



*your little friend
Elsie Leslie Lyde*

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 6.

"FAUNTLEROY" AND ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

I THINK it was during the year 1884 that the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS asked Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett to give her a serial story for young readers. Mrs. Burnett was already well known as one of the most popular writers of the day, but I believe that up to that time she had written no long story for children, or with a child for hero or heroine. It is always interesting to know how anything we care for and have come to think of almost as part of our own every-day life, began; so, I think, to all readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and, indeed, to every child who can read, the history of "Fauntleroy" must have its interest and charm. "Fauntleroy," who began his dear little life, so useful in more ways than we can know, in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, is now telling to hundreds of people daily what one sweet child can do; what message of peace and good-will one little life can bring to many who doubtless have battled more with the pride and evil and hard-heartedness of their own natures than they might care to admit, but who may absorb the lesson of Fauntleroy's life, taught all unconsciously by him.

In due time there appeared in ST. NICHOLAS the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has hardly a rival in the juvenile literature of our century. Mrs. Burnett had a model for the hero in her own boy Vivian, whose quaint sayings and doings suggested the character to her mind. Around them she wove the incidents of the story. In his ways and speech Vivian was just such a

boy as Fauntleroy might have been, and so she devised the pretty romance with this child as its center and moving impulse. It is by no means an improbable story. In England there is that — to us — unfamiliar law of entail. Titles and estates must descend in some instances to the nearest of male kin. For instance, Fauntleroy's grandfather was an earl, which is an old title in England, introduced before the days of William the Conqueror, when Great Britain was under the rule of various nobles who were like sovereigns on their own territory. In those days such nobles had almost unlimited power, and their lands and castles were guarded and fortified so as to resist all attacks from neighboring nobles; the peasants and tenants — the dependents, — young men and maidens, squires and pages, — all who were within the castle gates and the domain of the earl or baron, were under his rule and his protection; they must swear loyalty to him; must defend his rights; and though bound to serve the king, their first idea of what was called fealty was to the earl or baron whom they served; in tournament, or in battle, they represented him. So of course he felt himself a great authority, and his title, and usually the estate, went to the eldest of his sons, and to the male heirs of this son. If the eldest son died without a male heir, then the second son succeeded, and so on. But an estate can for a time be tied up by its owner, so that it shall go with the title, and if this be done, a subsequent possessor can in no way prevent the

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property from descending to the next holder of the title. Now, although the old days of fortified castles, of dispute and warfare between neighboring barons or earls, have passed away, the titles—the power of entail—and the great, splendid, often lonely, castles remain; and an earl, who, like Fauntleroy's grandfather, loses his eldest son, knows that wherever on the earth's surface the next heir may be found, be he rich or poor, high or low, he must one day, by law, come into the family name, estate, and power.

You can easily fancy how many complications, how much trouble, this might bring about. Fauntleroy's case is entirely possible. His father, young Captain Errol, was the third son of the Earl of Dorincourt. "Errol" was what they call the family name. An earl, like a duke, has a title; for instance, the Earl of Dorincourt. Many of these titles were given hundreds of years ago, either for some deed of valor or for property bestowed upon a noble, or perhaps seized by him, or granted as a matter of favor from the king. But he and all his children have a family name, by which the latter are addressed. The family name of the Earl of Dorincourt was Errol. The heir to an earldom has usually a title of his own which belongs to him until he becomes earl. In the Dorincourt family "Fauntleroy" had for generations been the title of the heir. Whoever was acknowledged to be the heir to the earldom was at once to be called Lord Fauntleroy. Had Cedric's father outlived his older brothers, he would have had this title, but when the earl's three sons were all dead, and there were no other children in the Dorincourt family, you see it turned out quite naturally, although very unexpectedly, that the little son of Captain Errol, born in America, and knowing next to nothing of his English relatives, and certainly having no expectation of succeeding to the title, became "Lord Fauntleroy," or, according to an English custom, "Fauntleroy." The Earl of Dorincourt, writing a letter, would sign himself simply "Dorincourt"; Cedric, after his inheritance, would be spoken of in the same way, and would sign his name "Fauntleroy."

The honors and powers which by tradition and English rule belong to the families and descendants of the nobles ought to make the English nobility very anxious to be worthy of their responsibilities and their names. You know Cedric felt this, when he found himself for the first time in the castle library with pictures of his ancestors on all sides and the old earl watching him so critically.

With this leading idea, Mrs. Burnett wrote a story which, I think, preaches its sermon as clearly as do the wild-flowers which God sends every spring-time to the woods and hillsides. There is this little

child, brought up by his American mother, never dreaming of honors and worldly distinctions, but believing that everything on earth must be fair, and good, and kindly, because he has never seen nor heard of anything else. I need not even outline the story of Lord Fauntleroy to readers of this magazine, in which it originally appeared. It was read widely during 1885 and 1886. Published in book form, it maintained its popularity; always, it taught its lesson. And it seems to me that lesson is best condensed in the text with which we are all familiar, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thoroughly to appreciate Cedric's character is to understand the meaning of these words, spoken nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

Before "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett had written for ST. NICHOLAS a short story called "Editha's Burglar," the story of a little girl who tries to influence a burglar not to "burgle" loud enough to wake or frighten her mother.* Mr. Augustus Thomas dramatized the story, making a charming little play which Mr. Frohman of the Lyceum Theater wished to bring out. The question was, who could act "Editha"? It must be a child, of course, and a child who would enter into the spirit of the part. So it came about that a little girl named Elsie Leslie Lyde was chosen; and all who saw her know how well she embodied the character. Her success as Editha led naturally to her playing the part of Fauntleroy; and now the little girl is inseparably associated with her perfect personation of the little lord.

Let me tell you something of her own life.

Elsie Leslie Lyde is not yet ten years old. She was born in New Jersey, not far from Newark, of mixed English and American ancestry. Her mother's family are English, but they have for some years been settled in America. On neither side have there been any actors, though there have been a few writers and more clergymen. Elsie's dramatic genius is a surprise to every one, and it is as great a surprise that she has preserved her entire unaffectedness, her simplicity and childish charm, when we consider that much of her life is passed before the footlights, and that applause is constantly ringing in her ears. But this only proves that she can act Fauntleroy because she is like him in heart, and spirit, and feeling. She had been playing for a time with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," before she undertook "Editha." As "Meenie" and "Hendrick" her ability was clearly shown, and when Fauntleroy was dramatized by Mrs. Burnett and brought out in England, Elsie was engaged to create the rôle in America. The child, in her home life, is admirably trained and very judiciously cared for. Un-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1880.

doubtedly she possesses a genius, which, sooner or later, surely would have asserted itself. And she has her future to consider above all things. She is to be well educated, and I think her professional life at present tends toward that. No child's performance could be better than her "Fauntleroy." Through the pages of *St. Nicholas* the story had spoken to thousands; and dramatizing it was only to extend its sweet influence. There had never before been a play all centered about a child; with

trations by Mr. Reginald B. Birch were so admirable that, in arranging what is called the "business" of the play, they were of great service. It is interesting to observe how closely these popular pictures are followed. The costume of the little heir, as shown in Mr. Birch's drawings, has been carefully imitated upon the stage. Children in the audience recognize with audible delight the Fauntleroy they know,—the dear little boy who has smiled upon them from the printed page,—who,



"CEDRIC ERROL, LORD FAUNTLEROY." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELSIE LESLIE LYDE, BY G. C. COX.)

no love-story; very little side-plot; the moral lesson just what the child's life taught. Here, at last, was such a play, and I think of all children I have ever known, Elsie was best fitted to take the part of the hero.

I was asking her the other day whether she enjoyed it. Her face glowed. "Oh, yes; because Fauntleroy is so *beautiful!*" Elsie, you see, was one of the many children who read and loved the story, and it has come quite naturally to her to embody the part, because out of something in her own gentle and loving nature she understands that of Cedric, Lord Fauntleroy.

When Elsie came to play "Fauntleroy," it was necessary to remember the hold the story had upon the affections of the public. The well-known illus-

by the way, was first drawn from a portrait of Mrs. Burnett's son Vivian. They are equally pleased to see Hobbs, the round-faced and didactic grocer, and Dick, the "professional boot-black." They recognize also the dignified Mr. Havisham, with his carefully poised arms and hands, and, finally, gaze with respect at the Earl, his features clear cut and "high," as the English say, his gouty foot stretched out, his aristocratic profile turned toward the audience while he watches Fauntleroy writing his first lordly letter, in that charmingly familiar pose in the great chair. In the well-known scene, where the old Earl goes out to dinner leaning heavily upon Fauntleroy's sturdy shoulder, the reproduction of Mr. Birch's drawing is exact.

Elsie entered so thoroughly into the meaning of the play that she was able to make various suggestions, and to put in many amusing touches which have emphasized the childish charm of the character; but this belongs entirely and only to her stage life, of which she rarely speaks. She is interested in many other things,— her friends most of all,— and she is the most delightful guest, always pleased, readily amused, and unaffected in her enjoyment of what is done for her entertainment.

Once she called to see the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS when several friends were present. It was, I am

told, quite a memorable occasion to Elsie, for a neighbor who was one of the company sang a pretty song which delighted her very much. Then, to the little girl's surprise, the singer, handing her the manuscript sheet, told her that both the music and the words had been composed on that very afternoon, and that they were dedicated to Elsie Leslie. [This pretty song will be found on page 466, of the present number of ST. NICHOLAS.] Several of the guests congratulated Elsie, among them Mr. Birch; and whether he translated aright the wistful look in the child's eyes as he held the sheet of



FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY R. B. BIRCH.

music, or received a hint from one of Elsie's "trustable" friends, I do not know, but he at once laid the music upon the library table and took out his pencil. Then, while the guests stood watching, Elsie pressing closest and most interested of all, he rapidly drew on the back of the music-sheet a sketch of Lord Fauntleroy making his bow to Elsie. Only once was the silence broken. As Lord Fauntleroy's figure took shape upon the paper, under the artist's deft fingers, Elsie, with her sunny head nearly touching the table, exclaimed softly:

"Oh! Why! How long *are* his poor legs going to be?"

This sketch, a reduced copy of which you see here, of course enchanted the little girl. The souvenir is among her special treasures; and these are many—carefully, I may say sacredly, kept by this little maiden, who seems to value all such tributes just in proportion to her affection for the donor.

Among the chosen few very dear to Elsie's heart, is Mr. Gillette, the dramatist, author of "Held by the Enemy" and "The Professor." He corresponds with her charmingly, and her letters, with many points of character and action in the child's life, suggest to my mind dear "Pet Marjorie" (the little girl whom Sir Walter Scott so loved), whose story Dr. John Brown has so touchingly written.

Not very long ago Mr. Gillette took Elsie out in Central Park upon a tricycle, and, as her hands became very cold in spite of her little gloves, he lent her his large fur gauntlets, which she thought great fun. But she was surprised and delighted the next day when there arrived the dearest little pair of fur-lined gloves, with these verses prettily written for her in red ink and black by this loving friend:

*To my little love
With the sunny hair
In golden strands,
I send a little glove
For her little pair
Of dainty hands.*

*Those precious hands so dear
I could forever hold,—
Little Loves,—
I'd have them always near,
I'd keep them from the cold,
Without gloves.*

*But 't would be cruel to her
To be before her face
Without end;
I'm sure she'd much prefer
That now to take my place,
Gloves I send.*

*When we are apart
In far distant lands,—
Which may be,—
Will the little heart
That owns the little hands
Think of me?*

*If we have to part
Will the Chain of Love
Broken be?
Will the little heart
Referred to just above
Care for me?*

"Ah," says Elsie, "Mr. Gillette is so *trustable!*"

And this pet word of hers is the key to much in her character. Deceit, or even exaggeration, is impossible to her, a fact the more commendable when we consider that she has a vivid imagination and revels in fancies and dreamland. But touch *reality* and Elsie is practical, downright, and to the point, while, like "Fauntleroy," she believes all the world to be kindly and expects nothing but what she herself has always given—love, and tenderness, and sympathy.

It was in Boston that one evening she went on the stage eager to see a certain person in a proscenium box, for she had just received the following letter, which, like the others in this sketch, is now printed with the consent of its writer:

BOSTON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL: I found your pretty letter waiting for me when I arrived yesterday morning, and as soon as I had read it I felt quite sure we should be friends. Every one tells me what a dear little Fauntleroy you make, and I am looking forward with great pleasure to seeing you play to-morrow night. When you see in one of the boxes a little lady in a yellow brocade dress, who smiles at you and looks delighted, you will know who it is. Then after the play I shall try to see you for a few minutes, because of course I shall want to kiss you and tell you how pleased I am. I have no little girl of my own, but I have two boys, and one of them used to be just like Fauntleroy, and they both have always called me "Dearest." That was why I made Fauntleroy call his mother so. I know what a sweet little name it is. Mr. Gillette told me in New York how beautifully you play. I am sure he loves you as you say.

Your Affectionate Friend,
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Mr. Edwin Booth is Elsie's ideal artist. Her interest in his performances is intense, appreciative, and among her treasures is a little note written just after the famous tragedian saw her play.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1888.

DEAR LITTLE LADY: Mr. Barrett and I were delighted with your charming performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and we both wish you health and happiness.
EDWIN BOOTH.



New York. Nov: 12th
-88

Dear little lady
Mr. Barrett and
I were delighted with your charming
performance of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy',
and we both wish you health &
happiness.

Miss
Elsie Leslie

Joseph Booth

You can imagine, too, the delight with which she received the following letter from America's distinguished comedian, Mr. Joseph Jefferson. It was written, appropriately, on St. Valentine's Day.

ORANGE ISLAND, LA., Feb. 14th, 1889.

MY DEAR ELSIE: I write this to congratulate you on your recent great success.

You see your fame has reached me. And so now you are a bright little star illuminating thousands of happy mortals; I hear, too, that your good fortune has not spoiled you,—that is the best news of all.

I am glad to know that you began your career upon the stage with me,—though you owe me nothing, for you were so bright that teaching you would have marred rather than benefited you. I am going to see you act as soon as I get an opportunity.

Good-bye.—That you may always be happy and useful is the wish of your old friend,
J. JEFFERSON.

"Editha" interested her greatly. It was such "fun," she says, to play it, and her faith in the power of "moral suasion" as therein shown was recently illustrated in a most amusing way. A queer sound was heard by the family at night; some one seemed to be trying to break into their apartment. Elsie was awake; she sat up in bed listening eagerly. Whoever or whatever it was, ceased; nothing more was heard, but afterward, Elsie, in telling a friend about the occurrence, said very gravely: "I had made up my mind that if it *had* been a burglar, I would have *done Editha to him!*"

To Mr. E. H. Sothern, who played the "Burglar," she wrote not long ago this quaint little note:

October 24, 1888.

DEAR MR. SOTHERN: It is just one year ago since we were playing the Burglar and now we are playing Lord parts. Do you like Lord Chumley as well as the Burg-

lar? I like Lord Fauntleroy better, it is longer you know. Love to all, especially Mr. A—; is Dora a good girl, and does she do her part well? I water-color-painted the little picture on the front page, but did not draw it. With love from your little friend,

ELSIE LESLIE.

And here is his answer:

MY DEAR OLD ELSIE: I received your very sweet letter to-night. It was delightful of you to think of me. I am so glad of your great success. I wish I could see you in your lord, but I fear I shall not have a chance to do so. I like my lord very much, but I still have some affection for the poor old burglar, although you took all the piece away from poor me, no matter how hard I cried nor how well I "burgled." Dora is a very good girl, and has done splendidly in her part. I think your water-color painting is lovely, and I think the little yellow girl is just like you. Mr. A— sends his love to you and so do all the others, and even your old burglar sends a lot of love too.

God bless you, dear!

Yours,
E. H. SOTHERN.

Many people in Elsie's audience—"grown-ups" as well as children—would like to know something of the home life and the surroundings of the dear little girl who is helping to make "Fauntleroy" a classic with us. Her hours at the theater are, of course, not easy ones. She has to be "on time"; for it is business as well as pleasure. She is earning money wherewith to educate herself, so she can not indulge in the thousand and one caprices which govern many small people of my acquaintance who think it a hardship to have "lessons" every day. No, Elsie has her work in life to do—and she does it cheerfully and, as we all know, *well*. The moment she is off the stage

home life begins. There is no affected, silly chatter about her theatrical triumphs. When the play is over, Lord Fauntleroy's suit and hat are laid aside and left at the theater, and little Elsie Leslie Lyde is popped into her dress and cloak and driven home, to be put to bed cosily and comfortably in her pretty room. This room, which she enjoys in the mornings before she takes her walk, or her ride on her pony, is very sunshiny. A flood of light streams in upon Elsie's own particular corner, which contains her special belongings. There is her desk—the one given to her by a member of the Progress Club—such a pretty little desk: exactly the right height for a little girl nine years old. Upon it she has her own pens, pencils, and stationery, and paper for her dolls, too! These dolls are very important people in Elsie's life. On the upper shelf of the desk is a row of books which have been given her, many containing inscriptions from the authors. For instance, when Mark Twain sent her "Huckleberry Finn," he wrote on the fly-leaf that it was

"one of the stateliest poems of modern times." On this desk is her diary, which she tries to keep regularly; but it is hard work, as she has too

many interruptions and must attend punctually to her exercise, her rest, her meals. The dolls sit around the desk and are well cared for, and whenever the busy little "mother" can spare an hour or has a congenial little visitor, she is glad enough to play with them. Not long ago one of the dolls—I suppose it must have been the favorite daughter—wrote a pretty letter to the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS.

To be sure, the dolly's mamma helped her to write it, but then the doll's letter sounded very like "the child," as Elsie calls her.

Here is Elsie's letter.



ELSIE AT HER LITTLE DESK. (DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. B. BIRCH.)



SOME OF ELSIE'S DOLLS.

January 30th, 1889.

MY DEAR MRS. DODGE: You must not expect very much from my little daughter because she is only 5 years old, and she teased me so hard to let her write to you that I could not say no, and you must excuse her bad writing. I hope you will love her as much as she loves you, because she is all the time talking about you, and I hope you will get this letter because the child is so angsuch to have you get it.

Your little friend, ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

And here is the doll's letter:

January 30th, 1889.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I am Elsie's little dolly, and I thought I would write you a letter, because my mamma is going to write to you and I can put my letter in hers, and I just wanted to write to you and say that I love you very much, because my mamma told me all about you and I think you must be lovely.

Your faithful friend, ELSIE'S LITTLE GIRL.

Well, Mrs. Dodge's dog Fido answered it, and Mrs. Dodge wrote the following note with Fido's letter, which is given below. (The paper, you might like to know, has a pretty four-leaved clover in the corner for good luck.)

MY DEAR ELSIE: Your lovely letter and the very sweet note from your little daughter have pleased me ever so much. . . . I have a walking toy-dog named Fido, and he says he would like to write to your little girl. I hope you will not object to this, as he is a very good dog, and is always most polite to persons smaller than he is. When next you come to see me, I shall be glad to introduce him to you. He is not on wheels, but he moves his legs beautifully when he walks, and turns his head with much feeling. Good-bye, dear Elsie.

Your sincere friend, MARY MAPES DODGE.

And this is Fido's letter:

MY DEAR VERY LITTLEST MISS LYDE [that, of course, means Elsie's "daughter" doll]: Mrs. Dodge showed me the lovely letter you wrote her, and I am astonished that a little girl of five years can write so nicely. I am only Mrs. Dodge's little toy-dog Fido, and my paws are pretty stiff, so you must excuse my poor penmanship. Mrs. Dodge takes a great deal of pains in educating me, but as there is no Harvard Annex for dogs, I never can be very well educated. Still, a dog can be very agreeable without knowing Latin and Greek. I can nod my head and walk quite nicely. Can you? And do your eyes open and shut? Mine don't. I have a red collar with bells on it. . . . I wish you and I could go to the park together if your dear mamma is willing. Mrs. Dodge sends her love to you, and says she loves you because you are Elsie Lyde's little girl. Good-bye. I forgot to say I have to be wound up with a key. Do you? Good-bye again. Give my love to your mamma. Does she have to be wound up before she plays Lord Fauntleroy?

Your little friend, FIDO.

Perhaps I could do no better than to give my readers an account of an actual day in Elsie's life — a chance day I take as an example — one of many happy days I have spent with her; but it will let her young friends see something of the home life of

the child who is just now attracting an amount of attention and admiration that, were it bestowed on some little persons of my acquaintance, might be very dangerous and bewildering.

I have told you of Elsie's sunny room — there, late in the morning, she awakes. Meta, her French nursery-governess, appears, and Elsie is bathed and dressed and has a simple, wholesome breakfast. I think sometimes it must be hard work to dress her, for she is "on the hop, skip, and jump," wanting to take up this, that, or the other, and not liking a bit better than any other little girl to have the tangles combed out of her profuse golden hair. [And just here I may mention for the benefit of interested readers that Elsie never wears a wig. The shower of golden tresses which "Fauntleroy" tosses about are all natural, as she knows to her sorrow many a morning.]

As to her dress, she wears guimpes and Green-away gowns at home — simple, childish, and pretty, and she has a keen sense of color and tasteful adornment, though I have never detected any vanity in her. Naturally she likes to find something to make a train out of and to walk about "playing lady" — I should be sorry for her if it were not so!

After breakfast, she plays with her dolls or amuses herself at her desk. Meanwhile Elsie's mother has received the many letters which come for the child daily and which contain all manner of things, from requests for autographs to friendly invitations. The other day came a note which delighted Elsie. A lady wrote to say she had a new little girl — a baby just born — whom she had named "Elsie Leslie." Well, Elsie would like to answer everybody — to acknowledge every kindness — to show her real appreciation — but how can she? Writing is to her just what it was to darling Pet Marjorie: The "thoughts come but the pen won't always work"; and although Elsie has a loving, careful sister, like Marjorie's "Isabella," there is not time in the little life, nor would it be right, to allow her to undertake too much, especially as Elsie can do nothing carelessly. This sister, by the way, is so important a part of Elsie's life that no sketch of the little girl could be complete without tribute to her. Eda Lyde is all devotion to her little sister; proud of her, tender with her, but conscientious, and a capital monitress when needed. I am sure all of Elsie's friends will be interested to know that not many years ago, when Eda was a child herself, she showed such dramatic ability that her recitations became too popular among her mother's friends for the child's peace of mind. She *felt* too intensely what she recited. Her heart was nearly broken over the woes of the heroes or heroines of the poetry she learned and repeated, and so she was obliged to put it aside for a time, al-



Little Lord Fauntleroy

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELSIE LESLIE LYDE, BY G. C. COX.

though she since has been successful in dramatic work of another character.

Regular study just now is forbidden Elsie, as her mind is sufficiently exercised, but she is learning French with extraordinary rapidity and very little trouble to herself. So anxious was she to prove her progress to me that she wrote me a letter in French soon after the arrival of her governess, the ideas and writing all her own, but of course the French dictated. Indeed, I think I liked it best because of Elsie's saying in her conscientious fashion, "You know of *course* I did n't know the French words all myself. You see of *course* I did n't." In the letter she put in—"Elle [the governess] me dit comment écrire les mots."

Mid-day sees her in the park for a walk or at the riding-school for her ride, then home again bloom-



ELSIE IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

ing and gay. If there are visitors the little girl, approaching them, politely holds out her hand with her pretty "How do you do?" but she shows plainly how little any compliments affect her. She has her luncheon, more play,—and then comes the tug of war: the afternoon nap! Oh, I know all children will sympathize with her dislike of this! The other day visions of my own childhood arose as Elsie tried so hard to postpone the unwelcome hour! We had been having a good time, talking, and then came the order,

"Now, Elsie, time for your nap!"

Elsie is sitting on my lap. We have been discussing various things, and she remarks, "Oh—well— one moment—*what* were you saying about—'um—riding—"

"Elsie!" comes gently from her mother again, "You *must* go to bed now."

Elsie slides down reluctantly—reaches the door—goes down the hall—comes back.

"Well—see here—before you go—oh, I *know* what I wanted to say. Can you play any of the 'Pearl of Pekin'?"

I confess my incapacity for this performance, while Elsie hovers around the door.

"Well—I can—a little—just—oh, *please* let me do it!"

And a moment later she is at the piano, her head on one side and her left hand picking out one of the operatic airs.

"Now, Elsie, you *must* go."

"Well," very lugubriously, "I *sup-pose* so."

And the little girl disappears in Meta's direction, to awake two hours later, have a light dinner, and then drive to the theater, where, when she is not on the stage, she is occupied with some childish amusement in her large, comfortable dressing-room behind the scenes. But one great delight the child has, and she welcomes newly every time—the sight of children in the audience—the sound of their laughter—that delicious, happy ripple which, when I listen to it at "Fauntleroy," sounds in my ears like music—this pleases her exceedingly, for her sympathy with people of her own age is intense. Watch her at play with other children, and this may easily be seen. Talk to her own little friends about her, and you will find out whether it is the child or the actress they love most.

Everything she sees or hears interests her; but she likes to have *reasons*. She has them nearly always for what she does herself. She judges of people and things with quick intuition, and, like Fauntleroy, shrinks anxiously from hurting any one's feelings. Mrs. Burnett says that Elsie plays the part so well because of her natural resemblance to the character of the dear little lord; and just as he preaches his sermon of winning all hearts by love and faith—by gentleness and lack of guile—so does Elsie preach hers.

Certainly there are some children who come into the world with special *gifts* of character as marked as any talent. I am sure that Elsie's absolute simplicity, earnestness, and freedom from all affectation are the special endowment of nature; and because of this, we who love her and see her at home constantly, can hope much for her future. Her whole heart goes into everything done for and about others. No one can see her at her little desk writing a letter without realizing her anxiety to do *well* whatever is to be done at all; and her composition and fluency are extraordinary in spite of the funny spelling, which troubles her sorely and

therefore will soon be a conquered difficulty. A letter lying before me now reveals much of the sweetness of the child's nature, and I am glad to be allowed to include it in these pages just as she penned it.

"——: The ST. NICHOLAS, the Little Brownies, and Hans all came Monday afternoon," she writes, after receiving some books, "and they are just lovely and I thank you verry *verry* much. I showed them all to Dearest she thought they were lovely. I am going to commence my letter to the SANT NICHOLAS. I do not have much time I take a long nap in the afternoon and that takes a little time pleas remember me to all of my new friends dose Mr. —— write poetry or storys I think he looks as if he might he makes me think of a verry verry dear friend that I love very much he is the most trustable friend I have I write to him very oftion and he never allows the bad spelling in my letters to interfere with his love for me and I hope it will not interfere with yours and that you will allways love your little friend,
ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

Watching her the other day at her diary it was not possible to avoid the comparison I have before suggested, between this careful, although joyous and gentle, little creature of our own day and the Pet Marjorie of long ago who wrote in *her* journal: "Isabella is teaching me to make *sinme colings*, notes of interigation, periods, commoes, etc., as this is Sunday I will meditate upon senciable and religious subjects. 1st, I should be very thankful I am not a *begger!*"

Life so far has gone smoothly, gently, tenderly for Elsie Lyde — and yet — and yet! — As I watch her little flitting figure, her sweet, innocent face, as I hear her say over and again, "I am such a

happy little girl!" I cannot quite repress a dread of the shadows which must come into her life, the chance of some hard awakening from this exquisite faith in all things human and friendly, and Wordsworth's lines seem to fit her singularly well:

"Oh, blessed vision, happy child!

I thought of thee with many fears,
Of what might be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee —
O, too industrious folly!
O, vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock."

"I *long* to be an author," the child says eagerly, lifting her eyes from something she is writing. "Oh, I *wish* I could write!"

Who knows? Such a nature as hers has many possibilities. The future of this ardent, happy little life rests — mercifully — in other than the hands that give Elsie the world's applause. Who can foretell the developments of the active, clever little brain — of the almost pathetic instincts toward what is fine and high, generous and unworldly?

May those of heart and soul, as well as mind, be such that in the days to come, her mother, like Cedric's in the play, may thank God that the world is better because her little child was born.

Lucy C. Lillie.



POEMS.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

THE CROSS.

IN gold the symbol shineth fair,
Graven on the books of Prayer;
From the great Cathedral's spire
It flashes back the sunset fire,
And gleameth white through cypress
shade
Where the holy dead are laid.
That sacred sign in days of yore
Full many an holy oath it bore;
Full many a night, in cloistered cell,
On kneeling monk its shadow fell,
And on it many a martyred saint
Rained dying kisses slow and faint.
'T was blazoned red on knightly shield,
'T was deeper dyed upon the field,
'T was rudely carved above the slain
Who perished on the Moslem plain.
Its holy dew lies undefiled
Upon the forehead of the child.
On kingly breasts the jewel glows,
The dearest meed that valor knows.
Beauty to the sacred sign
Gives her bosom for a shrine;
Noble lord and haughty dame
Proud to wear the sign of shame.
Glorious triumph of the cross!
Joyful grief and blessed loss!
The symbol of a Saviour's pain,
The scepter of the Saviour's reign,
Enwreathed with flowers this Easter Morn,
Till we forget the Crown of Thorn!

TO MY PET.

[In the Country in April.]

THOUGH the south wind roves about
In the woods all warm and wet,
And the sun shines on my doubt,
I remember winter yet;
I'm too tired to go out,
You go for us both, my Pet!

There 's one growing in the wood
With a message of spring hope;
Go and find it! a pink bud
Growing on a southern slope.

All the winds of May would miss it,
If you plucked it for my sake;
Stoop down softly, dear, and kiss it,
Like a babe you would not wake!
Kiss it! you 'll bring home, I think,
On your lips the May-flower's pink.

If a wee white violet,
In the edge of some gray thicket,
Smiles a timid smile, my Pet,
Smile again, but do not pick it;
Pass on then and after-while,
When you bring me such a smile,
Timid, wistful, guileless, tender,
I shall know who was the sender.

If you find a starry bluet,
Brave with looking at the sky,
With a mad March wind to woo it,
And a rock to shelter by,
Just nod blithely, boldly to it,
As you 're passing by the place,
Just nod frank as if you knew it,
It will laugh up in your face!

Follow where the little rills
Run down singing from the hills;
In their glistening footprints follow
Down into the wooded hollow.
In some silent, sheltered place,
If you find a shadowy grace,
Like the ghost of last year's flower,
Come to haunt an April hour,
With its starry, spirit face,
Leave the wind-flower's fragile gem
Trembling on its slender stem,
Pause and look and leave it gleaming;
Pass by softly, not too near it,
I shall know by your still seeming
You have seen a Blossom's spirit.

Go, dear, search in every thing
For the hidden news of spring!
Come back wondering and wise,
Happy secrets in your eyes,
And a whisper in your mouth
Like the low wind of the south.
Come! whatever news you bring,
You 're my Spirit of the Spring!

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

FOLK-LORE.

WHEN Monsieur Lavoie sent François the Algonquin to the town of Agnes with a telegram for his wife,— to quiet anxiety which printed accounts of the fire might cause her,— and also a message to Marcelline Charland's mistress saying the child was disabled from returning to her directly, he gave his messenger so large a bank-note for all his services that François felt lifted to affluence. There are Algonquins settled, civilized, and even refined, comparing favorably with men of European descent. But though François said his prayers, he could scarcely be called a civilized Christian Indian. He was merely tamed, his savage nature being held in check by modern usages. Sometimes he went to Caughnawaga, on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, where his hereditary enemies, the Iroquois,— finally redeemed from heathenism by the heroic work of missionaries,— were withering away in filth and laziness. Whether or no François approved this result of civilizing Indians, he still ran half wild himself during such time as he was not journeying homeward to be re-garbed by Sally. And nothing made him happier than lying on his back a whole day in the woods, with Canadian money in his pocket and the need of doing any work far removed from him.

He was a hanger-on at the camp, free to dismiss himself. So, after receiving the poet's fee, the last service he felt inclined to render was rowing the boat to Agnes for guests who would row it back.

Monsieur Lavoie took this chance of starting home,— the second day after the fire. The English campers, always as unwilling to lose from their party as they were hospitable in adding to it, stood on the lake's brim, from eldest to youngest, denying that this French invasion had caused them any trouble, and repeating good-byes as far as their voices could stretch over the water.

It was late in the afternoon, and shadows were already traveling toward the center of the lake. The burnt shore, thick studded with high shafts

of ebony, was a somber-looking region. As far as the eye could travel, that forest stood charred and dead. And what had become of all the living creatures that had played under branches or lived in burrows?

This time the girls sat in the stern of the boat, to balance it, for the pull to Agnes was a long one. François swayed himself at the oars betwixt them and Monsieur Lavoie— his dark, red face and rapid eyes fronting them. François's hair, coarse as a horse's mane, hung in uneven lengths below his neck and was bare of any covering. As the fancy took him, when he had means to gratify it, he bought hats of various kinds, which fell into speedy ruin and were dropped in the woods. He had been wearing a soft, black felt, but left it in camp— a heritage the English mother would behold with disgust, and order carried away as far as possible on the end of a stick. François intended to adorn his aquiline redness with a new helmet of white straw. Except that he wore low moccasins, he was dressed much like a common Canadian, for Sally took pride in arraying her son.

Three people as badly burned as the three whom François rowed were using heroic treatment in undertaking a journey; this their English host had told them as he carried Marcelline to the boat. But Monsieur Lavoie wished to be in his home— "Where Philoménie can nurse us," Aurèle now explained to her adopted girl. "Philoménie always stays and takes care of the house when the family are away. She was mamma's nurse, and is always our best, dearest comfort. She is an Acadian; her people were moved from their land by the English— oh, many, many years ago. Dear Philoménie will make us the loveliest soufflés, and such pancakes with jelly as you never tasted in your life. She tells us stories her mother used to tell her, and which her grandmother said were told around the fireplaces in Acadia. Yes, and she tells us of the feux-follets,*— blue, and white, and red,— which have often been seen on the island of Orleans and elsewhere, dancing before people and frightening them after night; especially when people are going on good errands, for Philoménie told us these feux-follets were dreadfully wicked spirits."

* *The ignes fatui.*

"Yes," said Marcelline, forgetting her sore feet in eagerness, "my grandmother has told us about them, for I am from the Chaudière, as I told you, Mademoiselle. Also about the loups-garous."*

"Was there a tale of a loup-garou in the Chaudière valley?" exclaimed Aurèle.

"Mademoiselle, there is a beautiful story of one, which used to make us afraid to look out of doors after dark."

"How charming!" said Aurèle, folding her hands. Her muffled face could not show its interest. "Even Philoménie says these things are no longer to be believed,—but what pleasure to hear them!"

"For this loup-garou," said Marcelline, "was seen by my grandmother's uncle; it is long ago, when he went to fetch the priest to a neighbor that lay at the point of death. Deep, very deep was the snow, and he rode his only horse, with his snowshoes at his back, intending to come home on

* Men-wolves. This superstition was of European origin and of the Middle Ages.



"THERE CAME A LOUP-GAROU AT FULL SPEED, ITS EYES AS RED AS FIRE."

them while the reverend father rode. When a man went on such an errand, if he met a feu-follet he could make the holy sign, and ask it on which day of the week next Christmas would come; and that would drive a feu-follet off, to puzzle and ask questions. So the uncle of my grandmother rode along, sure of what he would do if a light wavered in front. But presently he heard something following him, and he looked back, and there came a loup-garou at full speed, its eyes as red as fire. The uncle of my grandmother never stopped lashing his horse until he fell into the priest's door. But when they started back the priest was ready for it. He made the uncle of my grandmother get up behind him and ride. And they both repeated prayers all the way to the sick person's house as fast as prayers could be said, and that loup-garou screamed at them like a man in pain, though it could come no nearer than the end of the horse's tail streaming out behind. So when they reached the house, the priest laid his book on the door-step, and the loup-garou ran to an island of rocks in the frozen Chaudière, and howled for more than two hours."

"How delicious are stories of loups-garous!" said Aurèle with enthusiasm.

"Now, François," said Monsieur Lavoie, laughing, "can you not surpass that by a story of your grandmother's?"

But François was silent.

"The Algonquins have nothing more to say; their stories are dead. Is it so?"

François made a noise in his throat.

"Then I will tell a tale," said Monsieur Lavoie; "one that will show how much nearer the Hurons lived to heaven than these tongueless Algonquins. There was a Huron Indian who had a favorite son, and the son died. So the father with some friends set out to the land of souls to bring back his boy's spirit."

François twitched on his bench and shrugged.

"That Algonquin story," he grumbled. "Huron never had any story like that."

"Perhaps you know it," said Monsieur Lavoie.

"Always knew it," said François.

"How do the Algonquins tell it?"

"Oh, that but an old story," said François, disparaging it as soon as he had rescued it from the Hurons.

"It is very easy for you to claim a story while I tell it," said Monsieur Lavoie. "But did you really ever hear this one?"

Goaded by these and other words François stopped rowing, and half turned on his bench, letting the boat run with the momentum he had given it. He repeated this old tradition* of his tribe in a

few sentences, as if it were jerked from him against his will, while he slouched down on the oars.

"Algonquin Indian, *he* had son died. Took him some friends. Started to land of souls fetch back that boy's soul. All had to do was wade shallow lake to land of souls. Waded days and days. Sleep nights on pole platforms; platforms stick up above water. Come to land of souls, Papkootparout run out shake his war-club at Algonquins. Papkootparout change his mind. (He keeper of land of souls.) Challenge Algonquins play ball. They beat Papkootparout; get stakes; get corn, tobacco, fruit. That how all Indians get corn, tobacco, fruit: Algonquins bring them from land of souls. Algonquin father beg for his son's soul. Papkootparout give it to him; shape like a nut. Father squeeze it in his hands; make it go into little—very little—leather bag. Papkootparout say put it in dead boy he be alive again. Algonquins go home, have big dance, have feast. Father, he want to dance; feel good, feel happy. Give leather bag to squaw to hold while he dance. Squaw peep in bag; want to see what soul look like. Soul get out of bag when squaw open it; off go soul back to Papkootparout, never come to Algonquin country any more."

And having finished the recital, François dropped the oars in water and shot his boat along.

"Perhaps it was the Algonquin tribe instead of the Huron, who lived so near the land of souls," said Monsieur Lavoie.

A pleasant coolness crept across the lake with the ground shadows. Aurèle put out one of her bandaged hands to trail in Megantic, but thought better of it before her wrappings were wet.

"Papa," she said, "it would be a lovely thing—would it not?—to have a sorcerer raise a fog around us to cover us from sight on the way home, if there were now any sorcerers left like the one on the island of Orleans, that Philoménie told us about. It is matter of history," said Aurèle seriously to the uninstructed young servant from a changeless valley whom she was making her own dependent.

"The fog, the fog, my Aurèle, not the sorcerer," warned her father.

"It is Philoménie I quoted as historian, papa," laughed Aurèle. "But listen to me, Marcelline Charland. Papa, do not distract this child while I am teaching her. You have often been in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires in Lower Town?"

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle, it is many times. And my sister also comes downstairs from Upper Town to that church."

"At first that ancient church was named Notre Dame de Victoire, to celebrate the English Phipps's

* "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie." Cited in Parkman's "Jesuits in North America."

repulse from Quebec in 1690. But the name was changed to *Notre Dame des Victoires* in 1711* to commemorate a bloodless victory won for the French by the fog on Egg Island. There an English armada was wrecked while on its way to attack Quebec. Now, Philoménie says the folks on the island of Orleans believed that Jean Pierre Lavallé, a sorcerer there, raised that fog from a pot he boiled,† for sorcerers on Orleans island always boiled their pots to raise fogs and storms. I hope I have made this bit of history plain."

"Yes, mademoiselle," said Marcelline, gratefully, lifting her weazened face,—she was not as badly burned about her head as the others,—"I never shall say my prayers in *Notre Dame des Victoires* again without thinking of the kettle and the fog."

The poet Lavoie laughed aloud.



THE CHURCH OF
NOTRE DAME DES
VICTOIRES, QUEBEC.

"Mademoiselle my daughter, behold what comes of mixing sorcerers with history!"

"Never mind, papa. She will like Philoménie's story better than veritable history."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE POET MAKES AN ENGAGEMENT.

"AND when you fall into Philoménie's hands, my child," added Aurèle, "she will get from you all you can tell about your Chaudière valley."

"It is not much," said Marcelline, humbly.

"You said your sister came down to church from Upper Town."

"She, also, is a nurse in Quebec, mademoiselle."

"Younger than yourself?"

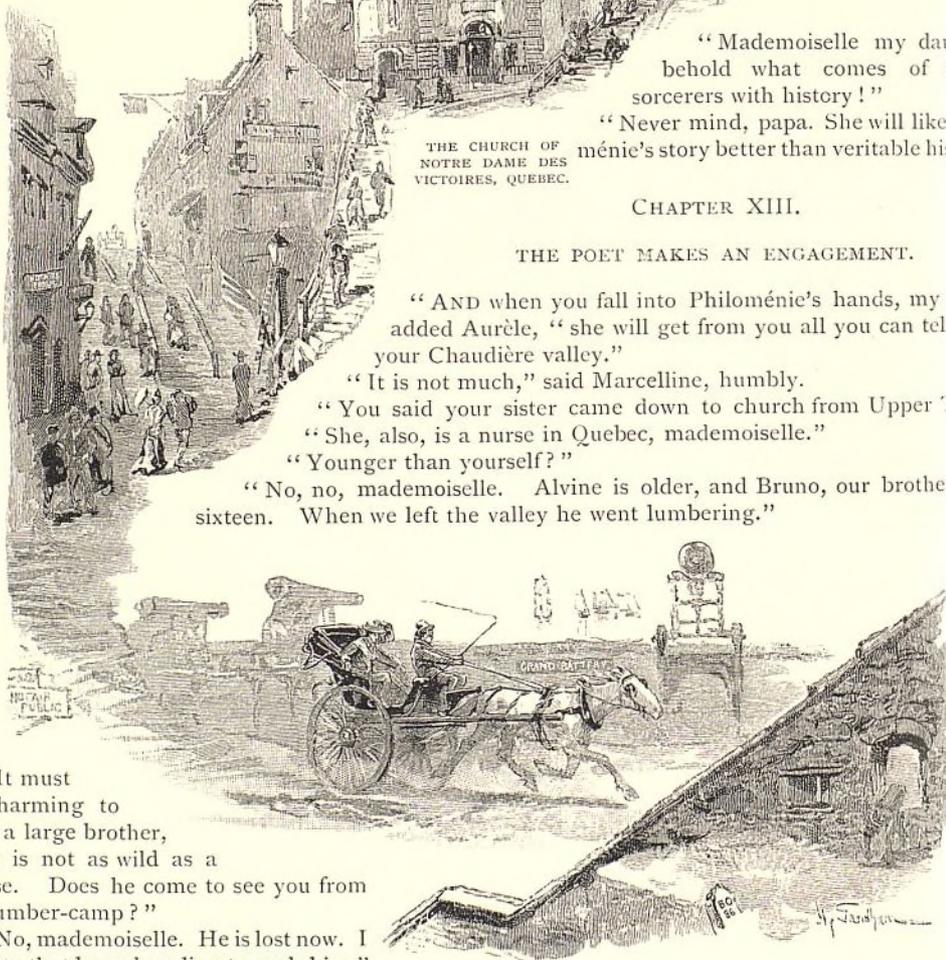
"No, no, mademoiselle. Alvine is older, and Bruno, our brother, he is sixteen. When we left the valley he went lumbering."

"It must be charming to have a large brother, if he is not as wild as a moose. Does he come to see you from his lumber-camp?"

"No, mademoiselle. He is lost now. I went to that boundary-line to seek him."

* Dr. Dionne's "History of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires."

† Edward Farrer.



"You do not think he was in the burning woods?" exclaimed Aurèle.

"No, mademoiselle. He was not there. The men told me he was not there. I asked them before the train came back. He was lumbering in the west province. That is where a jam of logs in the river hurt him."

François was listening.

Marcelline had no knowledge of geography. The "west province" was to her a dim and fabulous stretch of country, remotely including Winnipeg, and perhaps Vancouver's Island.

"Was he hurt?" said Aurèle tenderly. "Where did this happen?"

"At Ottawa, mademoiselle."

"He drowned," observed François, with conviction.

"What are you saying, François?" called Monsieur Lavoie.

"Boy drowned at Ottawa in log-jam."

"Not *drowned*," pleaded Marcelline.

"How do you know anything about it, François?" inquired Aurèle.

"I there. I dive for him in river. Other men dive. Not bring up anything."

"You are perhaps talking of two different boys," said Monsieur Lavoie.

"My brother's name is Bruno Charland."

"Did n't hear name," said François.

"How long ago was your boy caught in the jam, François?"

"Six, seven week, monsieur."

"It was Bruno who was hurt that long ago," said Marcelline.

"And has any one seen him since?" inquired Aurèle.

"Yes, mademoiselle. Many people have seen him since. Raftsmen, and people in the Beau-pré road, where my sister has gone to search for him."

"He drowned," repeated François, in guttural depths.

"But if he was hurt, how could he run about?" demanded Aurèle of the sister.

Marcelline explained Bruno's misfortune as well as she understood it herself. She could not outline to her own mind the wholesome boy tracking aimlessly from spot to spot, with portions of his memory blank.

It was after sunset when they ran alongside the dock at Agnes — a blackened remnant of what had been that raw-plank town, contrasting its deep charcoals with the limpid blueness of the lake. The train was made up at the station, — which served as temporary end of the road, — but some time remained before it would leave.

A boatman at the wharf carried Marcelline

through the desolate cross-street of Agnes. The people were beginning to build their plank dwellings again. Some were tabernacled in tents or sheds, as trivial as the shingle playhouses children would make for themselves; and one woman had set up her household goods under a solitary tree left green, with sheets for her walls.

François, at the poet's bidding, guided the party to the train, and stood bare-headed and lazy to receive another fee from this opulent Frenchman. Regret may have stirred in the Algonquin's breast at parting from a hand so liberal; he was as eager as an Indian allows himself to be to hear the new proposal Monsieur Lavoie made to him.

"François, this boy whom you tried to pull out of the Ottawa River — I have been thinking it might be a good plan to set you to find him. Would you know him again?"

"Yes, monsieur. Saw him on slide. Black French fellow. Sings loud. Hear him above rapids."

"Are you going in the direction of Quebec?"

"Yes, monsieur."

The Indian waited with his side glance on the gentleman's muffled face.

"Very well. Suppose you look along the Beau-pré road for that boy, and bring him to me if you find him. My daughter has taken up the matter and feels an interest in these French children. I shall have to help find the boy and do something for him."

"Monsieur, where shall I bring him?"

The poet felt for a card to tear off his address for the Algonquin, but second thought restrained him. His house was easily expansive to all sorts of retainers, but a roving and decidedly dirty Algonquin was no desirable addition to the list.

"Bring him to the church at Beauport. I often drive that way. Wait. You need not bring him so far, indeed. If you can find the boy, have him on the bridge over Montmorenci River at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon of this week. I will drive on the Beau-pré road that day."

François uttered an assenting guttural, and turning his back stalked directly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

It was Saturday before Madame Pelletier would allow Alvine Charland to go on to Beau-pré. The girl's ankle was much hurt by her race after Bruno. She could not follow the little father in his climbings, but she watched him going up the hills every day with the vain hope that he might bring her brother back. The little father himself took

great pains to slip away from Alvine after the unfortunate stampede which she caused.

He would begin by whispering his daughter Ursule to set the little daughter a long task. Then he would creep around the house and dodge from bush to bush up the ravine. At the top of the hill he would creep along on hands and knees until some rock or tree concealed his standing figure from the house. Alvine at a window traced his progress wistfully.

At Saturday dawn, Petit-Père was already away on the hills. He had risen when the first birds stirred in their nests, while Pelletier's two cows—glad gypsy cows who wandered the mountain road and drank from the mountain streams—lay asleep at the gate awaiting their morning milking. Some anxiety took him out so early. Mother Pelletier with relief missed considerable bread and cream and some black pudding she had intended to take to Beaupré.

For it would be well she should make a pilgrimage while Alvine was going, she told her husband; the more pilgrimages one made to good Ste. Anne's shrine the better. And had they not planned for the little father, Pelletier would have gone himself.

"We do not take Petit-Père to Beaupré," Madame Pelletier explained to Alvine. "His heart is not set on going. And when he was there he hunted the children like a wild man from crowd to crowd, shouting their names at strangers. It excites him. He has his pretty ways. We never cross our little father. You see, my child, I cut his breeches short at the knee, because in his youth breeches were worn short and he yet demands them so. But if he frets not to go to Ste. Anne's we do not put it in his mind. It is not necessary for Petit-Père to make the good pilgrimage."

After their early breakfast the blacksmith kindly offered Gervas and the dog-wagon to Alvine, but his wife objected to this conveyance.

"Did you not make a lazy pilgrimage behind Gervas once, yourself," she exclaimed, "and had you not to tell me when you came home what a scandalous fight there was between Gervas and a pension-keeper's dog in front of the sacred fountain itself!"

"Yes, yes; and Gervas whipped the other dog," said Pelletier.

"He'll whip no dogs for me on *my* pilgrimage," responded Mother Pelletier.

"But the child Alvine may have a word to say," suggested her husband. "It was Gervas that disabled her; he ought to carry her to the shrine. And, mademoiselle, he never fights when hitched to his wagon. Then my Gervas doth stick out his tongue and trot. It is when he walks free around

the streets and his feelings swell that he is obliged to let them out on mangy curs such as trouble fine dogs like Gervas."

But Alvine gratefully declined being drawn in the chariot of Gervas.

"For I am able to make my pilgrimage on foot, monsieur, and if it hurts me, sacrifice is good," she said.

They went slowly, however, and did not approach Beaupré until about nine. At intervals on their way the bells of Ste. Anne could be heard in joyful clamor, and Ste. Anne's two great towers were seen from the first high spot in the road.

Mother Pelletier carried four large bowls of cream to sell at a pension, each bowl so tied in cotton cloth that it could be hung on the end of a stick. Mother Pelletier walked swiftly, grasping the two sticks in the middle, being careful not to let her balanced bowls slide either way. It was so nice a feat to keep this perfect balance, up hill and down, that she never trusted any companion with her precious flowered bowls and cream, which left a sour trail in the air, when she went to Ste. Anne.

The village was still the Beaupré road, with houses strung thickly each side of it and others set upon the hillside having long ladders of steps bedded in the ground for ascent to them.

The Frenchman has a love of outdoors almost equal to the Indian's. His eaves curve widely that he may sit under their shelter at dusk. All day the French-Canadian house stands exposed through and through to sunshine and flies; yet its rafters always glitter with pearly whitewash or are clean enough to have been newly cut out of white-wood, and the broad-boarded floors seem too fair for the tread of any dusty foot.

It is a humid country along the base of the Laurentines, and little dust rises from the flint-smooth Beaupré road even when pilgrimages are thickest.

"All day I think of Bruno," said Alvine, as she shifted the basket of luncheon, which she had undertaken to carry, to the other hand, "and of what I told you, madame, about the Montmorenci."

"But he will never do that," soothed Mother Ursule, puffing along with her balanced freight. "His mind flies from fancy to fancy. But, pray for him, my child, and he will be as he was before this misfortune."

"Madame, if I could get him into my hands and lead him safely back to Quebec, it would be a load off my heart."

"These great government palaces, where they put the unsettled people—I do not like such things myself," declared Mother Ursule. "The woods and hills, and the river are better to cure him than an iron gate. Did Simard's wife tell thee



MOTHER PELLETIER AND ALVINE ON THE ROAD TO STE. ANNE'S.

the Pelletier children from Quebec were twelve in number?"

"Six boys and six girls, madame."

"I never have seen all that family. But we must watch for them, and walk homeward with them, since it is certain they come to-day. There can not be many such families coming from Quebec on the pilgrim boat."

As busy as the busiest market, Beaupré village swarmed with crowds.

Nearly all the inhabitants had hung out the sign, "Maison de pension." Two or three houses named themselves the

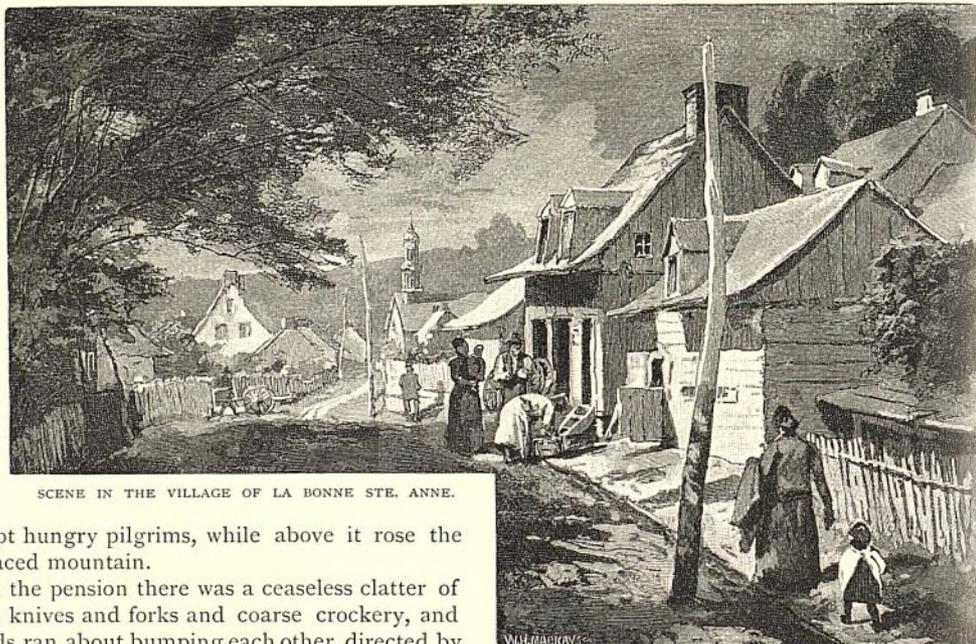
boarding-houses of the good Ste. Anne, and one pension-keeper displayed a sign comical to any eye that has not noted the French-Canadian custom of explaining relationship on grave-stones and other public tablets—"E. Lachance, Époux de Mademoiselle Mercier."*

To this pension Mother Ursule carried her load of cream, exchanging compliments and much rapid chatter with the mistress, who had kept the house before her marriage and made it celebrated among pilgrims.

* "E. Lachance, husband of Mademoiselle Mercier."

Alvine stood waiting on the gallery behind the unfailling blaze of geranium pots. In front of her was the narrow street paved with planks and bordered by small shops and stalls full of things to

dors of Quebec, the two towers, with their clock and sets of bells and chimes, the figure of the woman set aloft, and all that massive stone structure, were but a repetition of what she had been



SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF LA BONNE STE. ANNE.

tempt hungry pilgrims, while above it rose the terraced mountain.

In the pension there was a ceaseless clatter of steel knives and forks and coarse crockery, and maids ran about bumping each other, directed by the shrill voice of the mistress. The last of the early pilgrims were getting their breakfast. French sentences, drawn out to a long, musical cadence at the end, were accompanied by the low mumble of devout persons who walked about the floors reading in books of devotion. Every room in the pension, upstairs and down, except stall-like sleeping closets, was used as a dining-room, each containing a long oilcloth-covered table and two wooden benches.

Some boys in a cart came along the street with bowls of wild, tiny hill-strawberries for sale, and a woman on the gallery, which indicated the second story of her house, reached down and took a bowl from the tips of a boy's fingers.

Madame Pelletier's business being finished, she lifted the basket off Alvine's arm, and they followed a finger-board marked "Chemin de Pelerinages,"* to the square in front of Ste. Anne's huge church.

To Alvine, who was used to the ancient splen-

* Pilgrim's Road.

† The first settlers built a church which was washed away by floods and ice. Another was finished in 1660, the Vicomte D'Ar-genson laying the first stone in 1657.

"The site of the old chapel is marked by a chapel built with the old materials. It is roughly finished within, containing only a few stained seats and a bare-looking altar, and a quaint image of Ste. Anne, apparently of the time of Louis XIV.

"A handsome new church was dedicated in 1876. To it were removed the old altar and pulpit, both of the seventeenth century, and the relics and original ornaments of the old church. Among these are an altar-piece by Le Brun, the gift of the Marquis de Tracy; a silver reliquary and a painting by Le François, both the gift of Mons. de Laval; a chasuble worked by Anne of Austria, and a bone of the finger of Ste. Anne."—*Picturesque Canada*.

taught to respect. There were two fountains playing in the flagged space in front, and at the right hand a row of sheds, sheltering tables and benches, offered a dining-place to the multitude of pilgrims who brought their own food.

At the left, across Beaupré road, and a few steps up the mountain, stood that old chapel of Ste. Anne, which had its corner-stone laid in the seventeenth century.† Farther up, and toward the east, Alvine could see a convent among trees.

Just as Mother Ursule, spent by her walk, and Alvine, on halting ankle, ascended wide stone steps to enter, a sound of chanting came from the river.

"See you," said Madame Pelletier, indicating a causeway which stretched three-quarters of a mile across the marsh strip to the river at low tide. Two steamers were discharging their loads. The causeway was already black with figures, fill-

ing its width solidly and pressing in a procession which seemed endless toward the town. Here and there were white banners.

“Cling, clang—boom, boom! Cling, clang, boom!—Cling, clang!”

Around the angle of the street came the pilgrims, still pouring from the steamers, a mile of people filling the street: men, women, children, their voices like many waters, the bells rejoicing with boom and clamor in constant reply.

Alvine turned away her face and sobbed, because as deep answering to deep, the secret places of her religious nature responded to that vast cry of human prayer.

It was a sight not of this country nor of this age. It was medieval. A stranger looking on would expect to see some knight in mail ride down to the church door, and Peter the Hermit stand forth and lift his sackcloth-covered arms to exhort the multitude.

Yet many of the pilgrims carried common black valises.

There were sick people among them who hoped to get good from prayers in the church: cripples on canes and crutches, the blind, the consumptive, the deformed. A man on a litter was borne in the procession.

They paused on the opposite side of the square to chant, and again at the church door. The bells pealed and the chorus rose:

“Daignon, Ste. Anne,
À nous si bonjour,
De vos enfans
Agr'ez l'amour.”

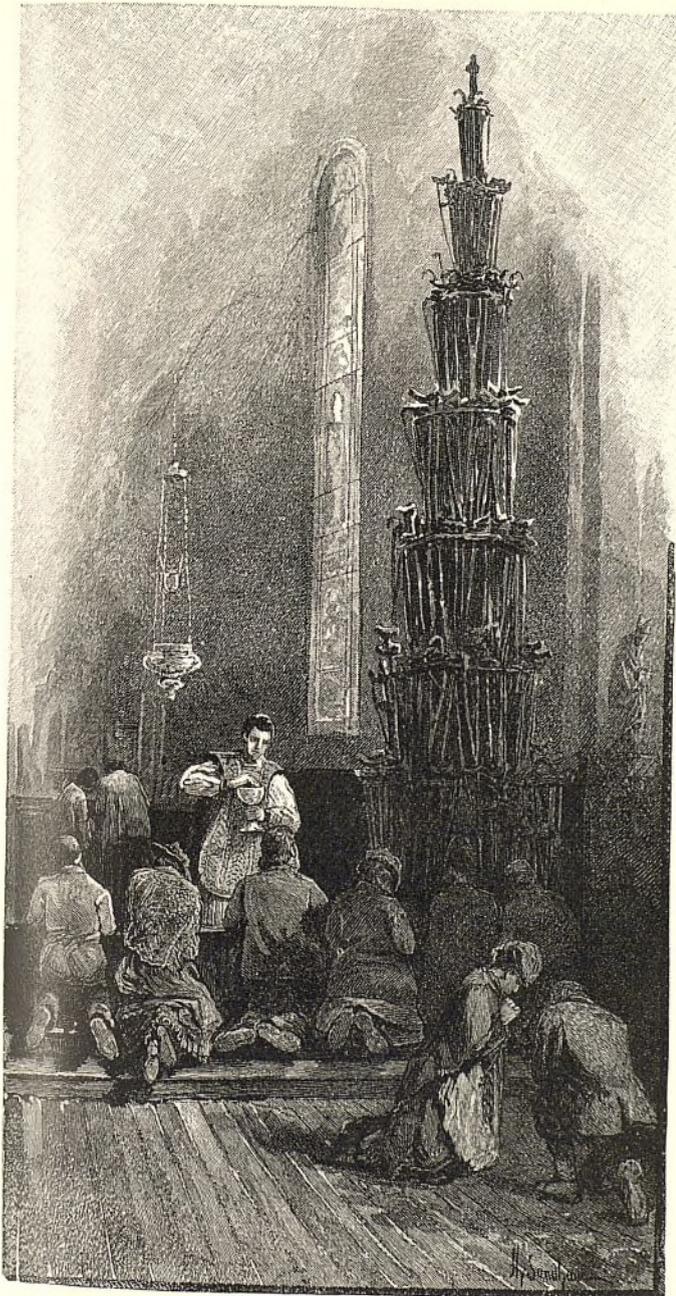


Suddenly the great church was filled, its rows of pillars swarmed around, even the chapels along its sides receiving an overflow.

The altar blazed with lights. An image of the good Ste. Anne, that kindly woman who is called the friend of seamen and sufferers and

all distressed persons, stood in the aisle on a white pedestal hung around with gold hearts. She held a child on one arm and a branch of lilies in her

come which seemed to shake the ground:



ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF CRUTCHES. (SEE PAGE 425.)



PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

other hand, her sweet and elderly face being set in faded hair. A lamp holding a flame like a crimson star hanging in the air — so fine was the wire which suspended it — trembled near her.

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Close by the church doors stood that old rude pulpit made for the earlier chapel; and right and left towered structures like many wheels of decreasing sizes placed over each other on one tall hub. These structures were full of crutches and canes left by people who thought their prayers had brought them benefit.

Alvine had no time to look up and around at ex-voto tablets, reliquaries in shrines, and the thousand objects collected in such a place. The choir chanted; the people were at their brief devotions; they were flowing out with their valises to the eating stalls—and again the bells burst forth, another load of pilgrims were landing, and the chant came up from the river. So the pageant went on all day—the whole of French Canada throbbing through that street as through a great artery, singing as they came, singing as they departed. Friends from remote corners of the two provinces met each other. Cabs stood in a line by the square or jostled in their rush to the dock. Boys bought cakes and leaned against the stalls to eat them, and pensions were filled to their doors.

Alvine followed Mother Ursule to the old chapel up the hill, wherein the altar was like a gilt sarcophagus, and thin blue paint covered the rough seats; where Ste. Anne looked down from smoky marine pictures daubed before American independence was declared. And she followed to a grotto in the bleak, slanting church-yard to pray before a reminder of the crucifixion. All the prescribed rounds of devotion were followed.

About three o'clock, having their precious bottles of water and oil in their hands and pilgrimage badges on their breasts, the young pilgrim and the older one sat down to a second luncheon, in the eating sheds.

Some dark-skinned children were ranged around the table next to them, eating like locusts from a huge black valise, the eldest of their number distributing the victuals. She was a pretty girl of fifteen, wearing cherry ribbons in her dress.

"There they are," exclaimed Mother Pelletier with conviction, rising from her bench. And she was right. "They" were the Pelletier children from Quebec.

(To be concluded.)

THE BABY'S BEAD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I AM only a bit of amber
That dazzles the baby's eyes;
But the light in my innermost chamber
Is the light of the pristine skies.

For ages ago, and ages,
When, far in the upper air,
Vast firs, like old archimages,
Shed incense everywhere,

And, all in the wide gray weather
Which wrapped the whole round world,
Solemnly waved together
As the thick warm vapors curled,

In the sunshine's sudden bursting
I oozed from a topmost bough,
And I drank that splendor thirsting,—
There is no such sunshine now!

And the wings that came round me flashing,—
None like them are fluttering here,—

I caught in my heavy plashing
And sealed in my shining sphere.

Oh, life that was wild and glorious
When the elements wrought for man,
And wave over fire victorious
Shaped the earth to her ancient plan!

Then the tides, in the great world-changes,
Rose in their mighty turn,
Rolled over the fir-tree's ranges,
And the plume of the giant fern.

And ages had past, and ages,
When the winds scooped the deep sea-floor,
And the seas in their storm-blown rages
Tossed me to light once more.

And now, half a jest, it may be,
Half a charm, you hang in your mirth
Round the throat of the newborn baby
The oldest thing on earth!

DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.



"THE FIELD-HANDS DISCUSSED THE MATTER."

CHAPTER II.

YOU may be sure there was trouble on the Gaston place when night came and the children did not return. They were missed at dinner-time; but it frequently happened that they went off with some of the plantation wagons, or with some of the field-hands, and so nothing was thought of their absence at noon; but when night fell and all the negroes had returned from their work, and there was still no sign of the children, there was consternation in the big house and trouble all over the plantation. The field-hands, returned from their work, discussed the matter at the doors of their cabins and manifested considerable anxiety.

At first the house-servants were sent scurrying about the place hunting for the truants. Then other negroes were pressed into service, until, finally, every negro on the place was engaged in the search, and torches could be seen bobbing up and down in all parts of the plantation. The negroes called and called, filling the air with their musical halloos, but there was no reply save from the startled birds, or from the dogs, who seemed to take it for granted that everybody was engaged in a grand 'possum hunt and added the strength of their own voices to the general clamor.

While all this was going on, Mrs. Gaston was pacing up and down the long veranda wringing her hands in an agony of grief. There was but

one thought in her mind—the *river*, the RIVER! Her husband in the midst of his own grief tried to console her, but he could not. He had almost as much as he could do to control himself, and there was in his own mind—the RIVER!

The search on the plantation and in its vicinity went on until nearly nine o'clock. About that time Big Sam, one of the plough-hands, who was also a famous fisherman, came running to the house with a frightened face.

"Marster," he exclaimed, "de boat gone—she done gone!"

"Oh, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaston—"the river, the river!"

"Well!" said Dr. Gaston, "the boat must be found. Blow the horn."

Big Sam seized the dinner-horn and blew a blast that startled the echoes for miles around. The negroes understood this to be a signal to return, and most of them thought that the children had been found, so they came back laughing and singing and went to the big house to see the children.

"Wh'abouts you fine um, marster?" asked the foreman.

"They have n't been found, Jim," said Dr. Gaston. "Big Sam says that the boat is gone from the landing, and that boat must be found to-night."

"Marster," said a negro, coming forward out of the group, "I seed a boat gwine down stream dis mornin'. I wuz way up on de hill—"

"And you did n't come and tell me?" asked Dr. Gaston in a severe tone.

"Well, suh, I hollered at um, an' dey ain't make no answer, an' den it look like ter me 't wuz dem two Ransome boys. Hit mos' drap out'n my min'. An' den you know, suh, our chillun ain't never had no doin's like dat—gittin' in de boat by dey own-alone se'f an' sailin' off dat a-way."

"Well," said Dr. Gaston, "the boat must be found. The children are in it. Where can we get another boat?"

"I got one, suh," said Big Sam.

"Me, too, marster," said another negro.

"Then get them both, and be quick about it!"

"Ah-yi, suh," was the response, and in a moment the group was scattered, and Big Sam could be heard giving orders in a loud and an energetic tone of voice. For once he was in his element. He could be foreman on the Oconee if he could n't in the cotton-patch. He knew every nook and cranny of the river for miles up and down; he had his fish-baskets sunk in many places, and the overhanging limbs of many a tree bore the marks of the lines of his set-hooks. So for once he appointed himself foreman, and took charge of affairs. He and Sandy Bill (so called owing to the peculiar

color of his hair) soon had their boats at the landing. The other negroes were assembled there, and the most of them had torches.

"Marster," said Big Sam, "you git in my boat, an' let little Willyum come fer ter hol' de torch. Jesse, you git in dar wid Sandy Bill. Fling a armful er light'ood in bofe boats, boys, kaze we got ter have a light, and dey ain't no tellin' how fur we gwine."

The fat pine was thrown in, everything made ready, and then the boats started. With one sweep of his broad paddle, Big Sam sent his boat into the middle of the stream, and, managed by his strong and willing arms, the clumsy old bateau became a thing of life. Sandy Bill was not far behind him.

The negroes used only one paddle in rowing, and each sat in the stern of his boat, using the rough but effective oar first on one side and then the other.

From a window, Mrs. Gaston watched the boats as they went speeding down the river. By her side was Charity, the cook.

"Is n't it terrible!" she exclaimed, as the boats passed out of sight. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"'T would be mighty bad, Mist'iss, ef dem chillun wuz los'; but dey ain't no mo' los' dan I is,



an' I 'm a-standin' right yer in de cornder by dish yer cheer."

"Not lost! Why, of course they are lost. Oh, my darling little children!"

"No 'm, dey ain't no mo' los' dan you is. Dey tuck dat boat dis mornin', an' dey went atter ole man Jake—dat 's whar dey er gone. Dey ain't gone nowhar else. Dey er in dat boat right now;

dey may be asleep, but dey er in dar. Ain't I year um talkin' yistiddy wid my own years? Ain't I year dat ar Marse Lucien boy 'low ter he sister dat he gwine go fetch ole man Jake back? Ain't I miss a whole can full er biscuits? Ain't I miss two er dem pies w'at I lef' out dar in de kitchen? Ain't I miss a great big hunk er light-bread? An' who gwine dast ter take um less'n it 's dem ar chillun? Dey don't fool me, mon. I 'm one er de oldest rats in de barn — I is dat!"

Charity's tone was emphatic and energetic. She was so confident that her theory was the right one that she succeeded in quieting her mistress somewhat.

"An' mo' 'n dat," she went on, seeing the effect of her remarks, "dem chillun 'll come home yer all safe an' soun'. Ef Marster an' dem niggers don't fetch um back, dey 'll come deyse'f; an' old man Jake 'll come wid um. You min' w'at I tell you. You go an' go ter bed, honey, an' don't pester yo'se'f 'bout dem chillun. I 'll set up yer in de cornder an' nod, an' keep my eyes on w'at 's gwine on outside."

But Mrs. Gaston refused to go to bed. She went to the window, and away down the river she could see the red light of the torches projected against the fog. It seemed as if it were standing still, and the mother's heart sank within her at the thought. Perhaps they had found the boat — empty! This and a thousand other cruel suggestions racked her brain.

But the boats were not standing still; they were moving down the river as rapidly as four of the stoutest arms to be found in the county could drive them. The pine torches lit up both banks perfectly. The negroes rowed in silence a mile or more, when Big Sam said:

"Marster, kin we sing some?"

"Does it seem to be much of a singing matter, Sam?" Dr. Gaston asked, grimly.

"No, suh, it don't; but singin' he'ps 'long might'y w'en you workin', mo' speshually ef you er doin' de kind er work whar you kin sorter hit a lick wid de chune — kinder keepin' time, like."

Dr. Gaston said nothing, and Big Sam went on: "'Sides dat, marster, we-all useter sing ter dem chillun, an' dey knows our holler so well dat I boun' you ef dey wuz ter year us singin' an' gwine on, dey 'd holler back."

"Well," said Dr. Gaston, struck by the suggestion, "sing."

"Bill," said Big Sam to the negro in the other boat, "watch out for me; I 'm gwine away."

"You 'll year fum me w'en you git whar you gwine," Sandy Bill replied.

With that Big Sam struck up a song. His voice was clear and strong, and he sang with a will.

Oh, Miss Malindy, you er lots too sweet for me;
I cannot come to see you
Ontil my time is free —
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you,
An' take you on my knee.

Oh, Miss Malindy, now don't you go away;
I cannot come to see you
Ontil some yuther day —
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you —
Oh, den I 'll come ter stay.

Oh, Miss Malindy, you is my only one;
I cannot come ter see you
Ontil de day is done —
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you,
And we 'll have a little fun.

Oh, Miss Malindy, my heart belongs ter you;
I cannot come ter see you
Ontil my work is thoo'.
Oh, den I 'll come ter see you,
I 'll come in my canoe.

The words of the song, foolish and trivial as they are, do not give the faintest idea of the melody to which it was sung. The other negroes joined in, and the tremulous tenor of little Willyum was especially effective. The deep dark woods on either side seemed to catch up and echo back the plaintive strain. To a spectator on the bank, the scene must have been an uncanny one — the song with its heart-breaking melody, the glistening arms and faces of the two gigantic blacks, the flaring torches, flinging their reflections on the swirling waters, the great gulfs of darkness beyond — all these must have been very impressive. But these things did not occur to those in the boats, least of all to Dr. Gaston. In the minds of all there was but one thought — the children.

The negroes rowed on, keeping time to their songs. Their arms appeared to be as tireless as machinery that has the impulse of steam. Finally Big Sam's boat grounded.

"Hol' on dar, Bill!" he shouted. "Watch out!" He took the torch from the little negro and held it over his head, and then behind him, peering into the darkness beyond. Then he laughed.

"De Lord he'p my soul!" he exclaimed; "I done clean fergit 'bout Moccasin Shoals! Back yo' boat, Bill." Suiting the action to the word, he backed his own, and they were soon away from the shoals.

"Now, den," he said to Bill, "git yo' boat in line wid mine, an' hol' yo' paddle in yo' lap." Then the boats, caught by the current, moved toward the shoals, and one after the other touched a rock, turned completely around, and went safely down the rapids, just as the children's boat had done in the forenoon. Once over the shoals, Big Sam and Sandy Bill resumed their oars and their songs, and sent the boats along at a rapid rate.

A man, sitting on the river bank, heard them

coming, and put out his torch by covering it with sand. He crouched behind the bushes and watched them go by. After they had passed, he straightened himself, and remarked:

"Well, I'll be switched!" Then he relighted his torch, and went on with his fishing. It was the same man that Lucien and Lillian had seen.

The boats went on and on. With brief intervals the negroes rowed all night long, but Dr. Gaston found no trace of his children. In sheer desperation, however, he kept on. The sun rose, and the negroes were still rowing. At nine o'clock in the morning the boats entered Ross's mill-pond. This Dr. Gaston knew was the end of his journey. If the boat had drifted into this pond, and been

was sailing overhead, taking their morning exercise. Everything seemed to be peaceful and serene. As he passed the dam on his way to the mill, Dr. Gaston saw that there was a heavy head of water, but possibly not enough to carry a large bateau over; still—the children were gone!

The puzzled look on the miller's face disappeared as Dr. Gaston approached.

"Well, the gracious goodness!" he exclaimed. "Why, howdy, Doc.—howdy! Why, I'm right down glad to see you. Whichever an' whichaway did you come?"

"My little children are lost," said Dr. Gaston, shaking the miller's hand. The jolly smile on John Cosby's face disappeared as suddenly as if it had been wiped out with a sponge.

"Well, now, that 's too bad—too bad," he exclaimed, looking at his own rosy-cheeked little ones standing near.

"They were in a bateau," said Dr. Gaston, "and I thought maybe they might have drifted down here and over the mill-dam."

The miller's jolly smile appeared again. "Oh, no, Doc.—no, no! Whichever an' whichaway they went, they never went over that dam. In time of a freshet, the thing might be did; but not now. Oh, no! Ef it lies betwixt goin' over that dam an' bein' safe, them babies is jest as safe an' soun' as mine is."

"I think," said Dr. Gaston, "that they started out to hunt Jake, my carriage-driver, who has run away."

"Jake run away!" exclaimed Mr. Cosby, growing very red in the face. "Why, the impident scoundull! Hit ain't bin three days sence the ole rascal wuz here. He come an' 'lowed that some of your wagons was a-campin' out about two mile from here, an' he got a bushel of meal, an' said that if you did n't pay me the money down I could take it out in physic. The impident ole scoundull! An' he was jest as 'umble-come-tumble as you please—a-bowin' an' a-scrapin', an' a-howdydoin'."

But the old miller's indignation cooled somewhat when Dr. Gaston briefly told him of the incident which caused the old negro to run away.

"Hit sorter sticks in my gizzard," he remarked, "when I hear tell of a nigger hittin' a white man; but I don't blame Jake much."

"And now," said Dr. Gaston, "I want to ask your advice. You are a level-headed man, and I want to know what you think. The children got in the boat, and came down the river. There is no doubt in my mind that they started on a wild-



THE MILLER AND HIS CHILDREN.

carried over the dam, the children were either drowned or crushed on the rocks below. If their boat had not entered the pond, then they had been rescued the day before by some one living near the river.

It was with a heavy heart that Dr. Gaston landed. And yet there were no signs of a tragedy anywhere near. John Cosby, the miller, fat and hearty, stood in the door of the mill, his arms akimbo, and watched the boats curiously. His children were playing near. A file of geese was marching down to the water, and a flock of pigeons

goose chase after Jake; but they are not on the river now, nor is the boat on the river. How do you account for that?"

"Well, Doc., if you want my naked beliefs about it, I'll give 'em to you, fa'r an' squar'. It's my beliefs that them youngsters have run up agin old Jake somewhar up the river, an' that they are jest as safe an' soun' as you is. Them 's my beliefs."

"But what has become of the boat?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Old Jake is jest as cunning as any other nigger. He took an' took the youngsters out, an' arterwards he drewed the boat out on dry land. He rightly thought there would be pursuit, an' he did n't mean to be ketch'd."

"Then what would you advise me to do?" asked Dr. Gaston.

The old man scratched his head.

"Well, Doc., I'm a-talkin' in the dark, but it's my beliefs them youngsters 'll be at home before you can get there to save your life. Jake may not be there, but if he's found the boy an' gal, he'll carry em safe home. Now you mind what I tell you."

Dr. Gaston's anxiety was too great to permit him to put much confidence in the old miller's prediction. What he said seemed reasonable enough, but a thousand terrible doubts had possession of the father's mind. He hardly dared go home without the children. He paced up and down before the mill, a most miserable man. He knew not where to go or what to do.

Mr. Cosby, the miller, watched him awhile and shook his head. "If Doc. don't find them youngsters," he said to himself, "he'll go plum destracted." But he said aloud:

"Well, Doc., you an' the niggers must have a breathing-spell. We'll go up to the house an' see ef we can't find somethin' to eat in the cubberd, an' arterwards, in the time you are restin', we'll talk about findin' the youngsters. If there 's any needcessity, I'll go with you. My son John can run the mill e'en about as good as I can. We'll go up yan to 'Squire Ross's an' git a horse or two, an' we'll scour the country on both sides of the river. But you 've got to have a snack of somethin' to eat, an' you 've got to take a rest. Human natur' can't stand the strain."

Torn as he was by grief and anxiety, Dr. Gaston knew this was good advice. He gratefully accepted John Cosby's invitation to breakfast, as well as his offer to aid in the search for the lost children. After Dr. Gaston had eaten, he sat on the miller's porch and tried to collect his thoughts so as to be able to form some plan of search. While the two men were talking, they heard Big Sam burst out laughing. He laughed so loud and

heartily that Mr. Cosby grew angry, and went into the back yard to see what the fun was about. In his heart the miller thought the negroes were laughing at the food his wife had set before them, and he was properly indignant.

"Well, well," said he, "what 's this I hear? Two high-fed niggers a-laughin' beca'se their master's little ones are lost and gone! And has it come to this? A purty pass, a mighty purty pass!" Both the negroes grew very serious at this.

"Mars' John, we-all was des projickin' wid one an'er. You know how niggers is w'en dey git nuff ter eat. Dey feel so good dey 'bleege ter holler."

Mr. Cosby sighed, and turned away. "Well," said he, "I hope niggers 's got souls, but I know right p'int-blank that they ain't got no hearts."

Now, what was Big Sam laughing at?

He was laughing because he had found out where Lucien and Lillian were. How did he find out? In the simplest manner imaginable. Sandy Bill and Big Sam were sitting in Mr. Cosby's back yard eating their breakfast, while little Willyum was eating his in the kitchen. It was the first time the two older negroes had had an opportunity of talking together since they started from home the day before.

"Sam," said Sandy Bill, "did you see whar de chillun landed w'en we come 'long des a'ter sun-up dis mornin'?"

"Dat I did n't," said Sam, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand—"dat I did n't, an' ef I had I 'd a hollered out ter marster."

"Dat w'at I wuz feared un," said Sandy Bill.

"Feared er what?" asked Big Sam.

"Feared you 'd holler at marster ef you seed whar dey landed. Dat how come I ter run foul er yo' boat."

"Look yer, nigger man, you ain't done gone 'stracted, is you?"

"Shoo, chile! don't talk ter me 'bout gwine 'stracted. I got ez much sense ez Ole Zip Coon."

"Den why n't you tell marster? Ain't you done see how he troubled in he min'?"

"I done see dat, en it make me feel bad; but t'er folks got trouble, too, lots wuss'n marster."

"Is dey los' der chillun?"

"Yes—Lord! dey done los' eve'ybody. But marster ain't los' no chillun yit."

"Den wat we doin' way down yer?" asked Big Sam in an angry tone.

"Le'me tell you," said Sandy Bill, laying his hand on Big Sam's shoulder; "le'me tell you. Right cross dar fum whar I run foul er yo' boat is de biggest cane-brake in all creation."

"I know 'im," said Big Sam. "Dey calls 'im Hudson's cane-brake."

"Now you talkin'," said Sandy Bill. "Well, ef you go dar you 'll fin' right in de middle er dat cane-brake a heap er niggers dat you got 'quaintance wid—Randall Spivey, an' Crazy Sue, an' Cupid Mitchell, an' Isaiah Little—dey er all dar; an' ole man Jake, he dar too."

ter attracted the attention of Dr. Gaston and Mr. Cosby.

"Now, den," said Sandy Bill, after the miller had rebuked them and returned to the other side of the house, "now, den, ef I 'd 'a' showed marster whar dem chillun landed, en tole 'im whar dey



"AN' OLE MAN JAKE, HE DAR TOO."

"Look yer, nigger," Sam exclaimed, "how you know?"

"I sent 'im dar. He come by me in de fiel' an' tole me he done kilt de overseer, an' I up an' tell 'im, I did, 'Make fer Hudson's cane-brake,' an' dar 's right whar he went."

It was at this point that Big Sam's hearty laugh-

wuz, he 'd 'a' gone 'cross dar, en seed dem niggers, an' by dis time nex' week ole Bill Locke's nigger-dogs would 'a' done run um all in jail. You know how marster is. He think kaze *he* treat his niggers right dat eve'ybody else treat der'n des dat a-way. But don't you worry 'bout dem chillun."

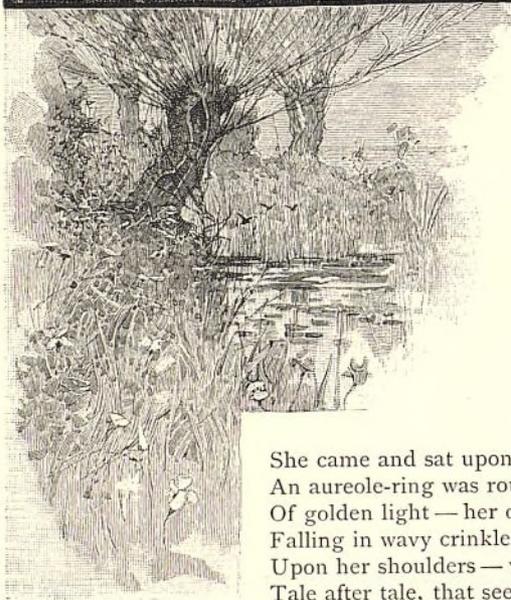
Was it possible for Sandy Bill to be mistaken?

(To be concluded.)



BY LUCY LARCOM.

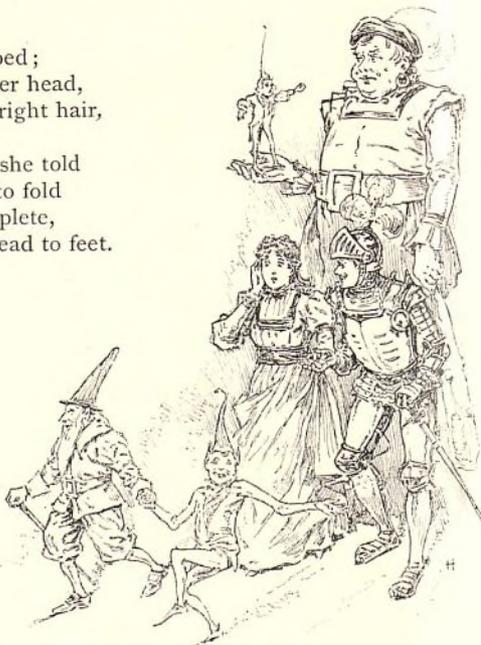
WHEN purple dusk fell on the sea,
 And the white moon looked in at me,
 Where, wakeful and alone, I lay,
 Watching unshapen shadows play
 In huddling groups beneath the caves;
 And fears, that childish fancy weaves
 Of airy nothing, banished sleep,
 A step upon the stairway steep
 Made gladness blossom out of fear;—
 The step of my enchantress dear!



She came and sat upon my bed;
 An aureole-ring was round her head,
 Of golden light — her own bright hair,
 Falling in wavy crinkles fair
 Upon her shoulders — while she told
 Tale after tale, that seemed to fold
 My life in wonder-robcs complete,
 Wrapped in romance from head to feet.

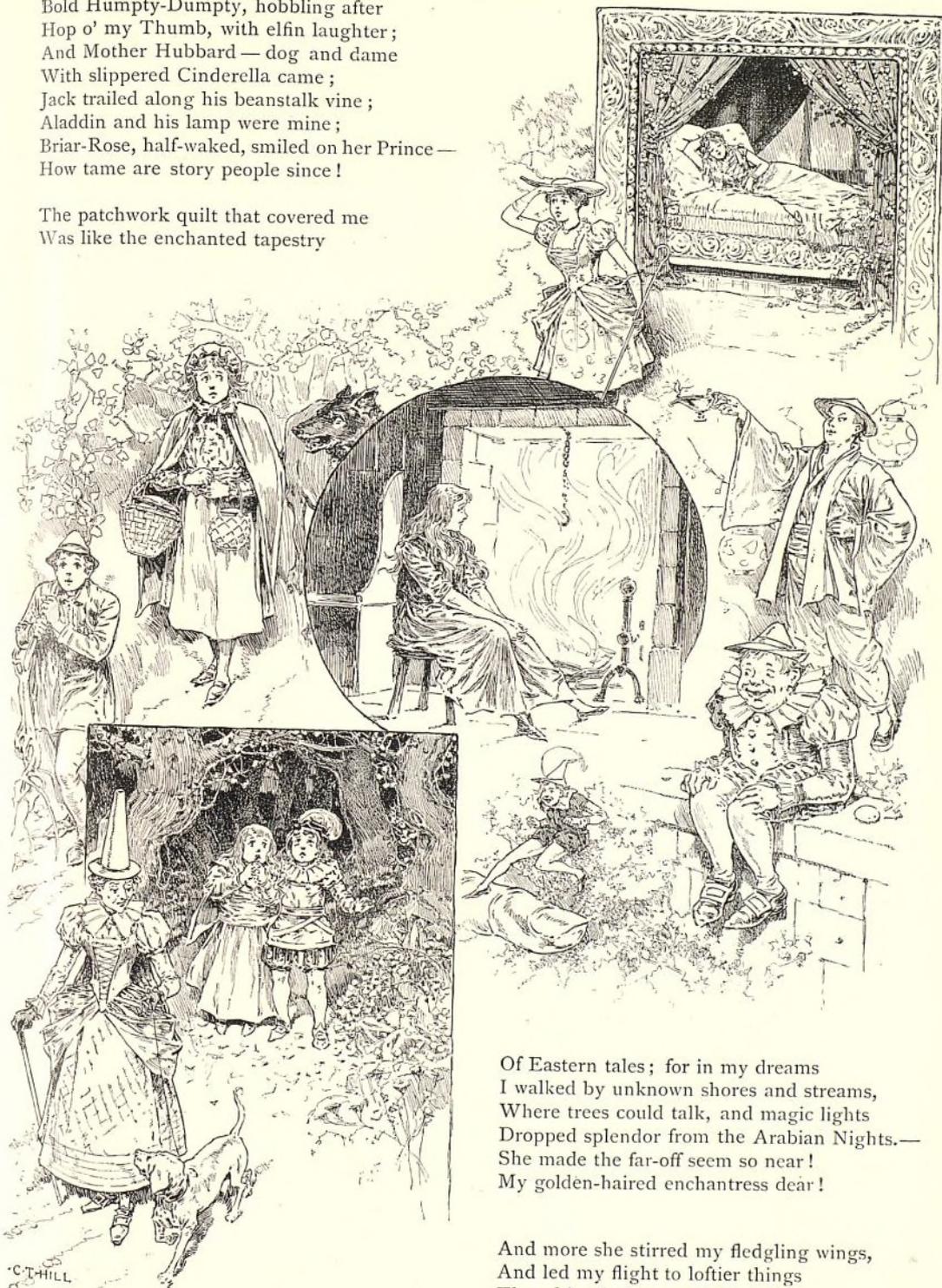
She waved her wand; rare folk she knew
 One after one came gliding through
 The raftered attic's vista dim:—
 What pencil could their portraits limn,
 Their motley grouping?—Knights in mail,
 And rescued ladies, lily-pale,
 Fairy and giant, dwarf and sprite,
 Walked in procession down the night.

Little Bo-Peep; Red Riding Hood;
 The Babes that wandered in the wood;



Bold Humpty-Dumpty, hobbling after
Hop o' my Thumb, with elfin laughter;
And Mother Hubbard — dog and dame
With slippered Cinderella came;
Jack trailed along his beanstalk vine;
Aladdin and his lamp were mine;
Briar-Rose, half-waked, smiled on her Prince —
How tame are story people since!

The patchwork quilt that covered me
Was like the enchanted tapestry



Of Eastern tales; for in my dreams
I walked by unknown shores and streams,
Where trees could talk, and magic lights
Dropped splendor from the Arabian Nights.—
She made the far-off seem so near!
My golden-haired enchantress dear!

And more she stirred my fledgling wings,
And led my flight to loftier things
Than fairy-fancies ever shaped:
From earth together we escaped,

C. HILL

And caught the glance, and heard the song
Of seraph and archangel strong,
And knew there was no near nor far:—
The world we lived on was a Star!

Her elf-land mists melt not away:
Their lambent tints around me play,
Now I am old. Her clear blue eye,
That seemed an opening to the sky—
The heaven that makes of earth a place
Worth living in, unfolding space
Of spirit-realms—it haunts me still,
Wakening the old ecstatic thrill.

She gave me what no queen could give;
Keys to the secret, How to Live.



Fancy is good, but faith is better:
I am to my enchantress debtor,
Whose doors swung wide to both. And she—
How did she find the way to me?—
God sent her hither, long before
I came: he taught sweet mother-love
To sister-lips. Oh, dear and fair,
My sister with the shining hair!



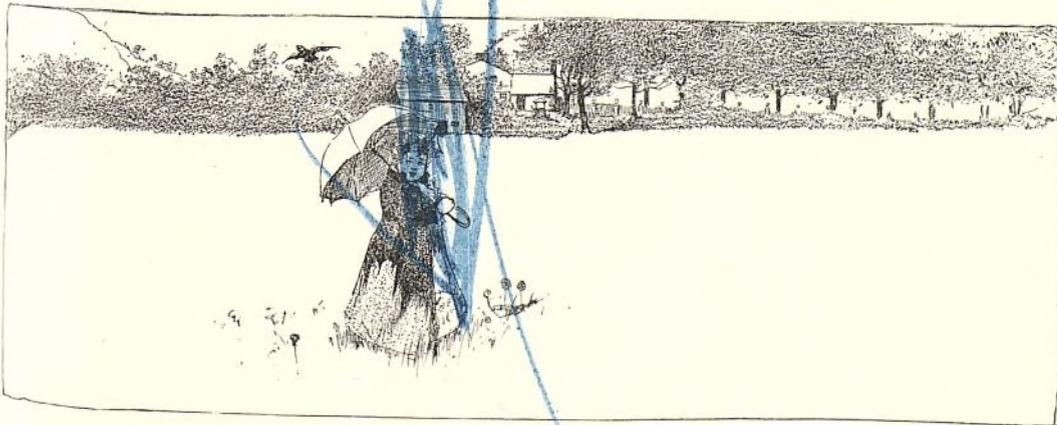


THE BIRD THAT NEVER KNEW HE WAS CAUGHT.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

“WHAT *do* you suppose he *can* be at?”
The little bird hopped and hopped
Around the spot where the artist sat
At his work, and never stopped.
Straight to the easel at last he flew;
Perched on the top without more ado,
With his quizzical little head on one side,
He asked (though of fright he nearly died),
“What *are* you trying to do?”

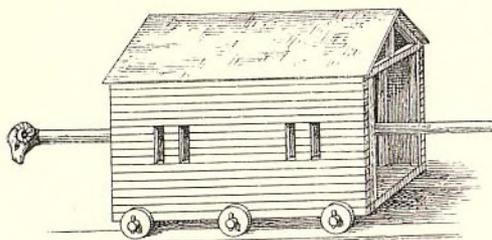
“I am trying,” the artist politely said,
“To catch your lineaments, sir.”—
Catch! 't was enough; the little bird fled,
Fast as he could, with a whiz and a whir,
Far up to the highest blue.
And his little laugh floated down as he flew,
For he cried in derision, “Ha, ha! catch *me!*”
But, nevertheless, he *was* caught, you see;—
Here he is, on this page, for you.



ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTILLERY.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

IN these days of wonderful cannon,—dynamite, Gatling and machine guns,—we are likely to forget the contrivances used by the soldiers of ancient times for throwing projectiles great distances, or for battering down walls;—or if we think of the matter at all, it is with considerable scorn when



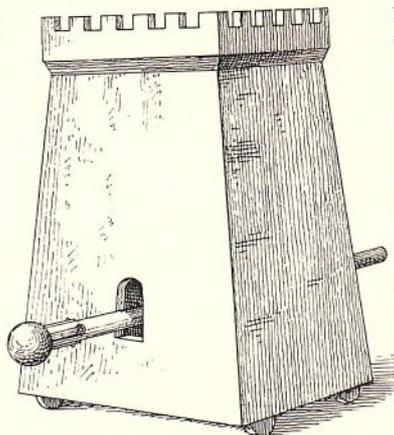
A BATTERING-RAM.

we compare them, as we must do, with the great and powerful guns of modern times. Nevertheless, the machines used by the ancients for warlike purposes were very powerful, quite ingenious, and to some extent even wonderful. Let us consider them for a moment before turning to the great guns of the present time.

In its widest and truest sense, the word Artillery is used to designate every engine of war for use on the field of battle in throwing projectiles or battering down walls. The first and earliest mention of them in history is found in the Bible, where, in II. Chronicles, chapter xxvi., verse 15, it is recorded that Uzziah, King of Judah, made engines to be put on towers and to discharge stones. The simplest engines used were battering-rams, for destroying the walls of towns and cities. These battering-rams were so called from the habit of the ram to butt with its head, which mode of attack was imitated by the engine of war. The technical name for a battering-ram was Belier, and the rams were of three general classes. The first were quite rude, and consisted only of a large strong beam with its front end, or head, covered with iron. A number of soldiers carried this beam on their shoulders toward a wall, and when they rushed forward, the iron head of the beam would strike with great force against the masonry. But of course the beam could not be very large, or it would be too heavy to carry; so the second class came into use. A long beam was fixed securely several feet from the ground on two or more sup-

ports, and from this beam was loosely suspended a much larger and heavier one with an iron head. This machine was placed close against the wall, and the suspended beam, being drawn back and then released, would swing forward with great force. The third class cost the most, and was, of course, more powerful than the others. In this, the beam was mounted on a number of little wheels, which traveled in grooved tracks laid for them, leading up to the wall. It can readily be seen that in this class the beam could be made of any size or weight, and that when pushed by a large number of strong soldiers, the enormous machine would travel with great velocity and strike the wall with terrible force. But the defenders on the top of the wall could easily throw down darts and arrows to kill the soldiers, and great rocks or boulders to crush the rams. So the besiegers and the ram were protected by a strong roof and walls which were fastened to the axles of the little wheels and thus always covered the ram and the soldiers, since the cover traveled with the machine, and indeed was part of it.

As to the power of these engines of war, history has preserved for us several very interesting examples. The Emperor Vespasian, during the siege of Jerusalem, built a ram having a brass head as large as ten men. It was armed with twenty-five horns, each the size of a man's body, while the weight of the beam was 150,000 pounds, that is, seventy-five tons, or about three times the height of an ordinary locomotive. It took three hundred pairs of mules to draw it, and fifteen hundred men to operate it. Now, the momentum or moving power



A BATTERING-RAM AND TOWER.

of a body is measured by the product of its weight and its velocity. Therefore if this ram, when worked against a wall of stone, was moved at the rate of two feet a second (a moderate estimate), its force on striking the wall would be 300,000 pounds, which would be exactly the same as the force exerted by a weight of 300,000 pounds in falling from a height of one foot. That is, it would exert greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860. These battering-rams were probably as effective in knocking down a wall or staving in the side of a ship as the best modern cannon, but for making a breach, the guns are far superior. Such was the solidity and thickness of the walls of Jerusalem that, Josephus tells us, it took all of one night for this battering-ram to dislodge four stones!

Vitruvius has left us the description of a ram weighing 480,000 pounds; but probably the most celebrated of all the ancient moving-tower rams was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes at the siege of Rhodes. The base of the tower was seventy-five feet square. The ram itself was an assembly of large square beams resting on wheels in size proportioned to the weight of the structure, and all riveted together with iron. The felloes of the wheels were three feet thick and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles of the tower a large pillar of wood was carried up to a height of 150 feet, and these pillars were inclined toward one another. The tower had three stories, communicating by two staircases each. Three sides of the machine were plated with iron to protect them against fire. In front of each story there were loop-holes, screened by leather curtains, to keep out darts, arrows, etc. Each story was provided with machines for throwing large stones and darts; and in the lower story was the ram itself, thirty fathoms long, and fashioned at the end into an iron beak, or prow. The entire machine was moved forward by 3500 soldiers.

But it can easily be understood that among so many men some must be more or less exposed to the enemy's darts and arrows; and so, to drive the enemy from the walls and open places, to break the roofs of his houses, and otherwise annoy him, machines were necessary for throwing missiles, from small darts up to huge boulders. All these were included under the general name, *Tormenta*; and the catapult may be said to have been the *Gatling gun*, and the *Ballista*, the siege cannon of the ancients; while the *Onager*, the *Scorpion*, the *Trebuchet*, the *Mangonel*, and others variously named, all were varieties of one or another of these classes. They received special names because it was fancied they possessed some characteristic of the animal after which they were named.

Thus, the *Onager* is the wild ass of the desert, which kicks up showers of small stones with its hind feet when pursued; and the machine called the *Onager flung* showers of small stones by a sort of kicking action. The *Scorpion flung* showers of poisoned darts. All varieties of the *Catapult flung* showers of small stones, darts, arrows, javelins, etc., while all varieties of the *Ballista flung* but one large stone, or large dart, at a time or single discharge. But the motive power was the same in all, and was obtained either from weights or from springs, made of cords of hide or sinews, stretched or drawn back by levers. The power thus produced was sometimes very great. Weights as great as 1200 pounds could be thrown a distance of 800 yards. Think of that,—a power great enough to throw a big horse a distance of over half a mile! It is surprising, is it not?

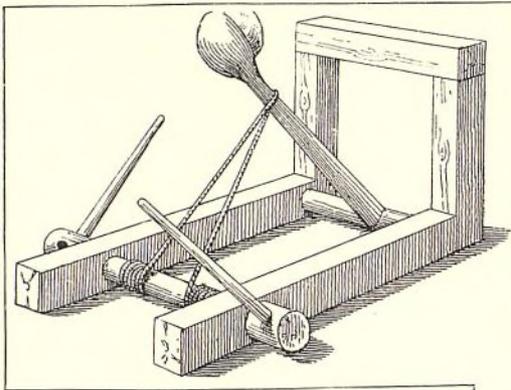
These machines were carried about with the armies; but often the largest were built before the besieged walls; and when the army moved away these were taken apart and transported in pieces. Besides throwing great stones, the *ballista* was often used to hurl fire-pots and red-hot iron balls over the walls into the city, to set fire to it. The fire-pots were filled with resin and the wonderful composition known as *Greek fire*. This latter was made of naphtha, pitch, and sulphur; and, once lighted, it could not be put out, even by water. It was used against fleets; and the whole surface of a harbor was sometimes covered with the blazing mixture, so that vessels could escape it only by sailing away.

Notwithstanding the great force with which the *ballista* and *catapult* threw projectiles, there was wonderful accuracy in their aim. Josephus tells us that he himself saw the head of a man taken off and carried more than six hundred yards by a large stone thrown from a *ballista*. Again, it is told that during the siege of *Palmyra*, the Emperor *Aurelian*, on visiting the outer trenches of his army, was exposed to a storm of fierce invective and bitter sarcasm from the garrison assembled on the walls. One of the enemy was particularly exasperating. A soldier in charge of a *catapult* offered to rid the emperor of the foul-mouthed fellow. The emperor consented, the *catapult* was discharged, and a huge arrow going swift and straight to the mark, hit the man in the breast and passed through his body, killing him instantly.

Now let us pass at once over two thousand years, and consider the wonderful artillery of modern times.

So great and marvelous are the powers and the effects of gunpowder and the huge cannon of to-day, that it seems hard to decide which wonder

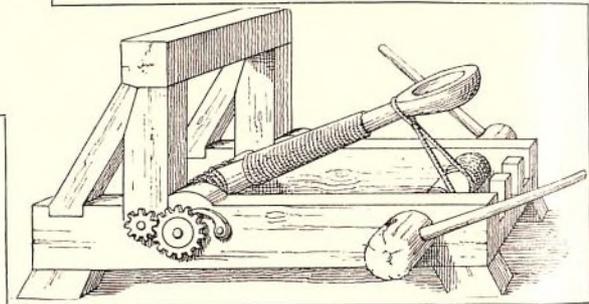
I should first describe. Let us commence with "machine-guns," as they are termed. These are guns which, by means of mechanism or machinery,



rapidly discharge a great many bullets. The best, as well as the earliest, machine-guns, are American inventions. The Gatling gun is the invention of Dr. Gatling, a citizen of Hartford, Conn., where also the manufactory is situated. It consists of a number of rifle-barrels—generally ten—arranged around a central shaft. At the rear of the barrels is a casing of metal containing the breech mechanism. One man holds a case containing cartridges over an aperture of the casing, and they drop in and fit themselves in the barrels. Another turns a crank which revolves and thereby operates the mechanism inside, so that as each barrel comes underneath, it is discharged, and the empty cartridge-shell thrown out. When the man turns the crank twice around he has discharged all the barrels; and as he can turn the crank, if he be adroit, two or three times a second, it is possible to discharge as many as one thousand shots a minute. Of course no gun can be fired so rap-

erick the Great of Prussia could load and fire six times a minute. As there are one thousand men in a regiment, it will be seen that six of these guns, requiring only five men each—thirty, all told—to operate them, could do as much firing as one thousand men, one hundred years ago. Indeed, the amount of work accomplished is much greater, since the Gatling gun throws its leaden bullets a thousand yards, and kills at that distance, while the old flint-lock of the Prussians was useless for any range greater than two hundred yards.

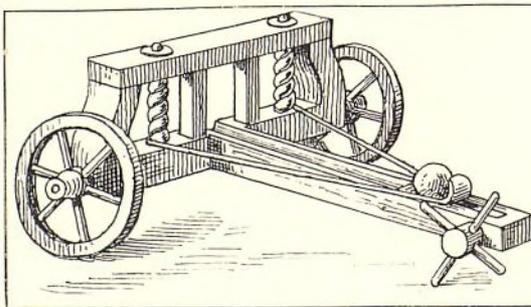
The Nordenfeldt and Gardner guns are machine-guns in which the barrels are horizontal and



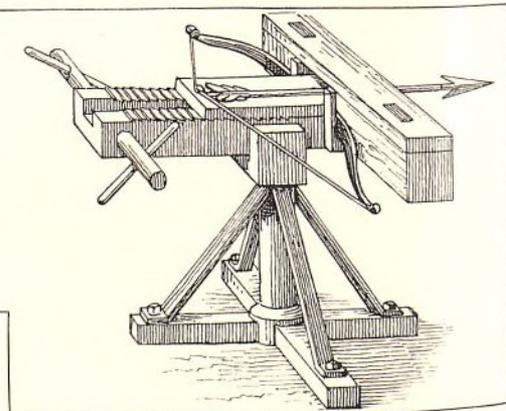
BALISTAE.

in one plane, instead of mounted together in cylindrical form as in the Gatling. But the most wonderful gun of all is the Maxim gun. This is actually a weapon that loads and shoots by itself. Think of how astonished the ancients would have been if suddenly confronted with one of these machines, a half-mile away from them, striking down their men with imperceptible missiles!

It is well known by every boy that when he fires a gun or pistol it gives a backward jump. This is called the "recoil," or, as the boys term it, the "kick"; and it is this force that is made use of in the Maxim gun. The gun consists,



idly very long, for the barrels would get too hot, and all the parts become so fouled with soot and gas as to jam together. Only a century ago, it was thought wonderful that a regiment in the army of Fred-



CATAPULTS.

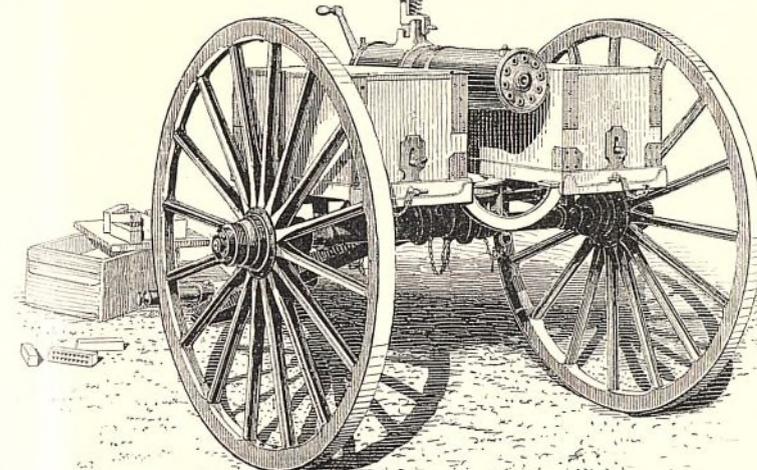
unlike the rest, of but a single barrel breech mechanism. A long strip of cartridges is put in position, the released against the first cartridge,

and a holding hammer and a

the Franco-Prussian war, fired eighty-five cartridges at once; but they all went nearly to the same mark, and, once discharged, it required some time to load the gun. The new machine-guns

have a motion from side to side, so that their fire sweeps over a wide stretch of ground and is practically continuous. Going a step further, we have what are called revolving cannon, as the famous Hotchkiss—another American invention. These are cannon similar to huge revolvers, and throw shells from a half-pound up to thirty-two pounds in weight, and discharge five to twelve shots a minute.

All cannon are divided into these general classes: 1st. Field-guns, or cannon which are light and can be carried about by an army wherever it goes. These rarely throw shells of over eighteen pounds in weight. 2d. Siege-guns, which are too large to be moved rapidly, but still may be carried from place to place in special wagons, cars, or boats constructed for them, and used in laying siege to places. These throw shot or shell from eighteen up to two hundred pounds in weight. 3d. Sea-coast guns, or permanent guns. These are too large to be

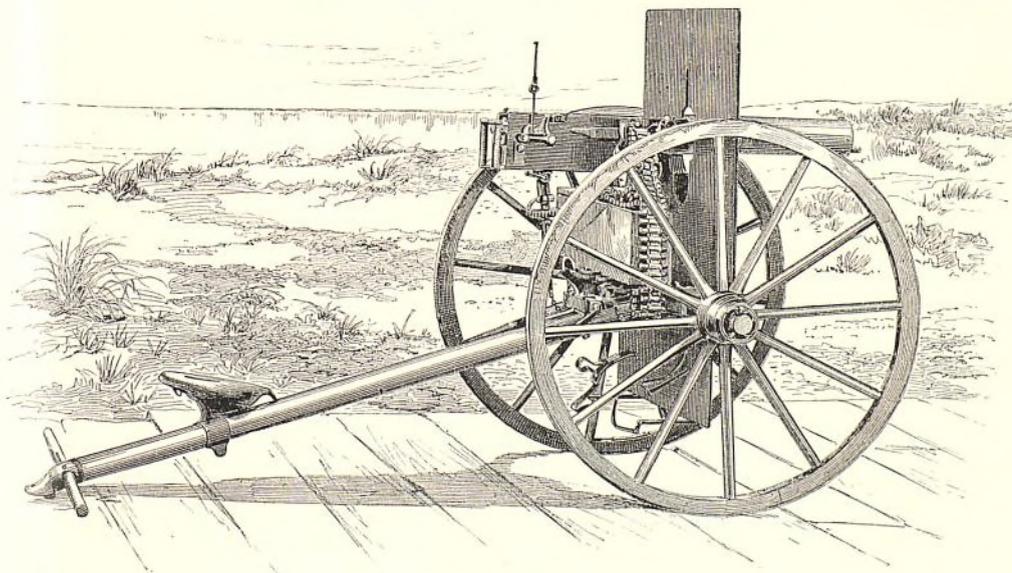


GATLING FIELD-GUN.

cartridge is thus fired. The recoil strikes a pin, which puts another cartridge in position, fires it and casts out the old shell, and the next recoil is utilized in the same way. This is repeated until all the cartridges are gone. It is possible to fire as many as 666 cartridges, only the first having to be fired by hand; the gun automatically discharges all the rest.

The famous Mitrailleuse, used by the French in

the Franco-Prussian war, fired eighty-five cartridges at once; but they all went nearly to the same mark, and, once discharged, it required some time to load the gun. The new machine-guns have a motion from side to side, so that their fire sweeps over a wide stretch of ground and is practically continuous. Going a step further, we have what are called revolving cannon, as the famous Hotchkiss—another American invention. These are cannon similar to huge revolvers, and throw shells from a half-pound up to thirty-two pounds in weight, and discharge five to twelve shots a minute. All cannon are divided into these general classes: 1st. Field-guns, or cannon which are light and can be carried about by an



MAXIM FIELD-GUN.

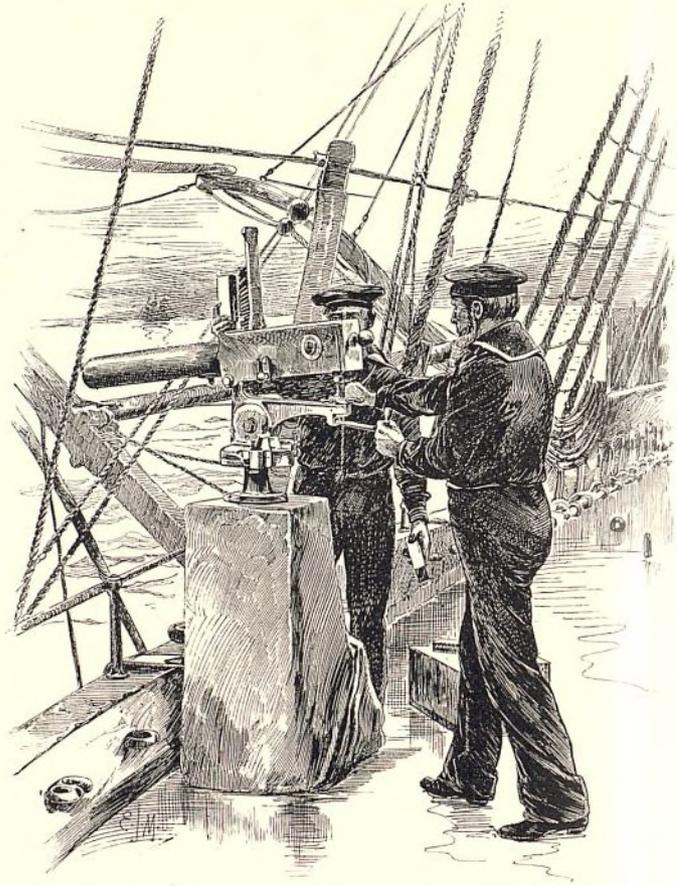
moved about, and are mounted on special carriages in sea-coast or other large forts. They throw projectiles of from 100 pounds up to 3300 pounds, and require the aid of steam and electricity in loading and firing.

As an example of field-guns, a new gun which has just been made for the United States army is perhaps the finest in the world. It is made of steel, and weighs less than eight hundred pounds. It is mounted on a steel carriage and throws a thirteen-pound shell, requiring a charge of three and one-quarter pounds of powder. It will throw this shell, which is a little more than three inches in diameter, over seven thousand yards—that is, about four miles—with terrific power and wonderful accuracy.

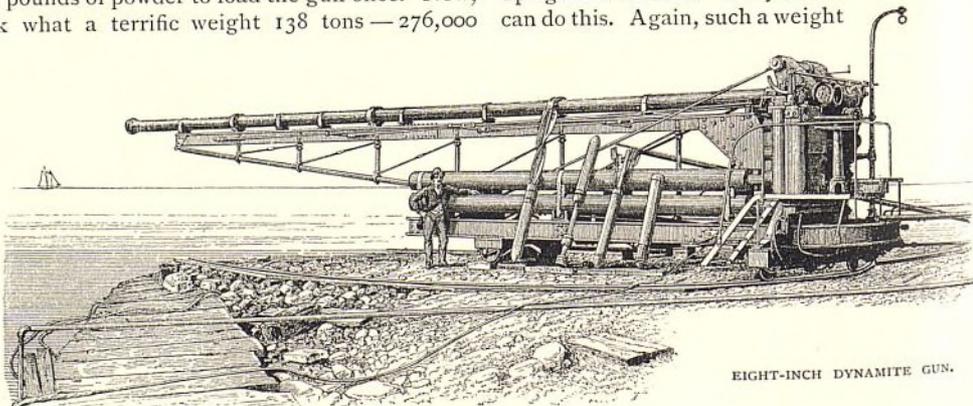
As yet, in the United States, we have no siege or sea-coast guns which will compare favorably with the huge monsters found in European countries. There are a few in the navy, and it will not be long before we shall have in the army many guns which will be quite as good as anything of the kind abroad, and perhaps even better.

I said that these huge guns require steam and electricity to operate them. Let us see. Some of these enormous steel shells weigh 3300 pounds—about equal to the weight of three horses. They are six feet high, and as large around as a man. The gun which fires them is called a 138-ton gun, because it weighs 138 tons. It requires one thousand pounds of powder to load the gun once. Now, think what a terrific weight 138 tons—276,000

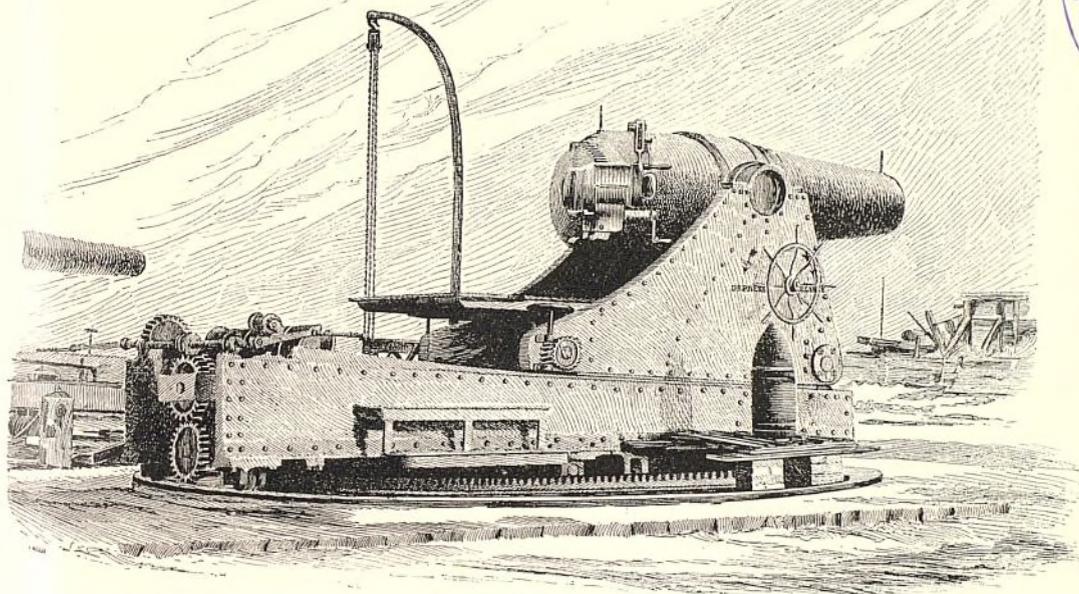
pounds—is to move about. Yet, to aim the gun, it must be moved about. And as it takes some time to load it, all the gunners would be picked off by sharpshooters if they were not protected. So the gun has to be moved down behind a safe wall or rampart while it is loaded, and then raised up again to be fired. Only steam can do this. Again, such a weight



GARDNER GUN ON DECK.



EIGHT-INCH DYNAMITE GUN.



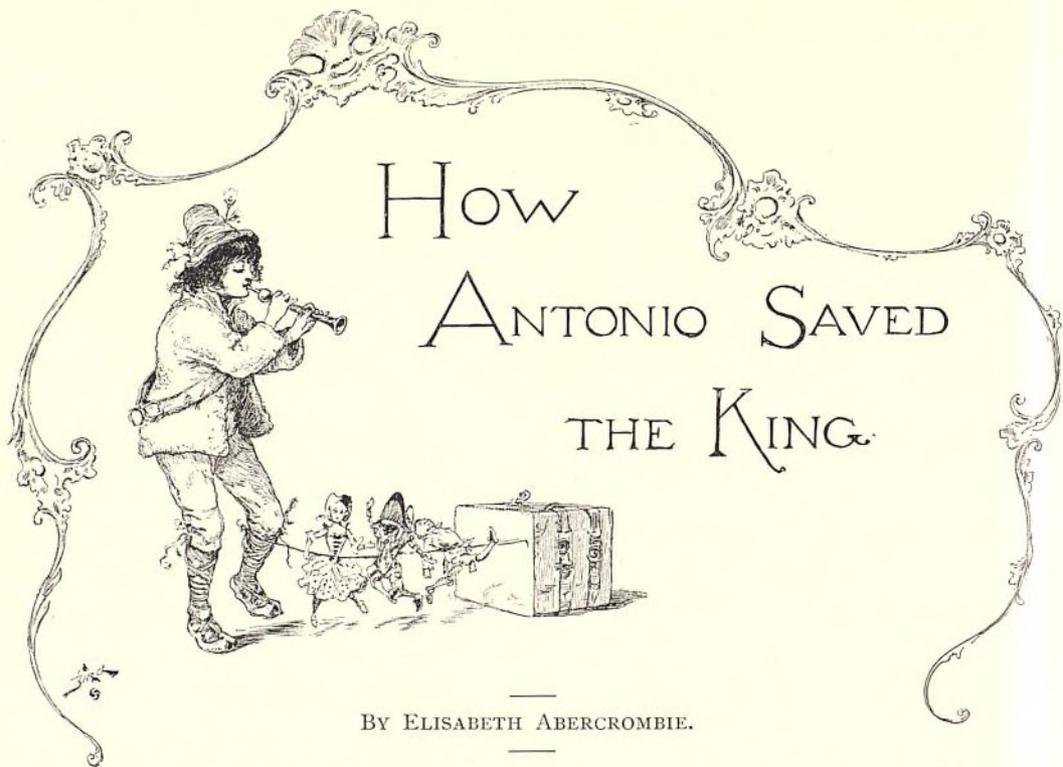
UNITED STATES 12-INCH RIFLED MORTAR: SHELL, 630 LBS.; CHARGE, 35 LBS.; RANGE, $5\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

as 3300 pounds of steel and 1000 pounds of powder can be lifted and inserted in the gun only by the help of steam. The noise of the discharge and the danger of exploding 1000 pounds of powder are so great that it is not safe for a man to fire one of these huge guns close by, as he could fire a small one. So electricity is brought into play, and the powder ignited by means of the electric spark.

Now, let us measure the power of these huge machines. A foot-ton is the force with which one ton raised one foot, and then let fall, would strike the ground; or the force with which one pound raised two thousand feet from the ground would exert in falling that distance. Now, the force, or energy, exerted by a projectile from one of these huge guns is more than 57,000 foot-tons at a distance of 1000 yards from the gun. Very few of us can understand what a tremendous power this is; but if we were to take the Obelisk in Central Park, and carry it bodily to the very top of the spire on Trinity Church, and then let it fall, it would strike Broadway with far less force; still it would be sufficient to crush any building on which it should

happen to fall. These great guns, if they could be given the proper elevation on board ship,—that is, if the construction of war-ships allowed the muzzle of the gun to be pointed upward sufficiently,—could throw their shells from far outside of Coney Island into the heart of New York City, to crush whatever the missile might strike. Yet this distance is over twelve miles. If one such projectile could retain the velocity with which it leaves the gun,—2000 feet a second,—it would reach the moon, 270,000 miles distant, in eight days. Yet, wonderful as are these guns, the limit of their power is not yet reached; and in a few years more, the present weapons will appear small beside the new ones to be constructed. Before long there will be guns to fire shells charged with dynamite or other high explosives, so that nothing can withstand the bursting shells.

These guns will add to the horrors of war, but some philosophers are of the opinion that it is only by making war so frightful that human beings cannot endure its terrors, that the Millennium will be brought about.



I SUPPOSE there is hardly a little boy or girl throughout our land who has not heard the name of Frederick the Great.

He was born in Berlin more than one hundred and fifty years ago, but, although he lived in a palace and was the son of a king, there are few people in the world more miserably unhappy than he was for the first twenty-five years of his life.

From boyhood, he had the great misfortune to be hated, instead of loved, by his father, who was cruel, despotic, and violent (if not of unsound mind), and so this poor young Frederick was a witness of many strange scenes within the palace walls.

In the middle of his dinner, plates were sometimes hurled at his head; occasionally he was even kicked and dragged round the room by the hair, and once the old king, finding his son practicing upon the flute, in a rage snatched the instrument away and snapped it in two across the astonished boy's shoulders!

I have not time to tell you all the cruel things this unnatural father did to his son, but, at last, matters became so unpleasant at home that the young prince resolved to run away.

Being overtaken, however, he was thrust into prison; and, more cruel than all, he was compelled to watch from a window in the prison the execution of the kind young friend who helped him to make his escape!

At the age of twenty-eight, the old king having died, Frederick himself became King of Prussia.

Up to this time he had never been allowed to have anything to do with the government of his country, but had occupied himself in studying the language and literature of France and in writing books.

Now his pen was laid aside for the sword, and he busied himself in building up the power of his kingdom. All his energies were given to this end.

He was so industrious that he worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He was so frugal—as far as he himself was concerned—that he wore the same old snuffy yellow waistcoat year after year, and when he died he was actually buried in his valet's shirt, because he did not possess a presentable one of his own!

But, although he left no rich garments behind him, he left something better, I think,—a name. He had become Frederick the Great!

He had increased his armies, his territories, and the number of his subjects. He had built magnificent palaces, in which members of the royal family of Prussia are living at the present day.

He had encouraged the arts and sciences, had approved freedom rather than tyranny among his people, and had permitted no persecution on account of religion.

Our own Washington aroused his heartiest admiration. In proof of this, he sent a Prussian sword

of honor to Mount Vernon, with the inscription, "From the oldest General to the Greatest."

It was this famous king, then, whose life was once saved by the devotion of a little boy whom the king befriended, and this is how it happened.

One winter, when the Prussian troops were stationed in Dresden, during the Seven Years' War, the king made it his habit to walk out every morning on the terrace along the river bank.

He was pacing back and forth one day, according to his usual custom, when a wretched-looking little boy stopped before him. The child was a ragged little fellow, and held in his arms a box almost as big as himself.

"Oh, sir, wouldn't you like to see my marionettes?" asked the boy in his simple fashion.

"Antonio, sir," was the answer. "I am a Savoyard. The marionettes are from Savoy, too. We go through the world together, and when we have earned enough money to live on, we are going home again, and then I hope that I can learn to play on the flute!"

"Are you so anxious, then, to become a musician?" asked the king, more and more drawn to the child.

Such a look of longing came over the little upturned face, that it was pitiful to see it.

"I always practice on my willow whistle," said Antonio; "but that's not like a real instrument, you know. A real flute costs too much for me," he added, with a sigh.

Perhaps the king remembered how much pleas-



"OH, SIR, WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO SEE MY MARIONETTES?" ASKED THE BOY IN HIS SIMPLE FASHION."

The king, smiling, asked if they were in that box. "Yes, and they can perform very well. They can dance; shall I show them to you, sir?" eagerly repeated the boy.

The king gently shook his head. He had no wish to see the marionettes, but the little boy interested him, and the king asked his name.

ure he himself had found in his flute when a boy. At all events, he said:

"Well, Antonio, if you are industrious and will prove that you really wish to learn, you shall be taught by a thoroughly good teacher, and by and by you shall have a flute of your own to keep. How will that do?"

You may imagine how happy the little Savoyard was at that. Seizing the king's hand in his small brown paws he kissed it again and again, and then an appointment was made for him to come to the palace the next day, in order that the whole matter might be arranged.

The next morning Antonio walked into the courtyard of the palace with pride and happiness in his heart.

He was taken in charge by the Court *Capelmeister*, who had been given orders to see whether the child really possessed any musical talent.

His report was most favorable, and from that day Antonio had his heart's desire.

He studied well, and made such progress that soon he was allowed to play daily before the king.

All this kindness aroused the deepest gratitude within the boy's heart. He almost worshiped the king, and longed to give proof of his devotion.

Strangely enough an opportunity came in a very short time.

One evening Antonio noticed an unusual amount of whispering among the servants of the palace, who seemed to be holding a consultation.

Feeling sure that something must be wrong, he took care to rise early the next morning, and to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, where he could see without being seen.

He had a long time to wait, but at last he saw one of the cooks coming by with a folded paper in his hand. At first he thought it a letter; but it was very curious that when the man opened it a fine white powder came sifting out, and fell straight into a pot of chocolate that happened to be standing on the table, ready to be carried in to King Frederick. Out came the little Savoyard from his dark

corner, and in a state of the greatest excitement rushed off to the king's apartment.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped, forgetting his manners and the respect due the presence of the king. "Oh, sir, do mind what I say — refuse the chocolate this morning. It will kill you — they have put poison in it — I saw them — I saw them!"

Then, as calmly as he could, Antonio told his story to the king, and as he ended breakfast came in.

At almost the same moment came a general to hold a council with his majesty. The king greeted him with tranquillity. No one would have known he had just learned of a plot against his life.

Presently the servant poured out a cup of chocolate and offered it to the king.

Frederick eyed him so sharply that the man trembled and grew pale.

"What ails you?" asked his master in a quiet voice. "Are you ill?"

"No, your majesty — but — I — I —"

"Possibly if you drink a cup of this warm chocolate it may do you good," cried the king.

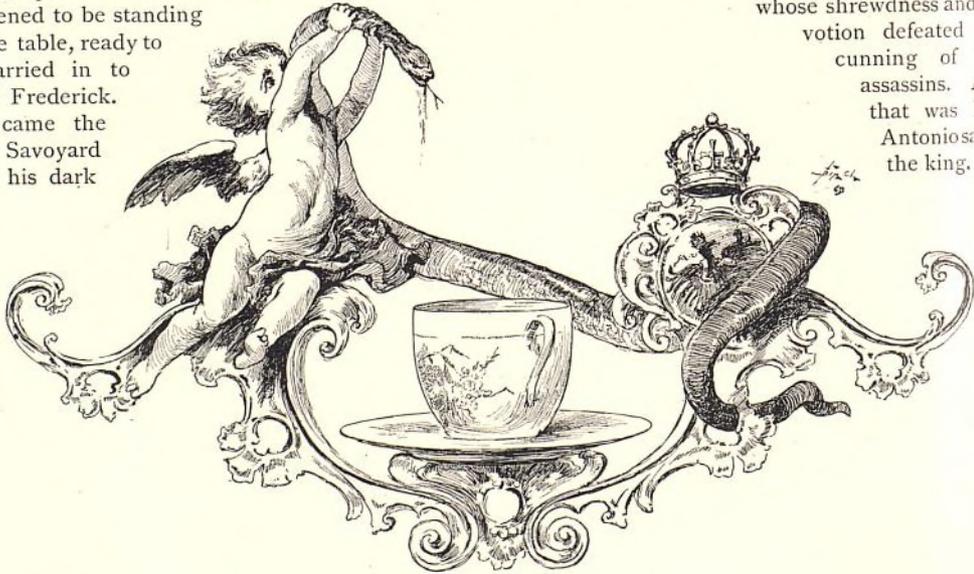
The servant threw himself at the king's feet.

"Mercy, your majesty; mercy!" he cried.

"Wretched man!" answered the king. "This cup is poisoned! —"

The man protested that the powder would only have made his majesty unconscious, that it would have done no real harm. For answer, the king gave the chocolate to a dog. The poor brute had scarcely taken it, when it began to suffer, and soon was dead. The servant then confessed.

The king's charity to the helpless Savoyard had made for himself a friend whose shrewdness and devotion defeated the cunning of the assassins. And that was how Antonio saved the king.



Wollen Sie nicht von meinen Blumen kaufen?



PICTURES FOR LITTLE GERMAN READERS. NO. VI.

THE COB FAMILY AND RHYMING EBEN.

BY FANNY M. JOHNSON.

Two little girls, Amelia and Nettie, and their brother Chris, lived with their parents in a small brown house under the shadow of a mountain. They had few playthings, for this was a quarter of a century ago, and in New England. They had never even dreamed of a rocking-horse, a velocipede, nor a wax-doll,—and had never seen a Christmas-tree!

Their playthings were wooden blocks—which served as pupils when they “kept school”—and

such trifles as country children can find in the woods and pastures or about the farm.

“Father, the Indian meal is ’most gone,” said their mother, one day.

“Well,” replied their father, “I’ll shell some out to-day, and sled it in to mill to-morrow.”

In so quiet a home, corn-shelling was diversion for the children, and, besides, there was always a big pile of corn-cobs, material for building cob-houses on the floor; or, still better, the two girls

could make corn-cob dolls. The dolls had neither arms nor legs, it is true; but imagination easily supplied these.

While one sister ran for the box of calico-scrap, the other found her work-box and also picked from the hearth some nice sharp bits of charcoal to draw the dolls' faces.

"Don't get in your father's way!" said the mother. So the little ones settled down in the corner beyond the tall clock.

Their mother brought a wash-tub and set beside it an old chair without a back. Upon the chair she put an old barn-shovel, its edge projecting over the tub. Then the dry corn was carried in.

A cushion was put over the shovel on the chair, and upon this their father sat, scraping the kernels of corn from the cobs by drawing them firmly over the edge of the shovel.

The corn rattled merrily into the tub, and the discarded cobs soon formed a large pile. The children crept from their corner and picked up the cobs. The little girls made dolls, while their brother preferred to build cob-houses.

"Make me an Injun doll, 'Melia, won't you?" said Chris. "I'm going to build a fort, and I must have an Injun to put on guard."

"Well, go out in the chicken-house and bring me in some feathers and I will," said Amelia.

"Nettie, you go, please," suggested Chris.

Nettie was generally the one who went. It was the penalty she paid for being always good-natured and willing.

She brought back a fine bunch of feathers; short white feathers from the old setting-hen's nest, gray and speckled plumes from the Cochin's perch, and splendid, long, black and green feathers with blue and gold flashes of light in them, that old "King Cole," the rooster, had distributed about the poultry-yard.

A large cob was selected for the Indian sachim. The knob at the end of the cob was painted by Amelia in her fiercest style, for the savage's face. The tallest feathers were fastened for a head-dress at the top-knot, and a piece of rabbit-skin, dressed with the fur on, was swathed around the figure for a blanket. When all was done Chris was highly pleased with this representation of an Indian chief.

Nettie had been busy dressing a large family of cob-dolls in baggy dresses of various hues of calico, made of straight pieces of cloth sewed with a single seam, and one drawing-thread to designate the neck, and another the waist-line. Amelia, the artist, finished them by supplying the charcoal features and sewing a bright flannel turban about the top in lieu of hair.

In the meantime the cob-pile was growing to

great dimensions, and the corn kernels rattled and showered into the tub.

"Now, let's make a 'party doll,'" said Amelia, "and dress her in our tissue-paper."

A few sheets of colored tissue-paper that had been given them by an aunt were among their choicest treasures. The making of a dress from their finest blue tissue, and a cloak and scarf of the pink, kept the little girls busy till late in the afternoon. They were aroused from the pleasing work, at last, by the opening of the kitchen door, and by Chris's exclamation:

"Oh, here's Eben!"

The corn-scraping stopped for a minute, the mother laid aside her knitting to offer the caller a chair, and the children all jumped up with delight and ran toward an odd-looking man who entered the room, and, swinging a laden bag from his shoulders, set it upon the floor.

He was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, tall, but prematurely bent forward by much stooping, and climbing, and carrying of burdens among the mountains. When he took off his coon-skin cap a shock of thick, curly gray hair stood up straight all over his head. His clothes were clean, but patched and re-patched to the last degree, and his trousers were tucked into a pair of stout, home-made boots that came to his knees. He had a long, thin face, the expression of which would have been very solemn but for a good-natured twinkle of the eyes. This man lived alone in a house that he had built upon the mountain, and, for reasons that will soon appear, the children thought him the most entertaining and delightful person of their acquaintance.

He took the chair that Mrs. Jones offered him, and answered her civil inquiries as to his health, explaining that he had been to the village to buy a supply of sugar and flour. Then suddenly turning to the children, who were waiting to be noticed, he exclaimed:

"How do you do, my little man,
And lassies, how are you?
I've made some maple-sugar cakes,
And brought you down a few."

He produced a package from his frock pocket as he spoke, and gave it to the delighted children, who eagerly divided the blocks of sugar it contained and began to nibble them. This advance encouraged Chris to climb up on the visitor's knee and ask:

"Have you found anything more out in the woods, Eben?"

Without a moment's hesitation Eben went on:

"I hunting went the other day,
Among a ledge of rocks;
I pulled a pile of brush away,
And found a wounded fox."

"Oh, did you find a fox, Eben,—a real, live fox? And did it run away?"

"The critter could n't run, you see,
Because its feet were lame;
I bagged and took it home with me,
And mean to make it tame,"

Eben answered, without relaxing a muscle of his solemn face.

"What else did you find in the woods?" quizzed Chris.

"I found a rabbit in a trap,
And thought I'd better kill it.
'T was fat and nice for rabbit soup;
I cooked it in my skillet."

"Have you a lot of tame things at your house now?" asked Amelia, with open-eyed admiration of Eben's wonderful powers.

"I have a pair of pussy-cats,—
One little and one big,—
A fox, a coon, a nest of rats,
A woodchuck, and a pig,"

was the instant reply.

"I wish you would take me home with you, Eben, and let me see them," said Chris.

The mud is quite too deep just now,
It's deeper than your foot;
The mountain is a perfect slough—
I'll prove it by my boot,"

said Eben, pointing to the dried mud on his boots, which reached half-way up his boot-leg.

"Come, children, you must n't bother Eben any more now," said Mrs. Jones. "I'm going to get him some supper."

The corn-shelling was finished by this time, and while their mother cleared up the kitchen, Eben helped their father transfer the shelled corn from the tub to a large meal-bag. He held the bag while Mr. Jones dipped the corn into it with a wooden measure. By the time this was done, and the tub and baskets carried away, Mrs. Jones had the table laid for supper. During the meal, Eben talked to the elder people with great sense and becoming gravity, taking no further notice of the children, and making no rhymes at the table.

But while their mother was clearing away the supper dishes the children again took possession of Eben, and coaxed him over to the corner of the kitchen, where they had carefully laid away the cob dolls behind the clock.

"This is our Cob family," whispered timid Nettie, leaning her little flaxen head against the old man's rough coat, "and we'd like you to name them all."

Eben looked tenderly at the gentle child; then the twinkle came back to his eyes again as he picked up the nearest doll—a staring cob effigy in yellow turban and brown calico.

"This dame with her head in a yellow knob,
Her mouth is a streak, her nose is a daub,
I will name her Madame Mehitabel Cob,"

he pronounced.

"This one next," said Nettie eagerly, holding up the "party doll."

"Beautiful damsel, haughty and vain,
With a paper cloak and a ball-room train,
I name you Amanda-Eldora-Jane,"

quickly repeated the rhymer.

"Now, name these two," begged Amelia, selecting two small dolls in blue-checked jackets.

"These two little cobs, not bigger than pins
(From the shape of their faces they must be twins),
Their names shall be Samson and Solomon Binns,"

the impromptu poet rattled off.

"Name my Indian doll!" cried Chris.

"Tacoma-Tecumseh, Tribe-of-the-Pyes,
Sachem of midgets and king of the flies,
Chief-of-the-tribe-without-any-eyes,"

said the old man, rising and shouldering his sack of flour.

"Oh, don't go! don't go yet!" cried all the children in chorus. "You have n't named half of the Cob family."

"But, my dear little folk, I can't name any more,
Don't you see the moon shine on the kitchen floor?
And I should have been home two good hours before,"

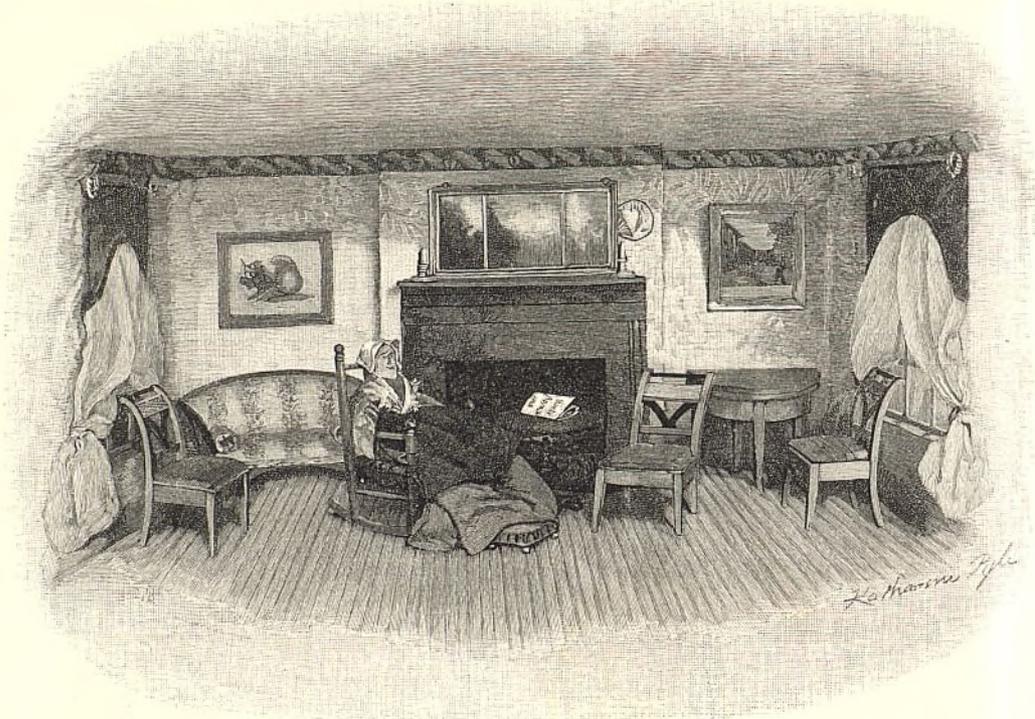
responded Eben, opening the kitchen door.

"Children, you must n't bother Eben so, I tell you," said Mother Jones, "and it's time for you all to go to bed."

The three children stood in the doorway and watched their delightful visitor toiling up the mountain path with the sack over his shoulders till a turn of the road hid him from view. Then their mother called them in to go to bed, and in half an hour the little brown house was perfectly still and the kitchen was deserted of all except the Cob family, who lay staring up speechlessly in the moonlight on the clean pine floor.

THE STORY OF A DOLL-HOUSE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



THE "DOWNSTAIRS" OF THE DOLL-HOUSE.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, a little brother and sister had a play-house in a cupboard. It was a sheet-closet; and on the upper shelves were piled great rolls of home-spun linen, with bunches of lavender between their smooth folds to make them smell sweet. The two lower shelves belonged to the children, and there, for a while, their toys and boxes were neatly arranged side by side, and pictures were tacked up on the walls.

Boys are not so careful and orderly in their ways as little girls, and by and by the brother began to store all kinds of queer things in the play-house: bits of stick fit for whittling; an old dog-collar for which he had traded his jack-knife; pieces of string and fishing-line; a rusty key; and many other odds and ends, such as little boys love to gather together in their comings and goings.

It worried the little girl to have all these things littered about on their neat shelves; and the mother, as she sat in her cushioned rocking-chair,

with her basket of sewing at the nursery window, saw it all, and felt sorry for the little daughter. So, one day after the children had started for school with their books tucked under their arms, and two red apples and some gingerbread in their baskets, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down the street to the carpenter's. She described to the carpenter exactly what she wanted, and he said:

"Yes, yes; yes, ma'am. A slanting roof, and six windows; yes, ma'am. And a wooden stand-ard; yes, ma'am. I will have it done for you next week."

And next week the carpenter's boy brought something to the house on a wheelbarrow, while the children were away at school.

It was a play-house: a large play-house, a play-house with two chimneys and real glass windows. It was two stories high, and almost more than the boy could wheel.

The mother had it carried up to her room and put behind the high-post bed, where it was hidden by the white valance.

All that morning she was busy tacking and snipping and pasting and cutting; and all the while the children were at school, thinking of nothing at all but their lessons.

It was Saturday and a half-holiday, and about noon the children came home.

Upstairs they clattered and burst into the nursery, and then stood quite still in the doorway and looked.

The nursery was very quiet, with the chairs and tables in their places, and two squares of yellow sunlight on the carpet, but there, in the middle of the floor, stood a wonderful little house, painted to look just as if it were built of bricks, with chimneys, and glass windows, a slanting black roof, and a white door. It was the little house that the carpenter's boy had wheeled home on the wheelbarrow; but now it was furnished, and had black and yellow silk curtains at the windows, carpets on the floors, and one of Ann's own dolls was looking through the little square panes, for it was her home.

There was a key in a keyhole above the first-

There was an upstairs and a downstairs. Upstairs there was a mantelpiece and fireplace, a round black tin stove, and a high-post bed with curtains and a valance. There was a clock standing on a chest of drawers under the looking-glass. There were pictures about the room, and a cosy stuffed chair stood by the bed for Grandmamma Doll to rest in when she came upstairs out of breath.

Downstairs there was another fireplace, a round center-table decorated with pictures, and a sofa. And there was Grandmamma Doll herself, sitting in the green rocking-chair. There was a folding table that was just the thing for dollies to sit around while they drank a social cup of tea.

While the little boy and girl were looking at the play-house their mother came in, and stood smiling on them from the doorway without their seeing her.

That is the story of the real doll-house.

Yes, of a real doll-house,—a dear old-fashioned doll-house.

As one opens the front of it a faint, delightful odor of long ago breathes forth, like the ancient fragrance that haunts the boxes and piece-bags of kind old ladies.



THE "UPSTAIRS" OF THE DOLL-HOUSE.

story windows of the doll-house. The children turned it, and the whole front of the house swung open, windows and all. Then they could see just what was inside.

As one looks in the looking-glasses one thinks of all the little girls whose chubby faces have been reflected there,—Ann, in her short-waisted, long-skirted dresses; little nieces of hers, in pantalettes



THE MOTHER DOLL.

and pig-tails. And now others, with crisp white aprons and bangs, peer in with eager curiosity at the old-time doll-house.



AUNT JANE.

What fun they have had with it! How many times, on stormy days, when the rain beat on the nursery windows, and swept in whitening gusts over the wet trees on the lawn, the front of the dollies' house has swung back, and little folks have played happily with it for whole mornings at a time! How often they have pretended a dolly was ill, and have laid her in the fresh, white-sheeted feather-bed under the chintz curtains; and then, while the nurse warmed up her food on the tin stove, Grandmamma Doll has had her green rocking-chair brought upstairs, and sat at the bedside and rocked and rocked, while the other dolls went



THE GRANDMOTHER DOLL.

about very softly, and the nurse kept the baby quiet below.

Not long ago there was a fair in a certain city to raise a fund for a hospital. There, in a room specially set apart for them, were dolls by dozens and dozens, all standing in rows and dressed in their best; for the one that was the finest of all was to receive a prize. And there, too, among all the fine dolls and in the midst of the noise and glare of light, stood the dim old doll-house.

The key had been turned in the lock and the front had been swung back.

There was the round tin stove, the high-post bed, and clock; there was the folding table, and the sofa, and there were the silk-covered chairs.



SISTER HETTY.

A crowd of faces peered in,— old and young; people pointed and smiled; it was a noisy crowd, and the yellow-faced dolls, in their old-fashioned



THE NURSE AND BABY.

dresses, sitting in the quiet rooms, looked out strangely with their black wooden eyes, through the odor of long ago.

My face, too, peered in upon that old, Quaker doll-family. I too wondered and pointed with the rest, and then I thought how other children, old and young, might perhaps care to look through my eyes into those faded rooms. So I drew pictures of it all, and afterward I made portraits of the dear jointed and rag dolls, and here they are.

A LITTLE CALLER.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Long, long ago, she ambled to town, her flaxen curls bobbed up and down,
Her best blue ribbons fluttered gay, and she had some calling-cards of her own —
Long, long ago, the people cried, "There rides the sweet little Arabella,
She goes for to make a wedding-call, to-day, on the Prince and Cinderella!"

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

THE Department of State ranks first among the Executive Departments. It was established by act of Congress approved July 27, 1789 (the fourth measure to go upon the Federal statute-books), as "The Department of Foreign Affairs"; and the functions of its principal officer, styled "The Secretary for the Department of Foreign Affairs," as briefly defined by the act, related exclusively to matters of an international character. He was empowered to "perform and execute such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined on or intrusted to him by the President of the United States, agreeable to the Constitution, relative to correspondences, commissions or instructions to or with public ministers or consuls, from the United States, or to negotiations with public ministers from foreign states or princes, or to memorials or other applications from foreign public ministers or other foreigners, or to such other matters respecting foreign affairs as the President of the United States shall assign to the said department"; he was charged with the custody and care of the records, books, and papers in the office of a somewhat similar functionary under the Confederation;* and was required to "conduct the business of the said department in such manner as the President of the United States shall from time to time order or instruct." By the act of September 15, 1789, the name of the Department was changed to "The Department of State," the title of its principal officer was shortened to "The Secretary of State," and additional duties were assigned to him of a nature wholly distinct from those previously imposed. He was charged with the custody and

publication of the laws; the great seal of the United States was committed to his care; and he was required to make out and record all civil commissions to officers of the United States appointed by the President, and to affix the great seal to such commissions.† Subsequent legislation, while enjoining upon the Department further and specific duties, has been directed chiefly toward the extension and efficiency of its foreign service. Indeed, it has no domestic ramifications at all. Beyond two dispatch agents, one at San Francisco and the other at New York, the entire home force of the Department is confined to the City of Washington. This home force, counting every officer and employee, from the Secretary down to the messengers and laborers, numbers barely fourscore men, as compared with about thirteen hundred agents engaged in consular and diplomatic work abroad.

Hastily noting the main features of the departmental organization and work, we may first observe, as chief aids to the Secretary, an assistant secretary (who becomes acting-Head in the absence of his superior), a second assistant secretary, and a third assistant secretary. The specific work allotted to each of these officers is left to the judgment of the Secretary, who, by law of Congress, is authorized to prescribe their duties, as well as the duties of the solicitor, the clerks of bureaus, and all the other employees in the Department.‡ Under the present arrangement of office business, the assistant secretaries have the immediate supervision of the consular and diplomatic correspondence of the Department and of the miscellaneous correspondence relating thereto (this supervision being partitioned among them according to countries), and they also have charge of the preparation of such special correspondence as may, on occasion, be intrusted to them by the Secretary.

* The full title of this functionary was "Secretary to the United States of America for the Department of Foreign Affairs." He was an officer of the Old Congress, and held his office during its pleasure; he was permitted to attend its sessions at all times, and it was made his positive duty to reside wherever Congress (or a Committee of the States) should sit, and to attend upon it when summoned or ordered by the President of Congress.

† The great seal of the United States should not be confounded with the seal of the Department of State, or with that of any other Executive Department. Each Executive Department has its own distinctive seal for the authentication of its official instruments and acts; and certain bureaus and officers also have separate seals. The "great seal" is attached to commissions, proclamations, pardons, and similar executive instruments, and only by express provision of law or upon the special warrant of the President authorizing the State Department to so attach it.

‡ In assigning such duties, however, he can not override or modify special and positive duties imposed upon certain officers by the provisions of other laws. The solicitor of the Department, for instance, is an officer detailed from the Department of Justice, and the Secretary of State is not at liberty to prescribe for him duties inconsistent with his duties as an officer of the Department of Justice.

The entire correspondence of the Department is classified as "diplomatic," "consular," and "miscellaneous." By diplomatic correspondence is meant correspondence with foreign governments, which is conducted through ministers and other diplomatic officers; consular correspondence embraces communications to or from our consular officers; and under the head of miscellaneous correspondence are included communications between the Department and all other persons, whether members of Congress, heads of Executive Departments, State Governors, or private citizens. And it may be convenient to state here certain other distinctions, arbitrary in their way but carefully heeded by officials versed in matters of foreign intercourse. A written communication from a foreign diplomatic officer to the Department of State, or from the Department to the diplomatic representative of a foreign government (and, similarly, as to communications between an American diplomatic officer abroad and the foreign government to which he is accredited), is styled a "note"; a communication to the Department from one of its own diplomatic or consular agents, whatever its nature, is a "dispatch"; and a communication from the Department to one of its diplomatic or consular agents, if only an interrogation, is nevertheless a positive "instruction." These distinctions admit of no qualification; they are absolute.

Passing by the chief clerk with the simple comment that he has general supervision of the clerks and employees and of the business of the Department, we come to the various bureaus. These bureaus, each in command of a chief, are six in number—the Diplomatic Bureau, the Consular Bureau, the Bureau of Indexes and Archives, the Bureau of Accounts, the Bureau of Rolls and Library, and the Bureau of Statistics.

The Diplomatic Bureau has charge of the diplomatic correspondence and the miscellaneous correspondence pertaining to it. Its work is distributed among three divisions, known as Division A, Division B, and Division C, each presided over by a high grade (fourth-class) clerk,* or "head of division." As showing the diversified nature of this correspondence and the extent of our diplomatic service, the distribution by countries may be stated. Division A attends to correspondence with, or relating to, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, the Netherlands, Roumania, Servia, and Switzerland. Division B attends to correspondence with, or relating to, the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, the United States of Colombia, Ecuador, Hayti, Italy,

Paraguay, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Santo Domingo, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Division C attends to correspondence with, or relating to, the Barbary States, Central America, China, Egypt, Fiji Islands, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Liberia, Madagascar, Mexico, Muscat, Navigator Islands, Persia, Siam, Society Islands, Turkey, and other countries not assigned.

The Consular Bureau has charge of correspondence with consulates and miscellaneous correspondence in that line; and its work is distributed among four divisions, A, B, C, and D, though not following exactly the divisions of the Diplomatic Bureau. The work of Division A relates to the consulates within the dominion of Great Britain; that of Division D, to consulates in Germany; and the numerous consulates in other countries are apportioned between Divisions B and C.

The Bureau of Indexes and Archives opens the mails, prepares and registers, daily, full abstracts of all correspondence to and from the Department, and indexes such correspondence; has the custody of the archives; attends to the arrangement of the papers to accompany the messages and reports to Congress; and answers calls of the Department officials for correspondence. The mail addressed to the Department, after having been opened, registered, and indexed in separate volumes as diplomatic, consular, or miscellaneous, is sent to the chief clerk, who forwards to the bureaus matters of routine, and to the assistant secretaries correspondence of special interest, the assistants in turn submitting to the Secretary such matters as they may deem of greater moment. The assistant secretaries indorse brief directions as to action in each case before them, and the correspondence is then transmitted to the appropriate bureaus for the preparation of the necessary "instructions," "notes," or whatever may be required, in accordance with such directions. These answers and other correspondence prepared in the bureaus are read over by the respective chiefs, and sent through the chief clerk to the assistant secretaries in charge of the particular subjects. Consular instructions are signed by the assistant secretary (to whom, also, all consular dispatches are formally addressed), and the second and third assistants are charged with the signing of certain other mail. The Secretary signs all notes, all instructions to ministers, and letters to members of Congress, governors, and other persons of distinction, as well as letters to private individuals touching matters of dignity or consequence. These communications, when signed, go into the Bureau of Indexes and Archives,

* The clerks in the departmental service of the Government are graded according to compensation received. A fourth-class clerk receives a salary of \$1800 a year; a third-class, \$1600; a second-class, \$1400; and a first-class, \$1200. Clerks below the first class are graded as of the "\$1000 class," etc.

where they are properly indexed in another set of separate registers, as diplomatic, consular, or miscellaneous correspondence "from" the Department, and press-copied in duplicate. To this bureau, as the final repository, come all the communications received by the Department, after having been answered or attended to by the other bureaus; and within its volumes are recorded copies of all outgoing correspondence. These archives, as may be imagined, containing letters bearing the autograph signatures of potentates, premiers, and lesser grandees of foreign states during a period of a hundred years, are of exceptional interest to the lover of curiosities and to the student of secret history.

The business of the Bureau of Accounts relates to the custody and disbursement of appropriations under the direction of the Department and to "indemnity" funds and bonds. These indemnity funds are moneys lodged in the Department, or passing through its hands, as compensation for losses resulting from violations of international rights.

The Bureau of Rolls and Library has the custody of the rolls,* treaties, proclamations, and similar records; attends to the promulgation of the laws; and has the care of the Revolutionary archives and the archives of international commissions. Here, therefore, repose the originals of all Congressional enactments and treaties, and, among other historic documents, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution itself. Formerly, the Secretary of State was charged with the duty of publishing the laws and kindred matters of public importance, through the agency of the newspapers; this general requirement, however, is no longer in force, and publication through the press is now ordered only as to a few announcements of a special nature.

When an act or resolution of Congress is approved by the President, the approval is recorded in the Executive Office, and the parchment is sent over to the State Department by special messenger. A measure that has become law without the President's signature, by his failure to act within ten days after its presentation to him, is likewise transmitted from the White House, accompanied by a note from the President's private secretary reciting that fact. A measure that has been returned to Congress by the President and become law by passage over his veto, is forwarded to the State Department by the President of the Senate or Speaker of the House, according to the body in

which the parchment was last approved. When received at the State Department the roll is stamped by the chief clerk, and then taken to the Bureau of Rolls and Library, where a copy is immediately prepared for the Public Printer.

The laws are published in various forms. They are first published separately in sheet form, as "slip laws," as soon as possible after being received by the bureau, and numbered in the order of their receipt. When so published, the slip laws are given to the editor of the laws (a competent person selected from the legal profession by the Secretary of State and privately employed for that purpose), who notes marginal references to previous legislation, arranges the acts and resolutions by "chapters," and prepares a suitable index; and under his editorial care, at the end of the session of Congress, they appear again in pamphlet form, as "session laws." Lastly, at the close of a Congress, the laws of each session are gathered by the editor into a single volume and bound, as "Statutes-at-Large."† The numerous readings given to the printed "proof," and the careful comparison with the text of the originals, effectually guard against discrepancies. The manner in which the Department performs its duty is thoroughly creditable; the manner in which Congress dismisses its own work is, in many instances, absolutely disgraceful. Some of the rolls received at the Department are disfigured by erasures, interlineations, and blots, by errors in orthography, capitalization, and punctuation, and by hieroglyphic mangling, that suggest the "master-pieces" of schoolboy art. These and more serious imperfections, once placed upon the parchment roll, are law. However glaring the blunder, however mischievous the distortion or omission, the State Department is powerless to add a correcting dot or stroke. Mistakes made by Congressional enrolling clerks have undone legislation accomplished by Congress after hours of debate. An item of half a million dollars for public purposes was bodily left out in the enrollment of a recent appropriation act; and the substitution of a comma for a hyphen in transcribing a tariff-measure some years ago caused a loss to the Government of thousands of dollars before the error was detected and further loss arrested by the passage of another act. These are but specimen cases. It is humiliating to think that a sleepy or incompetent clerk should be able to frustrate the legislative will of a nation, and startling to reflect on the opportunities for fraud by deliberate tampering with the public rolls. Blemishes

* Another term for "laws," the acts and resolutions of Congress being recorded (or enrolled) on parchment after passage by both Houses and before presentation to the President.

† Any person desiring a copy of the session laws or statutes-at-large is entitled to obtain the same upon application to the Department of State and paying the cost of paper, press-work, etc., with ten per cent. added.

enough are engrafted upon our statute-books by the legislators themselves, in the shape of careless or unwise enactments; surely, if we can not always have clear statesmanship, we should have at least clear penmanship in the parchment record of our laws. The blame, like the remedy, rests with Congress.

The Bureau of Statistics, also engaged in editorial work, attends to the preparation and publication of reports from our diplomatic and consular agents, in regard to foreign industries and commerce. These valuable statistics, issued to the public from time to time in the form of bulletins and pamphlets, make up an annual volume known as "Commercial Relations."

Besides these bureaus, there is the solicitor (detailed from the Department of Justice) who attends to the examination of all questions of law

submitted by the Secretary or assistant secretaries, and of all claims. The office of pardons and commissions guards the great seal, and attends to the preparation and issue of commissions and to the preparation of pardons and correspondence upon that subject. Mention should also be made of a stenographer, who discharges the confidential duties of private secretary to the Secretary; a translator, whose work is implied from his title; and a passport clerk, who attends to the issue and record of passports.*

These details have been given, at the risk of wearying the reader, to illustrate, generally, the meaning of departmental "organization," and the methodical course of bureau work. The less prosy features of administration, bearing upon international affairs, will be described hereafter.

* A passport certifies the bearer to be a citizen of the United States, and is a voucher of nationality with which Americans abroad should always be armed. It is obtainable by any native-born or naturalized citizen, upon complying with certain requirements as to application and proof of citizenship and paying the established fee of one dollar. Blank forms of application may be had of the passport clerk. A special form of passport is used for a member of Congress or government official, certifying to his public station, etc. Professional titles are not inserted in passports for private citizens.

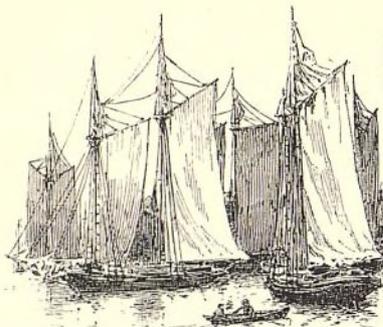
(To be continued.)

A HOME-MADE SCARE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

CARL was a jolly little fellow,
With eyes of blue and curls of yellow,
And rosy cheeks, and just the chin
To hold a pretty dimple in.
He found himself alone one day,
And wondered what 't was best to play
While his mamma remained away.
Pencil and paper soon he saw,
And seized them both. Said he, "I'll draw
An ogre like the one so grum
Poor Jack heard growling 'Fee-fo-fum.'
First, here 's his forehead full of bumps,
And then his nose with three big humps,
And then two ears of 'normous size,
And then two dreadful staring eyes,
And then a mouth from ear to ear,
With long, sharp teeth-like tusks." But here
The artist, with eyes opened wide
In fright, gazed on his work and cried,
"Mamma, Mamma — come, *come, please*, do,
I'm very lonely without you;
And oh! Mamma, I'm so afraid
Of this old ogre that I've made."





A
Bit of Color
BY
Sarah Orne Jewett



THE day was one of the best days in June, with warm sunshine and a cool breeze from the east, for when Betty Leicester stepped from a hot car to the station platform in Riverport the air had a delicious sea-flavor. She wondered for a moment what this flavor was like, and then thought of a salt oyster. She was hungry

and tired, the journey had been longer than she expected, and, as she made her way slowly through the crowded station and was pushed about by people who were hurrying out of or into the train, she felt unusually disturbed and lonely. Betty had traveled far and wide for a girl of fifteen, but she had seldom been alone, and was used to taking care of other people. Papa himself was very apt to forget important minor details, and she had learned out of her loving young heart to remember them, and was not without high ambitions to make their journeys as comfortable as possible. Still, she and her father were almost always together, and Betty wondered if it had not after all been foolish to make a certain decision which involved not seeing him again until a great many weeks had gone by.

The cars moved away and the young traveler went to the ticket-office to ask about the Tideshead train. The ticket-agent looked at her with a smile.

"Train 's gone half an hour ago!" he said, as if he were telling Betty some good news. "There'll be another one at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and the express goes, same as to-day, at half-past one. I suppose you want to go to Tideshead town; this road only goes to the junction and then

there's a stage, you know." He looked at Betty doubtfully and as if he expected an instant decision on her part as to what she meant to do next.

"I knew that there was a stage," she answered, feeling a little alarmed, but hoping that she did not show it. "The time-table said there was a train to meet this—"

"Oh, that train is an express now and doesn't stop. Everything's got to be sacrificed to speed."

The ticket-agent had turned his back and was looking over some papers and grumbling to himself, so that Betty could no longer hear what he was pleased to say. As she left the window an elderly man, whose face was very familiar, was standing in the doorway.

"Well, ma'am, you an' I 'pear to have got left. Tideshead, you said, if I rightly understood?"

"Perhaps there is somebody who would drive us there," said Betty. She never had been called ma'am before, and it was most surprising. "It is n't a great many miles, is it?"

"No, no!" said the new acquaintance. "I was in considerable of a hurry to get home, but 't isn't so bad as you think. We can go right up on the packet, up river, you know; get there by supper-time; the wind's hauling round into the east a little. I understood you to speak about getting to Tideshead?"

"Yes," said Betty, gratefully.

"Got a trunk, I expect. Well, I'll go out and look round for Asa Chick and his han'cart, and we'll make for the wharf as quick as we can. You may step this way."

Betty "stepped" gladly, and Asa Chick and the hand-cart soon led the way riverward through the pleasant old-fashioned streets of Riverport. Her new friend pointed out one or two landmarks as they hurried along, for, strange to say, although a sea-captain, he was not sure whether the tide turned at half-past two or at half-past three. When they came to the river-side, however, the packet-

boat was still made fast to the pier, and nothing showed signs of her immediate departure.

"It is always a good thing to be in time," said the captain, who found himself much too warm and nearly out of breath.

"Now, we've got a good hour to wait. Like to go right aboard, my dear?"

Betty paid Asa Chick, and then turned to see the packet. It was a queer, heavy-looking craft, with a short, thick mast and high, pointed lateen-sail, half unfurled and dropping in heavy pocket-like loops. There was a dark low cabin and a long deck; a very old man and a fat, yellow dog seemed to be the whole ship's company. The old man was smoking a pipe and took no notice of anything, but the dog rose slowly to his feet and came wagging his tail and looking up at the new passenger.

"I do' know but I'll coast round up into the town a little," said the captain. "'T ain't no use asking old Mr. Plunkett there any questions, he's deaf as a ha'dick."

"Will my trunk be safe?" asked Betty; to which the captain answered that he would put it right aboard for her. It was not a very heavy trunk, but the captain managed it beautifully, and put Betty's hand-bag and shawl into the dark cabin. Old Plunkett nodded as he saw this done, and the captain said again that Betty might feel perfectly safe about everything; but, for all that, she refused to take a walk in order to see what was going on in the town, as she was kindly invited to do. She went a short distance by herself, however, and came first to a bakery, where she bought some buns, not so good as the English ones, but still very good buns indeed, and two apples, which the bake-house woman told her had grown in her own garden. You could see the tree out of the back window, by which the bake-house woman had left her sewing, and they were, indeed, well-kept and delicious apples for that late season of the year. Betty lingered for some minutes in the pleasant shop. She was very hungry, and the buns were all the better for that. She looked through a door and saw the oven, but the baking was all done for the day. The baker himself was out in his cart; he had just gone up to Tideshead. Here was another way in which one might have gone to Tideshead by land; it would have been good fun to go on the baker's cart and stop in the farm-house yards and see everybody; but on the whole there was more adventure in going by water. Papa had always told Betty that the river was beautiful. She did not remember much about it herself, but this would be a fine way of getting a first look at so large a part of the great stream.

It was slack water now, and the wharf seemed high, and the landing-stage altogether too steep

and slippery. When Betty reached the packet's deck, old Mr. Plunkett was sound asleep, but while she was eating her buns, the dog came most good-naturedly and stood before her cocking his head sideways, and putting on a most engaging expression, so that they lunched together, and Betty left off nearly as hungry as she began. The old dog knew an apple when he saw it, and was disappointed after the last one was brought out from Betty's pocket, and lay down at her feet and went to sleep again. Betty got into the shade of the wharf and sat there looking down at the flounders and sculpins in the clear water, and at the dripping green sea-weeds on the piles of the wharf. She was almost startled when a heavy wagon was driven on the planks above, and a man shouted suddenly to the horses. Presently some barrels of flour were rolled down and put on deck—twelve of them in all—by a man and boy who gave her, the young stranger, a careful glance every time they turned to go back. Then a mowing-machine arrived, and was carefully put on board with a great deal of bustle and loud talking. There was somebody on deck, now, whom Betty believed to be the packet's skipper, and after a while the old captain returned. He seated himself by Mr. Plunkett and shook hands with him warmly, and asked him for the news; but there did not seem to be any.

"I've been up to see my wife's cousin Jake Hallet's folks," he explained, "and I thought sure I'd get left," and old Plunkett nodded soberly. They did not sail for at least half an hour after this, and Betty sat discreetly on the low cabin roof next the wharf all the time. When they were out in the stream at last she could get a pretty view of the town. There was some shipping farther down the shore, and some tall steeples and beautiful trees and quaintly built warehouses; it was very pleasant, looking back at it from the water.

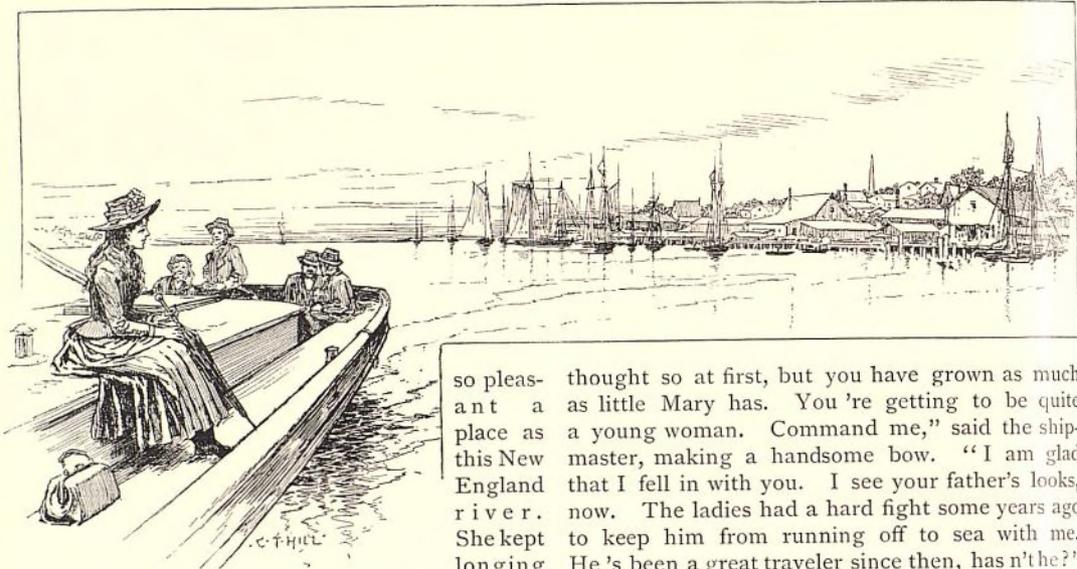
A little past the middle of the afternoon they moved steadily up the river. The men all sat together in a group at the stern, and appeared to find a great deal to talk about. Old Mr. Plunkett may have thought that Betty looked lonely, for, after he waked up for the second time, he came over to where she sat, and nodded to her; so Betty nodded back, and then the old man reached for her umbrella, which was very pretty, with a round piece of agate in the handle, and looked at it and rubbed it with his thumb, and gave it back to her. "Present to ye?" he asked, and Betty nodded assent. Then old Plunkett went away again, but she felt a sense of his kind companionship. She wondered whom she must pay for her passage and how much it would be, but it was no use to ask so deaf a fellow-passenger. He had

put on a great pair of spectacles and was walking round her trunk, apparently much puzzled by the battered labels of foreign hotels and railway stations.

Betty thought that she had seldom seen half

"I'm going to Miss Leicester's. Don't you remember me? Are n't you Mary Beck's grandfather? I'm Betty Leicester."

"Toe be sure, toe be sure," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "I wonder that I had not



BETTY TAKES THE PACKET FOR TIDESHEAD.

father could see it, too. As they went up from the town the shores grew greener and greener, and there were some belated apple-trees still in bloom, and the farm-houses were so old and stood so pleasantly toward the southern sunshine that they looked as if they might have grown of themselves like the apple-trees and willows and elms. There were great white clouds in the blue sky; the air was delicious. Betty could make out at last that old Plunkett was the skipper's father, that Captain Beck was an old ship-master and a former acquaintance of her own, and that the flour and some heavy boxes belonged to one storekeeping passenger with a long sandy beard, and the mowing-machine to the other, who was called Jim Foss, and that he was a farmer. He was a great joker and kept making everybody laugh. Old Mr. Plunkett laughed too, now that he was wide awake, but it was only through sympathy; he seemed to be a very kind old man. One by one all the men came and looked at the trunk labels, and they all asked whether Betty had n't been considerable of a traveler, or some question very much like it. At last the captain came with Captain Beck to collect the passage money, which proved to be thirty-seven cents.

"Where did you say you was goin' to stop in Tideshead?" asked Captain Beck.

so pleasant a place as this New England river. She kept longing that her

thought so at first, but you have grown as much as little Mary has. You're getting to be quite a young woman. Command me," said the ship-master, making a handsome bow. "I am glad that I fell in with you. I see your father's looks, now. The ladies had a hard fight some years ago to keep him from running off to sea with me. He's been a great traveler since then, has n't he?" to which Betty responded heartily, again feeling as if she were among friends. The storekeeper offered to take her trunk right up the hill in his wagon, when they got to the Tideshead landing, and on the whole it was delightful that the trains had been changed just in time for her to take this pleasant voyage.

CHAPTER II.

BETTY had seen strange countries since her last visit to Tideshead. Then she was only a child, but now she was so tall that strangers treated her as if she were already a young lady. At fifteen one does not always know just where to find one's self. A year before it was hard to leave childish things alone, but there soon came a time when they seemed to have left Betty, while one by one the graver interests of life were pushing themselves forward. It was reasonable enough that she should be taking care of herself; and her father had gone on such a rough journey in the far north that there was no question of her following him as usual. It had been decided upon suddenly; Mr. Leicester and Betty had been comfortably settled at Lynton in Devonshire for the summer, with a comfortable prospect of some charming excursions and a good bit of work on Papa's new scientific book. Betty was used to sudden changes of their plans, but it was a hard trial when he had come back from

London one day, filled with enthusiasm about the Alaska business.

"The only thing against it, is that I don't know what to do with you, Betty dear," said Papa, with a most wistful but affectionate glance. "Perhaps you would like to go to Switzerland with the Duncans? You know that they were very anxious that I should lend you for a while."

"I will think about it," said Betty, trying to smile, but she could not talk any more just then. She did not believe that the hardships of this new journey were too great; it was Papa who minded dust and hated the care of railway rugs and car-tickets, not she. But she gave him a kiss and hurried out through the garden and went as fast as she could along the lonely long cliff-walk above the sea, to think the sad matter over.

That evening Betty came down to dinner with a serene face. She looked more like a young lady than she ever had before. "I have quite decided what I should like to do," she said. "Please let me go home with you and stay in Tideshead with Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary. They speak about seeing us in their letters, and I should be nearer where you are going." Betty's brave voice failed her for a moment just there.

"Why, Betty, what a wise little woman you are!" said Mr. Leicester, looking very much pleased. "That's exactly right. I was thinking about the dear souls as I came from town, and promised myself that I would run down for a few days before I go north. That is, if you say I may go!" and he looked seriously at Betty.

"Yes," answered Betty slowly; "yes, I am sure you may, Papa dear, if you will be very, very careful." They had a beloved old custom of Papa's asking his girl's leave to do anything that was particularly important. In Betty's baby-days she had reproved him for going out one morning, "Who said you might go, Master Papa?" demanded the little thing severely; and it had been a dear bit of fun to remember the old story from time to time ever since. Betty's mother had died before she could remember; the two who were left were most dependent upon each other.

You will see how Betty came to have care-taking ways and how she had learned to think more than most girls about what it was best to do. You will understand how lonely she felt in this day or two when the story begins. Mr. Leicester was too much hurried after all when he reached America, and could not go down to Tideshead for a few days' visit, as they had both hoped and promised. And here, at last, was Betty going up the long village street with Captain Beck for company. She had not seen Tideshead for six years, but it looked exactly the same. There was the great,

square, white house, with the poplars and lilac bushes. There were Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary sitting in the wide hall doorway as if they had never left their high-backed chairs since she saw them last.

"Who is this coming up the walk?" said Aunt Barbara, rising and turning toward her placid younger sister in sudden excitement. "It can't be — why, yes, it is Betty, after all!" and she hurried down the steps.

"Grown out of all reason, of course!" she said sharply, as she kissed the surprising grandniece, and then held her at arms-length to look at her again most fondly. "Where did you find her, Captain Beck? We sent over to the train; in fact I went myself with Jonathan, but we were disappointed. Your father always telegraphs two or three times before he really gets here, Betty; but you have not brought him, after all."

"We had to come up river by the packet," said Captain Beck; "the young lady's had quite a voyage; her sea-chest 'll be here directly."



"THERE WERE AUNT BARBARA AND AUNT MARY SITTING IN THE WIDE HALL DOORWAY."

The captain left Betty's traveling-bag on the great stone doorstep, and turned to go away, but Betty thanked him prettily for his kindness, and said that she had spent a delightful afternoon. She was now warmly kissed and hugged by Aunt Mary, who looked much younger than Aunt Barbara, and she saw two heads appear at the end of the long hall.

"There are Serena and Letty; you must run

and speak to them. They have been looking forward to seeing you," suggested Aunt Barbara, who seemed to see everything at once, but when Betty went that way nobody was to be found until she came to the kitchen, where Serena and Letty were or pretended to be much surprised at her arrival. They were now bustling about to get Betty some supper, and she frankly confessed that she was very hungry, which seemed to vastly please the good women.

"What in the world shall we do with her?" worried Aunt Mary, while Betty was gone. "I had no idea she would seem so well grown. She used to be small for her age, you know, Sister."

"Do? do?" answered Miss Barbara Leicester sternly. "If she can't take care of herself by this time, she never will know how. Tom Leicester should have let her stay here altogether, instead of roaming about the world with him, or else have settled himself down in respectable fashion. I can't get on with teasing children at my age. I'm sure I'm glad she's well grown. She mustn't expect us to turn out of our ways," grumbled Aunt Barbara, who had the kindest heart in the world, and was listening every minute for Betty's footsteps.

It was very pleasant to be safe in the old house at last. The young guest did not feel any sense of strangeness. She used to be afraid of Aunt Barbara when she was a child, but she was not a bit afraid now; and Aunt Mary, who seemed a very lovely person then, was now a little bit tiresome,—or else Betty herself was tired and did not find it easy to listen.

After supper—and it was such a too-good supper, with pound-cakes, and peach jam, and crisp short-cakes, and four tall silver candlesticks, and Betty being asked to her great astonishment if she would take tea and meekly preferring some milk instead—they came back to the doorway. The moon had come up, and the wide lawn in front of the house (which the ladies always called the yard) was almost as light as day. The syringa bushes were in full bloom and fragrance, and other sweet odors filled the air beside. There were two irreverent little dogs playing and chasing each other on the wide front walk and bustling among the box borders. Betty could hear the voices of people who drove by, or walked along the sidewalk, but Tideshead village was almost as still as the fields outside the town. She had answered all the questions that the aunts kindly asked her for conversation's sake and she tried to think of ways of seeming interested in return.

"Can I climb the cherry-tree this summer, Aunt Barbara?" she asked once. "Don't you remember the day that there was a meeting of ladies here,

and little Mary Beck and I got some of the company's bonnets and shawls off the best bed and dressed up in them and climbed up in the trees?"

"You looked like two fat black crows," laughed Aunt Barbara, though she had been very angry at the time. "All the fringes of those thin best shawls were catching and snapping as you came down. Oh, dear me, I could n't think what the old ladies would say. None of your mischief now, Miss Betty!" and she held up a warning forefinger. "Mary Beck is coming to see you to-morrow; you will find some pleasant girls here."

"Tideshead has always been celebrated for its cultivated society, you know, dear," added Aunt Mary.

Just now a sad feeling of loneliness again began to assail Betty. The summer might be very long in passing, and anything might happen to Papa. She put her hand into her pocket to have the comfort of feeling a crumpled note, a very dear short note, which Papa had written her only the day before, when he had suddenly decided to go out to Cambridge and not come back to the hotel for luncheon.

They talked a little longer, Betty and the grand-aunts, until sensible Aunt Barbara said, "Now run upstairs to bed, my dear; I am sure that you must be tired," and Betty, who usually begged to stay up as long as the grown folks, was glad for once to be sent away like a small child. Aunt Barbara marched up the stairway and led the way to the very best bedroom of all. It was an astonishing tribute of respect to Betty, the young guest, and she admired such large-minded hospitality; but after all she had expected a comfortable snug little room next Aunt Mary's, where she had always slept years ago. Aunt Barbara assured her that this one was much cooler and pleasanter, and now she must remember what a young lady she had grown to be. "But you may change to some other room if you like, my dear child," said the old lady kindly. "I would n't unpack to-night, but just go to bed and get rested. I have my breakfast at half-past seven, but your Aunt Mary does n't come down. I hope that you will be ready as early as that, for I like company," and then, after seeing that everything was in order and comfortable, she kissed Betty twice most kindly and told her that she was thankful to have her come to them, and went away downstairs.

It was a solemn, big, best bedroom, with dark India-silk curtains to the bed and windows, and dull coverings on the furniture. This all looked as if there were pretty figures and touches of gay color by daylight, but even by the light of the two candles on the dressing-table it seemed a dim and dismal place that night. Betty was not a bit afraid;

she only felt lonely. She was but fifteen years old and she did not know how to get on by herself after all. But Betty was no coward. She had been taught to show energy and to make light of difficulties. What could she do? Why, unpack a little, and then go to bed and go to sleep; that would be the best thing.

She knelt down before her trunk and had an affectionate feeling toward it as she turned the key and saw her familiar properties inside. She took out her pictures of her father and mother and Mrs. Duncan, and shook out a crumpled dress or two and left them to lie on the old couch until morning. Deep down in the sea-chest, as Captain Beck had called it, she felt the soft folds of a gay piece of silk made like a little shawl, which Papa had pleased himself with buying for her one day at Liberty's shop in London. Mrs. Duncan had laughed when she saw it, and told Betty not to dare to wear it for at least ten years; but the color of it was marvelous in the shadowy old room. Betty threw the shining red thing over the back of a great easy-chair and it seemed to light the whole place. She could not help feeling more cheerful for the sight of that gay bit of color. Then a great wish filled her heart, dear little Betty; perhaps she could really bring some new pleasure to Tideshead that summer. The old aunties' lives looked very gray and dull to her young eyes; it was a dull place, perhaps, for Betty, who had lived a long time where the brightest and busiest people were. The last thing she thought of before she fell asleep was the little silk shawl. She had often heard artistic people say "a bit of color"; now she had a new idea, but a dim one, of what a bit of color might be expected to do. Good-night, Betty. Good-night, dear Betty, in your best bedroom, sound asleep all the summer night and dreaming of those you love!

CHAPTER III.

HOWEVER old and responsible Betty Leicester felt overnight, she seemed to return to early childhood in spite of herself next day. She must see the old house again and chatter with Aunt Barbara about the things and people she remembered best. She looked all about the garden, and spent an hour in the kitchen talking to Serena and Letty while they worked there, and then she went out to see Jonathan and a new acquaintance called Seth Pond, an awkward young man who took occasion to tell Betty that he had come from way up country where there was plenty greener 'n he was. There were a great many interesting things to see and hear in Jonathan's and Seth's domains, and Betty found the remains of one of her own old play-houses in the shed-chamber, and was touched

to the heart when she found that it had never been cleared away. She had known so many places and so many people that it was almost startling to find Tideshead looking and behaving exactly the same, while she had changed so much. The garden was a most lovely place, with its long, vine-covered summer-house, and just now all the roses were in bloom. Here was that cherry-tree into which she and Mary Beck had climbed, decked in the proper black shawls and bonnets and black lace veils. But where could dear Becky be all the morning? They had been famous cronies in that last visit, when they were nine years old. Betty hurried into the house to find her hat and tell Aunt Barbara where she was going.

Aunt Barbara took the matter into serious consideration. "Why, Mary will come to call this afternoon, I don't doubt, my dear, and perhaps you had better wait until after dinner. They dine earlier than we."

Betty turned away disappointed. She wished that she had thought to find Mary just after breakfast in their friendly old fashion, but it was too late now. She would sit down at the old secretary in the library and begin a letter to Papa.

"Dear Papa," she wrote, "Here I am at Tideshead, and I feel just as I used when I was a little girl, but people treat me, even Mary Beck, as if I were grown up, and it is a little lonely just at first. Everything looks just the same, and Serena made me some hearts and rounds for supper; was n't she kind to remember? And they put on the old silver mug that you used to have, for me to drink out of. And I like Aunt Barbara best of the two aunts, after all, which is sure to make you laugh, though Aunt Mary is very kind and seems ill, so that I mean to be as nice to her as I possibly can. They seemed to think that you were going off just as far as you possibly could without going to a star, and it made me miss you more than ever. Jonathan talked about politics, whether I listened or not, and did n't like it when I said that you believed in tariff reform. He really scolded and said the country would go to the dogs, and I was sorry that I knew so little about politics. People expect you to know so many new things with every inch you grow. Dear Papa, I wish that I were with you. Remember not to smoke too often, even if you wish to very much; and please, dear Papa, think very often that I am your only dear child,

BETTY.

"P. S.—I miss you more because they are all so much older than we are, Papa dear. Perhaps you will tell me about the tariff reform for a lesson-letter when you can't think of anything else to write about. I have not seen Mary Beck yet, nor any of the girls I used to know. Mary always

came right over, before. I must tell you next time the most important thing,— I had to come up river on the packet! I wished and wished for you.

BETTY."

Dinner-time was very pleasant, and Aunt Mary, who first appeared then, was most kind and cheerful; but both the ladies took naps, after dinner was over and they had read their letters, so Betty went to her own room, meaning to carefully put away her belongings, but Letty had done this beforehand, and the large room looked very comfortable and orderly. Aunt Barbara had smiled when another protest was timidly offered about the best bedroom, and told Betty that it was pleasant to have her just across the hall. "I am well used to my housekeeping cares," added Aunt Barbara, with a funny look across the table at her young niece; and Betty thought, again, how much she liked this grand-aunt.

The house was very quiet and she did not know exactly what to do, so she looked more carefully than before about the guest-chamber.

There were some quaint-looking silhouettes on the walls of the room, and in a deep oval frame a fine sort of ornament which seemed to be made of beautiful grasses and leaves, all covered with glistening crystals. The dust had crept in a little at one side. Betty remembered it well, and always thought it very interesting. Then there were two old engravings of Angelica Kauffmann and Mme. Le Brun. Nothing pleased her so much, however, as Papa's bright little shawl. It looked gayer than ever, and Letty had folded it and left it on the old chair.

Just then there came a timid rap or two with the old knocker on the hall-door. It was early for visitors, and the aunts were both in their rooms. Betty went out to see what could be done about so exciting a thing, and met quick-footed Letty, who had been close at hand in the dining-room.

"T is Miss Mary Beck come to call upon you, Miss Betty," said Letty with an air of high festivity, and Betty went quickly downstairs. She was brimful of gladness to see Mary Beck, and went straight toward her in the shaded parlor to kiss her and tell her so.

Mary Beck was sitting on the edge of a chair, and was dressed as if she were going to church, with a pair of tight shiny best gloves on and shiny new boots, which hurt her feet, if Betty had only known it. She wore a hat that looked too small for her head, and had a queer, long, waving bird-of-paradise feather in it, and a dress that was much too old for her, and of a cold, smooth, gray color, trimmed with a shade of satin that neither matched it nor made a contrast. She had grown to be even taller than Betty, and she looked uncomfortable,

and as if she had been forced to come. That was a silly, limp shake of the hand with which she returned Betty's warm grasp. Oh, dear, it was evidently a dreadful thing to go to make a call! It had been an anxious, discouraged getting-ready, and Betty thought once of the short, red-checked, friendly little Becky whom she used to know, and was grieved to the heart. But she bravely pulled a chair close to the guest and sat down. She could not get over the old feeling of affection.

"I thought you would be over here long ago. I ought to have gone to see you. Why, you're more grown up than I am; is n't it hard for us?" said Betty, feeling afraid that one or the other of them might cry, they were both blushing so deeply and the occasion was so solemn.

"Oh, do let's play in the shed-chamber all day to-morrow!"

And then they both laughed as hard as they could, and there was the dear old Mary Beck after all, and a tough bit of ice was forever broken.

Betty threw open the parlor blinds, regardless of Serena's feelings about flies, and the two friends spent a delightful hour together. The call ended in Mary's being urged to go home to take off her best gown and put on an every-day one, and away they went afterward for a long walk.

"What are the girls doing?" asked Betty, as if she considered herself a member already of this branch of the great secret society of girls.

"Oh, nothing; we hardly ever do anything," answered Mary Beck, with a surprised and uneasy glance. "It is so slow in Tideshead, everybody says."

"I suppose it is slow anywhere if we don't do anything about it," laughed Betty, so good-naturedly that Mary laughed too. "I like to play out-of-doors just as well as ever I did, don't you?"

Mary Beck gave a somewhat doubtful answer. She had dreaded this ceremonious call. She could not quite understand why Betty Leicester, who had traveled abroad and done so many things and had, as people say, such unusual advantages, should seem the same as ever, and only wear that plain, comfortable-looking little gingham dress.

"When my other big trunk comes there are some presents I brought over for you," confessed Betty shyly. "I have had to keep one of them a long time because Papa has always been saying every year that we were sure to come to Tideshead, and then we have n't after all."

"He has been here two or three times," said Mary. "I saw him go by and I wanted to run out and ask him about you, but I was afraid to—"

"Afraid of Papa? What a funny thing! You never would be if you really knew him," exclaimed Betty with delighted assurance. She laughed

heartily and stopped to lean against a stone wall, and gave Mary Beck a little push which was meant to express a great deal of affection and amusement. Then she forgot everything in looking at the beau-

liked to call this our tree," she said shyly, looking up into the great oak branches. "It seems so strange to be here with you, at last, after all the times I have thought about it —"



"BETTY AND MARY RENEW THEIR OLD FRIENDSHIP."

tiful view across the farms and the river and toward the great hills and mountains beyond.

"I knew you would think it was pretty here," said Mary. "I have always thought that when you came back I would bring you here first. I

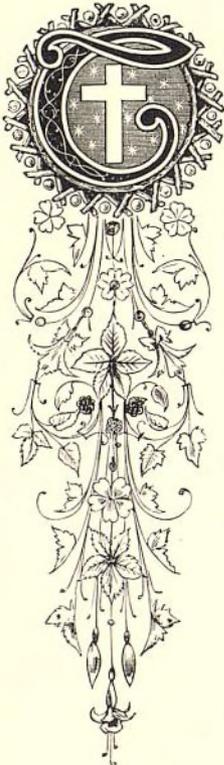
Betty was touched by this bit of real sentiment. She was thankful from that moment that she was going to spend most of the summer in Tideshead. Here was the best of good things,—a real friend, who had been waiting for her all the time.

(To be continued.)

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

[From the Russian of Count Tolstoï.]

BY CELIA THAXTER.



HE winter night shuts swiftly down. Within his little humble room
Martin, the good old shoemaker, sits musing in the gathering gloom.
His tiny lamp from off its hook he takes, and lights its friendly beam,
Reaches for his beloved book and reads it by the flickering gleam.

Long pores he o'er the sacred page. At last he lifts his shaggy head.
"If unto me the Master came, how should I welcome Him?" he said;
"Should I be like the Pharisee, with selfish thoughts filled to the brim,
Or like the sorrowing sinner,—she who weeping ministered to Him?"

He laid his head upon his arms, and while he thought, upon him crept
Slumber so gentle and so soft he did not realize he slept.
"Martin!" he heard a low voice call. He started, looked toward the door:
No one was there. He dozed again. "Martin!" he heard it call once more.

"Martin, to-morrow I will come. Look out upon the street for me."
He rose, and slowly rubbed his eyes, and gazed about him drowsily.
"I dreamed," he said, and went to rest. Waking betimes with morning light,
He wondered, "*Were* they but a dream, the words I seemed to hear last
night?"

Then, working by his window low, he watched the passers to and fro.
Poor Stephen, feeble, bent and old, was shoveling away the snow;
Martin at last laughed at himself for watching all so eagerly.
"What fool am I! What look I for? Think I the Master's face to see

"I must be going daft, indeed!" He turned him to his work once more,
And stitched awhile, but presently found he was watching as before.
Old Stephen leaned against the wall, weary and out of breath was he.
"Come in, friend," Martin cried, "come, rest, and warm yourself, and have some tea."

"May Christ reward you!" Stephen said, rejoicing in the welcome heat;
"I was so tired!" "Sit," Martin begged, "be comforted and drink and eat."
But even while his grateful guest refreshed his chilled and toil-worn frame
Did Martin's eyes still strive to scan each passing form that went and came.

"Are you expecting somebody?" old Stephen asked. And Martin told,
Though half ashamed, his last night's dream. "Truly, I am not quite so bold
As to expect a thing like that," he said, "yet, somehow, still I look!"
With that from off its shelf he took his worn and precious Holy Book.

"Yesterday I was reading here, how among simple folk He walked
Of old, and taught them. Do you know about it? No?" So then he talked

With joy to Stephen. "Jesus said, 'The kind, the generous, the poor,
Blessed are they, the humble souls, to be exalted evermore.'"

With tears of gladness in his eyes poor Stephen rose and went his way,
His soul and body comforted; and quietly passed on the day,
Till Martin from his window saw a woman shivering in the cold,
Trying to shield her little babe with her thin garment worn and old.

He called her in and fed her, too, and while she ate he did his best
To make the tiny baby smile, that she might have a little rest;
"Now may Christ bless you, sir!" she cried, when warmed and cheered she would have gone;
He took his old cloak from the wall. "'T will keep the cold out. Put it on."

She wept. "Christ led you to look out and pity wretched me," said she.
Martin replied, "Indeed He did!" and told his story earnestly,
How the low voice said, "I will come," and he had watched the livelong day.
"All things are possible," she said, and then she, also, went her way.

Once more he sat him down to work, and on the passers-by to look,
Till the night fell, and then again he lit his lamp and took his book.
Another happy hour was spent, when all at once he seemed to hear
A rustling sound behind his chair; he listened, without thought of fear.

He peered about. Did something move in yonder corner dim and dark?
Was that a voice that spoke his name? "Did you not know me, Martin?" "Hark!
Who spoke?" cried Martin. "It is I," replied the Voice, and Stephen stepped
Forth from the dusk and smiled at him, and Martin's heart within him leapt!

Then like a cloud was Stephen gone, and once again did Martin hear
That heavenly Voice. "And this is I," sounded in tones divinely clear.
From out the darkness softly came the woman with the little child,
Gazing at him with gentle eyes, and, as she vanished, sweetly smiled.

Then Martin thrilled with solemn joy. Upon the sacred page read he:
"Hungry was I, ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave drink to me;
A stranger I, ye took me in, and as unto the lowliest one
Of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it, unto Me 't was done."

And Martin understood at last it was no vision born of sleep,
And all his soul in prayer and praise filled with a rapture still and deep.
He had not been deceived, it was no fancy of the twilight dim,
But glorious truth! The Master came, and he had ministered to Him.

A VALENTINE.

Dedicated to Elsie Leslie Lyde.

MUSIC BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

WORDS BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

I've come to see you to - day, Sweet-heart, With
Allegretto.
noth-ing at all to bring,.. For I gave you my heart for a Val - en -
tine, When you were a ti - ny thing, When you were a ti - - ny thing.
You won-der I dare to come to-day? Can't you guess, O Sweet-heart mine? To the
one I love I have come to get, Not to bring a Val - en - tine! To the
Ritard...... *A tempo.*
one I love I have come to get, Not to bring a Val - en - tine!

THE BUNNY STORIES.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

TUFFY'S "WILD WEST."

WITH A SEQUEL.

THE next morning after their scrape with Tuffy and Brindle, both Bunnyboy and Brownny were able to be up and dressed, but did not feel so active as usual.

Brownny's wrists and ankles were chafed and swollen where the cords had held him bound on the goat's back, and Bunnyboy was somewhat stiff and sore from lying so long fettered on the ground.

There had been some talk in the family, before the bunnies came down to breakfast, about what should be done with "those good-for-nothing bear cubs," as the Deacon called them.

Just what ought to be done was a hard question to decide; but at last Cousin Jack said he would take the matter in hand, and try a little home-missionary work on the bear family.

He thought there might be some better way found for Tuffy and Brindle to use their strong, healthy bodies and active minds, than in idle mischief and cruel sports.

The Deacon said he was welcome to the task, but, as for himself, he felt more like a bad-tempered heathen, than a missionary, every time he thought of their shameful treatment of poor Brownny.

That afternoon Cousin Jack asked Bunnyboy to go with him to the north village, and call on Tuffy's mother, who was a widow.

When they were ready to start, Mother Bunny gave Bunnyboy a well-filled basket, saying to Cousin Jack that she never liked to have any one go missionarying among the poor and needy, quite empty-handed.

Cousin Jack said he was always glad to carry more food than tracts to such folks, and off they started to find the Widow Bear.

They found her in a wretched place, not much better than a hovel, and looking very tired and miserable.

Two shabby little cubs were playing in the doorway, and another was crying in Mother Bear's arms, when she came to the door to let them in.

She thought Cousin Jack was a minister, or a bill-collector, and began to dust a chair for him with her apron, and to tell him her troubles at the same time.

Cousin Jack gave her the basket of good things from Mother Bunny, but said nothing about the circus affair, because he thought the poor Mother Bear had enough to worry her, already.

When he asked her why Tuffy and Brindle did not get some work to do, to help her, she told him that since their father died she had been too poor to buy them clothes fit to wear to school, and they had grown so wild and lawless that no one would give them work.

She said they were both over in the pasture by the brook, playing, and were probably in some new mischief by this time.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "don't be discouraged; perhaps they may live to be a comfort to you yet; at any rate, we will hunt them up, and see if there is not something besides mischief in them, and I'll try to get some work for Tuffy to do."

Widow Bear thanked him, and bidding her "Good afternoon," they set out for the pasture.

On the way Bunnyboy was quiet and thoughtful, for he had never seen such poverty and misery before.

After thinking about it for a while, he said he felt sorry for the Mother Bear, and wondered if Tuffy's father had been a good man.

Cousin Jack said he did not know; very good folks were sometimes very poor; but the saddest part of these hard lives was, that so many good mothers and innocent little children were made to suffer for the faults of others, and that bad habits were too often the real cause.

When they came to the brook, they saw Tuffy and his companions on the top of a hill in the pasture, racing about and having a roaring good time.

Tuffy had been showing them how to play "Wild West."

He had a long rope, with a noose on one end, and the other end tied around his waist, for he was playing that he was both horse and rider, and having great fun lassoing the others, and hauling them about like wild horses or cattle.

Just as Cousin Jack and Bunnyboy reached the foot of the hill, Tuffy had grown so vain of his strength and skill, that he boastfully said he was going to lasso one of the young steers browsing near by.

They saw him creep carefully forward, and then, giving the coil a few steady whirls in the air, he sent the noose flying over the steer's head.

The loop fell loosely over the creature's neck, and as the crowd set up a shout the steer started on a run.

One foot went through the open noose, the rope tightened over and under the steer's shoulders, and away he went, with Tuffy tugging manfully at the other end of the rope.

The more they shouted the faster the steer ran, Tuffy following as fast as his legs could carry him, until the frightened creature plunged down the hill at full speed.

Half-way down Tuffy tripped and fell headlong, and, hitched by the rope he had so carelessly left tied around his own body, he was dragged down the grassy slope, unable to rise, or get a footing.

On dashed the steer, across the broad but shallow brook, dragging Tuffy after him through the mud and water, until the cub was landed on the farther shore.

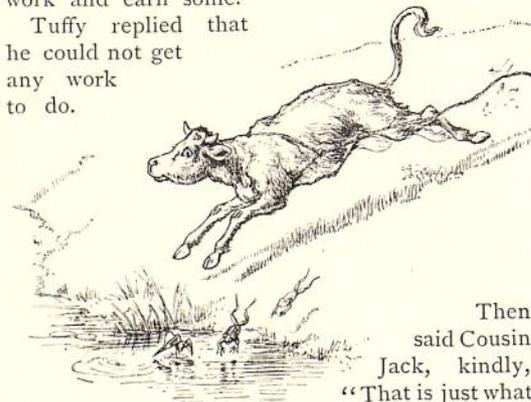
Here Tuffy's weight against the bank stopped the steer, and held him fast; but he still tugged, until Cousin Jack came to the rescue and cut the rope with his knife.

After Tuffy was upon his feet again, and had rubbed some of the mud from his face and eyes, he looked sheepishly about him, while the rest laughed and jeered at the drenched and drabbed cub.

Cousin Jack asked him if he was hurt, and told him he would better wring out his wet jacket, and sit down on a log in the sun, before he went home to change his clothes.

When Tuffy said he was all right, but had no other clothes to put on, Cousin Jack asked him why he did not go to work and earn some.

Tuffy replied that he could not get any work to do.



Then said Cousin Jack, kindly, "That is just what I have come to talk with you about, for I have been to see your poor, patient, hard-working mother, and I can hardly believe that a strong, healthy fel-

low, as you are, is really willing to be a trouble to her instead of a help."

Tuffy said gruffly, "How can I help it when no one will give me a chance?"

"Then I would try to make a chance," said Cousin Jack, "and begin by helping her take care of the children."

"Tuffy," said he, "if you're really in earnest, I will find you some decent clothes and work to do."

Tuffy was puzzled, for he had thought Cousin Jack had come over to settle with him for abusing the bunnies; but as Cousin Jack spoke so kindly and earnestly, he managed to say, "Try me and see."

Then Cousin Jack advised him to wash himself, go to bed early, and let his clothes dry; and in the morning, if he would come over to Deacon Bunny's, he should have a better suit.

When Tuffy and the others had gone, and the Bunnys were on their way home, Bunnyboy said that perhaps Tuffy was not so bad a fellow after all.

Cousin Jack said he was glad to hear Bunnyboy say this; for it was a good plan, once in a while, to stop and think how much a good home and proper training had to do with making some folks better or more fortunate than others, and with giving a fair start in life.

THE RESCUE.

A HERO FOR A DAY, AND AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

WHEN Tuffy came home his mother asked him what had happened to make him so wet.

He told her he had been fooling with a steer and got a ducking, but that he did n't care, for he was going to bed, and his clothes would be dry before he needed to wear them again.

He said he was going over to Runwild Terrace in the morning, to see if Lame Jack Bunny meant what he had said about giving him a new suit of clothes, and finding him a place where he might have steady work.

Mother Bear told him the Bunny family were very kind to take an interest in him, and she hoped he would try to do his best.

Tuffy replied he should take more stock in them, when he had seen the clothes, for he had heard folks talk well before.

Then he went to bed, and his poor mother sat up half the night cleaning and patching the ragged

garments, that they might look as tidy as possible for the visit.

At about ten o'clock the next day he started, wondering how the trip would turn out, and how it would seem to be dressed a little more like other folks.



COUSIN JACK ADVISES TUFFY.

On the way to Deacon Bunny's, Tuffy had to cross a bridge over a river across which a dam had been built so that the water might be used for power to run the factories in the north village.

The stream curved sharply to the left, above the dam, and the swift current swept over the falls in a torrent, to the rocky rapids below.

When Tuffy reached the river, a crowd was gathered on the bank and they were all watching something on the stream above the dam.

He ran to see what was the matter, and saw a small skiff, or rowboat, drifting down the stream.

In the boat were old Grandmother Coon, and Totsy, her little grandchild.

He could hear their piteous cries for help, as the boat drifted nearer and nearer to the dam.

Their only chance of being saved, was that the boat might drift close to a snag which stood out in the middle of the stream, where a tall pine tree had lodged during a recent freshet.

A few feet of the bare top rose above the surface of the water, with the roots held fast below.

Fortunately the current set that way, and, as the boat drew near, Grandmother Coon caught hold of the snag and stopped the boat in the swiftest part of the current.

The boat swayed and tossed about, but she clung with all her strength and held it fast.

There was no other boat at hand, and the excited crowd on the shore seemed helpless to aid her.

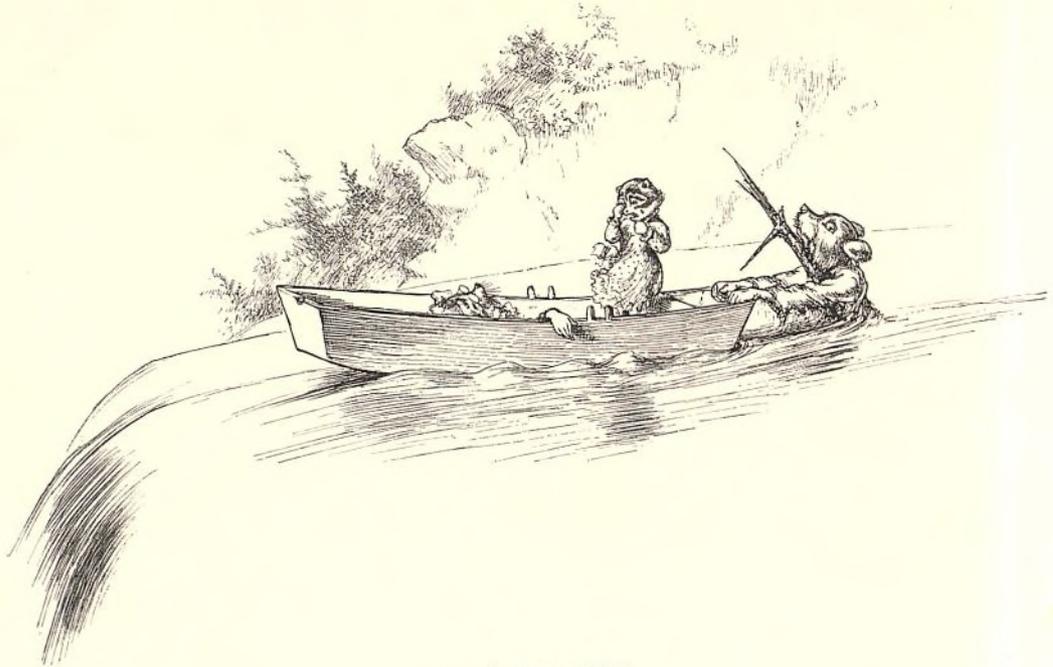
Some one said that if he could swim, he would go and help her hold the boat.

Tuffy heard the remark, and without pausing a second, ran up the shore to the bend, stripped off his jacket, and plunged into the stream.

He could swim like a duck, and by the help of the current, was soon in line with the boat; but then



GRANDMOTHER COON AND TOTSY ON THE BRINK OF THE FALLS.



TUFFY'S BRAVE ACTION.

he was clear-headed enough to know he must strike the snag, for his weight would upset the boat, or break her loose, if he tried to climb in.

As he drew near, a few steady strokes brought his breast against the snag, and he grasped the gunwale of the boat with both hands, just as Grandmother Coon, overcome with the strain and excitement, let go her hold and fell back into the bottom of the boat.

When the crowd on the shore saw Tuffy with his body braced against the snag, and his strong arms on either side holding the boat against the current, they gave a shout, and called to him:

"Stick and hang, Tuffy! Don't let go!"

And stick and hang he did, until he thought his arms would be pulled from his body, while the frantic folks on the shore rushed about making a great fuss, but doing nothing of real use.

At last a long rope was found, and some one who had kept calm and had his wits about him, told them to tie one end of the rope to a plank and follow him.

Taking the plank up stream, to the bend where Tuffy had jumped in, they threw it far out into the river.

By giving the rope plenty of slack, the plank, caught by the current, was carried well out toward the other side.

They watched it drifting down toward the boat, and when they saw that the plank would go out-

side the snag and carry the rope within Tuffy's reach, they called to him to keep cool, and hang on until by pulling on the rope they could bring it to the surface.

Every minute seemed an hour to Tuffy, whose hands and arms were stiffened and cramped with the grip and strain, and he found it no easy matter to seize the rope without losing his hold on the boat.

When they had hauled in on the rope, and drawn the plank close to the boat, Tuffy managed to get the rope between his legs.

By holding on with all his might with his right hand, he shifted the left to the same side of the snag, and then taking a fresh grip on the gunwale, he told them to haul away!

In a few minutes the boat was drawn to the shore and safely landed with its living load.

Grandmother and Totsy Coon were tenderly cared for, and Tuffy, who was chilled and tired out by his long struggle, was taken to a house near by, given a good rubbing, and a change of dry clothing.

Every one praised him for his brave act and his pluck in holding to the boat so long.

They all said he was a hero, and had saved two lives by risking his own, and more than one made the remark:

"Who would have thought that vagabond of a Tuffy Bear was such a brave, generous fellow!"

It made Tuffy feel strange to hear himself praised, and he wondered if he was really the same Tuffy the villagers had called a "good-for-nothing cub," ever since he could remember!

When Grandmother Coon was asked how they happened to be in the boat, without oars or paddle, she said that Totsy had run away and climbed into the boat, and when she stepped in after the little one, the boat, which was not fastened, tipped up with the added weight, and floated off into deep water.



TOTSY IN THE BOAT.

After the excitement was over, Tuffy went on his way to Runwild Terrace, in his borrowed clothes, and found Cousin Jack waiting for him.

Some one had carried the news of the accident and the rescue to the Terrace, and here Tuffy was given a hearty welcome, and praised on all sides.

Cousin Jack told him he had made a splendid beginning, and he was glad an occasion had offered for him to prove his mettle and to show that he could use, as well as abuse, his brains and strength.

The Bunnys kept him to dinner, and made up a bundle of comfortable clothing for Brindle and the other children.

After dinner Cousin Jack told Tuffy that the Terrace folks had made up a purse of money for him, and that one of the store-keepers had offered to give him a full new suit.

When they went to look for work Cousin Jack advised him to learn a trade, and found a machinist who would give him a place in a shop and pay small wages for the first year.

Tuffy agreed to begin work the next day, and went home very proud and happy.

The neighbors had been there before him with the story, and some, who were both able and willing, had sent in plenty of food and clothing for the family, when it was known how poor and needy they were.

Tuffy's mother told him it was the proudest day of her life, and said she always knew he would prove a credit to the family, for his father was a brave man, and had been a soldier in the war, before Tuffy was born.

Tuffy went to his work the next morning bright and early, and for a few weeks he liked the change.

After a while the days seemed long, and the Sundays a long way apart.

One day when Cousin Jack dropped in to see him, Tuffy grumbled a little, and said he was tired of being shut up in a shop all day, when the other fellows he knew were having fun, chestnutting, and going to base-ball games.

Cousin Jack said that there was where the pluck came in: he must keep his grip on his work, just as he did on the boat, the day he saved two lives.

Tuffy replied that folks seemed to have forgotten all about his being a hero, as they had called him then, and that they treated him just as if he was the same old Tuffy after all.

"Well, well!" said Cousin Jack, "that is the way of the world, and you must not mind it.

"You did a noble and plucky thing that day in the river, but you are doing a harder and a nobler task now, by working to help your mother support the family, and send your brothers and sisters to school."

Cousin Jack talked with him hopefully about his work, and told him there were a great many real, every-day heroes who never had a chance to earn the title by a single great act of courage or endurance, but they were heroes just the same.

"Stick to your work, Tuffy," said he, "and don't weaken because the current is strong against you, and one of these days, perhaps, you will be a great inventor, or the owner of a shop like this, yourself."

This made Tuffy feel better, and when he went home that night he told his mother she need not worry any more about his giving up learning a trade, as he had threatened to do. "For," said Tuffy, "I am going to stick to my work and try to be one of Jack Bunny's *Every-Day Heroes!*"



AN "EVERY-DAY HERO."

THE END.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes April—smilingly skipping and tearfully tripping, as is her wont—and so like a bright, laughing, and sometimes naughty child that we all enjoy watching her and wondering what she'll do next.

And, how odd! here comes fluttering down on my pulpit a pretty song for you by your friend Emilie Poulsson, that fairly sings itself. It's an honest song, too, for it tells a true story. I knew a snow-flake once—just for a moment—who, on an April day, came in that very same manner upon just such a pretty group standing demurely in the sunshine.

Now for the poem:

“Such decoration! What can it be?
Sunshine, and blue sky, and snow like me?
Think I must flutter down there and see!”

So said a snow-flake one April day,
Peering to earth from his cloud-bank gray.—
Then, turning somersaults all the way,

Down he went, floating and whirling round,
Till, by-and-by, when he reached the ground,
What do you think little snow-flake found?

Yellow as sunshine, and white as snow,
Blue as if sky bits had fallen low,
There stood the *crocus*, all aglow!

LARGE KITES.

Now for the kites! Who can beat this account which the dear Little School-ma'am read aloud from “The Universal Tinker” to the children of the Red School-house?

“A large kite, perhaps the largest ever made, was floated not long ago near Rochester, New York. The surface contained near two hundred

and fifty square feet. The frame was made of strips of wood two inches wide and a half an inch thick. It was covered with stout manilla paper. For a string there was used a coil of three-eighths-inch rope, nearly a mile long. The kite rose grandly. A team of horses were required to haul it down.”

MUST THE CHINAMEN, OR THE CHINESE, GO?

SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK: Please ask the dear Little School-ma'am whether it be right to say Chinese, or Chinamen?

The other day a friend told me that her sister was “much better, owing to having had a *China doctor*!”

If a *Chinaman*, why not a *China doctor*? If a *Chinaman*, why not a *Portugal man*? etc., etc.,

Very sincerely yours, CORA E. R.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE QUICKSANDS.

SIoux CITY.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT:

Would you like to hear something about the quicksands of the Missouri River (or “Big Muddy,” as it is sometimes called)? A few weeks ago a friend and myself were strolling on Prospect Hill, when I proposed that we go down on the sand-bar and walk toward home that way. We found a place where we could get across to the sand-bar, as it is separated from the shore by a sort of elongated pond a few feet wide. We fooled along on the sand-bar, all the time getting farther down, till we thought we might better start for home in earnest. We had been picking our way where it was dry, and now there was no water where we wished to cross, but it was very muddy, and as we did not wish to get any muddier than was necessary, and did not propose to go back up around the bend where we came across, I proposed that we get some driftwood that was on the sand-bar, and test it to see if it would sink. If it did not, we could go across in that way. But my reckless companion started to skip across; at the first step he went in nearly to his knees. With an exclamation, he gave another jump, this time sinking to his middle. I thought by another lunge he might make the dry ground, which was not far, but he was really fast for the present. He turned pale, and asked me to help him. I knew it would be folly for me to jump in after him, so I started back the way we had come (as it was the only way I could get help) on a dead run; at the same time a dozen stories flashed through my mind about the Missouri quicksands. I was nearly as scared as he was, and ran until I was ready to drop. To obstruct my progress were damp places, where I would start to sink and have to go back and try another place where it was drier. Finally, in looking back, I noticed that he did not seem to sink any more, so I slackened up a little and kept my breath for a final plunge; as I was turning the bend, I saw him scramble out nearly covered with slimy mud. I finally got across to the path under the hill, where I ran over stones innumerable; at last I thought I must be nearly there, I whistled, and he answered me by a peculiar call, and I found him at a little house under the hill, cleaning the worst of it off; the dark aided us, so he got home without attracting any particular attention.

My father says all that prevented a fatal result was a ledge of rock that projected out from the bank, as my friend says that when he stopped sinking he struck some hard substance; if he had gone down a few feet further out, where the ledge did not extend, he would have gone under in less time than it takes to tell it, for I was comparatively powerless to aid him.

Since then a man got out of the road a little way

(the road goes across the sand-bar now to the ferry) and went up almost to his shoulders in the quicksand, when he was helped out by some men.

Later yet, a hack went a little off from the road, and the passengers had to scramble out as best they could, while the horses were nearly imprisoned before they could be got out, which was a hard job.

The hack itself sunk about half its height into the sand, and there it stayed (and I don't know but it is there now) for a long while as a landmark; somebody labeled it "Republican Party" during the election, but it now proves it was the other party.

The Government have flags upon the sand-bar not very far from the road, signifying "Danger."

Hoping I have not tired you by too long a letter, I remain your interested reader,

RALPH M. FLETCHER.

THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

M. B. DICKMAN has been egg-hunting, in books, and has found such a noble specimen for you, that you shall have the account of it just as it is sent to this pulpit:

How would any of you ST. NICHOLAS readers like an egg as big as a water-melon served for breakfast on Easter morning? You might have seen just such an egg if you had lived in Madagascar hundreds of years ago, when the *Aepyornis* lived.

Why, you could have given an egg breakfast to seventy persons, and, at the rate of two of our domestic hen's eggs to each person, would have

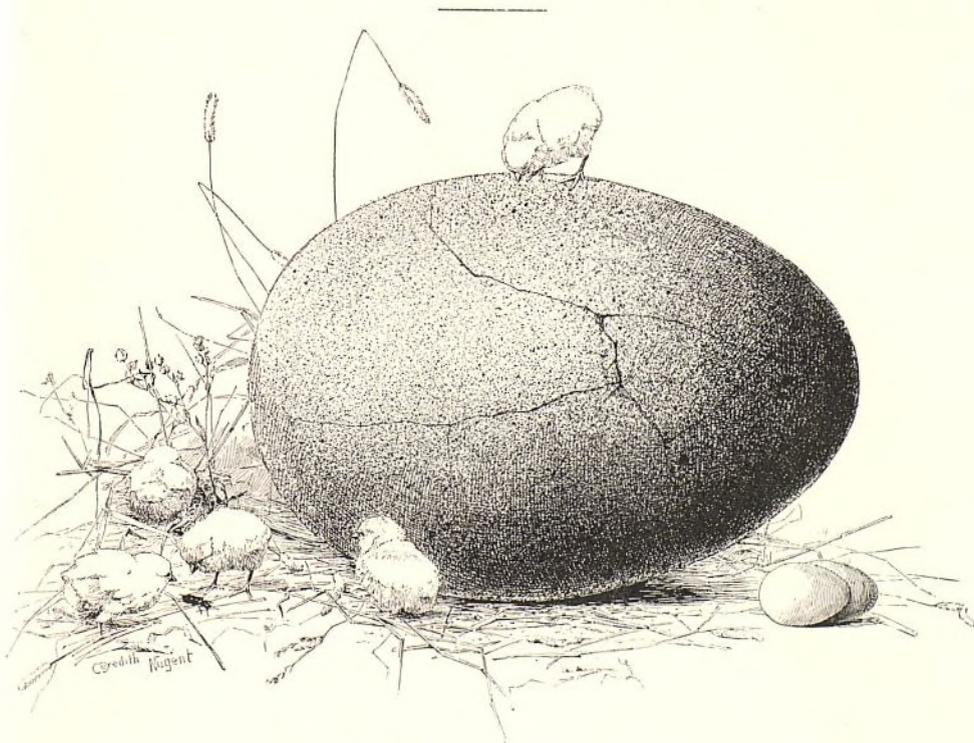
had plenty. Just think of taking the contents of one hundred and forty of our hen's eggs and putting them into one egg-shell!

Fancy hunting for eggs as big as footballs!—eggs which sometimes measured over three feet the longest way around, two feet six inches around the middle, and held eight quarts of meat, and had a shell at least half an inch thick! What an awful one would make!

The bird that laid this enormous egg is known as the *Aepyornis maximus*, and it was the largest bird ever known to exist. It was a first cousin of the ostrich, although a much larger bird, towering above the tallest giraffe. Like the ostrich, it was practically wingless, but was a swift runner. It has been estimated that if the ostrich can travel at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour, the *Aepyornis* could have traveled at least thirty miles,—or a mile every two minutes.

From the circumstances under which the first egg was found, it was hoped the bird might still be living, but only the incomplete skeleton of it and fragments of other eggs were ever discovered. There is but one complete egg of this giant bird to be seen in the civilized world at present, and it is cracked in several places. It is in the possession of the French Government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

Several casts and fragments of the shells are to be seen in London in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History.



THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

THE LETTER-BOX.

KEYSTONE RANCH, LARAMIE CITY, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old, living in Wyoming Territory. I live on a ranch twenty miles from Laramie City. Our ranch is among the Rockies, which makes it very nice for us in summer, as there are many beautiful flowers on the sides of the mountains.

We have a governess who teaches us, and on long winter evenings reads us the stories in your nice book. I go horseback riding, and have a pony of my own, named "Custer."

I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. I have taken you since June.

I am your constant reader, ANNA B. H.—

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your February number you have an article entitled "A Rose in a Queer Place," by Prof. F. Starr. I can tell you a story about Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland's portraits "in a queer place."

During the latter part of last February, as you remember, the President and his wife went to Florida.

Of course, the people of Jacksonville made quite a stir over such distinguished guests and, among other things, they were shown through the Sub-tropical Exposition.

The ice manufacturers of that city had frozen two blocks of ice the same size, one containing Mrs. Cleveland's picture encircled in a wreath of natural pansies, which I believe are her favorite flowers; and the other Mr. Cleveland's, with a wreath of pansies and roses.

On seeing this pretty though bold style of framing a picture, Mrs. Cleveland remarked, "This is rather a cold reception," and the gentleman who was showing the Presidential party around replied, "Yes, but we are going to thaw."

I visited the Exposition the following day and saw these cakes of ice, and although they had "thawed" somewhat, the photographs and flowers could still be seen through the ice.

Your admirer, PAULINE MCD.—

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wished to tell you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for a long time, how dear you are to me. I have not missed a single number since the first number was issued. When you first came out, I was too young to read, but I enjoyed seeing the pictures and hearing the delightful fairy stories which seemed to me enchanting in those days. And it seems somehow as if your own growth had kept pace with mine, and that even now you are not too young for me. I hope that it may be so for a long time to come.

Your loving friend, J. H.—

GEORGETOWN, MINN., RIVERSIDE FARM.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you before, but as my letter was not printed I thought I would write again. I am living on a farm, fourteen miles out of Moorhead, Minn.

For pets, I have a pony, two dogs, a cow, and a bird.

Our farm is right on the banks of a river called the Buffalo. I like farm life in the summer much more than in the winter, for it is almost too cold to enjoy yourself out-of-doors; but when I have to stay in the house, I always have one good companion, and that is the ST. NICHOLAS. I am very fond of reading, and look forward to your coming every month with pleasure.

Last winter I lived in Moorhead, but this spring we came out on the farm, and I like it much better than when I lived in Moorhead. It is lovely up here, in the summer, with all the green trees, and the river flowing near by.

I remain your friend, SOPHIE C.—

FRESNO CITY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. I am one of your most interested readers, and of all the magazines and papers that we take, I like you best. I have especially enjoyed the serials.

I live in what we think is the best part of the Golden State. Our county (Fresno County) is the "banner raisin-county" of the State.

I carry papers both morning and evening, earning eighteen dollars a month. I am the oldest of eight brothers, and am thirteen years old. We all enjoy your magazine very much.

I will not write any more, so wishing you a prosperous year,

I remain yours truly, TRACY R. K.—

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. My cousin, whom I have never seen, has been sending you to me.

I live with my grandpa, who works at the Phosphate mines, S. C. We live here in the winter, but we live in Summerville in the summer, because it is not healthy here. We were in Summerville when the earthquake of 1886 came, and I was buried under the plastering. I was seven years old then. I enjoyed the camping-out very much, because I did not have to go to school nor learn any lessons. Grandpa has given me a gun this winter, and I have killed about twenty birds and hope to get a partridge soon. I must close now.

Your little friend, JULIUS NOBLE DU B.—

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written a letter to you, and so I hope this will be published.

I have four brothers, and we have all taken you since your magazine was first started. I am never tired of reading the back numbers, and always find something new in them.

I think there was never such a perfectly lovely story as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

I have not seen the play yet, but hope to soon. I have seen little Elsie Leslie a great many times, for she used to live in Elizabeth.

I like Mrs. Burnett's stories very much indeed, and

I wish that she would write another serial, longer than her latest two.

It is such a pleasure to have dear ST. NICHOLAS to read, that I do not know what I should do without it.

Your loving reader, MAY G. M.—.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of your magazine, and Mamma used to buy it for me before I could read for myself.

We spent last winter in Santa Barbara, Cal., and last September my papa, mamma, sister, and myself drove from there to San Francisco, on the coast road, in a two-seated carriage and four horses, with camping-out outfit. We had two dogs, one a Gordon setter; and as we saw much small game, and I had a 22-rifle and Papa a shot-gun, we found the dogs very useful.

I shot a wild goose, on the marsh, near San Francisco bay, all by myself. As we were camping-out, and Mamma could n't cook it, I gave it to an old miner, who was glad to get it, and I was very proud of having shot it.

We saw some beautiful scenery and crossed some high mountains, the "coast range" being made up of several small ranges, in one of which (the Gabilan) is the peak called "Frémont's Peak," where he fled with his soldiers, when the Spanish Governor-General of California ordered him out of the country, when we were fighting with Mexico; and it was here the Stars and Stripes first floated to the view of the hostile Mexicans. It is near San Juan, a quaint little town full of old adobe houses and a mission of the same name, "San Juan Bautisté." We had some funny adventures, and some that were not so funny.

We came back to San José, which is a prosperous city about fifty miles south of the city of San Francisco, and I am going to school. Papa says he will drive to "Mount Hamilton," to visit the Lick Observatory during my Christmas vacation, and next summer we expect to go to the Yosemite.

I forgot to say I was born in West Twelfth street, New York City, and lived there all my life, and hope to go back when we have seen more of this wonderful Pacific coast.

One of your young admirers, GEORGE F. V.—.

KARLSRUHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you two months ago asking for a foreign correspondent, and since my letter was printed in the December number I have had no less than sixty answers to it. If you will kindly insert these few lines in your columns, I should in this way be able to thank all the young ladies who have written such pleasant letters to me, and to tell them how sorry I am that it is impossible to correspond with sixty people all at once. I should like to say, also, that since Rosas was driven out of Buenos Ayres, in 1852, the government has been modeled upon that of the United States,—but their president is elected every six years.

Wishing you and all your readers a prosperous and happy new year, I remain yours truly,

ELINOR C.—.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sixteen, and attend the High School just across the street.

The school term is almost ended, for which I am most sorry.

The other day I read of a high school where the boys and girls both drilled daily with guns. I can not remember where it was, but would like to know more about it

if, by chance, some of your readers live in the same city and recognize the school. I don't think there can be more than one of the kind in the United States.

During this last summer I made a boat from a description I read. It was my first attempt at carpentering, and I was quite elated at my success, for it did n't leak. I painted it white inside and blue outside, with a gold stripe, and named it "A. Dodger." I wish girls could take carpenter lessons.

Your reader, LONDA L. S.—.

LONDA will find a description of a system of military drill for girls in an article entitled "A Girls' Military Company," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1888.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Pittsburgh, and last summer, as soon as school was closed, I started for Muncy, with all my camping equipments. Muncy is a little town about three hundred miles from here, and was named after the Muncy tribe of Indians. The Susquehanna river flows about a mile from the town. I got my old chum, Robert Grange, to go with me; and we went down the river about two miles to a place called Turkey Run. There we pitched our tent, and put the camp in order; then we rigged our lines to catch some fish; we tended the lines faithfully all day, and the result was we were very successful by nightfall. I have seen very many fish, but the finest I ever saw were taken out of the Susquehanna. It's a delightful place for swimming: ten feet from the shore it's over twenty feet deep. We caught one immense snapping-turtle, and for our Sunday dinner we had turtle soup. About the fourth day we were there, a large crane alighted on the bogs not one hundred yards away, but, as luck would have it, I had lost the firing-pin out of my gun, and with sorrow saw the bird fly away. We had a great many visitors at camp, and we lived in style. In two weeks we had a great deal of fun, and then started for home.

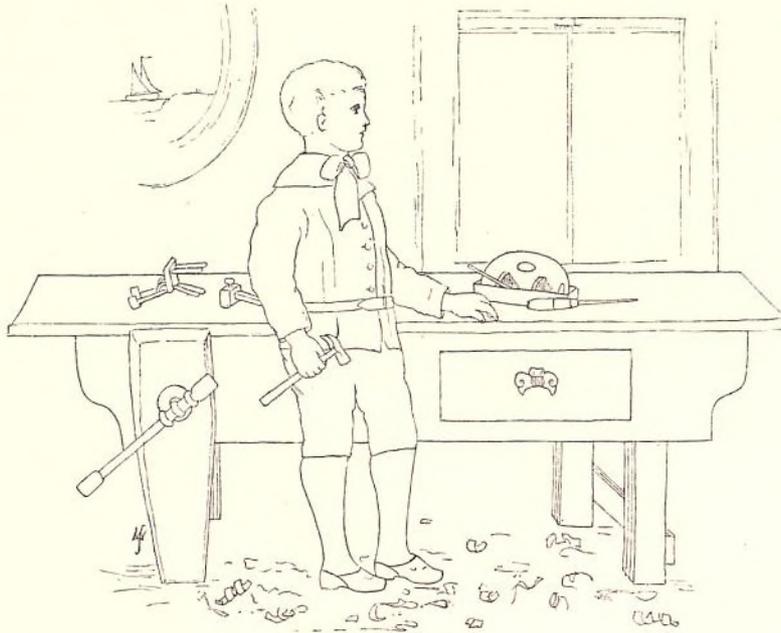
One thing I forgot to mention: that one night there was such a storm, and it rained so hard, that I thought the tent would surely go over; and the dog we had with us was very much scared. Affectionately,

H. S. R.—.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Susie W., Carl Wells, Leo J. F., Henry H. Lee, Louise and Lucy, Anna H., Arthur M. Jenkins, Dolores and Audrey, M. J. W., F. R., Elsie Blake, T. E. R., Charlie H., Claire D., Rose M. W., Philip Allen, Florence Scofield, L. G. N., Adele Clawson, F. Lindsey Curtis, Daisy Davidson, Sophie and Erwin G., Lawrence Hills, Helen L. S., E. W. Bailey, Edwin L. Robinson, Kate Alexander, Emma L. Campbell, Cleveland Smith, Jex, M. E. K., Lillian St. Claire, Henry S. Ely, A. L. T., R. C. Williamson, Hattie Hopkins, Kiette M. Elder, Mabel Giffin, Rebbe M. J., Hattie McL., C. P. R., Alice Ingersoll, Mary P. Jones, Constance Ade, Maurice V. C., Bradford S. S., Olive Branch, Emily Bannister, Laura F. Moses, Ethel, A. B. L., Lillian M., A. E. S., Carolyn R., Katherine, Harold A. Koonz, Lulu S., Jessie S., Jim S., Gladys S., Jack S., Tom S., Will S., Margaret S., Jack Briggs, "Madonna," S. B. Van Duser, Jr., Ernest C. Pittsford, Maud Metcalf, Ann E. Robb, Bertha C., Anita M. S., Mamie Hicks, Maude M. S., Phyllis S. C., Sallie P., Allie Richards, Frank S. H., Jane and Susan, Jessie C. Knight, Florence Park, Ralph S. B., Alice L. Bell, Winnie Nicholls.

A SIX WEEKS' IMPRISONMENT.

BY SARA WYER FARWELL.



I AM going to tell you about a little boy who had scarlet fever, and about how he amused himself. He was quarantined in his own room for six weeks, yet he did not have a dull time, after all. He saw no one during those weeks but his father and mother and the doctor.

When Arthur was first taken sick and the doctor said that it was scarlet fever, every unnecessary article of furniture was removed from his room. His bed seemed very necessary, so that remained; also his bureau, washstand, a table, and two chairs. The carpet was taken away, as well as the book-case and all the books. The closet was emptied of all the clothes, and the drawers full of toys were stowed away in the attic.

When so many of his cherished belongings were gone Arthur thought it was a very queer-looking room, and the first time he sat up in bed and looked at the bare floor he said it seemed as if he were in prison.

In a week he was able to be up and dressed, and in a few days more he began to feel so well that he asked what he could do to amuse himself. His playthings were gone and his books. What could he do, sure enough? His mother, too, began to wonder. The doctor said he must not go down-stairs, or even leave the room, for six weeks from the beginning of his illness. Ten days were gone, but what should be done with the thirty-two remaining?

Arthur's father made a happy suggestion. He proposed that Arthur should have his work-bench brought from the barn up-stairs to his room, and then, with his tools and a supply of sticks and blocks of wood, he might

work away to his heart's content. There was a great deal of measuring to find out whether the bench was small enough to go through doors and up stairways, and the next morning the question was settled. The neighbors, if they were looking out of their windows, must have seen a funny sight. The work-bench, six feet long, was carried around the house, the double front doors were thrown wide open, and the bench disappeared through the vestibule. Up the front stairs it went, through a long hall, and into Arthur's room,—the service-worn old bench, never more prized than now when it had so important a part to play in the family history.

Now that Arthur was going to be a little carpenter, how convenient it was to have a bare floor in his room! The strips and pieces of wood of all sizes, brought from a carpenter's shop, were piled upon the floor under the work-table. The drawers were opened, and out came all the tools,—the plane, the brace and bits, the draw-knife, saw, and hammer.

Arthur's eyes fairly shone as he greeted one by one his familiar friends. Here a difficulty arose. There was the work-bench, there were the tools and the wood, and there was the boy himself,—the little workman. But what should he make first? He asked his mother.

"Suppose you try to make a chair," was her reply. Arthur looked somewhat doubtful as he said, "I never made anything of that sort in my life."

But he worked away all one morning, and succeeded in making a chair of simple design.

A little friend of Arthur's has drawn a picture of

the chair for you to see; and the same little girl drew all the pictures in this story directly from the objects themselves.

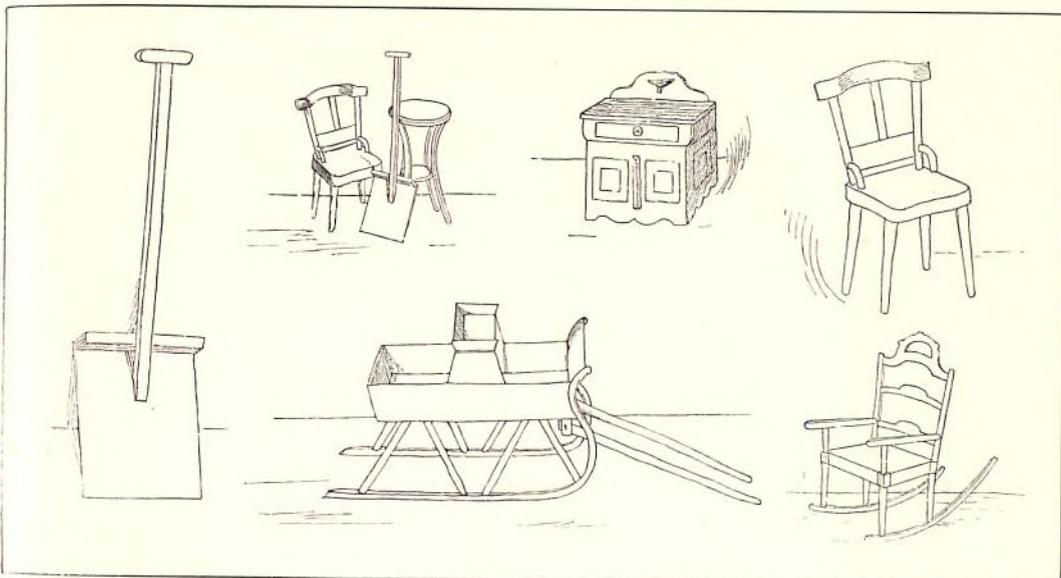
The next day Arthur was in a hurry to be up and dressed, so as to make all sorts of things which were taking shape in his boyish mind.

Day after day Arthur worked happily on with his tools. Sometimes his mother read to him while he worked. He did not wish bound books taken to his room for fear they would have to be burned when he was well. But single numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS, which could be replaced, and copies of other magazines and papers found their way in and were very welcome. About four o'clock every afternoon Arthur began to put his room in order. He put the tools back into the table-

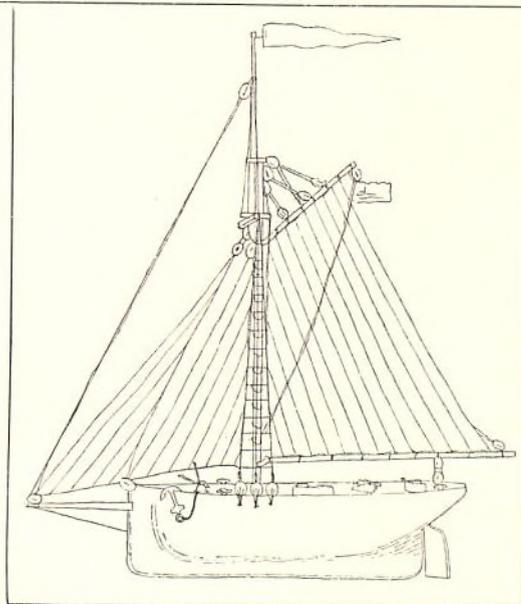
gry, so his mother covered over in a saucer by his bed one cracker and, as a special treat, one marsh-mallow for him to eat every morning. After a while these were not enough for his early morning diversion, so his mother suggested that he should compose a nonsense verse to repeat to her when she came in to bid him good-morning. Here is the verse he had all ready to recite to her the first morning:

There was an old fellow of Bute,
Who thought he could play on the flute;
When they asked, "Play a tune?"
He replied, "You're too soon;
Come over this eve, and I'll toot!"

After that he never found the time long before his



drawers, and swept up the chips and shavings which had gathered during the day. Then, every day or two these were carried away and carefully burned. Each day a new piece of toy furniture was added to the row of dainty designs on the bureau. Arthur asked to have them placed so that he could see them all when he first waked in the morning. Sometimes the hour just before it was time to light the lamp, and after the work was over for the day, seemed rather long. So Arthur's mother proposed that they should play "Thirty-one," looking out of the window. From the east window they could look a long distance up a busy street, and all the people who came down the right-hand side of the street Arthur counted for his side, and his mother counted all who came down the left side of the street on her score. Whoever first counted thirty-one passers-by on the chosen side of the street won the game. They played this many times every afternoon until it grew too dark to see the people. After the first week of his illness Arthur did not need to have his mother sleep in the room with him, so she would tuck him in very comfortably about eight o'clock every night, and leave him with a stout cane by his bedside to knock on the wall if he wished to call her during the night, for she slept in the next room. As he waked very early every morning, the time seemed long until his mother could come to him and attend to his rising and dressing himself. He was also very hun-



mother's early visit, as the verse-making, in addition to the cracker and the marsh-mallow, furnished abundant occupation.

When four weeks had gone, Arthur's interest in making furniture was at low ebb. Then he thought he should like to make a boat. So his father brought him a solid piece of wood of just the size he needed, six inches through each way by fifteen inches long, and he began work again with fresh enthusiasm. It took him one week to shape and hollow the hull and put on the deck. Next came the masts, and then all the rigging. What a busy time it was! He worked very fast, for the day was approach-

ing when he could be released from his imprisonment, and he hoped to finish the boat before he left his room. And so he did, all but a few very last touches, which were added some weeks later. The boat was named the "Altama," after a beautiful yacht owned by a gentleman living near Boston. This gentleman had kindly given Arthur a sail in Boston harbor the summer before, when he went with his mother to the seashore. When the six weeks were over Arthur went out of his room a very happy-looking rosy boy, because his body and mind had been kept so pleasantly occupied, and he does not think it is so very bad, after all, to have the scarlet fever—as he had it.

REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

OUR thanks are due to six thousand and seventy-two friends for prompt and hearty responses in competition for the prizes offered in the January Riddle-box.

The only unpleasant part of this competition is the remembrance of the six thousand and fifty-one competitors, who, having tried, fail to receive a prize. But there is a pleasant thought even here: that the workers have found pleasure in their work, as many have testified. All seem to have entered the contest in the spirit with which Orlando (whom you all know is a character in "As You Like It") accepted the challenge of Duke Frederick's wrestler: "I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth."

One disconsolate competitor quotes at the end of her list:

"The miserably have no other medicine,
But only hope."

Another says, "I am sure that not even 'Hunting the Snark' can be so much fun as hunting after these Shakespearean characters."

Another, who signs herself "Your true friend," says, "I wish you a happy, happy New Year, and I hope you will live long to gladden the home of every person in the world."

Another: "My list may not prove to be the longest, but I have tried to make it so. If I do not get a prize I shall have learned something about Shakespeare, so that my time will not have been lost."

Here are a few extracts from other letters:

"If my list does not receive a prize, it will not be from laziness in hunting after names."

"I hope my list is complete enough to win the five-dollar prize. If not, then good luck to the one who does win it."

"I thank you very much for printing such an interesting puzzle. I know more about Shakespeare now than I ever did before,—more about the names of his characters, I mean."

"It was a very tempting time for you to print a prize puzzle, when Christmas had emptied our purses."

"Having very much enjoyed the search, I shall not, therefore, envy the person who proves to have been more painstaking and thorough than myself."

"I have worked at the puzzle for five days. My January number is a rag, and Mamma says her Shakespeare has suffered!"

One mother, in sending her boy's list, writes, "Jack says that if he gets no prize, he has had lots of fun."

One of the thoughtful ones writes, "I hope you may not be overtaxed with work in examining the answers."

Indeed, it was no easy task to examine the great number of answers which came, not only from all parts of the United States and Canada, but from Great Britain, France, and Germany. Many notifications were received from postmasters saying that letters addressed to the "ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box" were held for lack of sufficient postage. Stamps were forwarded in every instance, except when notifications were received after the 15th of January. Supplemental lists were not counted, for to have done so would have enormously increased the work of examination, and would have delayed the report for another month.

With perhaps twenty exceptions, all of the solutions received were prepared with extreme neatness and care, and these merits were thoroughly appreciated.

The list of names under the head of "Honorable Mention," include those deserving of special commendation. We would have been glad

to extend this list to include others whose names deserve a place in it; but for lack of space it must be curtailed.

After careful examination of both the "Leopold" and "Globe" Shakespeares—both of which are considered standard editions—it was decided that only one hundred and seven names could legitimately be found. All mere words, such as "forester," "gaoler," "lord," and "porter," were ruled out. When usage makes one name descriptive of the character (as "Cæsar" for "Julius Cæsar"), such abbreviations have been allowed. All repetitions were ruled out except in the case of Mark Antony. The name Antonius is given in the list of characters in "Julius Cæsar," and in the play he is often alluded to as "Antony," while in "Antony and Cleopatra" this is reversed. The name "Rotherham" appeared in so many lists spelled as "Rotheram" it was decided to admit that name, though it could not have been spelled out if the first spelling of the word had been insisted upon.

If any are disposed to find fault with the result of the competition, it can only be said that perfect fairness to all has been aimed at, and the result, which we believe to be just, was reached only after weeks of painstaking labor. In this examination the editor has had the advantage of examining and comparing the very best efforts of the competitors, and all have been judged by the same standard.

Out of the six thousand and seventy-two answers received, only twenty-three reached the mystic number. So, instead of the twenty-one prizes offered, twenty-three prizes will be given. The "Roll of Honor" includes those whose lists almost reached the standard.

The one hundred and seven names are as follows: Aaron, Adam, Adrian, Adriana, Ægeon, Æneas, Angelo, Anne Page, Antonio, Antonius, Antony, Armado, Bassanio, Beatrice, Borachio, Cade, Cæsar, Caius, Cassio, Cassius, Cato, Celia, Charles, Chiron, Diana, Dion, Dorcas, Dromio, Duncan, Egeus, Eros, Escalus, Escanes, Evans, Fang, Ford, Froth, Goneril, Hamlet, Helen, Helena, Helenus, Hero, Horatio, Iachimo, Iago, Iden, Imogen, Iras, Isabel, Isabella, Jessica, Julia, Juliet, Laertes, Læfue, Lartius, Lavinia, Lear, Lena [Popilius], Leonardo, Luciana, Lucilius, Macbeth, Mardian, Maria, Mariana, Martius, Melun, Menas, Menelaus, Mercutio, Michael, Miranda, Mopsa, Morton, Moth, Nerissa, Oberon, Oliver, Olivia, Orleans, Othello, Paris, Pisano, Portia, Proteus, Regan, Richard, Richmond, Robin, Roderigo, Romeo, Rosalind, Rosaline, Rotheram, Silius, Silvia, Silvius, Solinus, Thaisa, Time, Timon, Titania, Titus, Troilus, and Viola.

THE FIVE-DOLLAR PRIZE AWARDED TO J. Barton Townsend.

TWENTY-TWO PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR AWARDED TO J. Fuzo—M. B. Toplitz—Agnes G. Gay—John Hawkins—R. N. Woodbridge—Ethel Mullington—L. D. Williams—Helen T. Chickering—R. P. M.—Grace Timms—Samuel Fitton, Jr.—M. V. Russell—Charles C. Rawn—M. N. Robinson—E. Macdougall—Nellie Tillard—Marion F. Leavitt—E. D. Litchfield—Isabelle de Treville—Mary E. Thomas—N. P. Samson—Alice G. Street.

ROLL OF HONOR.

R. E. Hieronymus—Mrs. T. G. Field—Lillie Kirk—Gretta Fort—Ethel M. Rafter—Nina Alves—Colton Maynard—Jennie P. Peck—Fenollosa Bros.—Helen D. Heiges—T. H. Walford—Grace J. Nash—Ollie Schreiner—Florence A. Line—Bertha F. Capen—Fred P. Dodge—Mary Seymour—Julia Gilbert—Bertie Briggs—Amy W. Field—Allan Ormsbur—Janet S. Robinson—Horace Suydam.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Sarah M. Homans—Reginald Heath—J. E. Hardenbergh—Alice Gordon Cleather—Kate K. Welch—Howard G. Strunk—Platt M. Conrad—C. W. Earhart—Alice A. Poore—John C. Clapp, Jr.—Maude E. Palmer—W. P. Young—Robert S. Boyns—Gertrude Hall—"My Wife and I"—Margaret V. Webster—Christine L. Bowen—Ethel Brotherhood—Florence J. Stuart—George D. Taylor—M. J. Averill—Elizabeth and Frederick S. Dickson—Bella Ross—May, Ray, and Lily Lefferts—Emma A. Steel—Fanny Peirce—Wm. H. Gardiner—Grace Kupfer—Eliot White—Alice Maude l'Anson—Rose E. Hoyt—Bertha F. Capen—Harry Mead—

Mildred C. Compton—Preston Herndon—Harry L. Walker—Duncan Moore—Fanny Thomson—Marion E. Park—Ella E. Snow—John P. Sylvestre—Louis D. Rucker, Jr.—Frankie Boyd—Mabel Dodge—Rena C. Pratt—Armytage Black—George H. and Lilly T. Rountree—John B. Briggs, Jr.—Elise M. Underhill—Janet S. Robinson—Marie Spalding—Anna M. Hamvasy—James E. Holmes—May Bennett—Charlotte Kilgour—Edward C. and Bradley Edge—Anna M. Hamvasy—James Denmore—Marion Wilson—J. F. Speed—Benj. R. Metheny—Carl T. Robertson—George Hope—Fannie M. Defrees—Margaret Kip—G. E. Collins—Christina H. Garrett—E. M. Coates—Christine O. Lippert—Amelia E. Preston—"Infantry"—Emilie Addison—Emily Newcomb—Bessie Hamlin—Alice M. Collbran—Robert Homans—Franklin B. Leferts—Percy L. Reed—Bessie Chilton—Harry Bristow—Fannie Tyng—R. T. and Helen Lincoln—Fred M. Worstell—Annie Van Campen—"Solomon Quill"—Helen L. Tucker—Willie N. Temple—Maude H. Johnson—W. H. Cheney—Marian E. Barron—Katie Coggeshall—A. Maynard—H. J. Spanton—Mabel Goozee—Julia Homan—Arthur V. Pierce—J. A. Davis—Annie M. Pratt—John E. Selig—Hattie M. Squier—Joe and Clif Chamberlin—Alta R. Austin—Marion E. Hutchins—Washington L. Simmonds—Wm. Wallace Brown—Jas. D. Davis—Ruth B. Delano—Wm. H. Pett—Julia L. Peace—Clara Bosworth—Chas. R. Passchl—Lottie Porter—Helen Ouston—Edith Matthews—Clarita Knight—F. W. Martin—Dora Watts—Allie E. Etienne—Lotta M. Burrows—Elsie Paddock—Lida and Sam Whitaker—Steenie Eberle—William Wallace Brown—Frank E. Follett—Annie S. Rettie—Alice P. Thayer—Emma S. McMahon—Lillian Harrington—C. B. McGrew—Archer C. Sinclair—Wallie Hawks—Charlotte Kilgour—Eva B. King—Ethel Lewis—Lilian Heaton—Lewis C. Grover—Maria Louise Prevost—W. H. Cheney—Emma A. Steel—Albert H. Chester, Jr.—Alec T. Owenshine—Ethel Hungerford—Clara Bosworth—Edith Wiswall—Herbert L. Coffin—Tyler and Helen Lincoln—Richard E. O'Brien—George Hope—Frank Hallowell—Carrie Draper—Emma E. Bent—Bessie Hamlin—Louie Mitchell—J. F. Speed—John B. Briggs, Jr.—Bena Rosebrugh—Alice L. Granbery—Margaret V. Webster—Arthur Howe Carpenter—Fanny Thomson—Arthur Cross—Ella E. Snow—Grace G. Babbit—J. E. L. Underhill—Grace Graybill—Katharine Lawton—Edna Hamilton.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ENIGMATICAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON. 1. Catskill. 2. Leavenworth. 3. Boston. 4. Newark. 5. Lowell. 6. Dunkirk. 7. Cleveland. 8. Springfield. 9. New Orleans. 10. Hartford. 11. Saratoga Springs. 12. Manchester. 13. Baltimore. 14. Hannibal. 15. Willimantic.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Grasp. 2. Ratio. 3. Atone. 4. Sines. 5. Poesy.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Epimetheus. Cross-words: 1. Erebus. 2. Pollux. 3. Ithaca. 4. Medusa. 5. Epirus. 6. Thales. 7. Hellas. 8. Europa. 9. Urania. 10. Sparta.

PENTAGONS. I. 1. H. 2. Low. 3. Lewis. 4. Howells. 5. Willie. 6. Slide. 7. Seer. II. 1. J. 2. Par. 3. Paced. 4. Jackson. 5. Reside. 6. Dodge. 7. Need. III. 1. M. 2. Cap. 3. Cadet. 4. Madison. 5. Pestle. 6. Tolls. 7. Nest. IV. 1. P. 2. Arc. 3. Aloud. 4. Proctor. 5. Cuttle. 6. Doles. 7. Rest. V. 1. C. 2. Can. 3. Color. 4. Calhoun. 5. Noodle. 6. Rules. 7. Nest.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Water.

DIVIDED WORDS. Ash Wednesday, Season of Lent. 1. Season. 2. Less-ens. 3. Couch-ant. 4. Brow-sing. 5. Came-os. 6. Mid-night. 7. Inn-ovate. 8. Rue-fully. 9. Cows-lip. 10. End-ear. 11. Lea-ned. 12. Day-ton.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2, Hibernia; 3 to 4, home; 5 to 6, rule. Cross-words: 1. Fashion. 2. Logical. 3. Timbrel. 4. Homeric. 5. Misrule. 6. Harness. 7. Obvious. 8. Invalid.

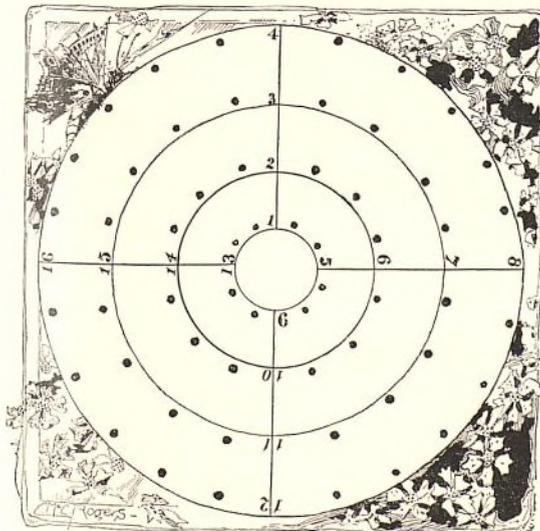
PECULIAR ACROSTICS. I. Lucy Gray. Cross-words: 1. Paling. 2. Stupor. 3. Fecula. 4. Stythy. II. Words worth. Cross-words: 1. Gewgaw. 2. Grotto. 3. Bursar. 4. Ardent. 5. Josiah.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
No weather is ill
If the wind be still.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, baronet and coronet. Cross-words: 1. Baalbec. 2. Balloon. 3. Bartram. 4. Bedouin. 5. Canony. 6. Leaflet. 7. Taboret.

NOVEL RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Ratel. 2. Hades. 3. Pivot. 4. Terah. 5. Rebel.

QUARTERED CIRCLES.



From 1 to 4, a narrow way; from 5 to 8, harness; from 9 to 12, one of the constellations; from 13 to 16, quickly; from 1 to 5, dilatory; from 5 to 9, to defraud; from 9 to 13, a town founded by Pizarro in 1535; from 13 to 1, the victim of the first murder on record; from 2 to 6, dwelt; from 6 to 10, ingress; from 10 to 14, to long; from 14 to 2, a famous opera; from 3 to 7, a state; from 7 to 11, one who dwells; from 11 to 15, a famous bridge in Venice; from

15 to 3, the king of the fairies; from 4 to 8, one who has the right of choice; from 8 to 12, to retain; from 12 to 16, oriental; from 16 to 4, ingenuousness.

"MY WIFE AND I."

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

THE central row of letters, reading downward, will spell a word meaning mistaken.
Example: The first three letters spell an edge; the last three, encountered. Answer, ri-m-et.
Reading across (five letters): 1. The first three letters spell observed; the last three, a verb. 2. The first three letters spell distant; the last three, a blow. 3. The first three letters spell a number; the last three, a number. 4. The first three letters spell a biped; the last three, a dozen. 5. The first three letters spell a fruit; the last three, a weapon.

ETHEL CHAFFIN.

RIDDLE.

BEFORE time was I had a place,
I'm vaster than created space;
Yet never was my smallest part
Revealed by telescopic art.
Great expectations flee apace
When I arrive and show my face;
While hope grows brighter day by day
If luckily, I'm in the way.
In empty brains I have a birth;
I sum up what the spendthrift's worth;
In false alarms I'm sure to be;
When I pursue, "the wicked flee."
For me contented minds have longed;
With me the covetous feel wronged;
Yet those who toil not most deserve me,—
Ay, they shall win me and preserve me.

C. L. M.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Poetry. 2. A feminine name. 3. Austerity. 4. A declivity.
5. Journeys or circuits. "EURFKA."

