

to be
prefix
D.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ences
been
here
rican

Rest
pin.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XVI.

PART II., MAY, 1889, TO OCTOBER, 1889.

by be
htly
pic-
ame

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.
T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Copyright, 1889, by THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVI.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1889, TO OCTOBER, 1889.

CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XVI.

	PAGE
"A FAIRY'S BROKEN WING." Verse. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills).....	Cornelia P. Stone 868
ABOUT A SKILLED CHINESE YOUTH. Verses. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author).....	} Charles Howard Johnson 935
ABOUT TED RUSSELL. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers).....	Eleanor Putnam 906
ALMOST A TRAGEDY. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	Celia Thaxter 890
ALPHABETICAL WOOING, AN. Verse. (Illustrated and engrossed by Jessie McDermott).....	} Margaret Johnson 888
AMONG DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE. (Illustrated).....	Noah Brooks 883
AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS. (Illustrated by Meredith Nugent).....	Charles Frederick Holder ... 674
	777, 844, 927
APRIL. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author).....	Jessie McDermott 501
ARTIST'S DAUGHTER, THE. Picture, drawn by A. Brenon.....	768
ARTIST'S GLIMPSE OF NORTHERN ARIZONA, AN. (Illustrated by the Author).F. S. Dellenbaugh.....	854
AUGUST DAY AT THE SEA-SHORE, AN. Picture, drawn by A. B. Davies.....	786
AWFUL THING THAT TILLY ANN DID, THE. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	Arlo Bates & Eleanor Putnam 594
BEATRICE: A LITTLE FLORENTINE LADY. (Illustrated from photographs).....	Eleanor C. Lewis 813
BELLS OF STE. ANNE, THE. (Illustrated by Henry Sandham).....	Mary Hartwell Catherwood .. 492
"BINGO WAS HIS NAME".....	Annie Howells Fr�chette 613
BIT OF COLOR, A. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	Sarah Orne Jewett 514, 572
BOATS, A PAGE OF. Pictures, drawn by H. L. Bridwell.....	951
BREAD AND JAM. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Henry Bacon 620
BRIDGMAN, THE STORY OF LAURA. (Illustrated).....	Joseph Jastrow 746
BROWNIES' GARDEN, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Palmer Cox 546
BUBBLYJOCK, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	Emma Snuller Carter 873
BUNNY STORIES, THE. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes).....	John H. Jewett 704
	787, 869, 946
"CALICO FOR WORKING DAYS." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	C. McCormack Rogers 790
CAPTAIN DUCK. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers).....	Joaquin Miller 753
CHALLENGE, THE. Pictures, drawn by Dorothy Tennant.....	600
CHARLIE AND THE HEN. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	Sylvia A. Moss 630
CLIMBING THE PIERCED ROCK. (Illustrated by H. Sandham and T. Moran).....	Ripley Hitchcock 581
CLOSE CORPORATION, A.....	Ruth Putnam 954
CREATURE WITH NO CLAWS, THE. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble).....	Joel Chandler Harris 887
"CUFF," THE ORPHAN BEAR-CUB. (Illustrated by W. M. Cary).....	George A. Martin 538
DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble).....	Joel Chandler Harris 485
DANCE OF THE DAISIES, THE. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Sarah M. B. Piatt 731
DANCING LESSON, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A. Picture, drawn by F. H. } Lungren.....	} 511
DAY AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES, A. (Illustrated).....	Fannie W. Marshall 820
DAYS OF THE DAISIES, THE. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Helen Thayer Hutcheson 569
DEER-HUNTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS, MY. (Illustrated by H. Sandham).....	Treadwell Walden 806
DISCOVERED. Poem.....	Helen Thayer Hutcheson ... 723
DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS. (Illustrated from photographs).....	Gertrude Van R. Wickham .. 541
DOLL ON MOUNT ETNA, A. (Illustrated by T. Moran and C. T. Hill).....	E. Cavazza 894
DOOMED! Picture, drawn by Albert E. Sterner.....	673
DORA MILLER'S WONDER BALL. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake).....	Lucy Lincoln Montgomery ... 922
DRAGON'S STORY, THE. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford).....	Tudor Jenks 816
EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS. Verses.....	Joel Stacy 668

	PAGE
ESCAPING A SHOWER. Verse.....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> 731
FAIRY MIRRORS. Poem.....	<i>William H. Hayne</i> 604
FERN-SEED. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 856
FIRST AMERICANS, THE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>F. S. Dellenbaugh</i> 935
FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 629
FISHING IN THE SEINE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Adeline Valentine Pond</i> 696
FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF FUN. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes..... 709
FLOWER LADIES.....	<i>Elizabeth Bisland</i> 794
FLOWER, THE STORY OF THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 752
FRIGHTENED FISHERMAN, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. G. Francis</i> 523
GOBLIN STORM, THE: A Legend of Bigstoria. (Illustrated).....	<i>Benjamin Webster</i> 608
GOOD-MORNING AND GOOD-NIGHT. Verses.....	<i>Rose Evangeline Angel</i> 631
GRANDPAPA'S COAT. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards and F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Alice Maude Ewell</i> 643
GREAT PROCESSION, THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 906
GUN AT NEW YORK HARBOR, A BIG. Picture, from a photograph by Robert L. Bracklow.....	} 867
HAPPY CLOVERS, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> 593
HELEN KELLER. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Florence Howe Hall</i> 834
HEMLOCK-PEELERS, THE.....	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 590
HIDDEN HOMES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Anna Botsford Comstock</i> 605
HIS MAJESTY THE KING. Verses.....	<i>N. P. Babcock</i> 537
HOW A BATTLE IS SKETCHED. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Theodore R. Davis</i> 661
HOW DID THEY COME THERE? (Illustrated).....	<i>Anne Bigelow Day</i> 634
HOW I SAW "OLD CAROLUS." (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>George Wharton Edwards</i> 563
HOW JOHNNY-JUMP-UP TURNED INTO A PANSY. Jingle.....	<i>Jessie M. Anderson</i> 555
HOW MATTIE WENT TO A MEETING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	} <i>Mary E. Hawkins</i> 698
HOW POLLY AND PETER KEEP HOUSE. Verses.....	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i> 673
HUM-UM-UM. Verses.....	<i>Margaret Eytinge</i> 551
IN THE BLOOM OF MAY. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller Sprague..... 527
IN THE HAY-LOFT. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 484
INTO THE OCTOBER WOODS. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren..... 893
INVITATION, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 756
JAPAN, THE CHILD OF MODERN. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore</i> ... 670
JINGLES.....	501, 523, 555, 695, 715, 731, 790, 868, 935
JOURNEY, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills).....	<i>L. Frank Tooker</i> 920
KELLER, HELEN (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Florence Howe Hall</i> 834
KING'S DUST, THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 585
LAETITIA AND THE REDCOATS. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Lillian L. Price</i> 687
LAMB THAT COULD N'T KEEP UP, THE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Mary Hallock Foote</i> 803
"LAND OF NOD" ON A PLANTATION, THE.....	<i>Octave Thanet</i> 529
LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>M. C. Harrison</i> 533
LAWN PARTY, A. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren..... 843
LITTLE FLORENTINE LADY, A. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Eleanor C. Lewis</i> 813
LITTLE MENAN LIGHT. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>George Wharton Edwards</i> ... 724
LITTLE PERSIAN PRINCESS, THE. (Illustrated by A. Brenon).....	<i>Mary E. Wilkins</i> 757
LITTLE PINE-TREE, THE. Poem.....	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i> 510
LITTLE TO-BO. (Illustrated).....	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 602
LITTLE YOUNG MAN IN GOLD, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>S. Isadore Miner</i> 629
LOST OPPORTUNITY, A. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 502
LOUIS THE RESOLUTE. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden and from photographs).....	<i>Harriet Taylor Upton</i> 653
LOVE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 690
MAKE-BELIEVE.....	<i>Elizabeth Robins Pennell</i> ... 901
MAKING OF A GREAT STEEL GUN, THE. (Illustrated by J. W. Beatty).....	<i>G. F. Muller</i> 913
MAMMY'S STORY. Verses.....	<i>Susan Archer Weiss</i> 581
MATTER OF TASTE, A. Verses.....	<i>Esther B. Tiffany</i> 602
MAY SONG, A. Poem. (Illustrated by A. B. Davies).....	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i> 528

CONTENTS.

VII

AGE		PAGE
731	ME AND BRUNO. Picture, drawn by A. Brenon.....	545
504	MERMAIDS AND THEIR PETS. Picture, drawn by Mildred Howells.....	716
556	MIDSUMMER PIRATES. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake).....	<i>Richard H. Davis</i> 737
535	MODERN HARBOR DEFENSES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Lieut. W. R. Hamilton</i> 863
529	MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS. (Illustrated by F. G. Attwood).....	<i>Harriet S. Morgridge</i> 852, 944
596	MOTHER HUBBARD IN JAPANESE PICTURES.....	549
709	MUTINY ON A GOLD-SHIP, A. (Illustrated by John Steeple Davis).....	<i>Frances Stoughton Bailey</i> 762
794	MY DEER-HUNTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS. (Illustrated by H. Sandham).....	<i>Treadwell Walden</i> 806
752	MY DOG. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>William Dudley Foulke</i> 938
523	MY PETRIFIED BIRD'S-NEST. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 627
508	NAN'S CRITICISM. Verses.....	<i>Cornelia Atwood Pratt</i> 610
631	NARROW ESCAPE, A. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake).....	<i>Myra Goodwin Plantz</i> 693
643	NATIONAL FLOWER, THE. Poem.....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 868
906	NECKLACE, THE VALUE OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL'S GOLD. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles S. Robinson</i> 732
867	NELL'S FAIRY-TALE. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 791
593	NOT A FAIR GAME. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 691
834	NOT A LIVELY BOOK. Picture, drawn by Mary Hallock Foote.....	580
590	NO-WHEN AND NO-WHERE. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 484
605	OLD QUARREL, AN. (Illustrated by Katharine Pyle).....	<i>Frances Courtenay Baylor</i> 512
537	ON APPLEDORE. Verses. (Illustrated by C. D. Gibson).....	<i>Willis Boyd Allen</i> 889
661	ON THE FARM. Verses. (Illustrated by A. R. Wheelan).....	<i>Francis Randall</i> 686
634	"ON THE ROAD TO LONDON TOWN." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>A. Brenon</i> 695
563	PAGE OF BOATS, A. Pictures, drawn by H. L. Bridwell.....	951
555	PETRIFIED BIRD'S-NEST, MY. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 627
698	PHOTOGRAPHY, SOME APPLICATIONS OF AMATEUR. (Illustrated from photo- graphs).....	} <i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 617
673	PICTURES. Drawn by A. Brenon.....	524, 545, 612, 622, 669, 695, 768, 793, 926
551	PICTURES. 511, 524, 527, 545, 549, 553, 555, 558, 580, 600, 612, 622, 669, 673, 709, 711, 716, 768, 786, 793, 795, 823, 833, 843, 867, 875, 893, 904, 919, 926, 951, 953	
527	PORTRAIT, A. Verse.....	<i>Mary E. Wilkins</i> 745
484	QUEER PET, A. (Illustrated from pictures by the Author).....	<i>E. H. Barbour</i> 525
893	RAIN-HARP, THE. Poem.....	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 736
756	REDBREAST'S RIDE. Verses. (Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards).....	<i>Esther B. Tiffany</i> 500
670	RIPE SCHOLAR, A. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>William Ludwell Sheppard</i> 623
935	ROAD-RUNNER, THE. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. C. Haskins</i> 766
920	SAD REASON FOR TEARS, A. Verses.....	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i> 491
834	SEASIDE FLOWERS. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 588
585	SHAG BACK PANTHER, THE. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Rowland E. Robinson</i> 769
687	SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW. Picture, drawn by J. Stuart Travis.....	711
803	SMALL AND EARLY. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 684
529	SOAP-BUBBLES. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Thomas W. Chittenden</i> 714
533	SOAP-BUBBLES. Jingle.....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 715
843	"SOFT" STEP, THE. Pictures, drawn by E. W. Kemble.....	919
813	SOLDIERS' BURIAL GROUND, THE. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 484
724	SOLDIER'S RETURN, THE. Picture, drawn by F. H. Lungren.....	823
757	SOME APPLICATIONS OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY. (Illustrated from photo- graphs).....	} <i>Harlan H. Ballard</i> 617
510	SONG OF THE CAGED CANARY, THE. Poem.....	<i>Helen Thayer Hutcheson</i> 483
602	SOUTH WIND, THE. Poem.....	<i>Charles B. Going</i> 819
629	SPRINT-RUNNER, THE. Verses.....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 532
502	STANLEY'S MAGIC BOOK.....	<i>David Ker</i> 611
653	STORY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN, THE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joseph Jastrow</i> 746
690	STORY OF THE FLOWER, THE. Poem.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 752
901	STORY OF TURK, THE. (Illustrated by James C. Beard and others.).....	<i>F. H. Throop</i> 857
913	STRANGE NIGHT-WATCHMAN, A.	<i>David Ker</i> 850
581	SUMMER HOLIDAY THOUGHTS. Poem.....	<i>Charles B. Going</i> 786
692	SWEET PEAS. Verses. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford).....	<i>Mildred Howells</i> 776
528		

	PAGE
TEDDY AND THE WOLF.....	586
TEDDY O'ROURKE. Verses.....	905
TEN LITTLE MONKEYS. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	555
THEY HAVE COSTUMES, BUT NO PARTS. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller } Sprague.....	904
THREE BLIND MICE. Picture, drawn by Frank Drake.....	558
THREE LITTLE ASTROLOGERS. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	554
TURK, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated by James C. Beard and others).....	857
VALUE OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL'S GOLD NECKLACE, THE. (Illustrated).....	732
VERY CONCEITED LITTLE MAN, A. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) ..	590
WATER-LILIES. Picture, drawn by A. B. Davies.....	795
WEE WORLD OF MY OWN, A. Poem. (Illustrated).....	571
"WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE." Picture, drawn by A. B. Davies.....	833
WHERE SALMON ARE PLENTIFUL. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	942
W. JENKS'S EXPRESS. (Illustrated by C. D. Gibson).....	824
YOSHI HITO, HARU NO MIYA, THE CHILD OF MODERN JAPAN. (Illustrated } from a photograph).....	670

FRONTISPIECES.

"The Baby's Sunny Corner," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing Title-page of Volume—"The First Holiday of the Summer," by A. B. Davies, facing page 563—"Off We Set in the Great Coach," by G. W. Edwards, facing page 643—"The First Ride," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 723—"It Took No Notice of All the Children's Care," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 803—"The Hounds of the Count de Barral," after the picture by L. G. Jadin, facing page 883.

DEPARTMENTS.

PLAYS AND MUSIC.

Housekeeping Songs. (Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey).....	550
Song of Sifting.....	550

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. (Illustrated.)

Introduction—When the Apple Blossoms Stir—A Very Knowing Phoebe Bird—A Wise Reply—South American Indians—A Hanging Matter—Who Knows?—Spring Lassitude (picture), 552; Introduction—Talking Dolls—The Russian Alphabet—A "Nine" Year Again—Those Ice-tanks—"Pansies are for Thoughts"—The Æsthetic Wasps (illustrated), 632.

FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK. (Illustrated.)

How Rockets Are Made.....	712
Pussy in the Witness-box.....	712
Won By a Bird.....	713
Cornish Lullaby.....	792
A Ducal Home for the Blind.....	792
An Athletic Spelling Lesson.....	793
A Scrap of Sunshine. Picture, drawn by A. L. Brenon.....	793
Water Life and How to See It.....	874
The Truthful Fisherman.....	875
The Sportsman and the Alligator. Picture, drawn by E. W. Kemble.....	875
Electricity for Snakes.....	952
Minute Screws.....	952
Sand-drifts.....	952
A Country Coroner's Verdict.....	952
Quick and Strong.....	952
A Story That Tells Itself. Pictures, drawn by E. de v. Vermort.....	953

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

Tiger. (Illustrated by Louis Ritter).....	710
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated).....	556, 636, 717, 796, 876, 956
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated).....	559, 639, 719, 799, 879, 959

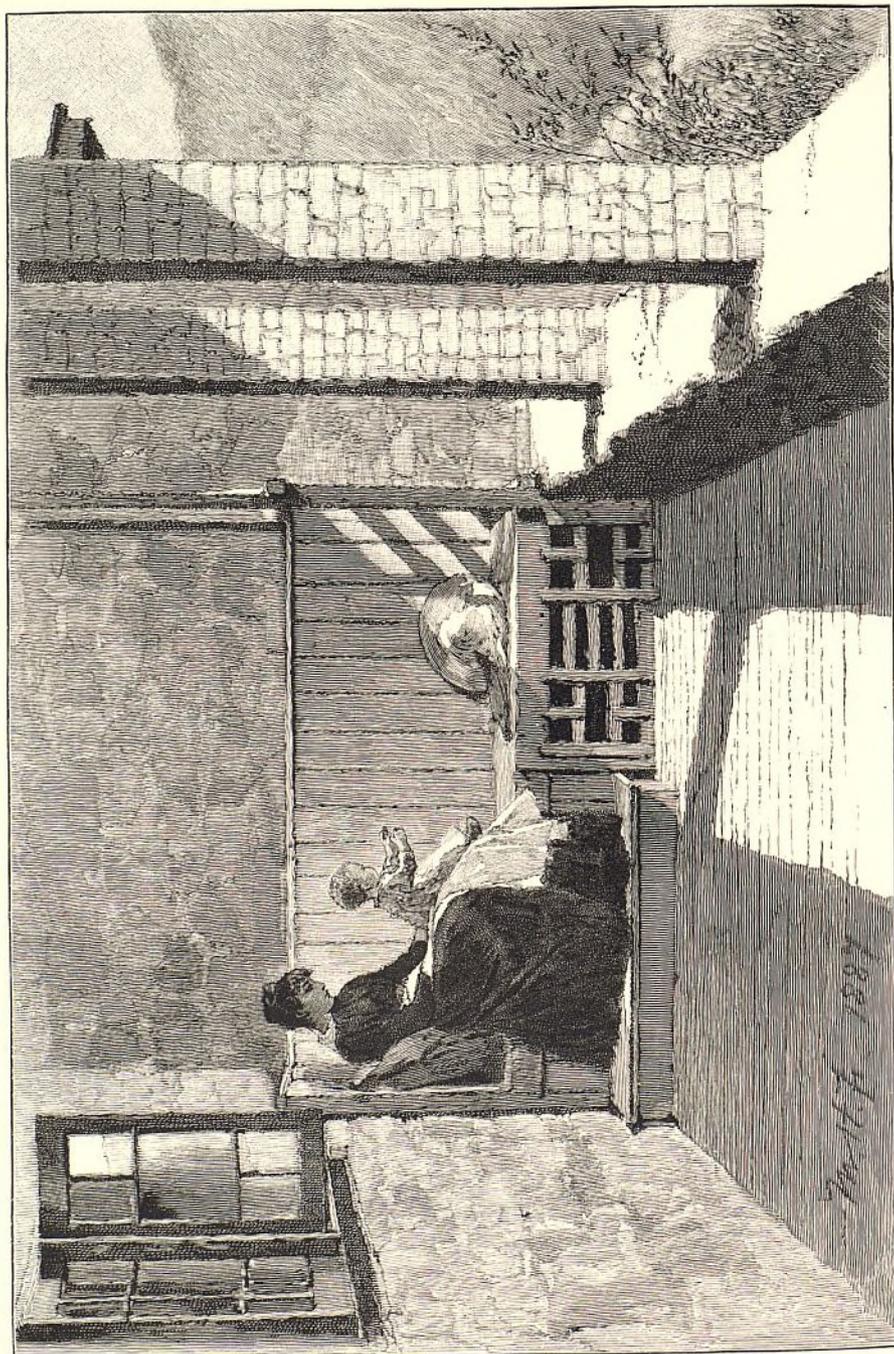
86
05
55
04
58
54
57
732
690
795
571
33
042
824
670

of
ing
en's
L.

550
outh
n —
for

712
712
713
792
792
793
793
874
875
875
952
952
952
952
953

710
, 956
, 959



THE BABY'S SUNNY CORNER.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1889.

No. 7.

THE SONG OF THE CAGED CANARY.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

O MY happy Islands, O my happy Islands,
O my happy Islands where the south winds blow !
Lying sea-encircled, steeped in sunny silence,
O my happy Islands that I shall never know !

O my happy Islands, O my happy Islands,
O my happy Islands that lie anear the sun !
Purple seas are darkling, murmuring and sparkling ;
Round my happy Islands the shining ripples run.

O my happy Islands, O my happy Islands,
O my happy Islands that I have never known,
Where the ripe seed falls down in the forest shadows,
And the strange flower blossoms that no hand hath sown !

There my mate hath waited, in a dream belated,
Lingering belated in the shadow of a palm,
In a land sun-haunted, with the voice of seas enchanted,
In my happy Islands, lost in seas of calm !

In my island mazes hang the purple hazes,
Round my island beaches runs the rippling gleam.
There 's my love belated, while I go unmated ;
Warble, warble softly, lest I break her dream !

Copyright, 1889, by THE CENTURY Co. All rights reserved.

NO-WHEN AND NO-WHERE.

IF it happened so that I felt inclined,
And nobody hindered me of my mind,
Shall I tell you what I would do, my dear?
I would find some lost, forgotten old Year,—
Some dull old Year, all dead and dry,
With nothing in 't to remember it by;
Some Year uncalendared, lost to fame,
That nobody lived in to give it a name,
That went unrecorded from green to sere,
And never knew that it was a Year;
And out of that Year I would take a Day,
Not too rosy and not too gray,—
Some Day when Fate, aweary of doom,
Fell fast asleep by the side of her loom,
And left it a mere tarnished circle of sun,
Without a chance in it to trip upon;—
And on that Day of a dateless Year,
I should not hate you, nor hold you dear,
I should go on a journey, and none should know
where,
No one should ask, and no one should care.
I would find some ship that had lain alone,
Long becalmed in a Sea unknown,
And the ship in a lazy course should run,
To some Land that is nowhere under the sun.
I would have no wind to fret the sail,
I would have no oar when the wind should fail.
But a tide should ripple along the keel,
A slow, warm tide that she scarce could feel,
And so we should float, in nobody's sight,
Wrapt in a wavering sort of light,
That is neither sunlight, starlight, nor shade,
But just the kind that never was made.
And when we had come to that Doubtful Land,
The Land that is nowhere, you understand,
How long I should linger, or what I should do,
Or whether I ever should come back to you,
In that long Day of a dateless Year,
— Why, how can I tell you all that, my dear?

THE SOLDIERS' BURIALGROUND.

THERE 'S a camp upon a hill-top
Pitched in many a gleaming line,
And above that still encampment
Droops the banner of the pine.

Never clang of lifted weapon,
Oath, nor jest, nor haughty boast,
Never song of martial measure
Breaks the stillness of the host.

But the name of every hero
Answers from the carven scroll,

In a white, eternal silence
To the calling of the Roll.

And the light rains beat reveillé,
And the winds their bugles blow,—
As they keep their stern, still bivouac
'Neath the white tents of the snow.

And no sentinel doth guard them,
For they fear not any foes,
And their pass-word is the secret
Of the land that no man knows.

IN THE HAY-LOFT.

UP in the hay-loft — kitten and I!
With a window open to the sky,
Curtained with boughs of the chestnut-trees
That toss and sway in the cool west breeze.

The dome of the sky with a cloud is lined,
And the rain comes down when it has a mind,
Pelting the leaves of the chestnut-tree:
Never the rain can touch kitten and me.

Up in the hay-loft — kitten and I!
The hay behind us is mountain high;
The beams across are dusty enough;
Darkness broods in the peak of the roof.

In pearly lines the daylight falls
Through the chinks of the boarded walls;
The air is fragrant with clover dried,
Brake and daisies and things beside.

Queer little spiders drop down from on high;
Softly we welcome them — kitten and I!
Swallows chirp in a lazy strain
Between the showers of the summer rain.

Let the rain come down from the clouded sky,
We 're quiet and cosy — kitten and I!
We muse and purr and think out a rhyme,
And never know what has become of time.

People down there in the world below,
They toil and moil and get dinner and sew;
Up in the hay we lazily lie;
We have no troubles — kitten and I!

Kitten purrs and stretches and winks,
She does n't speak, but I know what she thinks:
Never a king had a throne so high,
Never a bird had a cosier nest;
There is much that is good, but we have the
best—
Kitten, kitten and I!

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

CHAPTER III.

LUCIEN and Lillian, cuddled together in the bottom of their boat, were soon fast asleep. In dreams of home their loneliness and their troubles were all forgotten. Sometimes in the starlight, sometimes in the dark shadows of the overhanging trees, the boat drifted on. At last, toward morning, it was caught in an eddy and carried nearer the bank, where the current was almost imperceptible. Here the clumsy old bateau rocked and swung, sometimes going lazily forward, and then as lazily floating back again.

As the night faded away into the dim gray of morning, the bushes above the boat were thrust softly aside, and a black face looked down upon the children. Then the black face disappeared as suddenly as it came. After a while it appeared again. It was not an attractive face. In the dim light it seemed to look down on the sleeping children with a leer that was almost hideous. It was the face of a woman. Around her head was a faded red handkerchief, tied in a fantastic fashion, and as much of her dress as could be seen was ragged, dirty, and greasy. She was not pleasant to look upon, but the children slept on unconscious of her presence.

Presently the woman came nearer. On the lower bank a freshet had deposited a great heap of sand, which was now dry and soft. The woman sat down on this, hugging her knees with her arms, and gazed at the sleeping children long and earnestly. Then she looked up and down the river, but nothing was to be seen for the fog that lay on the water. She shook her head and muttered:

"Hit 's pizen down yer fer dem babies. Yit how I gwine git um out er dar?"

She caught hold of the boat, turned it around, and, by means of the chain, drew it partially on the sand-bank. Then she lifted Lillian from the boat, wrapping the quilt closer about the child, carried her up the bank, and laid her beneath the trees where no dew had fallen. Returning, she lifted Lucien and placed him beside his sister. But the change aroused him. He raised himself on his elbow and rubbed his eyes. The negro

woman, apparently by force of habit, slipped behind a tree.

"Where am I?" Lucien exclaimed, looking around in something of a fright. He caught sight of the frazzled skirt of the woman's dress. "Who is there behind that tree?" he cried.

"Nobody but me, honey — nobody ner nothin' but po' ole Crazy Sue. Don't be skeerd er me. I ain't nigh ez bad ez I looks ter be."

It was now broad daylight, and Lucien could see that the hideous ugliness of the woman was caused by a burn on the side of her face and neck.

"Was n't I in a boat?"

"Yes, honey; I brung you up yer fer ter keep de fog fum pizenin' you."

"I dreamed the Bad Man had me," said Lucien, shivering at the bare recollection.

"No, honey; 't want nobody ner nothin' but po' ole Crazy Sue. De boat down dar on de sand-bank, an' yo' little sissy layin' dar soun' asleep. Whar in de name er goodness wuz you-all gwine, honey?" asked Crazy Sue, coming nearer.

"We were going down the river hunting for Daddy Jake. He 's a runaway now. I reckon we 'll find him after a while."

"Is you-all Marse Doc. Gaston' chillun?" asked Crazy Sue, with some show of eagerness.

"Why, of course we are," said Lucien.

Crazy Sue's eyes fairly danced with joy. She clasped her hands together and exclaimed:

"Lord, honey, I could shout,—I could des holler and shout; but I ain't gwine do it. You stay right dar by yo' little sissy till I come back; I want ter run an' make somebody feel good. Now, don't you move, honey. Stay right dar."

With that Crazy Sue disappeared in the bushes. Lucien kept very still. In the first place, he was more than half frightened by the strangeness of his surroundings, and, in the second place, he was afraid his little sister would wake and begin to cry. He felt like crying a little himself, for he knew he was many miles from home, and he felt very cold and uncomfortable. Indeed, he felt very lonely and miserable; but just when he was about to cry and call Daddy Jake, he heard voices near him. Crazy Sue came toward him in a half-trot, and behind her—close behind her—was Daddy Jake,

his face wreathed in smiles and his eyes swimming in tears. Lucien saw him and rushed toward him, and the old man stooped and hugged the boy to his black bosom.

"Why, honey," he exclaimed, "whar de name er goodness you come f'um? Bless you! ef my

They made so much fuss that they woke Lillian, and when she saw Daddy Jake she gave one little cry and leaped in his arms. This made Crazy Sue dance again, and she would have kept it up for a long time, but Randall suggested to Daddy Jake that the boat ought to be hauled ashore and hid-



"LUCIEN SAW HIM AND RUSHED TOWARD HIM."

eyes wuz sore de sight un you would make um well. How you know whar yo' Daddy Jake is?"

"Me and sister started out to hunt you," said Lucien, whimpering a little, now that he had nothing to whimper for, "and I think you are mighty mean to run off and leave us-all at home."

"Now you talkin', honey," said Daddy Jake, laughing in his old fashion. "I boun' I'm de meanes' ole nigger in de Nunited State. Yit, ef I'd 'a' know'd you wuz gwine ter foller me up so close, I'd 'a' fotch you wid me, dat I would! An' dar's little Missy," he exclaimed, leaning over the little girl, "an' she's a-sleepin' des ez natchul ez ef she wuz in her bed at home. What I tell you-all?" he went on, turning to a group of negroes that had followed him, — Randall, Cupid, Isaiah, and others, — "What I tell you-all? Ain't I done bin' an' gone an' tole you dat deze chillun wuz de out-doin'est chillun on de top-side er de roun' worl'?"

The negroes — runaways all — laughed and looked pleased, and Crazy Sue fairly danced.

den in the bushes. Crazy Sue stayed with the children, while the negro men went after the boat. They hauled it up the bank by the chain, and then they lifted and carried it several hundred yards away from the river, and hid it in the thick bushes and grass.

"Now," said Daddy Jake, when they had returned to where they left the children, "we got ter git away fum yer. Dey ain't no tellin' w'at gwine ter happen. Ef deze yer chillun kin slip up on us dis away w'at kin a grown man do?"

The old man intended this as a joke, but the others took him at his word, and were moving off. "Wait!" he exclaimed. "De chillun bleeze ter go whar I go. Sue, you pick up little Missy dar, an' I'll play hoss fer dish yer chap."

Crazy Sue lifted Lillian in her arms, Daddy Jake stooped so that Lucien could climb up on his back, and then all took up their march for the middle of Hudson's canebrake. Randall brought up the rear in order, as he said, to "stop up de holes."

It was a narrow, slippery, and winding path in

which the negroes trod — a path that a white man would have found difficult to follow. It seemed to lead in all directions; but, finally, it stopped on a knoll high and dry above the surrounding swamp. A fire was burning brightly, and the smell of frying meat was in the air. On this knoll the runaway negroes had made their camp, and for safety they could not have selected a better place.

It was not long before Crazy Sue had warmed some breakfast for the children. The negroes had brought the food they found in the boat, and Crazy Sue put some of the biscuits in a tin bucket, hung the bucket on a stick, and held it over the fire. Then she gave them some bacon that had been broiled on a stone, and altogether they made a hearty breakfast.

During the morning most of the negro men stayed in the canebrake, some nodding and some patching their clothes, which were already full of patches. But after dinner, a feast of broiled fish, roasted sweet-potatoes, and ash-cake, they all went away, leaving Crazy Sue to take care of the

“Nothin’, honey; I wuz des a-settin’ yer a-studyin’ an’ a-studyin’. Lots er times I gits took dat a-way.”

“What are you studying about?” said Lucien.

“Bout folks. I wuz des a-studyin’ ’bout folks, an’ ’bout how come I whar I is, w’en I oughter be somers else. W’en I set down dis a-way, I gits dat turrified in de min’ dat I can’t stay on de groun’ sca’cely. Look like I want ter rise up in de elements an’ fly.”

“What made you run away?” Lucien asked with some curiosity.

“Well, you know, honey,” said Crazy Sue, after a pause, “my marster ain’t nigh ez good ter his niggers ez yo’ pa is ter his’n. ’T ain’t dat my marster is any mo’ strick, but look like hit fret ’im ef he see one er his niggers settin’ down anywheres. Well, one time, long time ago, I had two babies, an’ dey wuz twins, an’ dey wuz des ’bout ez likely little niggers ez you ever did see. De wite folks had me at de house doin’ de washin’ so I could be where I kin nurse de babies. One time I wuz



POOR OLD SUE TELLS HER STORY.

children. After the men had all gone, the woman sat with her head covered with her arms. She sat thus for a long time. After a while Lucien went to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

“What ’s the matter?” he asked.

settin’ in my house nursin’ un um, an’ while I settin’ dar I went fast ter sleep. How long I sot dar ’sleep, de Lord only knows, but w’en I woked up, marster wuz stan’in’ in de do’, watchin’ me. He ain’t say nothin’, yit I knowed dat man wuz mad. He des turn on his heel an’ walk away. I let you know I put dem babies down an’ hustled out er dat house mighty quick.

“Well, sir, dat night de foreman come ’roun’

an' tole me dat I mus' go ter de fiel' de nex' mornin'. Soon ez he say dat, I up an' went ter de big house an' ax marster w'at I gwine do wid de babies ef I went ter de fiel'. He stood an' look at me, he did, an' den he writ a note out er his pocket-book an' tol' me ter han' it ter de overseer. Dat w'at I done dat ve'y night, an' de overseer, he took an' read de note, an' den he up an' say dat I mus' go wid de hoe-han's, way over ter de two-mile place.

"I went, kaze I bleeze ter go; yit all day long, whiles I wuz hoein' I kin year dem babies cryin'. Look like sometimes dey wuz right at me, an' den ag'in look like dey wuz way off yander. I kep' on a-goin' an' I kep' on a-hoein', an' de babies kep' on a-famishin'. Dey des fade away, an' bimeby dey died, bofe un um on de same day. On dat day I had a fit an' fell in de fier, an' dat how come I burnt up so.

"Look like," said the woman, marking on the ground with her bony forefinger—"look like I kin year dem babies cryin' yit, an' dat de reason folks call me Crazy Sue, kaze I kin year um cryin' an' yuther folks can't. I'm mighty glad dey can't, too, kaze it 'ud break der heart."

"Why did n't you come and tell Papa about it?" said Lucien, indignantly.

"Ah, Lord, honey!" exclaimed Crazy Sue, "yo' pa is a mighty good man, an' a mighty good doctor, but he ain't got no medicine w'at could 'a' kyored me an' my marster."

In a little while Daddy Jake put in an appearance, and the children soon forgot Crazy Sue's troubles, and began to think about going home.

"Daddy Jake," said Lucien, "when are you going to take us back home?"

"I want to go right now," said Lillian.

Daddy Jake scratched his head and thought the matter over.

"Dey ain't no use talkin'," said he, "I got ter carry you back an' set you down in sight er de house, but how I gwine do it an' not git kotched? Dat w'at troublin' me."

"Why, Papa ain't mad," said Lucien. "I heard him tell that mean old overseer he had a great mind to take his buggy whip to him for hitting you."

"Ain't dat man dead?" exclaimed Daddy Jake in amazement.

"No, he ain't," said Lucien. "Papa drove him off the place."

"Well, I be blest!" said the old man with a chuckle. "W'at kinder head you reckon dat w'ite man got?—Honey," he went on, growing serious again, "is you *sholy sho* dat man ain't dead?"

"Did n't I see him after you went away? Did n't I hear Papa tell him to go away? Did n't

I hear Papa tell Mamma he wished you had broken his neck? Did n't I hear Papa tell Mamma that you were a fool for running away?" Lucien flung these questions at Daddy Jake with an emphasis that left nothing to be desired.

"Well," said Daddy Jake, "dat mus' be so, an' dat bein' de case, we 'll des start in de mornin' an' git home ter supper. We 'll go over yander ter Marse Meredy Ingram's an' borry his carriage an' go home in style. I boun' you, dey 'll all be glad to see us."

Daddy Jake was happy once more. A great burden had been taken from his mind. The other negroes when they came in toward night seemed to be happy, too, because the old man could go back home; and there was not one but would have swapped places with him. Randall was the last to come, and he brought a big fat chicken.

"I wuz comin' 'long cross de woods des now," he said, winking his eye and shaking his head at Daddy Jake, "an', bless gracious, dis chicken flew'd right in my han'. I say ter myse'f, I did, 'Ole lady, you mus' know we got comp'ny at our house,' an' den I clamped down on 'er, an' yer she is. Now, 'bout dark, I 'll take 'er up yander an' make Marse Ingram's cook fry 'er brown fer deze chillun, an' I 'll make 'er gimme some milk."

Crazy Sue took the chicken, which had already been killed, wet its feathers thoroughly, rolled it around in the hot embers, and then proceeded to pick and clean it.

Randall's programme was carried out to the letter. Mr. Meredith Ingram's cook fried the chicken for him and put in some hot biscuit for good measure, and the milker gave him some fresh milk, which she said would not be missed.

The children had a good supper, and they would have gone to sleep directly afterward, but the thought of going home with Daddy Jake kept them awake. Randall managed to tell Daddy Jake, out of hearing of the children, that Dr. Gaston and some of his negroes had been seen at Ross's mill that morning.

"Well," said Daddy Jake, "I bleeze ter beat marster home. Ef he go back dar widout de chillun, my mistiss 'll drap right dead on de flo'." This was his only comment.

Around the fire the negroes laughed and joked, and told their adventures. Lillian felt comfortable and happy, and as for Lucien, he felt himself a hero. He had found Daddy Jake, and now he was going to carry him back home.

Once when there was a lull in the talk, Lillian asked why the frogs made so much fuss.

"I speck it 's kaze dey er mad wid Mr. Rabbit," said Crazy Sue. "Dey er tryin' der best ter drive 'im outen de swamp."

"What are they mad with the Rabbit for?" asked Lucien, thinking there might be a story in the explanation.

"Hit 's one er dem ole-time fusses," said Crazy Sue. "Hit 's most too ole ter talk about."

"Don't you know what the fuss was about?" asked Lucien.

"Well," said Crazy Sue, "one time Mr. Rabbit an' Mr. Coon live close ter one anudder in de same neighborhoods. How dey does now, I ain't a-tellin' you; but in dem times dey want no hard feelin's 'twix' um. Dey des went 'long like two ole cronies. Mr. Rabbit, he wuz a fisherman, and Mr. Coon, he wuz a fisherman —"

"And put 'em in pens," said Lillian, remembering an old rhyme she had heard.

"No, honey, dey ain't no William-Come-Trimbletoe in dis. Mr. Rabbit an' Mr. Coon wuz bofe fishermans, but Mr. Rabbit, he kotch fish, an' Mr. Coon, he fished fer frogs. Mr. Rabbit, he had mighty good luck, an' Mr. Coon, he had mighty bad luck. Mr. Rabbit, he got fat an' slick, an' Mr. Coon, he got po' an' sick.

"Hit went on dis a-way tell one day Mr. Coon meet Mr. Rabbit in de big road. Dey shook han's dey did, an' den Mr. Coon, he 'low:

"'Brer Rabbit, whar you git sech a fine chance er fish?"

"Mr. Rabbit laugh an' say: 'I kotch um outen de river, Brer Coon. All I got ter do is ter bait my hook,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Coon shake his head an' 'low: 'Den how come I ain't kin ketch no frogs?"

"Mr. Rabbit sat down in de road an' scratched fer fleas, an' den he 'low: 'Hit 's kaze you done make um all mad, Brer Coon. One time in de dark er de moon, you slipped down ter de branch an' kotch de ole King Frog; an' ever sence dat time, wenever you er passin' by, you kin year um sing out, fus' one an' den anudder — *Yer he come! Dar he goes! Hit 'im in de eye; hit 'im in de eye! Mash 'im an' smash 'im; mash 'im an' smash 'im!* Yasser, dat w'at dey say. I year um constant, Brer Coon, and dat des w'at dey say.'

"Den Mr. Coon up an' say: 'Ef dat de way dey gwine on, how de name er goodness kin I ketch um, Brer Rabbit? I bleeze ter have sump'n ter eat fer me an' my fambly connection.'

"Mr. Rabbit sorter grin in de cornder er his mouf, an' den he say: 'Well, Brer Coon, bein' ez you bin so sociable 'long wid me, an' ain't never showed yo' toofies w'en I pull yo' tail, I'll des whirl in an' he'p you out.'

"Mr. Coon, he say: 'Thanky, thanky-do, Brer Rabbit.'

"Mr. Rabbit hung his fish on a tree lim', an'

say: 'Now, Brer Coon, you bleeze ter do des like I tell you.'

"Mr. Coon 'lowed dat he would ef de Lord spared 'im.

"Den Mr. Rabbit say: 'Now, Brer Coon, you des rack down yander, an' git on de big san'-bar 'twix' de river and de branch. W'en you git dar you mus' stagger like you sick, an' den you mus' whirl roun' an' roun' an' drap down like you dead. Atter you drap down, you mus' sorter jerk yo' legs once er twice, an' den you mus' lay right still. Ef fly light on yo' nose, let 'im stay dar. Don't move; don't wink yo' eye; don't switch yo' tail. Des lay right dar, an' 't won't be long 'fo' you year fum me. Yit don't you move till I give de word.'

"Mr. Coon, he paced off, he did, an' done des like Mr. Rabbit tol' 'im. He staggered 'roun' on de san'-bank, an' den he drapped down dead. Atter so long a time, Mr. Rabbit come lopin' 'long, an' soon 's he git dar, he squall out, 'Coon dead!' Dis roused de frogs, an' dey stuck dey heads up fer ter see w'at all de rippit wuz 'bout. One great big green un up an' holler, *W'at de matter? W'at de matter?* He talk like he got a bad col'.

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Coon dead!'

"Frog say: *Don't believe it! Don't believe it!*

"N'er frog say: *Yes, he is! Yes, he is!* Little bit er one say: *No, he ain't! No, he ain't!*

"Dey kep' on 'sputin' an' 'sputin', tell bimeby hit look like all de frogs in de neighborhoods wuz dar. Mr. Rabbit look like he ain't a-yearin' ner a-keerin' w'at dey do er say. He sot dar in de san' like he gwine in mournin' fer Mr. Coon. De Frogs kep' gittin' closer an' closer. Mr. Coon, he ain't move. W'en a fly 'd git on 'im, Mr. Rabbit, he 'd bresh 'im off.

"Bimeby he 'low: 'Ef you want ter git 'im outen de way, now 's yo' time, Cousin Frogs. Des whirl in an' bury him deep in de san'.'

"Big ole Frog say: *How we gwine ter do it? How we gwine ter do it?*

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Dig de san' out fum under 'im an' let 'im down in de hole.'

"Den de Frogs dey went ter work sho nuff. Dey mus' 'a' bin a hunderd un um, an' dey make dat san' fly, mon. Mr. Coon, he ain't move. De Frogs, dey dig an' scratch in de san' tell atter while dey had a right smart hole, an' Mr. Coon wuz down in dar.

"Bimeby big Frog holler: *Dis deep nuff? Dis deep nuff?*

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Kin you jump out?'

"Big Frog say: *Yes, I kin! Yes, I kin!*

"Mr. Rabbit say: 'Den 't ain't deep nuff.'

"Den de Frogs dey dig an' dey dig, tell, bimeby, big Frog say: *Dis deep nuff? Dis deep nuff?*

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Kin you jump out?'

"Big Frog say: *I des kin! I des kin!*
 "Mr. Rabbit say: 'Dig it deeper.'



Ke-ble.
 1911

"MR. RABBIT SQUALL OUT, 'COON DEAD!'"

"De Frogs keep on diggin' tell, bimeby, big Frog holler out: *Dis deep nuff? Dis deep nuff?*

"Mr. Rabbit 'low: 'Kin you jump out?'"

"Big Frog say: *No, I can't! No, I can't! Come he'p me! Come he'p me!*

"Mr. Rabbit bust out laughin', and holler out:

"'RISE UP, SANDY, AN' GIT YO' MEAT!' an' Mr. Coon riz."

Lucien and Lillian laughed heartily at this queer story, especially the curious imitation of frogs both big and little that Crazy Sue gave. Lucien wanted her to tell more stories, but Daddy Jake said it was bedtime; and the children were soon sound asleep.

The next morning Daddy Jake had them up betimes. Crazy Sue took Lillian in her arms, and Daddy Jake took Lucien on his back. As they had gone into the cane-brake, so they came out. Randall and some of the other negroes wanted to carry Lillian, but Crazy Sue would n't listen to them. She had brought the little girl in, she said, and she was going to carry her out. Daddy Jake, followed by Crazy Sue, went in the direction of Mr. Meredith Ingram's house. It was on a hill, more

than a mile from the river, and was in a grove of oak-trees. As they were making their way through a plum orchard, not far from the house, Crazy Sue stopped.

"Brer Jake," she said, "dis is all de fur I 'm gwine. I 'm 'mos' too close ter dat house now. You take dis baby an' let dat little man walk. 'T ain't many steps ter whar you gwine." Crazy Sue wrung Daddy Jake's hand, stooped and kissed the children, and with a "God bless you all!" disappeared in the bushes, and none of the three ever saw her again.

Mr. Meredith Ingram was standing out in his front yard, enjoying a pipe before breakfast. He was talking to himself and laughing when Daddy Jake and the children approached.

"Howdy, Mars' Meredy," said the old negro, taking off his hat and bowing as politely as he could with the child in his arms. Mr. Ingram



"DEN DE FROGS DEY WENT TER WORK SHO NUFF."

looked at him through his spectacles and over them.

"Ain't that Gaston's Jake?" he asked, after he had examined the group.

"Yasser," said Daddy Jake, "an' deze is my marster's little chillun."

Mr. Ingram took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Why, what in the world!—Why, what under the sun!—Well, if this does n't beat—why, what in the nation!"—Mr. Ingram failed to find words to express his surprise.

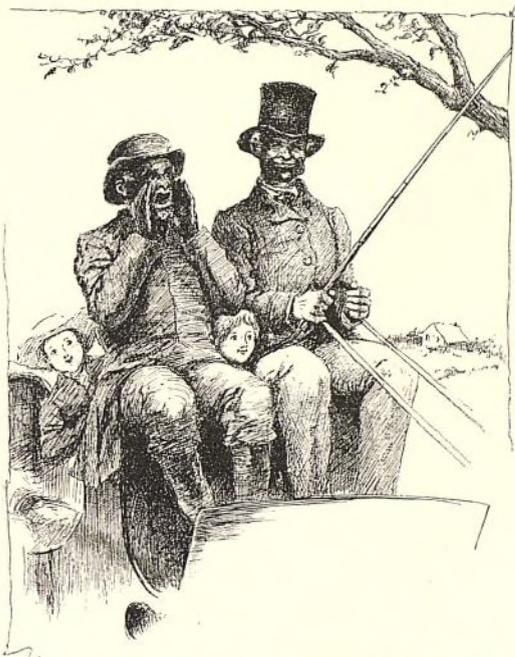
Daddy Jake, however, made haste to tell Mr. Ingram that 'the little ones had drifted down the river in a boat, that he had found them, and wished to get them home just as quickly as he could.

"My marster bin huntin' fer um, suh," said the old negro, "and I want ter beat him home, kaze ef he go dar widout deze chillun my mistiss 'll be a dead 'oman—she cert'n'y will, suh."

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Ingram. "If this don't beat—why, of course, I 'll send them home. I 'll go with 'em myself. Of course I will. Well, if this does n't—George! hitch up the carriage. Fetch out Ben Bolt and Rob Roy, and go and get your breakfast. Jake, you go and help him, and I 'll take these chaps in the house and warm 'em up. Come on, little ones. We 'll have something to eat and then we 'll go right home to Pappy and Mammy." They went in, Mr. Ingram muttering to himself, "Well, if this does n't beat—"

After breakfast Mr. Ingram, the children, Daddy Jake, and George, the driver, were up and away, as the fox-hunters say. Daddy Jake sat on the driver's seat with George, and urged on the horses. They traveled rapidly, and it is well they did, for when they came in sight of the Gaston place,

Daddy Jake saw his master entering the avenue that led to the house. The old negro put his



hands to his mouth and called so loudly that the horses jumped. Dr. Gaston heard him and stopped, and in a minute more had his children in his arms, and that night there was a happy family in the Gaston house. But nobody was any happier than Daddy Jake.

THE END.

A SAD REASON FOR TEARS.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

THERE sat a silly little lass
 Upon a bed of posies,
 Her tears bedewed the summer grass
 And twinkled on the roses.
 "Now, why is all this grief?" I said,
 "And all this doleful crying?"
 The maiden sadly shook her head,
 And answered, softly sighing,
 "All yesterday I wept," said she,
 "And then this morning I could see
 'T was quite without a reason;
 So now I mourn the stupid way
 In which I spent that lovely day—
 The fairest of the season!
 O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
 The fairest of the season!"

So there she sat, the silly lass,
 And nothing could content her;
 The roses and the summer grass
 No grain of comfort lent her;
 Nor any word that I could say
 Would ease her doleful crying.
 "I can but weep for yesterday,"
 She answered, sadly sighing:
 "'T was all so foolish—that I see—
 And that is not the worst," said she:
 "'T is not my greatest sorrow;
 I can not eat—I can not sleep—
 And all the day I weep, and weep—
 For fear I 'll weep to-morrow!
 O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
 I fear I 'll weep to-morrow!"

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

INDIAN PIPES.

THAT Saturday dawn, while Alvine and Mother Ursule were trudging toward Ste. Anne, Bruno Charland and the Algonquin walked the same road, but in an opposite direction. Where François found the boy, and where they bivouacked together, the Indian did not afterward tell. Bruno trod the cool road with sprightly feet, putting the Indian's moccasins to unwonted effort to keep in line with him. A glistening white hat of rough straw caricatured François's copper face. He looked as if somebody had set the hat on him in derision. But Bruno's black poll was bare, and roughened with bits of dry leaves among which he had slept.

There was a sweet odor in the air like that which comes from the gummy buds of the balm-tree, and every bird was awake up the mountain.

Bruno carried his accordion under one arm, and carefully, without jarring their delicate structure, half a dozen Indian pipes. They were very perfect, short-stemmed ones, and to keep them from turning black with decay from the warmth of his fingers he had stuck the stems in wet river-sand which he carried in a hollow piece of bark. The Indian pipe must be the rarest and most beautiful of sudden growths. It springs in a night, on high land, near beech shade. It is a flower without petals, a perfect bowl bent over on a leafless stem, mother-of-pearl in color, exquisitely clear.

As these companions stalked along, silent or speaking short occasional sentences, even François had no suspicion that between them and the rising sun a figure was toiling after them on patient moccasined feet, stopping to rest by shrines, but for the most part keeping in sight.

The Algonquin intended to spend half a day on the ten miles which lay between that part of the road and the bridge over Montmorenci river. To this end he induced Bruno to sit down by one of the running springs and eat a long breakfast with him. François had provisions in a leather bag which he carried behind his shoulders. He felt it necessary only to keep the boy in sight, and Bruno was willingly going toward the Montmorenci.

"I am going to finish running my slide there," he informed François.

"That no slide," said François. "That falls. Logs go jam—every way—knock all to pieces."

"I have to finish my slide," insisted Bruno stubbornly.

"I show you where that slide is, one these days. That slide in Ottawa. Hundred—two hundred mile—maybe more. When I go back see my old mother I show you that slide."

Bruno heard him inattentively.

"Falls, Montmorenci," repeated François.

"Did you ever go lumbering?" inquired Bruno, fixing the Indian with his eye.

"No," said François, disparagingly, "I hunt. Lumber—that work for Frenchman."

"You don't know how to drive logs," observed the boy. "Up above the gorge in Montmorenci river I have three logs fastened ready for a slide. The trees are bad up there. I dragged them so far it made my knees tremble. So I left them there, to run the slide with, another day."

"No slide at all," asserted François, vainly repeating his uneasy gutturals.

Petit-Père had seen this haunting Indian the day before, and he rose early to gather his child in from such a danger. Walking the mountain with a wallet of good bread and cream and black pudding, he saw—the only moving objects, in vapor upon the road below—Bruno's bare head and the Algonquin's straw hat, leaving home behind them; and he came down and set himself upon their track. Where the road was level he made good progress, and the descents were easy, but every hill he climbed took toll of the little father's breath, so that he had by and by to sit and pant.

He saw Bruno and Bruno's leader go up a branching mountain road to the huge brick church set there. They were gone long before he reached the spot, for Bruno's restless feet were hard to restrain. Petit-Père did not know that, however, so he climbed to the church and remained two or three hours before the altar, crying and saying his prayers, so tired and disheartened was the little father.

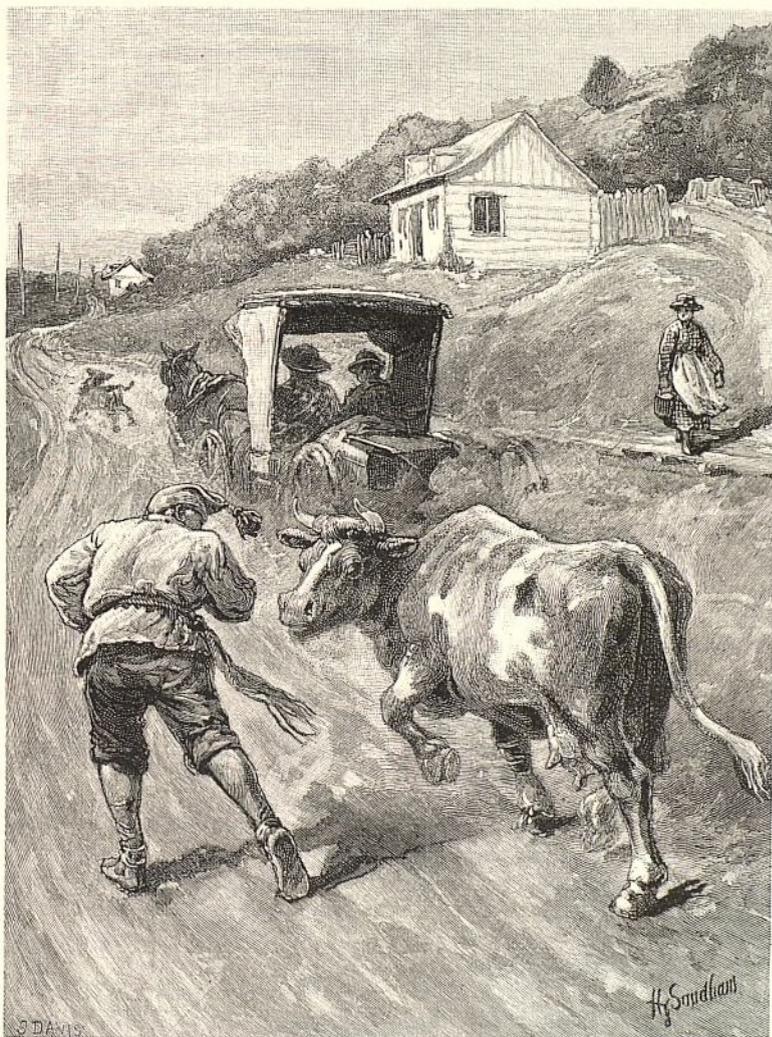
Before noon he was following them again, somewhat cheered by prayers and black pudding. Thus the day grew, and miles stretched out behind him.

He heard a castanet patter of hoofs on the road, as a calf galloped past him, followed by a gentle old horse drawing a buckboard. The buckboard had a hood-cover, under which sat a woman and boy, the latter driving. Their slim and pliant vehicle vibrated under the weight of chests and household movables. So anxious were these peo-

ple during some rods of his journey. She rolled her piteous eyes at him as she lowed.

"Yes, yes," he said to her with perfect sympathy; "I know how you feel. A young one of mine is running away from me, too."

It was a little after noon by the sun when François saw the toll-house of the Montmorenci



"I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL," SAID PETIT-PÈRE. "A YOUNG ONE OF MINE IS RUNNING AWAY FROM ME, TOO."

ple about their calf they failed to notice the aged Frenchman as they passed him. For the calf, at intervals as it ran, turned back with a reproachful countenance and lowed to its mother who trotted behind the vehicle, as afraid to pass it as the calf was. Thus separated, they moved on calling to each other.

Petit-Père's moccasin shoes kept pace with the

bridge. Bruno and he were passing one of those earthen caverns made for preserving fruit and milk, and the door stood open, showing a dusty, dark interior. François's quick eye could detect no inmate at home in the house to which it belonged, so he stopped and said to Bruno:

"No hurry. Hot day. Go in hole and sleep."

Bruno regarded the plan with disfavor.

"I am not a fox nor a bear," said he.

"Fine hole," urged François.

"I am going to the Montmorenci," said Bruno.

"Sun too hot on Indian pipes," suggested François. "Turn black. Die."

Bruno examined the treasure he carried in his hands.

"Old father not like black Indian pipes," added François.

"I wish my father had them," said the boy.

"I have carried them so far for him."

"Save in shade. Take in hole," persisted the Algonquin.

"I will take them in," decided Bruno. "But you stay outside. I don't want you in this place with me. You might step on my pipes. I'll set them down in the coolness and play 'Roule ma bou-le.'"

Accordingly he ventured into the cave, and François promptly clapped the door shut and held it by the latch. He expected to hear the boy shout and remonstrate in that thick and musty darkness, and braced himself to maintain the door, grinning as an Indian grins. But Bruno was silent for the space of a dozen breaths, when his laugh made jollity in the tight hole; and directly his accordion began, though its scope was smothered and pent.

A calf careered past, followed by a buckboard whose occupants stared suspiciously at François. A cow followed trotting, and shaking her head because of grievances, and last came a little old man, sweating into the red kerchief which bound his forehead, and he did not pass by, but stood still listening to Bruno's muffled music.

François was an ugly Algonquin to look at. From his arm-pits he towered above Petit-Père, as that small father took hold of the latch and struggled with him.

"What matter?" remonstrated François, thinking it might be the owner of the cave who attacked him. "Got nothing but boy in there. Boy not do any harm."

"It is my Narcisse!"

"No," said François, "this another boy. Man hire me to catch this boy."

"Give him up to me," said Petit-Père, ceasing to wrench at the latch, and opening his wallet of French dainties. "I will give you all of this black pudding if you will let my son out."

"No," grinned François.

"Father," said the muffled voice of Bruno within, where he listened with silenced accordion, "I have some Indian pipes for you."

"Hear my pretty dear!"

Petit-Père pressed his face to the door and called, "Narcisse, art thou hurt?"

"No, father, I came in to keep the pipes from the sun."

"Will you come out?"

"When I have finished my tune," said Bruno.

"Will he let thee out?"

Without troubling himself about that, Bruno burst into a shout of singing, and his accordion throbbed on.

The French grandfather, during this performance, negotiated. He pleaded with the grinning Algonquin, offering in turn every item of clothing on his person for the ransom of this son. He offered the undugged potatoes on the slanting hill at home, and his son Elzear's cherished pigs. So winningly did he beg, and so loud did Bruno carelessly roar in the cave, that François thought it advisable to yield before the sun had tilted as much as he wished it to tilt; and Bruno came out with the Indian pipes sticking in sand. His two sisters were among the objects erased from his mind. The tenderness which he had felt for them now set toward this stranger who persistently adopted him; and, half ashamed, he made his offering to the delighted creature.

"O Narcisse, my boy!" cried Petit-Père, "you then thought of me even while your face was turned from me! But will you come home? The Algonquins and Hurons, what can they teach my children? This Indian hath been hired to lead thee off again to the woods. Was I not a good father? Did I ever say to any of you, 'The house is crowded, and the ground will yield only potatoes and peas enough for me and Elzear and Ursule?' No. Some fathers do so, but I never could."

"But you did," asserted Bruno, struggling with his memory.

"No, Narcisse; no, Narcisse!"

The boy regarded the weeping old countenance with a wistful softening and relaxing of all his own facial muscles.

"It is nothing, father," he soothed. "Be content, be content."

"I am desolated of my children!"

"Be content, father. I will go home with thee. I will go home with thee as soon as I have run my slide."

"Wilt thou, then,— wilt thou?"

"Come on with us, father, and see me go down my slide."

Petit-Père, holding the bark tray of Indian pipes in his hands, sparkled through his tears.

"No slide to run," muttered François.

The Algonquin hung back with unhurried steps, but the two others walked on chattering, ahead of him.

As they approached the Montmorenci, he examined the road beyond it with anxious eyes. Monsieur Lavoie did not appear.

Keeping uneasy watch over Bruno, he induced the old man and the young one to sit down. The roar of the falls and war of water along the descending bed visibly affected Bruno. He turned his ear to the sound; his eye brightly measured its sweep.

The Montmorenci, though scarcely fifty feet wide, whirls through a crooked gorge and down an inclined plane—a torrent before it takes its plunge of two hundred and fifty feet from the face of the precipice. A clear brown stream, ready to sparkle—anxious, every atom, to contribute to that eternal spectacle in which water seems spiritualized and glorified.

The sun was so pleasant that Bruno stretched himself on the grass, his accordion dropping from relaxed fingers and lying where ants could travel over it. The watchful Algonquin saw Petit-Père nod over his Indian pipes. A number of empty cabs stood before the toll-house waiting for tourists who had gone down to see the falls.

When Monsieur Lavoie left Quebec with his daughter and Marcelline Charland, he rode in the largest of his vehicles—a roomy landau, which could be opened. But while they threaded narrow descending streets—better fitted to two-wheelers or horseback riders—it came into his mind that another vehicle and another assistant might be necessary for the comfortable taking of a boy more or less unsettled in wits.

"Turn away from here and go back to Buade street," he said to his coachman. "There is something more to be done."

But a flock of sheep were ahead, trotting on stones, their fleeces packed from wall to wall. A brutal drayman drove into the flock and over a lamb. Aurèle screamed.

"It would give me delight to take the carriage-whip to that fellow," said the poet, hotly.

"Papa, I am so glad you could see him."

"But every privilege has its reverse side," said her father. "Two or three days ago I could not have been so outraged through my eyes."

While drayman and shepherd threatened and shouted at each other, the sheep with their dust passed an outlet through which the landau could turn up the ascent to a street frequented by cabmen. Then the poet engaged a sturdy French driver to follow with his empty cab to the falls.

François went to the door of the toll-house to ask what time it was, and heard with relief that it was quite two o'clock. Just as he turned away he saw Monsieur Lavoie's carriages coming toward the bridge, but he also saw the aged Frenchman standing up alone, with lifted arms, shouting.

The coming party halted; they had seen Bruno Charland run over the road and leap up a bank.

Perhaps the boy, dozing, was stirred by his repeated dream. At any rate, François saw it was a fatal mistake to have left him an instant. He was already around the gorge of the Montmorenci and probably launching his wind-fallen timber for a slide.

The resources of an Indian—bold, agile, and intensely muscular when he chooses to exert his strength—were put to instant test. François did all that any man could have done.

The poet leaped from his seat and ran to help, but all was done before he reached the spot.

Bruno came down the foaming gorge,—not floating as he had fancied he would float, shouting "Roule ma bou-le," bowing under the bridge, and pausing an instant to view a world at his feet before taking that sublime plunge;—he was coming down the descending rock-bed turned over and over, spun in a whirlpool, and shot like an arrow down the flume, already a helpless and lifeless object. The three logs he had fastened together for this voyage darted ahead of him toward the falls, struck against rock and turned obliquely in their course, giving François the only instant's advantage he could have. François, holding with an Indian's grip to a rough point which he had tried to loosen and knew to be safe, leaned out with stretched arm and caught the tumbling figure as it came to that acute angle made by logs and bank. He teetered in his struggle. The screams in Monsieur Lavoie's carriage, the roar of the falls, the boiling of water up the gorge,—all buzzed in his ears like bees. He thought Bruno had him, and they should go over the falls together. But he had Bruno, and, not knowing how he did so, drew the boy out of that rushing force and dragged him up the bank. Before he had done this the logs shot on and went over like passing blots in the descending sheen of satin, shivering to splinters on the rocks below, but hiding their fragments in everlasting mist.

Bruno's accordion was left sprawling in the grass, where one of the toll-man's children afterward found it beside the Indian pipes Petit-Père dropped when he jumped up to restrain the boy. Some of them were trampled to a smear; others looked shattered like porcelain.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

THE cabmen at the toll-house came running to help Monsieur Lavoie and the Indian.

Aurèle resolutely held Marcelline against her own person, covering the child's face. Marcelline stood

still, trembling and crying in her silent way; she made no louder outcry when the poet was obliged to tell her that Bruno was lifeless, but still rained tears and shook under Aurèle's arms.

"Put him in my carriage," said Monsieur Lavoie as the bearers brought forward their load.

He got in himself and turned the cushions so Bruno could lie lengthwise of the vehicle.

"Yes, put him in a wagon," repeated the childish grandfather, following. "For he is wetter than his little father ever got, hunting him down, the rogue."

The poet placed his daughter and Marcelline in the cab he had brought with him from Quebec. He stood beside it in the irresolution which stupefies people after a shock.

"Where shall we go?" he inquired.

"Shall we not take him home with us, Papa," whispered Aurèle.

"My Aurèle, it is this little girl I ask. She should determine."

"I don't know," wept Marcelline. "Monsieur, he ought to go to Alvine. Alvine would know what to do."

"She is somewhere along the Beaupré road?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well. We will then move toward Beaupré. I do not myself know what to do — since nothing can be done."

It was Petit-Père at his elbow reaching after the young lady and her crying companion in the cab.

"Two more besides Olivier and Narcisse!" said Petit-Père, his hands quivering with eagerness. "Four of my children have I now together."

"Who is he, Papa?" inquired Aurèle in English.

"I don't know," Monsieur Lavoie replied in the same language.

"But Flavie is crying," lamented the grandfather,—"my little Flavie that was scalded and never grew well after it."

Marcelline sobbed at him over Aurèle's handkerchief, "Monsieur, I was burned."

"Little Flavie," urged Petit-Père, pushing between the wheels and using gestures and winning grimaces to fortify what he said, "the boy is well drenched, but listen to me. This is an old trick of his. He has been to see the world. He is very clever and can run slides through rapids for the amusement of it. He has told me all these things, so do not cry. For we will dry him and give him a dose of my daughter Ursule's medicine, and tomorrow he will be as well as ever."

The three gazed at this animated aged face, so jubilant over calamity. Afternoon sunshine glittered on the waiting carriages. Monsieur Lavoie's coachman, having covered Bruno with a robe,

sat immovable on his box. Tourists and people at the toll-house were making inquiries of the Algonquin.

"What is your name, father?" kindly inquired the poet, feeling comforted by the innocent presence.

"What is thy name, Olivier!" he responded in sweet derision. "Oh, you rogues. You went away with red faces, and you came back with faces red. My Olivier, and my Marie, and my Flavie."

"Do you know him at all?" murmured Aurèle to Marcelline.

"No, mademoiselle. I never saw him before. And he claims even my brother."

"Let us now go home," said the grandfather — an aged cherub in red kerchief and gray tasseled cap — to the poet, whose fire-shorn face, changed to a caricature of itself by peeling cuticle and lashless eyelids, yet responded with the complete sympathy of a poet.

"How far is it home, little father?"

"All of two leagues, Olivier, my son. I have the ache of two leagues in my limbs, for I followed Narcisse all the way."

"Is my sister there?" demanded Marcelline.

"Yes, yes, yes, Flavie. She hath been home a week."

"It must be Alvine, mademoiselle. How does she look, monsieur?"

"Do ye all forget each other?"

"Monsieur, is it a girl taller than I am?"

"Much taller, my Flavie. Thou art the only one that was scalded and checked in growing."

Bare places were left on the seats of the landau at each side of the cushions. The poet helped Petit-Père to one of these, and sat down facing him. François came to the carriage-step and received his pay.

"This has been an unfortunate appointment, François," said Monsieur Lavoie.

"Yes, monsieur. He bound to run that slide."

"I think you did all you could. If any one is to blame, it is myself."

"Ought to tied boy," said François. "Bad job."

"Do you say he intended to run these falls before you brought him here?"

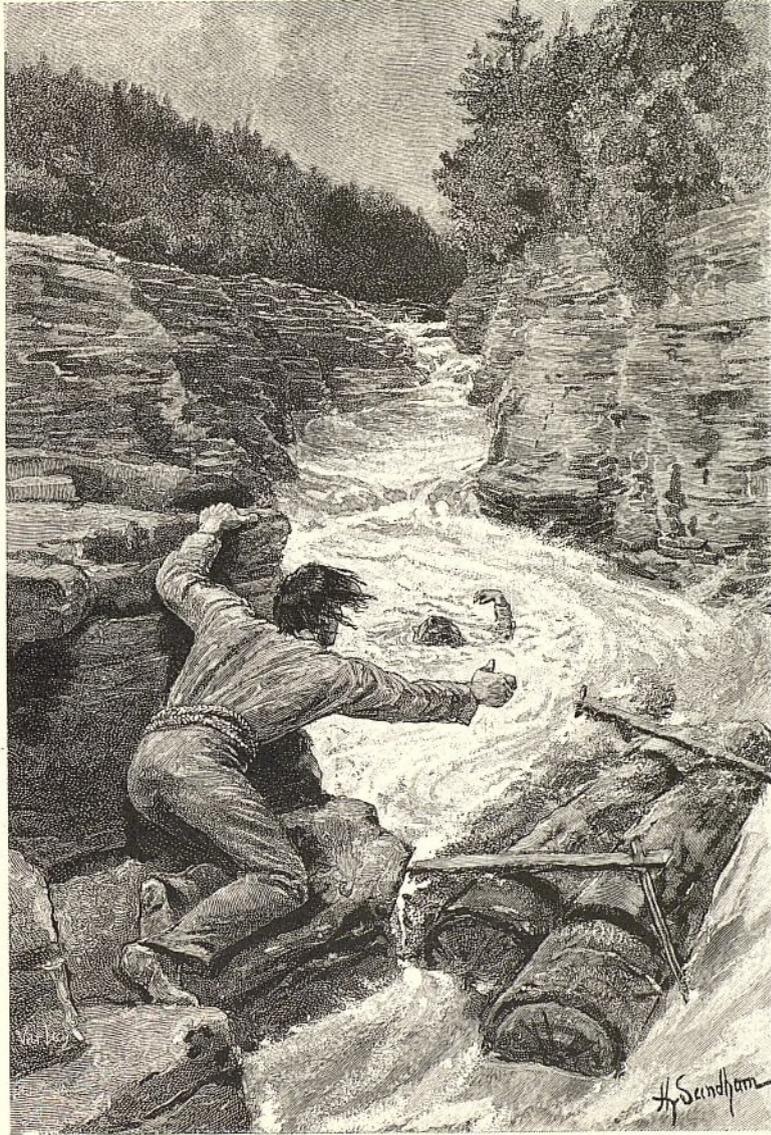
"Yes, monsieur. Had him raft made ready. Bound to make his slide some time."

"I wish I had held to Beauport church and not changed the place to Montmorenci bridge."

"That boy like the wind," pronounced François, in some excitement. "Wish I kept him in hole. But old French father came begged him off."

"Do you know him, François?"

The Algonquin glanced at Petit-Père sitting contentedly in a corner of the back seat of the



"FRANÇOIS LEANED OUT WITH STRETCHED ARM AND CAUGHT THE TUMBLING FIGURE."

carriage, as inattentive to their talk as a sleepy infant would have been.

"No, monsieur. He from up Beaupré road hunting him stray family."

"Very well, François."

The Algonquin turned to his own course, and this procession of two vehicles began to wind the curves of the Beaupré road. It was a familiar way to the poet. He had seen the far blue mountains in many moods. But this drive which he began in great sadness seemed afterward the most beautiful one of all. People in calèches and cabs, on buckboards and hay-carts, passed, all with inquir-

ing glances at the carriage turned into a litter. But the burden it carried lost all tragedy to the mind of the poet, as they proceeded on their way. Petit-Père, worn out with his long tramp, put his arm across the boy and fell asleep; both of them blameless children, one bound a little deeper in slumber than the other, but cared for quite as well. All this seemed a natural—even a wholesome—sequence to Bruno's beginnings in the world. A robin dropped one instant to stand on his covered shoulder, turning its serious head before it flew, as if trying to remember when robins had alighted on sleeping children before. Pain had probably

spared Bruno — companion of woods and mountains and water in its various forms.

The voice of the Quebec cabman was the only voice heard from either vehicle as the wheels ground softly on and on. Habit made him urge his steady horse with explosive notes, "Haut-tu, Marsdon, Marsdon!"*

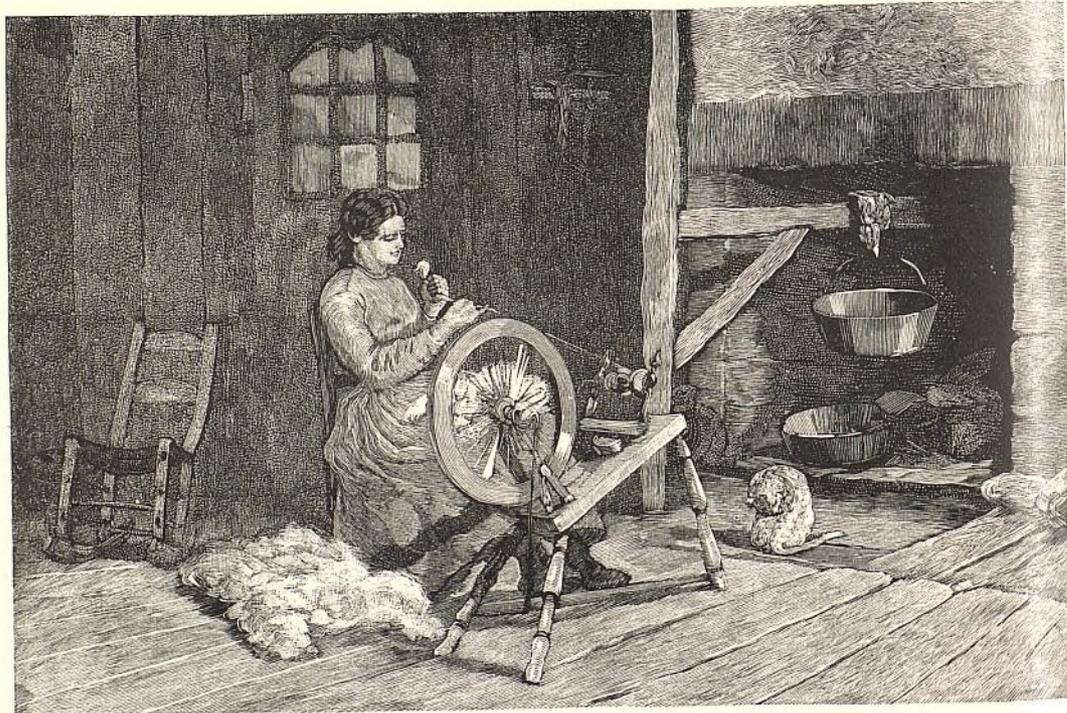
Marcelline, watching for her sister's face at every window and gate, saw none familiar.

Late in the afternoon they passed Pelletier's cottage without knowing it was their destination. The smithy was shut. The blacksmith, in great anxiety at his grandfather's long absence, had taken Gervas and gone to seek him.

As this walking company parted to give the slow carriages the right of way — "There is the little father!" exclaimed Madame Pelletier, recognizing first a gray tassel and then his whole sleeping contour.

"Si,—so!" cried Pelletier. "Monsieur," with his hand to his cap, "has he been hurt—that you have the kindness to bring my grandfather in your carriage?"

Monsieur Lavoie's reply to Pelletier was overcome by younger voices. Marcelline stumbled out of the cab to her sister. Their talk, their stormy sorrow together, and the clamor of sympathy which rose around them—none of these disturb-



SHANDLER SC.

IN THE VILLAGE OF BEAUPRÉ.

Petit-Père had settled down against the cushions, absorbed in rest.

Thus they drew nearer and nearer to the village of Beaupré itself. They could see the populous center, the church towers, and two fresh pilgrim-boats side by side making ready to pour their loads out on the dock.

People were also coming from Beaupré in such numbers as to fill the road: Mother Ursule and her husband Pelletier, who had gone quite to Ste. Anne in his vain search; Gervas behind, his head crowding against one of the twelve Pelletier children from Quebec; and Alvine, wearing like the others a pilgrimage medal pinned to her dress.

ances waked Petit-Père. He slept through the first shock which began for these two girls the common lesson of sorrow. He slept while the Pelletier children from Quebec, his relatives whom he had never seen, stood on each side of the landau, open-mouthed, dark-eyed, starred with pilgrim medals, a stupid young troop; excepting Hermenegilde the eldest, who checked their whispers and kept the imps from climbing the carriage steps. He slept while his son Elzear and his daughter Ursule made low-spoken arrangements with the poet. He slept while Hermenegilde led her flock ahead, and the carriages were turned back toward Pelletier's house.

* Perhaps a corruption of "Marchons."

By that time the dock was black with landing pilgrims. Up the long causeway from the river they started, singing, banners nodding at intervals along the line.

Now the bells of Ste. Anne burst out in welcome and response.

Petit-Père sat up in his seat. He was wide-awake, tingling with excess of consciousness, like a child when its night sleep ends. He saw the Pelletier children of Quebec walking ahead, the others on each side and behind him. A smile, so broad that it became a grin of delight, expanded his visage. Yet, with caution the forefinger of his right hand counted the fingers of his left three times and two fingers more, his eyes tallying the person each finger represented.

"Let me out!" said Petit-Père, combing his scarf to a streamer on the top step in reckless haste, and unconscious that Monsieur Lavoie pushed him from the moving wheels.

His children were all together, marching home! Two of them were crying; but our children must fret sometimes. Sorrow and joy run so close together. His watchings, and his winter-tears— they were done with.

"Cling, clang, boom! Cling, boom, boom! Cling, clang!" rejoiced the bells of Ste. Anne.

"Now I have all my children again!" cried the French grandfather, taking off his cap and shaking it as he walked backward like a drum-major at the head of the troop, his eyes wild with joy. "Ring, bells, ring! They have all come back! I have them all gathered together once more!"

"Cling, clang! Boom, boom! Cling, boom! Cling, clang!" rejoiced the bells of Ste. Anne.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THEY ARE WELL."

THE body of Bruno Charland was placed in the sloping cemetery of Ste. Anne's old chapel, not far from the grotto where pilgrims kneel and say prayers. The poet Lavoie marked his bed with a marble cross, small and slender, yet conspicuous among the black wooden and slate crosses which have leaned there from the east wind a quarter of a century. There was one French boy less among the swarming surplus who leave old hives and crowded garden-sized farms along the rivers.

His father wept over him in the Chaudière valley when the tardy news came to his knowledge, in a letter tenderly written by Aurèle Lavoie for Alvine and Marcelline. But he had been obliged to send the boy out as Abraham sent Ishmael, the customs of his people and the scantiness of his stony farm operating like a decree from which there is no appeal. Jules remained to comfort his old age.

And his other children, from whom he heard at long intervals, were moderately prospering in northern Illinois and western Ontario, in Michigan and Maine and Quebec.

That traveled Frenchman called the "Wanderer" was the influence that directed Bruno's unpaid lumber wages to the hands of his sisters; and they devoted every penny to religious purposes for Bruno's sake.

Alvine and Marcelline, living the contented and unambitious lives of their people, see each other every day: two dusky, growing, French girls chattering rapidly in that language, and having always much to say of Mademoiselle Aurèle. For Marcelline lives in the family of the poet Lavoie, a fixture like Philoménie, sometimes assistant nurse, sometimes assistant maid, and at all times an affectionate and willingly helpful inmate of the lavish house.

In July of each year, these girls will go to Beau-pré, leaving by the pilgrim-boat which departs from Quebec dock at six every morning during the season, and returning by the Beau-pré road.

Perhaps—and perhaps not—they may find Petit-Père sitting in the long gallery behind the geranium pots of his daughter Ursule. He does not wander on the hills any more, nor trouble himself with any care. If it is a bright day he basks, and if there is a rainy drizzle, sheltered by his Norman eaves he can hear the birds sing in the rain. The salt breath of the river comes to him, and the bells of Ste. Anne send their sound waves from the east. He can watch laborers at work on the new railroad which is being built out of the marsh land below Beau-pré road, to bring tourists by the thousand in a brief rush from Quebec.

"My daughter Ursule," he says every fine morning, "I will go au fort—the great fort, Quebec—to see my children to-morrow." But he has never in his life been to Quebec.

"That will be a long journey for thee, my Petit-Père," says Mother Ursule, while she knits.

"And, therefore, I will rest to-day. Since Olivier keeps an eye over the young ones, and my roving Narcisse stays with him off the hills, I am not desolated to know where they are. It is not, after all, possible to keep our children always around our knees."

"No, no, no," says his daughter.

"My children came home," muses the grandfather, shining with satisfaction. "But they would go again. They need me no longer to knit for them. They are well. I have rest now from seeking them. But to-morrow I must go to Quebec to see my children," repeats Petit-Père, white hairs slipping from his red kerchief as he turns his head to gaze at one of the fairest landscapes in the world.

THE END.



REDBREAST'S RIDE:

BY
ESTHER B. TIFFANY

S

AID Mr. Redbreast to his love,
"Do come and take a ride!
I have the prettiest little nag
In all the country-side.

"I'll sit in front and hold the whip,
And you shall sit behind."
"Perrup peree," Miss Robin said,
Which means, "You're very kind."

"Good-bye, Mamma! good-bye, Papa!
If I'm not back to tea,
Don't be alarmed, I'll be quite safe
In Redbreast's care," said she.

And so in gallant Redbreast's care
To Farmer White's she flew,
Where on the stable-roof there pranced
A charger full in view.

Then Redbreast took his seat in front,
Miss Robin perched behind,
"Perrup peree," Miss Robin said,
"I'm sure you're very kind."

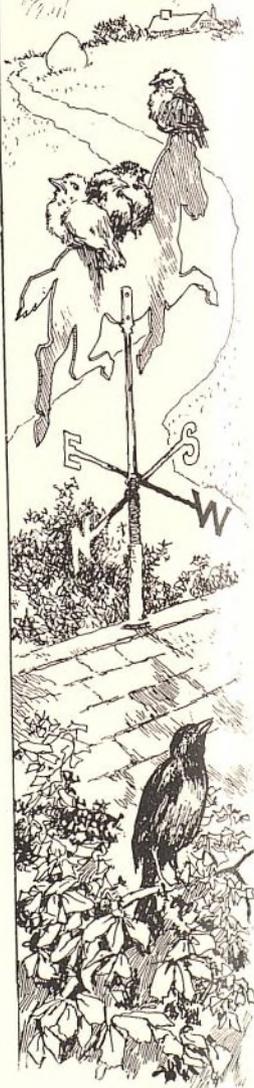
The swallows skimmed about their heads,
The oriole and jay
Sailed singing round the happy pair,
"How fast we go!" said they.

"A last spring's nest," fond Redbreast trilled,
"I've taken for this year.
The slight repairing that it needs
Won't make the rent too dear.

"A shaving here, some horse-hair there,
And now and then a twig,
Together with a little mud,
Will make it neat and trig.

"It's half-way up a cedar-tree;
No pussy lives near by.
A cherry-orchard's close at hand.
Can you make cherry-pie?

"And, best of all, this pretty nag
Is just across the way.
I need a little housekeeper.
Miss Robin — don't say nay!"



You should have seen bold Redbreast then, and how he cocked his head,
And how his manly bosom swelled beneath his waistcoat red.

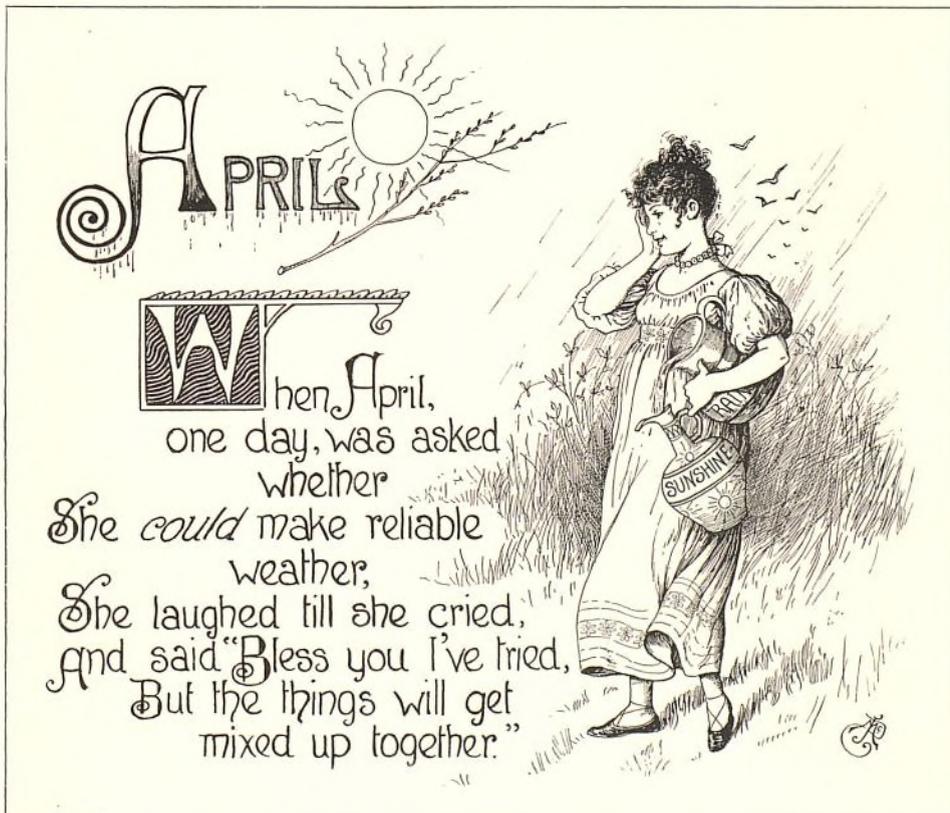
You should have heard Miss Robin then. "Peree perrup," said she,
"Peree perro," which means, "With joy I'll share your cedar-tree!"

But when some sunny weeks were past, you would have seen, indeed,
Four chubby little robins perched upon the prancing steed.

Near by were Redbreast Ma and Pa,— Mamma with anxious mind.
"Cling tight, my little dears," she warned, "and don't fall off behind."

"I've always heard from Dr. Wren, and he is wondrous wise,
There's nothing better for the young than horseback exercise."

Piped up the little Robins then, upon the prancing steed,
"We quite agree with Dr. Wren, he's very wise indeed!"



A Lost Opportunity



by

TUDOR

JENKS

MY BIOGRAPHER, if I should ever have any, would say in his first chapter: "From boyhood he evinced an aptitude for the Natural Sciences. He was seldom without a magnifying-glass in his pocket, and put it to most excellent use in familiarizing himself with those exquisite details of Mother Nature's handiwork which are sure to escape the mere casual observer." And in a later part of the same future rival to "Boswell's Johnson" will probably be seen these words: "In later life we see the traits of his boyhood deepened and broadened. The magnifying-glass of his school-boy days has become the large and costly binocular microscope surrounded by all the apparatus which the cunning workers in metals know so well how to produce in limitless profusion for the ruin of the scientific amateur."

If such statements should be made, they will be based upon facts.

There are, however, other facts which no biographer will dare to tell, and which, therefore, I must write for myself. The following experience is one of them. Whether to my credit or to my discredit, I shall tell the plain story and leave it, with all its improbability, to your fair judgment.

Already knowing my taste for the use of the microscope, you can understand the following letter without further introduction:

"AMAGANSETT, L. I., Aug. 5.

"DEAR PHILIP: I suppose the thermometers in the city are the only scientific instruments now studied with

any interest. Being cool enough here to be reasonably unselfish, I am willing to divert your mind from the thermometer to the microscope.

"I inclose what seems to my prosaic mind a pebble. It was picked up on the beach and playfully thrown by me at our 'Professor.' He, of course accidentally, caught it. After an examination, he declared that it differed from anything he had ever seen: that it was neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral. In short, he knows that he does n't know what it is, and therefore says (speaking in true scientific vein)—'Although of indeterminate nature, certain fusiform bosses, in conjunction with a general spheroidal tendency, seem strong *a priori* indications of aërolitic flight through our own atmosphere, or other gaseous medium of similar density'! I make no comments. So bring out your microscope and let us know what it is. If you should come and join us you would find little but sand and salt-water; but then there is plenty of each. Sincerely yours,

CARROLL MATHERS."

He inclosed a small rounded object wrapped in tissue-paper. It was light blue in color and a trifle smaller than a hazel-nut. The surface seemed, as the Professor hinted, to have been somewhat melted. It certainly had claims to be considered a curiosity.

That evening, after dinner, I took out my microscope, and after carefully cleaning the pebble, I examined the surface under a strong condenser, but thereby simply magnified the irregularities. "I shall have to cut it in two," I said to myself. It was very hard, and I succeeded only after some effort. I cut it through a little away from the center, and so divided it almost into halves. Ex-

aming the flat surfaces, I found a small dark spot in the center of one of them.

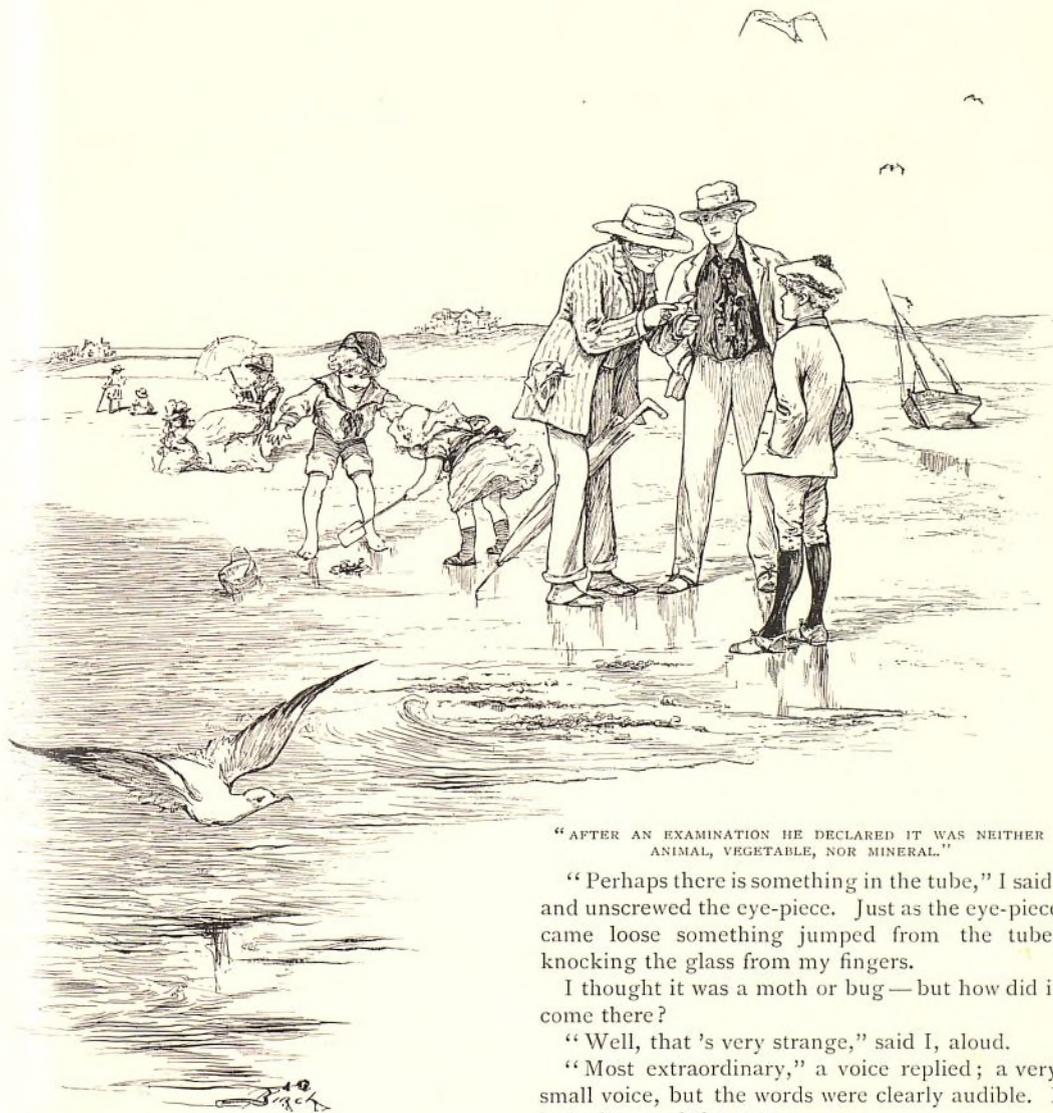
"I thought so!" I exclaimed triumphantly; "I will now cut off a section and shall undoubtedly find a petrified insect—perhaps of an extinct species!"

I sawed away the rounded side and, when I could see that the dark spot was nearer the surface, polished the section down with oil and emery-paper until I had obtained a thin disk with a dark spot in the middle.

itself and seemed about to assume the appearance of an insect—when, just at the point where I had expected it to be plainly visible, it suddenly disappeared, leaving a hole in the disk through which the light streamed! I was perplexed and gazed stupidly. The light seemed suddenly to flicker and then was shut off altogether.

I inspected the instrument carefully, but all seemed to be in perfect order.

I picked up the disk. There certainly was a hole through it.



"AFTER AN EXAMINATION HE DECLARED IT WAS NEITHER ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, NOR MINERAL."

"Perhaps there is something in the tube," I said, and unscrewed the eye-piece. Just as the eye-piece came loose something jumped from the tube, knocking the glass from my fingers.

I thought it was a moth or bug—but how did it come there?

"Well, that 's very strange," said I, aloud.

"Most extraordinary," a voice replied; a very small voice, but the words were clearly audible. I looked around the room.

"Don't trouble yourself to search. I am not afraid. I'm right here on the table!"

I faced the table again and discovered that what I

It was now ready for the microscope. The focus was carefully found by slowly turning the fine-adjustment screw. The spot gradually defined

had supposed to be a bug was, apparently, a man; and a very commonplace, quiet, and gentlemanly man, not at all remarkable, except for the fact that he was only about three inches tall. When I saw him he was straightening out his odd little hat, which had in some way become slightly crushed.

This seemed to mollify him, for he replied, with a smile, "It is a strange sensation to hear one's self styled a *lusus naturæ*, but I can not in justice complain, as I was about to apply the same term to yourself; and you certainly are colossally enormous — prodigious! I trust, however, that I have controlled my curiosity, and have accorded you such treatment as is due a gentleman—even on the very largest scale!"

He paused and gazed upon me with undisguised amazement.

"How did you get here?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"I should be delighted to know," he answered, with evident sincerity. "It may be I can tell you, when you are good enough to begin by letting me know where I am."

"Nothing easier," I said. "This is my room."

"A valuable piece of information," he said, with some sarcasm, "and the apartment appears to be comfortable and rather well arranged—with exceptions. I see you cling to antiquated styles."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it."

"Why," he said, seeing I did not understand, "you light the room with coal-gas, as the ancients did. You still use the mechanical clock instead of the vocable chronophotometer; your furniture is, I see, of wood, instead of coherent alcyite, while—but I do not object to the effect—it is delightfully archaic in tone!"

"I really don't follow you," I replied, somewhat piqued, "but you might remember that, archaic or not, this room is my own, and your criticism upon it is as gratuitous as your presence in it!"

I admit that this was not precisely courteous, but his manner was very supercilious and provoked me.

"Why did you bring me here? I am sure I did n't request it," he angrily retorted.

"My atomic friend," I said, impressively, "who or what you are, I neither know nor care. But kindly bear in mind this fact: I did *not* bring you here. I don't ask you to stay here,—whenever you wish to go, I can bear your departure without a pang. Nevertheless, so long as you remain I shall expect you to behave in a gentlemanly man-



My eyes at times deceive me somewhat, as my microscope work has made them sensitive. So I stooped to take a closer view of my visitor.

He appeared to be startled, and cried:

"Keep off! Do you mean to eat me? Beware! Giant though you be, I can defend myself!"

"Eat you!" I answered, laughing. "I am not a cannibal, even on a *very* small scale! And I have just dined. It was but curiosity. What in the world are you?"

"Curiosity, indeed!" he replied. "What in the world are *you*?" and he mimicked my tone to perfection.

I saw that he stood upon his dignity, and thought it best to humor him.

"You must pardon me," I began, "if my surprise on seeing a gentleman of your small presence caused me for the moment to forget the respect due to a stranger. But you yourself will not deny that the sight of such a mere atomy—a *lusus naturæ*, if I may be allowed the expression—would tend to excite curiosity rather than to remind one of the demands of courtesy."

ner!" Here I thumped upon the table, and he fell over. He recovered nimbly and, drawing himself up to his full three inches, replied with the greatest dignity:

"My colossal acquaintance, there is one fact you must kindly bear in *your* mind: Who or what you are is of little or no importance to me. How I came here, I know no more than yourself. Suffice it to say, I did not come of my own accord; and, from my experience so far,"—here he paused and glanced scornfully about him,—"I have no desire to prolong my stay. But while I *do* stay I shall insist upon all proper courtesy and all due respect!"

His dignity was so absurdly out of keeping with his size that I could not refrain from a burst of laughter, and I became better-natured at once.

"Well," I replied, when I had recovered my composure, "now that we have come to an understanding, tell me quietly, in a friendly way, as one gentleman to another, something about yourself. If you will allow me the question, where do you live? Were you born a dwarf, or——"

"Born a dwarf!" he broke in angrily, "born a dwarf! You great, coarse, overgrown giant—what do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean?" It was too absurd. "You ridiculous diamond-edition of humanity, what do you suppose I mean? I have always heard that dwarfs were sensitive; but, really, when one is only about half the size of a respectable jack-knife——"

"And I," he broke in again, "have always heard that giants were invariably thick-witted and rude; but I *did* suppose that any human being, even if he were as tall as the tallest trees and had a voice like a clap of thunder (which is far from agreeable to your hearers, by the way), might be sensible enough to——"

"So you think," said I, interrupting him, "that I am as large as the tallest trees?"

"Certainly," he said, with perfect seriousness.

I thought it worth while to convince him of his error, and therefore invited him to step to the window, against which the table stood. He did so, and, upon looking out, threw up his arms in sheer amazement.

"It is a land of giants!" he said, slowly and in an awe-struck tone.

"Ah!" I remarked quietly, pleased with my little object-lesson, "you now see how much smaller you are than ordinary men."

"Ordinary men," he repeated very slowly and with an absent expression. "What then can he think me?"

He stood in silence, with his hands clasped behind him, and appeared to be deep in thought.

When he spoke again it was with an entire change of manner.

"Am I to understand you, sir, that all the men, women, and children known to you are proportionately as large as yourself, and that everything is on the same gigantic scale?"

"It is exactly so," I replied seriously.

"And may I ask you to believe that I have never seen anything or anybody except upon the smaller scale which you can see exemplified in me? Did you never see any one of my size before, nor hear of us?"

"Never! except in fairy stories," I said frankly, for now he seemed to be really a very sensible little man.

"This is not a question of fairy tales, nor of joking!" he said, with great solemnity. "We are in the very midst of some great mystery. I must belong to a different race of beings—for I never heard, read, or dreamed of such enormous people. Where I live, all are like myself!"

This seemed incredible, but finally I asked, "And where do you live?"

"I live," he answered, "in the twenty-first range of precinct forty, Telmer Municipal, Waver, Forolaria; and by profession I am an Official Arranger."

"You are very exact," I said, with mock admiration.

"And where do you live?" he inquired.

"This is my home," I said; "the Alfresco, Madison street, New York City."

"Thank you," said he, with sarcastic gratitude. "I am as wise as before!"

"You know as much of my residence as I of yours!" I answered sharply.

"You can not be ignorant of Telmer?" he asked, raising his eyebrows in surprise at my ignorance.

"You surely know New York City?" I rejoined, in the same manner. "The largest city in the United States!"

"United States," he repeated, "and what are those—who united them?"

"Perhaps a history would give you the clearest information," I suggested.

"I think it might, if I had the time," he replied soberly, as he drew from his pocket what I supposed to be a watch; but it was too small to be clearly distinguishable. He pressed it in his hand, and I heard a sound or voice clearly enunciating: "Thirty-four degrees after the eighteenth." Before I could say a word he resumed, "It is too late tonight; perhaps you will save my time by telling me the substance of it?"

"Flattered, I'm sure." I felt as if I was again in school; but after a moment's reflection I cleared my throat and began:

"The Kingdom of England ——"

"The what?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"The Kingdom of England—where the English live ——"

"What are the English?"

"Oh, come," said I, laughing, "you are talking English! We are both talking English!"

"Well, well," he said; "I was thinking a while ago how it could be that you were able to speak good Forolarian," and he burst out laughing. Then suddenly ceasing he went on, "But if we begin on the mysteries we shall never get to the invited states. Pray go on."

"These English, you see, colonized a portion of America ——"

"A portion of America—that is the name of a place?"

"Oh, what is the use!" I broke off angrily. "If I define every word I use, I shall never reach a conclusion. If you would like to pursue the subject further, my library is at your service."

"Thank you," he replied, with dignity; "perhaps I could glean some information from *that* source." I made no reply.

Presently, seeing that he wandered about the table in rather an aimless way, I asked, "Can I be of service?"

"If you could suggest some method of reaching the floor ——"

I offered him the ruler. He seated himself cautiously upon it, and I lowered him gently to the floor.

"Quite a walk to the book-case!" was his next observation. I had n't thought of it, but proffered my services once more.

"A matter of indifference to me, sir," he replied, with a mite of a bow.

"Equally one to me," I replied, with a bow in return. I was resolved that he should do some thinking for himself.

"Let us say the lowest, then"; and he glanced at the upper shelves, perhaps calculating the possible result of a misstep.

I left him on the lowest shelf, returning to the table to put away the microscope. A slight cough drew my attention to the book-case.

"I admire the bindings," said the little fellow, as he paced to and fro along the shelf.

"I am gratified by your approval," was my indifferent reply.

"Particularly this one," he went on. "Let me see," he leaned far backward, and with much difficulty read the title: "'The Works of Sha-ke-speare.' I should like to read them."

"Very well," I answered politely.

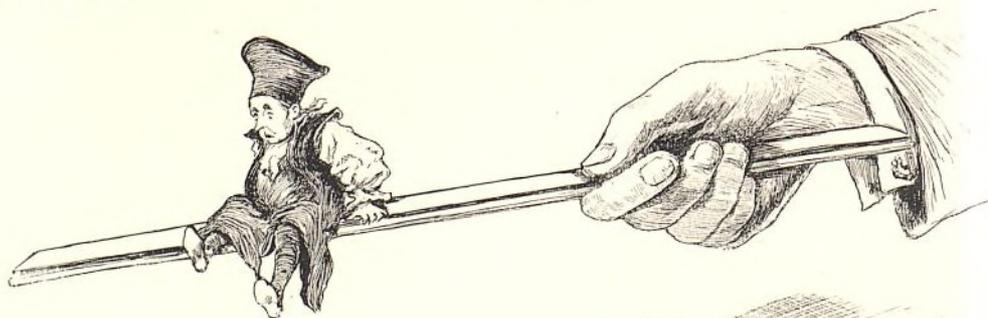
"Much obliged," said he fiercely. "Please lend me an electric derrick!"

"Pardon my stupidity—let me take it down for you." I stepped to the book-case, laid the book upon the floor, and returned to my work. A silence then ensued, which lasted so long that I looked up to see how he was progressing.

He was sitting on the shelf with his tiny legs hanging despairingly over a gulf of some six inches between himself and the floor. He was afraid to jump and ashamed to ask help. Catching my eye, he laughed and said:

"I am rather out of training just now, and not fond of jumping!"

"Say no more!" I lifted him to the floor, and



"I LOWERED HIM GENTLY TO THE FLOOR."

"Which shelf would you prefer?" I asked, as respectfully as possible, for certainly it was not an ordinary question.

turned away; but only to be recalled by a faint ejaculation. His mishaps were truly ingenious. He was caught beneath the cover of the book.

"My foot slipped," he explained with some confusion; "but if it had n't, I believe I could have opened the book all by myself!"

"I will not leave you, now, until everything is in proper order," I replied; for it occurred to me that to have any accident happen to him might be a very perplexing thing. Opening the book, I picked him up gingerly between my fingers, first asking pardon for the liberty, and deposited him softly upon the first page of "The Tempest."

"Are you all right now?" I inquired, to make sure.

"I believe so," said he, as he began to read—running to and fro upon the page. However, I sat down near by and watched him, fearing some new difficulty. He read with much interest, and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, except when he came to the turning of a page. That was a nuisance indeed, as he had to turn up one edge, crawl over it, and then lift the page over.

"Have n't you a smaller edition of this fellow's writings?" he asked, somewhat exhausted by his efforts. "This is like reading sign-boards!"

"No," I replied shortly, "but if it tires you, you can read something else."

"But," said he, with some enthusiasm, "this is really quite good. It's equal to some of Wacoth's earlier and cruder work! It shows

a talent that would well repay cultivation!"

"Yes, it *is* very fair," I replied, quietly; "Shakespeare certainly has produced some creditable plays—at least, we think so."

"I should like to have known him," went on my undisturbed visitor. "I think we would have been congenial. Don't you think so?"

I paid no attention to this. What could I say?

"We consider him one of the best writers in the language," I said, finally.

"I would like to hear about them," he said.

I pretended not to understand this hint: but he

waited very patiently and returned my gaze with quiet expectation.

"Now, look here," said I, calmly weighing my words, "I have, at present, other occupations

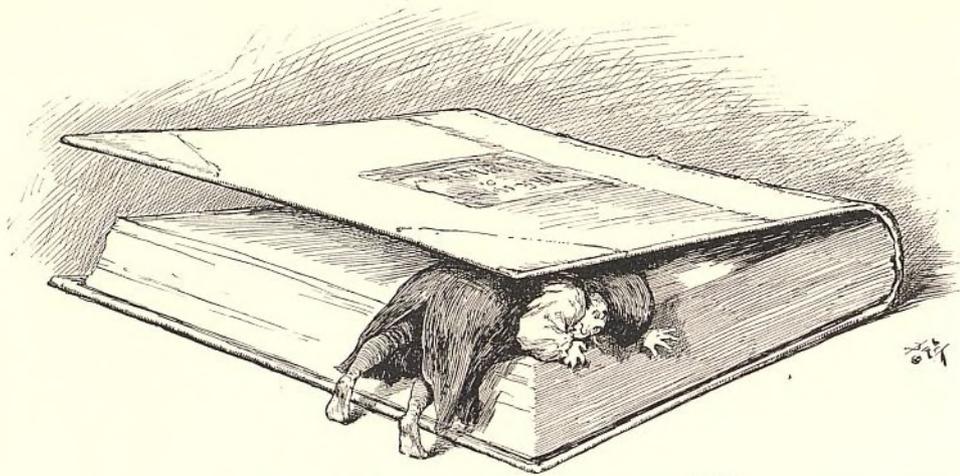


"I ADMIRE THE BINDINGS," SAID THE LITTLE FELLOW, AS HE PACED TO AND FRO ALONG THE SHELF."

which, I regret to say,—this was sarcastic,—“prevent me from undertaking to give you a really thorough course in English literature. I might be more inclined to do so if I had something to begin on. Have you ever heard of Homer?”

"Yes," he answered eagerly, "my father has a cousin of that name—Homer Woggs!"

"I can not believe it is the same man," said I, soberly. He seemed much disappointed. "At all events," I went on, "you can not fail to see the folly of expecting me to explain to you all the events which have taken place since the world



"HE WAS CAUGHT BENEATH THE COVER OF THE BOOK."

began. I finished school some years ago, and have no desire to review the whole curriculum."

I turned resolutely away and left him to his own devices. I worked quietly for a few moments, only to be interrupted by a "Whew!"

"What 's the matter now?" I asked, irritably.

"I'm tired of lugging over these pages!"

"Well, don't do it. Sit down. Repose."

"But I'm interested in the play!"

"I could, but I won't," I replied, rudely enough; but I was provoked at his impudence.

"You are very obliging," he said, sneeringly.

I made no reply. After a pause he made a suggestion.

"Although determined not to aid me to an occupation, perhaps you will not object to my sitting by and seeing what you are doing?"

I could not refuse so reasonable a request. I raised him to the table and gave him a paper-weight to sit upon.

He quietly watched me until I began to unscrew the glasses from my microscope, when he said carelessly: "I myself am a microscopic amateur!"

"It is an interesting subject," I replied.

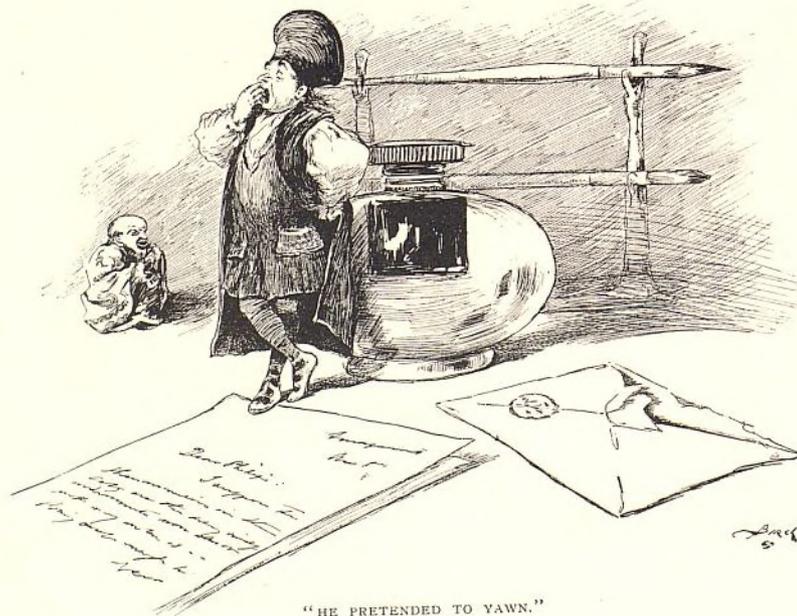
"Yes. My success with the Mincroft glass was remarkable."

"The Mincroft glass. — I do not know it, — what is its nature?" I asked, with some natural curiosity.

"Why, the composite lens invented by Mincroft, which enables one to see the whole of a large object at

once, all parts being equally magnified — but I bore you?" He pretended to yawn.

"On the contrary," I said, eagerly, "it has



"HE PRETENDED TO YAWN."

"I'm not going to turn the pages for you."
"Could n't you read it aloud to me?" he asked, with cool assurance.

been my keenest desire to invent such an instrument. Pray describe it!"

"But it is *so* simple; any schoolboy can explain it to you," he said, with feigned indifference.

"But how can such a marvel be accomplished?" I insisted, carried away by curiosity.

"Do you really mean to say you never heard of it?" he inquired in a drawling tone, designed, I thought, to annoy me.

"Never! And I would give anything to understand it!"

He seemed amused by my eagerness, and, smiling indulgently, continued in the same tone, "Why, that is a trifle—a mere toy compared to the wonderful Angertort Tube. Now, that is what I should call an *invention!*"

"What! another discovery of which I have never heard? The Angertort Tube, did you say? When were these inventions made?"

"I believe it was during the third century, before the second great migration, but for exactness I shall have to refer you to the school-books. I never was good at dates. However, it does n't matter; these were but the first-fruits of the revival of science—when chemismicaton first superseded steam and electricity."

This was too much. "Steam and electricity superseded? They are yet in their infancy with us!"

"Oh," he replied, laughing, "you are far behind the times. We disused both as soon as we learned to control dynamic atomicity."

"You must be ages in advance of us. I beg you to explain some of these marvels to me."

"I have other occupations," said he, roguishly, "and, to my great regret, they will prevent my tutoring you in the A B C's of science. You must think me very obliging!" and he arose, put his hands in his trousers-pockets, and sauntered away across the table, whistling softly to himself.

I lost my temper.

"You cantankerous little midget, you will answer my questions or I'll send you back where you came from!"

He turned sharply upon me and exclaimed:

"You great hulking booby, do you expect me to bore myself by giving lessons in primary science to a cross-grained, disobliging fellow who will not

take the trouble to tell me who excited the states, who Shakespeare is, or to read me even one of his plays? No, sir! YOU KEEP YOUR SECRETS AND I'LL KEEP MINE. As to going back where I came from, I would be glad to rid you of my presence instantly—if only I knew how."

"I'll try it, anyhow!" I cried, so angry that I hardly knew what I said. "You came out of my microscope, and into it you shall go again!" I



caught him up, dropped him into the tube, screwed on the top, and was pleased to see the little black spot reappear in the disk. Opening the window, I threw out the disk and was amazed to see that, instead of falling, it floated away through the motionless air like a piece of thistle-down before a summer breeze. It soon left the area of light coming from my window and was lost to view.

"Aha!" I said, with deep satisfaction. "Now you can go back where you came from!"

I sat down beside my table and, as my anger cooled, began to think it all over. At first I felt great relief to be rid of the little pest, who fretted

me by his pertinacity and piqued my self-esteem by his air of superiority.

But gradually my temper cooled, and as I recovered my sane judgment I began to reflect that ordinary civility to the little manikin might have induced him to tell me enough to have secured me fame and fortune, or even to have made me a

benefactor to my whole race; and I felt bitter shame that my ill humor and foolish pride had caused me pettishly to throw away an opportunity greater than had ever been granted to any human being.

Still, he was so provoking and so altogether irritating that I am inclined to think you yourself would have done very much the same.

THE LITTLE PINE-TREE.

From the German.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

ONCE a little Pine-tree,
 In the forest ways,
 Sadly sighed and murmured,
 Thro' the summer days.
 "I am clad in needles —
 Hateful things!" — he cried;
 "All the trees about me
 Laugh in scornful pride.
 Broad their leaves and fair to see;
 Worthless needles cover me.
 "Ah, could I have chosen,
 Then, instead of these,
 Shining leaves should crown me,
 Shaming all the trees.
 Broad as theirs and brighter,
 Dazzling to behold;
 All of gleaming silver —
 Nay, of burnished gold.
 Then the rest would weep and sigh;
 None would be so fine as I."
 Slept the little Pine-tree
 When the night came down,
 While the leaves he wished for
 Budded on his crown.
 All the forest wondered,
 At the dawn, to see
 What a golden fortune
 Decked this little tree.
 Then he sang and laughed aloud;
 Glad was he and very proud.
 Foolish little Pine-tree!
 At the close of day,
 Thro' the gloomy twilight,
 Came a thief that way.
 Soon the treasure vanished;
 Sighed the Pine, "Alas!
 Would that I had chosen
 Leaves of crystal glass."
 Long and bitterly he wept,
 But with night again he slept.

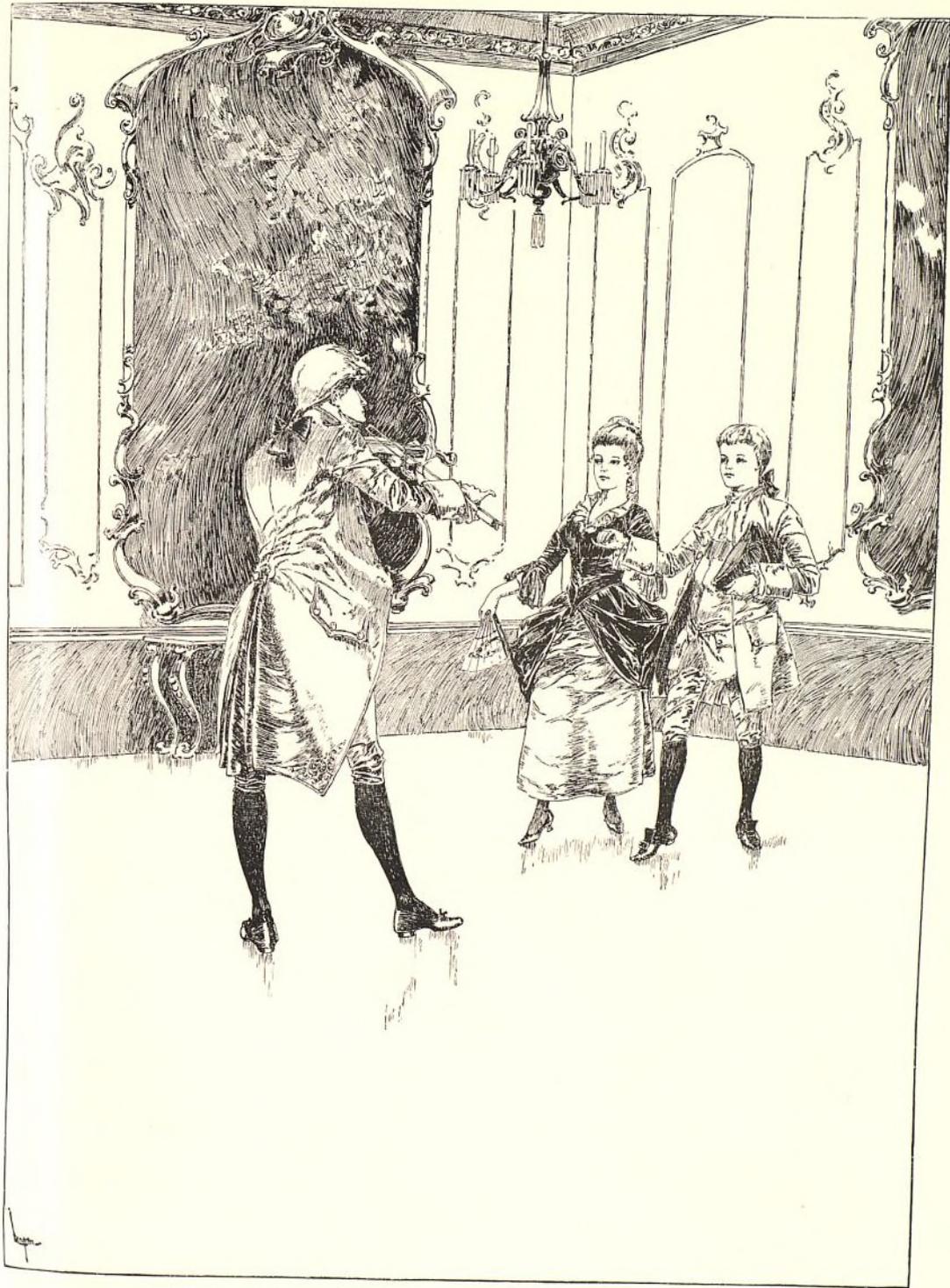
Gladly in the dawning
 Did he wake to find
 That the gentle fairies
 Had again been kind.
 How his blazing crystals
 Lit the morning air!
 Never had the forest
 Seen a sight so fair.
 Then a driving storm did pass;
 All his leaves were shattered glass.

Humbly said the Pine-tree,
 "I have learned 't is best
 Not to wish for fortunes
 Fairer than the rest.
 Glad were I, and thankful,
 If I might be seen,
 Like the trees about me,
 Clad in tender green."
 Once again he slumbered, sad;
 Once again his wish he had.

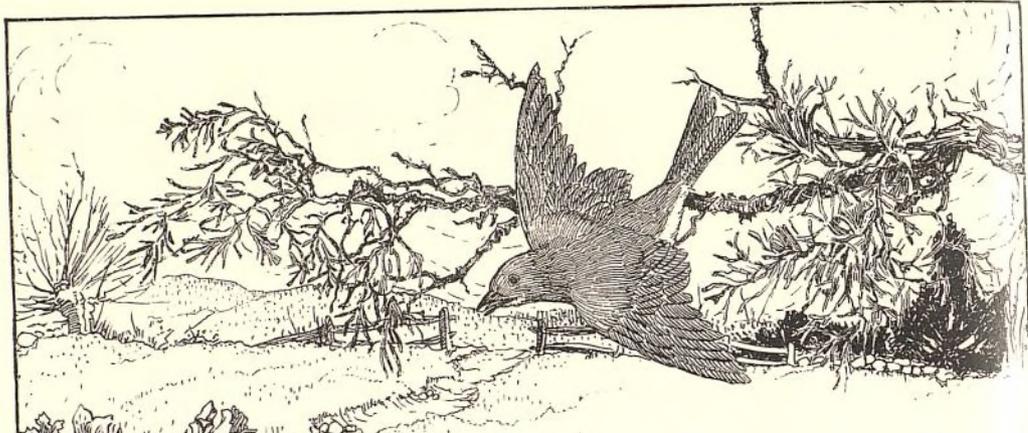
Broad his leaves and fragrant,
 Rich were they and fine,
 Till a goat at noon-day
 Halted there to dine.
 Then her kids came skipping
 Round the fated tree;
 All his leaves could scarcely
 Make a meal for three.
 Every tender bud was nipt,
 Every branch and twig was stript.

Then the wretched Pine-tree
 Cried in deep despair,
 "Would I had my needles;
 They were green and fair.
 Never would I change them,"
 Sighed the little tree;
 "Just as nature gave them
 They were the best for me."
 So he slept, and waked, and found
 All his needles safe and sound!

me
ed
ter
g.
ri-
elf



A DANCING LESSON, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



An Old Quarrel.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.



BT was one morning this last April that a blue-bird lit on my window-sill,—a *blue*-bird, not a *new* bird, understand, for we are very old friends.

He has been a neighbor of mine for years,—a part, at least, of every year for a decade,—and comes to Twig Lodge, every spring, as regularly as possible.

"Well, friend, how are you? Welcome to Virginia again! When did you leave the South?" I said in greeting, but had no answer; for a moment, indeed, was thinking him rude and surly for a traveled bird, when he cocked his head to one side, as if listening, and, looking down, said: "There they are! At it again! They have been quarreling in just this way, now, ever since anything was anywhere. There 's a regular feud between them. Hark!"

"Between who?" said I, curiously, regardless of grammar.

"Between *them*," replied he, impatiently. "They are all alike. Hark! Don't you see that snow-flake down below, and that blade of grass?"

"Where are you going? I don't hear anything," said I. But he was off, and I was about to leave the window when I was arrested by the sound of voices, very fine and clear, and apparently at some distance from me. I stopped and listened; I was so taken by surprise and so interested that I quite forgot that one should never listen to con-

versations not intended for one. I did n't remember ever to have heard I must n't listen, for fully a week, and this was the dialogue:

SNOW-FLAKE: "Well, the season is over, thank goodness, and we shall all be off very soon. I am so glad!"

BLADE OF GRASS: "The season *over*. Why, what are you talking about? It has just begun."

S. F.: "That shows what you know of times and seasons! But I don't know why I should express the least surprise, when you don't know anything about Christmas even, nor do any of your family. I never knew such ignorance. We've told you the story over and over again; but some persons never learn anything."

B.O.F.G.: "Oh, yes! You've told us stories enough and to spare. *That*, I am quite willing to grant. But when it comes to the truth!—that is quite another matter. Christmas! Christmas! Christmas! It is always Christmas with you the whole year around, and I am perfectly sick and tired of hearing of it, for it is really yourself that you wish to bring into notice all the time. If you could only hear one-half of the disagreeable things that are said of you, you would certainly be a good deal less openly conceited. Wherever I go it is always the same thing. Thank Heaven, the snow is gone at last! That dirty, slushy, wretched snow! How I hate it!"

S. F.: "What an abominable fib! Wherever I go I hear nothing but good of myself and my family! 'Ah! Here 's the snow at last! Now we are all right! Now we shall have some fun! Ho!

for coasting and skating and sleighing, and larks generally,' they say. And as for being *dirty*, we are the purest, whitest, most beautiful thing in all this white world."

B. OF G.: "The world is n't white at all. It is *green*. I have told you that a thousand times at least. I have been all over it, and I know."

S. F.: "It is white, all white, except where the sun strikes it in the evening. I should think I ought to know."

B. OF G.: "You ought to know many things that you don't know, and never will, moreover. I can tell you that there are whole countries where nobody has ever seen or heard of you, and where we have lived and flourished for thousands of years."

S. F.: "And I can tell you that there are other countries where not so many as one of you has ever been seen, and where *we* have lived and flourished the year round for millions of years."

B. OF G.: "Oh! Pooh! Tell that to the marines! What is the name of those countries, pray? Where *did* your family come from, anyway, I should like to know!"

S. F.: "My family is of high origin—far, far above yours, as everybody knows; for though you are a most impudent young blade, your low origin is a thing that you can never, never alter. Grow as you will, you will never rise to the height I came from, I can tell you."

B. OF G.: "Well, I would rather strive upward than to be always falling into the mire, if that is what you mean. You are like poor Rain-drop, who can't keep out of the gutter to save his life, and is always talking of having 'left heaven so recently.' Earth is good enough for me; and I flatter myself that it would n't be much of a place for anybody, but for us."

S. F.: "Well, your conceit is something colossal. It gets along perfectly, I can assure you, without you or yours, for all you think yourself so important. Who is it that puffs you up with such ideas? You *are* green to believe them. Where were you on the 25th of last December, pray?"

B. OF G.: "Where *you* will be on the 4th of July next,—precisely!"

S. F.: "The dog-days! Everybody that is anybody always *would* make a point of escaping them. They are only fit, as the Turks say, for mad dogs and Englishmen—and you."

B. OF G.: "They are too good for such as *you*, certainly."

S. F.: "Look here! Don't you go too far! Just you remember that I can call on my family and we can kill you all out, whenever we choose to act in concert—freeze you right out! Yes, kill and bury you, one and all, and tell no tales."

B. OF G.: "Oh! no! You can't, either. At worst you could only stun us for a while. Kill us you never can, nor conquer us, either; you have been trying to, ever since the world was made; and look at you, you poor miserable thing, dying by inches, like all your family, on this 5th of April, 1889! and no nearer doing it than in the year one! The less you talk about fighting us the better. We can put a million billion spears in the field in three weeks without making the least commotion, and sustain them for months without troubling anybody to lend us a cent. You had better be civil, I can tell you—for you are almost alone, and we are Legion. Besides, whenever any of you are attacked by enemies you always run away! You know you do. Run away now, and join the rest of your family. It will be better for you, and we would be ashamed to tackle you—quite ashamed, I assure you."

S. F. (bursting into tears of rage): "I go, but it is because I promised to, six months ago, and not because of anything *you* have said or can do."

B. OF G.: "Was it furious, perfectly furious? Hold on a bit, and we'll all sing 'The Wearing of the Green' for you. That always puts you in a melting mood, icy as you are in general. It is so pathetic. Hold on, I say."

S. F. (indignantly): "I will *not* hold on. I am going, going, gone! But I will come again. *Au revoir*, monsieur, until the 15th of November."



A BIT OF COLOR.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a gnarled old pear-tree of great age and size that grew near Betty Leicester's west window. By leaning out a little she could touch the nearest bough. Aunt Barbara and Aunt Mary said that it was a most beautiful thing to see it in bloom in the spring; and the family cats were fond of climbing up and leaping across to the window-sill, while there were usually some birds perching in it when the coast was clear of pussies.

One day Betty was looking over from Mary Beck's and saw that the west window and the pear-tree branch were in plain sight; so the two girls invented a system of signals: one white handkerchief meant *come over*, and two meant *no*, but a single one in answer was for *yes*. A yellow handkerchief on the bough proposed a walk; and so the code went on, and was found capable of imparting much secret information. Sometimes the exchange of these signals took a far longer time than it did to run across from house to house, and at any rate in the first fortnight Mary and Betty spent the greater part of their waking hours together. Still the signal service, as they proudly called it, was of great use.

One morning, when Mary had been summoned, Betty came rushing to meet her.

"Aunt Barbara is going to let me have a tea-party. What do you think of that?" she cried.

Mary Beck looked pleased, and then a doubting look crept over her face.

"I don't know any of the boys and girls very well except you," Betty explained, "and Aunt Barbara liked the idea of having them come. Aunt Mary thinks that she can't come down, for the excitement would be too much for her, but I am going to tease her again as soon as I have time. It is to be a summer-house tea at six o'clock; it is lovely in the garden then. Just as soon as I have helped Serena a little longer, you and I will go to invite everybody. Serena is letting me beat eggs."

It was a great astonishment that Betty should take the serious occasion so lightly. Mary Beck would have planned it at least a week beforehand, and worried and worked and been in despair; but here was Betty as gay as possible, and as for Aunt Barbara and Serena and Letty, they were gay too. It was entirely mysterious.

"I have sent word by Jonathan to the Picknell girls; he had an errand on that road. They looked so old and scared in church last Sunday that I kept thinking that they ought to have a good time. They don't come in to the village much, do they?"

"Hardly ever, except Sundays," answered Mary Beck. "They turn red if you only look at them, but they are always talking together when they go by. One of them can draw beautifully. Oh, of course I go to school with them, but I don't know them very well."

"I hope they'll come, don't you?" said Betty, whisking away at the eggs. "I don't know when I've ever been where I could have a little party. I can have two or three girls to luncheon almost any time, especially in London, but that's different. Who else now, Becky? Let's see if we choose the same ones."

"Mary and Julia Picknell, and Mary and Ellen Grant, and Lizzie French, and George Max, and Frank Crane, and my cousin Jim Beck,—Dan's too little. They would be eight, and you and I make ten—oh, that's too many!"

"Dear me, no!" said Betty lightly. "I thought of the Fosters, too——"

"We don't have much to do with the Fosters," said Mary Beck. "I don't see why that Nelly Foster started up and came to see you. I never go inside her house now. Everybody despises her father——"

"I think that Nelly is a dear-looking girl," insisted Betty. "I like her ever so much."

"They acted so stuck-up after Mr. Foster was put in jail," Mary went on. "People pitied them at first and were carrying about a subscription-paper, but Mrs. Foster would n't take anything, and said that they were going to support themselves. People don't like Mrs. Foster very well."

"Aunt Barbara respects her very much. She says that few women would show the courage she has shown. Perhaps she has n't a nice way of speaking, but Aunt Barbara said that I must ask Harry and Nelly, when we were talking about to-night." Betty could not help a tone of triumph; she and Becky had fought a little about the Fosters before this.

"Harry is like a wild Indian," said Mary Beck; "he goes fishing and trapping almost all the time."

He won't know what to do at a party. I believe he makes ever so much money with his fish, and pays bills with it." Becky relented a little now. "Oh, dear, I have n't anything nice enough to wear," she added suddenly. "We never have parties in Tideshead, except at the vestry in the winter; and they're so poky."

"But I don't know what Harry will say," she added doubtfully.

"Please ask him to be sure to come," urged Betty. "I should be so disappointed, and Aunt Barbara asked me to say that she depended upon him, for she knows him better than she does almost any of the young people." Nelly looked



"I HOPE THEY 'LL COME, DON'T YOU?" SAID BETTY."

"Oh, wear anything; it's going to be hot, that's all," said industrious Betty, in her business-like checked apron; and it now first dawned upon Becky's honest mind that it was not worth while to make one's self utterly miserable about one's clothes.

The two girls went scurrying away like squirrels presently to invite the guests. Nelly Foster looked delighted at the thought of such a pleasure.

radiant at this, but Mary Beck was much offended. "I go to your Aunt Barbara's oftener than anybody," she said jealously, as they came away.

"She asked me to say that, and I did," maintained Betty. "Don't be cross, Becky, it's going to be such a jolly tea-party. Why, here's Jonathan back again already. Oh, good! the Picknells are happy to come."

The rest of the guests were quickly made sure

of, and Betty and Mary went back to the house. It made Betty a little disheartened to find that her friend took every proposition on the wrong side; she seemed to think most things about a tea-party were impossible, and that all were difficult, and she saw lions in the way at every turn. It struck Betty, who was used to taking social events easily, that there was no pleasuring at all in the old village, though people were always saying how gay and delightful it *used* to be and how many guests *used* to come to town in the summer.

The old Leicester garden was a lovely place on a summer evening. Aunt Barbara had been surprised when Betty insisted that she wished to have supper there instead of in the dining-room; but Betty had known too many out-of-door feasts in foreign countries not to remember how charming they were and how small any dining-room seems in summer. And after a few minutes thought, Aunt Barbara, too, who had been in France long before, asked Serena and Letty to spread the table under the large cherry-tree near the arbor; and there it stood presently, with its white cloth, and pink roses in two china bowls, all ready for the sandwiches and bread and butter and strawberries and sponge-cake, and chocolate to drink out of the prettiest cups in Tideshead. It was all simple and gay and charming, the little feast; and full of grievous self-consciousness as the shyest guest might have been when first met by Betty at the doorstep, the fun of the party itself proved most contagious, and all fears were forgotten. Everybody met on common ground for once, without any thought of self. It came with surprise to more than one girl's mind that a party was so well worth the trouble. It was such a pity that somebody did not have one every week.

Aunt Barbara was very good to Harry Foster, who seemed at first much older and soberer than the rest; but Betty demanded his services when she was going to pass the sandwiches again, and Letty had gone to the house for another pot of chocolate. "I will take the bread and butter, and you may pass these," she said. And away they went to the rest of the company, who were scattered along the arbor benches by twos and threes.

"I saw you in your boat when I first came up the river," Betty found time to say. "I did n't know who you were then, though I was sure you were one of the boys whom I used to play with. Some time when Nelly is going down, could n't you take me too? I can row."

"Nelly would go if you would. I never thought to ask her. I always wish there were somebody else to see how pleasant it is"—and then a voice interrupted to ask what Harry was catching now.

"Bass," said Harry, with brightening face. "I

do so well that I am sending them down to Riverport every day that the packet goes, and I wish that I had somebody to help me. You don't know what a rich old river it is!"

"Why, if here is n't Aunt Mary!" cried Betty. Sure enough the eager voices and the laughter had attracted another guest. And Aunt Barbara sprang up joyfully and called for a shawl and foot-stool from the house; but Betty did n't wait for them, and brought Aunt Mary to the arbor bench. Nobody knew when the poor lady had been in her own garden before, but here she was at last, and had her supper with the rest. The good doctor would have been delighted enough if he had seen the sight.

Nothing had ever tasted so good as that out-of-door supper. The white June moon came up, and its bright light made the day longer; and when everybody had eaten a last piece of sponge-cake, and the heap of strawberries on a great round India dish had been leveled, what should be heard but sounds of a violin. Betty had discovered that Seth Pond,—the clumsy, good-natured Seth of all people!—had, as he said, "ears for music," and had taught himself to play.

So they had a country-dance on the green, girls and boys and Aunt Barbara, who had been a famous dancer in her youth; and those who did n't know the steps of money-musk and the Virginia reel, were put in the middle of the line, and had plenty of time to learn before their turns came. Afterward Seth played "Bonny Doon," and "Nelly was a Lady," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Annie Laurie," and half a dozen other songs, and everybody sang, but, to Betty's delight, Mary Beck's voice led all the rest.

The moon was high in the sky when the guests went away. It seemed like a new world to some young folks who were there, and everybody was surprised because everybody else looked so pretty and was so surprisingly gay. Yet, here it was, the same old Tideshead after all!

"Aunt Barbara," said Betty, as that aunt sat on the side of Betty's four-post bed; "Aunt Barbara, don't say good-night just yet. I must talk about one or two things before I forget them in the morning. Mary Picknell asked me ever so many questions about some of the pictures in the library; but she knows more about them than I do, and I thought I would ask her to come some day so that you could tell her everything. She must be an artist. Did n't you see how she kept looking at the pictures? And then Henry Foster knows a lovely place down the river for a picnic, and can borrow boats enough beside his own to take us all there only it 's a secret yet. Harry said that it was a beautiful point of land, with large trees,

and that there was a lane that came across the fields from the road, so that you could be driven down to meet us, if you disliked the boats."

"I am very fond of being on the water," said Aunt Barbara, with great spirit. "I knew that point, and those oak-trees, long before either of you was born. It was very polite of Harry to think of my coming with the young folks. Yes, we'll think about the picnic, certainly, but you must go to sleep now, Betty."

"Aunt Barbara must have been such a nice girl," thinks Betty, as the door shuts. "And, if we go, Henry must take her in his boat. It is strange that Mary Beck should not like the Fosters, just because their father was a scamp."

But the room was still and dark, and sleepiness got the better of Betty's thoughts that night.

CHAPTER V.

EVERYBODY was as kind as possible when Betty Leicester first came to Tideshead, and best company manners prevailed toward her; but as the girls got used to having a new friend and playmate, some of them proved disappointing. Nothing could shake her deep affection for honest-hearted Mary Beck, but in some directions Mary had made up her inexperienced and narrow mind, and would listen to none of Betty's kindly persuasions. The Fosters' father had done some very dishonest deeds, and had run away from justice after defrauding some of the most trustful of his neighbors. Mary Beck's mother had lost some money in this way, and old Captain Beck even more, so that the girl had heard sharp comments and indignant blame at home; and she shocked Miss Barbara Leicester and Betty one morning by wondering how Henry and Nelly Foster could have had the face to go to church the very Sunday after their father was sent to jail. She did not believe that they cared a bit what people thought.

"Poor children," said Miss Leicester, with quiet compassion, "the sight of their pitiful young faces was enough for me. When should one go to church if not when in bitter trouble? That boy and girl lately look years older than the rest of you young folks."

"It never seemed to me that they thought any less of themselves," said Mary Beck, in a disagreeable tone; "and I would n't ask them to my party, if I had one."

"But they have worked so hard," said Betty. "Jonathan said yesterday that Harry Foster told him this spring, when he was working here, that he was going to pay every cent that his father owed, if he lived long enough. He is studying hard, too; you know that he hoped to go to college before

this happened. They always look as if they were grateful for just being spoken to."

"Plenty of people have made everything of them and turned their heads," said Mary Beck, as if she were repeating something that had been said at home. "I think I should pity some people whose father had behaved so, but I don't like the Fosters a bit."

"They are carrying a heavy load on their young shoulders," said Miss Barbara Leicester. "You will feel differently by and by, about them. Help them all you can, Mary!"

Mary Beck went home that morning much displeased. She did n't mean to be hard-hearted, but it had seemed to her like proper condemnation of wrong-doing to treat the Fosters loftily. Now that Betty's eyes had filled with tears as she listened, and Miss Leicester evidently thought less of her for what had been said, Mary began to feel doubtful about the matter. Yes, what if her father had been like theirs—could she be shut up like a prisoner, and behave as she expected the Fosters to behave? By the time she reached her own house, she was ashamed of what she had said. Miss Leicester was at that moment telling Betty that she was astonished at such bitter feeling in their young neighbor. "She has never really thought about it. I dare say she only needs a sensible word or two to change her mind. You children have such tremendous opinions." And Aunt Barbara smiled.

"Once when I was staying in the Isle of Wight," said Betty, "I belonged to such a nice out-of-door club, Aunt Barbara."

"Did you? What was it like?"

"Oh, not really like anything that I can think of, only we had great fun together. We used to walk miles and miles, and carry some buns or buy them, and get milk or ginger-beer at the farms. There are so many ruins to go to see, and old churches, and homes of eminent persons of the time of Elizabeth, and we would read from their works, and it was so pleasant coming home by the foot-paths afterward," announced Betty with satisfaction. "The governesses used to go, too, but we could outrun all but one of them, the Duncans' Miss Winter, who was as dear as could be. I had my lessons with the Duncans for quite a while. Oh, it was such fun!—the others would let us go on as fast as we liked and come poking along together, and have their own quiet pleasures." Betty was much diverted with her recollections. "I mean to begin an out-of-door club here, Aunt Barbara."

"In my time," said Aunt Barbara, "girls were expected to know how to sew, and to learn to be good housekeepers."

"You would join the club, would n't you?" asked Betty, anxiously.

"And be run away from, like the stout governesses, I dare say."

There was an attempt at a serious expression, but Miss Leicester could not help laughing a little. Down came Miss Mary at this moment, with Letty

have no demands made upon her. There were days when Betty had a plan for every half-hour, remarked Aunt Barbara indulgently.

"Suppose you come out to the garden with me to pick some currants?" and Betty was quietly



BETTY'S TEA-PARTY.

behind her, carrying cushions, and Betty sprang up to help make the couch ready.

"I wish that you would belong, too, and come with us on wheels," said she, returning to the subject that had been interrupted. "You could drive to the meetings and be head-member, Aunt Mary." But Aunt Mary was tired that day, and wished to

removed from the weak nerves of Aunt Mary, who plaintively said that Betty had almost too much life.

"Too much life! Not a bit of it," said Serena, who was the grandniece's chief upholder and champion. "We did need waking up, 't was a fact, Miss Leicester; now, wa' n't it? It seemed just like

old times, that night of the tea-party. Trouble is, we've all got to bein' too master comfortable, and thought we could n't step one foot out o' the beaten rut. 'T is the misfortune o' livin' in a little place."

And Serena marched back to the kitchen, carrying the empty glass from which Miss Mary Leicester had taken some milk, as if it were the banner of liberty.

She put it down on the clean kitchen-table. "Too much life!" the good woman repeated scornfully. "I'd like to see a gal that had too much life for me. I was that kind myself, and right up an' doin'. All these Tideshead gals behave as slow as the month o' December. Fussin' about their clothes, and fussin' about 'you do this' and 'I can't do that,' an' lettin' folks that know something ride right by 'em. See this little Betty now, sweet as white laylocks, I do declare. There she goes 'long o' Miss Barbary, out into the currant bushes."

"Aunt Barbara," Betty was saying a few minutes later, as one knelt each side of the row of white currants, "Aunt Barbara, do you like best being grown up or being about as old as I am?"

"Being grown up, I'm sure, dear," replied the aunt, after serious reflection.

"I'm so glad. I don't believe people ever have such hard times with themselves afterward, as they do growing up."

"What is the matter now, Betty?"

"Mary Beck, Aunt Barbara. I thought that I liked her ever and ever so much, but I have days when I want to shake her. It's my fault, because I wake up and think about her and feel cross before I even look at her, and then I can't get on all day. Then some days I can hardly wait to get over to see her, and we have such a good time. But you can't change her mind about anything."

"I thought that you would n't be so intimate all summer," said Aunt Barbara, picking very fast. "You see that you expect Mary Beck to be perfect, and the poor child is n't. You made up a Mary Beck in your own mind, who was perfect at all points and just the kind of a girl you would like best to spend all your time with. Be thankful for all you do like in her; that's the best way."

"I just fell in love with a girl in the Isle of Wight last summer," said Betty sorrowfully. "We wanted to be together all the time, and we wrote notes and always went about together. She was older than I; but one day she said things that made me forget I ever liked her a bit. She wanted to make up afterward, but I *could n't*; and she writes and writes me letters, but I never wish to see her again. I am sorry I ever liked her." Betty's eyes flashed, and her cheeks were very red.

"I suppose it has been hard for her, too," said Aunt Barbara; "but we must like different friends for different reasons. Just try to remember that you can not find perfection. I used to know a great many girls when I was growing up, and some of them are my friends still, the few who are left. To find one true-hearted friend is worth living through a great many disappointments."

Two or three weeks went over before Betty ceased to have the feeling that she was a stranger and foreigner in Tideshead. At first she said "you" and "I" when she was talking with the girls, but soon it became easier to say "we." She took great pleasure in doing whatever the rest did, from joining a class in Sunday-school to carrying round one of the subscription-papers to pay for some Fourth of July fireworks, which went up in a blaze of splendor on the evening of that glorious day.

After the garden tea-party, nothing happened, of a social nature, for some time, although several of the boys and girls gave fine hints that something might be expected to happen at their own houses. There was a cheerful running to and fro about the Leicester house, and the large white gate next the street was heard to creak and clack at least once in every half-hour. Betty grew fond of the minister's daughters, who were sweet-faced girls, but very timid and anxious about every-day life. Nelly Foster came seldom, but she was the brightest and merriest of all the girls when she grew a little excited, and lost the frightened look that had made lines on her forehead much too soon. Harry was not seen very often, but Betty wondered a great deal about him, and fancied him hunting and fishing in all sorts of dangerous places. The Picknell girls came into the village on Sundays always, and often once or twice in the week; but it was haying time now, and they were very busy at the farm. Betty liked them dearly, and so did Mary Beck, who did not get on with the minister's daughters at all, and had a prejudice, as we know, against Nelly Foster. These made the little company which seemed most closely allied, though there were three or four other young people who made part of the larger enterprises. Betty had proposed the out-of-door club, and had started a tennis-court, and devoted much time to it, but nobody knew how to play very well yet, except Harry Foster and Julia Picknell, and they were the most difficult ones to catch for an idle afternoon. George Max could play, and one or two others could stumble through a game and like it pretty well; but as for Mary Beck, her shoes were too small for much agility, and she liked to wear her clothes so tight that she was very clumsy with a racket. Betty's light little gowns looked prim and plain to the Tideshead girls, who

thought their colors very strange to begin with, and had not the sense to be envious when their wearer went by, as light-footed and graceful as they were awkward. They could not understand the simplicity that was natural to Betty, but everybody liked her, and felt as much interested in her as if she were an altogether new variety of human being. Perhaps we shall understand the situation better if we read a letter which our heroine wrote just then:

"MY DEAR PAPA: This is from your Betty, who had intended to take a long walk with Mary Beck this afternoon, but is prevented by a thunder-shower. It makes me wonder what you do when you get wet, and who sees that you take off your wet clothes and tries not to let you have a cold. Is n't it almost time for you to come home now, Papa? I do miss taking care of you so very much. You will be tired hearing about Mary Beck, and you can't stop it, can you? as if you laughed and then talked about something else when we were walking together. You must remember that you said we must be always fighting an enemy in ourselves, and my enemy just now is making little funs of Mary, and seeing that she does n't know so much as she thinks she does. I like too well to show her that she is mistaken when she tells about things; but it makes me sorry afterward, because, in spite of myself, I like her better than I do anybody. I almost love her, Papa; indeed, I do, but I like to tease her better than to help her, and she puts on airs about the very places where I have been and things I have done. Aunt Barbara does n't like her, and wishes I would 'play with' Nelly Foster and the minister's girls, but Nelly is like anybody grown up. I suppose it is because she has seen trouble, as people say here; and the minister's girls are *little 'fraid cats*. That is what Serena says, and is sure to make you laugh. 'Try and make 'em hop 'round,' Serena told me at the party, and I did try; but they are n't good hoppers, and that 's all there is to say. I sent down to Riverport and bought Seth a book of violin airs, and he practiced until two o'clock one morning, so that Serena and Jonathan were saying dreadful things. Aunt Mary is about the same, and so is Aunt Barbara, and they send their love. Papa, you must never tell, but I hate the one and love the other. Mary Beck is n't half so bad as I am to say that, but now it is written down and must stay. There is one awful piece of news. The Fosters' father has broken out of jail and escaped, and they are offering a great reward, and it is in all the papers. I ought to go to see Nelly, but I dread it. I am writing this last page another day, for yesterday the sun came out after the shower and I went out with Aunt Barbara. She is letting Mrs. Foster do some sewing for me. She says that my clothes were in ruins. She did, indeed, and that they had been badly washed. I hope that yours are not the same. Mrs. Foster looked terribly frightened and pale, and asked Aunt B. to come into the other room, and told her about Mr. Foster. Then it was in the paper last night. Papa dear, I do remember what you said in one of your letters about being a Tideshead girl myself for this summer, and not standing off and finding fault. I feel more like a Tideshead girl lately, but I wish they would n't keep saying how slow it is and nothing going on. We might do so many nice things, but they make such great fusses first, instead of just going and doing them, the way you and I do. They think of every reason why you can't do things that you can do. The currants are all gone. You can't have a currant pie this year. I thought those by the fence under the cherry-tree might last until you came, because it is shady, but they all spoiled in the rain.

Now I am going to read in 'Walton's Lives' to Aunt Mary. She says it is a book everybody ought to know, and that I run wild more than I ought at my age. I like to read aloud, as you know, so good-bye, but my age is *such a trouble*. If you were here we would have the best good time.
Your own child,
BETTY."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT afternoon Betty's lively young voice grew droning and dull after a while, as she read the life of Dr. Donne, and at last she stopped altogether.

"Aunt Mary, I can't help thinking about the Fosters' father. Do you suppose he will come home and frighten them some night?"

"No, he would hardly dare to come where they are sure to be looking for him," said Aunt Mary. "Dear me, the thought makes me so nervous."

"When I have read to the end of this page I will just run down to see Nelly a few minutes, if you can spare me. I keep dreading to see her until I am almost afraid to go."

Miss Mary sighed and said yes. Somehow she did n't get hold of Betty's love,—only her duty.

Betty lingered in the garden and picked some mignonette before she started, and a bright carnation or two from Aunt Barbara's special plants. The Fosters' house was farther down the street on the same side, and Nelly's blinds were shut, but if Betty had only known it, poor Nelly was looking out wistfully through them, and wishing with all her heart that her young neighbor would come in. She dreaded the meeting, too, but there was such a simple, frank, friendliness about Betty Leicester that it did not hurt as if one of the other girls had come.

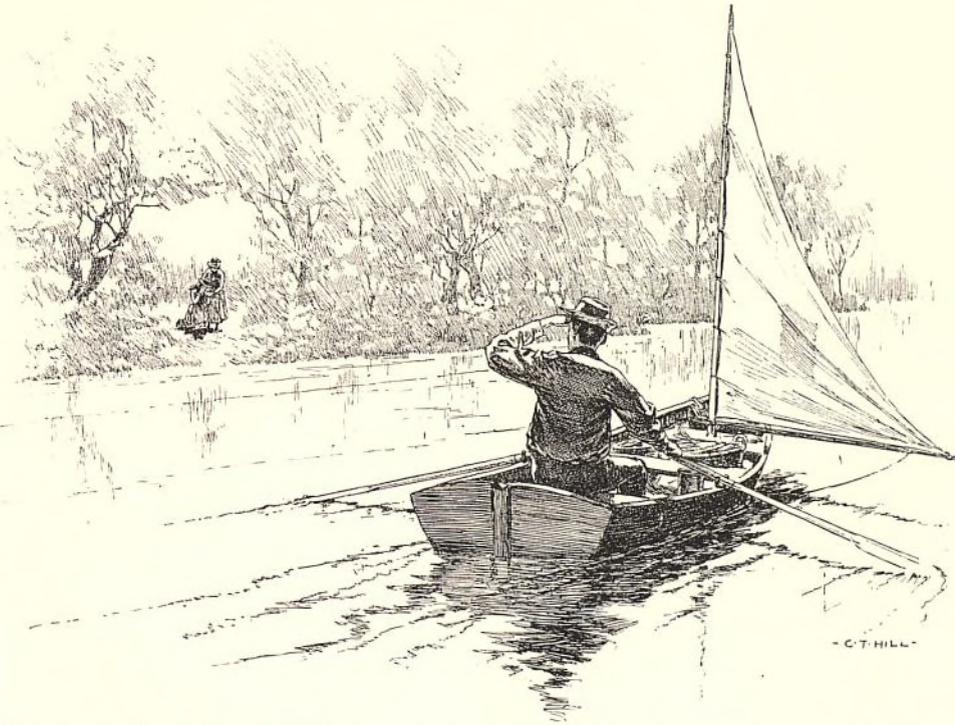
There was the sound of the gate-latch, and Nelly went eagerly down. "Come up to my room; I was sitting there sewing," she said, blushing very red, and Betty felt her own cheeks burn. How dreadful it must be not to have such a comforting dear father as hers! She put her arms around Nelly's neck and kissed her, and Nelly could hardly keep from crying; but upstairs they went to the bedroom, where Betty had never happened to go before. She felt suddenly, as she never had before, how pinched and poor the Fosters must be. Nelly was determined to be brave and took up her sewing again. It happened to be a little waist of Betty's own. Betty tried to talk gayly about being very tired of reading "Walton's Lives."

"Harry reads 'Walton's Angler,'" said Nelly. "That 's the same man, is n't he? It is a stupid-looking old brown book that belonged to my grandfather."

"Papa reads it, too," said Betty, nodding her head wisely. "I am in such a hurry to have him come, when I think of Harry. I am sure that he

will help him to be a naturalist or something like that. Mr. Buckland would have just loved Harry. I knew him when I was a little bit of a thing. Papa used to take me to see him in London, and all his dreadful beasts used to frighten me, but I feel very differently now, of course. Harry makes me think of Robinson Crusoe and Mayne Reid's books, and

two of Miss Barbara Leicester's new tea-napkins. Betty had many things to say about her English life and her friends. Mary Beck never cared to hear much about England, and it was delightful now to have an interested listener. At last the sewing was finished, and Nelly proposed that they should go a little way farther, and come out to the river



"THE YOUNG MAN SHADED HIS EYES WITH HIS HAND AND LOOKED TOWARD THE SHORE." (SEE, NEXT PAGE.)

those boys who used to do such wild things fishing and hunting."

"We used to think Harry never would get on because he spent so much time in the woods, but somehow he always learned his lessons, too," said Nelly proudly; "and now his fishing brings in so much money that I don't know how we shall live when winter comes. We are so anxious about winter. Oh, Betty, it is easy to tell you, but I can't bear to have other people even look at me"; and she burst into tears and hid her face in her hands.

"Let us go outdoors, just down through the garden and across into the woods a little while," pleaded Betty. "Do, Nelly dear!" and presently they were on their way. The fresh summer air and the sunshine were much better than the close-shaded room, with Nelly startled by every sound about the house, and they soon lost their first feeling of constraint as they sat under a pine-tree whipping

bank. Harry would be coming up about this time with his fare of fish, if he had had good luck. It would be fun to shout to him as he went by.

They pushed on together through the open pasture where the sweet-fern and bayberry bushes grew tall and thick; there was another strip of woods between them and the river, and just this side of it was a deserted house. It had not been lived in for many years and was gray and crumbling. The fields that belonged to it had been made part of a great sheep pasture, and two or three sheep were standing by the half-opened door, as if they were quite at home there in windy or wet weather. Betty had seen the old house before and thought it was most romantic. She proposed now that they should have a picnic there by and by, and make a fire in the old fireplace, but Nelly Foster thought there would be great danger of burning the house down.

"Suppose we go and look in?" pleaded Betty.

"Mary Beck and I saw it not long after I came, and she thought it was going to rain, so that we did n't stop. I love to go into an empty old ruin and make up stories about it and wonder who used to live there. Don't stop to pick these blueberries; you know they are n't half ripe," she teased Nelly; and so they went over to the old house, frightening away the sheep as they crossed the doorstep boldly. It was all in ruins, the roof was broken about the chimney so that the sun shone through upon the floor, and the light-red bricks were softened and sifting down. In one corner there was a heap of withes for mending fences, which had been pulled about by the sheep, and there were some mud nests of swallows high against the walls, but the birds seemed to have already left them. This room had been the kitchen, and behind it was a dark, small place which must have been a bedroom when people lived there, dismal as it looked now.

"I am going to look in here and all about the place," said Betty, cheerfully, and stepped in to see what she could find.

"Oh, come back, Nelly!" she screamed, in a great fright, the next moment; and they fled out of the house into the warm sunshine. They had had time to see that a man was lying on the floor as if he were dead. Stop! as they held their breath and heard a groan, which made them go away in breathless haste, a terrible fear possessed them. Betty's heart beat at last so that she could hardly speak.

"We must get somebody to come," she panted, trying to stop Nelly. "Was it somebody dead?"

But Nelly sank down as pale as ashes into the sweet-fern bushes and looked at her strangely. "Oh, Betty Leicester, it will kill Mother, it will kill her! I believe it was my father; what shall I do!"

They looked fearfully at the house; the sheep had come back and stood again near the door-way. There was something more horrible than the two girls had ever known in the silence of the place. It would have been less awful if there had been a face at the broken door or windows.

"Henry—we must try to stop Henry," said poor pale Nelly, and they hurried toward the river shore. They could not help looking anxiously behind them as they passed the belt of pines, but for some reason or other the fugitive gave no sign of wishing to pursue. "He is afraid that somebody will see him. I am so afraid he will come home to-night."

"He must be ill there," said Betty, but she did not dare to say anything else. What an unendurable thing to be afraid and ashamed of one's own father!

They looked down the river with eager eyes.

Yes, there was Harry Foster's boat coming up slowly, with the three-cornered sail spread to catch the light breeze. Nelly gave a long sigh and sank down on the turf and covered her face as she cried bitterly. Betty thought, with cowardly longing, of the quiet and safety of Aunt Mary's room and the brown-covered volume of "Walton's Lives." Then she summoned all her courage. These two might never have sorer need of a friend than in this summer afternoon.

Henry Foster's boat sailed but slowly. It was heavily laden, and the wind was so light that from time to time he urged it with the oars. He did not see the two girls waiting on the bank until he was close to them, for the sun was in his eyes and his thoughts were busy. His father's escape from jail was worse than any sorrow yet; nobody knew what might come of it. Harry felt very old and careworn for a boy of sixteen. He had determined to go to see Miss Barbara Leicester that evening and to talk over his troubles with her. He had been able to save a little money, and he feared that it might be demanded. He had already paid off part of the smaller debts that were owed in the village; but he knew his father too well not to be afraid of getting some menacing letters presently. If he had only fled the country; but how could that be done without money? His father would not work his passage; Harry was certain enough of that. Would it not be better to let him have the money and go to the farthest limit to which it could carry him?

Something made the young man shade his eyes with his hand and look toward the shore, then he took the oars and pulled quickly in; that was surely his sister Nelly, and the girl who wore a grayish gingham dress with a scarlet handkerchief at her throat was Betty Leicester. It was just like kind-hearted little Betty to have teased poor Nelly out into the woods. He would carry them home in his boat; he could rub it clean with some handfuls of hemlock twigs or river grass; then he saw how strangely they looked, as he pushed the boat in and pulled it far ashore. What in the world had happened?

Nelly tried to speak again and again, but her voice could not make itself heard. "Oh, don't cry any more, Nelly dear," said Betty, trembling from head to foot, and very pale. "We went into the old house up there by the pasture, and found—Nelly said it was your father, and we thought he was very ill."

"I'll take you both home, then," said Harry Foster, speaking quickly and with a hard voice. "Get in, both of you—this is the shortest way—then I'll come back by myself."

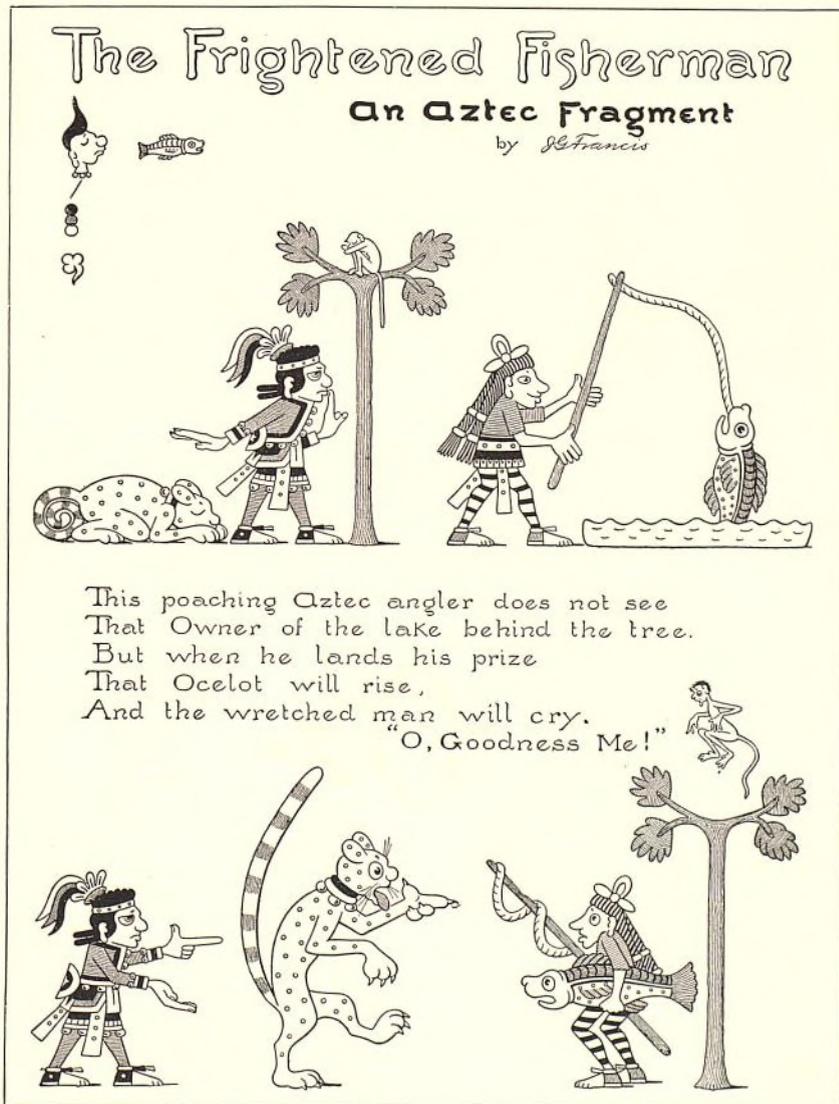
"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Nelly. "He looked as if he were dying, Harry; he was lying on the floor."

We will go, too; he could n't hurt us, could he?" And the three turned back into the woods. Betty's heart almost failed her. She felt like a soldier going into battle. Oh, could she muster bravery enough to go into that house again? Yet she loved her father so much that doing this for another girl's father was a great comfort, in all her fear.

The young man hurried ahead when they came near the house, and it was only a few minutes before he reappeared.

"You must go and tell mother to come as quick as she can; and hurry to find the doctor and tell him; he will know what to do. Father has been dreadfully hurt somehow. Perhaps Miss Leicester will let Jonathan come to help us get him home." Harry Foster's face looked old and strange; he never would seem like a boy any more, Betty thought, with a heart full of sympathy. She hurried away with Nelly; they could not bring help fast enough.

(To be concluded.)



Playing Going to the Opera.



Playing Going for a drive.



Playing Going to see Grandmamma.



Playing Going to see the Play of Little Lord Fontleoy, and enjoying it most of all.



A QUEER PET.

BY E. H. BARBOUR.

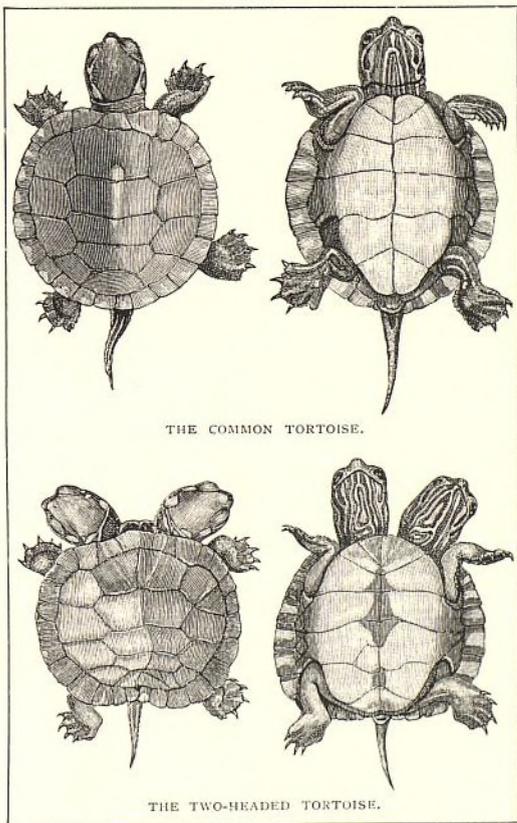
THE prettiest little "monster" that I have ever seen was a young two-headed painted tortoise (*Chrysemys picta*), caught last June by Master Leighton Foster, while hunting for Natural History specimens in the marshes bordering West River, in New Haven, Connecticut.

This pretty little pet, the shell of which was quite normal save that it was a little broader than long, had the usual four legs and a tail, but was furnished with two perfectly formed heads and necks, which acted independently of one another—so independently, in fact, that the right and left heads fought like little Trojans, whenever there was occasion for jealousy or spite.

Now, the tortoise is generally thought a dull and stupid creature, but this little fellow knew the hand that fed him and refused to eat anything, however tempting, from strangers. The favorite morsel of these twin heads was a cricket or grasshopper. But the head lucky enough to seize it first, found its right to sole possession stoutly contested by the other. Since they were equals in age and strength, and had fair and equal advantages in every way, these spirited little tugs-of-war ended only when the morsel separated. Then each, thinking itself the hero, gulped its portion with great satisfaction. They seemed healthy and ate with evident relish, and consumed equal amounts; but often their appetites were not the same, for at feeding-time the greed of one and abstinence of the other showed they were not equally hungry. Repeatedly I have seen one little head turn slyly around and snap at the bright eye of the other, plainly mistaking it for something to eat, and causing that head to withdraw hastily into the shell. And thereby there is suggested a point of continual discussion between these two heads which I fear was never settled amicably. For it often happened that both heads were inclined to withdraw into their common shell or house at the same time, which they could do, it is true; but when both were in it was plainly very crowded.

Now, if there is any one privilege peculiarly that of the tortoise, it is the privilege of withdrawing at its own sweet will into its own private shell, without any considerations for outsiders. Certainly, it would be a very lax and easy-going tortoise that would yield its long-established right to seclusion,

and submit peaceably to the encroachment of another; so these heads quarreled daily. Sometimes one head wished to look around, and then the other enjoyed the luxury of the shell in peace, but in course of time the twin was sure to withdraw, too. Then the two heads would fidget irritably; only for a brief moment, however, for they came out almost at once, as indignant and angry as their tender years would allow, and, closing their eyes, beat their heads together and fought with all their



THE COMMON TORTOISE.

THE TWO-HEADED TORTOISE.

might, till some compromise was effected. These were the most amusing and absurd little scrimmages imaginable. Just think of one *itself* engaged in deadly combat with another itself; what an absurdity!—but so it was. And neither one could go away to leave the other and sulk and pout

about it, so they generally gave up when tired out and wisely agreed to disagree.

When sleep overcame one head, it withdrew, together with its two feet, into the shell. But the companion head, wide-awake and looking about in all directions, might simultaneously decide to be up and doing, and then it would start off vigorously with the two feet belonging to its side of the house; but its efforts were vain: it only went round and round in a circle, the sleeping side acting as a dead-weight. It did n't seem to mind it much, however, but continued on its journey uninterruptedly till the sleeper awoke, whereupon the two sides started off in unison, but with the most awkward gait possible. For, instead of putting a fore foot forward, like the normal tortoise, following immediately with a diagonally opposite hind foot, this little monster stepped out with its front feet at once, so that its fore parts were left without support, and dropped; then the hind feet stepped forward, leaving the hind parts without support, and they dropped in turn; and thus, bobbing up and down, it advanced by an awkward, rocking gait.

But the sleeper, roused abruptly, was not always disposed to start off at once with its companion, so the other scurried around as best it could till convinced that a circle is endless, and that it must have recourse to other expedients than those provided by nature. Out of its necessity, surprising as it may appear, this little monster had invented a way of getting about. Extending its two feet, it clutched at grass and weeds, and so dragged itself sideways, and went when it would, or where it chose, whether the other side slept, or, being awake, took its ease, refusing to budge. I have seen them walk thus, repeatedly; but it was the invention of the right head, and the left never resorted to it so far as I could observe. Thus it will be seen that there was no concerted action between the right side and the left, and yet they started together, with surprising frequency, to do precisely the same things: to eat, to swim, or to walk.

A smooth concrete walk was a favorite place for giving this pet an occasional sun-bath. When placed on this, or on a smooth piece of ground, it went through some queer antics before starting. First, the left head turned to the left, the right to the right, after gazing vacantly about for a time, they at length started off with a will in these two opposite directions at once. The result is, of course, that opposing one another as they did, they went backward, sometimes two or three feet, before they found how useless were their efforts to go each his own way. But when they ascertained this, they stopped short, and, after a moment's rest, started off together, teetering up and down, but traveling straight along till a stalk of grass or a weed was

encountered. This was sure to bring them to a standstill, for one insisted upon turning to the left of it, the other to the right, which brought them astride the weed, where they stood, tugging away obstinately till strength failed them.

A ledge along the concrete walk, not over three-quarters of an inch high, easily scaled by other pet tortoises of the same age, proved an insurmountable barrier for a long time. But, finally, the two-headed tortoise, with its two wills and two walking systems, learned to stand up on tiptoe by the ledge, and, giving a sudden kick, to throw itself over, but so violently at first that it invariably landed on its back, a most unfortunate predicament in its case, from which, unlike the normal tortoise, it could not extricate itself without help. But it soon learned to clear the ledge and alight right side up on the other side.

Every one who saw these queer maneuvers and the intelligence displayed in the adapting of means to ends for which it was so poorly fitted by nature, was charmed with the little pet.

In the water of its aquarium it paddled about slowly, sometimes diving to the bottom, at other times resting on the surface, with one head, perhaps, under the water, the other above; showing that the heads breathed independently, a fact easily verified by watching the two throats as they expanded and contracted. At the same time, it was noticed that the two heads opened their mouths and gaped occasionally, as if to breathe more air. This was the only sign of weakness. It may seem strange that any two so completely one should have differed in temperament, for they were certainly brought up under identically the same treatment; yet the right head, on many occasions, was the more irritable and timid,—ready to pick a quarrel with its other self, or to dodge at a fly or strange animal, while the other head seemed stolid and self-confident at all times.

But I had not reached this point in its simple history, nor had I satisfied my desire to study all its ways, when the little prize met with a serious accident. Its aquarium was carefully provided with clean, fresh water and a liberal supply of water plants. Now, while they were renewing the water and supplies, one day, this little curiosity was put out on the smooth grass almost within easy reach. Suddenly there was a rush and spring, and before even the most watchful could interfere, a prowling, stray cat had pounced upon the favorite inmate of the aquarium. Of course it was rescued at once, but it was thought that the ruthless cat had killed the pet outright. To their great satisfaction, it seemed to be unhurt. There was no trace of blood, not even a scratch visible.

The right head ventured at once to peer out

cautiously, but the left was too frightened to leave its protecting shell for fully half an hour. But finding itself in familiar hands the pet was soon itself again, and was restored to its aquarium.

The next morning it walked, swam, and ate as it was wont to do, although the left head was not hungry, and refused to eat at all, which was not uncommon. The next day, also, the left head ate nothing, and on the third it drooped. It was evidently very weak and sick, yet courageous and bound to hold out as long as possible, for, when petted, it straightened up resolutely and tried to make off with its companion, as it had done for so many weeks, to the wonder and delight of all who saw it. But in less than an hour it was dead, and the left legs also; leaving its companion apparently in great distress, for it was exceedingly uneasy. Undoubtedly the living head had some intimation of its approaching end and restlessly walked

about as if to escape. But in two hours and a half the right head was dead also. The cat's claw had pierced the neck of the left head. Careful examination showed, close to the shell, a small but fatal wound in the neck. But for this tragic end, it might have lived on through the winter, or possibly even longer.

During its short life, from the 1st of June to the middle of September, many people from many cities visited it, and enjoyed its queer pranks, its quarrels for more room, its tugs-of-war for food, its many misunderstandings of itself, its awkward gait and wise look.

Large sums of money were offered for it, but this rare pet had so endeared itself to its owners that they were not tempted to part company with it. Now that it is dead, they keep the body carefully preserved, and feel that its memory deserves to be perpetuated.



IN THE BLOOM OF MAY.



A MAY SONG.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

THE orchard is a rosy cloud,
 The oak a rosy mist,
 And oh, the gold of the buttercups
 The morning sun has kissed!
 There are twinkling shadows on the grass
 Of a myriad tiny leaves,
 And a twittering loud from the busy crowd
 That build beneath the eaves.

*Then sing, happy children,
 The bird and bee are here,
 The May time is a gay time,
 The blossom time o' the year.*

A message comes across the fields,
 Borne on the balmy air,
 For all the little seeking hands
 There are flowers enough and to spare.
 Hark! a murmuring in the hive,—
 List! a carol clear and sweet,—
 While feathered throats the thrilling notes
 A thousand times repeat.

*Then sing, happy children,
 The bird and bee are here,
 The May time is a gay time,
 The blossom time o' the year.*



“THE LAND OF NOD” ON A PLANTATION.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

How many years ago was it that the “Land of Nod” appeared in ST. NICHOLAS? My volume is not at hand (in fact, it has been literally worn out in the service); but, last spring, I could repeat most of the songs by heart. You see we used the play for our school exhibition in the little white school-house by the cypress brake. And a great success it was, too. Some of the thousands of ST. NICHOLAS readers who have laughed over the droll little operetta may like to know how it fared far away from stages, costumes, or even a dry-goods store.

Our plantation is on a little river six miles (and a swamp) from the railway. The black old mill grinds corn, saws lumber, and gins cotton for us, because we are a cotton plantation; and the big white store sells all the dresses, hats, and coats for the “renters” and the farmers scattered through country across the river,—all the groceries, also, and the medicines, stoves, meat, and farming implements.

Whatever else we may need, we must order through the mail-rider who comes every day to the post-office in the store.

The Carrolls’ house overlooks the devious willow-shaded river; but the Planter’s house (the planter is Mrs. Carroll’s partner) is farther back.

Half-a-mile away is the school-house, where all the little white children go to school. In the spring, the grassy ways about the school-house are speckled with “bluets” and white “spring beauties,” and countless violets. In the cypress “slash,” behind the house, tall cypress-trees show a sprinkling of dainty green, fine as fern-fronds, mingling with the star-shaped foliage of the tupello gum and the beautiful hackberry leaves—all these delicate forms are in strange contrast to the huddle of “cypress knees” below or the hideous trunks of the hackberry. Cow-lilies, yellow as gold, spatter the black water, which is like a line of ink drawn through roots and “knees.”

When spring comes, school closes. It is time for the children to help “make a crop.”

So it was in April that we gave “The Land of Nod.”

The school-teacher suggested it—not the regular school-teacher. A regular school-teacher would have thought it far too much trouble, and, recoiling

before the thought of costumes, have substituted a “dialogue”; but Ethel, who took the school because she happened to be visiting her aunt, Mrs. Carroll, knew little about trouble, and proposed it hopefully.

Dora, one of that class who look before they leap, glanced over the pages.

“There appear to be many costumes required,” she observed without enthusiasm.

“Well, but, my dear,” Mrs. Carroll replied quickly,—Mrs. Carroll has that divine quality, hope,—“there is pretty, light-colored silesia at the store, and we have silver-paper.”

Dora’s eyes ran down the *dramatis personæ*, as she answered: “One, two—*four* royal personages. You can’t dress kings and queens in silesia.”

“Oh, yes, you can,” said her mother, cheerfully, “by lamplight. It will be at night.”

Ethel was delighted. She offered to make the sword and armor for the standard-bearer; but we abandoned the standard and Mr. Planter borrowed a spear instead, from a “Wheel” society; a large, bright, tin spear that was a comfort to us, as the only solidly built article in our paraphernalia, and in consequence the only thing which could be handled with impunity.

Our first qualms about costumes soon vanished. Mrs. Planter was captured by Mrs. Carroll, who, though a gentle creature, sweeps discouragement before her like dust before a broom. Dora herself felt the contagion. Daily she went up to the school-house to drill the young actors. And even the humble person who writes this chronicle, and who has no gifts in costuming, was moved to offer an idea on decoration. She made gold and silver lace for the high-born personages of the drama. Gold and silver paint and common cotton lace were all she needed. Mrs. Planter is a lady of wide resources; but none can be named in the same breath with Mrs. Carroll. She can copy a picture in cloth; and beyond my praise is the manner in which she adapted, and, as it were, *enchanted*, our common hats and gowns and house-furnishings. She made wigs of horse-hair dyed blonde with curry powder; provided wings for the sprites, lovely ethereal wings of tarlatan and wire taste; shimmering, too, because sprinkled, regardless of expense, with diamond-dust; she turned

a red piano-cover into the royal robe; she inked bands of cotton judiciously into a life-like similitude of ermine; she cut round pieces out of pasteboard, punched two holes in them, covered them with tin-foil, and, behold, dazzling silver buttons! — in fine, there was no end to her ingenuity.

Of course we had to make all the costumes. Shoes were the first difficulty. "Your pages," said Dora, "must wear *something* on their feet!"

"What do they usually have?" inquired the humble person.

"Boots," replied Ethel promptly; "boots with red tops and copper toes — or they go barefoot."

The humble person suggested our own low shoes; but, alas! the small actors' feet would not expand to fit them.

Ethel's bold idea was that the pages should act in stocking feet; shoes might be "simulated," she thought, with buckles and bows of ribbon, that would pass — by lamplight.

But Mrs. Carroll was shocked. "I should rather make the shoes myself!" cried she. "I believe I could, as well as not."

As good as her word, she cut them out of canton flannel matching the hose, and slashed them mediævally with blue and pink. They were a triumph. And Ethel converted the tin horn from the store into a knightly trumpet, by ends of waving ribbon and a flaring rim of repoussé silver — otherwise, tin-foil. She, also, was the architect of the helmet, built of pasteboard and tin-foil until it glittered from afar, and (except for being a trifle large and slipping down over the unfortunate child's eyes) was everything that could be reasonably desired.

The Standard-bearer wore a coat-of-mail over a green jerkin. Coats-of-mail are best wrought out of sleeveless under-vests, silvered over with close-lapping scales of tin-foil (*sewed* on). The effect is startling.

Where we least expected trouble, it came. The six little Sleepy-heads were to wear nightgowns, but it appeared that long white nightgowns were articles of luxury on the plantation, and not all the children had them. Luckily, one kind little girl owned many, and lent to her companions, so that difficulty was conquered.

One regular costume only did we have on hand, and this one we gave to the Dream Prince. It was our pride, — a suit of brown velveteen, coat, waistcoat, and small-clothes complete, trimmed with store gold-braid, — a centennial costume, to be sure, but why need one be particular about imprisoning the *dramatis personæ* in one epoch?

Neither were we slavish in our following of the fashion of the time. The Prince should have worn a cocked hat; not having one, he wore a

Henry VIII. cap and a paper feather, which really did quite as well.

Ethel had all the responsibility of the cast.

Not knowing which children could act, parts were distributed according to good behavior and good looks. The King of the Land of Nod was the best boy in school, who lives with his grandfather and does a man's work in the cotton-field; the Dream Prince received promotion on account of his beautiful dark eyes; Old Mother Goose was so kind to the children; My Lady Fortune's clean, white aprons singled her out; while both the Queen of the Dollies and the Dream Princess had always neatly brushed their hair; Jack o' Dreams turned out a bright young actor, but was appointed solely because of good temper; the Goblins were young Arkansans of French descent, whose black eyes and olive skins made them look their parts; the Sand Man was helping his father plow, and had a small part, since he could not be at rehearsals; all the Sprites were nice little girls who learned their lessons and kept their faces clean; the Standard-bearer was chosen in recognition of his fortitude when he fell off the tree (which he climbed to get Ethel some mistletoe) and sprained his ankle; he carried the noble tin spear and wore the shining helmet; as for the Sleepy-heads, they were chosen as being just little, chubby, and pretty, and the Pages had good looks rather than good behavior to thank; but then, since fairy tales began, pages have been mischievous.

Page Edgar was (in Arkansas phrase) "chilling," while Page Sebastian had a chronic cold in the head. But chills and colds are both common in the Arkansas river bottoms. If one lives in a "balloon frame" house, with only one thickness of wood between winter and the family, or in a house of hewn logs, feebly plastered with mud, he is very likely to catch cold by spring; while we who have never had chills, too often ascribe the malaria as much to the Arkansas fondness for pork and strong coffee three times a day, as to the climate.

However, be the fault where it may, it is certain that last spring there was hardly a day at the school-house that two or three of the scholars were not laid out on the benches. If one were to ask them what was the matter they would answer quietly, as though it were quite a matter of course, "Jes' chillin'."

They had probably walked from one to four miles that morning, to school; they would have to walk back again, but they never thought of not coming. When the chill ceased they would get up and go back to their books. "I never saw such patient children," Ethel often said.

Rehearsals were sometimes interrupted by chills, but more often by "wash-days" or the crops.

Some days the school-room looked dimly empty, because the girls were home at housekeeping work, and the boys were busy on the farm.

I will not detail all our small disasters. Somehow, we persevered, in spite of everything. The plantation carpenter built the platform, and laid boards across between benches, for additional seats. The lamp chimneys were cleaned, and we thought of cleaning even the windows, but gave it up as being a life-work; besides, as Mrs. Carroll truly said, they never would show at night.

In spite of the carpenter, the platform was too small; but we drilled the Sprites to dance chiefly up and down in the same place; and since the wide circles of a wheelbarrow were quite out of the question, the Sand Man and the Jack o' Dreams carried the Sleepy-heads upon the stage.

We rigged a calico curtain with two ropes, and (if you were careful and did not pull the wrong rope and pulled the right one hard enough) it worked quite as well as most unprofessional curtains.

The appointed evening came at last. There was a great outpouring of all the families of the renters and farmers round about.

Families came together,—father, mother, and children, down to the patient Arkansas baby in its red flannel gown. They arrived on foot, in wagons, in mud-splashed buggies, on horseback and mule-back, with saddles or without. They crowded the school-room, and rows of black faces were flattened against the window-panes outside.

Meanwhile, we were dressing the performers. The "Land of Nod" was only the climax of the exhibition. Speeches and readings were all to be heard beforehand. It must be confessed that we were in a great hubbub, only one room being available for dressing. It was the room where the children hung their hats and coats, the boys on the right-hand row of nails, the girls on the left. But with screens and curtains we made two dressing-rooms.

Perhaps we should have been more speedy "dressers" if we had not needed to do so much pinning. It was a tragic interval when the paper of pins was lost, and everything came to a dead halt! However, every one was dressed before the good-natured audience had finished their talk about the speaking.

The procession was imposing. The King of the Land of Nod looked truly regal in our piano-cover, his black doublet blazing with gold paper moons and stars, and gold lace from raisin-boxes; Ethel's laces, at his throat and wrists, and a pair of Dora's black silk stockings darkly gleaming below, Rhine-stone shoe-buckles, one of the most elaborate pasteboard crowns ever made,

bedecked with red paper poppies, encircling his beautiful gray horse-hair curls and a brass curtain-rod scepter in his carefully washed hand. The Pages were pretty little fellows, and if, like the Marchioness, you "pretended" very hard, their doublets and trunk-hose of gray silesia slashed with pink and blue looked very like silk. The Queen of the Dollies wore a flowered cretonne gown richly embroidered with gold paint. Her raiment, I believe, started in life as a lounge cover. The Dream Princess looked charming in an ex-window-curtain. The Sprites, or Fairies, were visions of white tarlatan, crimped hair, powder, and spangled wings. Lady Fortune wore a Greek dress. Snowy folds of cheese-cloth draped her with classic grace. Gold fillets bound her dark hair; and no one who did not know it would ever suspect that the blue Grecian pattern adorning the hem of her gown was made of paper. She had a wheel-of-fortune fine enough to make a paid supernumerary jealous. Altogether, she was an object of pride.

The Jack o' Dreams was in a clown's dress of red and yellow. We sent to town for his bells. He capered about the stage with as much abandon as if space had no limits, instead of there being barely room to spin round.

As the curtain rose majestically, with only two hitches, to the strains of the mice-eaten organ, and the procession filed on the stage, there was a loud murmur of applause. The overworked mothers, who had risen before daylight to get scrubbing and cooking out of the way and the family into their Sunday best and everybody safely packed on the mules, and "the old man" persuaded to come and see "Bud" and "Sis" in their "pretty clothes," all smiled at each other with a sense of pleasurable excitement.

The King's grandfather sat in front. It was to be the King's last year in school, which seemed a great pity to us all, but the grandfather needed him and did n't "low he needed no more larnin', onyhow." We were surprised to see the old man. There he sat, however, his gnarled old face aglow in spite of himself over the King's magnificence. "Fine 's a circus, ain't it?" Dora overheard him mutter to the mother of the Standard-bearer.

Dora was at the organ, while Mrs. Planter was stage-manager, Ethel was prompter, the humble person had the task of keeping the Sleepy-heads in good humor, and Mrs. Carroll sat in her good clothes among the audience.

Occasionally her artist's anxiety sent in (by one of the children) such messages as: "Tie the small-clothes on, don't pin them. I know there is a pin sticking into the Jack o' Dreams!" "You must rub off the powder a little, it shows from the front!"

"Melancthon Bates can't come, his sister says he's chilling; you'll have to get another Sleepy-head. I'll find somebody." "You must *pin* on the shoes—Page Edgar has lost one of his, already." And so forth.

We fared prosperously until we began to carry the Sleepy-heads upon the stage. This was done by the Jack o' Dreams and the Sand Man. Three Sleepy-heads were laid carefully in the wrong position, while the audience laughed and cheered; then the Jack o' Dreams was observed to hold back, clutching at his garments—those fatal pins!

"Come on!" whispered Mrs. Planter from the right wing.

"Go on!" whispered Ethel from the left.

"I don't guess he *can*," apologized the Sand Man, in an audible aside.

"Have Miss Ethel pin you up, then," said Mrs. Planter. "Make haste!"

"Oh, hitch 'em up, Bud, an' go on!" called an impatient listener on the front seats.

Jack wisely followed this advice, and so got within easy reach of Mrs. Planter's arm, being instantly captured and pinned into shape again.

"I think I've pinned through his very skin," was Mrs. Planter's calm remark; "but he's a plucky boy, and he won't mind."

He did not mind. He jumped, and leaped, and grimaced, to the delight of the audience; he was the dramatic success of the evening. But nothing could be prettier than the Sprites' singing and dancing, unless it was the little Sleepy-heads' sweet little, high voices, and the way they sat up

so drowsily when they were awaked. That is, all the girls sat up, but all the little boys lay still,—fast asleep in reality as well as in play.

In vain did the Sprites sing: "Wake! wake! the charm we break!" In vain did Mrs. Planter and Ethel and the humble person call in loud whispers which every one else in the house but the sleepers could hear: "Johnny! Freddy! Bertie! Wake *up*!" They were in much better company than the King of the Land of Nod or the Queen of the Dollies, and not even the loud applause of the kindly audience could bring them back.

So their fathers and mothers quietly bundled them home to their own little beds.

Then Mr. Planter made a speech,—wise, and kind, and funny,—which pleased everybody; the school prizes were announced, and there were so many of them that everybody grew more pleased, except the babies, who felt that it was high time to go home, and said so quite plainly and loudly, if not in so many words. By this time the moon was up, and the muddy places and fords could be seen, and the exhibition was ended.

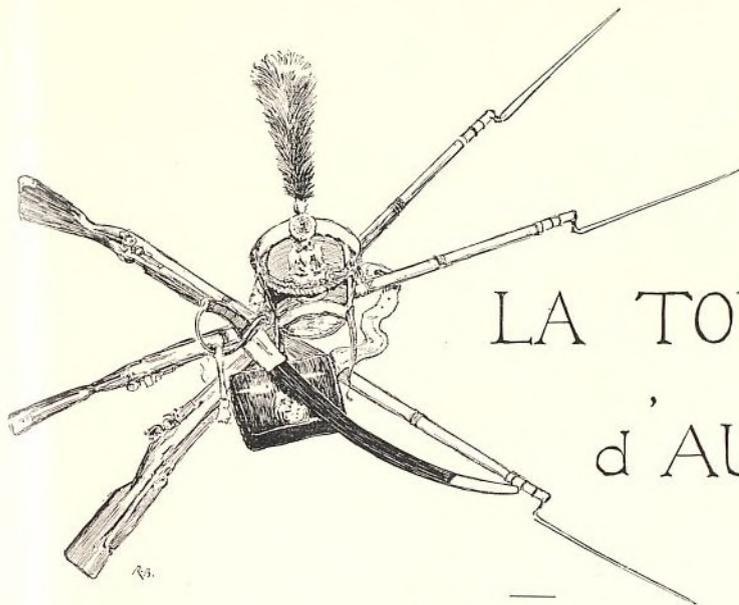
Many were the compliments paid Ethel, with that natural courtesy that belongs to the very humblest Southerners; but none pleased her so much as the few words the King of the Land of Nod's grandfather spoke to her in passing, "Wal, Miss, that was a mighty good show. I b'lieve in boys larnin' to speak. I reckon I kin make out without my boy fur a spell nex' year, an' let him come to school. He keeps all my cotton accounts now,—that boy!"

THE SPRINT-RUNNER.

BY JOEL STACY.

"LEARNING? Where's the use of learning?"
Johnny cried, his lesson spurning.
"As for me, I'd rather run!"
So from morn to set of sun,
Johnny's legs were never still;
He could distance Bob and Bill,
Jim and Tom, and Dick and Peter.
Not a youth in town was flecter.

Grammar, Algebra, and History
Glimmered in a hazy mystery,
School terms softly sped away,
While he practiced day by day,—
Week by week, and through vacation.
Then his friends, in desperation,
Vowed the boy was not for knowledge;
So they sent him off to college.



LA TOUR d'AUVERGNE

BY M. C. HARRISON.

"THERE goes your Uncle Harry," exclaimed a chorus of voices, as I passed the school playground; "he has just come home from Europe, and so he ought to be able to tell us all about soldiers and drilling."

"Yes, Uncle Harry," said my nephew Tom, who made himself spokesman for the crowd of boys, "we want to drill like real soldiers,—'shoulder arms!' 'march!' and all that."

"I never was much of a soldier, my boys. I was wounded in one of the battles of our civil war, and so my military career was cut short, but I can tell you a story my grandfather once told me, of a noble soldier whose example of humility and bravery you would do well to follow."

The boys forgot their play in a moment and crowded around me, eager for my story:

"It was on a lovely evening, my grandfather used to say, that he was at the little town of Carhaix in the west of France. A company of stalwart grenadiers was assembled on the parade-ground of the village, and the rays of the setting sun gilded their polished arms. The long roll of the drum ceased, and the roll-call began. Name after name was called, and was echoed by its owner.

"'La Tour d'Auvergne.'

"No voice responded to that proud name. There was a short silence, and then an old gray-headed color-sergeant, raising his cap as if in salute, stepped forth from the ranks and solemnly answered:

"'Dead on the field of honor.'

"When the company had been dismissed, my grandfather sought the veteran and asked if he could tell him the story of La Tour d'Auvergne.

"'La Tour d'Auvergne? Yes, sir,' he replied, 'I can tell you all about him. He was born here in Carhaix, in 1743, and I can show you his grave in yonder little church-yard. His parents are buried there, too,' and, as they walked slowly to the church-yard, the old man told the story of the valorous soldier of France, to honor whose memory was his daily duty.

From boyhood, La Tour d'Auvergne longed to be a soldier. He was among the earliest to volunteer when the French revolution began; after the peace of Basle, he fell into the hands of the English, and for a year was a prisoner in England. His name was one of the first enrolled on the glorious list of the grenadiers of France, when Napoleon's bugle-notes sounded. He seldom took part in a battle without distinguishing himself by some heroic action, for which honors were pressed upon him. La Tour d'Auvergne gratefully but firmly refused all honors, declaring his unworthiness of them. He accepted only one favor from his beloved Napoleon. The Senate had offered La Tour d'Auvergne a seat in the legislative body, which he declined, saying, "Where shall I serve the Republic to greater purpose than in the army?" He then rejoined his company of grenadiers, which had become famous under his leadership, with the army of the Rhine, and there he received a letter from

the Minister of War informing him that Napoleon had created him "First Grenadier of the Republic" and had awarded him "a sword of honor." He

within two hours' march of the place where he then was; thought and action were simultaneous with La Tour d'Auvergne, and before the enemy had



WATCHING THE APPROACH OF THE AUSTRIANS.

refused the title, but accepted the sword, which, however, he was never willing to carry into battle.

When La Tour d'Auvergne was about forty years of age, an event occurred which increased his reputation as a soldier who knew not fear. He was sent on important business, so the story goes, to a region far distant from the main body of the army, and he thought it prudent to examine his situation in the event of a surprise from the enemy. While thus engaged, intelligence reached him of the proximity of a regiment of Austrians pushing on to besiege a fort which commanded a narrow pass, the possession of which by the enemy would be very disastrous to the French troops. The pass was ten miles away, and the Austrians were

commenced the ascent of the mountain, he had reached the fort. To his dismay he found it deserted!

Thirty excellent muskets and a large supply of ammunition had been left behind by the fugitives. The lookout in his haste had even left his telescope on the watch-tower; and by the aid of this, La Tour d'Auvergne spied the enemy still far distant. A few hours' detention of the enemy would be invaluable to Napoleon. The pass was steep and narrow. The Austrians could enter it only in double file, and while they were ascending the pass in this order the fire of even a single musket from the fort would be exceedingly effective. These thoughts flashed like lightning

through D'Auvergne's mind, and he descended from the watch-tower with the resolve to attempt the defense of the pass, though alone against a regiment.

Being exhausted, he first took a hasty luncheon; then, barricading the main entrance with all the lumber in the fort, he loaded every gun and placed the ammunition conveniently near. It was dark before his preparations were completed, and there was nothing left for him to do but calmly to await the approach of the Austrians. About midnight he heard the tramp of many feet. In an instant his hand grasped a musket, and when the footfalls came so near that he felt certain the Austrians had entered the pass, he discharged the contents of two guns into the darkness to let them know they

mander summoned the garrison to surrender. La Tour d'Auvergne received the flag of truce.

"Report to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend the pass to the last extremity."

The Austrians hesitated no longer, but at once hauled a gun into the pass, and opened fire on the fort. The only situation available for the piece was directly in front of the tower, within easy musket-range. As soon as the gun was placed in position, La Tour d'Auvergne poured so destructive a fire upon the gunners that the enemy were compelled to withdraw after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

The Austrians were brave men, and a second time boldly followed their leaders up the defile



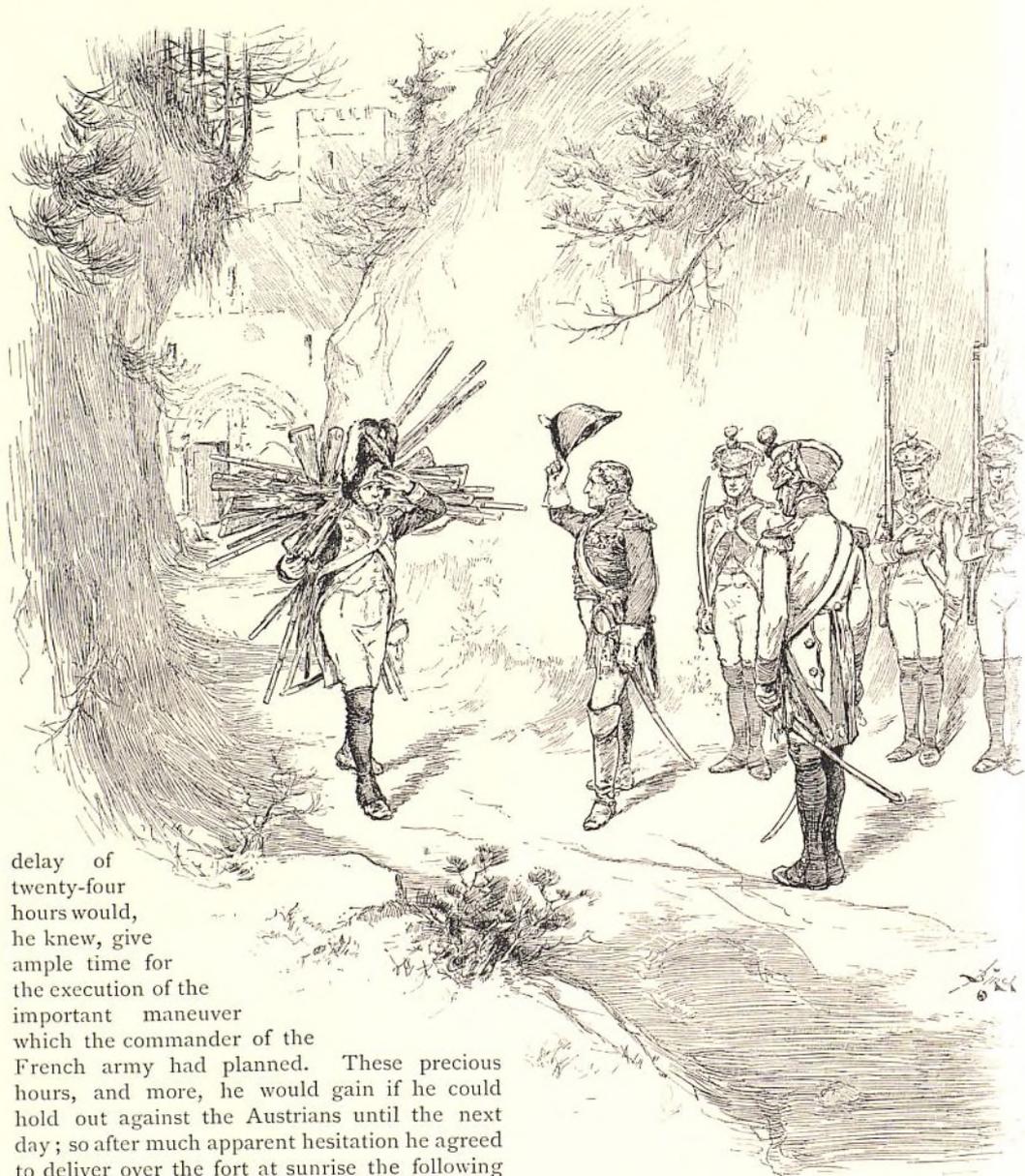
THE AUSTRIANS ATTACKING THE FORT.

were expected. The shots brought no return fire from the enemy, and from the quick, short commands of the officers, he decided that the ranks of the invaders were thrown into confusion by his ruse. He heard nothing more of them that night. At sunrise the next morning the Austrian com-

mander summoned the garrison to surrender. La Tour d'Auvergne's fire, that fifteen men fell in the pass, and the whole body retreated to the foot of the defile. A third assault resulted in further loss to the Austrians, and again they withdrew. By sunset they had lost forty-five men, and at dark the Austrian

commander sent a second demand for surrender. To La Tour d'Auvergne it seemed as if that one day in the tower would never end. Soul and body had almost failed. But what were pain and fatigue to him if he could but accomplish his aim? A

leaving a broad space for the retiring garrison from the fort. All was so quiet within the walls of the fort, and the huge door remained so obstinately closed, that the Austrians were becoming impatient; but at last the heavy door swung slowly



delay of twenty-four hours would, he knew, give ample time for the execution of the important maneuver which the commander of the French army had planned. These precious hours, and more, he would gain if he could hold out against the Austrians until the next day; so after much apparent hesitation he agreed to deliver over the fort at sunrise the following morning on condition that the garrison was allowed to march out with its arms, and to retire unmolested to the French army. These terms were gladly accepted.

At sunrise the next morning the Austrian troops were drawn up in line on either side of the pass,

open, and La Tour d'Auvergne appeared, and, staggering under his load of thirty muskets, slowly passed down between the lines of troops. Not a soul followed him from the fort.

THE GARRISON MARCHES OUT.

Surprised and indignant at this apparent contempt from the conquered foe, the Austrian colonel turned to the grenadier and demanded why the garrison did not appear.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said La Tour d'Auvergne.

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you have held that tower single-handed against my whole regiment?"

"I have had that honor, Colonel."

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

With undisguised admiration the Colonel gazed at the hero for some time in silence, then raising his hat he exclaimed:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

Under a flag of truce, La Tour d'Auvergne returned with the honors of a conqueror to his army, the trophies of his valor borne before him.

The Austrian colonel sent a dispatch, written with his own hand, to the French commander, giving a full account of La Tour d'Auvergne's heroic exploit.

Napoleon would have conferred high rank on La Tour d'Auvergne for his acts of patriotism and bravery, but he steadily refused all honors. The title of "First Grenadier of France," however, bestowed on him by special order of the Emperor, was accepted by friends and foes alike.

La Tour d'Auvergne fell at the battle of Oberhausen, near Neuberg, in Bavaria, June 27, 1800. The honors he so resolutely refused while living were bestowed upon him tenfold after death. A shaft bearing the record of his heroic deeds was erected on the spot where he fell; in his native village a monument was consecrated to his memory; and the simple, touching, memorial ceremony, which was witnessed at the roll-call of his regiment, was instituted, and it was kept up for nearly fifteen years.

"Now, boys," said I, when I had finished the story which my grandfather had told me, "you have heard one of the many brave exploits of this French grenadier. Your books will tell you others as interesting, and convince you that La Tour d'Auvergne was indeed a soldier worth telling about."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

By N. P. BABCOCK.

THAT baby 's a puzzle to me,
With his "queer little snubity nose";
His clothes are put on, I can see,
As thickly as leaves on a rose;
They don't seem to fit
The least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of repose!

They turn him around, upside down,
And dandle him high in the air;
He 's the loveliest baby in town,
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere.
They say "Baby 's King,"
And then shake the poor thing;
It 's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king
When all of your subjects are mad,
And imagine a wild Highland fling
Can alone make your majesty glad—
Or fancy a poke
In the chin is a joke
Your highness delights in when sad?

Oh! yes, you 're a puzzle to me,
You solemn-eyed, infantile king;
A bishop might climb up a tree
And *you* would n't say anything,
Though he sat on a bough
And whistled till now,
"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think,
Of things more amusing than these;
As when, half the night long,
Your Mamma sings a song
But allows *you* to sound the high Cs.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here.
Perhaps we can't quite understand
The pre-mundane funny idea.
Perhaps if we knew
What most amused you,
We 'd feel very foolish and queer.

"CUFF," THE ORPHAN BEAR-CUB.

BY GEO. A. MARTIN.



CHARLIE AND "CUFF" HAVE A SPARRING BOUT.

THERE were four of us in the party, and we had built our sylvan camp upon the shore of Tupper's Lake in the Adirondacks. Three of us were enjoying a brief vacation from the turmoil of business in New York City. The fourth, Richard Dryver, familiarly known as "Dick," was a skillful woodsman, learned in all the lore of forest, lake, and mountain. He was born in a log-cabin, and spent his early boyhood amid the woods and waters of the great northern wilderness. He afterward

lived with an uncle in one of the thriving villages of Central New York, where he learned the carpenter's trade, and ultimately became a partner in the business. But the love of forest life remained strong within him, and so it was that for several successive seasons we had regarded ourselves as fortunate to have him with us in the Adirondacks; not as hired guide, but as friend and companion.

It was a summer evening. We sat in camp, while

the sun threw a bright gleam across the lake and then sank behind the forest-clad mountain, leaving the western sky all aglow. We were talking over the events of the day, one of which was the discovery of the tracks of a full-grown bear, and several broken twigs among the branches of a wild black cherry tree, which showed that Bruin had been feeding upon the cherries. Dick, however, had pronounced the tracks to be a "cold trail," which meant that several days must have elapsed since the bear's visit. And then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be recalling some incident almost forgotten, he added: "Bears are not as plenty as they were when I caught Cuff."

"Who was Cuff?" we asked.

"Oh, he was a black bear that I captured when he was a baby, and brought up by hand. It happened in this way: I was going through the woods with my dog one afternoon just about this time of year. I heard the dog barking a little way ahead, and suspected by the racket he was making that he had stirred up a bear. The dog was a little fellow, half bull-terrier, active and plucky. It did n't take many minutes to reach the spot where he was barking, and, sure enough, there was an old bear with a cub. The path led along the foot of a rather steep slope. The old bear was up on the top of the bank down which the cub had tumbled and rolled, and the dog attacked him just as I came in sight. The old bear sat up there with her fore paws hanging over the edge of the bank, and her great red mouth wide open, growling and snarling. I wondered why she did n't come down and take care of her cub. But I did n't stop to ask her. I raised my rifle, took aim, and fired, and the ball finished her at once. I climbed up the bank, and then saw why the old bear had stayed there. She had another cub with her. As I started along the edge of the bank toward them the little cub ran. The brush was rather thick, but I managed to keep up with the cub. When I was close upon him the little brute scrambled up a young spruce-tree. The branches were so thick that I could not get through them to follow the cub until I had cut some away with the hatchet I always carry in my belt. Then I skinned up, caught him by the scruff of the neck, and brought him down. The little savage squirmed and squealed, but I held him with his back toward me until I could peel some strips of basswood bark and tie his legs. The other cub was so badly bitten by the dog that I killed him, out of mercy. Then I skinned the old bear and started for home with the hide and the cub."

"How far had you to go?" asked one of the party.

"It was about thirty miles home, but I left the

bear-skin with a friend who had a shanty about ten miles from where I killed the old bear and caught the cub. I got home the next day, and put the cub into an empty pig-pen, roofed over so that he could n't climb out. We fed him milk and such food as we ate ourselves. My boy Charlie and the cub soon became great friends. Charlie would get into the pen with him at first, but in a little while the cub was so tame we let him out a good part of the time, only shutting him into his pen at night. He learned everything. But the greatest fun the boy had with the cub was to stand him up in a chair, so as to bring him on a level, and then have a sparring bout. After a little, the boy had to fight in earnest to hold his own, for at intervals the cub would give him a cuff that set him spinning. That's the way the cub got his name."

"How long did you keep the cub?" we asked.

"About a year. The summer after I caught him, he had grown to be quite a young bear, and was as tame as a kitten. He and the boy were steady chums, going all over the place together, and indulging in all sorts of tricks. The cub developed an uncommon talent for getting into scrapes. One Sunday, while I was off in the woods, the folks

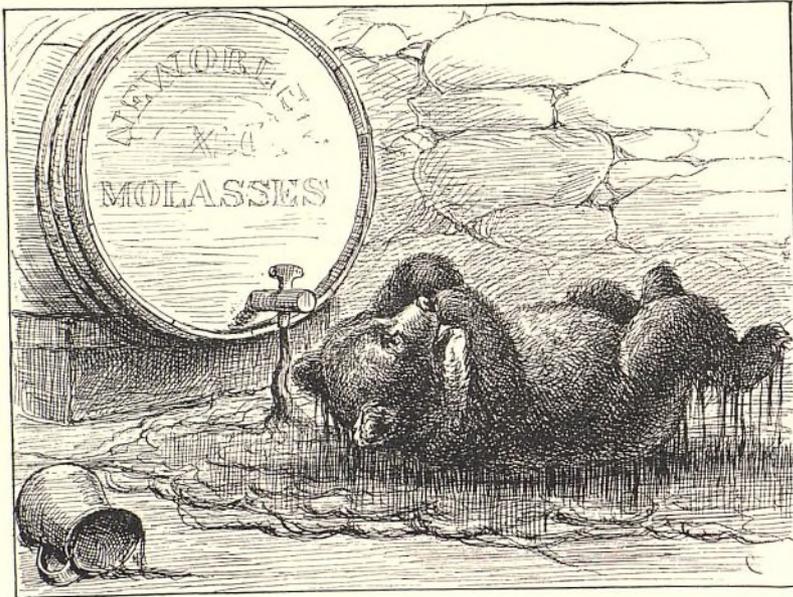


CUFF COMES TO GRIEF WITH A PAN OF MILK.

all went to meeting. They first shut up Cuff in his pen, but they forgot to fasten it. The door slid up and down, and the cub managed to get his paw and then his nose under it, and raised it so that he got out. The day was warm, and the folks had left one of the kitchen windows open. Cuff climbed

in, and then the mischief began. The cellar-door was unfastened, and he went down to see what he could find. First he climbed up to a swing-shelf

hard, that I bought a collar and chain and fastened Cuff to a stake in the orchard. We built him a comfortable little house to sleep in, and he was fed regularly; but he seemed lonesome and unhappy during the hours when Charlie was at school. Just as soon as school was out, Charlie would make straight for the orchard, hoping to have a great frolic with Cuff. But one afternoon, when he went there — Cuff was gone! The ring of the chain had worn his leather collar so thin that he had broken it by pulling. Charlie followed the trail across a meadow and into a piece of woods beyond; there he lost it. The next morning I went there, but the cub had probably traveled all night, and I gave up the search."



CUFF ENJOYS A TREAT.

where the milk was kept, and managed to tip a pan of it all over himself. Then he went sniffing round till he found a barrel of molasses. You know a bear has a great fondness for sweet things, and he licked around the head of the barrel, and mumbled away at the spigot until it came open, and the molasses flowed in a full stream. Cuff drank in the flowing sweetness until he could hold no more. Then he lay down and rolled in it. Soon after he began to feel unhappy, and he started up the stairs with molasses dripping from his shaggy hide at every step. It was n't long before the folks came home from meeting. The first thing they noticed was the open cellar-door, and the track of molasses leading from it through the hall to the girls' room. The girls hurried to their room, and there on the clean white bedspread was Cuff, lying on his back, with a big swarm of flies buzzing around him. Maria — one of my daughters — ran out and picked up a broom and vigorously belabored poor Cuff over his head and ears. He tumbled from the bed and ran out of the house. They got him into his pen, shut and fastened the door, and kept him there till I came home."

"What did you do with him?"

"Oh, Mother and the girls were so indignant over the damage he had done that they wanted me to shoot him or sell him. But Charlie begged so

"Was that the last of him?"

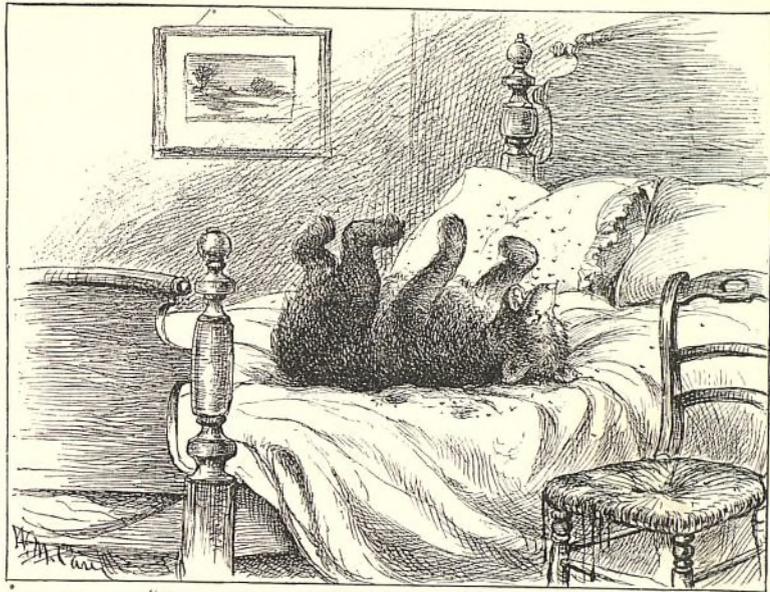
"Not quite. For the next year I was up in the



"CUFF STARTED UP THE STAIRS WITH MOLASSES DRIPPING AT EVERY STEP."

old place for a few weeks. Early one morning as I awoke, there stood a young bear a little way from the open side of my little bough house. I jumped up mighty quick, but, just as I reached for my gun, the bear sat straight up and held out his paws just as Cuff used to when he was sparring with Charlie. I called out 'Cuff!' and he came straight up to me, acting as if glad to see his old master again. I patted his head and talked to him. Then he followed me down to the lake and sat watching me while I fished. I gave him part of the fish and he went away.

I stayed there several days after that, and he came every morning for his breakfast and a little frolic. I would have tried to get him home with me, only the wife and girls had never forgiven him. So the



"THERE ON THE CLEAN WHITE BEDSPREAD WAS CUFF."

last morning, I gave him a good breakfast, and while he was eating it, leaving him there, I packed up my traps and started, and never heard or saw anything more of the little fellow."

DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

PART III.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

"TURK"—GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK'S
DOG FRIEND.

TURK was an army dog, who knew the meaning of drum-taps and bugle-calls as well as any soldier.

His military education was acquired in a garrison, where he lived for nearly four years, and where, being an intelligent, observant animal, he learned many details of martial law and discipline, and, soldier-like, always wished to see them enforced.

Visitors to Governor's Island in 1880, and for

three years thereafter, will recall the huge, silent mastiff that escorted them from the wharf to the parade-ground; for Turk seemed to consider himself a standing Committee of Reception.

He was, however, very undemonstrative, and quite indifferent to the word or smile of any one save General Hancock, and the Superintendent of the Island, William Kirchelt. But his devotion to these two made up for any lack of interest toward others.

Turk was born in the spring of 1878, and was of pure, English mastiff breed, his progenitors having been imported by the Hon. John Jay,



TURK.

formerly minister to Austria. When about two years of age, he was sent for a time to General Hancock by General W. F. Smith, who had owned the dog from puppyhood, and to whom he was returned after General Hancock's death.

While at Governor's Island, Turk was greatly admired and petted; for, though reserved, he was very amiable, and never began a quarrel. But if a dog, visiting the Island, attempted any domineering, Turk soon showed the canine stranger that *he* was the dog of the garrison, and could easily whip ill-mannered intruders.

His attitude toward animals smaller than himself was one of gentle indifference. Little dogs might take liberties with him that larger ones dared not attempt. If the little fellows became too familiar or troublesome, he would gently pick one up with his teeth and shake it, not enough to hurt it but just enough to frighten it into running away when released.

William Kirchtel had the entire charge of him, and Turk always accompanied him when he made his rounds as Superintendent of the Island. At such times the dog would notice no one they met

except the commandant; but at the first glimpse of General Hancock, Turk would wag his tail vigorously, bark, and in other ways express his delight.

When the General wished to see William, he usually advised the orderly sent in quest of him, to look for Turk, as wherever the dog was, there William would be; and the General used to call the dog a "tell-tale," for when William slipped over to New York without leave, everybody would know it through Turk, who would lie on the wharf during William's absence, gazing intently out over the water, toward the city.

He very much disliked to have the General or William leave the Island, and if they went in a rowboat he would swim after them, and insist upon being taken in. Once he nearly lost his life by following a steamboat which was conveying the General and William to the city on their way to take part in the Yorktown celebration in 1881. At first, every one who witnessed the scene thought that the dog would soon give up the attempt; but on and on he swam, until a boat had to put out from the Island to drive him back. He was nearly exhausted when he landed, and but for

this interference of the people on shore would have kept on so long as he could swim.

When his master and keeper returned from Yorktown, and were nearing the Island, General Hancock exclaimed :

"Look, William ! There is Turk watching for us ! Won't he be glad to see us !"

In a garrison, after what is termed the "Retreat" is sounded, no one is allowed to pass in or out without the pass-word. William's quarters were on the line of the sentinel's beat. Turk never seemed to notice any passer-by particularly, until Retreat, but after that he would permit no one to pass except the sentry.

One cold, rainy night, the sentinel on duty carried his rifle at "secure arms," his overcoat cape nearly covering it. As he passed Turk the dog made a charge upon him. The soldier, frightened and perplexed at this sudden and unexpected hostility, remained motionless. William heard the noise, and, going to the door, took in the situation at once.

"Put your gun on your shoulder and walk on," he called out. When the sentry did so, Turk immediately lay down, looking very foolish, and plainly showing that he realized his mistake and was mortified by it.

After General Hancock died, William Kirchtel's company was ordered to California, and General Smith took the dog again. For three summers, Turk was at Bar Harbor, where he made himself indispensable, not only as a watch-dog but as a protection to the ladies of the family in their long walks and rambles. They never were afraid of tramps when Turk was with them.

At home, strangers, especially doubtful-looking ones, were escorted about the premises with stately watchfulness, never being interfered with unless they meddled with something, when he instantly would show disapprobation. A slight hint from the huge dog was all that was ever required to keep even the most unscrupulous within the strict line of honesty.

He was left nearly alone one summer, and upon General Smith's return had disappeared. No trace of him has ever been discovered.

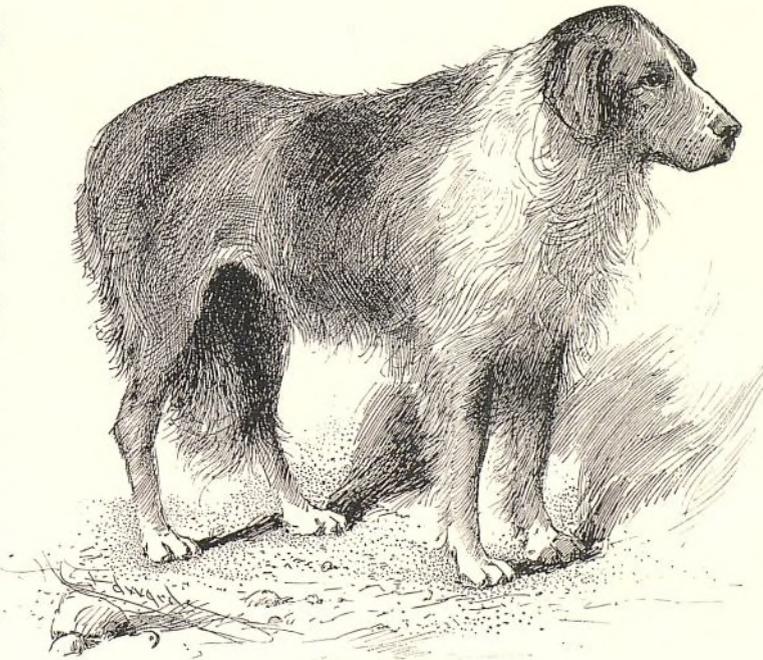
ADMIRAL PORTER'S DOG "BRUCE."

ALL boys who love the water, and especially those who think that they would like to be sailors, will be interested in "Bruce," once the favorite dog of Admiral David D. Porter, of our Navy.

Dogs have been favorites with the Admiral all his life, and within the last twenty years, or since making Washington his headquarters, he has owned no less than twenty-two !

But Bruce, early in his career, earned the highest place in his master's regard by one of those feats of sagacity which seem to prove that animals sometimes reason, and that, too, often more wisely than their recognized mental superiors.

Admiral Porter had a little grandson, who lived near a deep and rapid water-course about twenty-five feet wide. The stream was crossed by a narrow plank. One day, the little fellow—who was



BRUCE.

but three years of age—attempted the perilous crossing alone. There was no one near to warn him of danger or prevent him but the dog. Realizing the child's peril, Bruce ran to him, and, catching hold of his dress, tried to pull him back. The youngster was determined to have his own way, and vigorously resented the dog's interference by beating poor Bruce in the face, with a big stick he carried, until the dog was forced by pain to relinquish his hold.

The faithful animal then jumped into the water, and swam slowly across the stream, below the plank, evidently with the intention of saving the child, should he happen to fall in.

When they were both safely across, and Bruce had shaken the water from his shaggy coat, he artfully induced the little fellow to get on his back for a ride, a treat he knew the youngster much enjoyed and for which he was always ready.

The moment the dog felt the child's arms around his neck, and the little feet digging into his sides, he trotted back across the plank, and homeward, never stopping until his young charge was safely beyond any temptation of repeating his dangerous performance.

Bruce was a famous watch-dog, and guarded the Admiral's premises in Washington more effectively than any night-watchman, for it would have taken more courage to confront him than to encounter any average watchman. He weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was very large around the body. His hair was long, shaggy, and of a dark drab color, except upon his neck, breast, and feet, where it was pure white; and he was noted among those who knew him for his gentle, expressive eyes.

Poor Bruce met his death in rather an ignominious way. Despite his bravery and sagacity, he possessed a weakness that in the end cost him his life. He *would* overeat! We can best try to excuse him for this by the supposition that living in Washington, a city so given to feasting and good living, had its effect on a dog prone to observation and emulation.

One day he gained access to a tub which, from a dog's standpoint, contained something so exceedingly good, that he ate the entire contents. Perhaps some other dog stood by, hoping to share the meal, or awaiting a possible surplus—a state of affairs that always serves to lend added relish to a canine feast. A rush of blood to the head, following close upon this foolish overindulgence, unfortunately proved fatal.

SARA ORNE JEWETT'S DOG.

"ROGER" is a large Irish setter, of wide and varied information, and great dignity of character.

He has a handsome set of fringes to his paws, a fine, glossy coat, and eyes that ask many questions, and make many requests. It is nearly impossible for his mistress to refuse him anything, so that he was in danger of being quite spoiled, or rather he would have been, if less sensible.

Once, when he lay stretched out on a soft rug before the library fire, the Rev. J. G. Wood, who understands dog-life as well as anybody in the world, asked Miss Jewett, reproachfully, whether Roger ever had to do anything he did n't like; and for some time afterward she doubted whether she had given proper attention to the dog's moral education!

Roger spends his winters in Boston, where luckily



ROGER.

he has a very large garden on the shore of the Charles River, in which to run about. But he much prefers a long walk, and always follows his mistress very carefully and politely.

When they go into the business or manufacturing part of the city, it is sometimes touching to see

sad faces light up as he goes by with tail wagging, and to notice how many tired hands reach out to pat him. At such times, Miss Jewett will often forget her errand in stopping to talk with others about him.

But any account of the dog would be incomplete without a word about his best friend, Patrick Lynch. All Roger's truest loyalty and affection show themselves at the sound of Patrick's step, for it means — all outdoors, and the market, and long scurries about town, and splashes in the frog-pond.

All day Roger is expecting some sort of surprise or pleasure from this most congenial of friends; but every evening he condescends to spend quietly with the rest of the family, and comes tick-toeing along the hall floor and upstairs to the library, as if he were well aware that his presence confers a pleasure. Alas! he sometimes meets bonnets outward bound, and this is a cause of much disappointment when he finds, as often happens, that he must stay at home.

But if he be invited to come, what barking and whining in many keys! What dashing along the snowy streets! — what treeing of unlucky pussies,

and scattering of wayfarers terrified by his size and apparent fierceness.

But the best place to see this dog is by the sea-shore in the summer, where he runs about with his beautiful red coat shining like copper in the sunshine. He is then always begging somebody for a walk, or barking even at the top of an in-offensive ledge for the sake of being occupied in some way. Mrs. James T. Fields is at such times his best friend, for she oftenest invites him to walk along the beach and chase sandpipers. Strange to say, his interest in this pursuit never fails, though the sandpipers always fly seaward, and so disappoint their eager hunter.

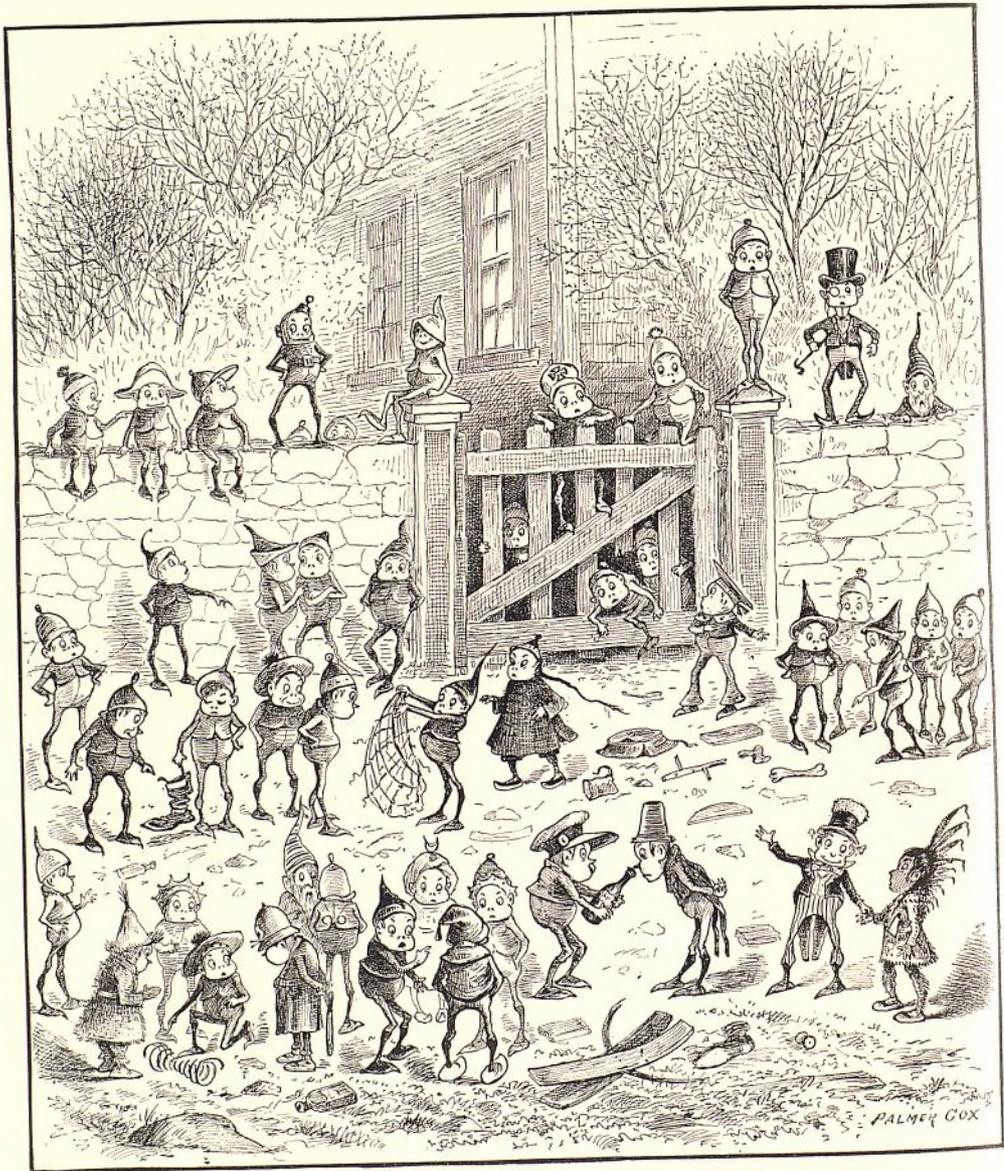
We who have thus been introduced to Roger and become, as it were, almost intimate with him, will regret that he must some day grow old and sedate. Yet in that respect we shall always have the advantage of his closest friends, for with us he will have perpetual youth. In our thoughts he ever will be scurrying through the streets of Boston, stopping only to receive with majestic complaisance the petting of strange hands; or at the sea-shore, exercising his scale of dog-notes, or scattering the timid sandpipers — a joke of which he seems never to tire.



ME AND BRUNO.

THE BROWNIES' GARDEN.

BY PALMER COX.



ONE night, as spring began to show
In buds above and blades below,
The Brownies reached a garden square
That seemed in need of proper care.
Said one, "Neglected ground like this

Must argue some one most remiss,
Or beds and paths would here be found
Instead of rubbish scattered 'round.
Old staves, and boots, and woolen strings,
With bottles, bones, and wire springs,

Are quite unsightly things to see
Where tender plants should sprouting be.
The crows are cawing on the limb,
The swallows o'er the meadows skim ;
I heard the robin's merry note
This evening through the valley float,
While bluebirds flew around in quest
Of hollow stumps fit for a nest.
This work must be progressing soon,
If blossoms are to smile in June."
A second said, " Let all give heed :
On me depend to find the seed.
And neither village shop I 'll raid,
Nor city store of larger trade ;
For, thanks to my foreseeing mind,
To merchants' goods we 're not confined.
Last autumn, when the leaves grew sere
And birds sought regions less severe,
One night through gardens fair I sped,
And gathered seeds from every bed ;
Then placed them in a hollow tree,
Where still they rest. So trust to me
To bring supplies, while you prepare
The mellow garden-soil with care."
Another cried, " While some one goes
To find the shovels, rakes, and hoes,
That in the sheds are stowed away,
We 'll use this plow as best we may.
Our arms, united at the chain,
Will not be exercised in vain,
But, as though colts were in the trace,

We 'll make it
dance around the
place.

I know how deep
the point should
go,
And how the sods
to overthrow.
So not a patch
of ground the size

Of this old cap, when flat it lies,
But shall attentive care receive,
And be improved before we leave."



Then some to guide the plow began,
Others the walks and beds to plan.
And soon they gazed with anxious eyes
For those who ran for seed-supplies.
But, when they came, one had his say,
And thus explained the long delay :
" A woodchuck in the tree had made
His bed just where the seeds were laid.
We wasted half an hour at least
In striving to dislodge the beast ;
Until at length he turned around,

Then, quick as thought, without a sound,
And ere he had his bearings got,
The rogue was half across the lot."

Then seed was sown in various styles,
In circles, squares, and single files ;

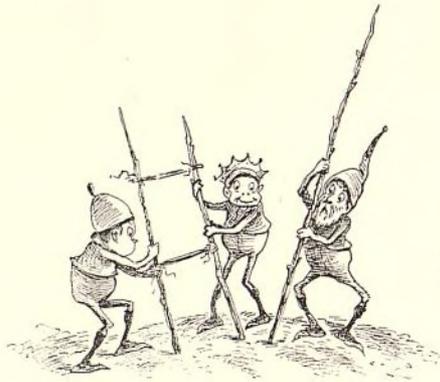


While here and there, in central parts,
They fashioned diamonds, stars, and hearts,
Some using rake, some plying hoe,
Some making holes where seed should go ;
While some laid garden tools aside



And to the soil their hands applied.
To stakes and racks more were assigned,
That climbing vines support might find.
Cried one, " Here, side by side, will stand
The fairest flowers in the land,—

The stately hollyhock will tower
 O'er many a sweet and modest flower.
 Here, royal plants, all weighted down
 With purple robe or golden crown,
 Away their pomp and pride will fling
 And to their nearest neighbor cling.
 The thrifty bees for miles around



Ere long will seek this
 plot of ground,
 And be surprised to
 find each morn
 New blossoms do each
 bed adorn.
 And in their own pe-
 culiar screed
 Will bless the hands
 that sowed the
 seed."

But morning broke (as
 break it will
 Though one 's awake or sleeping still),
 And then the seeds on every side
 The hurried Brownies scattered wide.
 Along the road and through the lane
 They pattered on the ground like rain,



Where Brownies, as away they flew,
 Both right and left full handfuls threw,
 And children often halted there
 To pick the blossoms, sweet and fair,



That sprung like daisies from the mead
 Where fleeing Brownies flung the seed.





THE STORY OF MOTHER HUBBARD, TOLD IN JAPANESE PICTURES.



HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. X.

SIFTING.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Allegro.

p 1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, Tam - bour - ine, Rub and thump the bells be - tween,

Here's a mu - sic on - ly seen, Here's the sieve a - shak - ing, -

cresc. *f*

Laught - er is the on - ly peal, As we shed the gold - en meal,

cresc. *f*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with the tempo marking *poco rit. et dim.* and ending with *f. a tempo.* The lyrics are: "Or the cream - y flour we deal, Read - y for the bak - ing." The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with *poco rit. et dim.* and ending with *f a tempo.* The bottom staff is the bass line, which is mostly sustained notes.

II.

Rattle-tattle, Castanet,
 All the clatter that we get
 Comes through such a noiseless net
 That the elves must listen,
 While we magic circles make,
 With a rhythmic rock and shake,
 Dreaming of a birthday cake,
 Fit to make eyes glisten.

III.

Tint-ta, tin-ta, Mandolin,
 Ring the scalloped baking-tin,
 Bring the doughy rolling-pin,
 Whirl away the "Dover"! —
 Now we've piled it mountains high,
 Here's for bread and buns and pie,
 Here's the wheat, the corn, the rye, —
 So, the sifting's over.

HUM-UM-UM.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee :
 " Oh ! hurry here and see, and see,
 The loveliest rose — the loveliest rose
 That in the garden grows, grows, grows.
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"
 Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee :
 " Much honey must be here, and we
 Should beg a portion while we may,
 For soon more bees will come this way.
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"
 Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee :
 " The rose is not for me, for me,
 Though she is lovelier by far
 Than many other flowers are.
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"
 Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee :
 " No honey-cup has she, has she,
 But many cups, all brimming over,
 Has yonder little purple clover,
 And that 's the flower for me, for me.
 Hum-um-um — hum-um-um,"
 Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WALK in, Lady May, and many welcomes to your sweet ladyship! Lady May, allow me to present my children of ST. NICHOLAS!

Ah! your ladyship has had the pleasure of meeting them before? Then all is well.

And now, your ladyship, my friend Lucy E. Tilley shall tell you and the children a true story:

WHEN THE APPLE BLOSSOMS STIR.

THE buds in the tree's heart safely were folded away,
Awaiting in dreamy quiet the coming of May,

When one little bud roused gently and pondered awhile,—
"It's dark, and no one would see me," it said with a smile.

"If I before all the others could bloom first in May,
And so be the only blossom, if but for a day,

How the world would welcome my coming,—the first little flower,—
'T will surely be worth the trouble, if but for an hour."

Close to the light it crept softly, and waited till Spring,
With her magic fingers, the door wide open should fling.

Spring came, the bud slipped out softly and opened its eyes
To catch the first loving welcome; but saw with surprise,

That swift through the open doorway, lo, others had burst!

For thousands of little white blossoms had thought to be "First."

SOME time ago, a little Illinois girl named Rose, sent so strange a story of bird sagacity to this Pulpit, that the Little School-ma'am kindly wrote to the lady mentioned by Rose to inquire if the little girl had been rightly informed. In due time the

reply came, verifying the story in every particular, save that the lady "thought it was a Phoebe bird, but could not be sure."

So you shall hear it now, word for word:

A VERY KNOWING PHOEBE BIRD.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Having noticed many curious stories of animals and birds in your columns, I will now write and tell you what a little Phoebe bird did.

It built its nest on a ledge over the door of a house in this neighborhood. When the little birds were still quite small, the lady of the house was standing on the porch, and seeing one of them fall to the ground, she picked it up and put it back into the nest. A few days later she saw one of the little birds fall again; but this time it fell only about ten or eleven inches, where it stopped and hung in the air. The lady climbed up to the nest, and found that every one of the baby birds had a horse-hair tied around its leg and then fastened to the nest. Was this the mother bird's way of keeping them safe at home while she was gone?

I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially the "Pulpit" and "Letter-box."

Your interested reader,

ROSE R.

A WISE REPLY.

DEAR FRIEND JACK: I have lately been reading of an incident which, with your permission, I'd like to send to your crowd of hearers, many of whom, I dare say, are amateur photographers who practice with their own cameras and delight themselves and their friends with many a startling picture.

Well, sixty-four years ago, in 1825, M. Dumas, the French writer, was lecturing in the Theater of Sorbonne on chemistry. At the close of his lecture, a lady came up to him, and said: "M. Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For some time he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the image of the camera. Do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it. I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?" "In the present state of knowledge," said Dumas, "it can not be done; but I can not say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

Twelve years afterward, Daguerre worked out his idea, and soon became known far and wide as the discoverer of the daguerreotype process. To-day he stands alone as the father of modern photography.

Yours truly,

JOEL S.—

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

PARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you about some tribes of South American Indians, of whom, until very lately, nothing, or almost nothing, has been known. These tribes live on the Xingu and Araguaya rivers, parts of which have only lately been explored, and consequently the discovery of these tribes is quite recent. The discovery was made by some German travelers, one of whom, Carl von Steinen, has written in German a very interesting book about it all. I wish you could see, as I have seen, the feather dresses and ornaments, arrows, and carved gourds of these strange Indians. Some of the tribes had never, of course, seen white men till these travelers came, and they were at first afraid and ran off into the woods, gaining confidence little by little. Unfortunately,

on one occasion, a gun accidentally went off, and the tribe, a few of whom were peering out, were never seen by their white friends again. These tribes seem to have no form of worship, not even hideous little images as some of the Amazonian Indians have. But they must have their superstitions, as one tribe (the tribes are small) believe that their souls change into aráras (birds of brilliant plumage) and the souls of black men into urubus, a sort of scavenger bird, black as a crow.

Some tribes were quite polite, offering the travelers food, *i. e.*, game and farina, but if they did not begin to eat very quickly the Indians would grab it all up themselves. The funeral rites of one of the tribes are quite strange. The men (the women are not allowed to assist) take the body to the woods and remove all the flesh. The bones are carefully put into a basket, and the skull is decorated with feathers and placed under a canopy of leaves. The leader, "medicine man," I suppose, gesticulates and wails before this skull, then begins a dance in which all join. Finally, with sharp pieces of stones all cut their arms, one by one, letting the blood drop on the skull. The sharp stones are afterward wrapped in leaves and given to the relatives of the deceased. The skull and bones are buried with solemn rites. When a member of this tribe dies everything belonging to him is burnt,—though little it must be,—sometimes to the disgust of certain near survivors. The men of one tribe have annual dances, in which the dresses represent fish, birds, and animals. They are kept in a hut devoted to the purpose. No woman is allowed to touch the dresses or to enter the hut; she would die, so is the belief, on the very moment.

Yours very truly,
ONE LITTLE GIRL'S MAMMA.

A HANGING MATTER.

CRESTON, IOWA.

DEAR JACK: Do bananas, when growing upon the tree, turn up or down?

In the stores, from the way the bunches are hung up, they look as if they grew down; but I have looked it up in several books, and all, with one exception, have pictures with the fruit turned up. Among the books were two encyclopædias and one physical geography. I never saw but one bunch of bananas growing, and that bunch turned down.

Now, I do not know whether the pictures are wrong, or the bunch I saw was an unusual one. My sister says she does not think any one who undertook to furnish illustrations for an important book would make such a mistake. Your devoted admirer,

AIMÉE LEQUEUX D—.

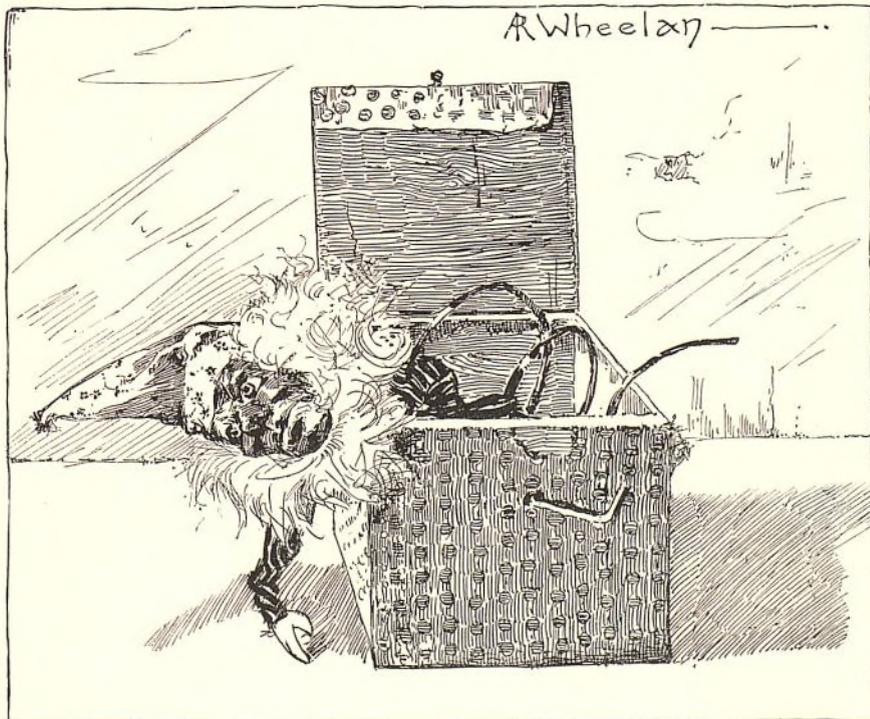
WHO KNOWS?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Do you answer questions? If not, please ask some one to answer this one.

Prof. Starr told us, in February, about the "Rose in a Queer Place," and it must be very pretty, but I want to know how they keep the tanks from bursting when making the blocks of ice. I can not understand it.

Yours inquiringly, RUTH HERTZELL.

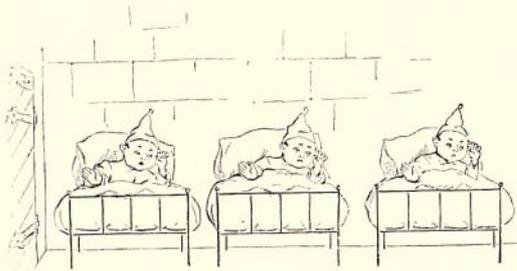
Who knows? There is no such thing as non-bustible ice, I believe. The boys in the Red Schoolhouse will have to think this matter over. Meantime Prof. Starr will be asked to reply to Ruth next month.



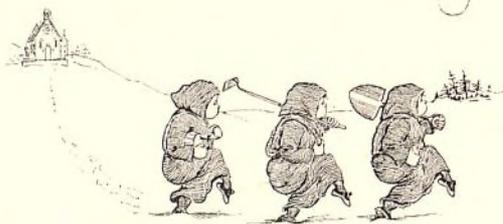
SPRING LASSITUDE.

THREE LITTLE ASTROLOGERS.

BY A. D. BLASHFIELD.



THREE little Astrologers who dwelt on a hill,
Where each lived at ease, ate and drank to his fill,
Were awakened one morn by a cry of distress
Which made them all start and most hurriedly
dress.



Soon wrapped in their hoods, down the hill,
through the snow,
They run to the rescue, all in a row,
And each one declared he'd not been so excited
Since the old black cat's tail from the candle ignited.



But hunt as they will and dig deep as they may,
They're about to relinquish the search in dismay,
When, once more!—that sad cry they'd heard
from their beds,
Seemed to come from a tree right over their heads!



Three little heads start, in a sudden surprise,
To a bare branch above turning three pairs of eyes;
There sits, with an air more pompous than craven,
Their slumber's disturber — a wicked old raven.



Then those three little men, in their three little rages,
Said words more becoming to teamsters than sages,
Till fat little John, a firm friend to the platter,
By catching the bird changed the face of the matter.



While the snow falls without and the day coldly ends,
Round a pie rich and savory are gathered our friends;
And they smile as they think, in their warm, cosy
haven,
How the tables are turned on that plague of a raven.

Ten Little Monkeys and What they are About



JINGLE. HOW JOHNNY-JUMP-UP TURNED INTO A PANSY.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.

THERE was a little boy
Whom his mother did employ
In doing all the errands she could trump
up;
And she sent his feet so nimble
After scissors, spool, or thimble,
Till the neighbors always called him
Johnny-Jump-Up.

Now this Johnny,— little boy
Whom his mother did employ,
Saying, “ Johnny-jump-up dear, and fetch
the tarts, please ! ”
Or, “ Run, Johnny, to the spring,
And a pail of water bring, ”
Don't you see he grew to be his mother's
Heart's-ease ?

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure you will be glad to hear how much good some of your plays are doing in the world.

Not long ago at the National Theater in this city several of these plays were performed by children and the proceeds given to charity. It was a bright afternoon, and the theater was filled. The audience included many well-known people, and in the boxes were some members of the Cabinet and foreign diplomats, including the Chinese minister,—who must have found the performance very different from those at home.

The curtain rose and showed "Mistress Mary" sprinkling her flower-beds, which immediately sent forth brilliant living flowers, who followed after the sweet little gardener.

There was much curiosity to see "Bobby Shaftoe," for that character was played by the son of Mrs. Burnett, the boy whose loving ways suggested the pure-hearted "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; and Mrs. Burnett herself had helped to drill the little fellow to play the difficult part.

Bobby Shaftoe courted one of the little village maidens, and looked so pretty in his long flaxen curls and wine-colored satin suit that she seemed very hard-hearted when she refused him. And, indeed, she herself repented it in the very next verse, after he had departed in despair. The little girl sang this part with a sweetness, clearness, and precision of voice which delighted the audience; and all sympathized with her grief expressed in the spinning-wheel song, and with her joy over his most unexpected (?) return in a sailor-suit even prettier than the wine-colored satin. The two little lovers sang a joyful duet, the peasants thronged in to congratulate, and all ended in a merry dance.

I have heard that the operetta "Bobby Shaftoe," alone, has been the means of earning more than \$10,000 for charity, and has been played at least once in each month since its publication in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877.

Another ST. NICHOLAS favorite, "Mother Goose and her Family," came next, and the characters in this play also were represented by children of some of our most distinguished legislators and statesmen.

I was fortunate enough to attend some of the rehearsals, and was surprised to see the spirit and power Mrs. Burnett threw into the preparation of the play and the respectful love and tenderness shown her by her son.

Another play, "The Enchanted Princess, or Triumph of Ether," ended the performance. It was a decided success, delighting the large audience, and raising a large sum of money for excellent purposes.

G. B. B.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to describe to your readers something I made at home.

Take a piece of wood six and a half inches long and two inches wide, and cut five little slits at each end; then take a piece of wood one and three-quarter inches long and half an inch high. Buy two pieces of rubber; take one end of one piece of the rubber, pull it into one of the slits, and when you see that you have enough to stretch from one of the slits to the other, then cut it and fasten the other end in the opposite slit. Make and adjust four

more of these pieces, and then take the small piece of wood and put it in under the strings, and you have your harp, or guitar, or whatever you choose to call it. It can be tuned by making each string tighter or looser.

Yours truly, M. M. R—.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have never written to you before, though my mamma has taken you for my brothers and sisters before I was born, and ever since I was old enough to read I have looked forward eagerly to your arrival. I am frequently sick, and can not run and play very much. I have been very sick for the last three weeks, but I am getting better fast now. I have a very pretty little bird who sings a great deal. I play with paper dolls all the time. I got a ring on Christmas when I was sick in bed; I lost the stone out of it; I felt very bad about it, but Mamma found it again.

Your devoted reader, HELEN L—.

WEIMAR, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you all the time. I am almost seven years old. I go to a German school and wear a leather apron, and carry my books in a knapsack on my back, like all the German boys. I can write and read German better than I can English. I was very much interested in the story of "The Golden Casque," because I have been to Scheveningen and have seen the peasant girls with their dog-carts. I liked the story about the Christmas play. We had a Christmas-tree of our own, and went to a German Christmas-tree, and we had two at school.

Your little friend, ALLEN M—.

GLENOLDEN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you how much we all like you; we have you bound and unbound. All the grown-up folks in our family read you and think you are the best magazine for children. You must hear about our little dog named "Rover," a brown and white spaniel. I throw him a ball, and he catches it in his mouth and throws it back. He had a cut foot once, and when we would say, "Rover has a sore foot," he would hold it up; but when it got well and we would say that he would forget which foot it was, and would hold up the wrong one. I had a pony; he died in the fall; so I got a bicycle for Christmas. Hoping you will always come to our house, I remain,

Your little friend, ED. M. T—.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, but I must write to you now, to tell you how much I like your stories, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita." My little brother is delighted with the "Brownies," and is always looking forward to the next number.

I have been living in Switzerland for three years, and am now in Clifton.

The Swiss mountains are lovely, and I went to the top of a great many. My sister went out once with a friend and a guide. They came to a big precipice, so their guide had to tie them round their waists with a rope, and they were let slowly down the edge of the precipice from where they could continue.

I hope you will put these few lines in your "Letter-box." I remain,

Your great friend and admirer, S. N—.

MURRAY, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from the Cœur d'Alenes in your book, but I hope to see this there. We live in a mining-camp, in Idaho, named Murray. It is built in a gulch. The mountain on one side is eight hundred and fourteen feet high; on the other it slopes back, in benches. Quite high up is the water-tank: it supplies the town with water. We have two hose-carts. My friend Jim Hemmons is Chief.

I have one brother older, and a sister younger, than I, named Vaughn and Mabel. I am ten years old.

Last year Aunt Annie sent us ST. NICHOLAS. She sends it this year again. Is it not a fine Christmas present? I want to take it till I'm a man.

Last summer Dr. Littlefield brought in a little bear three weeks old; they fed it bread and milk, and we had fun with it; but it died in a few weeks—a big box fell on it.

The chief products of this country are huckleberries, mines, and bears!

We have "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and think it a fine book.

I go to school, and Sunday-school. I remain,
Your friend, CHASE K—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and live in New York. Ever since I can remember Mamma has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for me. I showed the February number to Papa to-day, as in the article on the "White Pasha" it says that Stanley served in our navy during the war, on board the U. S. iron-clad "Ticonderoga."

Now, Papa was an officer in our navy, and on board the Ticonderoga from the time she was built until the war ended; and although Papa has often told me stories about the war, he never told me anything about Stanley, which he would be likely to do, if they had served together in the same ship, because the whole world is now interested in everything pertaining to the famous explorer of the Dark Continent.

When I showed your "White Pasha" to Papa he said it was a mistake about Henry M. Stanley being promoted to Acting Ensign on board the Ticonderoga, as no officer of that name was appointed in our navy during the war; but it is possible that Stanley may have served as one of the sailors. He did not then do anything to attract attention to his name or to show any promise of the wonderful part he was to play in our century's history.

While lying at the Philadelphia navy-yard, in the fall of 1865, the Ticonderoga received orders to join Admiral Porter's squadron at Hampton Roads, which was getting ready to attack Fort Fisher. As the war had then been going on for four years, it was very difficult to get seamen for the navy, even more so than to get soldiers for the army.

The Ticonderoga, when she received her orders to go to sea, had only a few able-bodied seamen on board,—probably not more than one-tenth of her complement,—but as, a few days before, a draft of about two hundred

landsmen had been sent to the ship the captain decided to put to sea, for he was afraid he would miss the attack on Fort Fisher by waiting for more seamen.

The landsmen who had just been received on board were almost all Confederate prisoners who, being tired of our Northern prisons, took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government and enlisted in our navy, on the condition that they should not be sent ashore to serve in any of the land attacks against the Confederates, because, in case of recapture by their former comrades, they might suffer the unpleasant fate of being shot as deserters.

The Ticonderoga had a pleasant passage from Philadelphia to within sight of the Capes of the Chesapeake. In half an hour she would have been safely moored in Hampton Roads with the rest of the squadron when a furious snow-storm came on, and she was driven out to sea for three days in one of the worst storms that have ever been known on our coast, with a ship full of sea-sick landsmen. They were so sick that they could not even hoist the ashes out of the fire-room to keep the ship from sinking. Only by the heroic efforts and gallantry of the officers was the ship finally brought safely through the storm in which the "Ré Galantuomo," one of the finest frigates in the Italian navy, foundered with all on board.

It was in this detachment of Confederate landsmen that Stanley must have served, if he served at all, on the Ticonderoga during our war, so Papa tells me.

My father's initials are W. W. M., and you can find all about the Ticonderoga's officers in the United States Navy Registers for 1864 and 1865, of which we have in our library all the copies bound.

I did not mean to make this letter so long, but I must tell you that I think "Sally's Valentine" too cute for anything.

Your fervent admirer,
ALICE B. M—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma took you two years before I was born, and I have read you, or had you read to me, ever since I was old enough to understand anything, so I love you very much. I remember when Mamma first read me "Behind the White Brick," I thought I had never read a nicer fairy story.

I have all the bound volumes since 1875 in my room.

I went to the theater for the first time a few weeks ago, to see my favorite story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," acted. It was perfectly lovely. I saw little Elsie Leslie, and I think she is wonderfully sweet and acts beautifully. I have five photographs of her and five of Tommy Russell.

I think Mrs. Burnett writes such lovely stories.

I have no brothers and sisters, but I have a few very pretty pets, one of which is a beautiful, intelligent Japanese pug, named Jap.

He has very bright eyes, beautiful soft white and black fur, and a long feathery tail that always curves upward.

He is so funny. Every time the bell rings for breakfast, if I am a little bit late, he goes tearing to the head of the stairs and barks, and then comes back and puts his paws on my lap, cocks his head on one side, and looks at me with his bright impertinent eyes.

If I take no notice, he begins barking and pulling my dress with his sharp little white teeth. When I come, he goes down stairs very slowly, turning his head at each step to see if I am following. When we get safely in at the dining-room door he is perfectly happy. He stands up on his hind legs and looks so coaxingly that we have to give him something.

I also have a large Irish setter, "Bruno," and as we live right near Gramercy Park I can take him there sometimes for a run. I have two canary birds, one of which is blind. He is very tame, and will sit on my finger and sing. Your constant reader,

ETHEL KISSAM.

FOR the benefit of our young readers who have a liking for mathematics we reprint from a recent number of "The Universal Tinker," the following item concerning

A CURIOUS NUMBER.

Here is something to scratch your head over. A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines:

142,857 multiplied by 1 equals 142,857
 142,857 multiplied by 2 equals 285,714
 142,857 multiplied by 3 equals 428,571
 142,857 multiplied by 4 equals 571,428
 142,857 multiplied by 5 equals 714,285
 142,857 multiplied by 6 equals 857,142
 142,857 multiplied by 7 equals 999,999

Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, with figures exactly the same as at the start.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

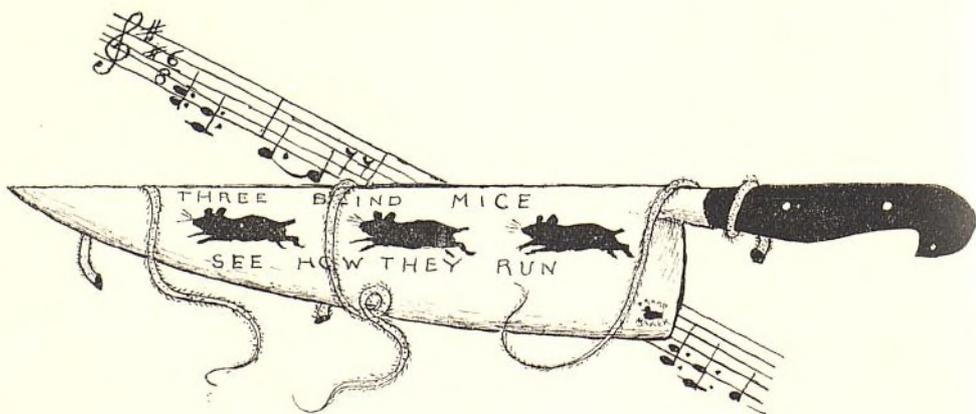
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to know of an interesting and very pretty experiment to try in the spring. Break off some twigs from apple-trees, or from any other tree that has pretty blossoms, and put them in water. You do not have to wait more than two or three days in the case of apple buds, before you begin to see signs of their opening. I have apple buds that I cut a little over two weeks ago, and I can already begin to see the pink of the blossoms. Horse-chestnut branches are interesting, for the leaves have a kind of woolly substance on them when they first come out. Warm water forces them out faster, I think. I have lilac branches that are out enough to see the flower-buds.

Ever your friend, ETHEL P.—

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them:

Jessie C. Knight, Vivian, Frances Marion, H. F., Lucy P. W., Alice B. C., Hattie B. Thompson, Carl F. Hayden, Mary A. Lincoln, May Lyle, Frances Gibbon, A. D., Caroline E. Condit, Olive C. K. Bell, Norton, Fannie, and Edith T., Harold S. P., Amy W., May E. W., Maude J., Mabel B., May M., Emily M. W., Maud S. M., Amanda and Bertha, Ethel C., Julia E. R. M., Howard B., Walter G. K., Alice E. A., Lyman H. G., Arthur Williams, Mary, Catherine Cook, Alice P. W., Helen T., L. M. Gaskill, H. Ellis, Annie R. L., Amy E. D., Helen Parker, K. R., May S., Hope C., Dorothy R., Helen Blumenthal, Mary D. Sampson, Lida Schem, William S. B., Arthur E. Fairchild, Nannie La V., Alice Brayton, Charlotte E. B., H. A. S., L. B. V., Alice Y., Robbie M., Mamie C., Herman Holt, Jr., Harry O., Fay F., L. M. H., Frank T., Bessie D., Josie and Anna, A. Hookey, Harry Emerson, M. I. H., Arthur T. P., Dora, Alice, Charlie, Carrie K. T., R. Lacombe, E. K. S., Ruth M. M., Robert Bond, C. H. Ferran, Elsie B. M., Gertrude M. J., Ella S. M., Emma M. M., H. P. H., Charles H. L., Gundred S., Dora K. and Emily D., Bertha C. H., Nellie, Ruth Tuttle, Marshall Miller, Glenn M., Phillip C., Henry K. M., MacC. S., Sara G., Elizabeth T., "Penny," "Rollo II.," Ida G. S. E., Ivy C. S., Madge H., Robin H. W., L. A., Ellen W., Joel W., W. F. Morgan, Ross Proctor, Clara E. McM., J. W. Ferguson, Lawrence L., Jennie L. M., Grace S. O., Eleanor K. B., W. H., Lizzie S., Edith N., Helen R., A. C. Derby, Margaret R., Elizabeth E. B., Jennie S., May I. C., Charles C. Whitehead, Annie R. R., Annie P. F., Worthington H., Marguerite, Florie Cox, Alice M. G., Mamie G., Thos. McK., Charles G. M., M. M., Carrie C. F., R. and M. H., Emma I. G., Agnes J. A.

Lilian Bonnell, of Shanghai, China, sends a list of eighty-one characters found in the King's Move puzzle, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January. The list arrived too late to be acknowledged in an earlier number.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

QUARTERED CIRCLES. From 1 to 4, lane; 5 to 8, gear; 9 to 12, lyre; 13 to 16, anon; 1 to 5, long; 5 to 9, gull; 9 to 13, Lima; 13 to 1, Abel; 2 to 6, abode; 6 to 10, entry; 10 to 14, yearn; 14 to 2, Norma; 3 to 7, Nevada; 7 to 11, abider; 11 to 15, Rialto; 15 to 3, Oberon; 4 to 8, elector; 8 to 12, reserve; 12 to 16, eastern; 16 to 4, naivete.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC. Centrals, wrong. Cross-words: 1. sa-w-as. 2. fa-r-ap. 3. tw-o-ne. 4. ma-n-ap. 5. fi-g-un.

RIDDLE. Nothing.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Verse. 2. Emily. 3. Rigor. 4. Slope. 5. Eyes.

ZIGZAG. Washington's First Inauguration. Cross-words: 1. Wade. 2. mAlt. 3. vaSt. 4. dasH. 5. criB. 6. cNvy. 7. Gasp. 8. aTom. 9. drOp. 10. braN. 11. hoSt. 12. aFar. 13. Iris. 14. iRon. 15. maSk. 16. laSt. 17. slIm. 18. ENid. 19. Avon. 20. bUlK. 21. saGe. 22. PerU. 23. paRk. 24. dAtE. 25. Tody. 26. mInk. 27. loOn. 28. wreN.

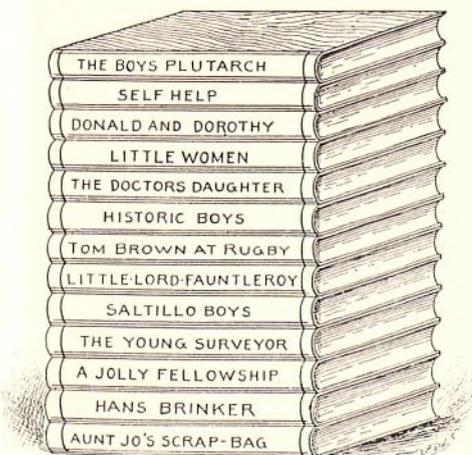
ANAGRAMS. Hawthorne. 1. Hermetically. 2. Absolutism. 3. Wardenship. 4. Thermometers. 5. Humanitarians. 6. Opinionativeness. 7. Revocableness. 8. Numeration. 9. Establishment.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—May I. Gerrish—Louise Ingham Adams—Aunt Kate, Mamma, and Jamie—A. L. W. L.—William H. Beers—Jo and I—"May and 79"—I. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell—"Mohawk Valley."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Edwin Murray, 1—Margaret G. Cassels, 1—Mary Prince, 1—"Training Dept.," 1—Madeline D., 1—Lawrence Hills, 1—Agnes J. Arrott, 1—L. and S. Egert, 1—Miriam V. Cooke, 1—Myrat, 1—"Uncle Tom," 1—J. B. Swann, 9—"Meantedly," 1—"Queen Vic.," 1—Clover, 1—Ada E. Fischer, 1—M. S. A., 1—"Alicia," 1—Fay B. Miner, 1—Katie Van Zandt, 9—Antoine Schmidt, 2—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 10—L. Lavanda Stout, 1—L. C. H., 1—"Miss Ouri," 5—Carrie Holzman, 1—Elaine, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Alice Wilcox, 2—Lalor Burtzell, 1—Susie Deangelis, 1—Sidney Sommerfeld, 1—"Frolic and Mirth," 1—Astley A., 1—Clara O., 8—M. L. Robinson, 2—Maxie and Jackspar, 11—Lillie Waite, 1—Edith Allen, 8—Nettie Carstens, 1—Papa and Bessie, 11—Thomas I. Bergen, 1—No Name, Fulton, Ill., 4—Irma Boskowitz, 1—L. D. Lawrie, 1—Roxy's Chum, 3—"Shyler," 9—Emma and Clara, 1—Edith Norton, 1—Annie W. Jones, 3—Blanche and Fred, 11—Madcap, 2—Lillian A. Thorpe, 11—"Nodge," 5—Paul Reese, 13—Anna G. Pierce, 1—Nellie L. Fifield, 1—Papa and Elsie, 12—A. W. B., 6—E. E. Whitford, 3—"Infantry," 13—John and Bessie, 2—"Ivy Green," 3—Bella Myers, 1—Roxana H. Vivian, 9—"Peggy," 1—H. H. Trancine, 2—"Ramona," 3—Hattie Gage, 12—Ida C. Thallon, 11—Nellie L. Howes, 11—"Nig and Mig," 11—Annie, Susie, and Amey, 5—Mabel H. Chase, 11—Ems, 7—Mattie E. Beale, 10—"Wilmingtonby," 12—Judy, 9—A. Rutgers Livingston, 2—"M. M. Barstow and Co.," 11—Florence L., 9—"Tom, Dick, and Harrie," 13—P. and M. T., 8—Freddie Sutro, 2—L. H. F. and "Mistie," 11—Paschal R. Smith, 1—H. P. H. and M. R. H., 2—"Pheer," 5.

A BOOK PUZZLE.



MOVE some of the books in the pile to the right, and others to the left, and the name of a popular story, first printed in ST. NICHOLAS, may be formed in a perpendicular line. In other words, by taking a letter from each title, not far from the center, the name of another story may be formed.

ANAGRAMS.

THE letters in each of the following sentences may be transposed so as to spell the name of a fruit.

1. Song era.
 2. One law term.
 3. In a center.
 4. Mop, eager ant.
 5. 'T is a crop.
 6. Plain peep.
 7. Rich seer.
 8. A speech.
 9. Ere brass writ.
 10. Brier scanner.
- "ALPHA ZETA."

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A feminine name.
 2. A feminine name.
 3. Unshaken courage.
 4. An iron block upon which metals are hammered.
 5. Parts of the body.
 - II. 1. A scriptural name.
 2. Spry.
 3. Taunts.
 4. Vigilant.
 5. Musical terms.
 - III. 1. A feminine name.
 2. The pope's triple crown.
 3. Detests.
 4. To build.
 5. Continues.
 - IV. 1. A masculine name.
 2. A feminine name.
 3. To incline.
 4. Understanding.
 5. To enlist in.
 - V. 1. In the latter age of Rome, a god of festive joy and mirth.
 2. Oxygen in a condensed form.
 3. A character in Shakespeare's play of "A Winter's Tale."
 4. Not set.
 5. Places on a seat.
- O. A. CO.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a holiday; my finals, a poem or song heard on this day.

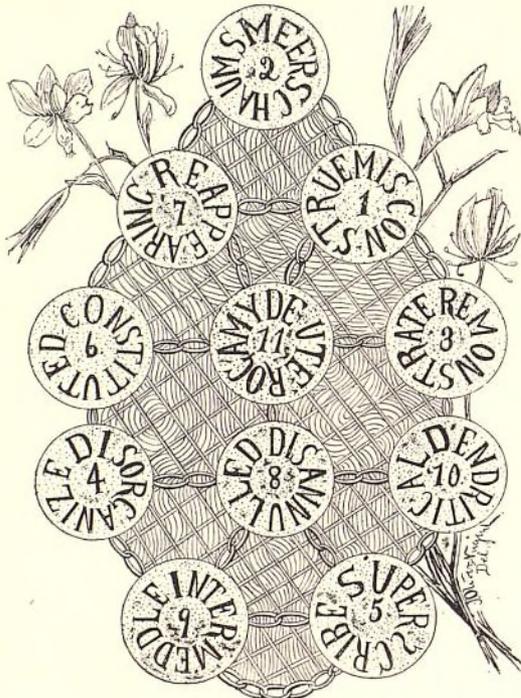
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Stripped of feathers. 2. To mount and enter by means of ladders. 3. Inclined to anger. 4. The name of a town in Sardinia, on a river of the same name. 5. The answer of a defendant in matter of fact to a plaintiff's surjoinder. 6. A repetition of words at the beginning of sentences. 7. A kind of velvet. 8. A mountain peak of the Bolivian Andes. 9. Sacred musical composition. 10. The act of swimming. 11. A musical term meaning "pathetic." 12. One of the small planets whose orbits are situated between those of Mars and Jupiter. 13. A companion.

CYRIL DEANE.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: An insect in a poem. Answer, C-ant-o.
 1. A fish in an old-fashioned bonnet. 2. A dog's name in a wise saying. 3. Rocks in promises. 4. An Autumn flower in a horse's foot. 5. A game in a coach. 6. A river in distress. 7. One of the United States in given up. 8. Something singular in a sea-fowl. 9. A bitter herb in a liquid food. 10. A grain in market values. 11. An animal in a distribution of prizes. 12. Belonging to us in the banker's exchange in Paris.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.



DIVIDE each of the eleven letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. When these words are ranged one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a certain day in May; the diagonals, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell what the slaves were, at the close of the civil war.

A PENTAGON.



1. IN sailor. 2. A sailor. 3. Implied. 4. Concise in style. 5. A small water-course. 6. Covered with pieces of baked clay. 7. To resign.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. SKILLFUL in using the hand. 2. The surname of an English spy. 3. Dating from one's birth. 4. A sweet crystalline substance obtained from certain vegetable products. 5. A tract or region of the earth. 6. Disposition. 7. A word which rhymes with the last word described. 8. One who spends his time in inaction. 9. Scandinavian legends handed down among the Norsemen and kindred people. 10. A Roman emperor. 11. An empress of Constantinople. 12. To vary in some degree. 13. Out of the ordinary course. 14. The surname of a President of the United States. 15. A French

savant who introduced tobacco into France. 16. An evil spirit. 17. A lighted coal, smoldering amid ashes. 18. A foreign coin which is worth less than one dollar. 19. That at which one aims. 20. A fixed point of time, from which succeeding years are numbered. 21. A running knot, which binds the closer the more it is drawn.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of an author who was born on the second day of April, 1805.

CHARADE.

My *first* we all do every day,
 In some or other fashion;
 My *next* the first step on the way
 That leads to heights Parnassian.
 My *third* the smallest thing created:
 My *whole* with deadly danger freighted. K. N. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty letters, and am a quotation from one of George Eliot's works.
 My 44-10-63-26 is one of the United States. My 40-76-22-4-51-55 is a country of Europe. My 46-73-14-60-35-70-48 is a quack medicine. My 42-65-32-24-1-80 is somnolent. My 29-56-9 is a creeping vine. My 19-59-17-67 is a mouthful. My 20-28-69-61 is to discern. My 43-15-50-11 is unfailling. My 53-27-8-38 is an old unused ship. My 21-25-6-13-75 is to search blindly for. My 62-2-77-71-79 is a joint of the arm. My 58-37-33-47 is a fleet. My 30-66-41-12-34 was considered in early history the northernmost part of the habitable world. My 16-72-3-68-5-78-52-18 is a small dagger. My 74-37-23-54-31-45 is a tropical fruit; my 64-39-36-49-7 is also a tropical fruit.

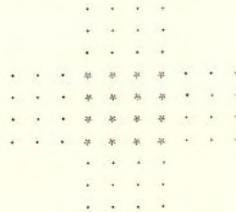
PL.

HOUT slupe fo yjo, sewho broth stabe meit
 Rof siedadi flide, rof slimsbongo prays!
 Ot cande fo flea dan noggs dribs chemi
 Tes lal teh ropes fo file of hyrem.
 Grin in the yam!

DIAMOND.

1. IN cambric. 2. To decay. 3. The projecting angle in fortification. 4. A small quantity. 5. Implied. 6. A hard shell inclosing a kernel. 7. In cambric.

EASY GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A crustaceous fish. 2. To revolve. 3. A wood used for perfumes. 4. Puffed.
 II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A point like that on a fish-hook. 2. A plant that yields indigo. 3. To stir up. 4. Kindled.
 III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Inflated. 2. Good will. 3. Always.
 4. A verb.
 IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To stiffen. 2. Black. 3. A way.
 4. Concludes.
 V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A verb. 2. Uniform. 3. To sever. 4. Ceases.

SYNCPATIONS.

1. SYNCPATE a lamentation, and leave to establish. 2. Syncpate a thin turf, and leave an American author. 3. Syncpate a feminine name, and leave a sticky substance. 4. Syncpate a duet, and leave to perform. 5. Syncpate to reside, and leave a metallic vein. 6. Syncpate to praise, and leave a boy. 7. Syncpate a concited fellow, and leave an animal. 8. Syncpate an ache, and leave a useful little article. 9. Syncpate dull, and leave firm. 10. Syncpate a Scottish lord, and leave a substance used in cooking. 11. Syncpate an animal, and leave to ponder. 12. Syncpate a sharp spear, and leave a delicate fabric.
 The syncpated letters will spell the name of an imposing ceremony.

