Here she is!"

Mr. Dean did not stop even to take Edna in his arms. He stood erect in the doorway, saying, "Franklin is safe! All is well!"

And then—and then—it all happened so quickly that no one could tell the order of it, but there was Franklin Ross, larger than ever, right in the room; and Bee, running in to see, was met at the door by her own Joe, and between the telling and the hearing, between the seeing and the hand-



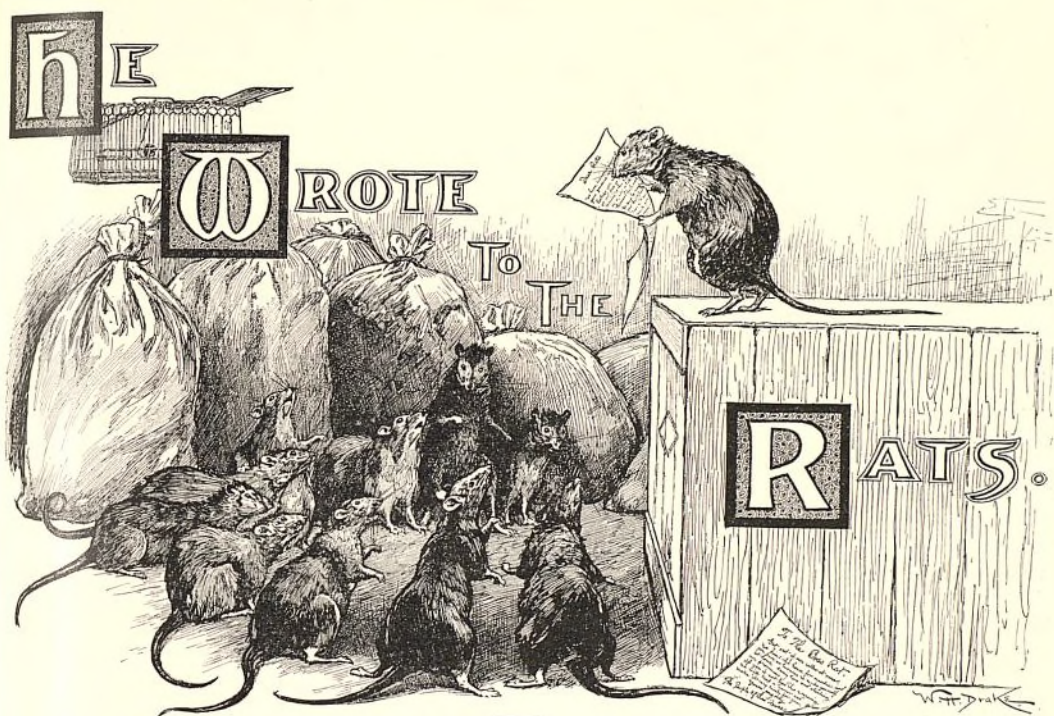
THE CHIEF-TRADER WARNING THE BRIGADE.

saying: "Oh, Mamma! who will tell Papa? He loved Franklin Ross so! and then, poor Joe! Poor, faithful Joe, who, I know, has searched himself to death for us!"

On came the brigade, a red silk flag waving from the foremost boat and all the voyagers in

shaking, Fort Simpson was so full of joy and thankfulness that it ran over in Christmas gifts to every wild child of Nature who stood in waiting at the gates next morning; for (as should have been stated earlier in the story) Christmas always comes at Fort Simpson when the brigade gets in.





BY JULIAN RALPH.

OUR suspicions were first aroused by the disappearance of a whole beefsteak. Before that we did not know we were entertaining any rats in our cellar. When we made the discovery, we were at a loss to know how to act; but one day there came to the house a poor old woman who lives mysteriously by offering needles, and thread, and pencils, and candy of sizes and kinds that nobody likes and nobody buys. At our house she gets a cup of tea and ten cents, and, to ease her conscience, she leaves a peppermint stick for the little ones. The kitchen-girl told her of the loss of the steak.

"Well," said the mysterious old woman, "I would write a letter to the rats and they will go away. That is what we used to do when I lived at home in Germany."

Fancy the surprise of the kitchen-maid! She thought the old woman had lost her mind.

The rats became an intolerable nuisance, and the news of what the old woman had recommended was brought to me. The children were anxious to have the experiment tried.

"It can do no harm," I said, and at once drew up the following letter:

TO THE BOSS RAT: Get out of our cellar at once. We hired this house for ourselves, and you have no business to make yourselves at home, living here and stealing our provisions. If you do not

heed this warning we will keep a terrier and make it very lively for you. Yours angrily, THE PEOPLE OF THIS HOUSE.

I quite prided myself on this missive. I thought it was at once logical in its argument, firm in tone, and very generous, inasmuch as the rats could see that we might have hired a terrier first and written the letter afterward. I at first put the letter in an envelope; but we all agreed afterward that even if rats could read they might not know anything about envelopes, and so I tore the cover off and laid the letter on the cellar floor with its written side up.

We then waited to see what effect it would have. Alas! the rats behaved worse than ever and robbed us of everything that suited their tastes. Then the poor old German woman came again on her rounds, and the children saw her and informed her of the failure.

"Read the letter to me," said she.

It was read to her.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" she exclaimed. "What an impudent letter to send to the rats! It is a mercy they have n't attacked some of the people in the house and bitten them in their beds. I could not sleep a wink in a house where such a letter had been sent to the rats."

She spoke very gravely and with evident alarm.



I inquired very particularly about her manner afterward and was told that it seemed far from a mere pretence of being vexed.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Rats are *kings*, in their way. At least they are in Germany. They must be treated very politely. Tell your parents to write another letter at once and let it be soft and gentle and very respectful. Call them, 'Dear rats' or 'Dear friends,' and find no fault with what they do—only be sure to recommend some other place for them to go to, for it is a rule that rats will never leave a home unless they are told of a better place close by, to which they can go. Oh, dear, dear, dear!—I wonder you are not afraid to stay in the house after such a letter."

When I reached home I thought, as before, that there could be no harm in doing as the old woman said; and I confess I felt guilty of some stupidity in not having known, as every one ought to know, that politeness is always better than rudeness. There is a wealth of wisdom in the homely saying, "More flies are caught with syrup than with vinegar." It costs nothing to be kind and courteous, and as

DEAR RATS: We have discovered signs of your presence in our cellar. Perhaps you mean to honor us and pay us a compliment in coming to this particular cellar in a city where there are a hundred thousand such resorts. It may be news to you that there lives not far away a French family, much given to rich gravies, sweet meats, delightful pastries, rare and high-scented imported cheese, and various other luxuries of which we know you to be fond. If you should go there, you would fare better than in our cellar. Of course, we should miss you,—but we feel certain we could bear it.

Believing, from what we see of your activity and appetites, that you are all very well and happy and that you have been benefited by our having the plumbing attended to the other day, we beg the right to sign ourselves,

Yours politely,

THE PEOPLE OF THIS HOUSE.

That touch about the plumbing was my own; but the phrase, "yours politely," was dictated by the children, who assured me that the word "polite" must be somewhere in the letter, in some form or other. It really took me a long while to make up my mind where to tell the rats to go, and I felt no little ashamed when at last the thought of the rich gravies and pastries led me to recommend my neighbors, the French folks. To be sure, I do not know them, and no one will ever tell them what I did; but I must confess I never would have been guilty of such an unneighborly act had I



"OUR TOM CAT WAS SENT INTO THE CELLAR TO DRIVE THEM OUT."

we know that more can be done among men and women by gentleness than by anger, why might not the same be true with regard to rats? Thus I reflected, and therefore I wrote this letter:

really believed the rats would have paid any attention to the letter.

They did not. They grew more and more at home, and even became so noisy that the ladies



more than once thought that burglars had broken in downstairs. "Master Fitz," our Tom-cat, was sent into the cellar to drive them out; but after the first encounter he bounded back into the kitchen, bleeding on one cheek and one leg; and if ever a cat said anything, he plainly spoke, and very indignantly, too. "I am a tremendous mouser," was what he meant to convey, "but when it comes to eating up rats that are bigger than I am, I must beg to be excused!"

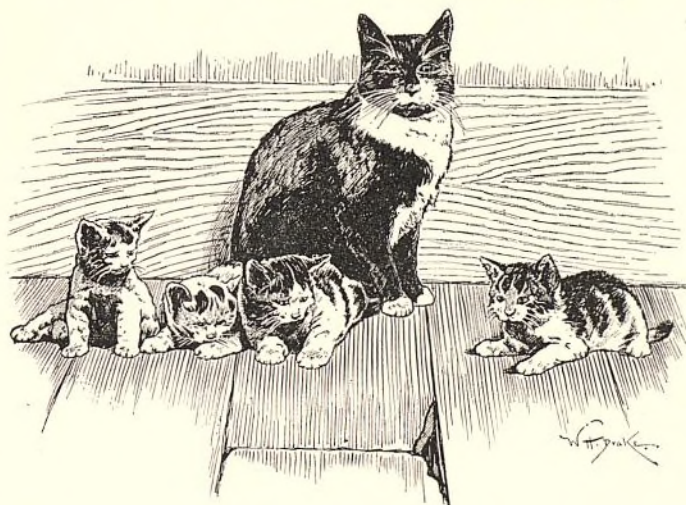
We all waited for the old woman, and when she came the children eagerly informed her of the

failure of even the most polite letter-writing where rats are concerned.

She is a shrewd old woman. She did not like to admit she was wrong, so she said she was sure that if we had n't written that very rude first letter the rats would have gone.

"I know they would if they were German rats," she said; "but I never wrote to American rats, and perhaps they are different."

The four-footed robbers are still at home in our cellar, and not even the children believe it worth while to write to them again.



## A SLEEPY LITTLE SCHOOL.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A FUNNY old professor kept a school for little boys,  
And he'd romp with them in play-time, and he would n't mind their noise;  
While in his little school-room, with its head against the wall,  
Was a bed of such proportions it was big enough for all.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained, "for you will find  
How very wrong indeed it is to force a budding mind;  
Whenever one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head,  
I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed!"

"And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day,  
When the little birds upon the trees go tooral-looral-lay,  
When wide-awake and studious it's difficult to keep,  
One by one they'll get a-nodding till the whole class is asleep!"

"Then before they're all in dreamland and their funny snores begin,  
I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in;  
After which I put the school-books in their order on the shelf,  
And, with nothing else to do, I take a little nap myself!"



## SAILOR BOY DROMIOS.

BY H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.

VERY EARLY one bright morning, two row-boats, one flying American and the other English colors, reached at about the same moment a sandy part of the shore not far from the Egyptian city of Alexandria. Each boat had come for a load of sand, to be used in holystoning the decks. The English boat belonged to H.M.S. "Alexandra," and the other to a famous little vessel of the American fleet.

The meeting of these boats, engaged in the same duty, was a trifling coincidence; but not so the meeting for the first time of two lads, one belonging to the English boat's-crew and the other to the American. No sooner had the prows of the cutters touched the beach than each crew began to stare, one at the English lad, and the other at the American boy. The boys themselves looked at each other in mutual surprise.

"Say, Docket," exclaimed the coxswain of the American boat, "may I never see a ghost, if that ain't yours in that English uniform there!"

"Look a' there, 'Arry," sang out an old English sailor, while he pointed his big, stubby finger at Docket; "if 'e harn't your twin brother, then I'm the Prince o' Whales!"

"Don't let 'em git mixed up," piped out a third sailor, "or they won't know themselves."

So close were the resemblances between the boys, in stature, figure and features, that, had it not been for differences of accent and uniform, it is doubtful whether they could have been distinguished. Indeed, the men declared with emphasis that if both boys should come into the forecabin of either ship wearing the same uniform, unless they should betray themselves by their speech, there could be no certainty as to which was which.

The men went to work filling the boats in great haste, for, as matters were in Alexandria at that time, it was a rather dangerous expedition. Meanwhile Docket and Harry, in spite of orders from the coxswains and growls from the crews, promenaded together back and forth along the beach, each giving an account of his personal history, and arranging for a future meeting. By the time the boats were ready to shove off, the boys were very well acquainted, and had appointed the following Saturday as the first day of meeting, when, it was agreed, Docket should visit Harry on board the "Alexandra."

Just a word about Docket and Harry. Docket, by the way, was only a nickname, given on board ship. The lad was the son of a Massachusetts clergyman. Much persuasion and no little coercion had been brought to bear to disenchant him with his romantic notions touching a seafaring life, but to no purpose. Finally he was committed to the Government as a third-class apprentice boy, United States Navy. Harry was the son of a poor London mechanic, who esteemed it a great privilege for his boy to be in Her Majesty's service, in any capacity. Each boy was very clever and mischievous, though Docket, having had better advantages, was the better educated.

It so happened that several weeks elapsed before Docket could pay his promised visit to Harry. One Saturday he was in high spirits. He had at last obtained permission to take the dinghy, of which he was coxswain, and a crew of boys for the purpose of visiting the "Alexandra." Shortly after eight bells, or the hour of noon, they set out. From the yards of his own little ship, Docket had often looked down in delighted wonder upon the vast decks of the "Sultan," the "Inflexible," the "Invincible," and the "Alexandra," anchored near by. Then, it must be confessed, he would experience a feeling of chagrin that a great nation like his own should permit its proud flag to fly over the feeblest navy of the globe. Docket loved a ship almost as he might love a person. Indeed, to him a ship almost seemed to think and feel.

Harry happened to be on the lookout from one of the "Alexandra's" cat-heads as the dinghy drew near. He had already obtained permission from the officer of the watch for the boys to come on board when they should arrive. Presently the dinghy lay quietly, hauled out at the "Alexandra's" boom, and Docket stood in the starboard gangway, staring like a country boy at his first sight of Broadway or of Pennsylvania avenue. Perhaps there is no better word than "*Immense!*" if it may be allowed, to express Docket's thought as he stood gazing fore and aft along the "Alexandra's" spar deck.

But a sailor boy soon learns better than to stare. In fact, Docket had now seen enough of the world to feel rather above showing surprise at anything; he regarded surprise as an altogether rustic emo-



tion. He therefore quickly recovered himself and fell at once into certain sailor-ways. Giving his cap a smart tilt and his trousers a spirited hitch, to intimate that he felt perfectly at home on a man-o'-war deck, he started with his custodian to inspect the ship.

It was very clear to Docket that the news of his wonderful likeness to Harry had preceded him. Everybody was staring at him, even the officer of the watch. No sooner had he reached the fore-castle than the member of the boat's crew who had first noticed the resemblance, sung out at the top of his voice: "There's that there Yankee twin of

might be a little tedious for Docket, dispersed the crowd by shouting out, "Git out o' here, I tell yer! The lad hain't a 'oss as is up for sale!"

Left to Harry, Docket began his tour of the ship. If there was anything between the mighty steel prow and the powerful twin-screws that he did n't see, it must have been something scarcely worth mentioning. The caliber of each gun, the thickness of the armor-plating, the power of the motive machinery, he took particular pains to learn. With Harry he discussed the qualities of the ship as a fighter; asked if she had ever been in action,—in short, plied him with all sorts of questions. By

the time they had worked around to the main-deck battery, he had an excellent idea of the different parts of the ship, knew Harry's stations at "fire-quarters," "great-gun drills," and so on; and felt that he could almost duplicate Harry in his duties as well as in his person.

"I tell you what, Harry," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, as they stood beside the eighteen-ton gun, to the crew of which Harry belonged, "would n't I like to belong to a ship like this!"

"You'd get sick enough of it before you'd been here a week; we gets harder service than you Yankee sailors."

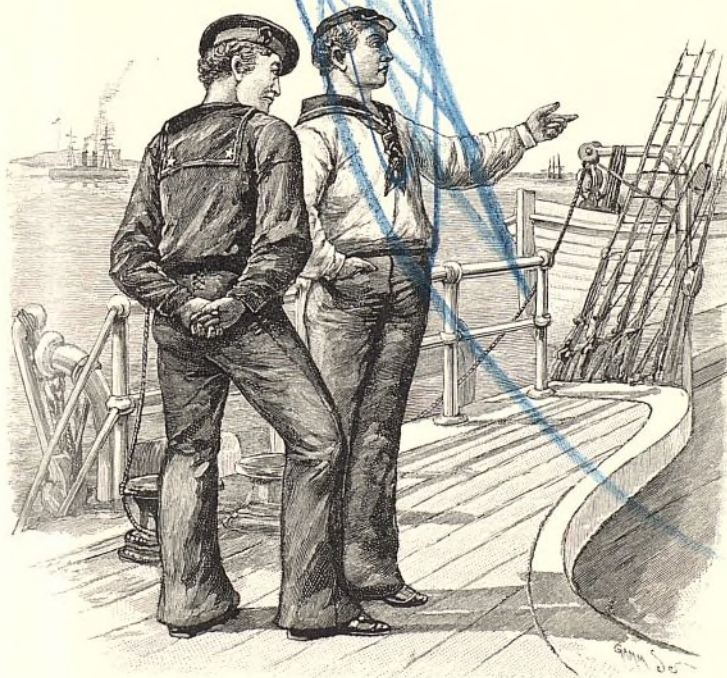
"It would be easy enough comin' if yer wants to ship," remarked an old quarter-gunner who was leisurely polishing up the gun.

"I did n't mean that I'd like to belong to *this* ship. You don't suppose that I'd desert, do you?" asked Docket, in an injured tone.

"When you gits older, you'll take higher views o' these things. I've been in three or four navies myself. I used to be first boatswain's-mate aboard the 'Lancaster.'"

An idea seized Docket. "Why not," he said to himself, "have a little fun out of this likeness? I might be Harry for an hour or two, just as well as not; and he could be Docket. We could keep our own counsel, and see whether anybody could tell the difference. Besides, I'd just like to see how it would seem to be under the British flag."

This was a bold scheme on the part of Master



HARRY CONDUCTS DOCKET OVER THE "ALEXANDRA."

'Arry's. I never seen a better match a-tween a pair o' donkeys!"

The men and boys all laughed at this parallel from the animal kingdom, and Docket did n't altogether relish it. But he made up his mind that he would be good-natured whatever might be said. A great crowd now gathered around him, and if he had stepped ashore up the Congo, and had there fallen in with a tribe that had never seen a white person, he hardly could have been an object of more curious attention. He had come to see the ship, but it was very certain that if he and Harry had been on exhibition anywhere within ten miles, the whole ship's company would have gone to see them. Finally an old petty-officer, evidently thinking it



Docket. He was sharp enough, too, to appreciate its difficulties. In the first place, could he get Harry to agree to it? If Harry agreed to it, then could he walk as Harry did? If successful in this, could he talk with Harry's accent, if obliged to speak at all? Harry had the cockney habits of dropping his h's at the wrong places and putting them in where they did n't belong, besides speaking ungrammatically. But should he succeed in his part, as he felt quite well-assured he could, how would it be with Harry? If Harry were forced to speak he certainly would let the cat out of the bag.

To tell the truth, Docket thought Harry a little slow, not to say stupid. What was his surprise, therefore, when Master Harry not only fell in with the plan, but was eager to go further than Docket had dared to imagine possible. Docket did n't know the depths of mischief that were beneath Harry's innocent exterior.

When their plan was perfected, Harry led Docket to a recess in the "starboard shaft-alley," where, unobserved, they exchanged uniforms. Everything came out right but the ties. Docket fussed a while before he could arrange Harry's to look properly "American"; and so did Harry before Docket's would take on an altogether "English" look. Everything arranged, they stood apart and looked each other over. Quite as much surprise was depicted on their countenances as at their first meeting. In truth, they seemed to have gradually dissolved the one into the other.

Holding their faces down, and introducing a heavy roll into their gaits, they started for the berth-deck. A sharp observer would have detected mischief in their eyes, and, in fact, in their whole demeanor; but as nobody suspected what they were up to, they passed along this deck unchallenged. The berth-deck, however, was a little dark;—how would it be on the main-deck? Could they escape detection there, they might go anywhere else without the slightest hesitancy. Very slowly they mounted the companion-ladder. They stood for a moment by the hatch-coamings, then, not daring to look any one in the face, they began their promenade. The men, however, only stared at them, or remarked with some attempt at humor on their wonderful likeness. The boys almost laughed outright when one of Harry's chums slapped Docket on the shoulder and requested him to assist that evening in getting a new uniform ready for Sunday-morning inspection. The "yes" which comprised the whole of Docket's reply had an accent quite English; but it did not seem to satisfy the other boy, for he gave Docket a quick glance, and looked bewildered. Before he could say anything further, Docket and Harry slipped away. Incredible as it may appear, they went

everywhere about the ship from keelson to main-top, and never an officer, man or boy, was any the wiser concerning the exchange of identities.

The hour for Docket's return to his ship arrived. Meanwhile Harry had proved a most skillful actor. He now, with the utmost coolness, submitted a proposition the audacity of which startled Master Docket. It was nothing less than that they should exchange ships for the night. He, Harry, would go to Docket's ship in the dinghy, and by hook or by crook get back to the "Alexandra," early next morning. They would then re-dress, each in his proper uniform, and Docket could take his chances in getting back on board his own ship in time for inspection.

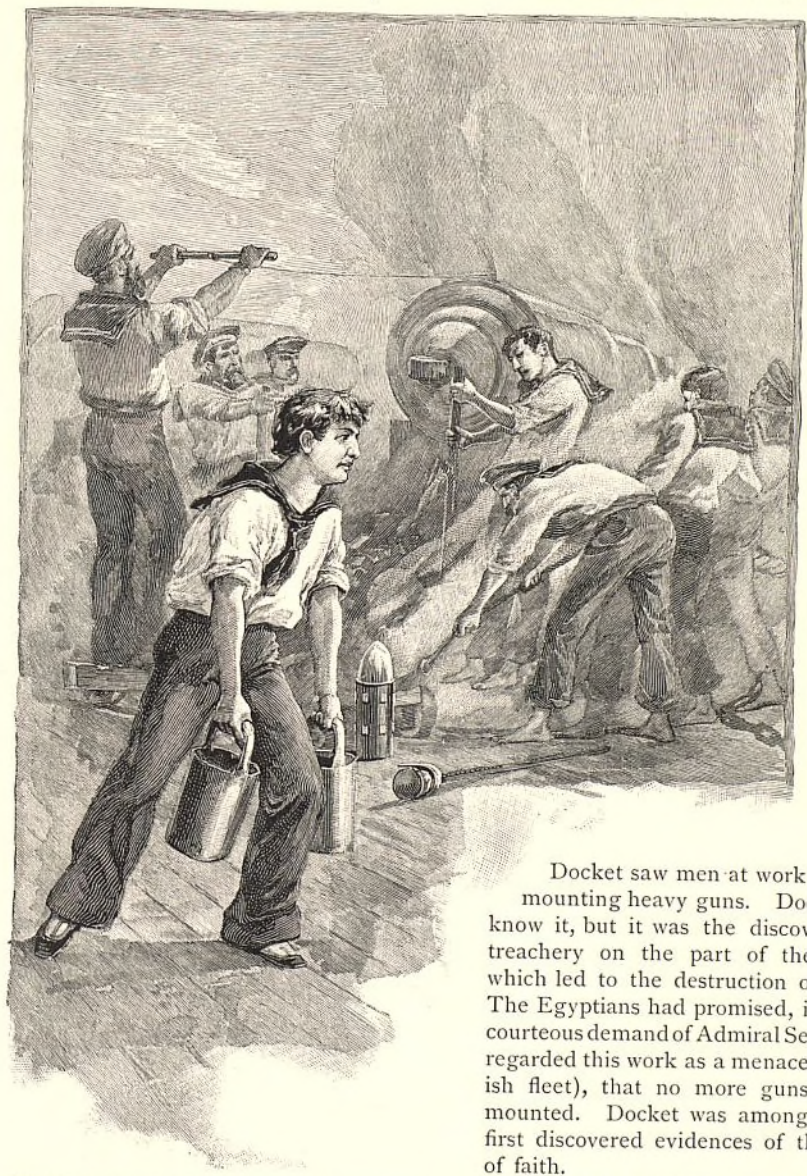
Ordinarily, Docket would not have entertained such a proposition for an instant. But they had been so successful, and deluding people is so fascinating (particularly when no great wrong is involved, as in this case), that Harry found it not at all difficult to overcome Docket's scruples. Now the plot had so thickened that it was no longer feasible for the boys to keep their secret. Summoning the dinghy's crew, Docket at once took them into his confidence, and Harry did the same by two English apprentices. The whole party were cautioned to repress every sign of the wonder they might feel at the substitution. With rather stern self-denial, the youthful accomplices succeeded in doing so. But there was much quiet fun over the perfect innocence of everybody as to what was going on under their very noses. This interfered somewhat with the arrangement of details; but at last, everything being ready, Harry jumped into the dinghy, and she was presently lost behind the wall-like sides of the great iron-clads lying between the "Alexandra" and Docket's ship.

So absorbed have we been in our Dromios that we have almost forgotten to remind the reader of the alarming condition of affairs in Alexandria. The power of the Khedive had been wrested from him. Certain of the Egyptian officers, by a series of bold and successful maneuvers, had obtained control of the army. The religious fanaticism of the Mohammedans had been aroused to a dangerous pitch. Active steps had been taken to strengthen all the fortifications of Alexandria. All this was viewed by the European inhabitants with consternation. Finally, the massacre of June 11, 1882, occurred, and their gravest apprehensions were more than realized. They fled for refuge to the vessels in the harbor, and embarked by thousands in steamers sailing for European ports. Little by little, events led on to the day of bombardment just a month later. It was just about this time that Docket and Harry undertook to carry out their little hoax.



Night found Docket a little crestfallen,— in fact penitent for his folly. He had not been found out, but he had been regarded very quizzically. He had received several orders to do things about the ship, which he necessarily obeyed in an awk-

down. But he became so excited before he turned in that he forgot all about these little mishaps. It happened that on that very night orders had been given to search the fortifications of Alexandria with the electric-light. By its powerful glare,



DOCKET DOES DUTY ON BOARD THE "ALEXANDRA."

Docket saw men at work in the forts mounting heavy guns. Docket did not know it, but it was the discovery of this treachery on the part of the Egyptians which led to the destruction of the forts. The Egyptians had promised, in reply to a courteous demand of Admiral Seymour (who regarded this work as a menace to the British fleet), that no more guns should be mounted. Docket was among those who first discovered evidences of their breach of faith.

ward manner. He heard the captain of the after-guard say, "That there lad is as hawkward about deck as a halbatross." He would not have been so cast down had he not, last of all, received a sharp reprimand for calling out the wrong number for Harry's hammock when hammocks were piped

Docket did not sleep very well in Harry's hammock. He was troubled with the feeling that the fun might perhaps end quite seriously. He had one dream. It was that the "Alexandra" had put to sea with him, an innocent and most unwilling deserter from his flag. He was glad when morning came, and he was ordered to "break out." The fresh air revived him. He took hold



of Harry's work about the ship even with alacrity, and by breakfast-time he felt quite exhilarated. Breakfast over, he was quickly on the lookout for Harry's return. Inspection came. All hands were mustered for the Church Service, and shortly after they were piped to dinner. "What can be the matter," thought Docket as he dropped into Harry's seat at the mess. "What if he does n't come at all? It can't be that he intends to keep my place. He would n't be guilty of such despicable meanness!" Four bells—six bells—eight bells, and no explanation. He began to grow nervous. He was tempted to go to the officer of the watch and confess the whole story. Perhaps the officer would send him back in one of the "Alexandra's" boats. But this would be "crying baby" too soon. When hammocks were again piped down, Docket was in an unenviable frame of mind. The fun of being a counterfeit was all over. But he had made up his mind to stay till Harry came back. He would not go sneaking on board his own ship, even if he should find an opportunity, in the clothes and the character of another.

July 11, 1882, dawned in full eastern splendor upon Alexandria. The Mediterranean outside the breakwater was as still as a painted sea, and not a breath rippled the smoothness of the inner harbor. In the darkness and silence of the night each ship of the British fleet had been stationed for action. The men-o'-war belonging to other navies had withdrawn to a safe distance from shot and shell. All merchant-vessels had been warned from the docks. Never since the time of its great founder had Alexandria seen such a picture before its walls as was now revealed by the light of early morning.

At least, so Docket would have thought had he been in an artistic mood when, after his breakfast at half-past four that morning, he climbed into the foretop to get his bearings. But Docket was not devoting any attention to natural or artificial effects on this particular morning. His heart was fairly leaping over the prospect of participating in the fight.

Presently a loud call from the deck brought him pell-mell down the rigging, and sent him scampering after his—or rather Harry's—sidearms. Docket had taken note of the order of battle. The "Alexandra," the "Sultan," and the "Superb" were the advance ships, facing forts Pharos, Ada, and the Ras-El-Tin lines. Many cable-lengths astern lay the "Inflexible" and "Téméraire," their black prows seeming to Docket to contract in an awful frown upon the forts and batteries directly in front of them. Far down the harbor the "Penelope," "Invincible," and "Monarch" held the Mex lines, all ready, at

just one little signal from the "Invincible," to open a destructive fire.

Almost any brave boy would go wild over such a sight; especially if he were on board one of the great ships, and had caught the enthusiasm of the gallant and eager crew. We do not therefore wonder at Docket's excitement as he buckled on his belt and ran to join his—Harry's—gun-crew. The silence which quickly settled over the ship was a matter of surprise to him. He had been disciplined to man-o'-war silence, but the absolute stillness pervading the ship at such a momentous time seemed almost unnatural. It made him think of that awful hush at sea which sometimes goes before the crash of a sudden tempest. The excitement was intense, and it was a matter of wonder how a mere word could hold it under such sublime control.

At one moment, a fear that the Egyptians would not fight ran like an electric current from man to man. A look of disappointment appeared on the stern faces of the crews waiting so impatiently to serve their guns. It was curious to see the flush of hope come into the resolute countenances at each tinkle of the engine-room bell, or when the quiet order, "Starboard," or "Port," broke the silence of the deck above. This was interpreted to mean that the flagship had given the welcome signal for the "Alexandra" to lead the fleet into action. But the great ship was only maintaining her position against adverse currents.

All at once there was a commotion on deck. Something very important had happened. A signal had been made from the "Invincible" ordering the "Alexandra" to fire. In less time than it takes to tell it, a shell from Docket's gun went crashing into the earthworks of the "Hospital" battery. Then, when the "Alexandra's" shot drew the fire of the forts, the whole fleet opened its batteries upon them. The roar of the great guns, the scream of the enemy's shells, filled the air with incessant tumult. How excited Docket was, amid it all!—and yet how coolly he tugged at the falls, helping to lift powder and shell from the magazines and shell-rooms for the use of his gun! He heard scarcely anything of the outer confusion. But the sounds of his own ship thrilled him. The sharp orders, the clatter of swords and cutlasses striking stanchions and decks as the officers and men hurried hither and thither to or from their stations, the suppressed cheers which rang out whenever a shot had told, kept him for a time in glorious fighting trim.

His ardor, however, began to cool a little as the Egyptian artillerists got the ship in range. He did n't exactly enjoy the shudder of the great ship when some well-directed shot scraped her iron side.



And when the shot and shell began to penetrate the unarmored parts and to come on board, he felt just a little like ducking as the pieces came his way. Why not? Even an admiral has been known to dodge a shot. The scene became very lively. Boats were stove in; skylights were smashed; rigging, stanchions, and ladders carried away; glass, splinters, and pieces of exploded shell flew about in every direction. Now and then would come awful crashes, when shells burst in the different cabins. A shell with its fuse burnt down almost to the powder rolled to Docket's feet, when quick as thought a brave fellow caught it in his arms and threw it overboard. One man was killed very near to Docket, and several more were wounded. More than sixty times the ship was struck. Twenty-four shot and shell penetrated her hull, causing the damage above mentioned. The wonder was that the casualties were so few. Docket would have been an unnatural kind of boy not to have wished a dozen times, amid all this din and danger, that he were safe on board his own ship; but this did not keep him from fighting as gallantly as any man or boy on board. When all the forts had been silenced and cheer after cheer went up from the English fleet, nobody was prouder of the achievement and nobody cheered more lustily than Master Docket.

The bombardment of Alexandria is a matter of history. Our only concern now is to know how it fared with our Dromios. Of course the hoax was very soon detected on board both ships. At first the English sailors regarded it as a piece of sharp practice on Harry's part. He was known to be a

great admirer of the United States navy. But Docket would not allow this piece of injustice. He knew well enough that Harry had done his best to get back, and that he must have felt terribly chagrined over the outcome, especially at being away from his ship during the fight. Docket stood up for his friend very stoutly, and he was right. Harry had even gone to the officer of the deck and begged to be sent back; but this was impossible, as all the boats were busy in bringing off people who were fleeing from the city.

One morning, after everything had quieted down, a boat flying American colors pulled alongside the "Alexandra," and Master Harry stepped out after the midshipman in charge and followed him rather sheepishly up the gangway. The affair was explained to the officer of the watch, who, of course, knew all about it, and Harry and Docket were sent below to shift uniforms once more. How the men laughed, and what they said as the boys went below, will not be described, but there was considerable fun over the affair. Docket did n't regret it, for it was the most natural thing in the world that he should receive all the glory. As Docket left the ship the men gave a cheer for the boy who had fought as gallantly under the British flag as he would have done under his own.

It is only necessary to add that so grave an offense could not be wholly overlooked by naval discipline, and each boy was "quarantined," or confined to the ship, for a month. This did not, however, prove a severe punishment, since no one in the fleet went ashore at Alexandria simply for pleasure at that particular period.

## DOWNHILL WITH A VENGEANCE.

BY W. H. GILDER.



HERE is in Siberia a mountain-pass which in the sharpness of its declivity is, I think, without an equal among all other known roads. Perhaps I should not use the word "road" when referring to this trail, over which the Russian traders carry their merchandise even to the shores of the Arctic ocean, and by which they return laden with the furs received in exchange. It was early in the month of May,

1882, while *en route* from the Lena Delta to Irkutsk, in Southern Siberia, that I had to cross the Werchojansk mountains over the steep pass mentioned, and the passage was so remarkable an experience that it made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Two circumstances united to make my journey at this time particularly disagreeable. The sun was rapidly coming north while I was just as rapidly pushing south, so that summer seemed to have suddenly jumped into the lap of spring; and the snows everywhere melting, and the swollen rivers bursting from their icy bonds, so



flooded the land that traveling was fraught with great difficulty and danger.

There is always in that country at the season of the year at which I was traveling a period of from eight to ten days when intercommunication is entirely cut off, and it is the aim of the unfortunate traveler to reach some place where food and shelter can be obtained. For this reason, it was my object to arrive at the Aldan river, the largest branch of the mighty Lena, and to cross to the southern side, where there was an occupied post-station, before the ice in the river was broken.

It was, however, my misfortune, owing to a lack of animals at the post-stations, and to the difficulties of the road in consequence of the melting of the snows, to reach the northern bank of that river the very day the ice broke up, and to see the huge hummocks and fields of ice rushing down-stream at the rate of ten miles an hour. It was just at dark when this unwelcome sight burst upon our anxious gaze, and to return to the hut, which we left in the morning, over a route that had been barely possible by daylight, was not to be thought of at night. In the morning my guide found that the water had risen around us so rapidly that retreat was cut off; and there, in the woods, without food and without shelter, other than what we could improvise from brush and twigs cut with our knives, we had to wait during the eight or ten days required for the rapid current to clear the river of ice.

On the other side of the Aldan, which is here two miles broad, we could see the smoke curling up from the log-hut that served as a post-station, and could almost smell the cooking beef, bread, and tea that we might have shared had we been there, while we had really nothing. We were not in danger of starvation, and after selecting the highest piece of land we could find, we encamped. There we had to remain for nine days until the river cleared sufficiently for us to cross in a boat that came from the other side. But in the mean time we had seen the water come up around us and into the little brush hut which, covered with the skin of the dead horse, had been our only shelter. It had put out our fire, and once had so covered every part of the land that it was only by putting our feet on the trunk of a fallen tree that we could keep them out of the water. There we sat and gazed with ill-concealed anxiety at the ancient water-marks, four or five feet from the ground, on the trunks of the trees around us, and wondered how long it would take the flood to reach that height. We were not, however, doomed to be drowned, for in about an hour and a half the waters began to subside, and continued to do so until the day when we crossed the river. All over

the land was a deposit of mud, so thick that our effects were easily drawn to the river bank on a bull-sled which had been brought over in the boat for the purpose.

It was to avoid all this unpleasant experience that my anxiety on the road to have the broken ice of the Aldan behind me had been so great, and that is why I had made every exertion to reach that point in time. I had succeeded in covering two stretches of post-road with reindeer, after leaving the town of Werchojansk; but from there onward we were dependent upon horses for transportation, and often we had to pick them up on the tundra,\* and drive them ahead of us as far as the next station, in order to continue our journey.

Arrived at Kingyorak, the last station north of the Werchojansk pass, I was disgusted to find not only neither horses nor reindeer, but even no inhabitants. Time was pressing and delays were exceedingly dangerous at this juncture, so I induced one of my drivers, by a liberal offer in money, to hunt up some of the savages who live scattered around ten or twenty miles from the station. Before evening some of them came, and I made a bargain with an old Yakoot starosta† to take me forward on my journey. It was about ten o'clock that night when he arrived at the station hut, with five sleds and fifteen reindeer, and we set out at once for the foot of the mountain, about ten versts (almost seven miles) distant. All that night we were trudging slowly along, the drivers walking ahead of their teams, and sounding with long poles to find the beaten track. The snow in the valley was about eighteen or twenty feet deep, and under the rays of the sun, which were every day increasing in power, it became so soft that it was impossible to proceed except in the track that had been beaten down and packed by the winter's travel.

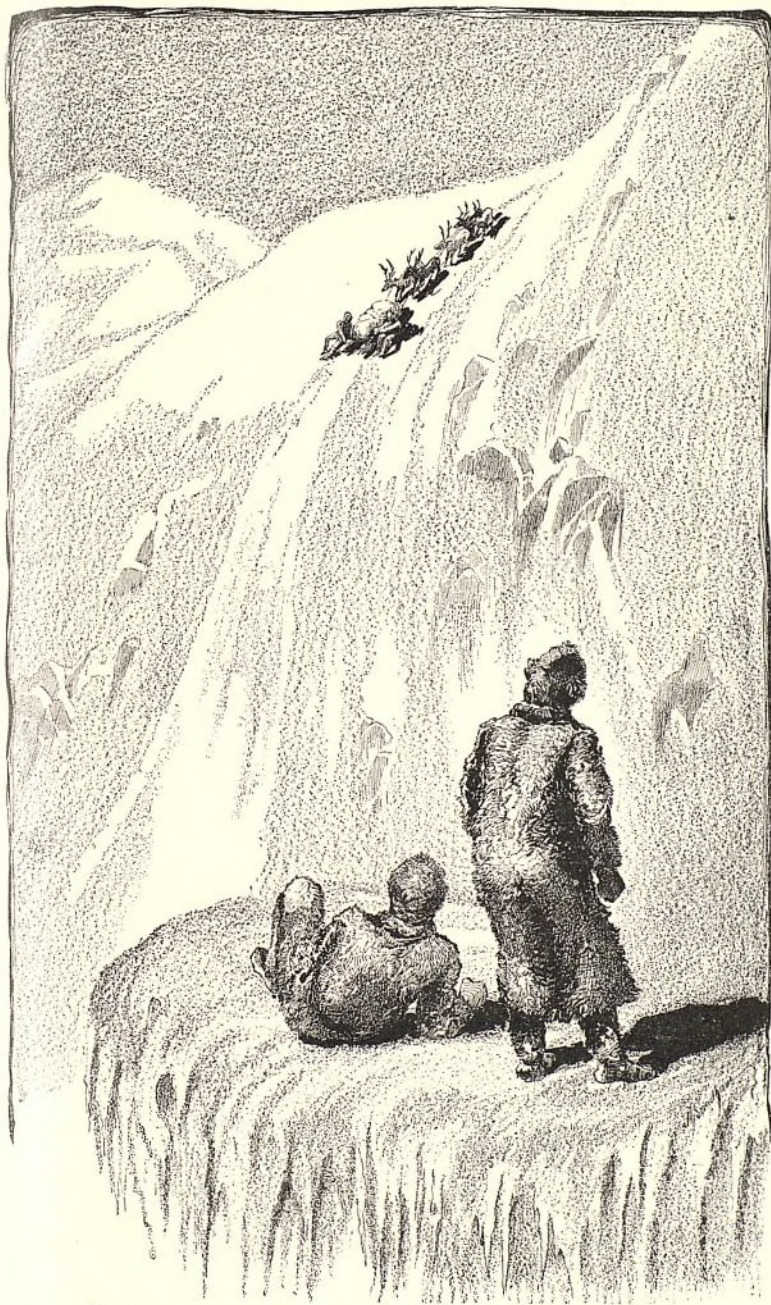
During the whole night I had watched my drivers, too much interested to sleep, and every now and then would see one or the other of them disappear when a false step took him out of the path and into the deep snow. It seemed to me that since leaving the line of the woods we had been traveling along a high white wall, and now it seemed directly in front. Presently, near the top of this wall, I saw three or four long black objects that seemed to be centipedes moving slowly down, and suddenly it flashed upon me that this wall must be the snow-covered mountain far away and towering up into the blue sky; while the "centipedes" were, in all probability, sleds descending toward us. On inquiring I found my supposition to be correct. Very soon the sleds were beside us, and we learned that the road on the other side of the mountain was simply indescribable; a little later we found it to be so by actual experience.

\* A rude cart. † A village-official, a bailiff.



It was not long before the ascent became very abrupt; I also had to go afoot with the others. It was hard labor to climb that mountain, but the

mit. It had been impossible for me to advance more than seven or eight steps without resting. The snow was soft, and at every step I had to lift



"IT SEEMED AS IF THE SLEDS AND MEN WERE LYING FLAT AGAINST A PERPENDICULAR WALL."

northern side I found to be nothing in comparison with the southern slope. After the most fatiguing climb I ever remember, I at last reached the sum-

where the road seemed to terminate in a precipice; but before I could arrest my progress I slid over it, not far behind Michaila, who had already disap-

one foot and plant it in front of me, and then throw my weight upon that and drag the other foot to the front, and so on until I would drop in my tracks from sheer exhaustion. On arriving at the crest of the mountain, I found it to be not more than ten or twelve paces broad. The wind was blowing with such force that I really feared that I would be blown off bodily, and I sat down to avoid so unpleasant an accident. My guide called me to his side, where he stood on the edge of the descent, and indicated by gestures his wish that we should go ahead. I looked down the slope, and it was so steep that it made me giddy. About one hundred and fifty yards below it seemed to end abruptly in a precipice, and I was absolutely afraid to try the descent until, after giving me a stick to be used as a brake in case my velocity increased too rapidly, the guide took another and showed me how to apply it. Sitting down, he began to move himself along very slowly, burying his heels in the soft snow at the side of the sled track, which was harder and more slippery, and consequently, all the more dangerous. I soon found myself moving along rapidly and approaching that point



peared from view. I found, however, that this was not a precipice, but simply a steeper place in the road, which was here almost perpendicular. My speed was accelerated most uncomfortably, and I found myself gaining momentum so that it almost took my breath away. I knew that from the crest of the mountain to the valley on the southern side was ten versts (nearly seven miles), and when I saw what was before me my hair stood on end with terror. But just then I saw Michaila, the guide, come to a halt on a sort of platform at the side of the road. This resting place appeared to have been devised by man or furnished by nature to avert collision with a big black rock that lay right in the path, contact with which would probably prove fatal.

From this level I could not see the top of the mountain, where the drivers were preparing to descend with the sleds and deer; but, from a second level, some distance below, I could see them quite plainly, though they were a long way off. They had lashed the sleds together, side by side, and fastened all the reindeer behind. The drivers placed themselves on either side of the sleds and held back with all their might, planting their heels in the snow, and the sure-footed reindeer also held the sleds back, being fastened behind them. From where I sat looking up, it seemed exactly as if the sleds and men were lying flat against a perpendicular wall and that the reindeer were standing on their heads on the back ends of the sleds.

It took the guide and myself only three-quarters of an hour to reach a part of the descent where we could walk or run; but the sleds required nearly twice that time. We were still a long distance from the foot of the mountain, but the descent was so steep that when we again took our places on the sleds the animals were forced into a gallop to keep out of our way. When I looked back at the road, even from the bottom of the valley below, it seemed impossible that I could have come down the mountain-side along that way.

I had heard of this pass before leaving the Lena Delta from Bartlett, the assistant engineer of the "Jeannette," who, with the other survivors of that ill-fated vessel, had crossed it on the road to Yakootsk during the winter just passed. He said that his party consisted of himself and Inguin, the big Esquimaux hunter, one of those taken aboard the "Jeannette" at St. Michael's, in Alaska. The road at the time they crossed was harder and much more slippery than when I passed over it. On ar-

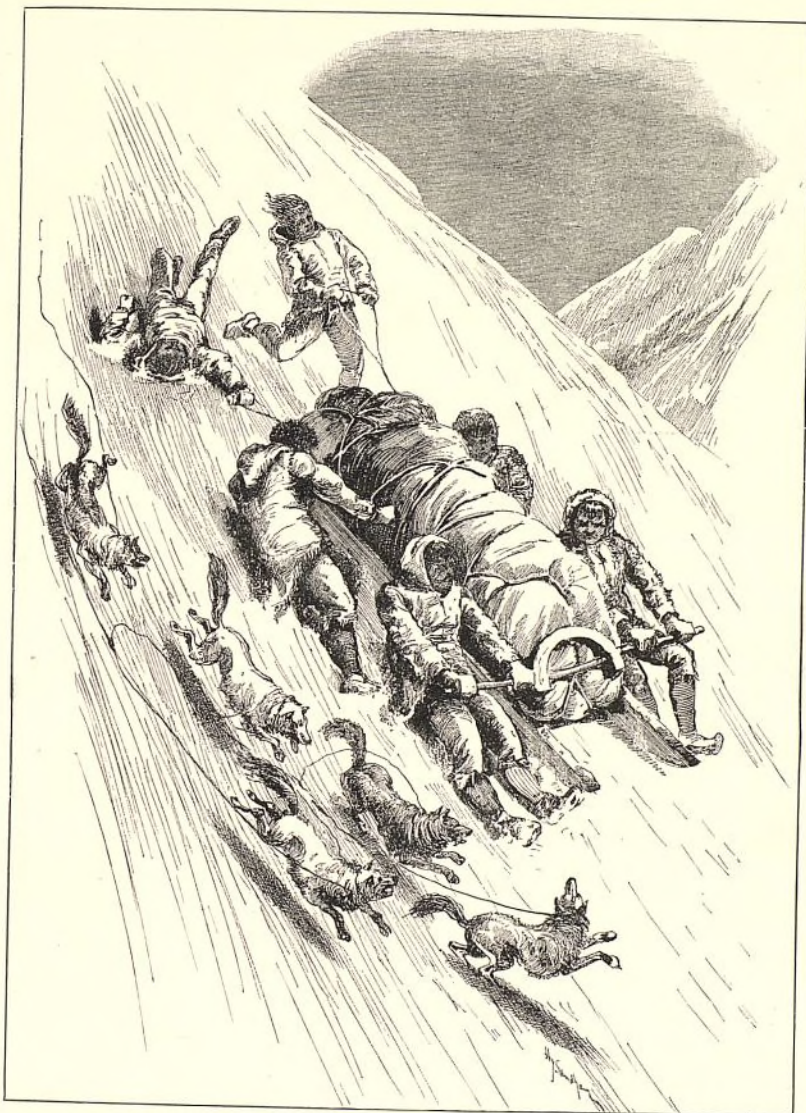
riving at the crest of the mountain, Bartlett's guide gave him a stick and by motions showed him how he was to use it as a brake, and told him to go on. In obedience to the instructions, he sat down and started; but, finding himself to be going too rapidly, he attempted to apply his brake, whereupon the stick flew from his hand, and away he went, staring with dismay at the big black rock which seemed certain to seal his fate in a few sec-



"LOOKING AROUND, HE SAW INGUIN COMING LIKE THE WIND."

onds! Just then, however, he slid easily out upon the first platform as if he had been switched off on a side-track. Looking around, he saw Inguin coming like the wind. He too had lost his stick, and his speed was something frightful. His head was bare and his long black hair streamed straight out behind. Both elbows were level with his shoulders and his eyes and mouth were stretched to their full extent. Bartlett prepared to throw himself out of the way to avoid the threatened collision; but the frightened savage kept right on to the second level, his speed increasing every second until it seemed only by a miracle that he reached the lower platform in safety. There Bartlett soon joined him and forgot his own fears in the recol-





ESQUIMAUX DESCENDING A HILL WITH A HEAVILY LOADED SLED.

lection of the comical spectacle presented by Iniguin's terrified countenance as he flashed past on his frightful slide.

"How do you like that sort of traveling, Iniguin?" said Bartlett.

"Me no likee," was the reply. "Too muchee quick! — too muchee burnem! No *can* likee."

Down ordinary descents, and quite steep ones, too, it is the custom to allow the reindeer to trot and increase the rapidity of their motion as the sled pushes upon their heels, until at last they gallop at the top of their speed. Near Bulun, which is two days' journey from the mouth of the Lena river, there are several very steep grades, and the reindeer scampering down like the wind,

the drivers shouting at the top of their voices, and the sleds bounding over the rough places make up a scene well worth witnessing.

The Esquimaux of North America, on land journeys, often encounter hills where it would be very dangerous to attempt a descent with a heavily loaded sled drawn by dogs. When such a place is reached, they unhitch the dogs and let the sled descend by its own weight. All the men act as brakes to prevent, if possible, a descent so rapid as to land the equipage a complete wreck at the bottom. The two strongest of the drivers take their places on the sides at the front of the sled, and the others hold on where they can; all pull back



as strongly as possible when the speed increases. Some plant their feet straight in front of them and send the snow flying as if from a snow-plow. Others find themselves taking leaps that would astonish a kangaroo, are dragged furiously along, or, maybe, come rolling to the bottom after the sled. The dogs regard the whole affair as a joke, and

with their traces tied together come dashing along in the wild chase, some barking joyously, others yelping distressedly as, caught in the traces, they are dragged to the foot of the hill by their reckless companions. It often seemed a wonder when, even with all our exertions, we could land sled and party at the bottom in safety.

# Getting Acquainted



*By Sydney Dayre.*

"I got acquainted very quick  
With Teddy Brown, when he  
Moved in the house across the street,  
The nearest one you see.

"I climbed and sat upon a post  
To look, and so did he;  
I stared and stared across at him  
And he stared back at me.

"I s'posed he wanted me to speak  
I thought I'd try and see—  
I said, 'Hello!' to Teddy Brown  
He said, 'Hello!' to me."





## THE BUNNY STORIES.

By JOHN H. JEWETT.

### MORE TROUBLE FOR THE BUNNYS.

#### A NEW KIND OF CIRCUS.

THERE were two sides to Runwild Terrace.

On the south side, where the Bunnys lived, there were many cosy cottages, well-kept lawns, and pretty flower-gardens.

The Bunny children and their playmates who lived in these pleasant homes were taught to be kind and gentle, and were usually neatly dressed and tidy in their habits.

On the north side of the Terrace there was another village, where many poor families were huddled together in dingy blocks or small, shabby houses.

The streets were narrow, the door-yards piled with rubbish, and both the old and young were poorly clothed and looked hungry and neglected most of the time. The young Bears and Coons

Bunnyboy and Brownny were becoming rough and clownish in their manners and sometimes used bad words while at play.

He told them the bear cubs were not good company, they must keep away from them in future.

One day in September Tuffy Bear met Bunnyboy and asked him to come over and play circus that afternoon.

When Bunnyboy asked his father whether he might go, the Deacon said "No," but that they might play circus at home and invite their playmates to come and spend the afternoon with them.

Like a great many others of his age, Bunnyboy was willful, and this did not suit him at all, for he wished to have his own way in everything.

He thought his father was very hard and stern; and after sulking awhile, he told Brownny to ask their mother whether they might go berrying.

Mother Bunny said "Yes," if they would come home early; and off they started over the hills.

When out of sight from the house, Bunnyboy said he was going to the north village to ask Tuffy and Brindle where the berries grew thickest.

He said this to satisfy Brownny; but he knew it was only a sneaking way of going to see what the bear cubs were doing, and an excuse for disobeying his father.

On the way they met Spud Coon and his grandmother, who lived in the north village.

Spud asked them to stop and play with him, or to let him go with them.

Bunnyboy looked scornfully at Spud's torn jacket and bare feet, and replied, "We don't wish to play with a ragged cub like you. You had better stay where you belong, with your old granny."

This word "granny" was one he had picked



and their neighbors of the north village were commonly called "Cubs," and their names, when they had any, were generally nicknames.

Bunnyboy and Brownny had sometimes met two of the bear cubs, Tuffy and Brindle, in the fields, and liked to play with them, because they were large and strong, and were usually planning or doing some mischief.

Deacon Bunny soon began to notice that both

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up from the bear cubs, and he thought it would be smart to use it, because Spud's grandmother was old and feeble and miserably poor.

He forgot all he had been taught at home about

Here they began to race about in a circle while Brindle played he was a clown, repeating a lot of stupid words at which they all laughed, pretending they were having great fun.

When they were tired of this, Tuffy said they must have a trained donkey, and if the bunnies would help him he would catch one of the young goats in the pasture on the hill beyond the woods, and make him play donkey for them.

While Tuffy was catching the goat, Brindle was sent to get a long piece of clothes-line, and when he came back with it, the goat was dragged through the fields to the ring.

Then began a great racket; shouting at the frightened creature, tripping him up, and laughing to see him tug at one



being polite and respectful to the aged, and he did not stop to think how angry it would make him to hear his own dear grandmother called "granny" by a saucy youngster.

Grandmother Coon looked sharply at Bunnyboy and said she was sorry his manners were not so fine as his clothes, and led away Spud crying and wishing he was big enough to thrash the fellow who called them names because they were poor.

Brownny was ashamed and would have turned back, but Bunnyboy urged him along until they met Tuffy and Brindle, who supposed they had come to play circus.

end of the line with Tuffy at the other, while Brindle beat him to make him go round and round in the ring.

At last, this rough sport was too much for Brownny's tender heart, and he begged the cubs to let the poor goat go.

This made them angry, and they said that he was trying to spoil the fun, and it would serve him just right to make him play monkey and ride the goat.

Bunnyboy began to see what kind of company they were in, and tried to take Brownny's part. Then Tuffy struck Bunnyboy, and a quarrel began



Tuffy said he knew just the place for a circus-ring and led the way to an open field, a little way out of the village.

in which the bunnies were roughly handled and thrown down on the ground.

Tuffy was so strong he could easily hold Bunny-



boy, and he told Brindle to tie Bunnyboy's hands and feet so that he could not get up.

Then they put Brownny on the goat's back and tied him on, with his feet fastened under the goat's



neck and his hands under his body, so that he could not fall off nor get off, and they said he made a good monkey.

They beat the goat to make him go faster, and hit Brownny because he cried, while Bunnyboy had to lie helpless and see his little brother abused.

When he tried to call for help they stuffed his mouth full of grass and leaves, and told him to keep still or they would tie up his mouth with a handkerchief.

While this was going on and the bunnies were



wondering how it would end, they heard a pack of hounds barking, not very far away.

Tuffy and Brindle did not like dogs, and were afraid of being caught playing such cruel tricks on the bunnies, and they ran away home as fast as they could.

When the goat found he was free from his tormentors he started for the pasture with Brownny still tied on his back, leaving Bunnyboy bound hand and foot, alone and helpless on the ground.

Though he shouted for help until he was hoarse, no one came. Then he hoped Tuffy or Brindle would come back and untie him before dark, but they did not.

Evening came, and the moon rose over the hills, and still he lay there alone, wondering what had become of his brother and what would happen if he had to lie there all night.

At last he heard voices in the corn-field near by, and called again for help as loud as he could.

Some one answered, and he felt sure help was coming; but he hardly knew what to think when he saw bending over him the same Grandmother Coon and little Spud, whom he had met on his way.

Spud knew him at once and cried out, "Oh, grandma, here is the same Bunnyboy who called us names this afternoon."

Bunnyboy thought his last chance was gone, but begged of them not to leave him any longer in his misery, for the cords were hurting him and he ached all over from lying bound and cramped so long.

Spud said, "Good enough for you!" but his grandmother told him that was wrong, and quickly untied Bunnyboy and helped him to his feet.

Then she said, "If you are one of Deacon Bunny's sons, I know your mother. She is a kind

friend to us poor folks, and has often brought us food and comforts when we have been sick or in trouble. You behaved badly to us to-day, but I am glad to help you now for her sake, if for no other reason."

Bunnyboy thanked her, and was glad enough to use his stiffened legs once more to hurry home, by the same road he had come but with very different thoughts.

He felt a great deal more respect for his father's





opinion of bear cubs, and of what was good company for him to keep, than he had felt when he first left home. The family had already begun a search through the neighborhood, and were just planning what to do next, when Bunnyboy reached the house.

When they asked for Brown, he told them that the last he saw of him was that he was being carried off on a goat's back toward the pasture beyond the north village.

The Deacon knew where the goat-pasture was, and started at once, with Cousin Jack, to find Brown.

In about an hour they returned bringing Brown, who was dreadfully frightened, and badly bruised and scratched by the bushes and fences against which the goat had rubbed, in trying to rid himself of his burden.

They had found Brown still tied to the goat, and both lying on the ground, with a dozen or more goats standing about in the moonlight staring at the strange sight.

When Brown had been bathed and had eaten his supper, the family sat down to hear how it all had happened.

Then the whole story came out, for Bunnyboy was honest enough to tell the whole truth about

obeying him, and never thought of making a bad matter worse by telling lies about it.

When he had finished the Deacon looked very sober and said to Mother Bunny, "I think I ought to give up my mission Sunday-school class in the north village, and see what I can do for our own little heathen in this family.

"I am ashamed," he went on, "to try to teach other folk's children, when one of my own sets such



an example, by mocking at misfortune and by being rude and unfeeling to the old and poor, as Bunnyboy has done to-day."

Mother Bunny made no reply, but cried softly to herself, and it almost broke Bunnyboy's heart when he saw her trying to hide her tears behind her handkerchief.

Cousin Jack said it reminded him of the old proverb, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and if Bunnyboy would take it for a text for his next Sunday-school lesson, he thought he would not need a dictionary to tell him what the big word meant, or how hard the wrong way always is,—especially for those who have been taught a better way than they follow.

Then Deacon Bunny turned to Bunnyboy and said, "When I was a boy the only whipping my father ever gave me was for disobeying him, and perhaps I ought to follow his example."

Bunnyboy thought a whipping would be the easiest part of his punishment, if that would blot out the record of the day, but he did not say so.

After thinking a moment Deacon went on to say, "You all know that my father's plan is not my way of teaching you to do right. I think if a boy with such a home, and such a mother as you



going to see the bear cubs, and of the first as well as the last meeting with the Coons.

He owned to his father that he knew he was dis-



have, can not learn to be a good boy without whipping, he will not learn at all, but will keep on



doing wrong, until he has brought sorrow and shame on himself, and on all who love him."

"Well, well!" said Cousin Jack, "there is always one good thing that may be saved from the wreck of a bad day, and that is a good resolution."

to get into just such scrapes myself, when I was young and thoughtless."

This made Bunnyboy feel better, but more like crying. He pressed Cousin Jack's hand very hard.

"I have noticed," said Cousin Jack, "that some boys seem to have these attacks of lying, boasting, and disobeying their parents, just as they have the measles, chicken-pox, or whooping-cough, and when they have suffered as Bunnyboy has suffered for his disobedience to-day, they are not likely to have the same attack again."

Bunnyboy looked very gratefully at Cousin Jack for helping him out, and told them all he was truly sorry and would never do so any more, and that early next morning he would ask Grandmother Coon's pardon in good earnest, and give Spud the best toy he had in the house. As for Tuffy and Brindle, he had seen enough of them, and their kind of a circus, to last him a lifetime.

Mother Bunny looked at the clock, said it was time the bunnies were asleep, and led them away to bed. When his mother kissed him good-night, Bunnyboy whispered to her, "Don't cry any more about it, Mother, for I will try not to make you cry for me again, the longest day I live."

And the best part of the story is that he never did.

Many years after, when Bunnyboy had grown up, the sweetest praise he ever received, was when his



Then calling Bunnyboy to his side, he said, "My poor boy, I am sorry for you, and I know just how you hate yourself for what has happened, for I used

mother told him he had been a good son and a great comfort to her, ever since the day he played circus with Tuffy and Brindle Bear.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

WHEW! How the dried grass in my meadow dances about! Even the bare branches twirl and caper at times, and the evergreens nod and bow in the breeze, and the very air blusters like a Master of Ceremonies. March is coming.

Well, let us take advantage of a quiet moment, and speak of

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LITTLE JOKE.

I AM told that ST. NICHOLAS gives you this month an account of George Washington as an athlete. If so, why may not your Jack, in this centennial year of Washington's inauguration, allude to the Father of Our Country as a joker? To be sure, there is perhaps only one joke by the great man on record, but it was a good one; and here it is, right out of history:

"It was during a debate in the Continental Congress on the establishment of the Federal Army. A member proposed that it should never exceed 3000 men, whereupon Washington moved an amendment that no enemy should invade the country with a force exceeding 2000 men."

## A THOUGHTFUL GOVERNMENT.

Now is the season of thaws, and, consequently, of damp feet. And damp feet, my beloved, are the parents of many ills. Ask the doctors if I am not right. I am told that in one of the cantons of Switzerland all the school children are provided with slippers at the public expense, in order that their damp boots may be taken off and dried by the fire during school hours.

If this is true, the children of that canton are safer than the children of our Middle and Eastern States at this oozy season, or my name is not Jack,—that is to say, *if the children use the slippers.*

## FANCY FEET.

TALKING of feet,—a little friend has sent a letter to this Pulpit all the way from Medora, in Dakota, to tell us about the queer feet of the grouse and the sage-hen, whose habits she has been trying to study. The foot of the sage-hen, she says, is covered with little feathers almost down to the toes; while the foot of the grouse is quite different. It has little quills down on all the toes, about an eighth of an inch long.

The little lady asks my boys and girls if any of them are acquainted with birds having feet "as fancy as those of the sage-hen and the grouse in Dakota?"

## PUSSY-WILLOWS THE YEAR ROUND.

HERE is a good hint from your poet-friend, Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch:

Take a brisk walk into the country on some of these crisp cold days, and gather all your hands can hold of pussy-willow twigs, before the "pussies" have thought of peeping out. When you have brought them home, place them at first in a sunny window where they will dream that April has come, and the pretty buds will begin to swell, then to open, and the soft, silvery gray will appear. They will look just as furry and pussy-like in February as those you left in the thickets and hedges will toward May. In this way you may have pussy-willows for your vases two or three months ahead of time, and they will not lose by their early awakening. You may leave them standing on your mantel for months with no water in the vase, and the little, soft, gray pussies will stay perched in their places without dropping off, unless, indeed, you handle them too roughly. I have had a vase full of them for ten months, and they are as pretty now as on the day they were brought to me. I thought that day, when I saw a smiling boy, his hands filled with them, standing framed by the doorway, the outer air full of snowflakes, that the picture was prettier than any Christmas or Easter card ever designed.

## TOSSED OFF.

YOUR Jack knows of a little girl thirteen years old, named Nannie Branch, who has a poetic soul; and what did she do the other day but toss off from it this pretty description of a bubble:

ALL sunshine glowing, a fancy fair,  
With the exquisite tints of a rainbow bright,  
It quivers and wavers and floats in the air,  
It sails, a clear globe of miraculous light.

It mingles with purple and melts into blue,  
It glimmers with crimson and shimmers with green,  
It is gleaming with gold of ethereal hue  
And the loveliest colors that ever were seen.

A fairy-like bauble, a marvelous sphere,  
Its tints are of heaven, so lovely they seem:  
A ravishing brightness that floats in the air—  
And it's vanished away, like a beautiful dream.



## AN OSTRICH RACE.

## LOS ANGELES.

DEAR JACK: Somebody in our city sent a letter to the "Philadelphia Press" which I have enjoyed very much, it is so true; and I now send a part of it to you, all printed, so that the boys and girls throughout the country may enjoy it also.

At a command from the Doctor one of the Madrasese keepers opened the doors of one of the pens, and in response to the Doctor's call, two superb ostriches came running to him. After caressing the gentle creatures for a few moments, he showed them a handful of figs, of which they were extremely fond. Two of his men then restrained the birds by placing nooses about their legs, until he and myself had walked to the other end of the course. Then, at a signal from the Doctor, the birds were released, and the race began. It was a rare sight. Ornithologists tell us that the stride of the ostrich when feeding is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty-six inches; and when terrified, from eleven and one-half feet to fourteen feet. It seemed to me that in this race for a handful of figs from their master these gigantic birds covered the last-named distance at every stride.

Like the wind they came, their great necks stretched forward and upward to their utmost length; their wings, like arms, working with a motion similar to that made by their legs, and filling the air with a mighty sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. Nearer and nearer they came, their speed increasing with every moment, till I was almost terrified lest they should run us down, feeling certain that we could not withstand the shock. They kept very well abreast for nearly half the distance, and

then one began to forge ahead. He steadily increased his lead until within a few feet of us, when he turned his head, and seeing that his competitor was considerably in the rear, he slackened his pace, and jogging up to the Doctor, received his reward in figs and caresses.

## A NEW TOWN IN AFRICA.

DEAR JACK: A letter has just come to me from Johannesburg in the Transvaal, South Africa, dated October 31st.

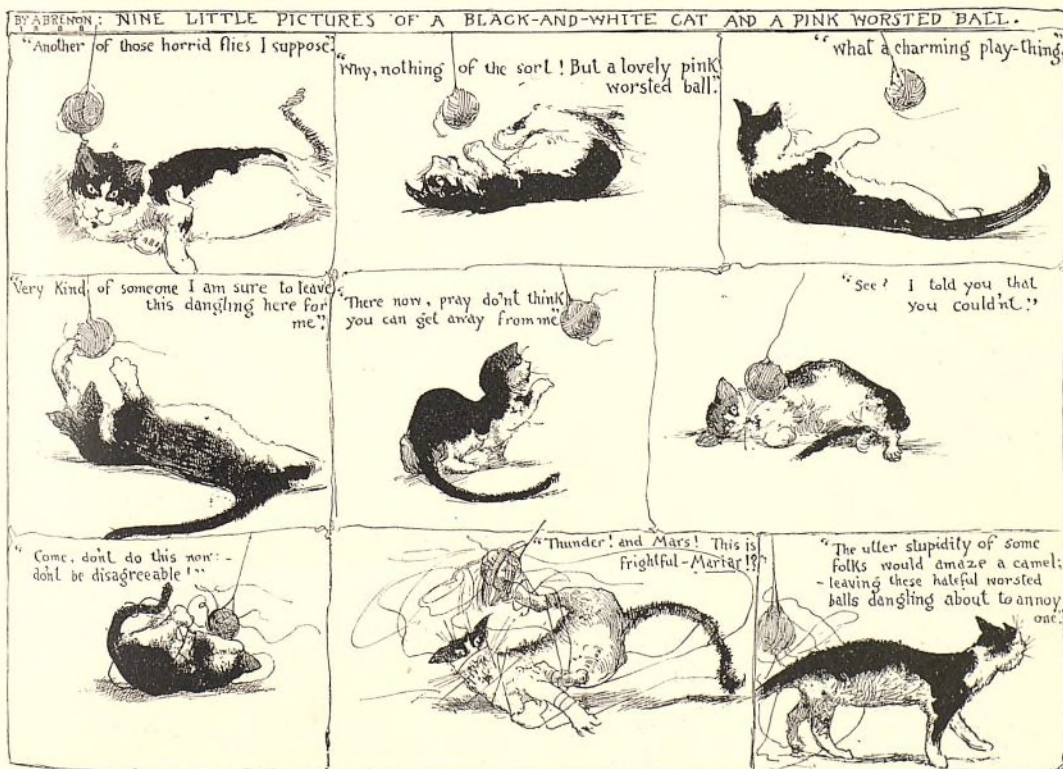
"This is a mining town, the center of the new gold-fields," my correspondent tells me. "Only three years ago there was no such place, and now it has ten thousand people, and it displays brick houses, a theater, shops, and all the appurtenances of life.

"The amount of dust and dirt," he goes on to say, "is almost incredible. At this altitude, about six thousand feet above the sea level, there is nearly always a gusty wind, and 'Africa's golden sands,' as the hymn hath it, obscure the air like a snow-storm, making the streets almost impassable.

"The 'nurse-maids' here are mostly little black boys, and they seem to take great care of their charges. Very few of the women live in the towns, but come trooping in on market-days; their full-dress is a garment formed of old gunny-bags, or sackcloth, and a favorite ornament with them is a piece of bone, shaped like a cigar, which they use as a snuff-box. It is worn through a hole in each ear!"

Fancy carrying your snuff-box in your ear! I may say with truth I have heard of a box on the ear, but a snuff-box, never. So I thought I would transcribe a portion of this letter for your amusement.

Yours affectionately, JILL.





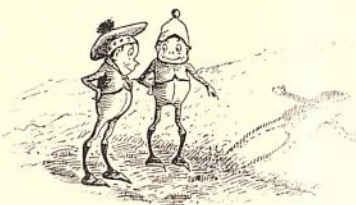
## THE BROWNIES' SNOWMAN.

BY PALMER COX.



WHEN snowdrifts blocked the  
country roads,  
And trees were bending  
with their loads,  
The wind grew mild which  
had been raw,  
And winter yielded to a  
thaw;  
That night the Brownies  
stood to stare

Like dough be-  
neath the  
baker's hand  
It seemed to  
answer each  
demand.  
The rolls when  
tumbled to  
and fro,



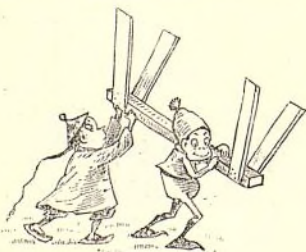
In wonder on the village square.  
Said one, "This plot where drifts now roll  
Seems like an acre from the Pole.  
I have a scheme which nothing lacks:  
Now while the snow so closely packs,  
And may be molded in the hand,  
We 'll build a statue tall and grand



Which here shall stand  
at morning prime,  
To be the wonder of the  
time."  
Another cried, "That  
suits us all.  
To work let every  
member fall.

When once the task we  
undertake  
Be sure no dwarfish man  
we 'll make;  
But one that proudly  
may look down  
On half the buildings in  
the town.

I know the place where builders keep  
Their benches while the snow is deep;  
The poles, and ladders too, are there,  
To use when working high in air.  
While some for these with me will fly  
Let some their hands to snow apply,



And not a feature  
of the man  
Shall be neglected  
in our plan."  
The snow that  
night was at  
its best  
And held its  
shape however  
pressed;



Increased with every turning, so  
First like a cushion on they  
sped,  
Then like a pillow, next a bed,  
Until the snow, adhering there,  
Would leave the grass or peb-  
bles bare.  
As higher blocks of snow were  
laid  
Still higher scaffolding was  
made,  
And ladders brought to use  
instead  
Of those too short to reach the  
head.  
Thus grew the form from hour  
to hour,  
For Brownies' hands have won-  
drous power,

And let them  
turn to what  
they will  
Surprising  
work will  
follow still.  
Some shaped  
the legs or  
smoothed  
the waist,



Some saw plump arms were rightly placed;  
The head was fixed with proper pose,  
Well fash-  
ioned were  
both ears  
and nose.  
So close  
thronged  
Brownies  
high and  
low,





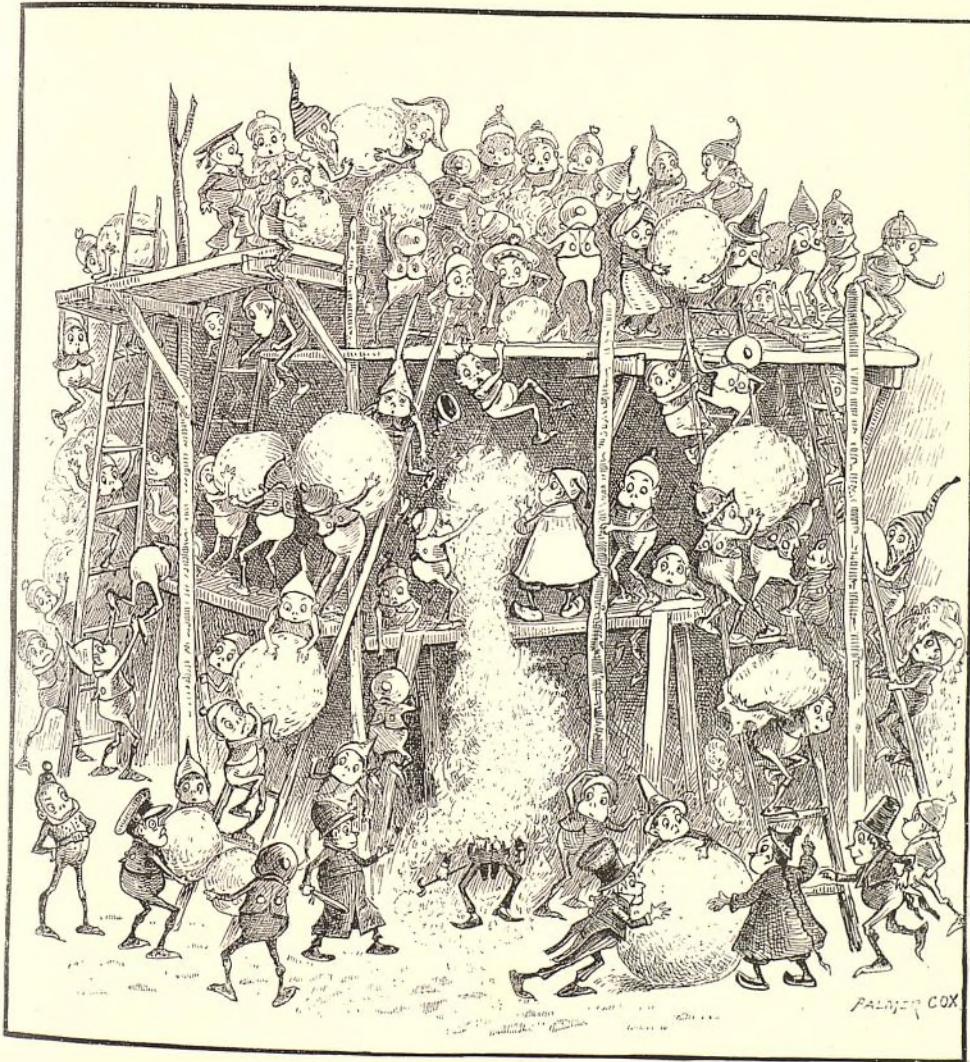


A looker on would hardly know  
What plan or shape the busy band  
Of cunning Brownies had in hand.  
But plan they had, and deftness too,

As well was seen when they were through.  
The rounded form and manly port  
Showed modeling of rarest sort,  
While charcoal eyes, so well designed,  
They seemed to read the very mind,



Long icicles for beard and hair,  
Were last affixed with taste and care.  
And when the poles around the base  
Had been returned each to its place,  
And every ladder, bench, and board  
They had in use, again was stored,  
The Brownies stood around awhile  
To gaze upon their work and smile;  
Each points at head, or hand, or toe,  
His special handiwork to show.  
In truth, they had good reason there  
With joy and pride to stand and stare,

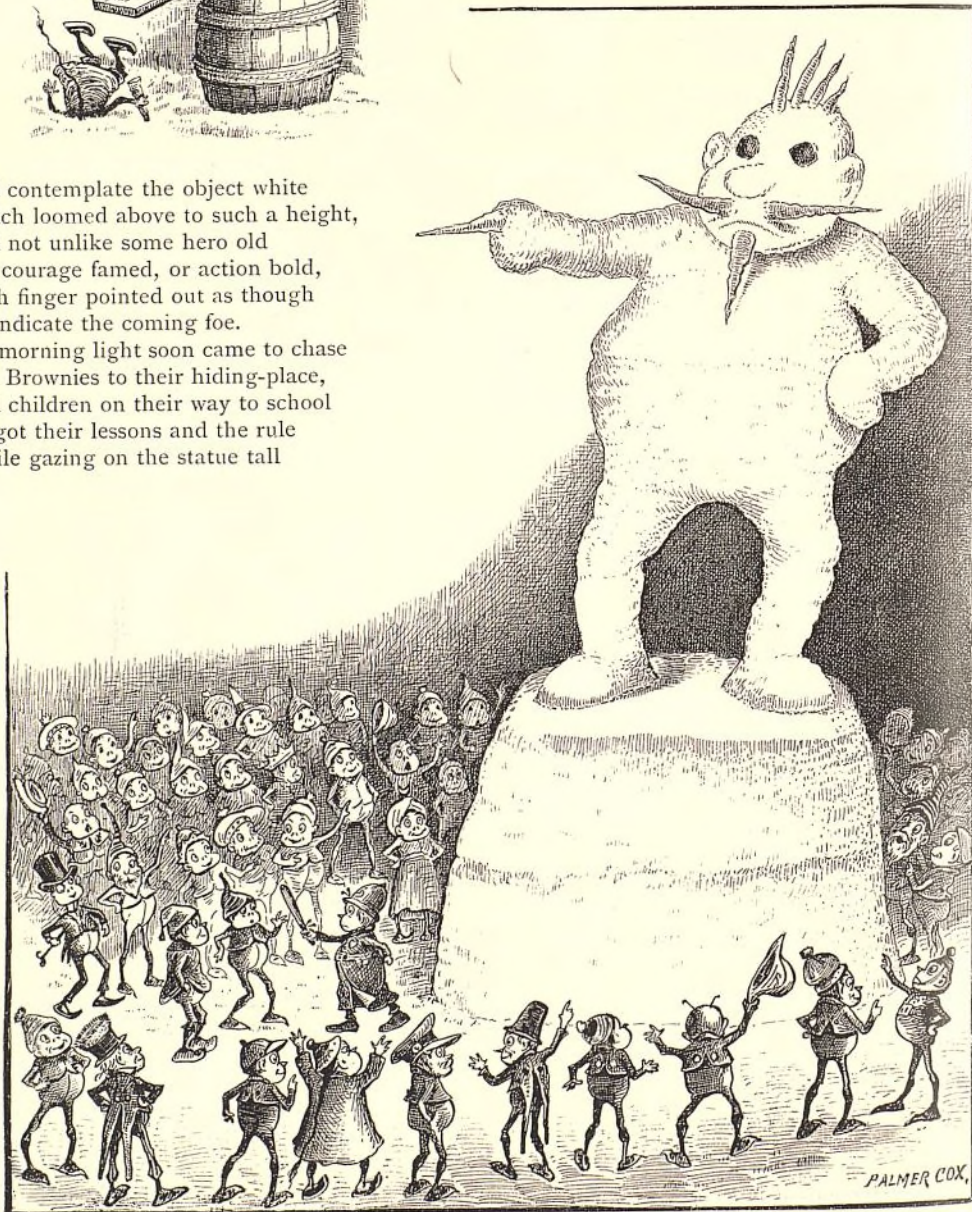






That seemed to guard the County Hall.  
And after drifts had left the square,  
When roads and shingle roofs were bare,  
When ice had left the village pond,  
And sheep had sought the hills beyond,  
The Brownies' statue, like a tower,  
Still bravely faced both wind and shower—  
Though sinking slowly all the while,  
And losing corpulence and style,  
Till gardeners, on the first of May,  
With shovels pitched the man away.

And contemplate the object white  
Which loomed above to such a height,  
And not unlike some hero old  
For courage famed, or action bold,  
With finger pointed out as though  
To indicate the coming foe.  
But morning light soon came to chase  
The Brownies to their hiding-place,  
And children on their way to school  
Forgot their lessons and the rule  
While gazing on the statue tall





## SWEET MEMORIES.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

CLYTEMNESTRA was as well behaved an elephant as any circus would care to possess. She had "tantrums" as seldom as any elephant in the herd; she would go through her performances dutifully; she could be trusted to carry children on her back, and was generally a mild mannered, good-tempered beast. It was for all of these reasons that no one was prepared for what she took it into her big head to do, and did, one fine morning.

The circus which "Clytie" belonged to was traveling through the country parts of England, halting at small towns to give performances. One night the caravan stopped at a little place called Hythe, and the tents were pitched and the animals made as comfortable as might be. Transporting a circus and menagerie, even over the good roads of England, is fatiguing work, and when a stop is made and the necessary arrangements for camping are completed, men and animals are, as a rule, very glad of the rest which follows. On the night of the stop at Hythe the work was no easier than usual, and everybody went to bed tired out and ready to take advantage of every moment's sleep.

Everybody but Clytie, at any rate. But a scheme was working in that massive head of hers and she did not sleep so long or so soundly as her fellows. By three o'clock in the morning she was wide awake. She was very wide awake. Nobody had ever known Clytie to be so very wide awake before.

The first thing she did was to lift her foot and strain gently at the chain which prevented her from being a free elephant. Then she stepped forward as far as the chain would permit and threw her whole weight against the chain. It was a stout chain, but she was a strong and heavy elephant, and so it happened that the chain snapped at one of the links and Clytie found herself free.

She was not at all surprised, for it was precisely what she had intended, and what she had striven to achieve. She had already studied the situation and was ready to act without any loss of valuable time. Almost as softly as a cat could have done it, she stepped over the low rope that was around the elephants, and made her way to the door of the tent. The door was closed, but that did not matter to her; she merely put her head down and walked straight ahead. Fortunately the canvas flaps gave way; for, if they had not, Clytie was prepared to carry away the whole tent.

Even after she was free from the tent she did not behave riotously, as if she did not know the difference between liberty and license; she walked soberly away from the tent and along the path across the common, until she came to the main street of the town. She was very deliberate and very quiet and did not pause once until she stood before a little shop which was as tightly closed up as shutters and blind-doors could make it.

It was too early for anybody to be stirring in the little place, but Clytie's manner was that of one who was not to be deterred even if there had been somebody to see her. She was very, very much in earnest.

She stepped up to the little shop and felt about its door and window with her trunk for a moment or two. Then she drew back from the door with her head held low, and lunged suddenly forward with a tremendous rush. The door was not elephant-proof, and so it crashed inward without trying to keep up even the appearance of resistance. Clytie followed without any haste, but with every evidence of complete satisfaction.

She had found her way into an elephant's Paradise, and she knew it. In another moment she had overturned the boxes and jars which stood on the counter and was stuffing the sweetmeats into her greedy mouth. She had broken into a candy and fruit store. She seemed to realize that it only happens once in the lifetime of an elephant to have the freedom of a confectioner's shop, and she acted as if she intended to improve the opportunity to the utmost. She sampled everything she could reach,—and she could reach almost everything in the shop,—and she did not think of stopping merely because the man who owned the candy rushed hurriedly into the store from the back room, and then rushed still more hurriedly out again yelling, "Ow! Ow!" at the top of his lungs.

Nor did she stop when the whole neighborhood took up the worthy man's cry of "Ow! Ow!" She went on eating and eating until a little man named Job came running up, and cried out in a sharp voice:

"Hi, there, Clytie! What d'ye mean? Come out o' that now, d'ye hear?"

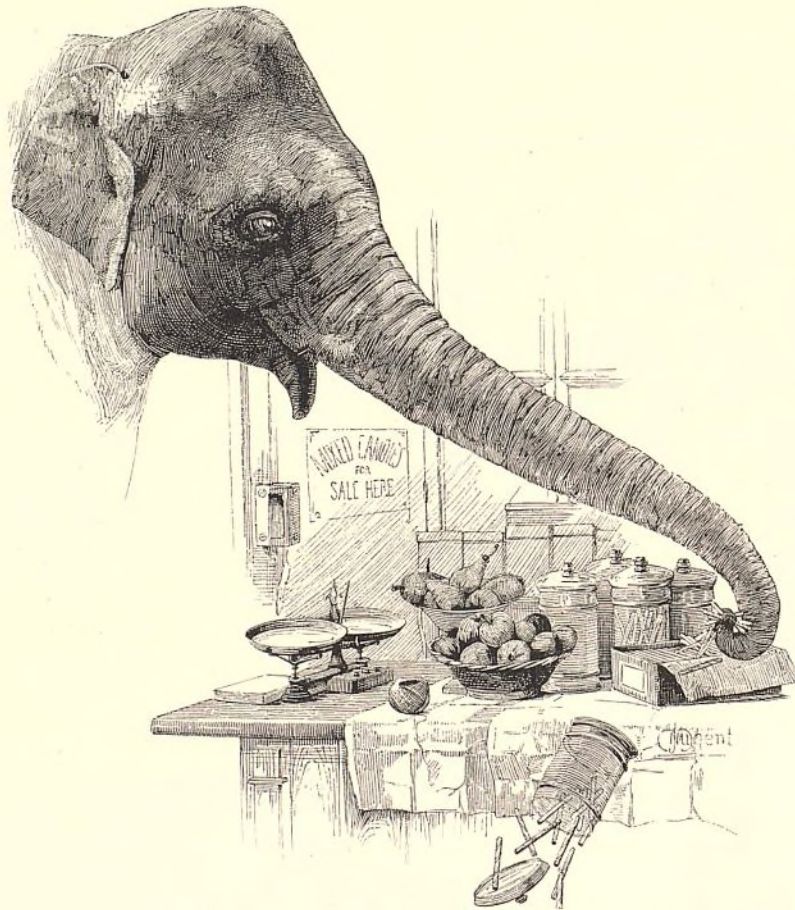
Then she backed out in a great hurry and looked very much afraid of the little man. And she was afraid of him, for he was her keeper and she had



great respect for him, and knew he could punish her if he chose to do so. But, after all, she had eaten her fill of candy, and so, what did it matter?

But the question was, how did she manage to distinguish a candy-store from any other? Of course she could not read the sign over the win-

way to go directly to that store? Everybody was puzzled for a long time, but at last the man who kept the store offered the solution. He had fed an elephant from his shop as many as twelve years before. Was Clytie that elephant? More inquiries were made, and the fact discovered that she was



dow, and it was almost as unlikely that she could tell by the smell, even when she reached the spot. The difficulty is, how should she have known the

the very elephant that had been fed there a dozen years earlier.

Her memory was better than her gratitude.

## A CATASTROPHE.

BY ISABEL FREELAND.

"His mother's precious birdling"  
Upset the cream.  
He wailed a wail, blood-curdling  
In the extreme.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

CORINO, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an Italian girl, and for the last three years, thanks to the kindness of my uncle, who is now at Washington, I have the pleasure of reading and enjoying your delightful magazine. You are one of my dear friends, and I have always a hearty welcome ready for you when you arrive. I like your stories very much, and sometimes I relate and explain them to my numerous brothers and sisters (five,—all younger than I am), who regard ST. NICHOLAS as an important personage, and long for the time when they will be able to read English.

I am fifteen and very busy with my studies, which, however, do not prevent me reading (I should say devouring) you with the greatest pleasure. If the wishes of a foreign subscriber could be agreeable to you, I would wish you every success for the coming year, and every happiness to your other little friends.

Your constant reader and admirer, MARY.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a French girl, fifteen years old, and I am already five feet six inches tall, and growing all the time. I wonder when I shall stop.

Although my home is in France, yet I have been there but once, though I hope to go there next year. Since I was seven years old I have never lived longer than two months in one place. I have seen Germany, Spain, Italy, England, and been as far north as Archangel, where it is,—oh, so cold! I am at present in Japan, which, next to France, I like best of all. You do not know how very much I enjoy you. Indeed, I think you give more pleasure to me than to any other little girl who reads you. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" better than *any* book I have read. With repeated thanks,

Your most constant reader, RUBIE DU B—.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not very long ago I was down at the Ladies' Exchange here, in Cincinnati, and, among other things, I saw a whole tableful of little "Brownies." They looked exactly like Mr. Cox's in the pictures—the policeman, and the dude, and Chinaman and all. They were made out of velvet and brown net, with leather feet and hands.

I like your magazine very much. My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," and "Juan and Juanita."

I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so I will close.

Your little reader, EMMA E—.

EXETER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you allow me to point out a mistake in a story in the December number of your splendid magazine, entitled "The Curious History of a Message," by Frank R. Stockton? In this interesting tale the writer states that if a bird was perched on

the stump of a broken telephone wire, a message of four words passing along the wire would *stun* the bird, while a longer message would *kill* it. Now, if four words alone knock it off the wire and stun it, why should not the first four words of a message of any length do the same thing without killing it? I may be mistaken, but, nevertheless, I hope you will put this letter into your "Letter-box."

LEONARD K—.

MORRISON, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, and I am four years old. I love the "Brownies" best. I have a shepherd-dog named "Berne," after the city of Berne, Switzerland, because when he was a puppy he looked just like a little bear,—and Berne is the old German word for bear. I can hardly wait for the new ST. NICHOLAS every month. I have a German *Tante*, and she teaches me some German. I can speak German. *Ich liebe dich.*

*Auf wiedersehen,* MONTGOMERY R. S—.

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your last number I saw a letter from Lillian H. H., saying you and she "were born the same year." I can come nearer than that, for I was born the day your first number was issued. I do not remember ever to have seen a letter from any one so exactly your age in your charming magazine.

Being of French descent, I take great pleasure in the liberty of reading your entertaining articles, in the equality of our ages, and the twin-brotherly feeling that exists—on my side, and I hope on yours.

E. B. H—.

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a riddle I made all myself. I am six years old.

Tommy Tit goes to bed through the day;

But Tommy Tit gets up at night to play.

The answer is a gas jet. Mamma said I might send it to you.

PHILIP C. H—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I read over the letters of the many little subscribers to your splendid magazine, I noticed that in most of the lists of their favorite stories "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is mentioned, and I did enjoy myself so much when Papa took me to see it played. It was so natural, and the little boy who played the part of "Ceddie" did it so well that we waited at the close of the play to see him come out of the theater, and to congratulate him, and we did. I am going again to see the little girl play the part, as most of the people say she is the better of the two; but I don't yet see how she possibly can be.

I have read the story twice with great interest, and think you have such lovely stories within your covers.

Your constant reader, ZOE H—.



BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a regular visitor in our family for ten years, and although I was not at first old enough to appreciate you, I have done so thoroughly for the last four or five years. I am now fourteen.



"GLENCHORA."

I have a very beautiful Irish setter dog named "Glenchora," for a pet. Her great-great-grandfather, "Blarney," is the finest Irish setter in the world.

She is very intelligent, and knows a great many tricks. I think her cutest one is, if you put a piece of meat or cake before her and tell her, "It costs money," she will not take it until you say, "Paid for." She also sits up, speaks, and shakes hands. Every morning she brings Papa's paper to him, and if she wants to go out she brings either his hat or cane to him if they are within reach. And, altogether, we think her the nicest dog that ever lived.

The picture which I inclose of her and her family is a perfect likeness.

Your appreciative reader, ETHEL.

AMHERST, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and I have no brothers or sisters. I came back from the sea-shore last September, and we went to the White Island Light at the Isles of Shoals, and I thought you would like to hear about it. First there was a little slanting passage-way, and there was a notice saying:

"PLEASE-DO-NOT-SMOKE OR-WALK-ON-THE-WHITE-WASH."

Then we got to the end and into the light-house. We went around and around till we got to the top of the tower, and then there were four little iron stairs that went inside of the lantern, and I went inside by the little stairs, and the lantern had three wicks. After that I came out; and there were twenty lenses, and they were all white cut glass, and every other one had a red pane of glass over the white one.

The keeper said there was a red flash every thirty seconds. Then we went outside on the balcony, and we had a lovely view of the waves as they dashed on the rocks. When we went down, we all ran down the passage-way as fast as we could.

I am getting a collection of stones. I have some trilobites that were once little animals, and that was thousands of years ago, and then they buried themselves in the mud and turned into stone.

Your loving reader, MILLICENT TODD.



"GLENCHORA'S" FAMILY.

THE young friends whose names follow have written us pleasant letters, which we acknowledge with our thanks: Harrie, Mabel Benson, Amelia Hamilton, Althea Badeley, "Little Girl Who Had Nothing To Do," D. L. and O. McL., Lydia H., J. Glen Fassett, E. Marler, M. F. P., Charlie Clement, E. J. Jackson, Robert W. Ritchie, Vera Eckart, Helena Jockmann, The Two "M's," Willard Wheeler, Dora E. Marshall, Lou Henry, O. F., Clarence H. Smith, Treasure Richards, Tom-Boy, Sis, and Bub, Gertrude C. S., Edith Ran-nage, Carrie S., Clara Ennemoser, Grace M. Perry, Frankie Ball, Ola and Claudie Ball, Helen R. M., Nellie N. Nast, Lillan See, Maggie Coyle, Elsie Bushell, Celia B. Miller, May Birdie B., Anne E. Davidson, Ethelyn Phipps, Katherine A. L., Blanche Fairbanks, Harriet Barrows and Florence Capron, M. S. L. and H. M. W., Mary C., Cecil Krutz, Jessie M. and Elaine S., Grace Perry, Arthur M. Perry, Sybil Latimer, Margaret S., A. P. H., N. Birdie Parsons, "Roberta and Jack."



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

**REBUS.** "A chain's no stronger than its weakest link."  
**DOUBLE DIAGONALS.** Diagonals: Prevaricate and Papier-maché.  
**Cross-words:** 1. Parasollette. 2. Tragacanth. 3. Theological. 4. Driving-axle. 5. Declaimants. 6. Constructor. 7. Convenience. 8. Hemistichal. 9. Republicans. 10. Catholicity. 11. Parenticide.  
**CUBE:** From 1 to 2, decorum; 2 to 4, Mexican; 1 to 3, dealers; 3 to 4, sadiron; 5 to 6, grilled; 6 to 8, drainer; 5 to 7, gallant; 7 to 8, teacher; 1 to 5, drug; 2 to 6, mend; 4 to 8, near; 3 to 7, sort.  
**WORD PROGRESSIONS.** Parallelopipedon.  
**WORD TRANSFORMATIONS.** 1. Regiment; regimen; régime; grime; rime; emir; mire; rim. 2. Diary; dairy; airy; air; Ai; aid; Ida; raid; diary. 3. Primero; primer; prime; prim; rip; pi. 4. Mantlet; mantle; mental; lament; amen; me. 5. Lodges; lodes; Delos; dosel; dorsel; dose; odes; sod; do. 6. Cedar; raced; cared; scared; sacred; acre.

**ACROSTIC** (third row of letters). Candlemas. Cross-words: 1. beClon. 2. crAven. 3. caNnon. 4. peDant. 5. faLcon. 6. chEcks. 7. DoMbey. 8. fAmes. 9. faSten.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
 Winter will have another flight;  
 If on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,  
 Winter is gone, and will not come again.

**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Rhenus. Cross-words: 1. touRney. 2. cusHion. 3. genEral. 4. runNers. 5. figUres. 6. bloSom.

**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 DECEMBER NUMBER** were received, before December 15th, from Louise Ingham Adams—Maud E. Palmer—Paul Reese—K. G. S.—"Willoughby"—Arthur Gride—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—E. A. Daniell—Maxie and Jackspar—May L. Gerrish—Grace Olcott—Jo and I—"Infantry"—Aunt Kate, Jamie, and Mamma—No Name—"Mo-hawk Valley."

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER** were received, before December 15th, from J. B. Swann, 4—Edith Sloan, 1—A. E. Dyer, 1—Tommy L., 1—Ethel M. Harmon, 1—Katie V. Z., 2—"Roseba," 1—Marion and Mary, 1—Kate Cummins, 1—Mamma, Jessie, and Mamie, 1—Lisa Bloodgood, 1—Gréta Hamilton, 1—A. Clark Robinson, 1—"Aunt," 2—Mary P. Pratt, 1—Papa, Mamma, and May, 1—Harry Sillocks, 1—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 5—Helen I. Whiton, 1—A. G. Field, 1—Maria and Hetty, 1—Etta Reilly, 2—Clara O., 3—Paul P. Lyon, 1—Alice Gillet, 1—A. Scott Ormsby, 1—Eva I. Moseley, 1—A. W. B., 2—"May and 79," 5—Helen C. McCleary, 7—Edward W. Sheldon and Bella Sheldon Owen, 4—Hattie A. Richardson, 5—A. P. T. A., 4—Minnie McDougall, 1—Ida and Alice, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 4—Julian C. and Joslyn Z. Smith, 2—John and Tom Gregory, 3—Charles C. Norris, 6—Tom, Dick, and Harrie, 4—Mary T. J. Bryan, 1—Ida C. Thallon, 7—N. and W., 2—"Miss Flint," 5—Mabel W. B., 1—Anna and Emily Dembitz, 4—D. F. Verdenal, Jr., 1.

### ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

**EXAMPLE:** A month and a vowel. Answer, Augusta.  
 1. An animal and dexterity. 2. Yeast and value. 3. A master and a weight. 4. Fresh and an old boat. 5. Base and a measure. 6. Swarthly and a church. 7. To hold fast and to disembark. 8. A jump and a meadow. 9. Fresh, a conjunction, and inclines. 10. An animal and a crossing. 11. A feminine name, a garment, and bounds. 12. A human being, a box, and to sin. 13. A toy, to knot, and a statesman. 14. A feminine name and a sphere. 15. A masculine nickname, a vowel, a person, and to strike gently. R. D.

### RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

My first means to seize, or to hold with the hand;  
 To take forced possession of chattels or land.

My second's a term in arithmetic used,  
 And oft with proportion its meaning's confused.

My third is to expiate; make an amend;  
 To make reparation to foe or to friend.

My fourth is a trigonometrical word,  
 And often with cosiness 't is coupled and heard.

My fifth is a gift which few persons possess;  
 No more will I tell you, but leave you to guess.

### SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. The son of chaos and darkness. 2. A brother of the most beautiful woman of ancient times. 3. A celebrated island near Acarnania. 4. One of the Gorgons. 5. A wild and mountainous country lying between the Ionian Sea and the chain of Pindus. 6. One of the seven wise men of Greece. 7. An ancient name for Greece.

**RHOMBIC.** Across: 1. Macaw. 2. Macer. 3. Relay. 4. Strew. 5. Setee.

**EASY ENIGMA.** September. 1. Sere. 2. Seer. 3. Peer. 4. Beet. 5. Beer. 6. Peter. 7. Best. 8. Rest. 9. Embers. 10. Steer. 11. Stem. 12. Mete. 13. Erst. 14. Term. 15. Tere. 16. Pert. 17. Bee. 18. Steep. 19. Set. 20. Pester. 21. Seem. 22. Teem. 23. Tree. 24. Meet. 25. Pet. 26. Pest. 27. Meter. 28. Mere. 29. Sept. 30. Spree. 31. Met. 32. Me. 33. Temper. 34. See. 35. Step. 36. Rep. 37. Ere.

**ABSENT VOWELS.** 1. All covet, all lose. 2. You dig your grave with your teeth. 3. We hate delay, yet it makes us wise. 4. Better half a loaf than no bread. 5. Penny wise, pound foolish. 6. A drowning man will catch at a straw. 7. Two ill meals make the third a glutton. 8. Honey in the mouth saves the purse. 9. Spare to speak, spare to speed. 10. Haste makes waste. Valentines: coVer, grAve, deLay, brEad, peNny, caTch, thIrd, hoNey, spEak, haStE.

**RIDDLE.** A candle.

**OCTAGON.** 1. Par. 2. Sober. 3. Popular. 4. Abusive. 5. Relined. 6. Raven. 7. Red.

**ARROW.** Across: 1. Robs. 2. Vote. 3. Lancewood. 4. Aura. 5. Else. Downward: 1. Re. 2. Oval. 3. Bolus. 4. Stare. 5. Ena(ble). 6. Sol.

**COMBINATION PUZZLE.** Half-square: 1. Reversed. 2. Eroded. 3. Vowed. 4. Eden. 5. Red. 6. Ed. 7. D.

8. A fabulous Phœnician princess. 9. One of the muses. 10. The capital of Laconia and the chief city of Peloponnesus.

When these names have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of the brother of Prometheus. MARGARET LACHENOUR.

### PENTAGONS.

I. 1. A letter from Halifax. 2. Dejected. 3. A masculine name. 4. An American novelist who was born on March 1st. 5. A masculine nickname. 6. To glide. 7. A prophet.

II. 1. A letter from Jerusalem. 2. Equal value. 3. Walked. 4. A President of the United States who was born on March 14th. 5. To dwell. 6. To be evasive. 7. Want.

III. 1. A letter from Germany. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A pupil in a military school. 4. A President of the United States who was born on March 16th. 5. An instrument for pounding. 6. Certain taxes. 7. A habitation.

IV. 1. A letter from Constantinople. 2. Part of a circle. 3. Loudly. 4. An astronomer who was born on March 23d. 5. The name of a certain captain mentioned in a novel by Charles Dickens. 6. Distributes. 7. Repose.

V. 1. A letter from Scotland. 2. A metal cup. 3. To tinge. 4. A statesman who died on March 31st, 1850. 5. A simpleton. 6. Sways. 7. A collection of boxes. F. S. F.







