



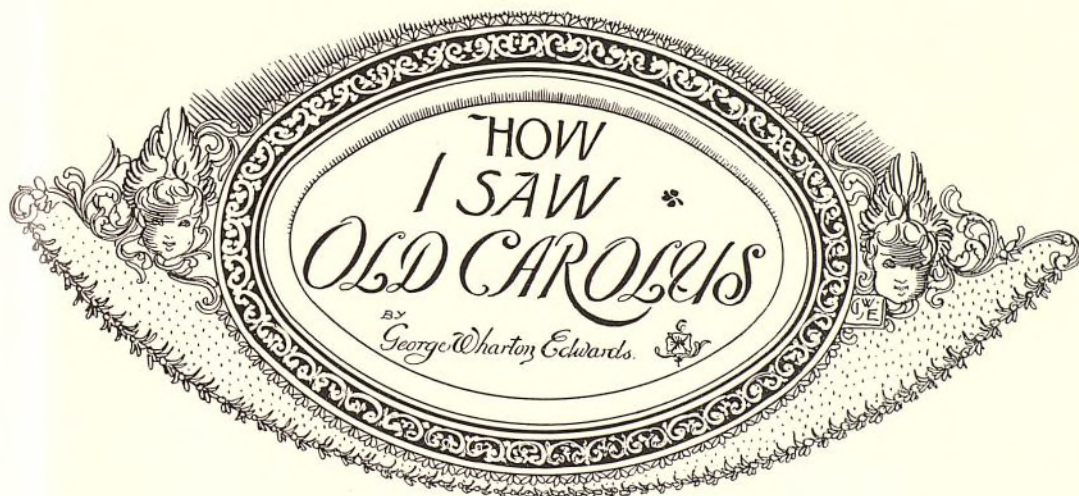
THE FIRST HOLIDAY OF THE SUMMER.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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"ALLEZ toujours, monsieur! et vous le trouverez," said the ancient dame with the snowy lace cap, who sat at the little door in the tower wall of Antwerp Cathedral knitting, knitting—always knitting—the live-long day. "You will find Annette at the top of the stairs." "Merci, monsieur,"—as I gave her fifty centimes—"Le voilà!"—opening the door—"mount slowly, and, above all, take care!"

Then the door closed with a bang, shutting out the pleasant afternoon, the bright sunlight, the cries of the venders, and the clattering of wooden shoes in the "Place Verte."

There was a damp, close, unpleasant smell in the air, a flight of steps rose straight before me, and I began my climb to the spire, whence the cross rises at a height of four hundred and three feet. Up and up, round and round the slender

stone column I climbed, until at last I was forced to rest, from dizziness and lack of breath. The winding staircase appeared to have no end, the tiny slits of windows were so far apart that, in the scant light which they afforded, the steps seemed to disappear above and below in a faint, blue mist. Through the gloom I saw above my head a small opening—a mere slit in the circular wall, from which there came no light. I rose and looked into it. For a moment I could distinguish nothing, but gradually a wonderful sight grew as I gazed. I found that I was on a level with the lofty ceiling of the cathedral, at a height of over two hundred feet. Through huge timbers, hewn centuries ago, inclining toward and joining each other at all possible angles, I looked down upon a scene which made me feel almost as if I was in Liliput. Tiny black specks, which I saw to be people, were mov-

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ing over the floor of the cathedral far below. At one side there was a small black patch in front of an altar, and with my glass I discovered that it was a group of a hundred or more people assisting at a christening. I saw the clouds of incense rise from the principal altar, and the candles were but tiny points of yellow light in the gloom, like far-off flickering stars. Then faintly came up to me the notes of the powerful organ. It was a fascinating spectacle, and I found it hard to leave it and to resume my climb.

Up, up, higher and higher I mounted, constantly finding the stone steps more and more worn and cracked. It became lighter, and soon a brilliant shaft of sunlight appeared through a narrow Gothic window in the tower. I was now considerably above the roof of the cathedral. Just beneath the window a huge gargoyle shaped like a dragon stretched out its length above the roofs far below. From the square beneath, I doubt if one could have distinguished its form, but from where I stood above him, the stone dragon seemed to be at least twelve feet long. About him, all carved in stone, were huge roses and leaves,—each rose as large as a bushel basket. Doves were flying around at that great height, or, resting upon the grim figures, cooed softly to one another. As I stood gazing out at the wonderful carvings for which this cathedral is famous, a massive, flat piece of metal came jerkily up before the narrow window out of which I was looking. For a moment I was puzzled, but then suddenly it dawned upon me that the object I had seen must be a part of the minute-hand of the huge clock in the tower. It was quite near the window, and I put out my hand and touched it. In three jerks the minute-hand had passed on, making its mighty round at the rate of a foot a minute.

From the window where I rested, the panorama was unsurpassed. It is said that one hundred and twenty steeples may be counted, far and near, upon a clear day. I did not attempt this, however. Toward the north, the river Scheldt wound its silvery way until it was lost in the mist of the horizon as it joined the North Sea. Looking east, toward Holland, I saw dimly the towns shining in the sunlight. When the atmosphere is clear, the guide-book says, one can see towns fifty miles away. Below, the great square seemed to have contracted, and the few lazily-moving cabs, drays, and people looked like flies creeping across a piece of coarse bagging. Soon I realized that it was quite late in the day and that if I wished to see the famous carillon I should lose no time. The bells in the tower of Antwerp Cathedral are doubtless quite as interesting to many tourists as are the great pictures by Peter Paul Rubens in the cathedral itself. These

bells have curious histories, and quaintly worded inscriptions may be deciphered on many of them. Besides the forty bells comprising the Carillon, there are five bells of great interest in the tower. The most ancient of these is named "Horrida"; and is said to date from 1316. It is a peculiar pear-shaped bell, and is rarely rung. Next in importance comes the "Curfew," and it is the sweet note of this bell that is heard far over the polders of Belgium, every day at five, at twelve, and at eight o'clock. Next in rank is the bell called "Ste. Marie," said to weigh between four and five tons. Charles the Bold heard its first peal as he entered the city in 1467. At its side hangs "Silent St. Antoine," so called because its voice has not been heard for nearly a century; and, finally, we come upon grand "Old Carolus," the greatest of them all. It was to examine this famous chime that I was making the ascent of the tower, an undertaking in which I knew that I ran the risk of breaking my neck by a misstep or fall as I clambered about the gloomy spaces of the tower, which were coated with the accumulated dust of centuries. A few steps higher I came upon a little door in the wall, beside which hung a long iron handle with a knob at the end, and on the door was painted the word "Sonnez!" Obeying the instruction, I rang the bell, and at the same instant I sneezed. I shall never know whether it was the sneeze or the ring which brought a response. At all events, while I heard no sound from the bell, the door opened of itself, seemingly, into a dim passage, and I heard a thin, reedy voice, like a clarinet out of tune, asking:

"What will you?"

"To see the carillon!" I replied.

The reedy voice then called out, "Joséphine, Jo-sé-phine!" A pause. "Fillette!"

Then a little voice answered:

"Oui, Bonne Maman!"

"Venez donc! Tenez—take monsieur to see the carillon."

"Yes, Bonne Maman!" and, with these words, there appeared in the doorway the quaintest, brightest little face one could wish to see. She wore a tight little black cap on her head; and her dress consisted of a short-waisted black bodice with brass buttons down the front, and a skirt of some plain stuff, over which she wore a blue apron. An orange-colored handkerchief was tied around the slender neck and on her feet were woolen shoes.

"Entrez, monsieur!" and, taking me by the hand, the odd-looking little girl led me into a narrow passage dimly lighted by a brass lamp which hung on the wall. Being without a chimney this lamp filled the passage with smoke. Holding my hand tight in hers, little Joséphine led me along the passage,

and as we passed the door through which she had appeared, I saw within, in a room paved with red tiles, a little, humpbacked, faded-looking woman, sitting at work before a lace-cushion. She spoke, and I recognized at once the thin, reedy voice which had greeted me.

"Bonjour, monsieur. Prenez garde toujours!"

"Tell me, little one," I said, as the door of the passage closed upon us, "how long have you been up here in the tower?"

when she makes the lace. Oh, the beautiful lace! and she gets twenty francs the mètre,—croyez-vous, monsieur!"

"Stand just as you are now, Joséphine," I said, and there in the belfry I made a sketch of her, while she watched me, following with wondering eyes every motion of the pencil.

When I had finished the sketch, I said quickly, "Look there, Joséphine," and as she turned her head I dropped a franc into the little pocket of her



THE HOME IN THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

"Moi, monsieur? Oh! I have always been here. I was born here."

"Was that your mother whom I saw just now, making lace?" I asked.

"Oh, non! monsieur. I have no father, no mother. She is Bonne Maman! She is really my aunt, but she is Bonne Maman all the same. My own Maman died when I was very little, like that,"—measuring off the supposed size with her hands,—"and I am nine now, presque."

"But you don't stay up here all the time! You go to school?"

"Oh, non! monsieur. Bonne Maman teaches me the lessons. I read much to the Bonne Maman

apron. I have often wondered what she said when she found it.

"And don't you ever go downstairs?" I asked curiously, as we continued to ascend the steps together.

"Mais oui, monsieur! I was down in the world at the Kirmess. Oh! the Kirmess, monsieur, it was grand, and Bonne Maman bought me a real dolly with a glass head. Tenez! it cost deux francs. Écoutez, monsieur,—with a glass head! Look! is she not beautiful?" and she held up a cheap, poorly-made doll as she spoke.

"Beautiful!" I said, taking the doll from her and affecting the greatest surprise at the idea of a

real glass head. Joséphine meanwhile critically studied my face, with a delighted expression on her own, as we went on climbing, hand in hand.

Soon we came to the top of the final stairway, and after unlocking the door with a huge key that hung



"BONNE MAMAN."

from the ring at Joséphine's waist, we entered a large space in which, by the aid of a feeble light from overhead, I saw confusedly piled around and above us and stretching dimly away in the shadows a huge framework of timbers that supported the weight of the bells and machinery of the clock. The sound of the organ reached us for a moment from far off and was suddenly drowned by the noise of a prodigious rattling and clanking and creaking among the ropes and chains which almost filled the space in which we stood. It was the machinery of the huge clock making ready to strike. For this it prepares itself by a preliminary winding beginning quite ten minutes before the hour.

I followed my little guide and groped among the wilderness of massive timbers, stirring up dust which had been gathering undisturbed through

the long years, and lay thick on everything about us. At length we reached a rickety staircase which led into a large room. At first it seemed quite filled with mighty beams crossing one another in every direction, but soon I distinguished the dark forms of the bells which were suspended above our heads.

"Voilà, monsieur," said my little guide, pointing to a line of dark objects hanging from a beam overhead. "Voilà, the evil spirits!"

"They are bats!" I said, as one of them seemed for a moment to fall, and then spreading its wings flapped away still higher among the beams.

"Yes, monsieur. But never disturb them! Bonne Maman says that they are the spirits of the bad, who have come back to be under the cross. Bonne Maman says it, and she knows everything!"

Now, having grown accustomed to the dim light,



JOSÉPHINE.

I was able to see the bells, which are said to be forty or more in number, hanging in tiers above us. Some of them are connected with the machinery

of the clock and ring of themselves. Others are rung from below, by hand. To the right, I saw a little room, between the upright beams, in which there stood a huge drum or barrel, a repetition, on an enormous scale, of the ordinary revolving cylinder one may see in a music-box. This drum or barrel, which is connected in some ingenious manner with the bells, plays the melodies one hears every seven minutes of the day and night. Here is also the keyboard of the carillon, which was formerly played by hand. It resembles a common board with what seem to be a number of baseball bats extending from it.

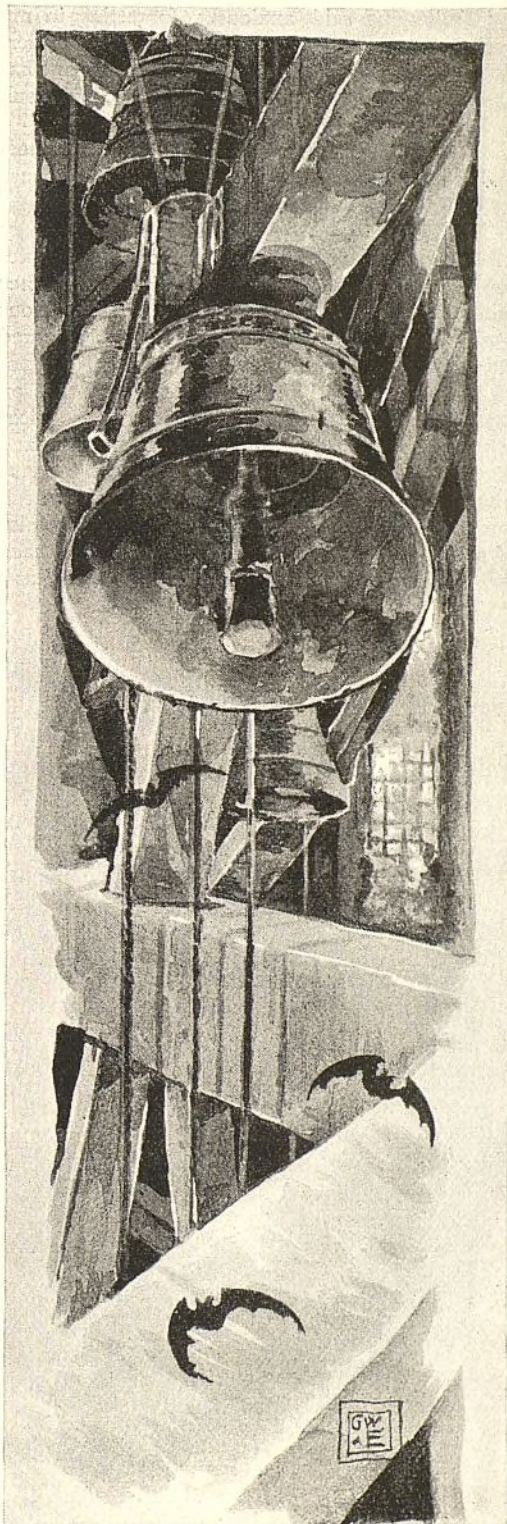
"Now, little Joséphine," I said, "show me the great Carolus!"

"Oh, monsieur, it is forbidden to go up to that! And then the stairs are bad, too. Since the English gentleman had a fall there, no one has been admitted!"

But I was determined not to lose this opportunity of seeing "Old Carolus" from a near point of view. So, quieting the fears of my little guide, I took the key from her ring and, mounting the rickety stairway, unlocked the door. Little Joséphine sat on the steps and watched me. Soon I was on a level with the body of the huge bell, the greatest and best beloved of all the bells of Antwerp, and, indeed, of all Belgium.

It is called Carolus, because it was given by the Emperor Charles V. The popular belief is that gold, silver, and copper enter into its composition, and it is valued at nearly \$100,000. I saw where the clapper, from always striking in the same place, had worn away the metal from the sides. Far below hangs the rope, by which it is rung on rare occasions, with sixteen ends for as many ringers; and even sixteen strong bell-ringers are none too many.

While standing on a board which ran from one beam to another, I made several notes in my pocket sketch-book, and was stooping over to look at the enormous clapper, when there came a sudden cry from my little guide, who was standing directly below: "Prenez garde, monsieur! The board is slipping!" And before I could take a step to one of the beams, or catch hold of the huge wheel that swings "Old Carolus," down came my frail support, dropping me on my back in a cloud of dust. Happily, the fall was not great, only six feet or so, and I was congratulating myself that it was no worse, when I saw that little Joséphine was lying on the floor, her eyes closed and with an ugly gash upon her forehead. I ran to her, caught her up in my arms, and, covered with dust as I was, I hurried down the shaky stairway, ran along the passage, and finally reached the little room paved with red tiles, where the crippled lace-maker was still busily at work over her cushion and bobbins.



"Quick!" I said, anxiously, forgetting in my excitement that probably I should not be understood. "Hurry! Some water! The little one has been hurt — not badly, I think, — but we must look to her wound at once!"

I remembered afterward that the little lace-maker did just as I bade her, although I am sure I did not speak anything but English to her.

Tenderly putting little Joséphine down, I carefully washed away the blood and dust from her temple, the little old lace-maker meanwhile chafing her hands. I soon found that the hurt was not a serious one. The edge of the board had merely grazed along her forehead in coming down. I am not an adept in surgery, but I flatter myself that on that day, I made a most artistic effect with sticking plaster. Soon Joséphine opened her eyes, and her first words were for the doll, "Lisette." Alas! when I found "Lisette," her beautiful glass head was broken to splinters; but a whispered promise of a larger and grander "Lisette" brought back the smiles to the face of my little friend, and as I

left the snug abode high in the tower of Antwerp Cathedral, late that evening, the old grandam showing me down the steep, dangerous steps, a smoking lamp in her hand, little Joséphine was sleeping quietly. I should like to have seen her next morning, when, upon awaking, she found the shining twenty-franc goldpiece which, in a very mysterious manner, had dropped from somewhere, and tucked itself between the pillow and her cheek, where it lay all night. And here is a little letter which I received in Paris not long afterward. I have translated it for you, and I have been glad to think that perhaps the new doll is as dear to little Joséphine as the other "Lisette" once was:

ANVERS, BELGIQUE, 15 June, 18—.

CHER MONSIEUR: I thank you very much. Oh, how large she is! — large like a real baby! Yes, I call her "Lisette," because you asked me to. My head is all well, only a little mark shows. I thank you very much for your goodness. With great consideration and assurances of my high esteem [poor little Joséphine!], accept, monsieur, the sincere homage of your devoted,

JOSÉPHINE DEETJEN.



A VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.



THE DAYS OF THE DAISIES.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

Heigh-ho ! the daisies !
 The saucy frank faces
 Laugh up one by one.
 Heigh-ho ! the daisies,
 And every one gazes
 Straight at the sun.
 They leap while we sleep,
 In a night, the world's white
 With the wind-shaken mazes.
 Swinging and swaying,
 and linking and locking,
 Leaning, careening,
 and sinking and rocking,
 Heigh-ho ! the dance of the daisies !

Heigh-ho ! the daisies !
 The soncy, slim graces !
 Jostling the roses
 In trim garden closes,
 Elbowing clover
 All the world over ;
 Standing by waysides,
 All the green May-tides,
 Ragged and dusty,
 Like blithe beggar lusty,
 Lusty and lazy,
 Heigh-ho ! the vagabond daisy !

Heigh-ho ! the tipsy
 Jolly-faced gypsy !
 Wayside soothsayer,—



Whom shall I marry?
 How long will he tarry?
 Soothsayer, truth-sayer,
 Shall it be Rick, Rob, Harry or Larry?
 Say marry, say tarry,
 Say ever, say never,
 Or say what you may
 Of a late-lagging lover,
 But give me a breezy life,
 Give me an easy life,
 Give me a lazy life,
 Give me a daisy life,
 Heigh-ho! the daisy, all the world over!

Heigh-ho! the days of the daisies!
 The sheens and the shades and the hazes!
 A dream o' the noon,
 A gleam o' the Moon,
 Three weeks o' May and two weeks o' June,
 Heigh-ho! the days of the daisies!

They sprang tall
 By the wall;
 They shone still
 In the rill;
 They stood pale
 In the vale;
 They possessed
 The hill-crest;
 They were white
 In a night;
 In a day they lay low,
 All the host,
 Like the ghost
 Of the last Winter's
 Snow!
 They sank
 Rank by rank,
 They bowed lithe
 To the scythe,
 By the rill, by the wall
 Did they nod to their fall,
 With the plume,
 And the bloom,
 Of the grass
 and the clover.
 Heigh-ho! for a merry life,
 merrily
 over!



A WEE WORLD OF MY OWN.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.



There once used to be
At the foot of a tree,
Where moss grew across and the violets were blue,
A wee world of my own,
Where I played all alone,
My small, naked fingers all dabbled with dew,—
A green little world,
Where the tansy uncured,
Small weeds dropped their seeds in the palm of my hand,
And the snail in his castle
Was my humble vassal,
And crickets in caves — I was heir to the land!

I would creep
Soft asleep
To that wee world of mine,
Subduing myself to the stillness of flowers,
Breathing low,
Hoping so,
I might grow fairy-fine,
And steal my long days out of other folks' hours.
I hoped to grow smaller
As others grow taller,
To brew draughts of dew in a brown acorn-cup,
And sit in the shade
That the white pebble made,
But I never grew down, and I always grew up.

The weeds have outgrown me,
The crickets disown me,
The snail moved away, I never knew where to —
And it falls out to-day,
In my big stupid way,
I 'm so blind I can't find that Wee World I am heir to.



A BIT OF COLOR.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the great excitement was over, Betty felt very tired and unhappy. That night she could be comforted only by Aunt Barbara's taking her into her own bed, and being more affectionate and sympathetic than ever before, even talking late, like a girl, about the Out-of-door Club plans. In spite of this attempt to return to every-day thoughts, Betty waked next morning to much annoyance and trouble. She had felt as if the sad affairs of yesterday related only to the poor Fosters and herself, but as she went down the street, early, she was stopped and questioned by eager groups of people who were trying to find out something more about the discovery of Mr. Foster in the old house. It proved that he had leaped from a high window, hurting himself badly by the fall, when he made his escape from prison, and that he had been wandering in the woods for days. The officers had come at once, and there was a group of men outside the Fosters' house. This had a terrible look to Betty. Everybody said that the doctor believed there was but a slight chance for Mr. Foster's life, and that they were not going to try to take him back to jail. He had been delirious all night. One or two kindly disposed persons said that they pitied his poor family more than ever, but most of the neighbors insisted that "it served Foster just right." Betty did her errand as quickly as possible, and hastily brushed by some curious friends who tried to detain her. She felt as if it were unkind and disloyal to speak of her playmate's trouble to everybody, and the excitement and public concern of the little village astonished her very much. She did not know, until then, how the joy or trouble of one home could affect the town as if it were one household. Everybody spoke very kindly to her, and most people called her "Betty," whether they had ever spoken to her before or not. The women were standing at their front doors or their gates, to hear whatever could be told, and our friend looked down the long street and felt that it was like running the gauntlet, to get home again. Just then she met the doctor, looking gray and troubled, as if he had been awake all night, but when he saw Betty his face brightened.

"Well done, my little lady," he said, in a cheer-

ful voice, which made her feel steady again, and then he put his hand on Betty's shoulder and looked at her very kindly.

"Oh, Doctor! may I walk along with you a little way?" she faltered. "Everybody asks me to tell —"

"Yes, yes, I know all about it," said the doctor; and he turned and took Betty's hand as if she were a child, and they walked away together. It was well known in Tideshead that Dr. Prince did not like to be questioned about his patients.

"I was wondering whether I ought to go to see Nelly," said Betty, as they came near the house. "I have n't seen her since I came home with her yesterday. I — did n't quite dare to go in as I came by."

"Wait until to-morrow, perhaps," said the doctor. "The poor man will be gone then, and you will be a greater comfort. Go over through the garden. You can climb the fences, I dare say," and he looked at Betty with a queer little smile. Perhaps he had seen her sometimes crossing the fields with Mary Beck.

"Do you mean that he is going to die to-day?" asked Betty, with great awe. "Ought I to go then?"

"Love may go where common kindness is shut out," said Dr. Prince. "You have done a great deal to make those poor children happy, this summer. They had been treated in a very narrow-minded way. It was not like Tideshead, I must say," he added, "but people are shy sometimes, and Mrs. Foster herself could not bear to see the pity in her neighbors' faces. It will be easier for her now."

"I keep thinking, what if it were my own papa?" said Betty softly. "He could n't be so wicked, but he might be ill, and I not there."

"Dear me, no!" said the doctor heartily, and giving Betty's hand a tight grasp, and a little swing to and fro. "I suppose he's having a capital good time up among his glaciers? I wish that I were with him for a month's holiday," and at this Betty was quite cheerful again.

Now they stopped at Betty's own gate. "You must take your Aunt Mary in hand a little, before you go away. There's nothing serious the matter now, only lack of exercise."

"She did come to my tea-party in the garden," responded Betty, with a faint smile, "and I think sometimes she almost gets enough courage to go to walk. She did n't sleep at all last night, Serena said this morning."

"You see, she does n't need sleep," explained Dr. Prince, quite professionally. "We are all made to run about the world and to work. Your aunt is always making blood and muscle with such a good appetite, and then she never uses them, and nature is clever at revenges. Let her hunt the fields, as you do, and she would sleep like a top. I call it a disease of too-wellness, and I only know how to doctor sick people. Now there's a lesson for you to reflect upon," and the busy doctor went hurrying back to where he had left his horse standing, when he first caught sight of Betty's white and anxious face.

As she entered the house, Aunt Barbara was just coming out. "I am going to see poor Mrs. Foster, my dear, or to ask for her at the door," she said, and Serena and Letty and Jonathan all came forward to ask whether Betty knew any later news. Seth had been loitering up the street most of the morning, with feelings of great excitement, but he presently came back with instructions from Aunt Barbara to weed the long box-borders behind the house, which he somewhat unwillingly obeyed.

A few days later the excitement was at an end, the sad funeral was over, and on Sunday the Fosters were at church in their appealing black clothes. Everybody had been as kind as they knew how to be, but there were no faces so welcome to the sad family as our little Betty's and the doctor's.

"It comes of simply following her instinct to be kind and do right," said the doctor to Aunt Barbara, one day. "The child does n't think twice about it, as most of us do. We Tideshead people are terribly afraid of one another, and have to go through just so much, before we can take the next step. There's no way to get right things done but to simply *do* them. But it is n't so much what your Betty does, as what she *is*."

"She has grown into my old heart," said Aunt Barbara. "I can not bear to think of her going away and taking the sunshine with her!—and yet she has her faults of course," added the sensible old lady.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Leicester household had been so long drifting into a staid and ceremonious fashion of life, that this visit of Betty's threatened at times to be disturbing. If Aunt Barbara's heart had not been kept young, under all her austere look and manners, Betty might have felt constrained more than once, but there always was an excuse to give Aunt Mary,

when she complained of too much chattering on the front door steps, or too much scurrying up and down stairs from Betty's room. It was impossible to count the number of times that important secrets had to be considered, in the course of a week, or to understand why there were so many flurries of excitement among the girls of Betty's set, while the general course of events in Tideshead flowed so smoothly. Miss Barbara Leicester was always a frank and outspoken person, and the young people were sure to hear her opinion whenever they asked for it; but she herself seemed to grow younger, in these days, and Betty pleased her immensely one day, when it was mentioned that a certain person who wore caps, and was what Betty called "poky," was about Miss Barbara's age: "Aunt Barbara, you are always the same age as anybody except a baby!"

"I must acknowledge that I feel younger than my grand-niece, sometimes," said Aunt Barbara, with a funny little laugh; but Betty was puzzled to know exactly what she meant.

IN one corner of the upper story of the large old house there was a delightful little place by one of the dormer-windows. It lighted the crooked stairway, which came up to the open garret-floor, and some bedrooms which were finished off in a row. Betty remembered playing with her dolls in this pleasant little corner on rainy days, years before, and revived its old name of the "cubby-house." Her father had kept his guns and a collection of minerals there, in his boyhood. It was over Betty's own room, and noises made there did not affect Aunt Mary's nerves, while it was a great relief from the dignity of the best bedroom, or, still more, the lower rooms of the house, to betake one's self with one's friend to this queer-shaped, brown-raftered little corner of the world. There was a great sea-chest under the eaves, and an astounding fireboard, with a picture of Apollo in his chariot. There was a shelf with some old brown books that everybody had forgotten, a broken guitar and a comfortable wooden rocking-chair beside Betty's favorite perch in the broad window-seat that looked out into the tops of the trees. Her father's boyish trophies of rose-quartz and beryl crystals and mica, were still scattered along on the narrow ledges of the old beams, and hanging to a nail overhead were two dusty bunches of pennyroyal, which had left a mild fragrance behind them as they withered.

Betty had added to this array a toppling light stand from another part of the garret and a china mug which she kept full of fresh wild flowers. She pinned *London Graphic* pictures here and there, to make a little brightness, and there were some of her favorite artist's (Caldecott's) sketches of country

squires and dames, reproduced in faint bright colors, which looked delightfully in keeping with their surroundings. As midsummer came on, the cubby-house grew too hot for comfort, but one afternoon, when rain had been falling all the morning to cool the high roof, Mary Beck and Betty sat there together in great comfort and peace. See for yourself, Mary in the rocking-chair and Betty in the window-seat; they were deep in thought of girlish problems, and, as usual, taking nearly opposite sides. They had been discussing their plans for the future. Mary Beck had confessed that she wished to learn to be a splendid singer and sing in a great church or even in public concerts. She knew she could, if she were only well taught; but there was nobody to give her lessons in Tideshead, and her mother would not hear of her going to Riverport twice a week.

"She says that I can keep up with my singing at home, and she wants me to go into the choir, and I can't bear it. I hate to hear 'we can't afford it,' and I am sure to, if I set my heart on anything. Mother says that it will be time enough to learn to sing when I am through school. Oh, dear me!" and poor Mary looked disappointed and fretful.

A disheartening picture of the present Becky on the concert-stage flashed through Betty's usually hopeful mind. She felt a heartache, as she thought of her friend's unfitness and inevitable disappointment. Becky—plain, ungainly, honest Becky—felt it in her to do great things, yet she hardly knew what great things were. Persons of Betty's age never count upon having years of time in which to make themselves better. Everything must be finally decided by the state of things at the moment. Years of patient study were sure to develop the wonderful gift of Becky's strong, sweet voice.

"Why don't you sing in the choir, Becky?" asked Betty suddenly. "It would make the singing so much better. I should love to do it, if I could, and it would help to make Sunday so pleasant for everybody, to hear you sing. Poor Miss Fedge's voice sounds so funny, does n't it? Sing me something now, Becky dear; sing 'Bonny Doon'!"

But Becky took no notice of the request. "What do you mean to be, yourself?" she asked her companion, with great interest.

"You know that I can't sing nor paint nor do any of those things," answered Betty, humbly. "I used to wish that I could write books when I grew up, or at any rate help Papa to write his. I am almost discouraged, though Papa says I must keep on trying to do the things I really wish to do." And a bright flush covered Betty's eager face.

"Oh, Becky dear!" she said suddenly. "You have something that I envy you more than your singing even: just living at home in one place and having your mother and the boys. I am always

wishing and wishing, and telling myself stories about living somewhere in the same house all the time, with Papa, and having a real home and taking care of him. You don't know how good it would feel! Papa says the best we can do now, is to make a home wherever we are, for ourselves and others—but we think it is pretty hard, sometimes."

"Well, I think the nicest thing would be to see the world, as you do," insisted Mary Beck. "I just *hate* dusting and keeping things to rights, and I never *shall* learn to cook! I like to do fancy work pretty well. You would think Tideshead was perfectly awful, in winter!"

"Why should it be?" asked Betty innocently. "Winter is house-time. I save things to do in winter, and—"

"Oh, you are so preachy, you are so good-natured, you believe all the prim things that grown people say!" exclaimed Becky. "What would you say if you never went to Boston but once, and then had a toothache all the time? You have been everywhere, and you think it great fun so stay a little while in poky old Tideshead, this one summer!"

"Perhaps it is because I have seen so many other places that I know just how pleasant Tideshead is."

"Well, I want to see other places, too," maintained the dissatisfied Becky.

"Papa says that we ourselves are the places we live in," said Betty, as if it took a great deal of courage to tell Mary Beck so unwelcome a truth. "I like to remember just what he says, for sometimes, when I have n't understood at first, something will happen, maybe a year after, to make it flash right into my mind. Once I heard a girl say London was stupid; just think! London!"

Mary Beck was rocking steadily, but Betty sat still with her feet on the window-seat and her hands clasped about her knees. She could look down into the green yard below, and watch some birds that were fluttering near by in the wet trees. The wind blew in very soft and sweet after the rain.

"I used to think, when I was a little bit of a girl, that I would be a missionary, but I should perfectly hate it now!" said Mary, with great vehemence. "I just *hate* to go to Sunday-school and be asked the questions; it makes me prickly all over. I always feel sorry when I wake up and find it is Sunday morning. I suppose you think that's heathen and horrid."

"I have always had my Sunday lessons with Papa; he reads to me, and gives me something to learn by heart—a hymn or some very, very lovely verses of poetry. I suppose that his telling me what things in the Bible really mean keeps me from being 'prickly' when other people talk about it. What made you wish to be a missionary?" Betty inquired, with interest.

"Oh, there used to be some who came here and talked in the vestry Sunday evenings about riding on donkeys and camels. Sometimes they would dress up in Syrian costumes, and I used to look Grandpa's *Missionary Herald* all through, to find their names afterward. It was so nice to hear about their travels and the natives, but that was a long while ago," and Becky rocked angrily, so that the boards creaked underneath.

"Last summer I used to go to such a dear old church, in the Isle of Wight," said Betty. "You could look out of the open door by our pew and see the old churchyard and look away over the green downs and the blue sea. You could see the poppies in the fields and hear the larks, too."

"What kind of a church was it?" asked Mary, with suspicion. "Episcopal?"

"Yes," answered Betty, "Church of England, people say there."

"I heard somebody say once that your father was very lax in religious matters," said Becky seriously.

"I'd rather be very lax and love my Sundays," said Betty severely. "I don't think it makes any difference, really, about what one does in church. I want to be good, and it helps me to be in church and think and hear about it. Oh dear! my foot's getting asleep," said Betty, beginning to pound it up and down. The two girls did not like to look at each other; they were considering questions that were very hard to talk about.

"I suppose it's being good that made you run after Nelly Foster. I wished that I had gone to see her more, when you went; but she used to act hatefully sometimes before you came. She used to cry in school, though," confessed Becky.

"I did n't 'run after' her. You do call things such dreadful names, Mary Beck! There, I'm getting cross, my foot is all stinging."

"Turn it just the other way," advised Mary eagerly. "Let me pound it for you," and she briskly went to the rescue. Betty wondered afresh why she liked this friend herself, so much, and yet disliked so many things that she said and did.

Serena always said that Betty had a won't-you-please-like-me sort of way with her, and Mary Beck felt it more than ever as she returned to her rocking-chair and jogged on again, but she could not bend from her high sense of disapproval immediately. "What do you think the unjust steward parable means, then?" she asked, not exactly returning to the fray, but with an injured manner. "It is in the Sunday-school lesson to-morrow, and I can't understand it a bit,—I never could."

"Nor I," said Betty, in a most cheerful tone. "See here, Becky, it does n't rain, and we can go and ask Mr. Grant to tell us about it."

"Go ask the minister!" exclaimed Mary Beck, much shocked. "Why, would you dare to?"

"That's what ministers are for," answered Betty simply. "We can stay a little while and see the girls, if he is busy. Come now, Becky," and Becky reluctantly came. She was to think a great many times afterward of that talk in the garret. She was beginning to doubt whether she had really succeeded in settling all the questions of life, at the age of fifteen.

The two friends went along arm-in-arm under the still dripping trees; the parsonage was some distance up the long Tideshead street, and the sun was coming out as they stood on the doorsteps. The minister was amazed when he found that these parishioners had come to have a talk with him in the study, and to ask something directly at his willing hands. He preached the better for it, next day, and the two girls listened the better. As for Mary Beck, the revelation to her honest heart of having a right in the minister, and the welcome convenience of his fund of knowledge and his desire to be of use to her personally, was an immense surprise; kind Mr. Grant had been a part of the dreaded Sundays,—a fixture of the day and the church and the pulpit, before that; he was, indirectly, a reproach, and, until this day, had never seemed like other people exactly, or an every-day friend. Perhaps the good man wondered if it were not his own fault, a little,—he tried to be very gay and friendly with his own girls at supper-time, and said afterward that they must have Mary Beck and Betty Leicester to take tea with them some time during the next week.

"But there are others in the parish who will feel hurt," urged Mrs. Grant anxiously, and Mr. Grant only answered that there must be a dozen tea-parties, then, as if there were no such things as sponge-cake and ceremony, in the world!

CHAPTER IX.

THE Out-of-door Club in Tideshead was slow in getting under way, but it was a great success at last. Its first expedition was to the Picknell farm to see the place where there had been a great battle with the French and Indians, in old times, and the relics of a beaver-dam were to be inspected besides. Mr. Picknell came to talk about the plan with Miss Barbara Leicester, who was going to drive out to the farm in the afternoon, and then walk back with the Club, as besought by Betty. She was highly pleased with the eagerness of her young neighbors, who had discovered in her an unsuspected sympathy and good-fellowship at the time of Betty's June tea-party. It had been a pity to make-believe be old in all these late years, and grow more and more a stranger to the



BETTY AND MARY IN THE "CUBBY-HOUSE."

young people. Perhaps, if the Club proved a success, it would be a good thing to have winter meetings too, and read together. Somehow Miss Barbara had never before known exactly what to do for the young folks. She could have a little entertainment for them in the evening. Miss Mary Leicester was taken up with the important business of her own fancied invalidism, but it might be a very good thing for her to take some part in such pleasant plans. Under all Aunt Barbara's shyness and habit of formality, Betty had discovered her warm and generous heart. They had become fast friends, and, to tell the truth, Aunt Mary was beginning to have an uneasy and wistful consciousness that she was causing herself to be left out of many pleasures.

The gloom and general concern at the time of the Fosters' sorrow had caused the first Club meeting to be postponed until early in August, and then, though August weather would not seem so good for out-of-door expeditions, this one Wednesday dawned like a cool, clear June day; and at three

o'clock the fresh easterly wind had not ceased to blow and yet had not brought in any seaward clouds. There were eleven boys and girls, and Miss Barbara Leicester made twelve, while with the two Picknells the Club counted fourteen. The Fosters promised to come, later in the summer, but they did not feel in the least hurt because some of their friends urged them to join the cheerful company this very day. It seemed to Betty as if Nelly looked brighter and somehow unafraid, now that the first miserable weeks had gone. It may have been that poor Nelly was lighter-hearted already than she often had been in her father's lifetime.

Betty and Mary Beck walked together, at first, but George Max asked Mary to walk with him, so they parted. Betty liked Harry Foster better than any other of the boys and really missed him to-day. She was brimful of plans about persuading her father to help Harry to study natural history. While the Club was getting ready to walk two by two, Betty suddenly remembered she was an odd one, and hastily took her place between the

Grants, insisting that they three must lead the procession. The timid Grants were full of fun that day, for a wonder, and a merry head to the procession they were with Betty, walking fast and walking slowly, and leading the way by short cuts cross-country with great spirit. They called a halt to pick huckleberries, and they dared the Club to cross a wide brook on insecure stepping-stones. Everybody made fun for everybody else whenever they saw an opportunity, and when they reached the Picknell farm, quite warm and excited, they were announced politely by George Max as "the Out-of-breath Club." The shy Picknells wore their best Sunday white dresses, and the long white farmhouse with its gambrel roof seemed a delightfully shady place as the Club sat still awhile to cool and rest itself and drink some lemonade. Mrs. Picknell was a thin, bright-eyed little woman, who had the reputation of being the best housekeeper in town. She was particularly kind to Betty Leicester, who was after all no more a stranger to her than were some of the others who came. It was lovely to see how Mrs. Picknell and Julia were so proud of Mary's gift for drawing, and evidently managed so that she should have time for it. Mary had begun to go to Riverport every week for a lesson.

"She heard that Mr. Clinturn, the famous artist, was spending the summer there, and started out by herself one day to ask him to give her lessons," Mrs. Picknell told Betty proudly. "He said, at first, that he could n't spare the time; but I had asked Mary to take two or three of her sketches with her, and when he saw them he said that it would be a pleasure to help her all that he could."

"I do think this picture of the old packet-boat coming up the river is the prettiest of all. Oh, here's Aunt Barbara: do come and see this, Auntie!" said Betty, with great enthusiasm. "It makes me think of the afternoon I came to you."

Miss Leicester took out her eyeglasses and looked as she was bidden. "It is a charming little water-color," she said, with delighted surprise. "Did you really teach yourself until this summer?"

"I only had my play paint-box, until last winter," said Mary Picknell. "I am so glad you like it, Miss Leicester." For Miss Leicester had many really beautiful pictures of her own, and her praise was worth having.

Then Mr. Picknell took his stick from behind the door, and led the company of guests out across the fields to a sloping rough piece of pasture land, with a noisy brook at the bottom, where a terrible battle had been fought in the old French and Indian war. He read them an account of it from Mr. Parkman's history, and told all the neighborhood traditions of the frightened settlers, and burnt houses, and murdered children and very old people,

and the terrible march of a few captives through the winter woods to Canada. How his own great-great-grandfather and grandmother were driven away from home, and each believed the other dead, for three years, until the man escaped and then went, hearing that his wife was alive, to buy her freedom. They came to the farm again and were buried in the old burying-lot, side by side.

"There was a part of the story which you left out," Mrs. Picknell said. "When they killed the little baby the Indians told its poor mother not to cry about it or they would kill her too; and when her tears would fall, a kind-hearted squaw was clever enough to throw some water in the poor woman's face, so that the men only laughed and thought it was a taunt and not done to hide tears, at all."

"I have not heard such stories for years. We ought to thank you heartily," said Miss Barbara, when the battle-ground had been shown and the Club had heard all the interesting things that were known about the great fight. Then they came back by way of the old family burying-place and read the quaint epitaphs which Mr. Picknell himself had cut deeper and kept from wearing away. It seemed that they never could forget the old farm's history.

"I maintain that every old place in town ought to have its history kept," said Mr. Picknell. "Now, you boys and girls, what do you know about the places where you live? Why don't you make town-clerks of yourselves? Take the edges of almanacs if you can't afford a blank-book and make notes of things, so that dates will be kept for those who come after you. Most of you live where your great-grandfathers did, and you ought to know about the old folks. Most of what I've kept alive about this old farm, I learned from my great-grandmother, who lived to be a very old woman, and liked to tell me stories in the long winter evenings when I was a boy. Now we'll go and see where the beavers used to build, down here where the salt water makes up into the outlet of the brook. Plenty of their logs lay there moss-covered, when I was a grown man."

Somehow the getting acquainted with each other in a new way, was the best part of the Club, after all. It was quite another thing from even sitting side-by-side in school, to walk these two or three miles together. Betty Leicester had taught her Tideshead cronies something of her own lucky secret of taking and making the pleasures that were close at hand. It was great good fortune to get hold of a common wealth of interest and association by means of the Club; and as Mr. Picknell and Miss Leicester talked about the founders and pioneers of the earliest Tideshead farms, there was not a boy nor girl who did not have a sense of pride in belonging to so valiant an old town. They could plan

a dozen expeditions to places of historic interest. There had been even witches in Tideshead, and soldiers and scholars to find out about and remember. There was no better way of learning American history (as Miss Leicester said) than to study thoroughly the history of a single New England village. As for newer towns in the West, they were all children of some earlier settlements, and nobody could tell how far back a little careful study would lead.

There was time for a good game of tennis after the stories were told, and the play was watched with great excitement, but some of the Club girls strayed about the old house, part of which had been a garrison-house. The doors stood open and the sunshine fell pleasantly across the floors of the old rooms. Usually, they meant to go picknicking, but to-day the Picknells had asked their friends to tea, and a delicious country supper it was. Then they all sang, and Mary Beck's clear voice, as usual, led all the rest. It was seven o'clock before the party was over. The evening was cooler than August evenings usually are, and after many leave-takings the Club set off afoot toward the town.

"What a good time!" said Betty to the Grants and Aunt Barbara, for she had claimed one Grant and let Aunt Barbara walk with the other, and everybody said "what a good time," at least twice, as they walked down the lane to the road. There they stopped for a minute to sing another verse of "Good-night, Ladies," and indeed went away singing along the road, until at last the steepness of the hill made them quiet. The Picknells in their doorway listened as long as they could.

At the top of the long hill the Club stopped for a minute, and kept very still to hear the hermit-thrushes singing, and did not notice at first that three persons were coming toward them, a tall man and a boy and girl. Suddenly Betty's heart gave a great beat. The taller figure was swinging a stick to and fro, in a way that she knew well, the boy was Harry Foster and the girl was Nelly. Surely,—but the other? Oh, yes, it was Papa! "Oh, Papa," and Betty gave a strange little laugh and flew before the rest of the Club, who were still walking slowly and sedately, and threw herself into her father's arms. Then Miss Leicester hurried, too, and the rest of the Club broke ranks and felt for a minute as if their peace of mind was troubled.

But Betty's Papa was equal to this emergency. "This must be Becky, but how grown!" he said to Mary Beck, holding out his hand cordially, "and George Max? and the Grants, and—Frank Crane, is it? I used to play with your father," and so Mr. Leicester, pioneered by Betty, shook hands with everybody and was made most welcome.

"You see that I know you all very well through Betty! So nobody believed that I could come on

the next train after my letter, and get here almost as soon?" he said, holding Betty's hand tighter than ever and looking at her as if he wished to kiss her again. He did kiss her again, it being his own Betty. They were very fond of each other, these two; but some of their friends agreed with Aunt Barbara, who always said that her nephew was much too young to have the responsibility of so tall a girl as Betty Leicester.

Nobody noticed that Harry and Nelly Foster were there too, in the first moment of excitement, and so the first awkwardness of taking up every-day life again with their friends was passed over easily. Nobody ever thought to ask how Mr. Leicester had happened to give Harry and Nelly a share in the surprise of his coming—but everybody was glad to know that Harry's collection of insects and his scientific tastes had won great approval from a man of Mr. Leicester's fame, and that the boy was to be forwarded in his studies as fast as possible.

Who shall tell the wonder of the Club over a phonograph which Mr. Leicester brought with him? and how can one short story tell the delight of the two weeks that he stayed in Tideshead? It was altogether the pleasantest summer that had ever been, and Papa and Betty had a rare holiday together. Aunt Mary and Aunt Barbara, Serena and Letty, and Seth and Jonathan, were all in a whirl from morning until night. Serena thought that the phonograph was an invention of the devil, and after hearing the uncanny little machine repeat that very uncomplimentary remark which she had just made about it, she was surer than before. Serena did not relish being called an invention of the evil one, herself, but it does not do to call names at a phonograph.

"It was lonely when I first came," said Betty, the evening before she was to go away, as she walked to and fro between the box-borders with her father, "but I like everybody better and better—even poor Aunt Mary," she added in a whisper. "It is lovely to live in Tideshead. Sometimes one gets cross though, and it is so provoking about the left-out ones and the won't-play ones, and the ones that want everything done some other way, and then let you do it after all. But I thought at first it was going to be so stupid, and that nobody would like any of the things I did, and here is Mary Picknell who can paint beautifully, and Harry Foster knows so many of the things you do, and George Max is a splendid scholar, and so is Jim Beck, and poor dear Becky can sing like a bird, when she feels good-natured. Why, Papa dear, I do believe that there is one person in Tideshead of every kind in the world. And Aunt Barbara is a duchess!"

"I never saw so grand a duchess as your Aunt

Barbara in her very best gown," said Betty's papa, "but I have n't seen all the duchesses there are in existence."

"Oh, Papa, do let us come and live here together," pleaded the girl, with shining eyes. "Must you go back to England for very long? After I see Mrs. Duncan and the rest of the people in London, I am so afraid I shall be homesick. You can keep on having the cubby-house for a very private study, and I know you could write beautifully on the rainy days, when the elm branches make such a nice noise on the roof. Oh, Papa, do let us come sometime!"

"Sometime," repeated Mr. Leicester, with great assurance. "How would next summer do, for instance? I have been talking with Aunt Barbara about it, and we have a grand plan for the writing of a new book, and having some friends of mine come here too, and the doing of great works. I shall need a stenographer and we are——"

"Those other people could live at the Fosters," Betty interrupted him, delightedly entering into the plans. She was used to the busy little colonies of students who gathered round her father.

"Here comes Mr. Marsh, the teacher of the Academy, to see you," and she danced away on the tips of her toes.

"Serena and Letty! I am coming back to stay all next summer, and Papa too," she said, when she reached the middle of the kitchen.

"Thank the goodness!" said Serena. "Only don't let your pa bring his talking-machine to save up everybody's foolish speeches. Your aunt said this morning that what I ought to ha' said into it was 'Miss Leicester, we're all out o' sugar.' But the sugar 's goin' to last longer when you're gone. I expect we shall miss you," said the good woman, with great feeling.

Now, everything was to be done *next* summer: all the things that Betty had forgotten and all that she had planned and could not carry out. It was very sad to go away, when the time came. Poor Aunt Mary fairly cried, and said that she was going to try hard to be better in health, so that she could do more for Betty when she came next year, and



BETTY AND HER FATHER IN THE GARDEN.

she should miss their reading together, sadly; and Aunt Barbara held Betty very close for a minute and said, "God bless you, my darling," though she had never called her "my darling" before.

And Captain Beck came over to say good-bye, and wished that they could have gone down by the packet-boat, as Betty came, and gave our friend a little brass pocket-compass, which he had carried to sea many years. The minister came to call in the evening, with his girls, and the dear old doctor

came in next morning, though he was always in a hurry, and kissed Betty most kindly, and held her hand in both his, while he said that he had lost a good deal of practice, lately, because she kept the young folks out of doors, and he did not know about letting her come back another summer.

But when poor Mrs. Foster came, with Nelly, and thanked Betty for bringing a ray of sunshine into her sad home, it was almost too much to bear; and good-bye must be said to Becky, and that was as hard as anything, until they tried to talk about what they would do next summer, and how often they must write to each other in the winter months between.

"Why, sometimes I have been afraid that you did n't like me," said Betty, as her friend's tears again began to fall.

"It was only because I did n't like myself," said Becky, forlornly. It was a most sad leave-taking, but there were many recollections that Becky would like to think over when her new-old friend had fairly gone.

"I never felt as if I really belonged to any place, until now. You must always say that I am Betty Leicester of Tideshead," said Betty to her father, after she had looked back in silence from the car-window for a long time. Aunt Barbara had come to the station with them and was taking the long

drive home alone, with only Jonathan and the slow horses — Betty's thoughts followed her all along the familiar road. Last night she had put the little red silk shawl back into her trunk with a sorry sigh. Everybody had been so good to her, while she had done so little for any one!

But Aunt Barbara was really dreading to go back to the old house, she knew that she should miss Betty so much!

Papa was reading already; he always read in the cars himself, but he never liked to have Betty do so. He looked up now, and something in his daughter's face made him put down his book. She was no longer only a playmate, her face was very grave and sweet. "I must try not to scurry about the world as I have done," he thought, as he glanced at Betty again and again. "We ought to have a home, both of us; her mother would have known; — a girl should grow up in a home and get a girl's best life out of the cares and pleasures of it."

"I am afraid you won't wish to come down to doing the hospitalities of lodgings this winter," said Mr. Leicester. "Perhaps we had better look for a house of our own near the Duncans?"

"Oh, we're sure to have the best of good times!" said Betty cheerfully, as if there were danger of his being low-spirited. "We must wait about all that, Papa dear, until we are in London."

THE END.



NOT A LIVELY BOOK, BUT SO INSTRUCTIVE FOR YOUNG FOLK!

MAMMY'S STORY.

(With a Moral.)

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

AH! well do I recall how, in the happy olden days,
I sat beside the nursery fire and saw the hickory blaze;
While I heard the wind without, and the splashing of the rain,
And the broad magnolias tapping at the dripping window-pane,
When Mammy, rocking slowly, with the baby on her knee,
Told many a wondrous story — “jus’ ez true ez true could be!”

“Well — once dar wuz two leetle boys, name’ Jeems and Johnny Wood;
An’ Jeems wuz bad ez bad could be — an’ Johnny, he wuz good.
Deir Ma, she had a bag o’ gol’ hid in de cubby-hole,—
An’ Jeems he foun’ it out, an’ all dat heap o’ money stole!
An’ den he run away, so fas’ he los’ a rubber shoe,
An’ lef his Ma an’ br’er so poo’, dey dunno what to do!

“Well — Johnny for his poo’ Mamma he wucked de bes’ he could,
Tel once she sent him to de swamp to chop some piny-wood;
An’ dar a lot o’ ‘gators come — er *free*, er *fo*’, er FIVE!
An’ de biggest gobbled Johnny up, an swollered him alive!!
An’ dar, inside de critter’s maw, why, what did he behol’
But de oder Injy-rubber shoe, an’ his mudder’s bag o’ gol’!!!

“Well — den he tuck his leetle axe, an’ right away he hack
Tel he chop a mons’ous hole right frough de ‘gator’s ugly back!
Den out he pop, an’ nebber stop tel he reech his mudder’s doo’
An’ poured de shinin’ money dar, right on de parlor floo’!
Now, honey! min’ an’ ‘member dis, from de tale you jes been tol’,—
De bad, dey alluz comes to bad — an’ de good, dey gits de gol’!”

CLIMBING THE PIERCED ROCK.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

THE fishermen, in the little French-Canadian village of Percé, thought Moriarty had lost his senses when he declared that he would climb the Pierced Rock. There was no cliff like it on the coast of the Province of Quebec. One huge mass of mottled red-and-yellow limestone rose three hundred feet above the sea, with nearly perpendicular walls. It was a great ledge a quarter of a mile long, ending in a sharp point like the prow of a ship on the landward side, a pistol-shot from the shore. At low tide on the southern side one could walk along a sand-bar to the base of the rock,

although on the farther side the water was deep enough to float a ship. The waves thundered against the northern side of the rock and made rounded places and slippery slopes, and, on the other side, layers of stone peeled off and came crashing down.

The sea had gnawed away at the rock so long that two great openings were eaten through the base of the rock, toward the seaward end. The smaller opening, a perfect arch, was large enough for a fishing-boat to pass through. A coasting-schooner could have sailed through the larger arch. From this came the name of the Pierced Rock,

Rocher Percé, and the name of the village, but the large arch has now fallen in, leaving a tall stone needle beyond the outer end of the large rock.

No living creature, except gulls and cormorants, had ever reached the top of the Pierced Rock, and on that day, in the summer of 1818, when Moriarty said that he would climb the rock, his brother fishermen laughed at him. They thought it was boasting. Some whispered that he must be mad. But Moriarty had sailed around the rock and studied its lofty sides until he felt sure that he could see his way clear. His boat lay on the beach, near the rough tables where men in blue jerseys were cleaning codfish, while others were passing to and fro with willow creels filled with glistening herring and iridescent mackerel. From one of the little houses, near a yard where salted fish were scattered over the ground, or heaped in rounded piles like haycocks, Moriarty brought out a huge coil of rope, another of stout line, and an old oar. These he threw into his boat. And then they all saw that he really meant to try the rock. All the men left their work and came down the beach, crushing the whitened codfish bones under their heavy boots. In French and in English, with touches of Scotch and Irish brogue, they begged Moriarty not to throw away

his life, or told him that he was a fool to think of such a venture. But Moriarty was not alone, for his friend Dugai stood ready to go with him, and neither would be persuaded to give up the attempt. Some of the men turned their backs and said, "Let them go to their death." Others made their boats ready, meaning to see whatever might happen. Two or three offered to row Moriarty's boat out to the rock, and so at last they started.

It was a clear, bright day, and there was very little wind. If a gale had blown it would have been impossible to approach the rock, for Moriarty steered for its northern side, where, in rough weather, the waves dashed their spray almost mast-head high. When the boat had gone two-thirds of the way along the rock, Moriarty told the oarsmen to stop not far from the smaller arch. Just in front of them were hollows eaten by the waves, as mice nibble into cheese. Looking up, the rock seemed hanging over their very heads. Irregular ledges showed themselves beyond, almost red in the sunlight, with veins of quartz glistening here and there like diamonds. Now, it was along these ledges that Moriarty had marked out his path.

The boat touched a little rocky platform, and he



CLEANING FISH AT PERCÉ.

stepped out. One end of the line was fastened around his waist. Taking the stout oar, he rested it securely against a projecting mass of rock above and drew himself up, clinging partly to the oar and partly to the rock. This was his plan then, but some of the anxious men in the boats shook their heads. Suppose that he should come to a perfectly smooth place, or the oar should slip, or he should grow dizzy — what then? He reached the first ledge, planted his feet firmly, and turning drew the oar up after him. Setting it on a little crevice, he let it lean against a spur which jutted out ten feet above. It was a hand over hand pull this time, although his feet had some support upon the oar and rock.

Now he worked this way and that, clinging to points of rock, and digging his fingers into crevices, and again another ledge helped him directly upward. At first, the men below called to him occasionally to tell him of a friendly ledge on this side or that, although Moriarty knew the face of the rock better than they. But now they only spoke in whispers for fear that a cry might startle him, for at the height where he clung any false movement meant death. When he looked down it was only for a secure foothold; he did not look beyond, to the waves lapping the foot of the rock, and the boat which seemed to grow smaller beneath him, for he could run no risk of giddiness at that height. Cautiously he crept and climbed upward, using every crevice and ledge within his reach, now resting an instant and then crawling on, almost, it seemed, as a fly crawls up the surface of a wall. All was going well. He was nearing the summit. A moment more and the bold crag-climber would be safe; but just then there came a scream and a rush of wings. The cormorants and gulls had discovered their enemy close at hand.

Luckily they were too late. Moriarty beat back the first birds that swooped down upon him, then lowering his head, dragged himself with a last effort up to the edge, scrambled forward and threw himself on his face, safe! — the first man who had ever reached the summit of the great Pierced Rock! From below they saw the swoop of the birds, and Moriarty raising himself over the edge of the rock, with the cormorants gathering about him like a swarm of bees. They knew that he was on the rock, and a faint cheer floated upward, but they knew, too, that angry sea-birds were foes not to be despised. Over on a Buonaventure cliff the cormorants once picked out a man's eyes, and Moriarty

was now the center of a cloud of cormorants and gulls. But he knew his danger and lay where he had thrown himself, face downward, his arms guarding his head. There was almost a roar from the wings all about him. The screaming birds tore at his clothing with beaks and claws.



PERCÉ ROCK.

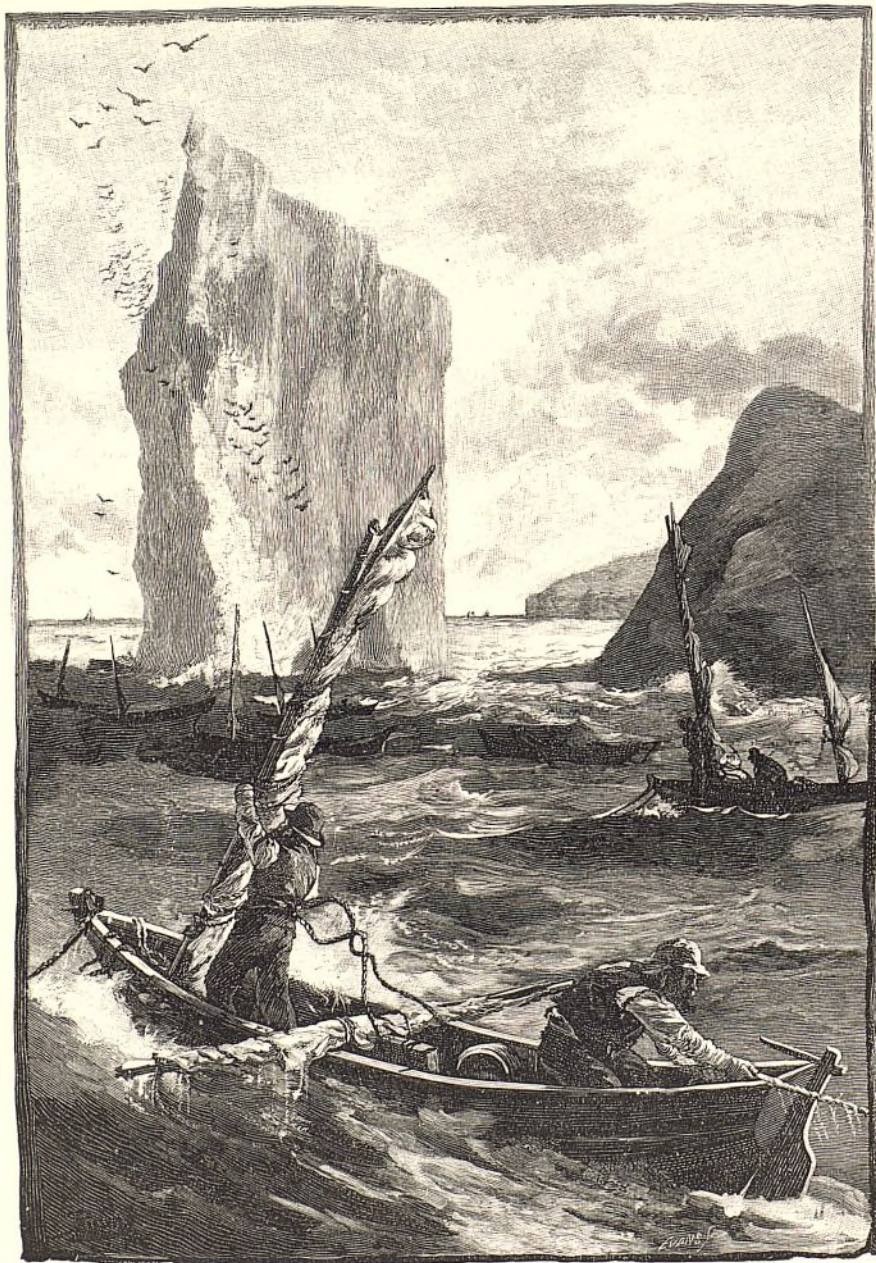
He must have repented his rash invasion of their homes. But as he continued to lie motionless the sea-birds finally grew tired of attacking him, and most of them sailed away over the water or back to their nests. When he ventured to rise some of them dashed at him again, but he struck right and left with the oar and presently he was left, by right of conquest, monarch of the Pierced Rock, a kingdom more difficult to conquer than Robinson Crusoe's island, but not a very satisfactory place to live on. For, suppose that he had found himself unable to get down again; he might have lived for a time on gulls' eggs and rain water and finally have perished in plain sight of his home. But, like a wise general, Moriarty had provided a means of retreat.

The handle of the oar had been sharpened and this he drove into a crack in the rock, clearing away the dirt and making all secure by piling large stones around the oar. Then, after a hard pull, he hauled up the rope to which the line he had brought up was fastened. Making the rope fast to the oar, ascent and descent of the rock became comparatively easy. Moriarty was followed by Dugai, and others clambered up by the help of the rope, until the cormorants and gulls hovering over their nests saw that their lofty home was given over to their natural enemies. Their nests had never before been disturbed, but now the poor birds were to be mercilessly plundered.

It was rather Moriarty's daring courage, an ambition to "achieve the impossible" than any hope of gain, that led him to climb the rock, but the others were more practical. They were wretchedly poor, these fishermen, living on little beside fish and coarse bread, and even the eggs of the sea-fowl were valuable to them. So, after the rude rope-ladder made the rock accessible for sure-footed

men, some of them visited it often, fought the birds away from their nests, and gathered eggs in baskets, which were carefully lowered. But the summit of the rock was made useful in a stranger way. It be-

to the sandy beach that there was very little chance for grass to grow. On the part of the rock where there were no nests, there was soil enough to support a fine growth of grass; and if this was not needed for



FISHERMEN, AROUND PERCÉ ROCK.

came a hay-field! Think of hay-making on a rock three hundred feet above the sea!

On the shore the pine forests came so close down

bedding it could be sold for the horses owned by officers of the great fishing company who ruled the coast. After all, it was not so difficult as cutting

grass with sickles from the ledges of Swiss precipices, while suspended by a rope. So, when the grass was fully grown, there was the first hay-making ever seen on the summit of the Pierced Rock. The grass was tied up in bundles, or packed into baskets, and lowered by ropes. And this curious hay-field yielded over three tons, so that Moriarty's bold feat was far from profitless.

But while Moriarty himself suffered no harm, his example cost a life. For some time the fishermen climbed the rock to cut grass or gather eggs, and some of them forgot how dangerous it really was to clamber three hundred feet up that steep side, helped only by a rope. Many protested against

the risk and said that it ought not to be permitted, but the rock-climbing went on until one day a young fisherman lost his hold and fell. The plundered sea-birds were at last avenged. Over his body the assembled fishermen solemnly resolved that the Pierced Rock should never be climbed again, and from that day to this it has never been ascended.

This is the story that Moriarty's daughter, now over eighty years of age, told me as I sat in her quaint old house at Percé, looking through tiny window panes at the Pierced Rock, where the cormorants and gulls now make their nests undisturbed by man.

THE KING'S DUST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"THOU shalt die," the priest said to the king.
 "Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.
 Like the dust of any common thing
 One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
 "Nay, not so," the king said. "I shall stay
 While the great sun in the sky makes day;
 Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
 In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard,
 Washed with palm-wine, swathed in linen hard,
 Rolled in naphtha-gum, and under guard
 Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the king.
 Century fled to century; still he lay
 Whole as when they hid him first away,—
 Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,
 He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,
 Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
 Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,
 Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
 Little Arabs, answering to their name,
 With a broken mummy fed the flame,
 Then a wind among the ashes came,
 Blew them lightly,—and the king was not!



TEDDY AND THE WOLF.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE Doctor had said, "Now, Mr. Rowland, I will be frank with you. Unless you get away from the city, and stay away, I will not answer for the consequences!"

Of course there could be no hesitation after that, and Mr. Rowland, Mrs. Rowland, and Teddy packed up their little keepsakes, sold everything else, and transferred themselves to Bartonville.

Here the breadwinner of the family bought a slender stock of goods and opened a small store.

"You will see how I shall prosper," he said to his wife. "My city experience will give me a great advantage over the other tradesmen. I shall be more business-like, and if you and little Teddy will only thrive as well as I shall make my trade thrive, we will not regret the stifling city!"

So far as Mrs. Rowland was concerned, there was nothing to complain about. After two months in the new home, she had grown rosy and bright; as rosy and pretty as Teddy himself; and he was by far "the finest five-year-old in town,"—even his father admitted it.

But, alas! for the thriving trade. Mr. Rowland had put all his money into the hoes and rakes, axes and brooms, which stood looking so clean and trim before the door. They stood bravely to their posts, and equally faithful were the rolls of cloth and barrels and boxes on duty indoors. But hardly a strange foot crossed the threshold to mar the freshly sanded floor; only a few villagers from curiosity strayed aimlessly in and out again, to make their purchases elsewhere. Many, in welcoming the new-comer, had reminded him that "competition was the life of trade," but he was beginning to think, sadly enough, that it was also the death of trade, in some cases at least. The rent, the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker, had taken the few dollars saved "to get a good start." Mrs. Rowland had darned and criss-crossed Teddy's red stockings into ridges and lumps; she had turned and "fixed" her few dresses until she felt that her worried little brain needed turning and darning, too. But their money was gone, and the thriving trade had not begun.

Mr. Rowland tried to be hopeful, but his set lips grew into a grim hardness; and he talked less and less of his prospects as the future became more uncertain.

Teddy found no fault. He admired his well-mended stockings, and pitied those who lacked the picturesque variety of contrasted patches. Soon after the sun was well above the hills, Teddy's bread and milk made its daily visit to his bowl, and Teddy never thought of asking awkward questions in the case of either mystery.

One morning the discouraged store-keeper went to the bank to draw out his last small balance.

"Going to close your account?" asked Mr. Prentice, the president, who always was particular to speak to his customers.

"For a time, only, I hope!" replied Mr. Rowland bravely, counting the few small bits of paper with thoughts far away from any consideration of arithmetic.

"You must not withdraw your patronage," said the smiling president, as he turned and walked back into his cosy office.

Mr. Rowland was unusually silent during the evening, and even forgot to tell Teddy his regular story before putting him to bed. The little boy noticed his father's depression, and kept very quiet. When his mother began to look meaningfully at the clock, Teddy came and said good-night, and went to bed without a word of objection.

"Poor boy! He must be tired out," said Mrs. Rowland, when she returned to the room. Then she sat down to her stocking-basket.

But Teddy was not tired; he was thinking. He was wondering what troubled his father. Teddy did not mean to lie awake, much less to listen to the conversation between his father and mother. The door was ajar, and he could not help noticing that the usual reading aloud was omitted; nor could he fail to hear a word or two, now and then. What he heard convinced him that he was right in thinking his father out of sorts and worried, and also made him sure that he knew what was the trouble. He heard his father saying:

"So you see, Anna, there's no need for me to go to the store. I might just as well be here with you; at least I could be at work in the garden, and then there would be something done toward keeping the wolf from the door!"

Teddy heard no more, for he fell fast asleep. But when he awoke next morning his mind was made up, and soon after his plans were matured.

"Are you going to the store?" he asked his father with some surprise, when the good-bye kiss was given.

"Yes, Teddy; somebody may come in, and I must be there," replied the father, as he trudged slowly down the gravel walk.

Teddy watched him anxiously, and then turned briskly toward the house. The first thing to do was to get his bow-gun. He did not remember where he had put it, but that did not disquiet him—he would ask his mother.

"Mamma, where is my gun?" asked Teddy in perfect confidence.

"Where did you leave it?" asked his mother, a little absent-mindedly. Teddy leaned up against the kitchen-table with one small finger in his mouth and tried to think. But he had n't an idea. At length Mrs. Rowland said:

"You were playing African hunter yesterday, and borrowed your father's big boots. Go and find the boots, and perhaps you may find the gun, too."

Teddy climbed the attic stairs, two steps to each stair, found the gun stowed away in one of the boots, and was so impressed by his mother's suggestion, that he almost resolved to consult so clever a mother about the terrible wolf.

But Teddy was accustomed to rely upon himself, and had been so often told to try his own powers before seeking help, that he concluded to keep his own counsel. Now that he had the gun, he sought the next thing needed for his plan. This was something which had not occurred to him until just as he was parting his hair that morning, on the third trial, for Teddy liked "the little paf to the top of the head" very straight indeed.

"Mamma, can I go and get something from Papa's workshop?" he asked, when he came back to the kitchen. "I won't hurt myself a bit; and I don't want to tell you what it is!"

"Yes, Teddy," said Mrs. Rowland, hardly noticing the strange request,—she was thinking of the wolf, too!

Away went the sturdy, small cross-bowman through the thick grass, taking the shortest cut. Presently he returned carrying with him a steel-trap. After scouting a little, Teddy satisfied himself that the coast was clear, and dragged the trap around to the front door. He felt sure that this must be the door his father meant, for it was almost always closed and bolted. He placed the trap cleverly enough before the door, but by a trifling oversight forgot, or else did not know enough, to set it. Then Teddy retired to an ambush behind a thick evergreen, strung his cross-bow with a care which would not have been

discreditable to Denys himself, and awaited all comers.

About half an hour afterward Mr. Prentice, walking leisurely down to the bank, like a man who could afford to take his time, caught sight of a curly, golden head in Mr. Rowland's front-yard. He stopped, for he was fond of Teddy and often paused to say a word to him. Teddy thought Mr. Prentice the greatest man in the world—next to his own father. So, when the banker rubbed the little curls with his gold-headed stick and said, "Hullo, Curly-head! Are you too proud to pass the time of day with a friend this morning?" Teddy rose from behind the tree, tip-toed close to the fence, and replied almost in a whisper, "Dood-morning, Mr. Prentice. Please teep twiet, and go 'way, please, as twick as you can!"

Somewhat surprised and alarmed, the banker asked, "Is your mother sick, Teddy?"

"No, sir. She's well; but she's afraid!"

"Afraid? Afraid of what? Where is your father? Anything wrong?" Mr. Prentice was seriously troubled. He had little children of his own, and wild visions of contagious diseases, accidents, and disasters were jumbled in his brain.

"Papa's gone to the store. I dess he was afraid, too," said Teddy, sagaciously.

"What is it, Teddy?" said the banker, sternly.

"It's a wolf," replied Teddy in a mere whisper, looking uneasily around and wishing, for the first time, that Mr. Prentice would stop talking to him and not interfere with his plans.

"A wolf!" said Mr. Prentice, first looking blank and then laughing heartily. "Why, Teddy, you're a goose! There are no wolves for hundreds of miles around. Somebody has been making fun of you."

"Yes, there are! There's one wolf, anyway," said the boy, with a nod of wisdom.

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Prentice, for he was one of those who think it not an unwise precaution to find out what children mean before laughing at them.

Teddy was pleased by the respectful tone, and felt a wish to be polite in return. So, trusting that the enemy would be kind enough to defer the attack for a few moments, he told his grown-up friend how he had heard "Papa tell Mamma that he did n't know how he was going to teep that wolf from coming in that door!"

"And," continued Teddy, "I got the wolf out of my Noah's Ark, so that I could tell him when he came, and I got the twap out for him, and my gun. Papa's got to be down at the store, so's if anybody *should* come there. And Mamma can't fight, 'cause she's a girl, and there's nobody home but me—unless you'll stay?" Teddy glanced at the

kindly face above him, as if even his brave heart would not disdain a companion in arms.

"My gun *hurts*, too!" he resumed, with pride (for the banker had not said a word in reply). "Want to see?" and he offered to demonstrate its effectiveness against his friend's leg.

Mr. Prentice looked toward the door of the house. There lay the trap half hidden under a spray of evergreen. Then he picked up the brave little huntsman and gave him a kiss, put him down softly, and walked away without a word. His hands were clasped behind him and he was thinking something about "—and thy neighbor as thyself."

Teddy went back to his post, but he was puzzled, and his singleness of purpose was gone.

During the day, Mr. Prentice spoke to Mr. Dustan, one of the directors of the bank.

"Seen what a nice new store it is, that Mr. Rowland has? He 's a new-comer. You ought to give him a little of your custom now and then; he 's one of our depositors, you know, and one good turn deserves another! Really, Dustan, he 's got a nice family, and you 'd oblige me if you could favor him with an order now and then."

Mr. Dustan said he would — of course, he would.

Time he changed, anyway; the other tradesmen were becoming careless, competition was a good thing! Then they talked of banking matters.

Mr. Prentice managed to say another word to another friend that same afternoon; and to yet another the next morning, and he did not forget to take care that his suggestions should bear fruit.

The result was very bad for the wolf. Teddy did n't see him. In fact, after dinner, Teddy forgot all about the animal, for one of the older boys came along and took the hunter out fishing.

Mr. Rowland was at first much surprised at the sudden tide of custom and prosperity. Many came, and finding "the new man" civil and obliging, accurate and punctual, they came again.

Some weeks later Mr. Rowland said to his wife, with an air of some profundity:

"Anna, my dear, patience is sure to tell in the long run! I came very near to giving up in despair; but, you see, the darkest hour was just before the dawn. There is nothing like a bold front, to scare the wolf from the door!"

Mrs. Rowland looked lovingly at her husband and thought him a very clever man.

But Teddy was sleeping the sleep of the just, and as for Mr. Prentice, he never told the story of their little wolf-hunt.

SEASIDE FLOWERS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



LONG the edge of the curving cove the small, blue skull-cap sits,
Where the gray beach-bird with happy cry in safety feeds and flits,
There spreads or shuts the pimpernel its drowsy buds to tell
When rain will come, or skies will clear, the pretty pimpernel!
The pink herb-robert all the day holds up its rosy flowers,
While high above with a purple plume the lofty thistle towers,
The golden potentilla blows, and the crowfoot laughs in the sun,

While over rock and bush and turf wild morning-glories run.

They look down o'er the tiny cove, out to the blue, blue sea,

Neighbors and friends, all beautiful, a joyful company;

When the full tide comes brimming in, with soft and gentle rush,

It is as if the murmuring sound said to the silence, "Hush!"

All down the narrow beach the lilac mussel-shells are strown

Among the scattered pebbles and by the polished stone

Where the sea's hands have worn the ledge till smooth as ivory,—

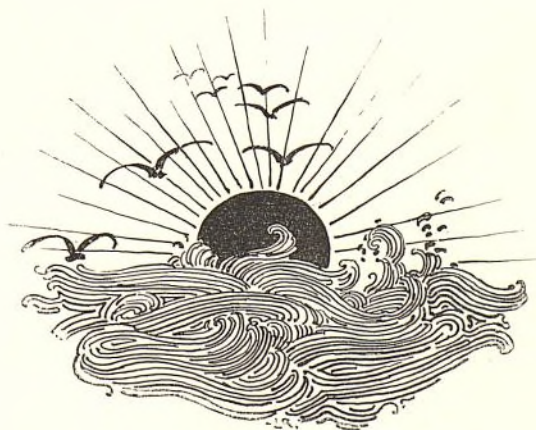
Oh, such a place on summer days to put your cheek, and lie

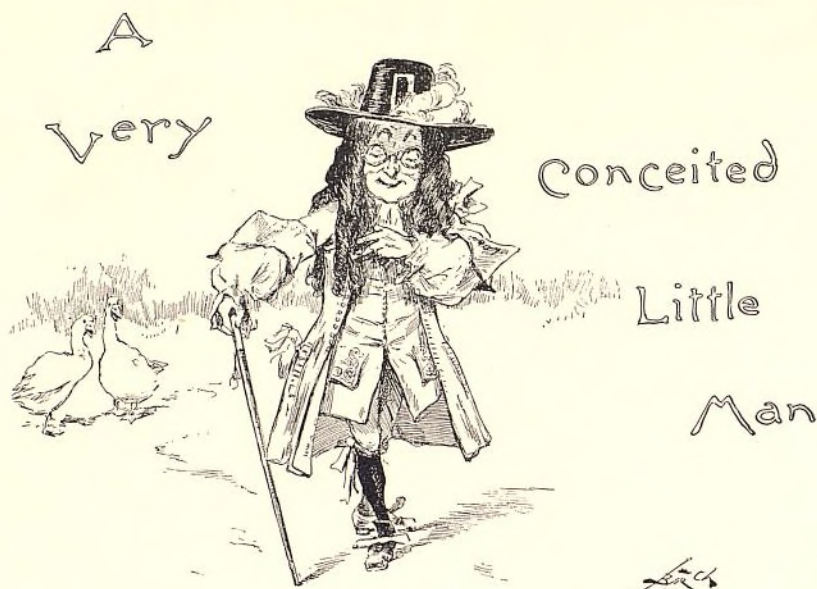
Listening to all the whispering waves that round the point go by!

For the sun has warmed the hard cold rock till it almost human seems,

And such a pillow as it makes for childhood's blissful dreams!

The little, glad, caressing waves ! They bring their treasures gay
 To deck the lonely, quiet beach, nor fail day after day
 To strew the slope with crimson dulse and olive sea-weed sprays,
 And lace-like, empty urchin-shells, rough with their dull green rays;
 The limpet's hollow, mottled house, small amber snail-shells bright,
 Broad brown and shining ruffled kelps, and cockles snowy white.
 Oh, such a happy, happy nook ! Were I to talk all day
 Not half the joy of that sweet spot could I begin to say !
 There 's such a spell of pure content about the peaceful place —
 As if the old earth wore a smile upon her rugged face.
 And all the charming band of flowers that watch the sea and sky,
 They seem to know and love the winds that gently pass them by,
 They seem to feel the freshness of the waves at every tide
 That sparkles in, — a gladsome flood, — from the wide waste outside.
 The white sails go and come at will, the white gulls float in air,
 The song-sparrow and sandpiper are flitting everywhere.
 But the dark blue skull-cap never sighs to leave its pleasant home
 With butterfly or thistledown or sandpiper to roam ;
 The pink herb-robert nestles close, content in sun or rain,
 Nor envies the far sails that glide across the ocean plain ;
 The golden potentilla sees the dazzling gull on high,
 Yet never does she wish for wings to join him in the sky.
 For all these wise and lowly lives accord with God's intent,
 Each takes its lot and bears its bloom as kindly Nature meant.
 Whatever weather Fortune sends, they meet it patiently,
 Each only striving its own way a perfect thing to be.
 Oh, tell me, little children, have you on summer days
 Heard what the winds are whispering and what the water says ?
 The small birds' chirp, the cry of gulls, the crickets' quiet creak ?
 And have you seen the charming flowers that have no power to speak, —
 The dear, sweet, humble little flowers that ever silently
 Teach such a lovely lesson, o'er and o'er, to you and me ?
 Go, seek them, if you know them not, when summer comes once more,
 You 'll find in them a pleasure you never knew before.





By Malcolm Douglas.

A little man's chief pleasure was in going out to walk.
And to himself while on his way, for hours he would talk;
"For there's nothing I enjoy so much," his friends he oft would tell,
"As to listen to a person who converses very well!"

"It's perfectly astonishing to see the wondrous ease
With which I can discourse on any subject that I please.
And my views upon all questions are so sensible indeed
That I never in the slightest with myself have disagreed.

"There are many who would like to hear me very much, I know,
And I'm selfish to monopolize my conversation so,
But I grow so interested when I've anything to say,
That from myself I really can't tear myself away!"

THE HEMLOCK-PEELERS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

ONE day I went up to see our neighbors the bark-peelers. Our own camp was upon a flat, rocky place beside the most marvelously beautiful of trout-brooks and in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. Just at camp there was a cataract, the musical

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used great care not to slip, we might cross to the other side. We did so, however, very rarely, for there was nothing there but a steep hillside densely clothed with underbrush and a perfect tangle of prostrate logs, among which stood a few tall hardwood trees and many saplings of second growth. This state of things showed that ruthless axes had been through those woods—for the same was true all about the head-waters of the Rondout and Esopus and Neversink; but it was noticeable that those who swung the axe had cut only hemlocks, and that all the fallen trunks were bare. This stamped the ruin of the ancient, beautiful forest as the work of the bark-peelers.

The use made of hemlock bark is to tan hides into leather; hence it is known as tan-bark, and when it has gone through the processes at the factory and has been deprived of its useful property for that purpose, it is spread upon garden walks, race-tracks, and the like, wherever a soft surface is wanted. In this shape everyone is familiar with it.

The hemlock is a tree which grows in damp and rocky places at a little elevation above the sea. It is an evergreen, as everybody knows, and has its twigs and foliage arranged horizontally upon the branches, so that the whole upper and under surface of each branch is flat. Its longest limbs are lowest down and there is a gradual decrease in length toward the top, while all droop instead of pointing upward, as in most trees. This gives a conical and somewhat dark and sorrowful aspect to the hemlock, very different from the cheerful appearance of the brighter-barked and more airy pines.

On some mountains the hemlocks grow in groves or copses by themselves, sometimes covering large areas, with hardly any other varieties. These are very somber woods, I assure you, but the most valuable. They are the ones beloved by animals in winter, for underneath the drooping, sheltering eaves of the great, low-limbed trees the wood-dwellers find spaces into which the snow can hardly penetrate, and so secure good housing from the storm.

My way up to where the bark-peelers were at work, however, lay through no such solid forest, but by a rough old road along the tumbling brook and upon the steep mountain side, through green groves and thickets that kept out the sun and kept in moisture for the nourishment of innumerable weeds, aromatic herbs, ferns, and late June flowers. These old roads are only lanes, cleared out enough to make a passable way down to civilization. They go nowhere in particular, are only used by the bark-cutters, by the lumbermen who drag logs down to the mill, and by occasional picnickers,

like ourselves. So small is the amount of travel, it does not pay to keep them in good order; hence they are full of holes, big rocks, and bridges to cross which would frighten any but a mountaineer, while it frequently happens that the first party to pass in the spring has to chop through a dozen or so of trees that have fallen across the track.

But this loneliness makes these old secluded wood-roads all the pleasanter as lounging places in mid-summer. Along their edges grow many more flowers than you can find in the shady recesses of the woods, and under your feet a firm turf takes the place of sodden leaves. Overhead stands a tall Gothic arch, where the tips of the branches meet from both sides, yet no array of trunks obstructs the eye as you look ahead down a sun-streaked path. Here the hemlocks had long ago been culled out, and there remained chiefly the strong beeches (which seem the most dignified and substantial of forest trees), black, shining wild-cherry trees, broad-reaching maples, lindens, and various inconspicuous kinds, while,—wherever the ground was low,—

“Like beggared princes of the wood
In silver rags the birches stood.”

These green aisles are a fine thing for the animals of every sort which make these lofty mountains their pleasant home. Here you may see the track of the fox, and find the run-way of the wild mouse or the minute footprint of the tiny shrew, and discover the porcupine searching by moonlight for his supper of beetles or the juicy young of grasshoppers and other insects. Butterflies are beguiled hither, far from the hot outside clearings where they love to play, and you will see more birds of every sort in half an hour here, than half a day in the forest could show you. The birds love these sunny openings, both because they are warm and pleasant and because here they find many times more small insects and weed-seeds, upon which to feed, than ever exist in the deep woods.

After tramping slowly a mile or so, along such an old road, I came upon a little clearing and saw a log house, with signs of inhabitants about it. I went up to it and learned that it was where the bark-peelers stayed at night. One of them had brought his wife and children here, and the family kept house for the rest, sixteen in all.

This log house was an old affair and a large one. It was about six logs high, above which was a roof of slabs, very good in dry weather, but not of much account on a wet night. There was a low door and only one window, so that at first the inside seemed to me as dark as a cave. There was no floor but hard-tramped earth, and benches were used to sit on. Upon the first floor were the primitive accom-

modations for the family that kept house for the lumbermen. The man, his wife, and their four children occupied all this part of the house at night. Overhead was a loft, covering the most of the room below, and reached by a ladder. Here the men slept upon pallets of straw spread on the slab floor.

This was the way the party lived, and as they were not soft-handed nor afraid to rough it, it was a sufficiently comfortable way during the summer days that they worked in the woods. The woman, however, thought she should be glad when she could go back to her pleasant home in the valley, and cook for a less numerous family.

The men were at work some distance up the side of the mountain, which was a spur of great Peakamoose, and I was guided up by a man who was taking them some addition to their dinners. The road ceased altogether, soon after we left the shanty, and it was not long before even the path disappeared, so that we had to force our way through the thick woods up the steep slope, guided only by the sounds of chopping and the crash of falling trees which came to our ears.

Most of the men were young fellows, with tall, strong, active frames and frank, honest faces. One or two of them wore red flannel shirts which looked very picturesque among the green trees, and all of them made so merry over their hard work that the felling of huge trees and lopping of stout branches seemed rather play than labor.

When bark-peelers go into the woods, they divide themselves into parties of four or five who work together. Each one of these parties contains *choppers*, *fixers*, and *spudgers*.

The beginning of operations belongs to the first class. The chopper chooses the first good-sized hemlock that is seen, and it is attacked near the root with sharp and skillful axe until it tumbles headlong in just the desired direction. The fall of one of these trees, especially if it be a large one, is an impressive sight. The chopper cuts a broad opening on one side fully half through the great trunk, yet the tree stands firm and pays no attention to the blows, nor to the heavy chips that continually fly away from its dark, red heartwood. Then the chopper goes around on the other side, and cuts a new gash, a little lower than the first one, since he intends the tree to fall to that side. Here, too, he cuts deep in before there are any signs of conquest. As the axe begins to touch the center, however, the topmost limbs are seen to tremble, then to sway, and a cracking sound follows the repeated blows which warn the poor tree that its time has come. Then there is a tottering, a little leaning toward the weaker side, which has the lower cut, and the woodman, keeping his eye

upward and his feet ready to jump, hurls one last powerful stroke into the overstrained fibers. They fly apart with a loud noise, the great crown bows toward the earth, gains swifter motion as it descends, and comes crashing down upon the weak and resistless brushwood with a noise like the muffled roar of a whole battery and a force which shakes the earth.

Now comes the work of the "fixers." They leap upon the butt of the fallen giant, and, striking at the lowest limbs, first cut off every branch until all are lopped away to where the trunk grows too narrow to be worth trimming. As fast as a little space of the trunk is cleared, one of the men cuts a notch through the bark and around the trunk—"rings" it, as he would say. Four feet further on he cuts another ring, and then slits the bark lengthwise from one ring to the other, on three or four sides of the tree. This goes on every four feet, as fast as the tree is trimmed, until the whole length has been thus "fixed."

Last of all comes the "spudger," whose duty it is to pry off the great flakes of bark which have been notched and split for him. He takes his name from the tool he uses, which is a sort of small, heavy, sharp-edged spade, with a short handle; perhaps to call it a round-bladed chisel would describe it more nearly. To pry off the bark in this way seems very easy, but they told me it was the hardest work of all, and that it required considerable skill to do it properly.

When the bark has been removed it must be made up into regular piles so as to be measured, for it is estimated and sold by the cord. This is hard work, for the green and juicy bark is very heavy and rough to handle. Sometimes a tree will be found so large as to furnish a cord, or even more, alone; but the average rate of yield is much less, so that experts calculate that four trees must be cut down to obtain a cord of bark.

It is only when the new wood is forming just underneath, and the cells are soft and full of sap, that the bark can be stripped from the log in large pieces. Peeling, therefore, can be carried on only during May and June. The cords of bark piled then are left to dry all the summer and fall, and are hauled out in winter by ox-teams with sleds, when the deep snow makes a smooth track over even so terribly rough a road as the one I have mentioned.

The bark-peelers were a very jolly lot of fellows, singing and joking as they worked, and at dinner there was one incessant rattle of stories and fun. They work hard, eat heartily, go to bed as soon as it is dark, and rise at dawn.

It is interesting work—but it leaves a ruined forest behind!



THE HAPPY CLOVERS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

IN June, when skies are soft and blue,
And, somehow, seem to smile like Mother,
In morning fields that flash with dew
The clovers laugh to one another.

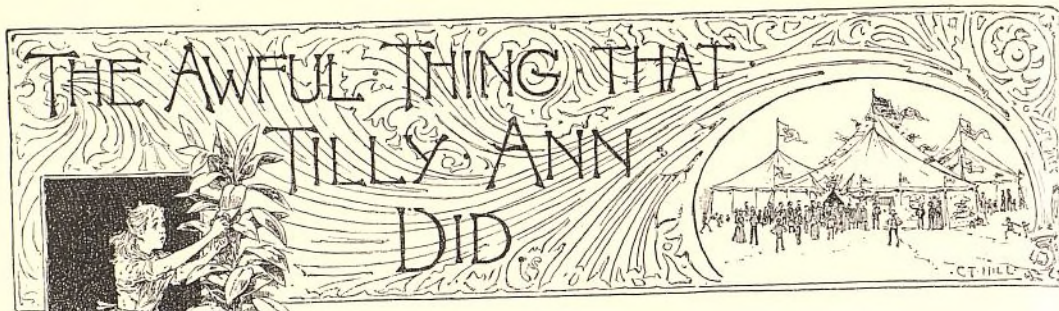
The rosy faces dip and rise,
As if the breeze said something funny;
Or maybe 't was the bee, that flies
From head to head, to gather honey.

Or, if *he* has n't time to joke,
Perhaps it was the cat-bird's chatter,—
That noisy rogue in sober cloak.
You merry Clovers, what's the matter?

You shake and shake about my feet,
And still on every side I meet you.
What makes you laugh? You know you're sweet—
You'd better tell, or else I'll eat you!



“The open secret 's this: (the breeze,
The bird, the bee, that surly hummer,
All know it, dear!) we're laughing, please,
To think it's really, really summer!”



BY ARLO BATES AND ELEANOR PUTNAM.

OF all the things which made her poor little life miserable, and there were plenty of them, Tilly Ann disliked worst—excepting Miss Pinchimp, of course; always excepting Miss Pinchimp—the india-rubber tree. The india-rubber tree was Miss Pinchimp's dearest treasure, which perhaps was reason enough why Tilly Ann should not be fond of it; and so great was Miss Pinchimp's pride in the plant that she was constantly having its leaves washed. Whenever Tilly Ann was not washing dishes, or picking up chips in the back yard, or weeding in the garden, or sewing together the edges of an old sheet that had been ripped down the middle to bring the worn part to the edges, or doing some other chore of a like nature, she was set to wash the leaves of the india-rubber tree.

The india-rubber tree was five feet tall, to begin with, aside from the tub in which it grew, and to give it a more imposing appearance this tub was mounted upon a stool, so that when the plant was to have its bath Tilly Ann was obliged to begin operations by bringing in a wooden chair from the kitchen, on which to stand while she cleaned the great shiny leaves. Then she would wash away with patient care every stray speck of dust, for well did she know how narrowly Miss Pinchimp would examine to see whether the work were done thoroughly.

And Tilly Ann's chief treasure was a large clasp-pin. It was a little bent, and the silver wash was almost entirely worn away, but it was absolutely necessary for the kilting up of the childish petticoats of Tilly Ann when she indulged in those gymnastics which were her only recreation, and which commanded the wondering admiration of all the village children, on those rare occasions when the strange little maid could escape from the eyes

of her mistress and give an impromptu exhibition of her talents.

For Tilly Ann was, by birth, a little acrobat. Her parents had been professionals who had come to Topton with a circus, and been unable to go on because the mother was ill unto death. The father and little Tilly Ann, a thin, half-starved morsel of five, had watched beside the death-bed, and then, just as they turned from the grave of the wife and mother to go forward to the town where the circus was exhibiting, the father fell down in a fit, and in two days more Tilly Ann was doubly orphaned.

The poor little mite was prematurely old, and of a certain uncanny wisdom in many matters. She had lived all her life in the atmosphere of the circus, and in many of the acrobatic tricks which her father and mother performed she had learned to take a part. It was often little more than being thrown from one to the other in a way which really was not at all dangerous, but which looked so; or than standing on the head of one or the other of them. But already Tilly Ann had figured in the bills as Mlle. Petite; and she was not without a pretty clear idea of what that meant, too. After her father's death, she had but one thought, and that was to get back to the circus again. There people had been kind to her, her father and mother had praised her, and the applause of the public had already touched her little head with its dangerous delight.

When she was sent first to the poor-farm, and then to the far less kindly dwelling of Miss Pinchimp, Tilly Ann's stout little heart was very nearly broken; and when, after three separate attempts to run away, she had been captured and brought back, the child must have fallen into utter despair had it not been for the secretly cherished hope that some day the same old circus would appear in Topton and take her away from all this hateful life. To this hope she clung, and meanwhile she improved every possible opportunity to

practice the gymnastics she had been taught, or which she remembered having seen her father and others do. The fence of the back yard was high, and a convenient row of tall lilacs cut off the view from the back windows, and on the turf of the back yard did Tilly Ann, her scant petticoats kilted up with the invaluable safety-pin, turn and tumble in a way that would have made Miss Pinchimp rigid with horror had she witnessed the spectacle.

For Miss Eliza Pinchimp was nothing if not proper. She was a large body, and might therefore have been expected to be good natured, whereas the truth seemed to be that there was only so much the more of her to be disagreeable. A big bowl of milk makes much more bonny-clabber than a wee pitcher full, and it may have been on this principle that Miss Pinchimp was the most completely cross and unpleasant person in the whole village.

One July morning Tilly Ann was, as usual, washing the india-rubber tree, but anybody who looked at her could see that her whole small person was fairly quivering with excitement. She craned her neck toward the window through which from afar came the sound of a band and a confused buzz as of the distant voices of small boys, all of which announced that the circus was coming to Topton. At any time this would have filled the soul of Tilly Ann with wildest emotion, but to-day she had especial cause for excitement. On one of the big, flaming posters with which the whole neighborhood had been decorated for a fortnight, Tilly Ann had seen a name she knew. It was Signor Bernassio, advertised as "the world renowned and unparalleled juggler and knife-thrower," and Tilly Ann remembered Signor Bernassio perfectly. His real name was Tim Bernaise, and he had been a warm friend of the father and mother of the poor little waif stranded in unfriendly Topton, and doomed to the continual washing of the leaves of Miss Pinchimp's india-rubber tree.

From the moment she saw this name, the mind of Tilly Ann had been in a ferment. She felt, with a quivering excitement, that the time for escape had come at last. How she was to get away she had no idea, but get away she must; and this morning, while she scrubbed away at the big leaves with unconscious vigor, her shrewd little head was full of wild plans that became more and more impossible as the sound of the far-off band increased her excitement. How the old days came back to Tilly Ann as she stood there, and how delightful did the past seem in contrast with the present. She leaned so far forward in her excitement, that at last the wooden chair on which she stood gave a sudden lurch, and Tilly Ann saved herself from a bad tumble only by jumping nimbly to the floor.

She saved herself and she even kept almost all the water in the basin from spilling; but, alas and alack! one of the stiff, shiny leaves of the india-rubber tree was broken short off in the middle. Tilly Ann stared at the broken leaf, with her mouth open and a dreadful feeling that the only hope for her must now be that the earth would open and swallow her. She knew Miss Pinchimp's affection for the plant, and she knew but too well Miss Pinchimp's temper and the weight of Miss Pinchimp's hand. Necessity and abuse had sharpened her shrewd little wits, and with the awful vision of one of her mistress's floggings before her eyes, Tilly Ann's small but keen brain was not long in devising a means of escaping at least present detection. With a long pin stuck through the rib of the leaf, she very cleverly fastened the broken piece in its place, and then turned the tub around so that the mended part of the plant came against the folds of the lace window-curtain.

Tilly Ann had scarcely accomplished this ingenious deception when she heard the approaching steps of Miss Pinchimp, and while her guilty little heart trembled with fear, that lady's big person appeared in the doorway.

"Well," Miss Pinchimp said, in a voice that showed that her temper, never very sweet, was unusually acid that morning, "I hope you have been long enough about washing the india-rubber tree."

"It is all done now, ma'am," Tilly Ann answered tremblingly.

Miss Pinchimp sailed across the room and examined the plant critically.

"You've made all the leaves streaked," she said. "What have you turned it round for? You—"

The words died on her lip. Her mistress had moved the india-rubber tree half-way about, when the mended leaf caught in the lace curtain and the broken portion turned, as on a pivot, on the pin with which it was fastened. Tilly Ann waited to see no more. She dashed out of the room and fled to her usual refuge, the roof of the shed, while Miss Pinchimp, fat and scant of breath, vainly tried to catch her before she could attain to that safe, but rather dangerous, elevation.

The roof of the shed was Tilly Ann's City of Refuge. Here she could look down in scornful triumph upon her enemy, who sometimes skirmished about with a long bean-pole, vainly endeavoring, as Tilly Ann expressed it, "to whack the legs off of me," but who had learned from experience that, on the whole, the wisest plan was to wait until the fugitive came down, and then to pounce upon her.

For the unfortunate part of it was, that Tilly

Ann had to come down. She often wished, with all the passionate despair of eight years, that she were a bird, that she might take flight from the roof into the homeless freedom of the air, and she even had seasons of thinking that she would find consolation in being one of the cats who went so lightly from roof to roof and defied all attempts at capture. The race of Miss Pinchimp and Tilly Ann was not a dignified one, but it was funny, had there been anybody to see the droll side of it. Miss Pinchimp, however, was too angry and Tilly

was perched, and then she turned toward Miss Eliza, who, seated on an inverted tub in the yard below, was recovering her breath.

"And enough sight better off would I 'a' been in the poor-house," said Tilly Ann, boldly, "than I've ever been with you! You've beat me and starved me, and never done nothin' decent for me; and now I've stood it just as long as I could, and I'm goin' off."

"Going off!" echoed Miss Pinchimp, completely taken aback by the boldness of this address



"THE ROOF OF THE SHED WAS TILLY ANN'S CITY OF REFUGE."

Ann too frightened to look upon it lightly. The child scrambled up over the hen-house like a squirrel and gained the temporary safety of the woodshed roof, while her mistress, hot and breathless, stood below and shook her fist wrathfully.

"I'll settle with you, when you come down from there," panted Miss Pinchimp. "This is what I get for saving you from the poor-house and being kind to you, you lazy circus imp!"

Now, in all the unhappy years poor Tilly Ann had lived with Miss Pinchimp she had never been impudent; she had received in silence whatever her mistress had chosen to say; but this taunt at her origin was too much even for her patience. She looked over to the gay flags fluttering from the tents, in full sight from the roof where she

"Oh, you think you're going back to the circus, do you? I knew you'd be up to that sooner or later. You just try it, and I'll send Cy Cates after you; and he's a constable, I'd have you to know."

Secretly, Tilly Ann was decidedly impressed by this threat, but the safety of the shed roof and the absence of any sign of the appearance of Cy Cates gave her courage to hide her fear.

"Oh, I ain't scared," she called down.

Then, from sheer recklessness and the excitement of having at last defied her mistress, she began to sing shrilly a saucy rhyme that the village children, who bore Miss Pinchimp no good will, were in the habit of singing for the benefit of Tilly Ann.

It would be hard to find any excuse for poor Tilly Ann, as she sat on the roof of the shed fling-

ing this wretched doggerel down at Miss Pinchimp, except that she had had little opportunity to learn any better. By a strange chance, the one person in all Topton who had tried to teach the child what was right and who had been kind to her, appeared on the scene at this moment. It was Miss Rose May, Tilly Ann's Sunday-school teacher, who, finding the house door open and nobody in sight, had walked in after the friendly fashion of country folk, and who had been led by the sound of Tilly Ann's shrill singing to the back door, which opened into the yard where sat Miss Pinchimp on the inverted tub, red with wrath and her exertions in the race.

Tilly Ann almost fell off the roof when she saw Miss Rose, but her attention was quickly diverted. Miss Pinchimp attempted to start up from her seat, when suddenly the bottom of the tub on which she was sitting gave way, and with a crash and a scream she fell back into the middle of the hoops and staves, where she was imprisoned helplessly. The child on the roof sent up a shriek of laughter, while Miss Rose ran forward to help the struggling prisoner.

"Tilly Ann," Miss Rose said, "stop laughing!—and come and help me."

"I dars n't," Tilly Ann answered. "She'll beat me if she catches hold o' me."

"No, she won't," Miss Rose returned. "I'll see to that. Come here quickly."

Tilly Ann scrambled down from her lofty perch, and came to the assistance of her teacher; but so firmly was Miss Pinchimp imprisoned in the tub that they had to break the hoops before she could be released. She glared at Tilly Ann with a look that meant, "Wait till I get you alone!" but she said not a word, marching in silence into the house.

Rose lingered a moment.

"Oh, Tilly Ann!" she said sorrowfully, "how could you do so?"

"She was going to lick me," Tilly Ann answered, defensively. "She's always beatin' me and I ain't goin' to stand it no longer."

Rose sighed, but she evidently thought that it was of no use to say more at this moment; so she turned and followed Miss Pinchimp into the house, there to be entertained with a lively account of the child's wickedness and unmanageableness.

Left to herself, Tilly Ann's first feeling was one of sorrow and shame that her teacher had seen her naughtiness; then she burst into a laugh at the remembrance of Miss Pinchimp's struggle in the tub; then, with a sudden light, it flashed upon her that here was her chance of escape. Her mistress was engaged with Miss May, and here was the tent of Signor Bernassio hardly a stone's throw

away. She struck her worn little hands together, and then ran swiftly up to the attic where she slept. She had a few relics of her father and mother, which she had kept hidden ever since she came into Miss Pinchimp's power, and with these done up in a small bundle, she was soon speeding over the fields to the circus tents. Signor Bernassio was just finishing the unpacking of his belongings and getting them ready for the afternoon's performance when the canvas of his tent was lifted, and a child's head appeared between the ground and the cloth. The shoulders followed, and then the hands and arms. Having wriggled herself in thus far, Tilly Ann paused and looked at him.

"Hullo!" said the sword-thrower, "who are you?"

"I 'm Tilly Ann, 'Nimble Dick's' little girl—'Mlle. Petite.'"

The sword-thrower stared at her in amazement. Then he took her by the shoulders and dragged her into the tent.

"Where in the world did you come from? Where is your father?" he asked.

"Dead," Tilly Ann answered, tears of grief and excitement springing to her eyes, "and Mother's dead, and I wish I was dead, too."

Signor Bernassio examined her with curious eyes.

"Well," he said at length, "you don't look as if you'd been where they lived very high. Sit down here and tell me about things."

And so Tilly Ann told him her whole story from beginning to end. He laughed boisterously at her account of the events of the morning, but he said some extremely sharp words under his breath at other parts of the story. In his way the knife-thrower had been very fond of Nimble Dick, and he was ready enough to do a good turn to Nimble Dick's daughter, especially as it happened to suit his own convenience just then.

"Well, Tilly Ann," he said, when her story was told, "you're all right now. I'll take care of you!"

"Oh, thank you," she cried joyfully. "I'll do anything you want, and work for you all the time, if I need n't go back."

"Now, look here, little one," the knife-thrower went on, after a little more talk in which Tilly Ann had declared her intention of joining the circus once more, and taking up again her old life in the sawdust ring, "if you've got the pluck there's no reason why you should n't begin to-day. The girl that performs with me is sick, and I must have somebody to take her place. Do you think you'd have the grit to stand still and let me throw knives at you?"

"Oh, yes!" Tilly Ann cried, joyfully. "I've

seen you do it lots of times, and I know that you would n't hurt anybody for the world."

"That's so," the Signor returned, approvingly. "You're your father's own girl; and I would n't hurt Nimble Dick's girl, least of all."

"Oh, I'll do it," Tilly Ann went on, clasping her hands in delight. "Shall I have a velvet dress with spangles on it?"

"You shall that," was the hearty response; "but mind, you need n't do it if you don't want to, and it's no use trying it if you'd be scared and can't keep as still as a graven image."

softly as he placed her with her back against the board into which the knives were to be thrown. "Now hold hard. I know my business, and you are as safe as if you were in your own bed."

Tilly Ann answered him with a happy and fearless smile. The excitement of it all, the joy of having escaped from Miss Pinchimp, and the gladness at getting back to the life of which she had dreamed and of which she had never seen the hard and cruel side, filled her with delight too great for words.

Swish! went the first knife from the careful and skillful hands of Signor Bernassio. It stuck



"TILLY ANN STOOD AS MOTIONLESS AS IF SHE HAD BEEN CARVED IN WOOD."

But Tilly Ann was not frightened and she was sure she could keep still. The dress of the sick girl was tried, and with a very little changing fitted Tilly Ann as if it had been made for her. They had a little rehearsal beforehand, at which Signor Bernassio assured Tilly Ann she behaved like a real trump; and that very afternoon, before the eyes of all Topton, Tilly Ann danced into the ring in all the glory of a pink dress, a jacket of cheap red velvet, much bespangled, and a proud consciousness of her position in which the greatest actress had never excelled her.

At first she had only to hand Signor Bernassio the things he needed, and with the help of careful instructions beforehand, a hint now and then from the juggler, and her natural quickness she went through without a single mistake.

"Well done, little chicken," the Signor said

quivering into the board just at the end of one of Tilly Ann's fingers. She smiled at the thrower to show him that she did not mind, and stood as motionless as if she had been carved in wood. Swish! Swish! went two more in quick succession, and the thrower nodded to show that he felt sure she would do her part perfectly. Swish! Swish! Swish! the knives flashed toward her in a perfect shower, until they stood between her fingers, marked the width of her little thin body, and hedged her all about with their bright blades. Swish! Swish! until only her head and neck were free, and still Tilly Ann's eyes were as bright and fearless as ever, and not a nerve of her plucky little self knew a single quiver of fear.

"Steady!" she heard the Signor say under his breath, and then with a "Swish!" that seemed a hundred times louder than all the rest, a knife

landed so near her ear that, as it quivered, she felt the touch of its cold steel. She pressed her lips together, but she did not waver, and before she had time to think she felt the jar of the knife which struck the board beside her other ear.

Thus far she had kept her eyes fixed on Signor Bernassio, but now by some unaccountable and unhappy impulse she was moved to glance away from him. Perhaps it was that the knives in their flight toward her head now seemed as if they were coming straight into her face. Just across the ring, not sitting in the seats like the others, but standing by the rope, she saw the town constable, Cy Cates. The threat of Miss Pinchimp, to send the constable after her if she ran away, rushed upon poor Tilly Ann. She forgot the knives, forgot everything but a desire to hide, and she turned her head.

Swish! She heard the knife coming as she started, and with a horrible shock of despair she realized all. But she shut her eyes quickly and with an effort of the will, wonderful in a mere child, she held herself still. She felt a stinging scratch on her forehead and the spurt of warm blood. A cry went up from the people, and Signor Bernassio sprang forward.

"He has killed her!" somebody shouted; and the men started up from their seats.

Then it was that the real greatness of the forlorn little waif showed itself, and that for a moment Tilly Ann was heroic. She forgot herself, forgot her fright, her wound, and thought only that Signor Bernassio would be blamed for her fault. Like a flash, a sense of having brought harm to her father's old friend who was kind to her came into her mind.

"I'm not hurt," she cried out at the top of her voice. "It was my own fault. Throw the rest, please. I won't go back to Miss Pinchimp's."

The shrill tones, heightened by her anxiety to make everybody hear, rang through the tent above the growing noise. There was a hushed instant in which people took in the meaning of what she said, and then a roar of applause went up such as never before nor since shook a circus-tent in Tipton. Signor Bernassio, with tears in his eyes, was hastily pulling out the knives that surrounded her, and then and there, before them all, he bent over and kissed her.

"You are a trump," he said, in a voice somehow strange and hoarse. "You are your father's own child."

And once more the applause was so deafening that for the first time in her life Tilly Ann blushed hotly, although she could not for her life have told why she did so.

Of course there was no more knife-throwing that afternoon; but before nightfall everybody in

Tipton, even to Miss Pinchimp herself, had heard the whole story. Tilly Ann became a heroine in an hour, and before it was time for the evening performance to begin, a pretty little basket-phaeton came driving down into the field where the circustents were pitched, and there was Rose May to see Tilly Ann.

Tilly Ann came across the dimly-lighted tent to meet her with the feeling that it was a great while since she had seen Rose that morning. She was silent while Rose took her by the hands and kissed her, and then, as Miss May softly laid the tip of her gloved finger on the strip of plaster that covered the hurt on her forehead, Tilly Ann, overcome by the excitement of the day and by this tenderness, broke into a sob which, with a strong effort, she strangled in its birth.

"I won't go back to Miss Pinchimp," she said.

"No," Rose said. "But will you go back to me?"

For Rose had had a conversation with her father, and then she had stopped on her way to the circus to speak a moment with Miss Pinchimp, whom she had found fairly quivering with rage and excitement.

"Think what an awful thing for a child to do," Miss Pinchimp had said, "to stand there, in that shameless way, to have knives thrown at her! And to call out my name in a circus tent, after all I have done for her. She shall never darken my doors again!"

"Very well, then, Miss Pinchimp," Miss May had answered, "of course you have no objection to my taking her home."

"Goodness, no!" the other had retorted. "If you will have the abandoned little wretch you are welcome to her."

At first, even the prospect of living with Miss Rose was hardly sufficient to make Tilly Ann willing to give up her cherished plan of going with the circus; but when Signor Bernassio added his voice, she was in the end persuaded.

"It's much the best, little one," he said, "though it ain't often I see a girl so plucky as you, and you'd make your way; but with all I've seen of the life, it would n't be doing the square thing by Nimble Dick, if I was to tell his girl anything but to keep out of it. You ain't seen the rough side of it, but you would soon enough; and I tell you to stay with the lady, much as I hate to give you up."

And so at last Tilly Ann yielded, and from that day she began a new life, happy and well cared for;—although to the end of her life Miss Pinchimp, whenever she can find anybody to listen, will delight in painting in blackest colors what she always speaks of as "the awful thing that Tilly Ann did."



DOROTHY TENNANT. 87

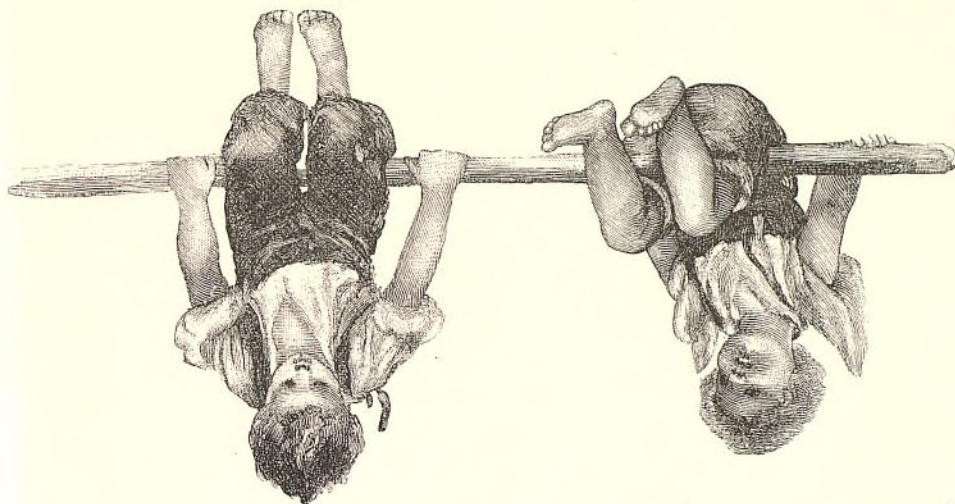
1. THE CHALLENGE.



DOROTHY TENNANT. 87

2. ROUNDABOUT.

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DOROTHY TENNANT 87

3. THE TURNING-POINT.



4. THE TRIUMPH.

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LITTLE TO-BO.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

NO, not Chinese — not Japanese — not Burmese, nor Fiji, nor Crim-Tartar, nor Malagasy. Just plain American. Of course that was not her baptismal name. She came by it in a very odd way. When her attention was first called to the art of rhyming, she was deeply interested in it, and, like everybody else, thought she would like to do it herself. After thinking about it for a while, she said: "Papa, is to-bo a rhyme?" Being answered that it was, and assured that it was a perfect one in every respect, she seemed satisfied that she had now provided herself with every requisite for poetry. Thereafter she would tell a long story, all in plain prose, and suddenly end it by saying, "To-bo!" She thought that this conclusion, by some mysterious reflex influence, cast a glamour of poesy and the music of rhyme over the entire production. Fairy story, wild-beast story, domestic story — no matter what — "To-bo" for an ending turned it all into rhyme.

However, she had a good ear for rhythm, as was manifested very early. She was scarcely three years old when, being pleased — as children are wont to be — with the squeak of her new shoes as she walked on the tiling of the front hall, she expressed her delight to her mother in these words, "My feet made music in the marble hall," which is a rhythmically perfect heroic line.

After she had learned to write, being no longer dependent on a private secretary, her muse became more prolific. Here is a moral reflection that she scrawled on the back of a manuscript. I give it verbatim:

"Lifes everlastin trubbels lead to thoughts that takes hour atenshon to its self."

I suppose when she uttered that note she had about as much of the solid specie of thought behind it as proverbial philosophers usually have.

Here is a complete poem, on the birds in spring:

"Now it is spring!
Do you hear the birds sing,
And see them fly
Up in the sky?"

"Now it is spring!
The birds on the wing
From the south take their flight.
Ah, beautiful sight!"

"Now it is spring!
To think they should know
Just when they should go,
Live happy and sing!"

Her early poems, like those of some famous writers, include many that have simply a girl's name for title. One of these, which describes a character called Madie, has a refrain, "Ever she." Here is a single stanza:

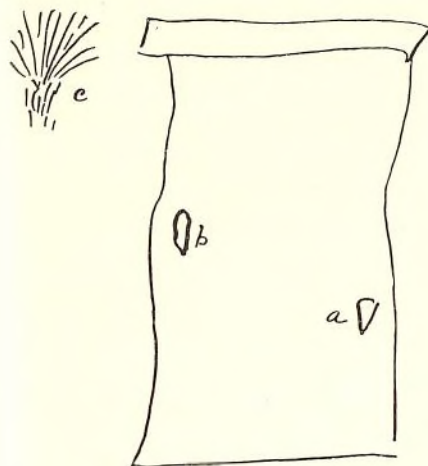
"Madie always thought life lovely,
For she lived in tranquil troublly —
Ever she."

She had a passion for accuracy, and when she could not command the expression for an idea, would quickly make one. Thus she was overheard one day saying to a little playmate who had put a sand-pie into the oven and instantly taken it out again, declaring it was done, "You can't do it so. It could n't bake in just a *now*." And once when she was out riding with her parents, and for the first time saw a beautiful green hedge, she pointed toward it with her chubby finger and inquired, "Papa, in place of a fence, what?"

She spent a summer in the country with a family that had three dogs in which she was very much interested. One day when one of the dogs was amusing itself by turning over and tossing up a box-turtle, she ran around to the kitchen and got a bone. This she threw to the dog, and as soon as he was engaged with that, she snatched up the turtle and ran into the house. She explained that she knew the dog could not injure the turtle, but she should think it would "hurt the turtle's feelings to be tossed around in that way."

Her father used to say to her, as an inducement to good behavior, "If you are a good girl all this month, I will let you be so many years old on your next birthday." This was a very solemn consideration, and always had an immediate effect, till one day she answered, as a light suddenly burst upon her, "Why, Papa, you can't stop me from being four years old in January! You can't make me four years old, *and you can't stop me!*" She used to imagine not only that she must grow older, but that her mother must grow younger, and would say confidentially, "Mamma, when I grow big and you grow little, we'll do" thus and so.

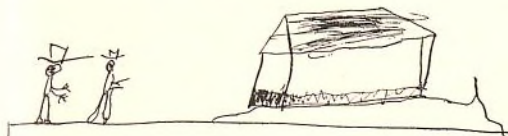
Like all children, she was fond of drawing pictures, and she seldom made one without some sort of story attached to it. Here is one:



THE DOOR WITH TWO KEY-HOLES.

This is her explanation of it (I put on the letters to make it intelligible): "This a door. This, [a] is a pretend keyhole; and this, [b] is the truly keyhole. When the burglars come, they are fooling around the pretend keyhole, and can't get in, and all the while the people inside are lying awake and laughing at them. These [c] are the airs those people put on because they had that kind of door."

Here is a picture that tells its own story:



is not that a picturesque old shanty was the saying from both lips

["IS NOT THAT A PICTURESQUE OLD SHANTY?" WAS THE SAYING FROM BOTH LIPS.]

She had a penchant for definitions, and occasionally made a good one. Being asked what she understood by "politeness," she answered, "I suppose it means to be good and graceful." Afterward, when the family removed to a house that stood at the top of a hill on a great turnpike, where there was much heavy teaming, she said, "I do like to live here; everybody is so polite. Even the horses bow to me as they come up the hill." This idea of politeness appeared to be coupled

with a natural sense of hospitality. Once when preparing for Santa Claus, she said, "I should think he must be tired, going so far and climbing up and down so many chimneys. I will set a chair for him by the stockings, so that he can rest." On further reflection, she said he might be hungry also. That day some crackers in the form of letters had been given her, and selecting those that would spell SANTA CLAUS, she placed them where he could see they were intended for him. Great was the delight of little To-bo in the morning on finding that about half of them were missing. Of course Santa Claus had eaten them; the crumbs on the carpet proved it. That Christmas Eve she was asked, "Suppose that Santa Claus should forget to come here, and you should not get any of the things that you have been wishing for, what would you do?" "Why, then," said she, "I'll just settle down and be happy with what I have." One other instance of her sense of politeness is amusing. Her parents were about to embark for Europe, and her aunt, in closing the last letter they would receive before sailing, asked what she should tell them for To-bo. "Tell them, my love. And tell them, when they bring the Paris dolly I shall thank them very much. And tell them: my dear friends, good-bye!" A year later she was not so complacent about ventures on the water, for she had begun to listen to the reading of newspapers, and was interested in tales of shipwrecks. Going on board a steamer for a short trip, she was anxious to know what were the relative chances of sinking and of being carried in safety, and asked, "Papa, which is the most, the times that we stay up, or the times we go down?" She soon got the better of her fears, however, and on being taken to the engine-room became very much interested in the machinery. Said she, "It is like the roaring of many bears."

She was not always fortunate in her use of large words. One day, discussing names, she said: "I think it is too bad that little children have to have names they don't like, and can't ever get rid of them. If I had a little girl, I'd just give her some name like Permanent Sarah, till she was old enough to choose her own name." She meant, *Temporary Sarah*.

Her first dim conception of the possibility of a pun showed itself one day when she heard the cook ordered to prepare some cocoa for breakfast. "The c-o-o-k will make the c-o-k-o—those are the same word." After the nature of a pun had been explained to her, she used to give out words for punning, as they are given out for spelling. "Papa, make a pun on a hotel" — which word she always pronounced "hootel." "Mamma, make a pun on a thunder-storm," and so on. She was not

wanting, however, in ideas more essentially witty. Once when she sat in the barber's chair, he kept saying, while he was cutting her bang, "Now keep your eyes shut, Miss." "Be sure to keep your eyes shut." After a time, the scissors were at work on the hair at the side, when she remarked with much gravity, "Now, I suppose, I ought to keep my ear shut."

After listening to a famous story, little To-bo took a pen and made a graphic representation of her idea of the hero as he must have appeared in the last year of his exile. Here it is:



One night, after she had been in bed for some time, she sent for her mother. "Mamma," said

she, "I wish you would stay with me, because I am so wakerous, and the shadows on the wall are so scaresome."

One Sunday evening, when the cook had gone away, she asked and received permission to try her hand at getting the supper all alone. After a prolonged struggle in the kitchen and dining-room, she appeared in the library, wrote a line, placed something under a box on the table, and went back again. Going to the table, her parents found on the box a scrap of paper inscribed thus, "Warent aptite and take tickets." Under the box were two tickets like this:

*No admittance
without
Aptite ticket*

Armed with these ingenious cards of admission they presented themselves with promptness at the door of the dining-room, where the tickets were duly demanded. When they were seated at the table, the explanation was given, to this effect: Everything in the kitchen had gone wrong. The toast was burned, and somehow had managed to get cold, besides; the tea did n't taste like tea; and there was a general air of failure over the whole supper. Little To-bo felt like sitting down and crying, and probably would have done so, but suddenly she remembered she had heard it said that a person with an appetite could eat anything. So she devised the plan of having the appetites warranted. Dear little To-bo! when the whole world turns sour and the feast of life threatens to be a dismal failure, you and such as you are the "aptite tickets" that give a zest and a charm beyond the power of any caterer. It is because you are on board that "the times we stay up" are more than "the times we go down."

FAIRY MIRRORS.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

EACH dewdrop hanging on the grass
Must be a fairy looking-glass,
Wherein the proud, delighted elves
See clear reflections of themselves,
And from rude mortal eyes withdrawn,
Make their gay toilets on the lawn.

HIDDEN HOMES.

BY ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK.



A BRANCH of sumac with its drum-major plumes, abough of elder bending under a load of its dark-hued berries, a raspberry bramble, low trailing and

graceful; these were my trophies from Woodland, one sunny October afternoon; and to the uninitiated they doubtless would seem but random and commonplace mementos of an autumnal ramble. But listen, and I will tell you how such branches, seemingly uninteresting and aimlessly gathered, have been the scenes of great toil, brave deeds, faithful, loving devotion, and also, alas! of treachery and tragedy. I will relate to you the history revealed by these broken boughs; a history to discover which has required many patient hours and much close watching by eyes that loved the work.

One sunshiny morning last May, had you been watching, you might have seen a gay little insect,

not more than one-fourth of an inch long, flitting about among these branches, her body metallic blue, and with four gauzy wings flashing in the sunlight. Had you noted her then, you would have thought her created only for the enjoyment of a bright spring day. Little would you have dreamed of the strength of purpose and the power of endurance bound up in that wee body. You perhaps would have scarcely detected that she belonged to a family noted for their perseverance and industry. Yet, in spite of her diminutive size and metallic color, she is as truly a bee as the clumsiest bumblebee that ever hummed in the clover. She belongs especially, however, to the group of carpenter-bees; and she has a pretty scientific name, *Ceratina dupla*, that seems quite in keeping with her dainty appearance.

However, very little cares she by what Latin name mortal man has chosen to call her, for weightier responsibilities rest upon her active mind this bright May morning, and so she hunts about until she finds some broken twig of elder or of sumac which permits her to come into direct contact with the pith of the plant. Then our little heroine, with the aid of her mandibles, or jaws, goes to work to excavate a tunnel in the branch by removing the pith mouthful by mouthful. Very carefully is the work done, the pith being neatly cut so that the walls of the tunnel are left straight and smooth. To bring her undertaking within our comprehension we might compare her to a man who should attempt to dig a well three or four feet wide and two hundred feet deep, with no tools but his hands with which to remove the earth.

The tunnel of the *Ceratina* is about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and often as much as eight or ten inches in depth. But when our little bee is through excavating her tunnel, and has finished it with all the nicety of her own fine sense of the fitness of things, she has really but begun her summer's work. However, her next task combines pleasure with duty, for it takes her into the fields to gather pollen from the flowers. This she carries by loading it upon her hind legs, which are furnished with long hairs for holding it in place. But

it requires a great many trips back and forth before she has packed the bottom of the nest with pollen to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This done, she deposits upon it a tiny white egg, and above builds a partition by gluing together bits of pith and other suitable material with a glue which she always keeps on hand (or rather *in mouth*) for the purpose. This partition is firmly fastened to the sides of the tunnel and is about one-tenth of an inch in thickness; it serves as a roof for the first cell, and as a floor for the next. Then the process is repeated; she gathers more pollen, lays another egg, builds another partition, and so on, until the tunnel is filled to within an inch or two of the opening; the last egg is thus necessarily deposited many days after the first one.

So you see this matron has her family in a sort of apartment-house, each individual occupying one entire flat. Then there comes a rest for the industrious little mother; for her next duty is to remain quiet and await future developments. But her fidelity is unfailing; the inch or two of space left at the top of the tunnel serves as a vestibule to her dwelling, and there she waits and watches over her home.

While she is guarding the door let us take a peep into the first cell and see what is taking place there; for what we find true of one cell will prove equally true of all the others. The egg soon hatches out a minute, white, footless worm or larva which falls to work immediately, eating with all its might the pollen provided by its careful mamma. On this food it thrives and grows, until it is a quarter of an inch long; by this time, usually, it has consumed all the pollen in the cell; however, the mother-bee's instinct does not seem to be infallible in this particular, for sometimes she provides more food than her child needs. After the larva has thus reached its full growth, it becomes rigid and turns darker in color, and queer-looking seams and excrescences appear upon it; these are the cases in which its legs and wings are developing.

In short, it becomes a *pupa*. After remaining thus for some time the pupa-skin bursts open, and a full-fledged bee appears, in size, color, and in every respect resembling its mother; for, you know, bees never grow after they have their legs and wings. Meanwhile, the patient mother, who has not shared our privilege of peeping into the cells, knows nothing of what has happened, unless perchance she remembers her own "larvahood." Her experience is a novel one; her first-born is the last one of the brood that she beholds. You see, patience is taught to these creatures, as an early lesson; for, of course, the egg first laid is the earliest to hatch and soonest reaches maturity. So the first experience of the eldest of a *Ceratina* brood is to wait until its youngest brothers and sisters have reached their adult form. We may



THE TUNNEL HOME OF THE *CERATINA DUFLA*, ONE OF THE GROUP OF CARPENTER BEES.

imagine that this idle waiting is rather hard work for a little creature with brand-new wings which it is longing to spread in the sunshine.

The next lesson that our *Ceratina* must learn is industry. For when the youngest of the brood has reached maturity, each one in the nest begins to work its way up and outward by tearing down the partition above it and pushing the particles of

waste material down toward the bottom of the nest. This arrangement is a comfortable one for the youngest, who has only one partition between it and its mother, but is not nearly so nice for the eldest, who has had not only the longest time to wait, but has now the most work to do: for he must push his way up through the débris of all the partitions above him. It reveals a funny sight to open a *Ceratina* nest after the material of the partitions has been stowed away in the bottom of the tunnel. There are all the bees,—sometimes as many as fourteen,—packed in as close as possible, each with its head toward the opening, and braced against the “heels,” so to speak, of his next youngest brother; for nature teaches them to face toward the door that leads out into the world. Finally, the sentinel mother, having become satisfied that all are ready, leads the way and chaperons her children in their first flight out into the sunshine.

Later, the remains of the partitions are removed from the nest, which is thus made ready for another brood. Sometimes the whole grown-up family are found in nests thus cleaned, which would indicate that the young bees dutifully lend their mother a helping mandible in house-cleaning and making the home attractive. And they doubtless find it pleasant to linger about the old homestead and make it their abiding place until they feel capable of setting up establishments of their own. This is certainly true of the fall brood; these children of the autumn, when the days become cool, crawl into the clean nest, head downward, one after another, and tuck themselves in, we might say, as cosy as cosy can be, and just go to sleep, and stay asleep, until the bright May sunshine calls to them through the open door and tells them to wake up and go to work. We found one family of eight thus housed for the winter; and the bee next the door was the faithful mother,—we recognized her because her wings were frayed and worn by her many flights and severe toil. I have often wondered if this long winter's sleep were not brightened by dreams of sun and flowers. How do we know that this is not a bee's way of spending the winter in Florida?

Thus we have learned the main facts in the life of our little *Ceratina* supposing that her life is a fortunate one from egg-hood to motherhood. But in our studies of these hidden homes we find records of wars and tragedies, and thus learn that our tiny friend has many enemies always watching for an opportunity to injure her. Among these foes are some of her own lazy relatives, first and second cousins, who certainly ought to have better manners and morals. Other species of bees, and some

wasps which build their nests in the hollow stalks of plants, take advantage of the tunnel excavated by the *Ceratina*, drive her away before her nest is finished, and take possession of her home. We may safely believe that the plucky little bee would not submit to such an outrage without vigorous remonstrance; and doubtless there are duels fought which equal in bravery and fierceness any that we read about in stories of the Middle Ages.

There are still other enemies of the *Ceratina*, too cowardly to achieve their objects by a fair fight. One of these, a light and airy insect, with a scimitar-shaped body, belongs to the *Ichneumonidae*, a family noted for deceitfulness and immoral conduct, to say nothing of bloodthirstiness. This designing creature loiters about and watches the *Ceratina* building her nest. When the nest builder has filled a cell with pollen and deposited an egg, and has departed to seek material for a partition, the ichneumon sneaks slyly in and lays one of its eggs in the cell, too; so, when the bee comes back, she unconsciously walls in with her child its deadliest foe. When the young bee has nearly attained full size, the ichneumon egg hatches into a voracious little grub, which evidently looks upon the fat bee-larva as a hungry child might look upon a choice beefsteak. It at once falls to eating the helpless creature, which conveniently proves to be sufficient food to nourish the little interloper until the latter has completed its growth. When sufficiently grown, the young ichneumon spins a beautiful silken cocoon about itself, in the most innocent manner, and changes to a pupa. In this state it waits until the bees in the tunnel above it have matured and departed, and then issues forth a fully developed ichneumon, and flies into the world to play its hereditary tricks upon any unwary insect it may chance to meet. We found one of these ichneumon cocoons in the middle cell of a *Ceratina* nest. Only one of the mature bees was found in the tunnel below the cocoon, and it had its head pointed downward; thus telling, as plainly as words could have told, that, disgusted with the creature it found obstructing its upward pathway, it had turned about with a firm intention to dig out by way of China, or die in the attempt! And, undoubtedly, many which escape being eaten by the parasite, die thus from imprisonment.

This completes the record of what I know of the life-history of this little carpenter-bee. I hope, however, that the boy and girl naturalists who read this history will gather the dry twigs of elder and of sumac at different seasons of the year, and then, by patiently studying them, they may be able to supply for themselves many interesting particulars which I have yet to learn.

THE GOBLIN STORM: A LEGEND OF BIGSTORIA.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.



THE Sergeant was home from Tonquin—so said all the village—and was staying at the Inn, “too proud to speak to any one”—so added those who envied him the attention excited by his gorgeous uniform.

But Jules and Gaston, Jean and Emil, said bluntly that they knew better, and to show their faith in their old comrade invited him to take soup with them as he used to do before he went into the army.

Behold, then, the five friends around the table. What have they to talk of after their long separation? We will listen.

The Sergeant is speaking:

“Indeed, I hardly know how one lives at all in those tropics. Without boasting, I myself bear things as well as most of my neighbors, but—I confess it, my friends, I have been frightened by the tropics. Think of it, my boys, a French officer afraid of the weather!”

“Of the weather?” asked Emil.

“I can not see that!” said Jules.

“It is no more than the truth,” resumed the Sergeant. “In Tonquin we have thunder and lightning—for I can not otherwise name them—but not such as come to these villages: little groans of thunder here, and sparks of lightning there—but thunderstorms to terrify a bishop!”

“How so?” asked Gaston, curiously.

The Sergeant had enjoyed his soup and truly his tongue talked of itself.

“In Tonquin,” said he, rising to his feet—for so one gestures more easily, “the lightest of our thunder cracks cannon-balls in two; and one peal follows another so fast that there is never but one—which, however, lasts as long as the storm.”

“Strange enough,” said Jules, with his mouth open, his spoon in the air.

“And the lightning?” asked Jean, quickly.

“The lightning?” repeated the Sergeant, “much the same sort. It is never seen. All the world stays indoors and puts on green spectacles—one or two pairs!”

“A curious custom!” remarked Emil, looking sidewise at the veteran.

“As you say—curious indeed,” replied the Sergeant, smiling. “You would enjoy the oddity of it, I have little doubt. But there is something more worthy of notice. There is the rain. In Tonquin the rain falls so fast that it does not reach the ground!”

“But, Sergeant,” cried Gaston, rising to protest, “your last statement is hardly credible!”

“Oh, you demand an explanation,” said the Sergeant with some warmth, and pounding the table with his stiff fingers, “it is because the rain-drops fall so fast they are dried up by the friction of the air—that is, of course, all but a little. I do not mean to say that *none* of the water falls to the ground—that would be unreasonable.”

“So I thought,” said Gaston, nodding his head wisely.

“You were right, Gaston,” said the Sergeant, grandly. “Always tell me if you find my stories incredible. I am a little irritable, but not proud. And I know (since I, too, lived in this little village once—so long ago!) how seldom you hear such adventures!”

“My word, but I have heard things as strange!” said Gaston, dryly.

“Then my stories do not surprise you?” asked the soldier, with some disappointment.

“Why should they?” replied Gaston. “I have never been in Tonquin. I have heard of queerer things, however; yes, and in this very town!”

“Such as—?” said the Sergeant, looking hard at the other and twisting his moustache ends into two needle-points.

“Some people would say your Tonquin storms

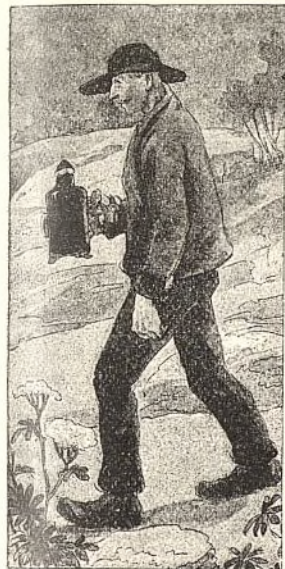
were not large," Gaston said, frankly. "But I am not so foolish. Freely I admit that such storms are rare in this village. But I *do* contend that we have here the smallest storms that can well be."

The Sergeant moved uneasily on his four-legged stool, and gazed at Gaston with his eyelids half closed.

"Did you never hear of them?" said Gaston, seeming to be much surprised.

"Never," said the Sergeant, in a peculiar voice.

"It is said that once at the Inn, where you are staying, a man who had been a sailor,—I think it was a sailor,—came home from Algeria, and told of many wonderful experiences. Sea-serpents, land-slides, unicorns, rocs' eggs, and mermaids,—such was his stock



JULES BRINGS A LANTERN.

in trade. Well, one morning that soldier—"

"Sailor!" said the Sergeant, frowning.

"Sailor, of course,—that sailor came to breakfast telling of a terrible storm, a thunderstorm—a true Tonquin storm, if you will permit me, Sergeant." The Sergeant bowed, still frowning. "But, strangely enough," Gaston went on, "no one else had seen any signs of a storm, whatever. It had seemed to every one else a bright moonlight night! Now I call that worthy of remark!"

"Truly so," said the Sergeant, uneasily.

"And, strangely enough," went on the villager, "there is a legend that such storms are the work of goblins, who thus punish tellers of big stories, as, it seems, this sailor must have been!"

The Sergeant made no comment, but drummed a quickstep upon the table, whistling a noiseless life accompaniment.

Emil, Jules, and Jean had been listening open-mouthed and ransacking their brains to find some trace of this wonderful legend. But no one of them could recall it, and, while they were collecting their wits to question Gaston, the Sergeant asked:

"Where was it you said this sailor lodged?"

"At your Inn, in the front room on the left—your room, by the way, Sergeant, is it not?"

"That is where they have put me," replied the veteran. Then rising, he shook hands all round,

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saying, "Good-night, my lads, good-night. Remarkable place, the tropics."

"Remarkable, indeed!" they answered.

No sooner was their guest out of sight than the others turned to Gaston, who was laughing to himself at their wondering faces.

After a short explanation, during which the four heads were very close together, Jules went in one direction for a dark-lantern, Gaston set forth in another to borrow a drum, Jean went in a third for the big watering-pot, while Emil was to fill a basket with sand and gravel. When they came back, later in the evening, each had succeeded in his errand.

"We will give the Sergeant a Goblin Thunderstorm," Gaston said, with a smile. Then all four laughed aloud. They were sharp fellows, and they comprehended his plan.

Although the moon shone brightly that night, the conspirators set forth for the Inn, walking in a single file, and grinning with anticipation.

About midnight they were in front of the window of the "front room on the left." Emil threw the sand against the panes, Gaston beat a terrible roll upon the drum, and Jules flashed the light of his lantern through the window, while Jean spattered water upon the glass.

The Sergeant arose, came to the window and gazed curiously out. Apparently there was bright moonlight and a cloudless sky; but he had seen the lightning, heard the thunder, and surely those were drops of rain upon the panes of the window.

The four mischief-makers had crouched closely against the wall, and with difficulty restrained themselves from noisy mirth.

The steps retreated from the window.

After waiting a moment, another "Goblin Storm" was created, and brought the puzzled man again to the window; but so closely flattened against the Inn were the four friends that there was no clue to the mystery, and the Sergeant once more retired, too sleepy to make any further investigation that night.



GASTON SECURES A DRUM.

A third repetition of their trick brought their victim running to the door—as they had expected.

Being ready for him, Jean deluged the poor Sergeant with water, Gaston deafened him with the drum, Jules blinded his eyes with the lantern, while Emil pelted him with the gravel, and he staggered back indoors with his hands over his eyes and his breath almost gone.



JEAN GETS THE WATERING-POT.

Next day the Sergeant asked the landlord at breakfast-time whether the terrible storm had not kept him awake.

The landlord stared at him in silence for a moment, and then said:

"Sergeant, are you crazy?"

"Landlord, what do you mean?" replied the soldier with much dignity, rising to his feet.

"It was a calm, bright moonlight night, as any one will tell you. Why do you ask such a foolish question?—To make me ridiculous?"

"It was but a poor joke, wasn't it, mine host?" said the Sergeant, with a twist at his big mustaches while his cheeks grew very red. "Pray say nothing about it, and I will promise not to repeat so ill-timed a pleasantry," and away he marched, very erect and very proud indeed.

Strangely enough, not only did the Sergeant seek no explanation of his remarkable experience at the Inn, but even his wonderful adventures in Tonquin were no more recalled.

As for Gaston, Jules, Emil, and Jean, they never met together without chuckling and poking one another, and this they continued to do until next fair-time.



EMIL COLLECTS SAND AND GRAVEL.

NAN'S CRITICISM.

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

I WROTE some bedtime verses once,
To send to Baby Nan,
When she was West and I was East.
This is the way they ran:

"Good-night, dear eyes that close to-night
A thousand miles away;
My kisses lie upon your lids
To guard them till the day.

"How did they get there? Oh, I threw
A score or so in air,
And some were caught as they flew by
Your tangled, silky hair!"

"Good-night to two round rosy cheeks,
To dimples, curls, and chin,
I send a kiss for every one
A kiss can nestle in."

What do you think that baby said?—
A captious critic, she,—

"Mamma, I fink she 's said good-night
To ev'ryfin' but me."

STANLEY'S MAGIC BOOK.*

BY DAVID KER.

ON the bank of an African river, upon a tiny clearing which—scooped out of the vast black forest that bristled along both shores as far as the eye can reach—betokened the neighborhood of a native village, a man was standing alone, taking rapid notes in a small book, while behind him lay moored along the water's edge a fleet of canoes, crowded with the dark-brown or black faces of Arabs and negroes, whose crooked swords and long ivory-stocked guns glittered in the morning sunshine.

The solitary figure on the bank seemed to be the only white man of the whole party, and even he, lean and ragged as he was, with his face burned almost black by the sun, and a matted mane of grayish-black hair and beard hanging loosely around it, seemed quite as savage as any of his followers. But, small and thin though he was, with plain, almost coarse, features, and a dress of which any respectable scarecrow would have been ashamed, he had in his sunken eyes that look of power and command which stamps the born leader of men. And such, indeed, he was, for this man was no other than Henry Morton Stanley.

So engrossed was Stanley with the notes which he was making, that he never saw the black scowling face and fierce eyes which peered out at him suddenly from the encircling thicket. Presently another head appeared, and another, and another still; and then the matted boughs shook and parted, and several men stole forth, with long spears in their hands.

But Stanley's quick ear had caught the rustle of the leaves, and, taking several strings of beads from his pouch, he advanced to meet them, uttering the long, shrill, bleat-like salutation of the country, "Sen-nen-neh!" (peace.)

But there was little sign of peace among the advancing savages, who darted threatening looks at him, and kept muttering angrily among themselves. Then a huge scarred warrior, who seemed to be their chief, said, with a flourish of his spear:

"If the white man wishes peace, why does he try to bewitch us?"

"How have I tried to bewitch you?" asked Stanley in amazement. "I come as your guest, not as your enemy. You all see that my men have laid down their guns and swords, and are waiting to be friends with you."

"The stranger's words are not straight!" answered the savage, fiercely. "Did we not see him making spells of witchcraft against us, and drawing them on the magic charm that he carries with him?" A sudden light flashed upon Stanley—it was his *note-book* that had offended them! "If the white chief means fairly by us, let him throw his magic work into yonder fire, and then he shall be our brother, and shall eat with us; but if not, our spears shall reach his heart!"

A ferocious growl from the rest, and a significant brandishing of spears and bows, added fresh point to this last remark.

For one moment the bold traveler stood aghast. To destroy his valuable notes, gathered with so much toil and suffering, would be to fling away the whole fruit of his weary and perilous journey! Yet, to refuse might cost his life and the lives of all his men, for the savages were evidently in earnest, and all the thickets around him were already swarming with fierce faces and leveled weapons. What was to be done?

All at once a bright idea came to him. In his pouch lay a small pocket Shakspeare (the companion of all his wanderings), which was sufficiently like the objectionable note-book to have deceived a keener observer than an African savage. Quick as thought he drew it forth, and held it up so that every one could see it.

"Is this the charm that my brothers wish me to burn?" he asked, loud enough to be heard by all present.

"It is! it is!" roared a hundred voices at once, while half a dozen bony, black hands were outstretched from the front rank of the crowd as if to clutch the formidable "witch-book."

"And if I burn it," said Stanley, "will you be friends with me, and give food to my men?"

"We will," chorused the black spearmen.

"Behold, then!" cried the great leader, and with one jerk of his hand he flung the Shakspeare into the fire beside him. In a moment it flamed up, shriveled away, and was gone!

Then broke forth a yell of delight from the superstitious savages, as they saw the dreaded "magic" vanish into smoke. A score of big, bare-limbed warriors, all smeared with paint and grease, rushed forward to overwhelm their "white brother" with sticky embraces, while others brought

* This story is perfectly true, and is here given almost as Stanley himself told it.—D. K.

forward armfuls of fruit, fish, and potato-like cassava bread. Stanley's hungry men ate their fill, and all went as merrily as a picnic.

Many a night after, while struggling wearily along the windings of the unknown river, the great

explorer missed the book that had been his companion in so many perils and sufferings. But the precious notes were saved, and the narrative which they formed has since been read and applauded from one side of the world to the other.



"BINGO WAS HIS NAME."

BY ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE.

"I HAVE been thinking," said Grandpapa, as he slowly clicked together the bows of the spectacles which he held in his hand, "that a dog would be a great entertainment to the children, and a protection as well. I don't think they would ever get lost again if they had a good, trusty dog to follow them about."

"Oh, there is no doubt that a dog would be a perfect joy to them," replied Mamma, at whom he had looked. "But would n't a dog be a great trouble to you?"

"No,—no very great trouble, and besides, even if he were, I want the children to enjoy their visit to fullness. I'll speak to Randolph and have him hunt up a dog for me."

"Why no, Father, don't do that; there is Joey Vale,—if any one in Virginia can find you just what you want, Joey can. Randolph would be sure to bring some starved hound (what Sister calls a *scanty* dog), with a view to borrowing it to 'hunt ol' har' with," said Aunt Sie.

"Joey Vale's collie has had pups lately, we might get one and train it," remarked Aunt Lisha. She hated dogs, but loved her small relatives to that degree that she was ready to love their dog, if so doing would add to their happiness.

"Yes, I suppose Joey would be the right man to call upon,—can you girls manage to see him?"

"I might take the children and go over to-morrow," assented Aunt Sie, who never found herself at a loss to "manage" to give others pleasure.

So it was settled.

"The children," who were asleep up stairs, were two little people who had come from their Northern home to spend several months with their grandfather on a lovely old farm in Virginia. In the few weeks which had already passed they had succeeded in getting themselves lost for a whole day, with a pet calf, named Juno, as their companion. This adventure had thrown the household into a state of alarm which gave symptoms of becoming chronic, and which made a sense of security unknown.

A happier little couple it would have been hard to find anywhere — full of imaginings and theories concerning the wonders of country life, and always ready to leap from small facts to broad conclusions. They had names, but little use was made of these, as their circle usually adopted those they found for each other, and they were still generally spoken of

as Sister and Brother. Sister had enjoyed the good things of this life a year and a half longer than Brother, and was, in consequence, unquestioningly accepted by him as an authority on most subjects, though she kindly allowed him to know the most about blacksmithing, coopering, and similar industries which they had investigated in the neighborhood.

Each morning was a joyful awakening to them, but the morning which followed the foregoing conversation was happy beyond any that had ever dawned. At an early hour, Aunt Sie—dear Aunt Sie, who made even a dull day bright—came into their room just as they were waking. But she affected to think them still asleep, and began at once talking to Mamma:

"I'd like to go over to Mrs. Vale's this morning, if I had some one to drive Charley for me. But the boys are busy in the corn-fields, and really I don't feel like going alone with that frisky steed. I wonder if I could persuade one of the children—or both—to go with me. I'd feel perfectly safe if I had Sister to drive, and Brother to look after the buggy in case any of the bolts came loose or some strap should unbuckle."

"Sister! d' you hear *that*? Wake up—wake up," whispered Brother.

Mamma answered, doubtfully, "Possibly you might persuade them to go."

"Of *course* we'll go!" came in a chorus, as the two scrambled out of bed.

"Why, are *you* awake? And how *good* of you to be willing to go! I was afraid you might want to stay at home—and *study*, perhaps," cried Aunt Sie, in great surprise, catching them both in her arms.

"And what are we to go to Joey Vale's for?"

"Grandpapa wants me to see Joey on business. You can ask him when you go down stairs."

I did not take long for them to dress and get downstairs, where they called loudly in search of Grandpapa. At last they spied him coming from an early visit to the fields, and running to meet him, each secured a hand, and dancing along beside him, begged to know why they were to go to see Joey Vale.

"I want you to go and get me a dog."

"A *what*?" unable to believe their ears.

"Yes, a dog. I hear that he has some for sale,

and I thought if you two would go over and have a look at them, it would save me a trip."

They looked at Grandpapa; then dropping his hand, they seized each other's, and began what they called a "joyful dance," which consisted of lilting up and down and squealing. To have had the bare privilege of paying a visit to Joey Vale would have seemed to them the acme of happiness, for the admiration which they felt for him was unbounded. He was thirteen years old—"a perfectly enormous boy, half as tall as Papa," according to their description as given to their mother after their first sight of him. And besides his weight of years, his acquirements were such as to command an awed respect. He had found Mistress Judy and her little pigs after all the men and boys on the place had hunted for her in vain, and they had heard Grandpapa say that he had more sense than all the crew put together. And long ago Aunt Sie had told them that a guinea-hen that could hide her nest so that Joey could not find it, would be sharp even for a guinea-hen. And then the flutter-wheels and weather-cocks that he could make! They felt much better acquainted with him when he was n't around than when he was, and they spoke familiarly of him in his absence, as "Joey," while in his presence they usually just coughed instead of addressing him directly; and they secretly marveled at the ease with which their grandfather and aunts carried themselves toward him.

And to buy a dog from a boy like that!

Just as they finished breakfast, Charley was driven up to the door. Brother made a careful examination of all the bolts and running-gear and put a stout rope into the buggy; for he and Sister had decided to tie the dog behind the vehicle, and let him trot home.

To the casual observer Charley was not a beast to inspire fear in the most timid breast. But the feat of driving him was greatly heightened by a current belief of the small people, that it was only superior horsemanship which kept him from galloping off at break-neck speed. He was twenty-four years old, but as his grassy pathway through life had been plentifully strewn with oats and corn, he was still sleek and fat, and shone like a ripe chestnut. He knew his own mind about the amount of labor that should be required of a horse of his age, and it mattered little to him what others thought. Nothing but a fly could cause him to alter the pace which he usually adopted as in keeping with a dignified demeanor.

After much talk the expedition set forth. Sister held the reins, Brother the whip, and Aunt Sie sat between the two, and received into either ear a steady flow of conversation.

"Now," said Brother, "I think as Sister gets to drive, I ought to be the one to pick out the road."

"I think that would be only a fair division," answered Aunt Sie, "if you can find the way."

"To be sure I can find it," and Brother stood up and pointed with the whip. "After you get through the woods you turn into another road, and *that* takes you to the road that runs along the top of the world—over there. D'ye see it?"

Sister nudged Aunt Sie with her sharp little elbow and whispered, "The top of the world! as if all roads were n't on top of the world!" Then aloud she asked, "Brother, what shape is the world?"

"I know; it's round."

"But does it *seem* round? It did n't use to, to me, when I was your age." Sister always kept Brother a good year and a half behind her in wisdom.

"How did it use to seem to you, Sister?" Brother asked meekly, not wishing to commit himself.

"It seemed like a high, level bluff, that you could have jumped off of, into the ocean."

"Yes, that's the way it used to seem to me,—only I used to think you could jump off into a river. I did n't used to know about oceans."

"Brother," said Sister, with a sternness she was occasionally obliged to employ toward him, "you have *always* known about oceans."

"I mean I did n't use to know when I was a young chap, and wore long dresses, and stayed in my crib."

"Now, Aunt Sie, I don't like that habit Brother has of getting out of things, and I wish you'd forbid it. As if any one expected him to know about the world when he was a goo-goo and stayed in his crib!"

"Oh! but Brother knew a great many things, even when he was only a goo-goo."

A fruitful theme was thus started, and poor Aunt Sie was kept busy with stories of their infancy until they reached the Vale farm. The fierce barking of a collie brought Mrs. Vale to the door, and Joey came from behind the house, where he was chopping wood.

Aunt Sie made their errand known, after a little chat with Mrs. Vale, and Joey was at once dispatched to the kennel and speedily returned with three squirming, big-headed pups in his arms, and jealously followed by their mother.

"How small they are!" exclaimed Aunt Sie.

"They'll grow fast, and they're just about weaned, now," Joey assured her.

"Oh! I dare say they'll grow. They are not just what I wanted,—still—What do you think of them, children?"

"They're just lovely!" answered Sister, stroking them.

"Will they always stand that way,—like stools?" asked Brother uneasily, as Joey put one down upon its widely spreading legs.

He felt thoroughly ashamed when Joey laughed and explained that the legs would soon stiffen into good shape. That wise young man also called their attention to the "two een on each side of the head," which showed them to be high-bred collies; and told of so many accomplishments possessed by their mother, that Aunt Sie closed the bargain, and received a promise that the pup should arrive at the farm that evening.

As they turned homeward Brother cast a regretful glance at the stout rope which lay useless in the buggy. He had pictured to himself the noble animal—very like those he had seen in pictures of Alpine snow-storms—which was to have trotted home at the end of it. He had intended to hold the rope kindly but firmly—in a manner to let the dog know that, while a master's kindness might always be depended upon, a boy's authority is something to be recognized, too. Still, Brother had the happy faculty of coming upon blessings, no matter how events turned, and finally said with a faint sigh:

"It's much better for Joey to bring him—he can explain to the pup's mother, and besides, if we *had* tied him to the buggy,"—a pause in order to have some good reason present itself,—"*Juno* might have chased after us, and hooked him."

"I think we won't let him associate much with *Juno*, she's so bad," replied Sister. In her heart she dearly loved *Juno*; still, since the day they were lost, she had assumed rather a condemning tone in speaking of her.

"Certainly, the less he has to do with *Juno* the better dog he will be," Aunt Sie concurred.

"Yes, but poor *Juno* is very young, you know, for a cow,—of course, she is a rather old calf,—I don't think she really *meant* to be bad that day," faithful Brother could not help saying.

The afternoon was employed in fitting up, for the use of the new dog, sumptuous apartments in a large box.

The windows of the dining-room commanded a view of the road, and during the evening meal two pairs of eyes scanned it constantly. At last a glad shout of "There he comes!" rose from Brother, and a hasty adjournment was made to the porch by all.

"He has n't got it!" wailed Sister.

"He—has n't—got it!" echoed Brother.

"Where is the pup, Joey?" called Grandpapa, as the boy came within speaking distance.

"He's here, sir," was the cheery answer.

"He's *there*, Sister. Oh, goody!"

"But *I* don't see him."

Joey patted an oblong bulge which showed itself on one side of his jacket. As he halted, the bulge was seen to ascend, and a moment later a silky head thrust itself out at the collar.

"It's a good way to carry a pup, and besides I had to slip away from the mother," said Joey, as he unbuttoned his jacket.

Grandpapa took the pup and held him up for inspection. "There is n't much of him!—is there, Joey?"

"Not yet, sir. But he's healthy and strong," and Joey enumerated the various marks of canine aristocracy which the small beast bore.

"Well, well, you know more about that than I do, and I'll take your word for it all. Here, children, get Joey to show you how to feed him and put him to bed. He's your dog, and you'll have to see that he's properly brought up. Come, Brother, take hold of him." Brother took him by the nape of the neck, which caused Sister to dance frantically from one foot to the other. "Don't carry him in that way—oh, you cruel boy! See how meek it makes him look, with his little paws curled down and his tail curled up—oh, oh, put him into my apron!"

Here the late owner interfered, declaring that dogs preferred to be carried in that way, and the procession disappeared around the house.

Six weeks passed, and six weeks make a great difference in the size of a pup, and in his character too. During that time he had been named—and "*Bingo* was his name." His legs had stiffened up; and now, instead of hanging on to a step by his chin, and whining when he wished to reach a higher altitude, or rolling over and over with a series of protesting yelps when he tried to reach a lower plane, he could thump up and down stairs at a fine rate. He had tried various means by which to ingratiate himself into an intimate friendship with Aunt Lisha, the least successful of which was to rouse her suddenly from her morning dreams by leaping upon her bed and frolicking over it until its snowy whiteness was starred with tracks of red clay. He had chased every turkey, chicken, and duck on the place; and he had insulted Pooley, the cat, over and over again by barking at her and trying to drive her out of the library. At first she had not thought it worth while to notice him, she despised him so, but one day he went a little too far—he pawed her tail, and squeaked around her, until she, who had been a respected member of the household for years, felt that he might be mistaking her contempt for fear. On that day she laid her ears back until her head looked quite round, made a straight line of

her mouth, and stared unblinkingly at him for several seconds; then with lightning swiftness dealt him a stinging blow on one ear first, and then on the other, and forever settled the question of supremacy. Bingo retreated with loud howls, and never halted until safely hidden under the sofa, from which refuge he complained loudly to his sympathizing young friends; and he allowed himself invalid manners for some time afterward.

But, while he was growing, his education was not neglected. He was taught to carry Grandpapa's cane, and although it usually took the whole family to recover it again, so thoroughly did he enter into the duty, still it was thought to look well to see a little dog so willing to make himself useful. Then he could play hide-and-seek probably more beautifully than any dog of his age ever played it before. All that was necessary was for Aunt Sie to sit down upon the grass, and cause him to hide his eyes by holding him with all her strength, until the children, snugly hidden behind the great rose-bushes, would shout, "Re-ad-y!"—when, with the warning,

"Ready or not,

You must be caught,"

she would release him, and he would tear madly off in search of them. The sight would prove too much for the small hiders, and they would betray themselves by suppressed giggles, whereat Bingo would pounce upon them and chew them joyously, until, panting and breathless, they would reach the safe goal of dear Aunt Sie's arms.

In spite of intending so differently, Sister and Brother had not been able to resist introducing Bingo to Juno, and many a gay frolic the four friends had together. There were, it is true, sham battles, in which Juno seemed on the point of hooking Bingo, and Bingo seemed on the point of biting Juno's legs; but these exciting little maneuvers only served to raise the spirits of the four, and put them into the humor for a dash down the long sloping pasture, at the lower end of which they usually landed in something of a heap.

But it was after a trip to Richmond, where they saw a goat-cart drawn by two goats, that the crowning accomplishment of Bingo's life was attempted.

"We'll train Bingo to draw the Express," said Brother that night, as he and Sister were recalling the glories of the day.

"Do you think he is strong enough?"

"Dogs are *very* strong."

"If only Pooley was n't so crabbed with him, we might have a span," said Sister, regretfully.

"Or if Joey would lend us one of the pups!"

"O-h!"

"We'll ask Grandpapa to lend us Charley, to-morrow, and we'll drive over and hire one of

Joey's pups, and we'll train them to trot together. Won't we zip!"

And the little heads settled down upon their pillows, full of beautiful plans, which, it is to be hoped, were realized in dreamland, for the next day dawned in a downpour of rain which put a trip to Joey Vale's beyond the limit of possibilities.

But about ten o'clock, they disappeared in the direction of the big barn, under a capacious umbrella, with Bingo demurely trotting at their bare little heels. After much consultation they had decided to take advantage of their enforced leisure to make a harness for Bingo. A rainy morning, and a big clean barn, are not a bad combination, and the little brother and sister were soon cosily ensconced in the back seat of the family carriage, while Bingo lay sleeping in the front. They were very busy with their harness making, and their fingers and tongues kept time. Now and then Bingo was disturbed while measurements were taken, but the steady rain on the roof speedily lulled him to sleep again.

At the further end of the barn, and connected with it, was an open shed under which the fowls could gather, out of the rain, and through the open door the little workers could hear the subdued remarks that the poultry seemed to be making about the weather. Prominent in the group was the stately turkey-gobbler, "Mr. Cornelius," who, as usual, was striving to impress his audience with his importance, and was strutting and swelling to the point of bursting.

"He's a fine fellow," remarked Brother, after watching him in silent admiration.

"He'd be much nicer, if only he were a swan," said Sister; "then we could harness him to a small boat and have him take us around the carp pond. What a lovely swan he'd make; only his neck ought to be longer and he ought to be snow-white."

"Sister!" exclaimed Brother, standing up, "Sister, I've got it. I've thought of something! It's much better that he's a turkey."

At noon, the clouds broke away and the sun shone out. Grandpapa, who had been having a long quiet morning in the library, looked up as the warm ray fell across his book.

"Where are those blessed children keeping themselves all this time?" he asked of his daughters, who sat near the porch door enjoying one of their never-ending talks.

"Oh! they and the faithful Bingo are down at the barn. They have—"

"Excuse me, Miss Sie, fur comin' in with my muddy feet, but I jes' want to ask de boss if he 'lows de chillun to 'buse Mr. Co'nelius!" interrupted Randolph, appearing excitedly at the door.

"Abuse Mr. Cornelius! Of course I don't. What in the world are they doing to him?" demanded Grandpapa, rising hastily to his feet.

"Dey 's dun gone an' hitched him to de spress-wagon, 'long with Bingo," and Randolph's severity melted into a broad grin, which showed that deep down in his heart there lurked some faint enjoyment of the situation.

"Cornelius and Bingo hitched into the express wagon! The boy must be crazy," and Grandpapa strode across the porch. His daughters followed and beheld a procession making its way toward the house.

Surrounded by ducks, geese, and chickens, each loudly adding to the confusion, came the express-wagon — the triumphal car. Beside it, with stately demeanor, walked Sister, with flower-bedecked head and wand. Behind, giving a helping hand to the wagon and holding the reins of his unruly steeds, puffed Brother; while harnessed to the car, came Dignity and Impudence — Mr. Cornelius and Bingo. Poor Mr. Cornelius! Pegasus chained to a plow must have been frivolous and jocular compared to him. His legs were hobbled, the better to regulate his speed, and his rotund body was encased in an ingeniously-contrived harness. That he felt the degradation of his position was apparent in every feather. His breast bulged, his wings strove to drag upon the ground, his "night-cap" hung far over his beak, and his wattles shaded from a bluish white to a wrathful red. From time to time he uttered ejaculations which must have been something terrible in turkey language, and made sidewise leaps at the joyous pup, who flopped and capered, and gave vent to

his pleasure by pawing him affectionately with his great muddy feet.

Brother was quite flushed with the combined exertion of pushing and urging, when he looked up and saw his family coming to meet them.

"They 'll — go — better after — while — Grandpapa. I have to boost — Mr. Cor — nelius a good deal; — he does n't under — stand yet. Sister 's the Fairy — Queen and — this is her Chariot," he explained between puffs.

Sister waved her wand majestically.

Grandpapa had come out determined to scold them soundly, if he found them in mischief, and Mamma had intended to help him. But the absence of guile — their perfect good faith — completely disarmed both. They felt helpless under the circumstances, and looked about for something to blame. Bingo, with his open countenance, at once suggested himself as a suitable scape-goat.

"I *had* hoped that Bingo would keep them out of mischief," sighed Mamma, forlornly.

Aunt Sie began in this same desolate manner: "I thought he would be a protection to them —"

"And a comfort to father, in his old age, as well," added Aunt Lisha.

Grandpapa began in a rather high key through suppressed laughter: "Children, I am more pained than I can say to see you ill-treat a poor bird."

Sister's wand dropped in perfect amazement. "Have we been bad, Grandpapa?" and Brother stood up very straight, while his eyes and mouth shaped themselves into a very large and solemn "O," before he said, contritely, "We did not know it was bad, Grandpapa!"

SOME APPLICATIONS OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

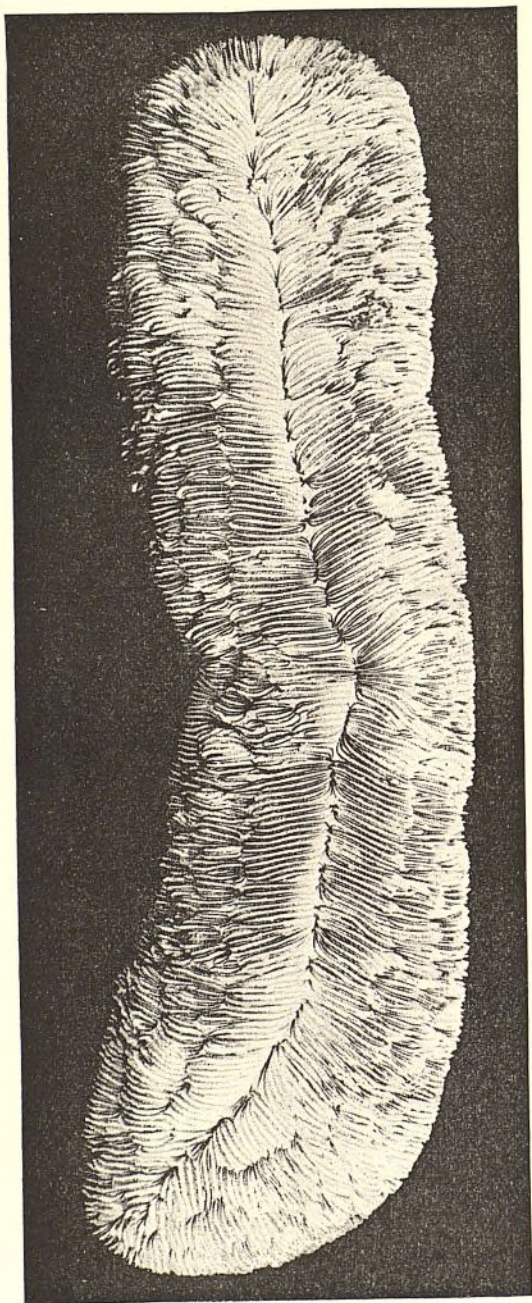
ALTHOUGH photography has now been understood for many years, it has only fairly entered upon its term of service. Perhaps its chief importance may continue to lie in the reproduction of the faces of our friends, but it is rapidly coming to much wider fields of usefulness. The manufacture of cheap

apparatus has done much to hasten this extension of photographic possibilities.

All boys and girls can now take their own pictures, and each finds some new object on which to try the powers of the lens.

Jack must have photographs of his pony, at

rest, and also at full gallop so he can see how the horse moves its legs. Jill must have her favorite kitten pictured in all its graceful attitudes. Then

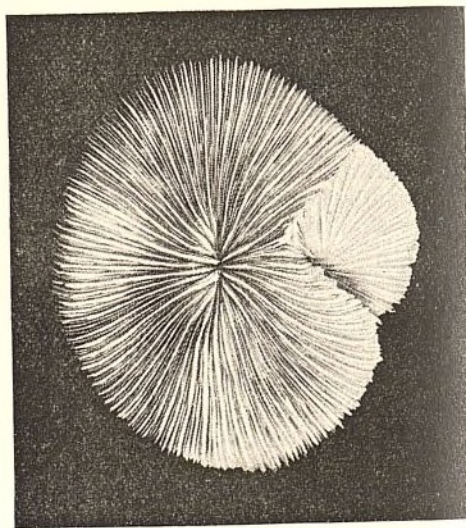


the father of Jack and Jill, who loves all animals, wild and tame, does not see why he should not borrow the camera and try a flying shot at a rising

heron or a startled deer; and their mother, whose tastes seek gratification in her garden, finds that she can preserve the graceful forms of roses and lilies in unwilting freshness by the same magician's glass.

One great advantage of the camera for the lover of nature is that the youthful and untrained student of nature is enabled by its aid to secure an exact reproduction of whatever interesting plant, or insect, or crystal he may discover — a representation more exact than the most skillful artist could produce without such help.

Suppose that you were visiting the sea-shore, and should find an exquisite shell or branch of coral. Would it not afford you unusual pleasure to be able to preserve in light and shade each graceful curve and delicate tone of the one, and the intricate structure, — nay, the very texture and roughness of the other? See how the camera,

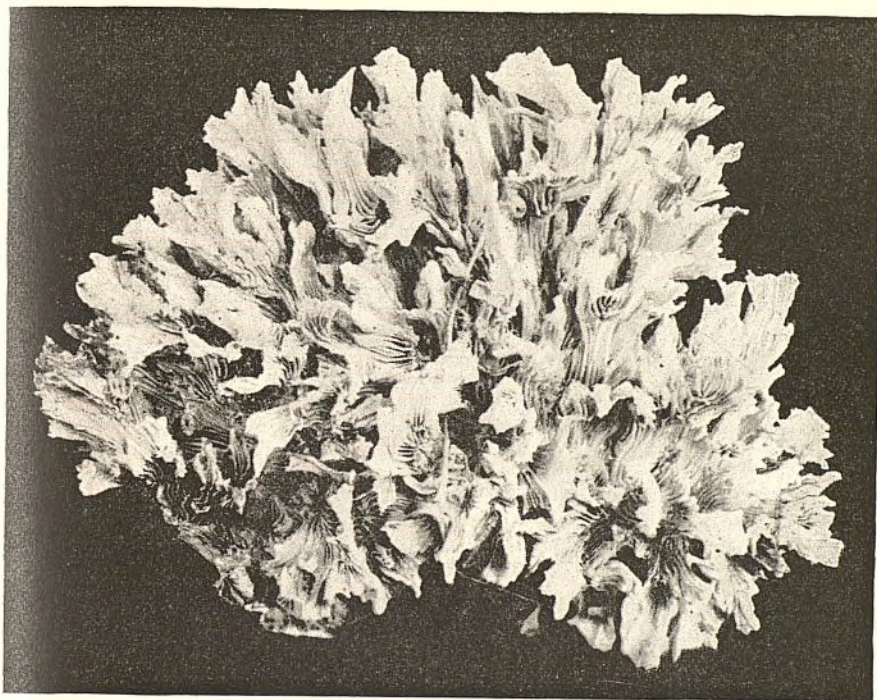


in the hands of a young friend of mine, has brought one or two such specimens before us! So perfect is the reproduction that it almost seems that we can handle them!

The young astronomer may attach the camera to his telescope and make the moon herself draw her own picture for him. The young microscopist can so combine microscope and camera as to produce clear photographs of objects too small to be seen by the unaided eye. More wonderful still, the plate is so sensitive that it catches and preserves impressions too faint for the unaided eye. The astronomer finds more stars on his negative than were visible in the sky; the physician perceives symptoms in the photograph which he failed to discern from the skin of his patient; and

the lens arrests and pictures the whirring wing of the insect, the flying bullet, the very flash of lightning, showing, in the latter, thousands of delicate forkings of light, which escape the sight blinded

clock. An apparatus constructed on this principle could be used in many ways; only a few need be mentioned. Let the instrument be set in front of a rose-bush, and carefully focussed upon a rose.



Set the clock-work in motion and leave the camera to itself during a long period. Upon examining the paper, by and by, we should find a series of instantaneous photographs, taken at intervals of ten minutes, showing whatever insect visitors may have been attracted to the flower.

Set the camera in range for a wild bird's nest, and you should secure a series of pictures of bird-life, as it flows

by the excessive light. A writer in the *West American Scientist* says:

"A striking illustration of the value of the camera to astronomy is furnished by the recent discovery of a new nebula near the star 'Maia' in the Pleiades. Until photographed at the Paris Observatory, this nebula had never been seen by the best glasses, although it has since been detected with the great telescope of the Pulkova Observatory. The Emperor of Brazil now announces his determination to coöperate, at the Rio de Janeiro Observatory, in the general project of photographing the entire heavens, already begun at Paris with such unexpected success."

Before closing this paper, I wish to suggest to the ingenious young men who read ST. NICHOLAS, and who are amateur photographers, a new device, which they can easily make and apply; it will, I think, furnish many interesting results. It may be called an "automatic shutter." Let a disk with regular openings be caused to revolve by clock-work in such a way as, at stated intervals (say, of ten minutes), to expose the sensitive paper for a fraction of a second. The sensitive paper should be on rollers, as it is now in some cameras, and these rollers also should be operated by the

on undisturbed by the presence of man. Who knows what pretty domestic scenes of motherly care and fatherly providence might be revealed? Many woodland and meadow creatures are so shy as to be observed with difficulty. Would not this detective-camera give us the graceful attitudes of the squirrel, the rabbit, and the woodchuck in their free gambolings or daily labors? Set the clock to strike off pictures at longer intervals, and you will secure a record of the sprouting of seeds, the growth of plants, possibly even the development of embryonic life.

While our young inventors are considering the practicability of making an instrument that will "wink" us pictures of its own accord, let me hint to such owners of the lens as may be by the sea-side, that a little care and patience will enable them to secure what, so far as I know, has never yet been seen—a photograph of a tide-pool, wherein may be seen the waving tentacles of the sea-anemone, the curling arms of the starfish, the plumes of the barnacle, and the flash of the minnow, together with the exquisite forms of sea-weed and sunken rock; all in their natural condition, bathed by crystal water, and alive under the golden sun.

BREAD AND JAM.

BY HENRY BACON.

IT happened in France.

Two little girls were on their way to school one morning in the summer-time. These little girls lived with their mother on the boundary of the village, and their school was in the village, so they had a long walk along a solitary road between their home and the "Sister's" school, as it was called, for the teacher was a Sister of Charity.

Each of these little girls had a basket on her arm, and in each basket were large slices of white bread, stuck together with plum-jam.

They were very fond of white bread made of wheat flour, for the principal food at their home was black-bread, which was made of buckwheat; and they considered white bread a luxury.

Later in the year, each would have had a big rosy apple to eat with the bread, instead of jam, but the apples were not ripe—as yet they were hardly larger than cherries. These little children were not sorry, however, for they liked plum-jam much better than an apple, even the ripest, rosiest apple. There was no danger the jam would soil their school-books, for they had none,—their lessons were written by the Sister with chalk on a blackboard, and they had no need of books.

Hand in hand, these little girls were trudging along the solitary road, when, turning a corner, they saw before them a man sitting on a log, with his head buried in his hands. The children were not much frightened; why should they be, by a man resting upon the side of the road? No one had ever harmed them. They could not see the man's face, but, thinking he must be some one they knew, they went on fearlessly, stopping when they were opposite the stranger.

The man did not stir, and they looked at him in silence for some seconds.

"What is the matter?" asked Marie, the elder.

The man raised his head slightly, and looked at the children. They could see his eyes shining through the long hair that hung about his face.

"Hungry," he answered in a voice between a whine and a growl.

Louise, the little sister, was frightened; the man's eyes reminded her of the wolf,—the wolf that she had heard about, that met Little Red-Ridinghood on the road as she was going to see her grandmother,—and so she was frightened. Away she ran, scampering down the road toward

the village as fast as she could. Marie also was frightened: not so much as her little sister, but she did not like being left alone with the stranger, and so she followed the younger sister, not looking behind her until they were again hand in hand. Then both looked back; the man had not stirred from his seat on the log.

"He is hungry," said Marie.

"Yes, he is hungry," repeated Louise.

"He must be very hungry," said Marie.

"Yes, he must be very hungry," repeated little Louise.

"It must be terrible to be so hungry," said Marie, standing motionless in the road, and still looking back.

"Yes, it must be terrible," Louise repeated again, pulling hard at her sister to prevent her standing still.

"Suppose we give him some of our luncheon," said Marie.

"And what would we do at noon?" asked Louise, opening her basket and looking in, to assure herself that her bread and jam were safe.

"Don't you remember, the Sister told us if we helped others, we would be provided for? Let us give the man some of our bread."

"But the plum-jam?" questioned Louise.

"Perhaps he likes jam," said her sister.

"So do I," half whimpered Louise.

"And then, the good Sister told us, the other day, about Saint Elizabeth. Don't you remember how, when she gave her best cloak to a beggar, she found another—a better one—hanging up in her room?"

"But the beggar did not eat up her cloak; it was not like bread and jam."

"No, but if we give our luncheon to the beggar, perhaps,—perhaps at noon we shall find a better luncheon in our basket, just as Saint Elizabeth found a better cloak when her husband sent for her to come down and see the kings who had come to make them a visit."

"Are you *sure*, Marie?"

"No, not *sure*, but *perhaps*. Let us try."

"I wish you would say *sure*."

"Sure!" said Marie.

"Say it again!" exclaimed Louise.

"Sure!" repeated her sister.

"He shall have my luncheon, then; but must

we go back? Let us put it down here, and then run. He will find it, like the birds."

Marie was not willing to leave the luncheon on the ground and then run, as her sister wished. She had listened to many wonderful stories, and wished that something wonderful might happen through her. Then, she thought, perhaps there might some day be another Saint Marie, and other little children would be told the story of this saint, and of her charities when a child. But it was not all vanity with this peasant child, for Marie's nature

into his mouth, Louise held out her portion: "Now, mine."

The man, whose hunger was somewhat appeased, and whose mouth was too full to speak, shook his head.

"Now, mine," insisted Louise, looking disappointed at the refusal.

"No," said the man, as soon as he could, still refusing, for now he was no longer terribly hungry, he was somewhat ashamed of having taken the child's luncheon.



"THEY SAW BEFORE THEM A MAN SITTING ON A LOG, WITH HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS."

was kind and charitable. So, clinging to one another, back they went to feed the hungry.

"Did you say you were hungry?" asked Marie, when they had come nearer, but were still at a safe distance from the stranger.

"He is asleep," whispered Louise, for the man took no notice of the question.

"Here is something to eat," persisted Marie, thrusting her lunch almost into the man's face.

The man suddenly startled the children. With a low cry, he snatched the food, which he instantly began to devour like a wild animal. The children stood watching the hungry man, and as he stuffed the last morsel of Marie's bread and jam

"Now, mine," insisted Louise, thrusting her offering into the man's hands, and, as one child's luncheon was not much for a hungry tramp, and she would not be denied, he took a large bite through both slices of the bread and jam. It almost brought the tears to the eyes of Louise as she saw them going,— still, Marie had said "*Sure!*" But suppose Marie should be mistaken?

When recess came, the Sister told her pupils they could get their baskets and eat their luncheon in the school-yard, under the trees. Standing at the school-room door, the teacher watched over the children. Soon she noticed Marie and Louise sitting at the foot of one of the trees, their heads

close together, Marie looking very sad, and Louise crying. They had made themselves comfortable on the ground before opening their baskets, confident they should find a good luncheon — and both baskets were empty!

"Saint Elizabeth has forgotten us!" exclaimed Marie.

"But you said '*sure*,' twice," whimpered Louise, and began to cry and say she was hungry.

"Why do you not eat your luncheon?" asked the Sister.

"Saint Elizabeth has forgotten us," answered Marie.

"And Marie said '*sure*,' twice!"

It was with much difficulty that the Sister led the children to give an intelligible account of their attempt at charity. When at last she understood, she said:

"Wait; I will see. Perhaps you are not forgotten, after all," and she went into the house, leaving the children wondering.

Soon, the teacher returned, holding in her hand a large piece of bread which she broke into halves, giving a piece to each of the sisters.

"There, children, you see you have been remembered," and so saying, she left them to enjoy their lunch.

"But Saint Elizabeth has forgotten the jam!" exclaimed Louise, after taking a bite and finding it was only dry bread.

"Perhaps she did not know there was jam on our bread."

"The good Sister ought to have told her."

"She could not," explained Marie, adding, "I never tasted such nice bread before."

But little Louise did not echo as usual, for, to her, dry bread without jam was simply dry bread, and it may have been Marie's imagination that helped her to enjoy her crust.

The adventure was told over again to the mother when the children went home from school.

"Was it not kind of Saint Elizabeth to have remembered us, after all, Mother?" asked Marie, when she had finished.

"She forgot the plum-jam," said Louise.

"But suppose Saint Elizabeth was obliged to go hungry!" exclaimed the practical peasant mother.

"Surely not Saint Elizabeth, mother?"

"Some one must have gone hungry; probably the Sister gave you what she had intended to eat herself."

"And was it not Saint Elizabeth?" asked Marie.

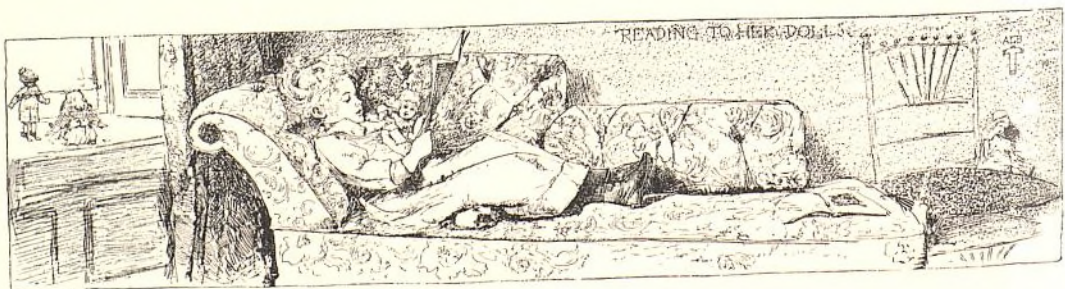
"I was so sure it came from her."

"Not unless the good Sister is so named. No, my dear, when the Sister saw you were hungry, she gave to you out of her frugal store. My dears, it was very sweet of you, to wish to feed the hungry man. But remember, when you give, that you must not do so in the hope of being rewarded. That is not charity. Neither is it charity to give bread to one and take from the mouth of another. Probably the good Sister went hungry."

"I am so sorry," Marie said, disappointed and repentant, bursting into tears.

Louise only pouted and muttered to herself:

"But she forgot the jam!"



A RIPE SCHOLAR.

BY WILLIAM LUDWELL SHEPPARD.

AUNT CLEMMY was working away at her knitting. For several months she had been working and nodding over the same stocking.

"'T ain't wuth while to hurry over de heel, chile, 'cause you might spile it; and den — dah!" she would say to Elsie, who made inquiries from time to time as to the progress of old Aunt's work.

Elsie was curled up in the old-fashioned sofa that afternoon. Her chin was sunk deep into the frilled yoke of her apron, and her hair hung in bronze-colored tresses about her cheeks as she bent over the book in her lap. The light was beginning to fade, and the brown shadows to lurk in the corners of the old wainscoted room.

Aunt Clemmy, just awake from a refreshing nap, was quite ready for conversation. She had made to her companion several remarks that remained unnoticed; so, in a louder tone, she tried a general observation:

"I always he-ared dat 't was perlite to answer folks's perlite questions."

Elsie had ceased reading at that moment, as the words were becoming illegible in the waning light, and she heard Aunt Clemmy's voice, but did not distinguish the words.

"What did you say, Aunt?" she asked as she regretfully laid her book aside. Aunt Clemmy repeated her remark.

"But, Aunt," apologized Elsie, "I was so interested that I did n't understand you."

"Dat 's what I say. I ain't so suttin 'bout all dis readin', ef it 's goin' to draw folkses off from dere mahners an' ev'thing."

Elsie saw that there was danger of exciting a discussion, so she observed that she would go and find Mamma. The discussion which seemed likely to arise — at least Aunt's tone of voice was that which generally preceded debate — was an old one between Elsie and herself. As Aunt Clemmy stated it, it was: "Whether folkses was better wid book-larnin', or 'dout none," Elsie, of course, always stoutly maintaining the affirmative. Aunt was not alone in doubting the advantages of learning. Many of her race who had been slaves and never learned to read, were nevertheless prospering, so far as mere necessities were concerned, and consequently considered education superfluous. Several

days elapsed, and although Elsie spent a part of every afternoon in the old sitting-room with Aunt Clemmy, the favorite topic was not started by the old woman.

One afternoon, however, Elsie got up to draw her chair closer to a small fire which Aunt had lighted because it was growing chilly. Her stirring waked Aunt Clemmy, who immediately fell to knitting as fast as she could for a few moments.

(The older servants used to say that Aunt Clemmy, when a "li'l gal," used to knit by the side of her old mistress, who would give her a tap on the head with her thimble finger whenever she fell asleep, so that "the gal," on waking, would begin knitting as fast as she could, to pretend that she had not been napping, — and that Aunt Clemmy had retained this habit in her old age.)

"Honey," said Aunt Clemmy, after a vigorous spell of a few seconds at her stocking, to Elsie, who was blinking at the fire.

Elsie looked up, smiling, for the long delayed struggle "'bout dat 'vantages of education."

"Honey," repeated Aunt Clemmy, "we 's been 'scussin' an' 'sputifyin' mightily 'bout l'arnin' — but I 's done change my min'."

"Why, Aunt!" exclaimed Elsie, startled into rapt attention by Aunt's unhopd-for surrender.

"Yes, honey. Yo' knows dat raskil gran'son of mine, Beyouregard, who 's done got a prize at school. Well, las' night when I wuz 'bukin' him 'bout de 'lasses — which it wuz mos' all gone outen the jug, an' dey wa' n't *nobody* to eat it but him, 'cause de cat don' like it — and which I 'buked him outen de word o' Scriptor, he ups an' sez, sez he, 'Folkses better know *how* to *sarch* de Scriptor, 'fo' dey alway' bringin' of it up ag'inst dere neighbors.' 'Fo' I could git the broom, dat boy got outen de door; but he shut it to so quick, it done mash his fingers, — 'i — yi! Dat settle me! I gwine l'arn how to read; dat what I gwine do."

"Why, of course, Aunt; and I'm so glad of it. But how are you going to learn? Will Beauregard —?"

"Him! No, *marm*; not ef I *never* l'arn. Who but you, honey? You 's de very one. Ain't I been 'sputin' 'g'inst you all de time 'bout de 'vantages, an' you been talkin' so be'utiful 'bout 'em, dat I hated to wi'stan' yo'? But I did n' mean nut'n';

yo' ole Auntie did n' mean nut'n', crowdin' uv yo' so clus in de argyment, sometimes."

She drew the shapely head of her little girl against her knee and stroked the heavy tresses. She could not see the laughing eyes — laughing as

I done 'scuss with you? An' don' I kno' how smart yo' is, teachin' me uv multication table — an' five an' fo' meks nine — an' all dem 'rethmetics?"

So it was agreed that Elsie should begin as soon as the old primer could be found.



"ELSIE SACRIFICES HER PLAY TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION."

well at the cause of Auntie's sudden conversion as at her ingenious plea for forgiveness.

"Well, Auntie, I will try. I'm only a scholar, myself, you know."

"'Tain' wuth while fo' yo' to talk dat way. Ain'

Auntie Clemmy knew her letters, but not in the order which is generally observed. Her favorite form was "a, b, c, d, q, r, s, t, v." She never would admit that there was any use in knowing the succession of the letters. "I knows 'em by sight, chile,

an' I knows 'em by name, so it don' mek no difference how dey comes arter one 'n'er."

The primer was duly found, and Elsie one afternoon sacrificed her play to the cause of education. Auntie was shown the mysteries of a-b, ab, and b-a, ba, etc. She was to learn the list for two days, and then to say it without the book.

Elsie sat up straight on the old hair-cloth Chipendale sofa and began.

"A, b, Auntie; what does that spell?"

"A, b, aby."

"Oh! Auntie — *ab*. Now b, a." She could not help making the little word on her lips, but Auntie answered confidently, "Beeyea." In like manner c, a, became "Seeyea." Elsie felt like both laughing and crying. The result was very mortifying to her as a teacher; but it was difficult to keep from laughing at Auntie's serene confidence in herself.

Several trials developed no symptoms of further advance, and Elsie began to lose hope of success. She prevailed upon her brother Tom, who generally came in from play every evening too sleepy to study his own lessons, to try his hand at hearing Auntie. Auntie gave very nearly the same answers to Tom, but when she answered that a, g, spelt "Agy," Tom rolled over on the floor and roared with laughter, until Auntie threatened to report him to "he paw soon 's he come fum de Co't House." Elsie took the book from his hand and went crying to her mother.

But Elsie had much determination in her character, and would not abandon Auntie as a hopeless scholar. She consulted Mamma about the matter. Mamma proposed to her to try the old rhyming method, and gave her several rhymes connected with the spelling of words of one syllable. Elsie's hopes revived, and she renewed her lessons to Aunt Clemmy. The jingles amused the old woman prodigiously, and frequently during the day Elsie's Mamma would hear the old scholar running over,

"A-b, ab, I cotch a crab,

N-o, no, I let him go,

I-n, in, I cotch him ag'in."

The whole family became interested, and, as the old rhymes did not hold out very long, they began to devise new ones for Auntie's education. Every

advantage, too, was taken of the association of ideas in aiding the memory, as rat and cat, house and mouse, etc.

One jingle ran in this way:

"C and a and t, spell cat.

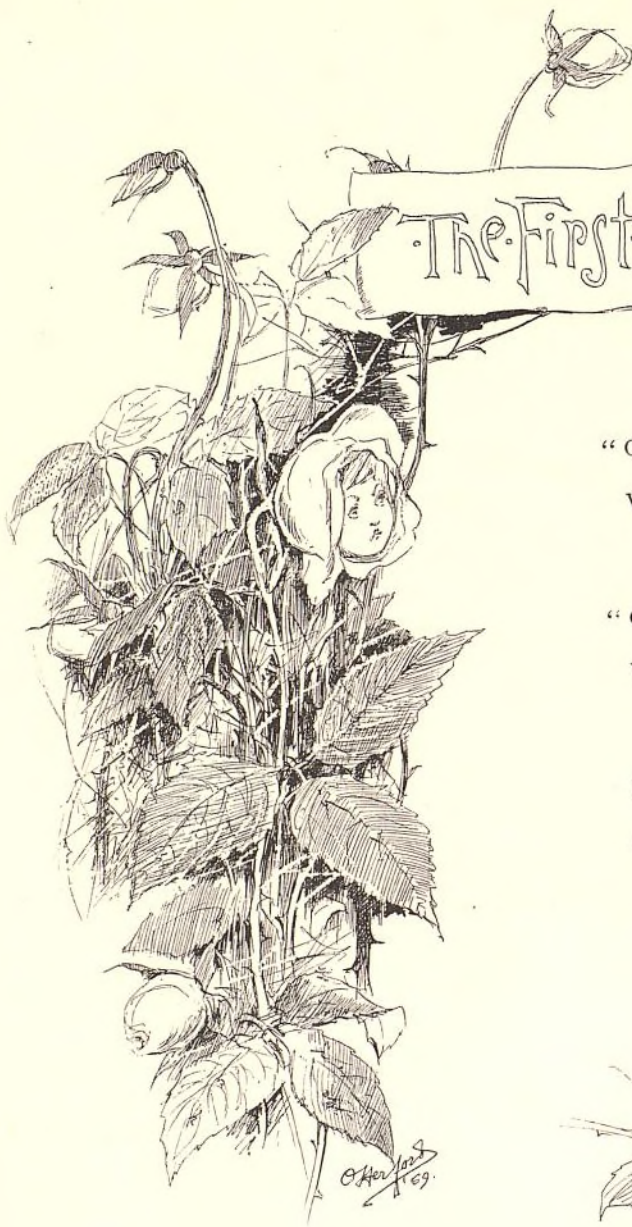
R and a and t, spell rat."

Auntie would frequently say *make* instead of *spell*, from the "arithmetics" coming into her head. Sometimes she twisted the first line into "C and a and cat, make tea," and when her attention was called to the change she never failed to laugh until the tears rolled over her "specs."

Unfortunately, the arrangement of the rhymes in couplets, being once fixed in Auntie's mind, became unchangeable. Consequently, in spelling a sentence the outcome was rather bewildering. In reading a little sentence like this one (she knew *is* and *in* and *the*, by sight), "The rat is in the pigpen," the effect of the mixture of rhymed syllables in her mind would appear thus: "The r-a-t rat, and the c-a-t cat, is in the p-i-g pig, and j-i-g jig, p-e-n pen, and h-e-n hen." When Aunt Clemmy finished reading this, or some similar sentence, and Elsie would ask what it all spelled, she would get this for an answer:

"Hi! ain' I jes' done read it all over to you, lovely? an' you wan' me say it all over again?—Yo' ain' got no *mem'ry*!"

After some weeks' trial the lessons became fewer and fewer. Elsie saw that they were fruitless, though she never hinted as much to Auntie; and Auntie was so satisfied that her education was completed at two syllables, that she did not complain when the lessons stopped there. But the younger servants who could read were disposed to amuse themselves over Auntie's pretensions to "edication." "It 's hard to teach ole dog new tricks," some would say. And Beauregard, in spite of his relation to the old woman, was as bad as any of them, and so aggravated Aunt Clemmy that one morning she said to Elsie: "Honey, I been s'archin' de Scripters an' done see heap o' words I knows; 'speciallin' *a's* and *the's*, but I 's gettin' 'long slow, and would be glad if you could fin' me some good tex' fur bad boys, ez dat Beyouregard 's gittin' wuss an wuss! I ain' got no time to l'arn no mo' o' dish yer readin'."



The First Rose of Summer

BY O. HERFORD.

" Oh, dear ! is summer over ? "
I heard a rosebud moan,
When first her eyes she opened,
And found she was alone.

" Oh, why did summer leave me,
Little me, belated ?
Where are the other roses ?
I think they *might* have waited ! "

Soon the little rosebud
Saw to her surprise
Other roses opening,
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing
Gayly in the sun,
" I thought the summer over ;
Why, it 's only just begun ! "



MY PETRIFIED BIRD'S-NEST.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

SOME months ago, a man who was working for a lady in one of the larger towns of Pennsylvania brought her a very beautiful nest, containing three small white eggs.

"Why, Hans," she exclaimed, "where in the world did you find it?"

Hans replied that while he had been removing some stones from a ledge of lime-rock by the banks of the creek that flowed near the town he had discovered the nest on a projecting ledge, "unt I noded, lady, dot dere vas a schmall zdream of vasser drigglin' down ofer dot nezd. Mebbe it vos lime-vasser dot made id zo hart like a sdone." The recipient of this unusual gift had not before noticed that it was, indeed, hard and heavy, and to all appearances completely petrified, or, at least, incrustated with a white calcareous deposit. The three eggs in it were, like the nest itself, entirely covered with the limy incrustation. "Dere vas anudder," Hans remarked, with a tone of regret and mortification; and, as if impelled to the confession by the power of a strong conscience, "bud I brogue id als I vas geddin' down from d' gliff. I vos fery zorry." With these words Hans withdrew, almost overcome by the gracious words of gratitude which followed him to the door.

After he had gone there was an opportunity for a close examination of the wonderful specimen. All the family were called in, and all agreed in declaring it the most beautiful natural curiosity they had ever seen.

"See, Mamma," cried little Mary, "it looks exactly as if it were made of moss."

"Undoubtedly it was," replied her mother; "do you not remember that piece of petrified moss Uncle Professor used to show you?"

"Yes, indeed, Mamma; and this is precisely like it, only made into this lovely nest. I wonder what kind of bird made it! Oh, here comes Will! he'll know; he knows everything about birds. Will, come here, and see this beautiful petrified bird's-nest! Hans found it on a ledge over by the creek."

"Petrified grandmother!" said Will, irreverently; but as his eyes fell on the graceful lines of the nest, in which each little curving twig and twining hair was perfectly outlined, he whistled, and exclaimed in an entirely different tone, "By

gracious, where in time did you get that? It's — a — dandy!"

Will now proceeded to give the nest an examination in what he was pleased to consider a thoroughly scientific manner. Each tiny root and blade of incrustated grass was scrutinized in turn. It was wonderful to see his boyish hands, sometimes so carelessly used upon fragile household articles as to be declared "clumsy," touching this delicate fabric as daintily as an artist. A boy may break your china vase, but never the infinitely more fragile porcelain of the eggs in his "collection."

"Well, sir, what is it?" said Mamma, after a few minutes had passed.

"It's a petrified phebe's nest," said the young ornithologist. "Phebes make their nests of green moss, and line them with rootlets and little twigs and grass just like this, and they lay little white eggs just this shape, and they always build on a beam or ledge of rock, and nearly always very near a creek. See there," he added, pointing to the end of one tiny stem inside the nest, which had been broken off, "that piece is hollow; it must have been a bit of grass."

"Is n't it rather contrary to our usual notions of bird intelligence that a phebe should place her nest where it should be in danger of so disastrous a flood as this little stream of lime-water has proved?" suggested Mamma.

"Birds often do that sort of thing," said Will; "I've known wrens to build in the sleeve of a coat hanging in the shed, and they have been known to build even in the mouth of a cannon."

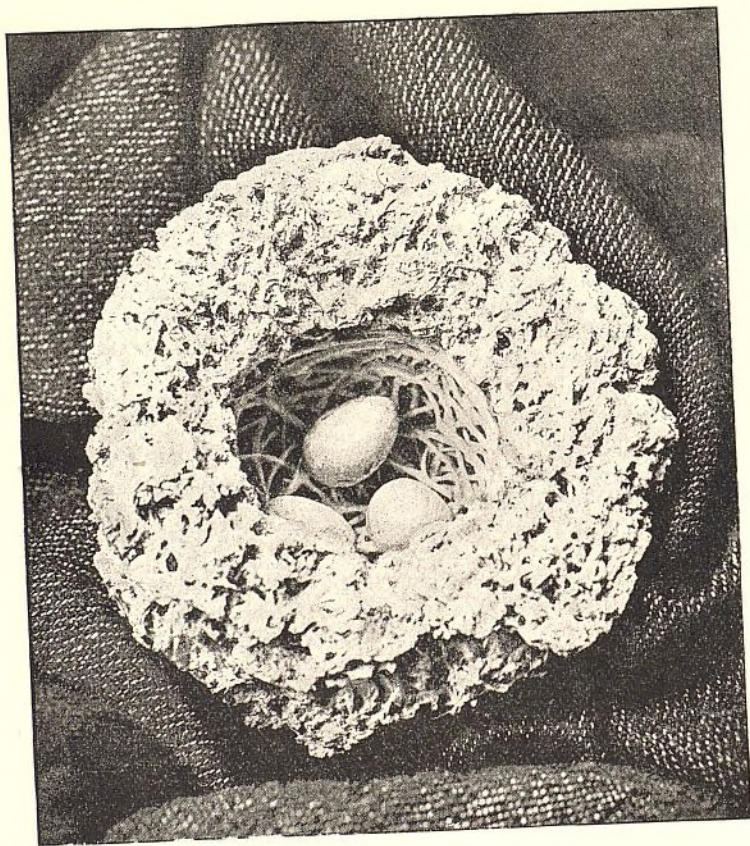
When Will's father came home to dinner the nest was shown to him, and he was as much delighted as were the rest of the family. He took it down to his office and placed it in the window, where for many weeks it attracted the attention and aroused the admiration of all who passed that way.

Such was substantially the history of my petrified bird's-nest, prior to last January. At that time a friend of mine in passing the window where it lay, was arrested by its beauty, and, knowing that I was interested in all such things, kindly tried to buy it for me. His proposition was rejected, for no price would be set upon the unique curiosity.

He wrote me a description of it, however, and upon my expressing a strong desire to see it, succeeded in inducing its owners to lend it to him in order that my wish might be gratified.

Rarely have I experienced greater pleasure than when I carefully opened the box in which it had

tion of petrified birds'-nests was found save in Rees's old volumes, where I found fossils divided, according to the Linnæan system, into eight *Genera*, of which the third, *Ornitholithus*, includes "the body or parts of a bird changing into a fossil substance." Under this head is the remark: "The



safely traveled from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts, and with nervous fingers removed the cotton which protected the delicate treasure. I have had a photograph made of the nest as I then saw it, looking down upon it from above, showing the eggs. It corresponded perfectly with the description I had received, but was tenfold more beautiful than I had imagined. I wrote little notices of it for our local papers, and invited all interested in the wonderful works of nature to visit our Athenæum, where it was on exhibition, and inspect it. For a week it was the great attraction. Collectors came and saw and—envied; teachers brought their pupils, and mothers and fathers brought their children to see the wonderful petrified bird's-nest. All were equally enthusiastic. I began to wonder whether the specimen were not really unique. Encyclopædias were consulted. No men-

fossil remains of birds are very rarely met with, although, as Mr. Parkinson says, they are frequently mentioned, and even described, by different authors. Several of those specimens which have been spoken of as petrifications of whole birds, and of their nests, have been merely calcareous incrustations of very modern date."

But even these were only nests, nests without an egg. At this juncture I wrote to my friend in Pennsylvania to try to secure the nest for me. "Offer ten dollars," I wrote; "if that will not buy it, try fifteen; if that is refused, try twenty-five; and if that does n't secure it, write me, and I may be willing to go higher still."

About this time I was pleased to see in one of the leading ornithological magazines that the discovery in one of the Southern States of a fossil bird's-egg was made the subject of a communica-

tion before one of our learned societies. What was one egg to a nest with three?

I rather wish that my story could end right here, but truth compels me reluctantly to continue. Among those who came to see the nest while it was on exhibition was one lady, whose manner of looking at it caused me a little annoyance. She did not appear to feel that restraint in its presence which I had remarked in others. She took it in her hands, and turned it upside down to see the bottom of it. I was afraid she would break an egg, and ventured to caution her as to the fragile nature of birds'-eggs in general and petrified birds'-eggs in particular. She smiled and returned the nest to me with the remark that she had one at home of which this one reminded her. The next day she sent hers for my inspection. Judge of my surprise when I found it to be *identical* in form, structure, material, size, and number of eggs. It differed only in color, and she informed me that she had had hers washed before bringing it over! She further informed me that she had procured it some years before from a traveling peddler, and had always supposed it to be the product of art, and man's device. The same day a small boy on seeing my nest remarked, "It's very pretty. My aunt in Saratoga has one just like it."

This was enough. Whether the same "bird" had made all three or not, one thing was evident — the specimen was *not* unique.

Within five minutes a telegram was journeying westward to this effect: "Withdraw all offers for the nest."

Fortunately the message reached its destination in time to prevent the joke on me from becoming too painful. The advantage of a little experience was illustrated by the remark of a distinguished Professor of Natural History when the specimen was mentioned to him. "It is a fraud," said he. "There is a place in Italy where they make these things. They put the nests in water impregnated with mineral salts, and leave them there until they become incrustated, and then sell them to travelers and — fools!"

The most puzzling thing about the nest is, what induced that workman to palm off his nest as he did with no attempt to profit by it? Until this problem is solved there remains a bare possibility that nature has done unaided in America what she frequently does in Italy under the direction of disingenuous peasants.

But, after all, is not a real "live" bird's-nest more beautiful and wonderful than any mere dead petrification ever could be?

The Little Young Man in Gold.

BY S. ISADORE MINER.

OUTSIDE the nursery window,
Before the spring was old,
I found one morn, as I chanced to pass,
Standing straight and tall in the dewy grass,
A little young man in gold.

He was a saucy fellow,
His look was bright and bold;
Yet his nod was so blithe when he caught my eye,
That I nodded again as I bade good-bye
To the little young man in gold.

Next time I crossed the terrace,
I turned me from my way,
To visit the sprite; but a marvelous change
Some fairy had wrought, and there stood, — oh strange! —
A little old man in gray!





CHARLIE AND THE HEN.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

if you are not afraid of old Speckle, I should like to see you take her off yourself."

"You will see old Speckle in the barnyard in less than five minutes," said Charlie, as he took his hat and went out.

Before long, the people in the house heard a loud cackling like that of a very angry hen.

"That must be Speckle," said Johnny's mother.

CHARLIE was twelve years old; his brother Johnny was two years younger. Johnny was a sturdy little fellow, and Charlie was not always mindful of the two years' difference in their ages.

One morning in the early fall, the little boys were warming their hands over the stove, when their mother said: "Johnny, I wish you would go to the barn and see if 'old Speckle' is on her nest again. I do not wish her to set this fall, for the little chickens would freeze to death. If she is on her nest, I wish you would lift her off, and drive her out into the barn-yard."

Johnny went to the barn and found old Speckle on her nest in the hay-mow. He climbed up the ladder and put out his hand to take her from her nest. Old Speckle did not like this. She said, "Cluck! cluck!" and ruffled up her feathers and tried to peck Johnny's hands.

Then Johnny took off his hat and waved it at her, and said, "Shoo! shoo! shoo!" but old Speckle would not leave her warm nest for Johnny; so Johnny went into the house and told his mother he could not drive old Speckle off, and he was afraid to take her up in his hands.

"Oho!" said his brother Charlie, laughing at him. "Before I'd be afraid of a hen!"

"Well," said Johnny, "I don't deny it, and

"I suppose Charlie has taken her off the nest. He is a brave boy. Old Speckle is a fierce hen."

Then Charlie came in.

"Do you hear that hen?" said Charlie. "I told you I could take her off from her nest. I'm not afraid of a hen."

Then Johnny, who had been out, too, spoke up and said:

"Most anybody could *rake* a hen off a nest."

"Rake a hen off a nest?" repeated Charlie, laughing, but looking sheepish. "How do you know I did?"

Then Johnny told how he knew.

The barn had both a back door and front door. The back door was kept open, and the front door was kept closed. As soon as Charlie had left the house, Johnny slipped out of the house door and in at the back door of the barn. He hid in the hay before Charlie had opened the front door of the barn. He saw Charlie climb the

ladder, and saw him wave his hat at old Speckle, and say, "Shoo, Speckle, shoo!" He saw Charlie try to take old Speckle off, but she pecked at him so defiantly that Charlie was afraid to touch her. So he took a long-handled rake, and reached over to old Speckle and raked her away from her nest, as if she had been a bundle of hay. Old Speckle still fought pluckily for the possession of the nest, and thrust her head between the prongs of the rake in her efforts to reach the eggs. It seemed almost cruel in Charlie to drag her farther away from them, but as he only pulled steadily it did not hurt her in the least. But she was soon con-

vinced that it was useless to struggle, and so she flew down on the barn floor, and ran out at the door, cackling an indignant "Cut! Cut! Curdar-cut!" as loudly as she could. Charlie went out after her, and, while he stopped to fasten the door, Johnny ran out at the back door and into the house.

After this, when Charlie would accuse Johnny of being afraid of anything, Johnny would answer, "Let me see: I believe I remember you. Are n't you the boy who raked the hen off her nest?" But when Johnny's mother heard this taunt, she quietly remarked, "It is not every boy who would think of as good a plan as Charlie's."

GOOD-MORNING AND GOOD-NIGHT.

BY ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL.

I.

GOOD-MORNING peeped over her eastern gate,
To see if the children were up;
And laughed at a bumblebee coming home late,
Who was caught in a hollyhock cup.
Good-Morning has eyes like the glint of the skies
When they're bright as the sun and the stars
mixed together,
And her lips are so sweet, and her steps are so
fleet,
She can dance like a thistledown, fly like a
feather.
You "never have seen her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!
What a dull little sleepy-head you must be!

Good-Morning can sing like a brook or a bird;
She knows where the fairies all hide;
Some folk, hard of hearing, say they never have
heard
Her sing, though they often have tried.
Good-Morning has hair made of sunshine so rare,
The elves tried to steal it to weave in the
weather;
Which made her afraid, the bonny wee maid,
To swing on the gate many minutes together.
You "never have seen her?" Ah, me! Ah, me!
What a cross, lazy lie-a-bed you must be!

But with kisses and smiles, the time she beguiles,
And bids them to come again soon,—do you
hear?

You "never have been there?" Ah, me! Ah, me!
What a very sad, grown-up young chick you
must be!

II.

Good-Night is her neighbor, a dear little soul,
Who swings in a hammock, and not on a gate.
She half shuts her eyes with a great yawn, so
droll,
It would make an owl laugh, I will venture to
state.
Good-Night always brings the most wonderful
things,
To hide in the children's beds, glittering and
gleaming!
Such tales she can tell, and she tells them so well,
You could listen all night, and believe you
were dreaming!
You "never have heard her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!
What a small naughty wideawake you must be!

Good-Night has a house full of beautiful toys,
That she keeps for the children,—no grown-
folks are there;
And she carries them off, the wee girlies and
boys,
To her magical palace, and, oh, how they stare!
Good-Night never frowns when she sees the
white gowns
Come trooping to beg for more stories,—the
dear! —



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

GOOD-MORROW, my young Summerers, and a fair June to you! Soon my young country-folk will be having the rosiest kind of a time, and thousands upon thousands of young citizens will be scampering through fields, rolling down hillsides, or splashing into the "shining tumult" of the breakers.

Now, suppose we take up the subject of

TALKING DOLLS.

WHAT is this I hear? Are the dolls of this nineteenth century now to talk in earnest, laugh in earnest, cry in earnest, and, for aught I know, cough and sneeze in earnest when they catch cold?

And they are not to do all this with little squeaking sounds, such as have disgraced intelligent dolls up to the present date, but with real, human *child* voices, every shade of sound complete?

This is wonderful, and very hard to believe; yet it is *true*, I am told. Now, who can explain this matter?

THE RUSSIAN ALPHABET.

IT appears, my hearers, that the "learned and sprightly correspondent," whom I quoted for you in December last, made a generous error in regard to the Russian alphabet. He gave it forty-one letters, when in truth it has but thirty-four, after all.

This I give you on the excellent authority of Nathan Haskell Dole, known to my dear Little School-ma'am and the rest of the world as the translator of Count Tolstoi's works. Tolstoi, the little lady says, is a great Russian novelist. Mr. Dole writes to this Pulpit: "The Ecclesiastical Slavonic, from which the Russian alphabet was derived, had forty-two letters, and literary Russian has thirty-four, strictly speaking, though it is com-

monly enough represented as having thirty-six, one letter being a form of *i* (ee) used only in a few church words, and the other still another form of the ninth letter, which is also *i* (called *I^s Kratkoï*)."

Besides Mr. Dole's message from Boston, the Little School-ma'am has received this from a military friend stationed somewhere on the outskirts of civilization:

"You might tell your friends (and mine), Jack-in-the-Pulpit," he says, "that there is a little boy here, only forty-two years old, who takes exception to a statement in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS about the number of letters in the Russian alphabet. My recollection of the same, re-enforced by a sly glance at my Russian Lexicon, is that thirty-six letters only are found in that alphabet. This includes all double letters, and the three forms of the letter 'i.' Possibly the alphabet may have grown since I studied the language. That was in 1867, and twenty years may have made changes in alphabets as well as in those who make use of them, but an addition of five letters is a large one."

Now, my chicks, you who are big may take in these facts with the dignity that so well becomes the new generation; but you who are little need not alter your daily life one jot, unless it be to sigh now and then for the poor little Russians who have had to learn eight or ten more letters than you did.

A "NINE" YEAR AGAIN

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR JACK: Although the open-air roses are again ready to bloom, which proves that this year is nearly half gone, it is not too late to mention the fact that the figure nine is again on top of the calendar. It has not been there for ten years, but now it has come to stay. We, or our children, or their children's children, shall see it every year until its grand disappearance for nine years at the close of the Christmas holidays in 1999. Nine is the queerest figure in numbers, anyway, and it is calling especial attention to itself nowadays in every letter that is written in all parts of the Christian world.

Yours, respectfully, A SCHOOLBOY.

THOSE ICE-TANKS.

HERE is Prof. Starr's reply to Ruth Hartzell's inquiry, which your Jack read to you last month:

I have been asked why the metal tanks in the ice-factory (see "A Rose in a Queer Place," February ST. NICHOLAS) do not burst from the expansion of the freezing water within. The tanks are of galvanized iron usually, and though strong would yield somewhat to the pressure from within. More than this, the covers are loosely laid on, and the tanks may not be absolutely filled with water. This would allow of expansion *upward*. Of course, the ice expands only *while* freezing, and, when it is cooled much below freezing point, shrinks. So that the shrunken block would have no difficulty in slipping out of the tank, even if it had formed with the sides of the tank bulged out by pressure. To make the removal of these cakes still easier, the tank is usually a *little* larger at the top than at the bottom, and the sides gently slant downward.

I hope that this answer may be satisfactory to my questioner.

FREDERICK STARR.

"PANSIES ARE FOR THOUGHTS."

OIL CITY, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the Third Reader in school. In my reader there is a piece of poetry. I will tell you some of it:

Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees,
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

How do you like that, Jack? It is all about you.

Your friend, PANSY COOPER.

I like it very much, little Pansy. It is an old song, but, like the lily-bells, always new. It came straight from the heart of a true poet. Whenever you see anything in your Third Reader or anywhere else as pretty as this poem about Jack-in-the-Pulpit, just you read it, Pansy. It will make you grow.

THE ÆSTHETIC WASPS.

WHAT keen eyes they have! these busy little workers, flying hither and thither, over hill and valley, in the early spring days. House-hunting, that is what they are doing. In at your window, under the eaves of the barn, getting in the most inconceivable and, sometimes, unwelcome places. Nothing is beneath their notice; no, not even an old, discarded curtain-tassel, as a friend tells me who has seen the tassel.

Perhaps it was once one of the much-prized treasures of some small girl, rambling through the

loose hay, with her arms so full of toys that the treasure dropped, and was lost forever to the fond eyes of its owner. There it lay, unseen and useless, until, one day, a busy wasp came buzzing around the barn-yard, and, being a wasp of high æsthetic taste, this odd-looking, pretty-colored object in the long grass attracted its attention and gave it a most brilliant idea.

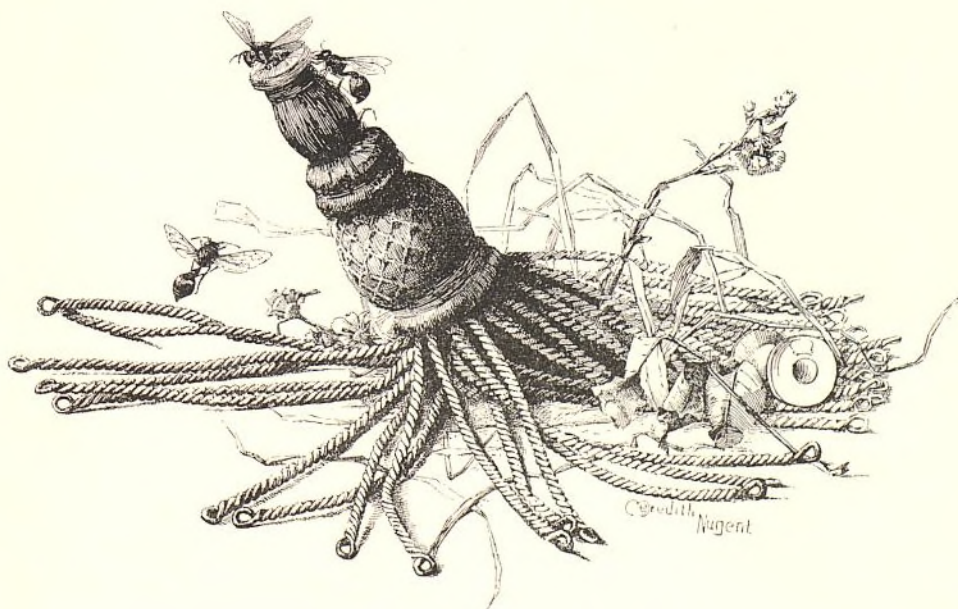
First taking a peep in at the top, it disappeared from view, only to reappear at the other end; then, the inspection revealing all that its cultivated taste demanded, flying off, with a satisfied buzz, to return with a whole colony of its fellow-workers, ready to begin on the new home.

So the wasp and its family worked day after day, from early morn until dusk, flying back and forth to their tasseled home, first making the cells for their eggs and food, then, all being snug and tight, hurrying off again to have the store-rooms well filled with provisions for the few who would live until another spring.

All through the summer months sounded their energetic, busy hum, telling a tale of lots of work to be done and six short months to do it in! *Buzz, buzz, buzz!*

Long since the little occupants deserted their æsthetic home, while the tassel, with the house still complete, reposes in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History, a lasting relic of the industry of those æsthetic wasps.

All this true and pretty story has been written out for you by M. B. Dickman, and your Jack has simply repeated it so that all the congregation may have it at the same time.





HOW DID THEY COME THERE?

BY ANNE BIGELOW DAY.

THE Maudy family always keep a box full of caterpillars and worms. Is n't that funny? But, you know, these creatures turn into queer things

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called cocoons, like the one in the picture. In this form they live for many days until their little houses open and they come out butterflies or moths.

This year the Maudy family expected moths of the kind called *Polyphe-mus*. One morning Peter and Phœbe Maudy went out to the box, which they kept in the garden, and in it they found four of the beautiful brownish moths just out of their cocoons. There they were, fluttering their wings for joy because they felt the warm sunshine for the first time, and troubled only because the thin muslin over the top of the box kept them from flying out to the flowers near by.

The children stood looking at their new pets, and suddenly they noticed a very strange thing—a number of moths' wings, like the wings of the new-comers in the box, lay scattered about. They counted six on the bench and ten on the ground. How did the wings come there? The new moths were quite perfect, every one having its two pairs of wings.

Outside there were no bodies to be seen, only wings, wings, wings!

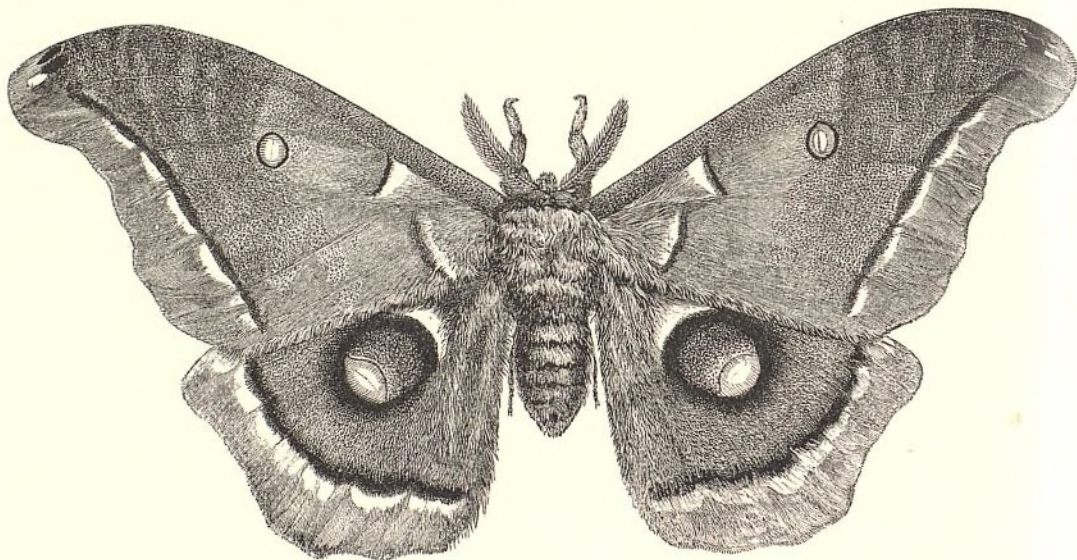
What had happened?

"Chirrup! chirrup!" said a saucy-looking robin on a neighboring tree. Another of the brown moths flew past, almost brushing Peter's nose. The new-comer flew to the box, settled on the muslin, and seemed to be saying good-morning to the prisoners.



Peter and Phœbe stood still, watching. Whir-r-r-r! Down came Mr. Robin. In a second he had snatched up the kind moth in the middle of the call, gobbled up his body, and left one more pair of brown wings to explain how all the other brown wings came there.

Peter and Phœbe told the robin how naughty he was, but he only looked saucier than ever. The children let the new moths fly away, and tucked in around their looking-glass the wings of the loving and unfortunate callers.



THE POLYPHEMUS MOTH.

(By permission, from Flint's edition of "Harris on Insects Injurious to Vegetation.")

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

NAINI TAL, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, living in the Himalaya mountains. My father is a missionary. I like your stories very much, especially "Juan and Juanita," "Sarah Crewe," "Two Little Confederates," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." We always read "The Brownies," and like them very much. "We" means my sister Nora, eleven years old, and myself. We go to the high-schools here in Naini Tal. It is a beautiful town up in the mountains. We go down to the plains near the river Ganges, in the winter, as it is much warmer down there; and then we come up here when it gets very hot below. Our Christmas holidays are now nearly over.

When most of the English people and many natives went down, last winter, a lot of bears came through the

station; they were seen around everywhere, in people's gardens, and near their houses; a number of them were shot, though some were only wounded. One big black fellow swam right across the lake, nearly half a mile wide. Sometimes leopards come about our houses and take away our dogs; two of our dogs were taken away by them. They are very fond of dogs! One of these leopards gobbled up our little dog "Pudge" one night last summer. My mamma just heard one little yelp. Pudge stopped barking, and she never barked any more! The leopard got her. Her father was a water-spaniel, and her mother was a poodle; she had long hair, and we miss her very much. We have two white mice, which run about the house and live in holes in the stone wall.

This is my first letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

KARL W.—.

FORT DU CHESNE, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived at this post for more than six months, but not until the other day did I have an opportunity to go to the Uintah Indian agency, although it is only thirteen miles north from this place.

I am sure a great many readers of ST. NICHOLAS never saw a real Indian, and for that reason I will try and tell them what I saw at the agency.

Uintah is the name of one of the three tribes of Ute Indians that live about us. I have not heard what *Ute* means, but suppose it to be the Indian name for some animal.

This is the time of year for the Bear dance, which is quite an important event among the Utes, I think, as the dance lasts from seven to eight days, and is held every year. The Indians reckon time by the moon.

The Bear dance is the only dance in which the squaws are allowed to take part. The Indians were very oddly dressed; some wore buckskin suits, which were very handsomely embroidered with beads, others wore cloth of all colors.

The chief had his face painted with red and blue, and his hair was braided and tied at the end with a long fox tail. He had a long switch with which he switched the Indians if they did not dance.

The music was made by a lot of bucks (warriors) seated on the ground by a sort of wooden table. Each buck had a stick which was notched an inch or so apart. They were all cut differently so as to make different sounds; they had a piece of wood made round which they kept rubbing up and down over the other piece of wood which rested on the table. They kept singing, a low, monotonous chant without any music.

The Indians had their faces painted. I noticed one especially; his face was painted bright yellow, and he had a wreath of fox fur around his head.

The chief's son has been at an academy for six years, I was told; but he now refuses to speak a word of English, which makes one wonder if Indians ever will be civilized. Hoping this is not too long to be printed,

I remain your loving reader, KATE G. C—.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, and have gained much amusement and instruction from your pages.

I live on the banks of a river, and in the summer we have great fun swimming, boating, and fishing.

In our front yard is a large maple-tree, and one night last fall we had a very heavy shower. In the morning forty-one dead sparrows were picked up under the tree. Under a cluster of trees across the river one hundred and seventy-five were found. That storm created great havoc among the birds.

Hoping to see this in the "Letter-box," I am still

Your loving reader, FRANK D. C—.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA TER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a little frontier town in Montana, where I was born eight years ago. My papa has a ranch and lots of sheep, horses, and cattle. I like best to live at the ranch and go fishing and play at hunting. Sometimes we see deer and antelope there, and often prairie-wolves (coyotes) come around and kill sheep and lambs. Once my papa shot a bear there. In the summer the ground-squirrels are running in and out of their burrows nearly all of the time, and they eat everything green in the garden. So, when I go there, I trap as many as I can with a small steel trap.

It is great fun to watch the little lambs in the spring; sometimes there are two thousand in one flock, and they

run around in a circle and jump up and roll over in the jolliest way.

There were twin calves at the ranch last summer, and I tried to lasso them and ride on their backs, but did not succeed very well, though it was fun for me and seemed to be, for them.

Some Indians came into town, a few weeks ago, to sell skins of beavers and wolves that they had killed. They wore bright-colored blankets and rode Indian ponies. A gentleman here bought the beaver skins and had an overcoat made. It took twenty to make one coat.

Your loving reader, MORRILL.

WE take pleasure in showing the following delightful letter from two little French friends. We print the letter just as we received it:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—We are two little girls who have thirteen years. We are come from France the seventeen septembre, and visit our aunt, who teaches English to us. We like it much in America. When we are at home we live just outside of Nice and have very many of pets. We have fawns who run in the park around our house and 3 ponies, who have for names, Bayard, Emperor, Rénée, we have also one large dog of St. Bernard named Fidèle, we liked very much the story of Aimée as we have been often to Nice. We were charmed with Little Lord Fauntleroy, which our English governess aided us in reading. We fear this letter is too long, so bid you good-bye; and hope to see our letter in print, as it is the first we have ever written to you. Your admiring friends,

ELOISE and LUCIENNE DE V—.

PHOENIX, A. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I expect you will be surprised to get a letter from "far-away Arizona"; but my cousin has been sending you to me as a present for the last two years, and, for about five years before that, my aunt had been sending you to me. So I thought it was about time to be writing you a letter and telling you how much I like you.

I suppose that you think it must be very hot here, but it is not so hot as it is represented to be. We never have snow at Phoenix, but the mountains east and north are covered with snow. All around the vicinity of Phoenix the earth is spotted with mounds varying in height and size. Excavations have been made near Tempe (nine miles from Phoenix) by Lieutenant Cushing of the Smithsonian Institution, and human skeletons and many other interesting relics were unearthed. I visited the place, and it was very interesting. They were almost all lying with their heads toward the east, and near their hands was a little olla of corn and another olla supposed to have contained water. These were the provisions (I suspect) that they were going to eat when they were on their way to the Spirit Land.

All the skeletons were laid in a mold of hard substance like brick, and some of them had their mouths open.

There was also an altar with a skeleton of a little child on it. Where all these were unearthed is supposed to have been a burial ground.

There were many more interesting relics, etc., but it takes too much space to tell about them.

It is supposed that this race existed before the Aztecs, and it is not known where they went, came from, or anything else about them. I could write lots more about them, but I know your space is precious.

I hope I have not already made my letter too long. But I thought you might be interested to hear something about the mound-builders near Phoenix. Your true friend and admirer,

FANNIE H. B—.

SIVAS, TURKEY IN ASIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Sivas is a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, composed of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. There are only two American families and one English. It is nearly five thousand feet above the sea. There are some ruined gateways and towers over five hundred years old. The old houses all have flat roofs, and they are made of dirt and stones. The government now forbids citizens to build flat roofs, because sometimes the roofs cave in and bury the people inside, so now they must build their roofs of tiles. Very many of the customs of the people here are just contrary to the customs of America. They leave their shoes at the door and keep their fezes on in the house. In church or in school they sit on the carpets on the floor. When you meet a person in the street you turn to the left. When they shoe an ox or a donkey, they tie up his feet and make him lie on his back. A bride is the servant of the family, and she can not talk until her mother-in-law gives her permission. I have three bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like the stories very much. I am a boy, eleven years old. Your loving reader, LUKE CRESCENS H—.

ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine ever since it was published, and we are very fond of it.

St. Mary's Hall is a large boarding-school for girls; there are sixty pupils, counting the day-scholars.

Every afternoon the girls walk out in twos, and one day when we were walking through the country, a bull, which was feeding in a field near by, tore after the girls, who ran screaming in every direction.

The school is situated on the banks of the Delaware, and on summer evenings each girl is allowed to walk out with her favorite mate. There is a beautiful chapel joining the school, and on Sundays the service sung by the girls is largely attended.

We hope you will print this letter as we have never seen any letters from girls at a boarding-school.

We are very busy here and do not have much time for reading, but the ST. NICHOLAS is always welcome.

Your loving friends,

LOUISE MCA— and DAISY G—.

JEANSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you since 1880, through the kindness of our uncle.

We live in the coal regions, and I do not like it very much.

I have been down in the mines several times, and it is very interesting.

If I had space I would tell you about the stable in the mines. However, I will just give you a short description of it.

Imagine going down into the earth about half a mile, with your hair standing on end from fright, and at last coming to a level tunnel which is called the gangway. About a hundred yards in, you come to the stable, which is just a large opening at one side, cut out of the solid earth. It is full of mules at night, and also rats,—hundreds of them. Sometimes the poor mules stay all their life in the mines and become perfectly blind to light.

I remain your loving reader,

ROY B—.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and have taken you for six years. I like all your stories, the Indian ones especially, because my grandfather has lived for a number of years in the Black Hills of Dakota, near an Indian Reservation, and has seen several of the chiefs mentioned in ST. NICHOLAS,—Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse, and many others.

I have a real Indian blanket in which an Indian was killed; also a red pipe-stone battle-ax. My grandfather lives very near the place where General Custer was killed. I have just been reading "Boots and Saddles," an interesting book by Mrs. Custer.

Affectionately yours,

PLINY S. H—.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight and a half years old. I like you very much, and especially the "Bunny Stories" and the children's letters. I send this poetry, which I wrote myself.

Your little friend,

GRANT K—.

The rain was on the window pane,
The sun was in a fright
Because he could not find his house,
That rainy, rainy night.
The moon was just about to rise,
But the stars put down their heads
In their little beds,
Until the moon said, "Stars, get up,
The sun is in a fright
Because he can not find his house,
This rainy, rainy night." GRANT K—.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Nina T. Smith, Lotta B. Smith, Nathalie C. Wilson, Hattie Spencer, Chester, Fannie H. K., Lulu A. L., L. B., M. L. and E. B., Mattie W. N., Willis J. Hoyt, May E., S. Isabel Stahl, Florence Osborn, Emily Clary, Dora S., Jessie G. and Lizzie S., Belle Cady, S. W. F., C. R. H., J. W. L., Florence Thayer, Edith N. Jones, Elizabeth V. F. V., Grace Oakes, A. M. G., Harriet B. MacF., Kathleen H. Lovett, Percival Delafield, Ida C. J., Sam Chapin, Julia Jackson Chapin, A. E. J., Terecita and Juanita, Nannie W. Cotten, Lillian A. Sturtevant, Bessie Smith, M. Crane, G. K. P., Helen Porter, Mabel E. Dibble, Mabel and Jessie Henderson, Laura May Hadley, Daisy L. Brown, Lulu P. Manning, Mary C., Beatrice, Grace Elser, Fay Turner, Herbert G., Helen C. Ward, E. W. C., B. B. W., Robert Bond, Edith Whitmore, Enid W. D., Floyd R. Macy, Ellen G. Barbour, Cleveland Smith, Kate Alexander, Emma L. Campbell, John D. G. O., Edith Leslie, Gertrude Allen, A. T. Prouty, Clifford M. Balkam, Orville A. Howard, G. Dyer, Marie R. K., Ellen George, Elsie Bleecker, Florence B., Judith C. Verplanck and Marie B., E. Downs, Olive M., Frances H., May S. D., E. Holmes, Wm. MacKenzie, Eddie A. B., Beatrix D., Maude J. and Alice S., Paul Waller, Alice H. and Amanda G., Bertha Chase, Emily Wolff, Mary E. Hale, H. R. Edgar, Alfred A. Bell, Kate Gordon, Lloyd R. Coleman, Jr., Bessie M. Cooper, Dorothy F., Edith Edwards, L. Thorn, Jennie Boies, Kate Peet, Eula Lee Davidson, Nell M. T., Hattie A. J., Edward F. Johnson, and Luther J. Hamilton.

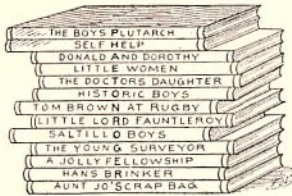
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Oranges. 2. Watermelon. 3. Nectarine. 4. Pomegranate. 5. Apricots. 6. Pineapple. 7. Cherries. 8. Peaches. 9. Strawberries. 10. Cranberries.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Dinah. 2. Irene. 3. Nerve. 4. Anvil. 5. Heels. II. 1. Hagar. 2. Agile. 3. Gibes. 4. Alert. 5. Rests. III. 1. Ethel. 2. Tiara. 3. Hates. 4. Erect. 5. Lasts. IV. 1. Jesse. 2. Ellen. 3. Slant. 4. Sense. 5. Enter. V. 1. Comus. 2. Ozone. 3. Mopsa. 4. Unset. 5. Seats.

A BOOK PUZZLE.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Decoration Day; finals, Decoration Ode. CROSS-WORDS: 1. DeplumeD. 2. EscaladE. 3. CholericC. 4. OristanO. 5. RebutteR. 6. AnaphoraA. 7. ThickseT. 8. IllmanI. 9. OratoriO. 10. NatatioN. 11. DolorosO. 12. AsteroidI. 13. YokematE.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. S-hake-r. 2. P-rover-b. 3. P-ledge-s. 4. P-aster-n. 5. S-tag-e. 6. M-iser-y. 7. F-oregon-e. 8. N-odd-y. 9. G-rue-l. 10. P-rice-s. 11. L-otter-y. 12. B-ours-e.

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.

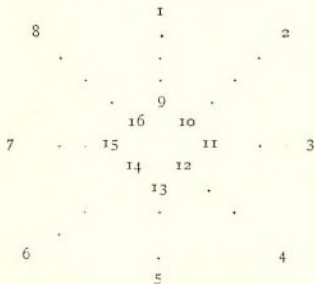
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Paul Reese—Russell Davis—Mary L. Gerrish—"Infantry"—K. G. S.—M. D. M.—Aunt Kate, Jamie and Mamma—Pearl F. Stevens—"Mamma, Aunt Martha and Sharley"—Willoughby—Jo and I—Emily and Annie Dembitz—J. L. C. and L. H. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Margaret Lachenour, 2—Ethelind, 4—A. Ashhurst, 1—C. Densmore Curtis, 1—Annie R. F., 1—May Martin, 1—Dolly Chandler, 1—Henry Guilford, 8—Clara O., 7—Maxie and Jackspar, 10—Emma V. Fish, 1—Edith Watt, 5—Ida C. Thallon, 10—May Hebbard, 1—A. L. Babbitt, 1—Paul P. Lyon, 1—"Nig and Mig," 10—J. R. Sharp, 2—Jennie, Mina and Isabel, 5—"R. M. A.," 4—Ray Swain and Wildrick Lentz, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Arthur B. Lawrence, 5—Edward Hitch, 1—E. de F. and M. E. Heald, 1—Anna G. Gilpin, 2—W. N. S., 5—Clara and Emma, 2—Horace H. Francine, 2—Lester and Gertie, 1—Edith J. Sanford, 8—Eva Kennahan, 2—"Nodge," 8—Angie C. Lyon, 4—"May and 79," 5—Charles C. Norris, 3—Edwin W. Fullam, 3—"A. Fiske and Co.," 10—Joslyn Z. and Julian C. Smith, 4—Nellie L. Howes, 6—L. H. F. and "Mistie," 7—Mathilde, Ida and Alice, 8—Mabel C. Bird, 1—"Tom, Dick and Harrie," 9—M. B., 6—P. F., 6.

CHARADE.

OVER my *first* the school-boy moaning toils,
Puzzling in vain his weary aching head;
My *second* hid the feared Armada's spoils
(But 't is in French its name must now be said).
When comes my *whole*, radiant with sun and shower,
The boy forgets my *first* in happy play;
My *second*, all unconscious of its power,
But gleams and sparkles through the sluggish day.

RIMLESS WHEELS.



I. FROM 1 to 9, a small, spicy berry; from 2 to 10, a great artery proceeding from the heart; from 3 to 11, having power to grind; from 4 to 12, a city of Prussia; from 5 to 13, a kind of tea; from 6 to 14, a name found in the first chapter of Numbers, the ninth

verse; from 7 to 15, the title of a poem by Keats; from 8 to 16, divisions.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, from left to right, Memorial Day; from right to left, Emancipated. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Misconstrue. 2. Meerschauts. 3. Remonstrate. 4. Disorganize. 5. Superscribe. 6. Constituted. 7. Reappearing. 8. Disannulled. 9. Intermeddle. 10. Dendritical. 11. Deuterogamy.

A PENTAGON. 1. L. 2. Tar. 3. Tacit. 4. Laconic. 5. Rindle. 6. Tiled. 7. Cede.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Hans Christian Andersen. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Handy. 2. Andre. 3. Natal. 4. Sugar. 5. Clime. 6. Humor. 7. Rumor. 8. Idler. 9. Sagas. 10. Titus. 11. Irene. 12. Alter. 13. Novel. 14. Adams. 15. Nicot. 16. Demon. 17. Ember. 18. Ruble. 19. Scope. 20. Epoch. 21. Noose.

CHARADE. Dynamite. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Pride only helps us to be generous; it never makes us so, any more than vanity will help us to be witty."

Pi. Thou pulse of joy, whose throb beats time
For daisied field, for blossoming spray!
To dance of leaf and song-bird's chime
Set all the prose of life to rhyme.
Ring in the May!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE. DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Rot. 3. Redan. 4. Modicum. 5. Tacit. 6. Nut. 7. M.

EASY GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Crab. 2. Roll. 3. Aloe. 4. Blew. II. 1. Barb. 2. Anil. 3. Rile. 4. Blew. III. 1. Blew. 2. Love. 3. Ever. 4. Were. IV. 1. Wire. 2. Ebon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. V. 1. Were. 2. Even. 3. Rend. 4. Ends.

SYNCOPIATIONS. Inauguration. 1. pla-l-nt. 2. po-N-e. 3. m-A-ud. 4. d-U-o. 5. lod-G-e. 6. la-U-d. 7. p-R-ig. 8. p-A-in. 9. s-T-olid. 10. la-I-rd. 11. m-O-use. 12. la-N-ce.

verse; from 7 to 15, the title of a poem by Keats; from 8 to 16, divisions.

FROM 1 to 8, a poet who died on June 15th, 1844; from 9 to 16, the name of one of the apostles whose festival occurs on June 11th.

II. FROM 1 to 9, a large bird; from 2 to 10, a musical drama; from 3 to 11, pulverized sugar candy; from 4 to 12, an insect; from 5 to 13, an animal valued for its fur; from 6 to 14, common; from 7 to 15, to prohibit; from 8 to 16, to call out.

FROM 1 to 8, an American battle fought on June 28th, 1778; from 9 to 16, a European battle fought on June 18th, 1815.

CYRIL DEANE.

OCTAGONS.

I. 1. A vehicle. 2. Governed. 3. One who has the superintendence of a museum. 4. One of the United States. 5. Recaptured. 6. Cupolas. 7. Moved swiftly.

II. 1. A vulgar fellow. 2. A name by which a pagoda is sometimes called. 3. A piece of furniture. 4. To excite. 5. Presented. 6. To prevent by fear. 7. To spread, as new-mown hay.

F. S. F.

CONNECTIVE WORD-SQUARES.

I. ACROSS: 1. A sprite. 2. A river. 3. An insect. Downward: 1. A feminine name. 2. Mankind. 3. To caress.

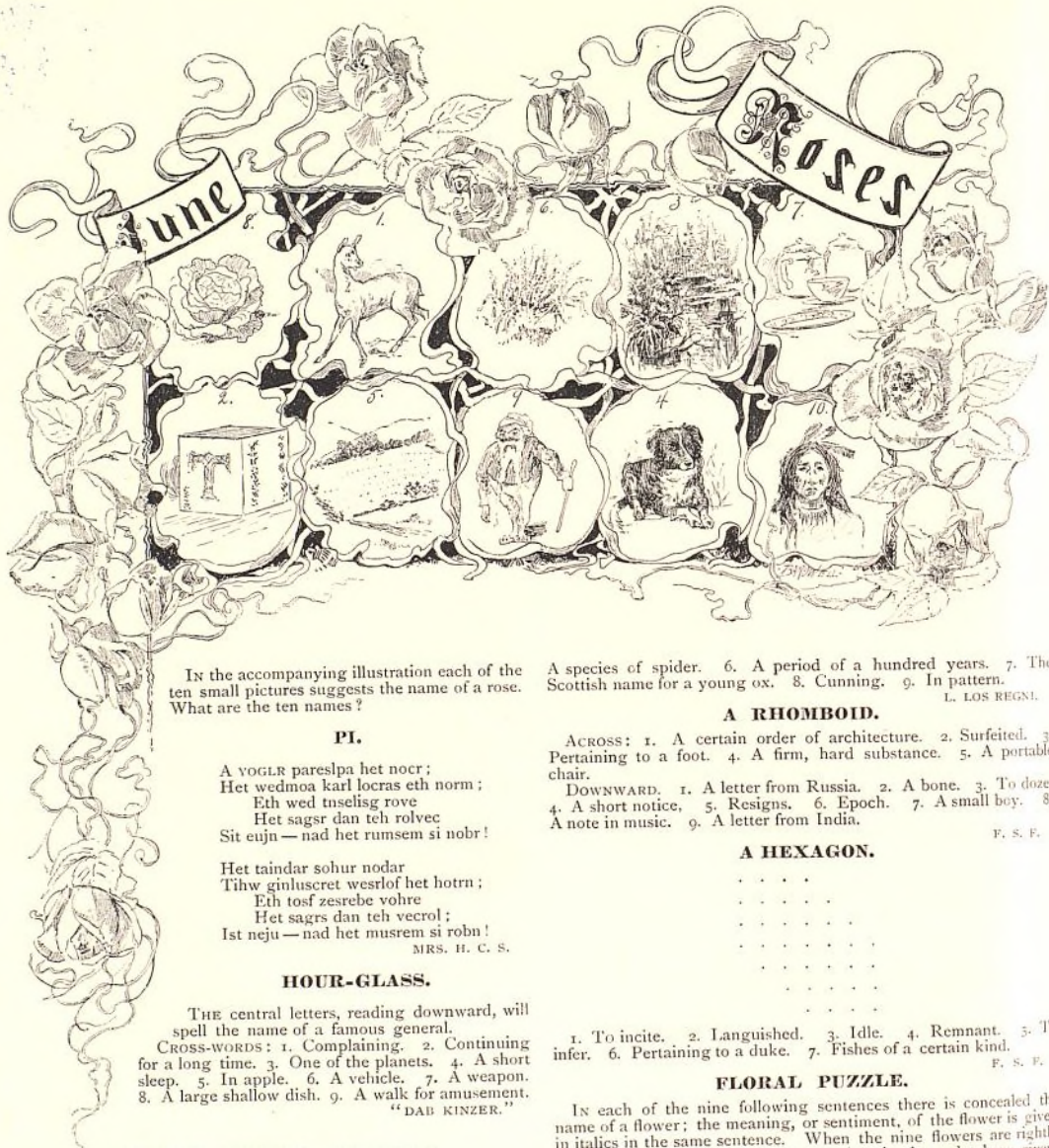
II. ACROSS: 1. An animal. 2. To look. 3. Appropriate. Downward: 1. A serpent. 2. A body of water. 3. Precise.

III. ACROSS: 1. The name of a tragedy. 2. A portion of time. 3. A verb. Downward: 1. A feminine name. 2. An implement useful to sailors. 3. An English theological writer.

IV. ACROSS: 1. Devoured. 2. Gained. 3. Enticed. Downward: 1. An implement. 2. Part of the body. 3. Finis.

When the four first words described in each of the four word-squares are read in connection, they will form a single word of twelve letters which means "strongly affected."

CYRIL DEANE.



In the accompanying illustration each of the ten small pictures suggests the name of a rose. What are the ten names?

PL.

A VOGLR pareslpa het noer;
Het wedmoa karl locras eth norm;
Eth wed tinselg rove
Het sagsr dan teh rolvec
Sit eujn — nad het rumsem si nobr!

Het taindar sohur nodar
Tihw ginluscret weslof het hotrn;
Eth tosf zesrebe vohre
Het sagsr dan teh vecrol;
Ist neju — nad het musrem si robn!

MRS. H. C. S.

HOOR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general.
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Complaining. 2. Continuing for a long time. 3. One of the planets. 4. A short sleep. 5. In apple. 6. A vehicle. 7. A weapon. 8. A large shallow dish. 9. A walk for amusement. "DAB KINZER."

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My *first*, a blossom white as snow
With pistil all of gold;
My *next* an overcoat will show,
For keeping out the cold;
My *third*, if you are in a fright,
Will overspread your cheek;
The laundress keeps my *fourth* in sight
The first of every week;
My *last* a bird you surely know,—
A near relation to the crow.

My *initials*, unless I'm mistaken,
Will show you a tricky wight
Who always is plotting some mischief;
My *finals*, his weapon of might.

"Z. Y. X."

DIAMOND.

1. In pattern. 2. A word used in old records meaning a kind of customary payment by a tenant. 3. Sherry. 4. Occupants. 5.

A species of spider. 6. A period of a hundred years. 7. The Scottish name for a young ox. 8. Cunning. 9. In pattern. L. LOS REGNI.

A RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A certain order of architecture. 2. Surfeited. 3. Pertaining to a foot. 4. A firm, hard substance. 5. A portable chair.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter from Russia. 2. A bone. 3. To doze. 4. A short notice. 5. Resigns. 6. Epoch. 7. A small boy. 8. A note in music. 9. A letter from India. F. S. F.

A HEXAGON.

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1. To incite. 2. Languished. 3. Idle. 4. Remnant. 5. To infer. 6. Pertaining to a duke. 7. Fishes of a certain kind. F. S. F.

FLORAL PUZZLE.

In each of the nine following sentences there is concealed the name of a flower; the meaning, or sentiment, of the flower is given in italics in the same sentence. When the nine flowers are rightly selected, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell a title often bestowed upon June.

1. Did you hear us humbly beseech the governor to pardon the prisoner; and did he not listen to us with great *docility*?
2. In the play of "Hamlet" I assume the title rôle; and Erminie will perform "Ophelia." We shall endeavor to *beware* of over-acting.
3. Charles was affronted when I begged him not to drink; but I said, "*excess is dangerous*."
4. When I have heard Caleb, on yearly missions, preach on the beauty of charity, and then know how often he refuses to aid the poor, I think there is much *hypocrisy* in him.
5. I told William other worthy persons had had their *secret love* discovered.
6. Do not ever use deception, Carlos. I, ere this, have discovered that *frankness* is always best.
7. Some of the knights had endeavored to discover the *bitter truth* concerning some rumors.
8. I hate a selfish person, and do not like to see one give way to *misanthropy*.
9. I strive to share Belle's burdens and to assuage her *grief*.

F. S. F.

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