

THE FIRST RIDE.
DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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DISCOVERED.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

ON the slope of a hill in the edge of a wood,
Bloomed and nodded a sisterhood
Of pale-tinted Blossoms that nobody knew,
Saving the Wind and the Sun and the Dew.

The Wind blew back the curtains of dawn,
And the Sun looked out when the Wind was gone,
And the flowers with the tears of the Dew were wet,
When the Wind was flown, and the Sun was set.

The Wind brought a wild Bee out of the west,
To dream for an hour on a Blossom's breast,
And the Sun left a Butterfly hovering there
With wide wings poised on the golden air.

And the Dew brought a Firefly to whirl and dance,
In his own bewildering radiance,
Round the slender green pillars that rocked as he flew,
And shook off the tremulous globes of the Dew;

The creatures of air gave the secret to me.
I followed the hum of the heavy-winged Bee,
I followed the Butterfly's wavering flight,
I followed the Firefly's bewildering light.

I found the pale Blossoms, that nobody knew;
They trusted the Sun, and the Wind, and the Dew;
The Dew and the Wind trusted Firefly and Bee.
I give you the secret they gave unto me.



BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



It is a weird and desolate spot, is Little Menan, — even on the clearest days, when the square, whitened light-house tower gleams brightly in the sunshine, reminding one of a gravestone marking the resting-place of so many who have “gone down to the sea in ships.” But bright, clear days at Little Menan are rare; the color of the sky is generally a leaden gray, and the whole place seems to be in mourning for the countless wrecks that have happened in the neighborhood.

Little Menan is a high rock rising from the sea to an altitude of two hundred feet, and is nine miles from the mainland. If you look on the map of Maine you may by chance find it, somewhere between Portland and Grand Menan. Toward the land it slopes gently to the water's edge, where there is a sort of natural harbor protected by a reef, and capable of holding a half-dozen sailing vessels comfortably during a storm. But all around are the ragged points of the innumerable reefs, sticking up like cruel teeth, over which the water seethes and bubbles and tosses, even in the calmest weather.

Seaward the rock is steep, rearing its full height suddenly and boldly from the sea, and the chart gives fifteen fathoms clear, at its very foot. How the tide roars as it comes in! How it dashes against the face of the rock! How mightily it piles itself in flashes of white and green flame upon the ragged rocks! The white foam fairly dazzles one's eyes in the somber gray of the scene, and the mist twists and writhes curiously, as it is blown upward toward the tower.

A desolate place, indeed, and Dan Humphrey thought so as he trimmed the lamps in the tower overhanging the wet and glistening rocks. He was somewhat bent and gray, and he had grown so at Little Menan Light, for gray hairs come fast when one has nothing to do but to watch sea and sky. He had come to the light, a young man with his wife, who loved him well enough to be willing to give up the society of the little town in which she was born, and, save for him, to live in solitude out in the sea. The monotony was broken twice a year by the arrival of the light-house steamer, bringing the government inspector, and supplies of coal, provisions, and oil for the lamps.

So the time dragged itself along peacefully and happily enough for these two people, until there came into Dan Humphrey's life a day when hope and happiness died within him, — his cheery-faced, sweet-voiced little wife passed away with the set-

ting of the sun, leaving with him a tiny stranger, whose wail grated upon his ears.

Upon the death of his wife he fled to the tower; he did not look at the helpless atom in the nurse's arms; he could not bear the sight.

Dan Humphrey became a changed man. Naturally silent, he grew taciturn and ill-humored. He never took the child in his arms, never kissed it, nor manifested any interest in it whatever.

He would sit up in the lantern for hours at a time, looking seaward, his hands beneath his square chin, his elbows resting upon his knees.

Before his wife had been in heaven a year, every hair upon his head was white, and, while yet under forty, he seemed and acted like an old man. Still there was a certain hard, unbroken strength about him, and in spite of his appearance of age, he was not thought unequal to the duties of the light. He was grimly faithful to his trust; no vessel ever looked in vain for Little Menan Light. At sundown its beam shone in the sky like a white star; and at sunrise the curtains were drawn for the day. Beyond his duties he had no association with living interests. He never talked more than he could help with his old sister, who had come to attend to the wants of himself and the child; but when he was alone in the tower, polishing the lenses and putting the lamps in order, she often heard his voice and the sound of his wife's name.

In this atmosphere, and with these hardly cheerful surroundings, in the sole company of hard-featured, rough-voiced old Martha Ann, the little girl grew up. Left to herself most of the time, she haunted the rocks, knew of all sorts of wonderful caves in the cliff, and learned to swim like a little seal, in the warm shallow pools left by the tide high in the rock. Later on, old Martha Ann taught her to make biscuit, and fry fish, and mend and darn. Somehow she learned her letters, and could print them; and as for singing, why, her sweet, shrill little voice might have been heard a long distance from the rocks, as she sat going over and over again the camp-meeting songs she had learned from old Martha Ann.

At length, one morning at breakfast, her father looked up, and in his rough voice, yet with a certain kindness in his tone, said:

"I'm thinkin', Marthy Ann, that as Altie's" (she had been named "Alta," for her mother) "close onto twelve year old, ye might be spared ter go off home to Friendshiptown. Folks'll be glad ter see ye ag'in, and ther' ain't nothin' here thet Altie can't do just 's well es not. 'T ain't the liveliest place yere, an' ye won't mind goin'. Gov-ernment boat'll be yere ter-morrer, I cal'late, bein' es she's due, and ye can be car'd over on her."

Now, while Martha Ann wished to go home to

Friendshiptown, she had certain qualms about leaving little Alta alone. But Dan Humphrey would hear of no opposition. So brave Altie took up her burden, and tended her father by night and day; but all her little deeds of kindness and acts of love brought forth from the father no word of love nor appreciation; he never seemed to notice nor to care for her. Often she cried herself to sleep with a yearning that she could not have explained to herself had she tried (and of course she did n't), for she did not know that it was a mother's love she craved. The only mother she had ever known was old Martha Ann. And now that *she* was gone from Little Menan, it was lonely indeed.

The few strangers who visited the light from the yachts which, during a "blow," occasionally took advantage of the shelter afforded by the excellent little harbor, were touched to see this quiet, womanly little girl attending to the duties of the household, grave and unsmiling, without any of the childish ways they were accustomed to see in children of her age.

None the less, she had many boyish traits; she could set a trawl, and underrun it, as well as any fisherman. Her muscles became hardened, and her limbs sturdy and well rounded. To see her standing in the bow of her little green dory, in a yellow oil-jacket, and with tarpaulin hat tied tightly under her round little chin, one would have thought she really was a boy. She knew all the weather signs, and had made friends with the huge gray "shag" (a kind of gull) that had sat on the inner ledge ever since she could remember. She would row up to him quietly, as he sat watching her intently with his beady eyes, and, when quite close, she would take some choice morsel of fish of which he was particularly fond, and throw it high in the air. As it fell, "Old Pat," as she had named him, would heavily flap his wings for a few moments, and then, rising slowly, with his yellow legs dangling so comically that she would laugh aloud, he would dive and secure the prize, clucking discordantly the while. When he had once more settled upon the rock, she would sit in the dory, and talk to him, while he snapped his bill with enjoyment. Who shall say what were the confidences that passed between them, or that they did not understand one another?

Poor little thing!—she was very lonely after old Martha's departure from Little Menan; but it never occurred to her to complain. She attended her father in her grave unchildish way, and greedily picked up whatever crumbs of comfort she could find in their intercourse.

One day she was sitting at the table, with her elbows upon it and her hands under her chin, as she had so often seen her father sit, looking out

of the deep-set square window. Old Dan, who had been ailing for some days, was in the large chair beside the stove. It was growing cold, it was in September, and this month on the Maine coast is often cold and foggy. Her father complained of a curious numbness in his side.

Altie had attended to the lamps and filled the tank with oil. She had also wound up the heavy weight that turned the lamps at night. It was a hard task for the little one, and her arms ached. She was waiting for sundown, to light the burners.

"How 's the wind, Altie?" asked her father.

Altie glanced at him, for his voice sounded thick

was passing, its sails double-reefed and shining golden in the rays of the setting sun. "Goin' to be a blow," she said softly, as she uncovered and unscrewed the chimneys and taking up the torch applied it to the wicks, one by one. Now the lamps were all lighted, and pulling the little lever, as she had seen her father do, the lamps began to revolve, and the long rays of light to shoot out over the wild expanse of waters.

Looking through the lens, seaward, she presently saw low down near the horizon the faint gleam of another light. She smiled to herself as she said:



"SHE WAS SITTING AT THE TABLE LOOKING OUT OF THE DEEP-SET SQUARE WINDOW."

and unnatural. Then, looking out of the window to where the dory, moored far below, was nodding and tossing on the black and wrinkled water, she answered, "Bow to the nor'ard,—wind no'east."

The father moved uneasily. "Go up and light her," he said.

Altie took down the torch from its hook on the wall, lighted it, and opened the door at the side of the room where were the stone steps leading to the tower above. She ran up lightly—many and many a time had her little feet taken the same journey!—and soon she was in the lantern. Putting the torch carefully on the iron shelf, she drew back the yellow curtains that shut the light away from the lenses; for if, by chance, the sun were to shine through them, its rays would burn everything they fell upon. How they magnified the wild scene beneath! Her little green dory dancing far below in the harbor seemed almost near enough to touch. How the water boiled and dashed upon the ledge! A huge three-master

"Got ahead of Seguin to-night, again."

Putting out the torch, and giving one last glance about, to see that everything was right, she descended the stairs and entered the room where her father sat. "All right, Father," she said. Taking up a basket, which she placed on the table, she seated herself, and selecting a stocking began to mend a gaping hole in the heel, singing softly a hymn that she had learned from Martha Ann:

"Gathered as the sands on the sea-shore;
Numberless as the sands on the shore.
Oh, what a sight 't will be—
When the ransomed hosts we see—
As numberless as the sands on the sea-shore."

"Altie!" called out her father in a strangely altered voice, "Altie—child,—I 'm numb—I can't—move!—water!—I 'm burning!"

The child ran to him. He was leaning over the side of the chair. Putting her sturdy little

arms about him, she lifted him back against the cushion. As she looked in his face, she gave a cry of fear. It was all drawn to one side.

"Oh, Father," she cried, "what is it—what is it?"

The man tried to speak, but only a babbling came from his lips; he waved his left hand up and down. Little Altie ran, got water, gave him to drink, bathed his head, chafed his hands, called out to him to speak to her! She loved him dearly, this cold, silent man. All his silence toward her was forgotten, and, indeed, had hardly ever been noticed by her. There was implanted in her little heart an affection for him that no coldness could kill, that no neglect could extinguish. It was her legacy from the dead mother.

Then her little heart sank within her, as she saw that he did not revive, but continued to wave his left hand—the right hung helpless—and mumble and cry out. A terrible fear came over her. What could she do? She bathed his hot forehead and burning bosom, but it was of no avail. He was burning with a fever she could not cool. Of illness she had had no experience whatever. There was a medicine-chest under the window, in the locker, but she had never opened it. The key hung on her father's key-ring she knew, but the remedies were of no use to her, for she did not know which to use.

All that long night she bathed her father's hot head and hands.

The Portland steamer passed at half-past nine. She heard the chug, chug, chug, of the paddles, and ran out with a lighted lantern, and waved it, in hope that they might see it and send a boat to know what was the trouble; but the steamer kept steadily upon its course, and soon the lights of its saloon windows were lost in the night.

Morning dawned at last, a wild and stormy one. How the wind blew!

Her father seemed to be asleep. All the night, while bathing her father's head, she had been busy with plans of what she would do. Her own little head ached with the thinking. All her plans resolved themselves into one conclusion: she must get help from the mainland, nine miles away.

But then how could she leave her father alone until she returned?—and she might not be back in time to light the lamps in the tower! She tried again and again to rouse her father, to make him understand.

"Father!" she said. "Father! I must go over to Friendshiptown for the doctor. Do you understand? I must leave you alone, while I go for help!"

For an instant the man started forward with a

gleam of intelligence in his glazed eyes; then he dropped back into his old listless attitude, and aimlessly waved his left hand. He tried to speak, and she bent her ear down to his lips, but only an unintelligible mumble came from them.

"What shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands.

Outside, the wind was piling up the surf upon the jagged rocks; great numbers of gulls soared about the island and screamed discordantly. The sky was a pale green, and the water between Little Menan and the shore was black-blue, and its wrinkled surface was wind-swept in long, curious lines from the north-cast. The mainland stood out bold and clear, and the white houses of Friendshiptown seemed hardly more than two miles away, and gleamed against the dark green of the hills.

Altie placed a pitcher of water and some cold boiled fish where her father could reach them, and, carefully banking the fire in the stove with fresh coal, she donned her yellow oil-jacket, and tied the strings of her tarpaulin hat under her chin. Then, slipping on a pair of high rubber boots, she kissed her unconscious father, closed the door of Little Menan light-house, and in five minutes was off to where her little green dory rocked and swayed in the angry water of the harbor.

It was hard work to step the mast and hoist the little sail, in the strong wind, but Altie had been out in bad weather before, and knew how to handle her dory; and soon she was seated in the stern, oar in one hand to steer, and sheet in the other, skimming away toward the mainland.

Friendshiptown lies well down behind the finger of land that juts out before it. Its harbor was full of mackerel-seiners, mainsails up and all heading the same way, for there was a "weather-breeder" in the sky, and Friendshiptown had gathered itself for the coming storm.

Friendshiptown, to a man, had sought shelter under the sheds that lined the wharves, where it could see the harbor and the vessels, and whatever of interest might come to pass. There, leaning its back against the anchors, old capstans, sails, or mackerel-barrels, it looked over toward the gleam of the square, white light-house tower, on Little Menan, and said more or less shrewdly: "Well! I cal'late we're goin' ter hev a spell o' weather!"

And in the house, the woman, whose father, husband, or brother was with the fleet on the Banks, murmured a prayer, and said aloud, "I wish 't Tom,"—or Sam, or Ben,— "was ashore!"

A boy with a high forehead, round greeny-blue eyes, and tow hair combed behind his large, flaring red ears, who was attired in a large tarpaulin

hat and a pair of historic trousers, sat on a barrel-head among the fishermen under the shed on the wharf, industriously whittling away at the

Sure enough! In the driving sea, against the band of orange light in the sky, could be dimly seen a small, dark object, now rising on the top



"TO SEE HER IN A YELLOW OIL-JACKET AND WITH TARPULIN HAT, ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SHE REALLY WAS A BOY."

heel of one of his huge cow-hide boots. Suddenly he straightened himself, stood up, shut his knife, and, pointing toward the mouth of the harbor, ejaculated:

"Jing! — ef there ain't a dory a-comin' round the p'int!"

of a huge blue-black wave, only to hang there for an instant and then to disappear in the trough of the next sea.

"Thar, b' cracky!" spoke up one of the men. "he's gone this time — sure 's a gun! Thet 'ar wave es riz last, swamped 'im; 't ain't no boat,

less 'n one made o' cork, es kin live in any sea like this 'n'!"

A moment's suspense followed; then the watchers saw the tiny boat lifted on the crest of a huge wave and borne forward. There was a sigh of relief from the men, and the red-eared boy threw up his tarpaulin with a yell:

"Whoever 's a-sailin' o' thet dory knows what 'e 's a-doin'!"

"Thar, Cass," said the man who spoke first,—he seemed to be the patriarch,—"jest ye run up ter the woman" (that is, wife) "and git my glass. I'll jest spy out ter oncet who 't is a-navigatin' o' thet ther' dory. I don't re-cog-nize the boat. It ain't f'm Bremen," he added aggressively, looking about him at the others. No one taking up the cudgel thus cast down, the patriarch again fixed his eye upon the strange boat.

The moments passed painfully; the wind had shifted suddenly to the westward, and the dory was compelled to beat. It rose and fell regularly upon the black tumultuous waves; and, as a huge mound of water grew behind it, the watchers in their excitement rose to their feet. As the billow reached the dory, the crest broke in a long line of white and pale green, completely hiding the little craft. "Swamped!" called out the patriarch, drawing the back of his horny hand across his lips.

But, no!—a moment later the tiny boat appeared, struggling up the side of a huge wave.

"Mast 's down! mast 's down!" passed from lip to lip; and it was seen that the occupant of the boat had the oars out and was keeping the boat before the wind.

"It 's the dory f'm Little Menan Light! I kin spy the letters on 'er bow," came down to them from the rocks above the wharf, where stood the red-eared boy, with the glass glued to his watery blue eyes.

By this time most of Friendshiptown was gathered on the wharves, for the news had spread through the little town that a dory was struggling in the storm off the point. Out in the harbor, on the seiners, men were running to and fro, and soon half a dozen dories were launched from the decks, where they lay in nests, fitted together like baskets, and the fishermen could be seen jumping into them by twos and threes.

The little green dory was by this time abreast of the "Barrel," a huge and dangerous rock that lifted itself above the water just inside of the point. Sturdy arms pulled the oars of the huge dories, and shortly they were alongside. The fishermen could be seen standing up in the boats; then they all came together and hid the little dory from sight. As the people on the wharves leaned breathlessly forward, a ringing cheer came faintly

to them upon the whistling wind; and then, as the boats parted, the little green dory was seen in tow of the foremost boat, and empty.

"I see 'im a-settin in the starn," said one, as the glass was passed from hand to hand. "It 's Dan Humphrey," said another, "'cause it 's shore enough Dan's boat. And ther' ain't no one ter be in 'er but 'im,—stands ter reason!" "I kain't see no baird," said the first speaker, "'n' Dan 's got a baird!" He meant a beard.

Here the pop-eyed youth took possession of the glass. "Hey!" he yelled, presently, "'ef it ain't Altie Humphrey! I tell ye I know that green tarpaulin hat. Ain't I seen her enough times off Owl Head a-underrunning on 'er trawl, with it onto her head?"

In a paroxysm of triumph over his discovery he began dancing about and yelling out, "It 's Altie Humphrey!" at the top of his lungs, when he caught a backhander from the patriarch of the wharf, who hoarsely growled out, "Stow that, consarn yer! Kain't yer see Marthy Ann 's ahind of yer?"

As the foremost boat reached the wharf, with its crew of fishermen and the little figure in the stern, one of the schooners out in the harbor was seen to hoist its jib and foresail and stand away in the direction of Little Menan. Tenderly the little figure in the queer, green tarpaulin hat, oil-coat, and heavy boots was passed up to willing, anxious hands on the wharf, surrounded by the women, and at length carried by the patriarch up the hill, the yellow, curly hair falling over his shoulder from under the hat, the limp, wet brown hand lying heavily on his neck,—for little Altie had fainted.

There is not much more to tell. It was a long time before Altie was able to be about again. With her short, cropped hair,—for, during the fever which followed her rescue, she had it all cut short,—she looked more than ever like a boy. But as all this happened some years ago, it has had time to grow again. I hear that she is living with the patriarch, who has adopted her. Dan Humphrey is living with them, but is paralyzed; he can say only a few words, although he seems to understand what is said to him. And, singularly enough, these words are the echo of what he said to little Altie in the tower on Little Menan during that dreadful storm,— "Light 'er up, Altie."

The government gives him a pension, in consideration of his faithful service; and this, with the money he saved from his salary, is sufficient to keep them comfortably.

His chair is so placed that by day he can see the square tower of the light-house gleaming against

the sky; and by night he watches its revolving ray as it sweeps the horizon. It is touching to see the care Altie lavishes upon him in his uncon-

instant been taken from him. He has a set of flags which he raises on a pole against the side of the house, as the vessels enter the harbor, and is quite



"AND SO THE TIME PASSES."

scious, crippled condition. He does not heed it now, any more than he did in his tower on Little Menan. Yet that tenderness has never for one

happy in the belief that he holds an important government position; indeed, this is his only interest. And so the time passes.

THE DANCE OF THE DAISIES.

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.



So, my pretty flower-folk,
you
Are in a mighty flutter ;
All your nurse, the wind,
can do,
Is to scold and mutter.

"We intend to have a ball
(That 's why we are fret-
ting),
And our neighbor-flowers have
all
Fallen to regretting.

"Many a butterfly we send
Far across the clover.
(There 'll be wings enough to
mend
When the trouble 's over.)

"Many a butterfly comes home
Torn with thorns and blighted,
Just to say they can not come,—
They whom we 've invited.

"Yes, the roses and the rest
Of the high-born beauties
Are 'engaged,' of course, and pressed
With their stately duties.

Swaying, mist-white, to and fro,
Airily they chatter,
For a daisy-dance, you know,
Is a pleasant matter.

"They 're at garden-parties seen ;
They 're at court presented :
They look prettier than the Queen !
(Strange that 's not resented.)

"'Peasant-flowers' they call us — we
Whose high lineage you know —
We, the ox-eyed children (see !)
Of Olympian Juno."

(Here the daisies all *made eyes* !
And they looked most splendid,
As they thought about the skies,
Whence they were descended.)

"In our saintly island (hush !)
Never crawls a viper,
Ho, there, Brown-coat ! that 's the thrush :
He will be the piper.

"In this Irish island, oh,
We will stand together.
Let the loyal roses go ; —
We don't care a feather.

"Strike up, thrush, and play as though
All the stars were dancing.
So they are ! And — here we go —
Is n't this entrancing ? "

ESCAPING A SHOWER.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

Two crabs who were out on the beach to walk
Shook claws when they met and stopped to talk.

"We 're going to have a storm," one said.
"Just look at those big clouds overhead !"

"Then if we stay," said the other, "it 's plain
That both of us will be caught in the rain."

So, ere the threatened shower began,
Back in the water they quickly ran.

THE VALUE OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL'S GOLD NECKLACE.

BY CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

IT seems to be customary now for tourists who visit Egypt, to get possession of a mummy, if possible, or a piece of one, or some sort of relic of one, in order to secure recognition as first-class orientalists. Just so, in Crusading time, pilgrims brought home branches from the Holy Land, and were delighted at being called "palmeres" thereafter. But things are not always what they seem. A museum in the back parlor lacks the enthusiasm which is indispensable to the proper endurance of certain classes of oriental curios. There are many remains of ancient civilization that shine, and others that make one shudder; and travelers are not as discriminating in their purchases as they might be. It has mournfully to be admitted of Egyptian souvenirs that when they are good they are very good, and when they are bad they are horrid.

Two objects have come to the knowledge of the writer of this article which are more than worth having; they are worth more than the wealth of a thousand worlds like ours, provided one regards them as an investment of money, and makes his calculations at compound interest.

Of the one of them which met my eye first I do not care to speak very much at length; but it should be indicated and described. It has no inscription nor legend to help in its identification; but the wisest authorities declare that it belongs to the Ptolemaic age, or at all events to the Greek-Roman period which succeeded it. That gives a generous margin of about six hundred years just before and just after the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, within the limits of which its history must be reckoned. It is a silver bracelet, about two and a half inches in diameter, solid and stiff, and put on like a modern bangle by an awkward stretching of its spiral to get one's hand through. It is unjoined, of course, at the ends, each of which is flattened out in a wide surface so as to be engraved with the figure of a stately deity in the form of a human bust crowned with emblems of supremacy. We may reckon this as nearly nineteen hundred years old, and so standing as a coeval representative of the whole Christian era. It is worth looking at for its own sake, even though we know nothing of its ancient owner. While the graver

was cutting the lines upon it, it may possibly have been he could have heard the strain of the first Christmas carol by the angels, if only he had been in Palestine rather than in Egypt, and had chanced to be out on Bethlehem hills one night four years before "A. D." began.

The other object is of more interest still to all of us. It is a chain of exquisite gold, a rich orange yellow in color, with links dexterously twined one upon another. It is about thirteen inches long, three-eighths of an inch wide, and as nearly a tenth of an inch thick as I can measure it with a rule. The ends of it were at first fitted only with small solid rings set into clamps beautifully ornamented with leaf-work. Perhaps it was fastened to the wearer's neck by a filament or cord of silk tied through. The present owner has arranged a modern clasp in the shape of the lotus-flower. It can still be used, and indeed as well as ever, as an ornament for one in full dress. It is so flexible, falling down into picturesque folds the moment it is let go, that it seems more like a ribbon of delicate tissue than like mere metal. An expert goldsmith told me, after he had examined it with his glass, that it undoubtedly had a perfectness of uniformity in the links which could be found only in a chain manufactured by machinery.

This was to me a matter of wonder, for I was not prepared to learn that the ancient Egyptians had the knowledge of machines which could produce woven fabrics from pure gold. It was at once a discovery and a delight. It must be confessed that when I have spoken of this necklace as belonging to a princess I have had no actual authority. It dates from the age of Moses, if Herr Emile Brugsch is correct in his supposition (see letter, page 734) as to its belonging to the nineteenth dynasty,—a learned period, it is a fact, but how much acquaintance the nation had then with delicate machinery it is not easy to say. This ornament was found in one of that range of tombs opened along the Nile, where royal and priestly burials were frequent. It may have been worn by a daughter of a king, but not yet is any one able to give her name, her lineage, or her history.

These two acquisitions made in Cairo, two or three years ago, have been of themselves a peculiar

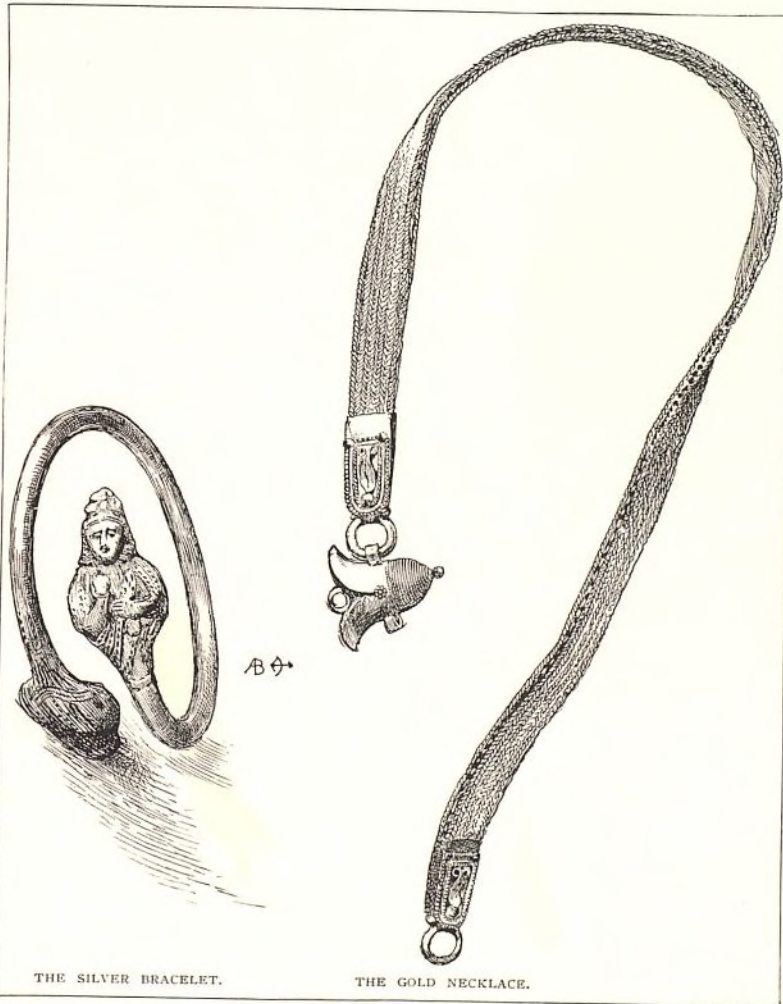
help to me. They are accompanied by one of those letters giving careful and skillful authentication from Emile Brugsch, which he, as the director of the museum, is accustomed to bestow upon strangers who purchase; he never goes beyond what he can candidly aver, and so his testimonials are always of interest and real value.

It so happened that I was delivering a course of lectures on Egyptian history, as illustrated by the discoveries of some mummies now on exhibition in the museum at Bûlak, near Cairo; and I wished to make a vivid impression,—especially upon the minds of the younger people among my hearers,—which would convey to them the meaning of such a period of time as three thousand or four thousand years. I told them, in a familiar way, just before I began my lecture, how interesting this necklace had proved to me; and I promised to borrow it again and bring it for the next week's lecture. But I asked the boys and girls to make a calculation to show what a great, great while three thousand years of time must be.

Years ago, when arithmetics less accurate than those now in use were put in the hands of scholars, it used to be given as a rule that money, at compound interest at six per cent. a year, would double itself once in every eleven years or a little more; now the rules say it requires twelve. To render the big problem a possibility for even the youngest mathematicians, we settled on thirty-six hundred years ago, as the time when the Egyptian girl wore her beautiful chain.

Then the question was this: How much would the money which bought the gold chain, if it had been American money, thus put at compound interest for thirty-six hundred years at six per cent., amount to to-day if the original price had been

equal to twenty dollars? Then I gave the hint, so as to help a little in the outset with the smaller boys, that it could be answered by solid work in multiplying, of course; but that this would be very long and wearisome. It could also be answered according to the common rules of geometrical progression. And it could be answered, more easily yet, by the same rule expressed in a formula, made up of algebraic signs and letters. But the best way



to reach the end quickly, would be to bear in mind that twelve would go into thirty-six hundred just three hundred times; so this sum of twenty dollars would have to be considered as doubling itself three hundred times. That is, the problem would be made perfectly clear, if only we could ascertain what would be the three hundredth power of two, and then multiply that vast sum by the twenty dollars which the necklace cost in the beginning.

The matter excited much enthusiasm in the public schools; but almost all found the enormous figures needed for the calculation too much for their patience. There was one plucky

which gave eleven years as the period in which a sum would double itself, instead of twelve. Hence my brave boy's answer was this: \$65,476,163, 865,100,—and then add sixty-nine more ciphers! He said that he had dropped the decimal places in the last two or three multiplications, and this would change in some small measure the grand result. For, indeed, it was grand.

It is not necessary for me to pronounce whether this answer is a true one: I have never been carefully over the figures. Life is short, and I can prolong my usefulness, I am persuaded, by prudently avoiding such mathematical problems as this lad undertook to solve by a reckless exertion of main strength in simple multiplication. So I beg leave to admit that his answer satisfies all needs of investment which I expect ever to contemplate with necklaces or anything else. But if I ever need a patient, faithful, hard-working boy, to trust, I think possibly I know where to find him, and I shall remember his name.

Then maturer mathematicians took up the problem. Earliest among them was "a schoolma'am." I saw her afterwards, with her fair hair in plain parting upon her broad forehead; and now I have one more good friend. She was unfortunate in catching the exact sums mentioned upon the platform, and so took three thousand *two* hundred, instead of three hundred. But (as she wrote) "it made but little difference." The ingenuity was perfectly legitimate in her process of calculation, and so she saved an enormous amount of work by raising 106, that is, \$1.06, to the fortieth power, and multiplying that by itself; thus she reached the eightieth power, and by multiplying that by the twentieth power she gained the hundredth. After that, she multiplied the hundredth by the hundredth, and so got the two hundredth. Then the advances pushed on rapidly; the two hundredth power was multiplied by the two hundredth in turn, and the resulting four hundredth, by the four hundredth, and then the eight hundredth by the eight hundredth, gave the sixteen hundredth, which, multiplied by itself, brought the thirty-second hundredth power.

A single multiplication more did the work; and I think it was an industrious achievement of climbing mathematical stairs, that might become as famous as Xenophon's retreat of the ten thousand, or Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea, if only it had the proper poet to sing its praises. The result was this: \$6,462,434,595,555,262,158, 761, 846, 458, 349, 521, 917, 919, 009, 818, 238, 064, 906, 501, 568, 467, 523, 393, 211, 837, 120, 242, 444, 906,380.08. It may be said that one of the highest authorities in the land has pronounced this enormous result to be practically correct.

SERVICE
DE
CONSERVATION DES ANTIQUITÉS
DE L'ÉGYPTÉ
DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE
DES
MUSÉES

BOULAO, *the 1st March* 1886

— Dear Miss Ottenberg

The two objects, which you have purchased here in Cairo, that is to say the gold necklace and the silver bracelet, are both as authentic and ancient, as any object in our Museum. The gold necklace might go as far back as the 19th or 20th dynasty (to judge by the style of work) the bracelet is belonging to the Ptolemaic or grec-roman time

and a very rare specimen of silver work, the latter being extremely rare. You had a good chance to get both

Yours most sincerely
Emile Brugsch

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM HERR EMILE BRUGSCH.

boy who toiled through with a wonderful courage. Seven days after that lecture was over, he sent me a letter saying that he had done his best and believed he had the correct result. It should be stated, however, that at first I had given out the number of thirty-three, instead of thirty-six, hundred years, for I had in mind the old rule

By this time, the popular enthusiasm was kindled to a blaze. People tried to numerate these ninety figures, so as to tell each other how much the twenty dollars invested in a necklace would be worth if invested for thirty-three hundred years at compound interest; and nobody could read out the sum. Experts took up the problem; one was a soldier trained in the use of logarithms and such things as they work with up at West Point. The problem was rather simple, when one had tables and knew how to treat them. This "lightning-calculator" wrote a calm letter which showed that he knew what he was talking about. He said that the only way of solving the problem with absolute correctness, was to compute the interest by ordinary methods thirty-three hundred times, carrying all the decimals, however many, as they could not safely be disregarded in an operation so extensive and of such magnitude. He added that the approximate solution might be obtained with ease by means of logarithms; but, it would have to be confessed that logarithms were only approximations to the truth. Then he defined his position by remarking that in ordinary logarithmic operations six decimal places are used. In others, where a larger number would be involved, or a greater accuracy desired, twelve decimals are employed; and in extensive problems in surveying or stamens, a much larger increase would have to be used. He pronounced this particular problem one which transcended inconceivably any of the historic calculations thus far attempted, and insisted that any accurate working of it by means of logarithms must be far from the absolute truth, and that only the first few figures could really be vouched for.

Taking twelve places of decimals, therefore, he offered his solution, which he hoped would prove as correct as could be obtained with customary means. So he resolved his question into a geometrical progression in which n , the number of terms, is 3,301; a , as the first term, would be 20; r , the constant ratio, would be 1.06; and l , the last term, must be the answer required.

The formula for working would be given in words thus: the last term equals the first term multiplied by the ratio raised to the power indicated by the number of terms less one. Then he works out the problem.

The logarithm of r is .025305865265. Multiplying this by 3,300, or $n - 1$, we have 83.509355374500. Multiply by 20, or add the logarithm of a , that is, 20; so we get 84.810385370164, the logarithm of l .

This last is the logarithm of the required answer, and indicates that the result contains 85 integral figures. The number that answers to this in the

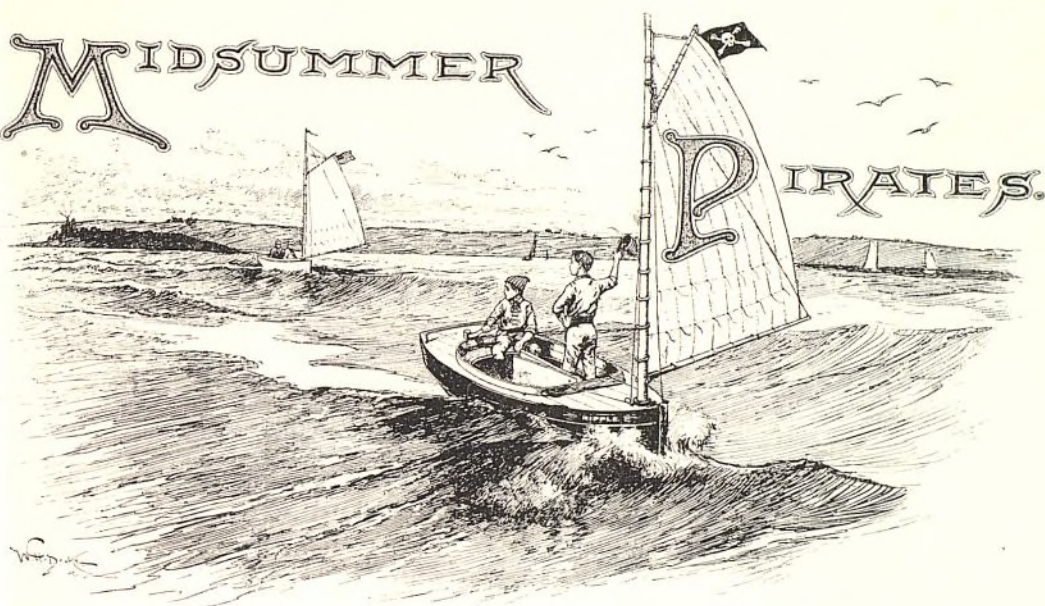
tables is: \$6,462,274,246,268,656,716,417,910,447,761,044,776,104,477,610,447,761,044,776,104,477,810,447,761,044,776,104,477.61. This would be the value of the gold.

Alluding to the proposition itself, he remarks that the old calculation was faulty, in that, as a matter of fact, a sum of money would not double itself in eleven years at compound interest at six per cent. It would require nearer twelve than eleven: the amount of \$20 for eleven years would be only \$37.97; but for twelve years would be \$40.25. A difference would be made between the two results if the problem should be worked out on the other basis; indeed, the result would be nearly a hundred and sixty thousand times too great. But he observes with a calm quaintness peculiarly mathematical, "That would not matter much."

For now we reach the great mystery and wonderment of this calculation: the result of it is simply bewildering. I am willing to admit that it has seemed to me so incomprehensible that I have sent the general problem around to some of the best men in the country. My friend whose explanation gave so much help proposed a curious illustration of the result he had reached. To show how inconceivably enormous is this sum of money, let it be assumed that ten silver dollars, piled upon one another, are one inch in height. Six hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred dollars thus placed would extend a mile. Assume the whole distance from the earth to the sun to be 95,000,000 miles. The number of silver coins thus piled, necessary to bridge the firmament, between sun and earth, would be 60,192,000,000,000. Suppose the number of dollars shown in the answer we got to the problem, should be put into columns, going up to the sun and back. The number of those columns nobody could read aloud; we do not know how to numerate such strings of integers. The number of times the dollars would go to the sun would claim seventy-one places of figures to state them. A rough calculation which anybody can make will show that this amount of silver, cast into a solid mass, would be bigger than the sun and entire solar system if combined. What mind can conceive this?

Since I began to use this chain as an illustration, I have heard from another eminent teacher whose position on the staff of the Albany Academy is proof of his scholarship. I raised the conditions of the problem, lately, and am now accustomed to mention the time as 3600 years; and it is better to say twelve years than eleven for the period of doubling at compound interest; all this is to make round numbers. It has brought me a large number of estimates in illustration. The

MIDSUMMER



BY RICHARD H. DAVIS.



THE BOYS living at the Atlantic House, and the boys boarding at Chadwick's, held mutual sentiments of something not unlike enmity — feelings of hostility from which even the older boarders were not altogether free. Nor was this

unnatural under the circumstances.

When Judge Henry S. Carter and his friend Dr. Prescott first discovered Manasquan, such an institution as the Atlantic House seemed an impossibility, and land improvement companies, Queen Anne cottages, and hacks to and from the railroad station, were out of all calculation. At that time "Captain" Chadwick's farmhouse, though not rich in all the modern improvements of a seaside hotel, rejoiced in a table covered three times a day with the good things from the farm. The river, back of the house, was full of fish, and the pine-woods along its banks were intended by Nature expressly for the hanging of hammocks.

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The chief amusements were picnics to the head of the river (or as near the head as the boats could get through the lily-pads), crabbing along the shore, and races on the river itself, which, if it was broad, was so absurdly shallow that an upset meant nothing more serious than a wetting and a temporary loss of reputation as a sailor.

But all this had been spoiled by the advance of civilization and the erection of the Atlantic House.

The railroad surveyors, with their high-top boots and transits, were the first signs of the approaching evils. After them came the Ozone Land Company, which bought up all the sand hills bordering on the ocean, and proceeded to stake out a flourishing "city by the sea" and to erect sign-posts in the marshes to show where they would lay out streets, named after the directors of the Ozone Land Company and the Presidents of the United States.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that the Carters, and the Prescotts, and all the Judge's clients, and the Doctor's patients, who had been coming to Manasquan for many years, and loved it for its simplicity and quiet, should feel aggrieved at these great changes. And though the young Carters and Prescotts endeavored to impede the march of civilization by pulling up the surveyor's stakes and tearing down the Land Company's sign-posts, the inevitable improvements marched steadily on.

I hope all this will show why it was that the

boys who lived at the Atlantic House — and dressed as if they were still in the city, and had “hops” every evening — were not pleasing to the boys who boarded at Chadwick’s, who never changed their flannel suits for anything more formal than their bathing-dresses, and spent the summer nights on the river.

This spirit of hostility and its past history were explained to the new arrival at Chadwick’s by young Teddy Carter, as the two sat under the willow tree watching a game of tennis. The new arrival had just expressed his surprise at the earnest desire manifest on the part of the entire Chadwick establishment to defeat the Atlantic House people in the great race which was to occur on the day following.

“Well, you see, sir,” said Teddy, “considerable depends on this race. As it is now, we stand about even. The Atlantic House beat us playing base-ball — though they had to get the waiters to help them — and we beat them at tennis. Our house is great on tennis. Then we had a boat-race, and our boat won. They claimed it was n’t a fair race, because their best boat was stuck on the sand-bar, and so we agreed to sail it over again. The second time the wind gave out, and all the boats had to be poled home. The Atlantic House boat was poled in first, and her crew claimed the race. Was n’t it silly of them? Why, Charley Prescott told them, if they’d only said it was to be a *poling* match, he’d have entered a mud-scow and left his sail-boat at the dock!”

“And so you are going to race again to-morrow?” asked the new arrival.

“Well, it is n’t exactly a race,” explained Teddy. “It’s a game we boys have invented. We call it ‘Pirates and Smugglers.’ It’s something like tag, only we play it on the water, in boats. We divide boats and boys up into two sides; half of them are pirates or smugglers, and half of them are revenue officers or man-o’-war’s-men. The ‘Pirate’s Lair’ is at the island, and our dock is ‘Cuba.’ That’s where the smugglers run in for cargoes of cigars and brandy. Mr. Moore gives us his empty cigar boxes, and Miss Sherrill (the lady who’s down here for her health) lets us have all the empty Apollinaris bottles. We fill the bottles with water colored with crushed blackberries, and that answers for brandy.

“The revenue officers are stationed at Annapolis (that’s the Atlantic House dock), and when they see a pirate start from the island, or from our dock, they sail after him. If they can touch him with the bow of their boat, or if one of their men can board him, that counts one for the revenue officers; and they take down his sail and the pirate captain gives up his tiller as a sign of surrender.

“Then they tow him back to Annapolis, where they keep him a prisoner until he is exchanged. But if the pirate can dodge the Custom House boat, and get to the place he started for, without being caught, that counts one for him.”

“Very interesting, indeed,” said the new arrival; “but suppose the pirate won’t be captured or give up his tiller, what then?”

“Oh, well, in that case,” said Teddy, reflectively, “they’d cut his sheet-rope, or splash water on him, or hit him with an oar, or something. But he generally gives right up. Now, to-morrow the Atlantic House boys are to be the revenue officers and we are to be the pirates. They have been watching us as we played the game, all summer, and they think they understand it well enough to capture our boats without any trouble at all.”

“And what do you think?” asked the new arrival.

“Well, I can’t say, certainly. They have faster boats than ours, but they don’t know how to sail them. If we had their boats, or if they knew as much about the river as we do, it would be easy enough to name the winners. But, as it is, it’s about even.”

Every one who owned a boat was on the river, the following afternoon, and those who did n’t own a boat, hired, or borrowed one — with or without the owner’s permission.

The shore from Chadwick’s to the Atlantic House dock was crowded with people. All Manasquan seemed to be ranged in line along the river’s bank. Crab-men and clam-diggers mixed indiscriminately with the summer boarders; and the beach-wagons and stages from Chadwick’s grazed the wheels of the dog-carts and drags from the Atlantic’s livery-stables.

It does not take much to overthrow the pleasant routine of summer-resort life, and the state of temporary excitement existing at the two houses on the eve of the race was not limited to the youthful contestants.

The proprietor of the Atlantic House had already announced an elaborate supper in honor of the anticipated victory, and every father and mother whose son was to take part in the day’s race felt the importance of the occasion even more keenly than the son himself.

“Of course,” said Judge Carter, “it’s only a game, and for my part, so long as no one is drowned. I don’t really care who wins; *but*, if our boys” (“our boys” meaning all three crews) “allow those young whippersnappers from the Atlantic House to win the pennant, they deserve to have their boats taken from them and exchanged for hoops and marbles!”

Which goes to show how serious a matter was the success of the Chadwick crews.

At three o'clock the amateur pirates started from the dock to take up their positions at the island. Each of the three small cat-boats held two boys: one at the helm and one in charge of the center-board and sheet-rope. Each pirate wore a jersey striped with differing colors, and the head of each bore the sanguinary red, knitted cap in which all genuine pirates are wont to appear. From the peaks of the three boats floated black flags, bearing the emblematic skull and bones, of Captain Kidd's followers.

As they left the dock the Chadwick's people cheered with delight at their appearance and shouted encouragement, while the remaining youngsters fired salutes with a small cannon, which added to the uproar as well as increased the excitement of the moment by its likelihood to explode.

and determined purpose such as Decatur may have worn as he paced the deck of his man-of-war and scanned the horizon for Algerine pirates. The stars-and-stripes floated bravely from the peaks of the three cat-boats, soon to leap in pursuit of the pirate craft which were conspicuously making for the starting-point at the island.

At half-past three the judges' steam-launch, the "Gracie," made for the middle of the river, carrying two representatives from both houses and a dozen undergraduates from different colleges, who had chartered the boat for the purpose of following the race and seeing at close quarters all that was to be seen.

They enlivened the occasion by courteously and impartially giving the especial yell of each college of which there was a representative present, whether they knew him or not, or whether he happened to be an undergraduate, a professor, or an alumnus.



"WHICH DO I THINK IS GOING TO WIN?" SAID THE VETERAN BOAT-BUILDER TO THE INQUIRING GROUP AROUND HIS BOAT-HOUSE."

At the Atlantic House dock, also, the excitement was at fever heat.

Clad in white flannel suits and white duck yachting-caps with gilt buttons, the revenue officers strolled up and down the pier with an air of cool

Lest some one might inadvertently be overlooked, they continued to yell throughout the course of the afternoon, giving, in time, the shibboleth of every known institution of learning.

"Which do I think is going to win?" said the

veteran boat-builder of Manasquan to the inquiring group around his boat-house. "Well, I would n't like to say. You see, I built every one of those boats that sails to-day, and every time I make a boat I make it better than the last one. Now, the Chadwick boats I built near five years ago, and the Atlantic House boats I built last summer, and I've learned a good deal in five years."

"So you think our side will win?" eagerly interrupted an Atlantic House boarder.

"Well, I did n't say so, did I?" inquired the veteran, with crushing slowness of speech. "I did n't say so. For though these boats the Chadwick's boys have is five years old, they're good boats still; and those boys know every trick and turn of 'em — and they know every current and sand-bar just as though it was marked with a piece of chalk. So, if the Atlantic folks win, it'll be because they've got the best boats; and if the Chadwick boys win, they'll win because they're the better sailors."

In the fashion of all first-class aquatic contests, it was fully half an hour after the time appointed for the race to begin before the first pirate boat left the island.

The "Ripple," with Judge Carter's two sons in command, was the leader; and when her sail filled and showed above the shore, a cheer from the Chadwick's dock was carried to the ears of the pirate crew who sat perched on the rail as she started on her first long tack.

In a moment, two of the Atlantic House heroes tumbled into the "Osprey," a dozen over-hasty hands had cast off her painter, had shoved her head into the stream, and the great race was begun.

The wind was down the river, or toward the island, so that while the Osprey was sailing before the wind, the Ripple had her sail close-hauled and was tacking.

"They're after us!" said Charley Carter, excitedly. "It's the Osprey, but I can't make out who's handling her. From the way they are pointing, I think they expect to reach us on this tack as we go about."

The crew of the Osprey evidently thought so too, for her bow was pointed at a spot on the shore, near which the Ripple must turn if she continued much longer on the same tack.

"Do you see that?" gasped Charley, who was acting as lookout. "They're letting her drift in in the wind so as not to get there before us. I tell you what it is, Gus, they know what they're doing, and I think we'd better go about now."

"Do you?" inquired the younger brother, who had a lofty contempt for the other's judgment as a sailor. "Well, I don't. My plan is simply this: I am going to run as near the shore as I can, then go about sharp, and let them drift by us by a boat's

length. A boat's length is as good as a mile, and then, when we are both heading the same way, I would like to see them touch us!"

"What's the use of taking such risks?" demanded the elder brother. "I tell you we can't afford to let them get so near as that."

"At the same time," replied the man at the helm, "that is what we are going to do. I am commanding this boat, please to remember, and if I take the risks I am willing to take the blame."

"You'll be doing well if you get off with nothing but blame," growled the elder brother. "If you let those kids catch us, I'll throw you overboard!"

"I'll put you in irons for threatening a superior officer if you don't keep quiet," answered the younger Carter, with a grin, and the mutiny ended.

It certainly would have been great sport to have run almost into the arms of the revenue officers, and then to have turned and led them a race to the goal, but the humor of young Carter's plan was not so apparent to the anxious throng of sympathizers on Chadwick's dock.

"What's the matter with the boys! Why don't they go about?" asked Captain Chadwick, excitedly. "One would think they were trying to be caught."

As he spoke, the sail of the Ripple fluttered in the wind, her head went about sharply, and, as her crew scrambled up on the windward rail, she bent and bowed gracefully on the homeward tack.

But, before the boat was fully under way, the Osprey came down upon her with a rush. The Carters hauled in the sail until their sheet lay almost flat with the surface of the river, the water came pouring over the leeward rail, and the boys threw their bodies far over the other side, in an effort to right her. The next instant there was a crash, the despised boat of the Atlantic House struck her fairly in the side and one of the Atlantic House crew had boarded the Ripple with a painter in one hand and his hat in the other.

Whether it was the shock of the collision, or disgust at having been captured, no one could tell; but when the Osprey's bow struck the Ripple, the younger Carter calmly let himself go over backward and remained in the mud with the water up to his chin and without making any effort to help himself, until the judges' boat picked him up and carried him, an ignominious prisoner-of-war, to the Atlantic House dock.

The disgust over the catastrophe to the pirate crew was manifested on the part of the Chadwick sympathizers by gloomy silence or loudly expressed indignation. On the whole, it was perhaps just as well that the two Carters, as prisoners-of-war, were forced to remain at the Atlantic House dock, for their reception at home would not have been a gracious one.

Their captors, on the other hand, were received with all the honor due triumphant heroes, and were trotted off the pier on the shoulders of their cheering admirers; while the girls in the carriages waved their parasols and handkerchiefs and the colored waiters on the banks danced up and down and shouted like so many human calliopes.

The victories of John Paul Jones and the rescue of Lieutenant Greely became aquatic events of little importance in comparison. Everybody was so encouraged at this first success, that Atlantic

hundred yards from the Atlantic House pier, where the excitement had passed the noisy point and had reached that of titillating silence.

"Go about sharp!" snapped out the captain of the pirate boat, pushing his tiller from him and throwing his weight upon it. His first officer pulled the sail close over the deck, the wind caught it fairly, and, almost before the spectators were aware of it, the pirate boat had gone about and was speeding away on another tack. The revenue officers were not prepared for this. They naturally thought the



"WHEN THE OSPREY'S BOW STRUCK THE RIPPLE, THE YOUNGER CARTER CALMLY LET HIMSELF GO OVER BACKWARD AND REMAINED IN THE MUD WITH THE WATER UP TO HIS CHIN."

House stock rose fifty points in as many seconds, and the next crew to sally forth from that favored party felt that the second and decisive victory was already theirs.

Again the black flag appeared around the bank of the island, and on the instant a second picked crew of the Atlantic House was in pursuit. But the boys who commanded the pirate craft had no intention of taking nor giving any chances. They put their boat about, long before the revenue officers expected them to do so, forcing their adversaries to go so directly before the wind that their boat rocked violently. It was not long before the boats drew nearer and nearer together, again, as if they must certainly meet at a point not more than a

pirates would run as close to the shore as they possibly could before they tacked, and were aiming for the point at which they calculated their opponents would go about, just as did the officers in the first race.

Seeing this, and not wishing to sail too close to them, the pirates had gone about much farther from the shore than was needful. In order to follow them the revenue officers were now forced to come about and tack, which, going before the wind as they were, they found less easy. The sudden change in their opponents' tactics puzzled them, and one of the two boys bungled. On future occasions each confidentially informed his friends that it was the other who was responsible; but,

however that may have been, the boat missed stays, her sail flapped weakly in the breeze, and, while the crew were vigorously trying to set her in the wind by lashing the water with her rudder, the pirate boat was off and away, one hundred yards to the good, and the remainder of the race was a procession of two boats with the pirates easily in the lead.

And now came the final struggle. Now came the momentous "rubber," which was to plunge Chadwick's into gloom, or keep them still the champions of the river. The appetites of both were whetted for victory by the single triumph each had already won, and their representatives felt that, for them, success or a watery grave were the alternatives.

The Atlantic House boat, the "Wave," and the boat upon which the Chadwicks' hopes were set, the "Rover," were evenly matched, their crews were composed of equally good sailors, and each was determined to tow the other ignominiously into port.

The two Prescotts watched the Wave critically and admiringly, as she came toward them with her crew perched on her side and the water showing white under her bow.

"They're coming entirely too fast to suit me," said the elder Prescott. "I want more room and I have a plan to get it. Stand ready to go about." The younger brother stood ready to go about, keeping the Rover on her first tack until she was clear of the island's high banks and had the full sweep of the wind; then, to the surprise of her pursuers and the bewilderment of the spectators, she went smartly about, and, turning her bow directly away from the goal, started before the wind back past the island and toward the wide stretch of river on the upper side.

"What's your man doing that for?" excitedly asked one of the Atlantic House people, of the prisoners-of-war.

"I don't know, certainly," one of the Carters answered, "but I suppose he thinks his boat can go faster before the wind than the Wave can, and is counting on getting a long lead on her before he turns to come back. There is much more room up there, and the opportunities for dodging are about twice as good."

"Why did n't we think of that, Gus?" whispered the other Carter.

"We were too anxious to show what smart sailors we were, to think of anything!" answered his brother, ruefully.

Beyond the island the Rover gained rapidly; but, as soon as she turned and began beating homeward, the Wave showed that tacking was her strong point and began, in turn, to make up all the advantage the Rover had gained.

The Rover's pirate-king cast a troubled eye at the distant goal and at the slowly but steadily advancing Wave.

His younger brother noticed the look.

"If one could only *do* something," he exclaimed, impatiently. "That's the worst of sailing races. In a rowing race you can pull till you break your back, if you want to; but here you must just sit still and watch the other fellow creep up, inch by inch, without being able to do anything to help yourself. If I could only get out and push, or pole! It's this trying to keep still that drives me crazy."

"I think we'd better go about, now," said the commander quietly, "and instead of going about again when we are off the bar, I intend to try to cross it."

"What!" gasped the younger Prescott, "go across the bar at low water? You can't do it. You'll stick sure. Don't try it. Don't think of it!"

"It is rather a forlorn hope, I know," said his brother; "but you can see, yourself, they're bound to overhaul us if we keep on—we don't draw as much water as they do, and if they try to follow us we'll leave them high and dry on the bar."

The island stood in the center of the river, separated from the shore on one side by the channel, through which both boats had already passed, and on the other by a narrow stretch of water which barely covered the bar the Rover purposed to cross.

When she pointed for it, the Wave promptly gave up chasing her, and made for the channel with the intention of heading her off in the event of her crossing the bar.

"She's turned back!" exclaimed the captain of the Rover. "Now, if we only can clear it, we'll have a beautiful start on her. Sit perfectly still, and, if you hear her center-board scrape, pull it up, and balance so as to keep her keel level."

Slowly the Rover drifted toward the bar; once her center-board touched, and as the boat moved further into the shallow water the waves rose higher in proportion at the stern.

But her keel did not touch, and as soon as the dark water showed again, her crew gave an exultant shout and pointed her bow toward the Chadwick dock, whence a welcoming cheer came faintly over the mile of water.

"I'll bet they did n't cheer much when we were crossing the bar!" said the younger brother, with a grim chuckle. "I'll bet they thought we were mighty foolish."

"We could n't have done anything else," returned the superior officer. "It was risky, though. If we'd moved an inch she would have grounded, sure."

"I was scared so stiff that I could n't have moved

if I'd tried to," testified the younger sailor with cheerful frankness.

Meanwhile, the wind had freshened, and white-caps began to show over the roughened surface of the river, while sharp, ugly flaws struck the sails of the two contesting boats from all directions, making them bow before the sudden gusts of wind until the water poured over the sides.

But the sharpness of the wind made the racing only more exciting, and such a series of maneuvers as followed, and such a naval battle, was never before seen on the Manasquan River.

The boys handled their boats like veterans, and the boats answered every movement of the rudders and shortening of the sails as a thoroughbred horse obeys its bridle. They ducked and dodged, turned and followed in pursuit, now going free before the wind, now racing, close-hauled into the teeth of it. Several times a capture seemed inevitable, but a quick turn of the tiller would send the pirates out of danger. And, as many times, the pirate crew almost succeeded in crossing the line, but before they could reach it the revenue cutter would sweep down upon them and frighten them away again.

"We can't keep this up much longer," said the elder Prescott. "There's more water in the boat now than is safe; and every time we go about we ship three or four bucketfuls more."

As he spoke, a heavy flaw keeled the boat over again, and, before her crew could right her, the water came pouring over the side with the steadiness of a small waterfall. "That settles it for us," exclaimed Prescott, grimly; "we *must* pass the line on this tack, or we sink."

"They're as badly off as we are," returned his brother. "See how she's wobbling — but she's gaining on us, just the same," he added.

"Keep her to it, then," said the man at the helm. "Hold on to that sheet, no matter how much water she ships."

"If I don't let it out a little, she'll sink!"

"Let her sink, then," growled the chief officer. "I'd rather upset than be caught."

The people on the shore and on the judges' boat appreciated the situation fully as well as the racers. They had seen, for some time, how slowly the boats responded to their rudders and how deeply they were sunk in the water.

All the maneuvering for the past ten minutes had been off the Chadwick dock, and the Atlantic House people, in order to get a better view of the finish, were racing along the bank on foot and in carriages, cheering their champions as they came.

The Rover was pointed to cross an imaginary line between the judges' steam-launch and Chadwick's dock. Behind her, not three boat-lengths in the rear, so close that her wash impeded their

headway, came the revenue officers, their white caps off, their hair flying in the wind, and every muscle strained.

Both crews were hanging far over the sides of the boats, while each wave washed the water into the already half-filled cockpits.

"Look out!" shouted the younger Prescott, "here comes another flaw!"

"Don't let that sail out!" shouted back his brother, and as the full force of the flaw struck her, the boat's rail buried itself in the water and her sail swept along the surface of the river.

For an instant it looked as if the boat was swamped, but as the force of the flaw passed over her, she slowly righted again, and with her sail dripping and heavy, and rolling like a log, she plunged forward on her way to the goal.

When the flaw struck the Wave, her crew let their sheet go free, saving themselves the inundation of water which had almost swamped the Rover, but losing the headway, which the Rover had kept.

Before the Wave regained it, the pirate craft had increased her lead, though it was only for a moment.

"We can't make it," shouted the younger Prescott, turning his face toward his brother so that the wind might not drown his voice. "They're after us again, and we're settling fast."

"So are they," shouted his brother. "We can't be far from the line now, and as soon as we cross that, it does n't matter what happens to us!"

As he spoke another heavy gust of wind came sweeping toward them, turning the surface of the river dark blue as it passed over, and flattening out the waves.

"Look at that!" groaned the pirate-king, adding, with professional disregard for the Queen's English, "We're done for now, that's certain!" But before the flaw reached them, and almost before the prophetic words were uttered, the cannon on the judges' boat banged forth merrily, and the crowds on the Chadwick dock answered its signal with an unearthly yell of triumph.

"We're across, we're across!" shouted the younger Prescott, jumping up to his knees in the water in the bottom of the boat and letting the wet sheet-rope run freely through his stiff and blistered fingers.

But the movement was an unfortunate one.

The flaw struck the boat with her heavy sail dragging in the water, and with young Prescott's weight removed from the rail. She reeled under the gust as a tree bows in a storm, bent gracefully before it, and then turned over slowly on her side.

The next instant the Wave swept by her, and as the two Prescotts scrambled up on the gunwale



"THE 'WAVE' SWEEPED BY HER AND THE DEFEATED CREW SALUTED THE VICTORS WITH CHEERS."

of their boat the defeated crew saluted them with cheers, in response to which the victors bowed as gracefully as their uncertain position would permit.

The new arrival, who had come to Manasquan in the hope of finding something to shoot, stood among the people on the bank and discharged his gun until the barrels were so hot that he had to lay the gun down to cool. And every other man and boy who owned a gun or pistol of any sort, fired it off and yelled at the same time, as if the contents of the gun or pistol had entered his own body. Unfortunately, every boat possessed a tin horn with which the helmsman was wont to warn of his approach the keeper of the draw-bridge. One evil-minded captain blew a blast of triumph, and in a minute's time the air was rent with tootings little less vicious than those of the steam whistle of a locomotive.

The last had been so hard-fought a race, and both crews had acquitted themselves so well, that their respective followers joined in cheering them indiscriminately.

The Wave just succeeded in reaching the dock before she settled and sank. A dozen of Chadwick's boarders seized the crew by their coat-collars and arms as they leaped from the sinking boat to the pier and assisted them to their feet,

forgetful in the excitement of the moment that the sailors were already as wet as sponges on their native rocks.

"I suppose I should have stuck to my ship as Prescott did," said the captain of the Wave with a smile, pointing to where the judges' boat was towing in the Rover with her crew still clinging to her side; "but I'd already thrown you my rope, you know, and there really is n't anything heroic in sticking to a sinking ship when she goes down in two feet of water."

As soon as the Prescotts reached the pier they pushed their way to their late rivals and shook them heartily by their hands. Then the Atlantic House people carried their crew around on their shoulders, and the two Chadwick's crews were honored in the same embarrassing manner. The proprietor of the Atlantic House invited the entire Chadwick establishment over to a dance and a late supper.

"I prepared it for the victors," he said, "and though these victors don't happen to be the ones I prepared it for, the victors must eat it."

The sun had gone down for over half an hour before the boats and carriages had left the Chadwick dock, and the Chadwick people had an opportunity to rush home to dress. They put on their very best clothes, "just to show the Atlantic people

that they *had* something else besides flannels," and danced in the big hall of the Atlantic House until late in the evening.

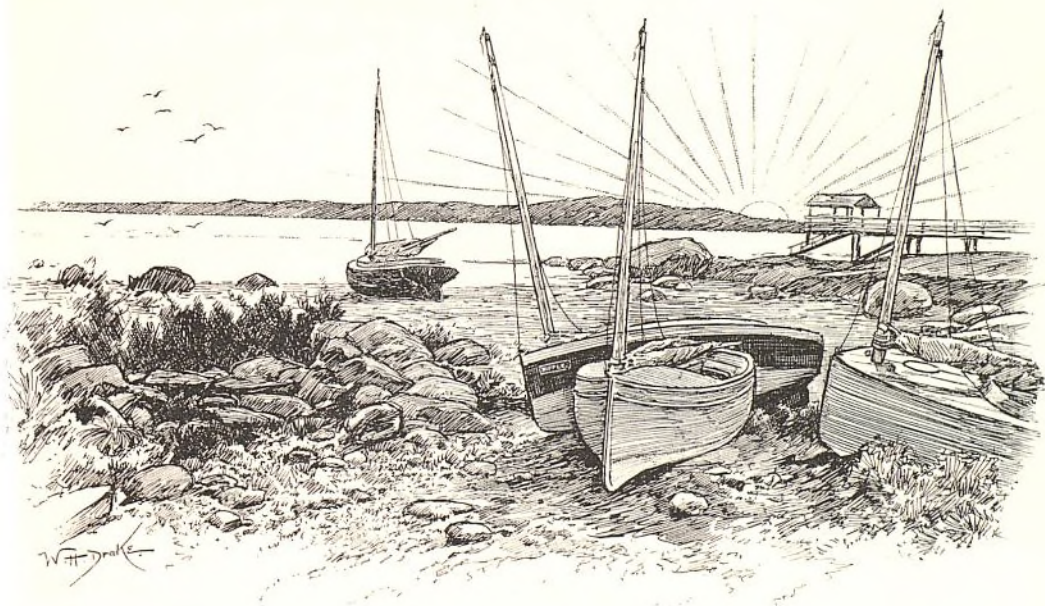
When the supper was served, the victors were toasted and cheered and presented with a very handsome set of colors, and then Judge Carter made a stirring speech.

He went over the history of the rival houses in a way that pleased everybody, and made all the people at the table feel ashamed of themselves for ever having been rivals at all.

He pointed out in courtly phrases how excellent and varied were the modern features of the Atlantic House, and yet how healthful and satisfying

was the old-fashioned simplicity of Chadwick's. He expressed the hope that the two houses would learn to appreciate each other's virtues, and hoped that in the future they would see more of each other.

To which sentiment everybody assented most noisily and enthusiastically, and the proprietor of the Atlantic House said that, in his opinion, Judge Carter's speech was one of the finest he had ever listened to, and he considered that part of it which touched on the excellent attractions of the Atlantic House as simply sublime, and that, with his Honor's permission, he intended to use it in his advertisements and circulars, with Judge Carter's name attached.



A PORTRAIT.

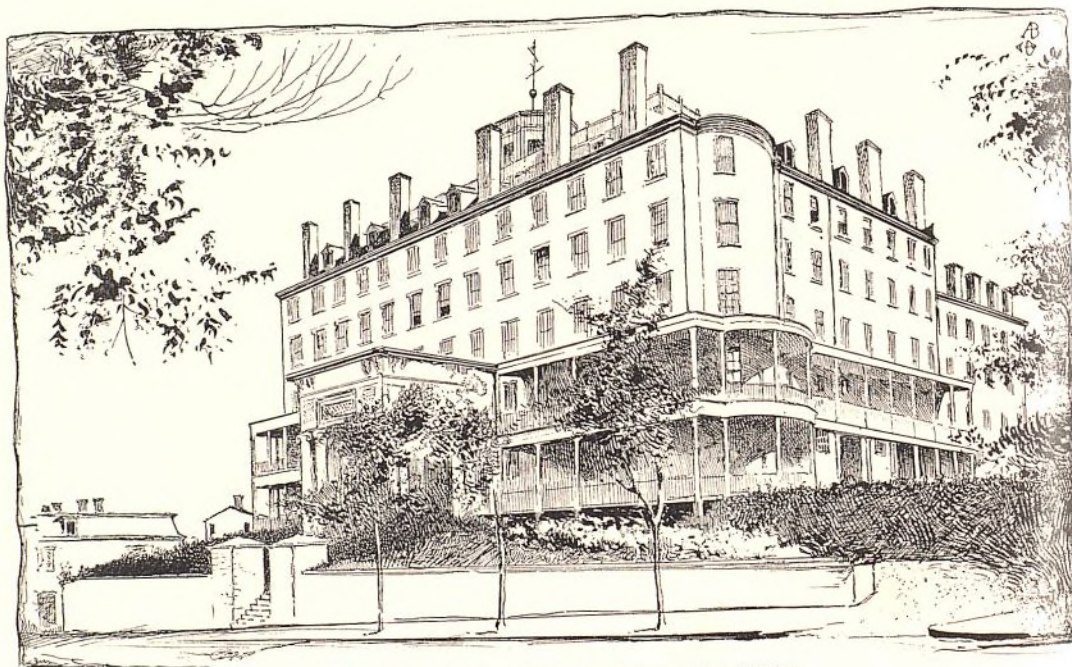
BY MARY E. WILKINS.

WHO is that young and gentle dame who stands in yonder gilded frame,
Clad in a simple muslin gown where 'broidered frills hang limply down,
Blue ribbons in her yellow curls, around her neck a string of pearls —
Her eyes, blue stars in ancient gloom, a-seeking you all o'er the room,
As if to call sweet memories to her? —

My grandmother, before I knew her.

THE STORY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH. D.



THE PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, SOUTH BOSTON.

ONCE upon a time (so all strange stories begin) there was born a baby girl. The peculiar thing about this "once upon a time" is, that I can tell you just when it happened, while the fairy-tale writers never can. It was on December 21, 1829, she was born into this world; and no one dreamed of the wonderful life this child was destined to live. She was a pretty infant with bright blue eyes, but very delicate and small, and she was often severely ill. But when she came to be about eighteen months old, her health improved, and at two years of age, those who knew her describe her as a very active and intelligent child. She had already learned to speak a few words, and knew some of the letters of the alphabet.

But, when she was two years and one month old, came the sad event which was to make her life a strange one. The scarlet-fever entered the household. Her two elder sisters died of the disease, and she was stricken down by it. She was

dangerously ill for a long, long time. No one thought it possible that this delicate child could recover. For five months she was in bed, in a perfectly dark room. She could eat no solid food for seven weeks. It was a whole year before she could walk without support, and two years before she could sit up all day and dismiss the doctor. But she did not die, though for long her life hung by a slender thread. And, when she recovered, she was really born anew into a strange world—a world so strange that we of this world can hardly imagine what it is to live in it. The fever had destroyed her sight,—the poor little girl was forever blind. Nor was this all; her hearing, too, was totally gone. And, not being able to hear, she would never learn to talk as we do,—she was dumb. A pretty child of five years,—deaf, dumb, and blind! Even worse,—she had very little power to smell or taste. Touch was her only sense. Her fingers must take the place of eyes, ears, and mouth.

Of course the fever had destroyed all recollection of her babyhood. Her life in this beautiful world that children love, and which she had hardly known, was over. She must live in a dark world without sunshine,—a silent world without a sound. She could not even smell the flowers whose beauties she could not see.

But lest you should think so strange and sad a story is not meant to be true, I will tell you her name. It was Laura Dewey Bridgman. Here it is in her own handwriting:

Laura B. Bridgman

Her parents—Daniel and Harmony Bridgman—lived on a farm about seven miles from Hanover, New Hampshire, and there Laura was born.

Some time ago I went to a large, old-fashioned building in South Boston—the Perkins Institute for the Blind. At the door of a neat cottage near the main building I asked for Miss Bridgman. Soon a pleasant-looking woman, fifty-seven years old, though looking younger, came into the parlor with the matron.

Miss Bridgman was rather tall and thin and usually wore large blue spectacles. When told my name, she shook hands and was pleased to learn that I brought the greetings of a friend of hers. Her face brightened and she uttered a low sound which she could make when pleased. She was very lively, and one could almost read her feelings by her face.

But how could she talk and be understood? That is a long and a strange story. I must begin at the beginning.

She lived on the farm near Hanover until she was eight years old. Her parents were poor and they knew nothing of the ways of teaching the blind or the deaf and dumb. They treated her with great kindness and taught her to make herself useful about the house. It was difficult to make her understand what they desired, but they communicated by simple signs. Pushing meant "go," and pulling, "come." A pat on the head meant "That's good, Laura"; a pat on the back, "Laura must n't do that." When Laura wanted bread and butter she stroked one hand with the other to imitate the buttering; when she wished to go to bed, she nodded her head, just as other children do when "the Sandman" comes. And when she did n't wish to go to bed, but her father thought she ought (perhaps you have heard of such cases), he stamped on the floor until she felt the shaking, and Laura knew what he meant.

* I am never sure of her punctuation. All the rest is just as she wrote it.

Her mother taught her to knit, to sew, to set the table, and to do other such little things. When she set the table, she never forgot just where the little knife and fork belonged for her little brother. But I will not tell this part of the story, because Laura has told it herself. When she was twenty-five years old, she wrote an autobiography, telling all she remembered of her life at home. Here it lies on my table; sixty-five pages written in a queer, square handwriting. She had a peculiar way of saying things; but when you remember that she never heard a word spoken, nor spoke one herself, and how hard it must be to learn to write without seeing the letters, you will think it wonderful enough that she could write at all. Here is the first page of the autobiography:*

"THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

"I should like to write down the earliest life extremely. I recollect very distinctly how my life elapsed since I was an infant. But that I have had the vague recollection of my infancy. I was taken most perilously ill when I was two years and a half. I was attacked with the scarlet-fever for three long weeks. My dearest mother was so painfully apprehensive that there was a great danger of my dying, for my sickness was so excessive. The physician pronounced that I should not live much longer. My mother had a watch over me in my great agony many many nights. I was choked up for 7 weeks as I could not swallow a morsel of any sort of food, except I drank some crust coffee. I was not conveyed out of the house, for an instant for 4 months till in June or July."

Then she tells how delighted her mother was when she was getting well, how attentive people were to her, and how the light stung her eyelids "like a sharpest needle or a wasp." She liked to see her mother "make so numerous cheeses, apple, and egg, and mince-pies, and doughnuts, and all kinds of food which always gratified my appetite very much." She tells how her mother spun and carded wool, and washed, and cooked, and ironed, and made maple-molasses, and butter, and much else. It is really wonderful how well she knew what was going on. She used to follow her mother about the rooms, and touch the various objects, tables, chairs, books, etc., until she knew them all.

Laura's great friend was a Mr. Tenny, a kind-hearted old man, who "loved me as much as if I was his own daughter," she writes. He used to take her out for a walk across the fields, or sit down by the brook and amuse her by throwing stones into the water and letting her feel the little waves, that the stones made, come back to the shore. She always knew Mr. Tenny and all her friends by simply feeling their hands. So you see that little Laura was quite happy. She never knew how

much more of the world other little girls could enjoy, and so she did not envy them. She says herself that "I was full of mischief and fun. I was in such high spirits, generally, I would cling to my mother, wildly and peevishly many times." She

my boot, nor any of my folks. I did not feel so solitary with a baby as I should have felt if I had not it." "I liked my living baby, the cat, much better than the boot."

In this way she spent three long years. Her few



LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CONLY, BOSTON.)

once seized Mr. Tenny's spectacles from his nose, and the old gentleman took it very good-naturedly. She innocently threw the cat into the fire, which neither her mother nor the cat considered good fun. She liked sweet things and nice dresses, and was not so very different from other girls, in any way. Of course she had a doll, but a queer one it was: "I had a man's large boot which I called my little baby. I enjoyed myself in playing with the artificial baby very much. I never knew how to kiss

signs were all that connected her with other human beings. She did not know the name of anything. She knew only the few things that she could touch. For all the rest she lived in that dark, silent, lonely world of her own. The green trees and gay flowers, the blue sky and floating clouds were unknown to her. Imagine, if you can, a world without color, without light! A perpetual night without moon or stars; would n't it be awful? No green fields and no sky; no blue eyes and golden hair; no pict-

ure-books nor bright dresses. And the sad stillness of that world, where nobody laughs and no birds sing and Mother's voice does n't call and comfort; where nobody can tell stories or play make-believe. Think of a child who could n't ask questions! Why, that 's the principal thing that children have to do!

But Laura was not to stay much longer in her lonely world. One day a gentleman came to see her parents and offered to take Laura to Boston to teach her to read and write as other blind children do, and to talk with her fingers, as do the deaf and dumb. It was Dr. Samuel Howe, superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. He was one of those wise men who put heart and soul into whatever they decide to do. What Dr. Howe decided to do was to bring Laura Bridgman back into our world, just so far as that could be done. Of course her parents were sorry to have Laura go, but they knew it was for the best; and Laura felt just as homesick, when she came to the big institution in Boston, as any other girl of eight years would have felt. Of course she could n't know why she was taken away from home. She soon made friends with the matron, and with her teacher, Miss Drew. She spent much time, the first few days, in knitting, for she liked to have something to do, and took her work to the matron whenever she dropped a stitch.

One morning, after she was used to the Home, Dr. Howe and Miss Drew gave Laura her first lesson. They were to teach her the alphabet. But how? She could n't see the letters, but she could feel them if they were cut out of wood or raised on paper. But when she felt something like an A, she could not know what it was, and they could not tell her. It was just the same as feeling her mother's tea-pot:—it was a thing with a funny shape and did n't seem to be of any known use. As for three things, like C, A, T, spelling or meaning the puss, you might as well ask her to feel a table, a chair, and an inkstand, and give her to understand that *those* meant the cat. There did not seem to be any way of showing her what a word was for; *you* learned it just by hearing other people speak. But Laura had never heard nor read nor spoken a word since she could remember.

This is what Dr. Howe did. He took some things such as she knew at home,—a knife, fork, spoon, key, chair,—and then formed on labels in large raised letters the names of these things — KNIFE, FORK, etc. He made her feel the knife, and then passed her finger over the label; then he pasted the label, KNIFE, on the knife, to show that they belonged together, and made her feel them again. Laura submitted to it. But all she understood was that the labels were not all alike,

and people seemed to want to paste them on things. Her first lesson, lasting three-quarters of an hour, left her much puzzled. But at last, after many repetitions of this exercise, she seemed to get the idea that the raised labels *meant* the objects. She showed this by taking the label, CHAIR, and placing it on one chair and then on another. Now, Laura was interested; it was a splendid game. Dr. Howe gave her the things and she was to find the right labels; then he gave her the labels and she found the things. She had learned what a *word* is, and was delighted. Dr. Howe always patted her on the head when she was right, and tapped her lightly on the elbow when she was wrong. The lessons were long and tedious, but—she was acquiring a language!

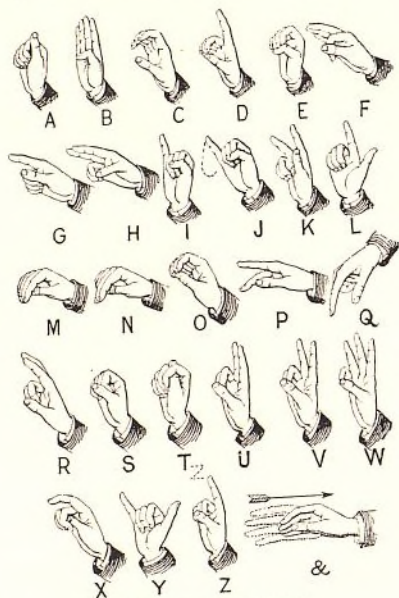
Of course one can not do much talking with a lot of labels; and a great many things that one wishes to talk about can not be labeled at all. The next thing was to teach her that a word was made up of letters. The label, BOOK, was cut up into four parts: B, O, O, K. Laura was then made to feel the label and each of the parts; then these were mixed together and she was to set up the word like the label. That was rather easy. Then Dr. Howe had a case of metal types made for her. It had four alphabets in it and one was always set up in alphabetical order, while she moved about the other three. In three days she learned the order of the letters, and could find any letter at once. She was never tired of setting up the metal types, to make the few words she had learned. She could really be a child now, for she could ask questions. She indicated the butter to ask what the name of it was, and her teacher set up B-U-T-T-E-R on the type-case. Laura felt it, took it apart and set it up again, and knew it ever after. Those were bright and busy days for her. She was making up for her long years of loneliness, and entering a real world at last.

But even this was a clumsy way of talking. There was a much quicker way for her: the finger alphabet; and that was learned next. Most deaf-mutes can *see* the signs, but Laura had to learn them by feeling. They gave her the type A to feel with one hand, while she felt the position of the teacher's hand with the other. Then she herself made the sign for A, and was patted on the head for getting it right. She was overjoyed with this easy way of talking. This is what her teacher said of it: "I shall never forget the first meal taken after she appreciated the use of the finger alphabet. Every article that she touched must have a name, and I was obliged to call some one to help me wait upon the other children, while she kept me busy in spelling the new words."

In that way she talked with me when I saw her

in Boston. The matron put her own hand in Miss Bridgman's and spelled out the words so fast that you could hardly follow the motions. But she was understood still faster and, with her other hand, Miss Bridgman was ready to spell out the answers. At one time, she went to lectures with her teacher, and if the lecturers spoke slowly her teacher could make the signs, and she could understand them as fast as the words were spoken.

So far, she knew only the names of things. When



THE FINGER ALPHABET.

she had learned about one hundred of these common nouns, Miss Drew began to teach her a few verbs. She let Laura feel the motion of the door as it was being closed, and then spelled out "Shut door" on her fingers. Then the door was opened and her teacher spelled out "Open door." Laura knew what "door" was, and so easily learned the meaning of "shut" and "open." Then adjectives were learned, beginning with such as could be easily understood, for example: heavy, light, rough, smooth, thick, thin, wet, dry. Next she learned proper names, and very soon she knew the names of all the many persons in that large institution. But just think! she never knew her own name nor even that she had one, until then—when she was nine years old. A year later, she began to learn to write. A pasteboard, with grooves in it, just the size of the small letters, was put under the paper. A letter was pricked in stiff paper so that she could feel its shape; then, holding the pencil in her right hand, she placed the forefinger of her right hand close up against the lead, so as to feel how the pencil was moving. It was rather

slow writing, but all the trouble it cost her to learn it was forgotten when she sent her first letter to her mother. You may be sure that all the village saw that wonderful letter, and not a few of the wise heads were rather doubtful whether Laura really had written the letter, after all.

Before going on with the story let me tell you of her mother's first visit to the institution. Laura had been away from home for six months, and doubtless had been wondering in her own mute way whether she should ever go home again. She did not know enough language to ask about it. Dr. Howe tells how the mother stood gazing, with tears in her eyes, at the unfortunate child, who was playing about the room and knew nothing of her presence. Presently Laura ran against her and began feeling her hands and dress to find out who she was; but soon turned away from her poor mother as from a stranger. Her mother then gave Laura a string of beads which Laura had worn at home. She recognized the beads and joyfully put them around her neck. Her mother now tried to caress her, but Laura preferred to play. Another article from home was given her and she was much interested. She examined the stranger more closely; she became very much excited and quite pale; suddenly it seemed to flash upon her that this was her mother. She cared nothing for beads or playmates, now! Nothing could tear her away from her mother's side.

But, when the time for parting came, Laura bore it like a little heroine. She went with her mother to the door and, after embracing her fervently, took her mother's hand in one of her own and grasped the hand of the matron with the other. Then she sadly dropped her mother's hand and, weeping, walked back into the house.

The language Laura used at first, and, indeed, what she always used, was somewhat different from that you and I talk, as is only natural in one whose language has not been learned by talking. Her language is more like written or "book" language. Here are a few of her early sayings and doings. When she wanted bread she said, "Bread give Laura." She once asked why t-a-c would not spell "cat" as well as c-a-t. That may seem silly to you, because you have heard it pronounced; but for her the letters were but three signs, and she could not see why one way of making them should not be as good as another. When she was taught what "right" and "left" meant, she correctly described her hands, ears, and eyes, as being right or left, but stopped in surprise when she came to her nose and did not know which to call it. When her lessons were rather long she said, "My think is tired." She soon began to make words as children do. She knew what "alone" meant and wished to say that she desired company, so she said, "Laura

go *al-two*." After giving her the word "bachelor," her teacher asked her to tell what it meant; she remembered old Mr. Tenny and spelled: "Tenny bachelor — man have no wife and smoke pipe."

She had a funny way of playing a game with herself. She would spell a word wrong with one hand, slap that hand with the other, then spell it right and laugh at the fun. And once, going over a box of ribbons that belonged to her teacher, she was tempted to take some, but she gravely knocked herself on the elbow, which was her own way of saying "wrong," and put them away. When she was quite alone, she sometimes talked to herself, and the little fingers spelled out the words as though they were proud of what they could do. Even in her sleep she has been seen to make the signs indistinctly with one hand and feel them with the other, as though mumbling something in her dreams.

At one time it was noticed that she was already up and dressing when they came to call her in the morning. When asked how she knew when to get up (for she had no means of knowing the time), she said she put her finger in the key-hole and, if she felt the shaking, then she knew the girls were moving about and it was time to rise. That was certainly very bright. She once brought her doll to school, and moved its fingers to spell out words and said, with delight, "Doll can talk with fingers; I taught doll to talk with fingers."

When Charles Dickens visited her, in 1842, he wrote some pages about her in his "American Notes," in which he mentions that Laura wore a green silk band over her eyes and, on picking up her doll, he noticed that a tiny band was tied across the doll's eyes too. The little girl wished the doll to live in her small world, where people could n't use their eyes and had to talk with their fingers.

But it would be impossible to tell all there is to tell: how she learned arithmetic, and geography, and history, and much else; in short how a silent, sightless child, with power to make only a few signs, grew up into a well-educated, bright, pleasant, happy woman. You will find much of the story in a book about Laura Bridgman, written by one of her teachers, Mrs. Lamson.

I can only tell you in a few words how her life has been passed. Through the kindness of Mr. George Combe, of Scotland, and others, it was made possible to give her a teacher all to herself. Without one, she could not have been cared for as she deserved. Her teachers kept a journal in which they put down the story of Laura's progress, and you can read it in Mrs. Lamson's book.

She received all her education at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and has always been there except when spending the vacations at home. She had many friends, and, through the reports that

Dr. Howe wrote for many years of her progress, had become known to people all over the world. Many ladies learned the finger alphabet simply to be able to talk with her, and she wrote and received many letters. Her room had a window facing south, and she often headed her letters "Sunny Home." She took pleasure in arranging her room and read a great deal. You know that quite a number of books have been printed in raised letters for the blind. The letters must be large and are printed on one side of the page only. It takes sixteen large volumes to print the Bible in this way. Most blind persons cultivate one finger for reading until it is very sensitive and can feel the letters very rapidly, but, of course, not so rapidly as we can read with our eyes.

Miss Bridgman became quite an author, too. Almost from the time she learned to write, she began to keep daily journals. Those she wrote during her first five years in Boston form quite a large pack, and are full of many interesting things. She recorded all her little daily doings, and in going through them from the earliest to the latest entries, you can see how she gradually used more and more words, and began to use capitals, and wrote more clearly. She had also written a few poems. These have no rhyme, of course, because that depends on the sound. What she says in her poems is in great part taken or imitated from the Bible.

Her spare time was devoted to knitting, sewing, crocheting lace and mats, and talking. I have a very pretty crocheted mat which she made in one evening. Though her life was a peaceful and happy one, it had also its severe trials. Several of her teachers, to whom she was much attached, died; her closest tie with the world was always her constant teacher and companion, who was eyes, ears, and tongue for her. Her teachers naturally learned to sympathize with her condition more than others could, and the loss of one of these dear friends was a great affliction. She even had to endure the loss of her benefactor, Dr. Howe. He had lived to see her grow up into what he had hoped she might become when he took her from her home in Hanover. His death occurred in 1876, and affected Miss Bridgman so seriously that she was very ill and weak for a long time afterward.

So she lived her quiet life, so the days grew into months, and the months into years — and so, also, quietly and peacefully she passed away, on the 24th of May, 1889.

Laura Bridgman sleeps in her grave; but many, many persons will for a long time to come, think of her, and will often speak of the patience she showed in her affliction and the earnestness with which she labored to make the most of her life.

She was cared for to the last by the loving friends

who had made a happy existence possible to one so grievously helpless. Into her dark and silent world the wisdom of man found a way; it brought to her the sense of human love and sympathy, and even made her a sharer in the world's treasure of learning and imagination.

THE STORY OF THE FLOWER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A SPOTLESS thing enough, they said,
The drift, perchance, from foreign lands,
Washed in atop of mighty tides
And lightly left along the sands.

Was it the treasure of some shell?
Some islander's forgotten bead?
A wave-worn polyp from the reef?
The gardener said, "It is a seed."

"Bury it," said he, "in the soil.
The earth will quicken here, as there,
With vital force; — so fair the seed,
The blossom must be wondrous fair!"

Ah, woe, to lose the ample breath
Of the salt wastes! To see no more
The sacrifice of morning burn
And blot the stars from shore to shore.

Ah, woe, to go into the dark!
Was it for this, the buoyant slide
Up the steep surge, the flight of foam,
The great propulsion of the tide?

To lose the half-developed dream
Of unknown powers, the bursting throe
Of destinies to be fulfilled,
And go into the dark—ah, woe!

But the mold closed above the seed
Relentlessly; and still as well
All life went on; the warm winds blew;
The strong suns shone; the soft rains fell.

Whether he slept, or waited there
Unconscious, after that wild pang,—
Who knows? There came to him at last
A sense as if some sweet voice sang;

As if, throughout the universe,
Each atom were obeying law
In rhythmic order. In his heart
He felt the same deep music draw.

And one sharp thrill of tingling warmth
Divided him; as if the earth
Throbbled through him all her stellar might
With the swift pulse of some new birth.

Up the long spirals of his stems
What currents coming from afar,
What blessedness of being glows,—
Was he a blossom or a star?

Wings like their own the great moths thought
His pinions rippling on the breeze,—
Did ever a king's banner stream
With such resplendent stains as these?

Over what honey and what dew
His fragrant gossamers uncurled!
Forgotten be that seed's poor day,
Free, and a part of this high world!

A world of winds, and showers aslant,
With gauzy rainbows everywhere,
Cradled in silken sunshine, rocked
In skies full of delicious air!

Ah, happy world, where all things live
Creatures of one great law, indeed;
Bound by strong roots, the splendid flower,—
Swept by great seas, the drifting seed!

CAPTAIN DUCK.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.



"TIM FORGOT THAT HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP ON THE WARM FLAT ROCK THAT COOL AUTUMN DAY."

CAPTAIN DUCK was a Modoc Indian, with the shortest possible legs. His legs were so short that when he walked he waddled along like a very fat duck. And that is why he was called Captain Duck at the stage station, which was at the foot of the great white mountain in the heart of the Modoc country, Mount Shasta. Some said his legs had been shot off in a battle. And then some said his

legs had been eaten off by a bear. But I do not very well see how that could be; for his feet were there, all right. And very big feet they were, too; wide and big and flat like ducks' feet. So I think he must have been born that way.

Poor Captain Duck could not hunt very well, or go on the war-path with the other Indians, and so he came to the stage station, to hire out, with

the few rough men who kept the old log fort and took care of the stage horses there.

These men did not like the old Indian, but as they were a lazy set, they were glad to have him at the fort to rub down and water the stage horses when the sun was hot or there was frost in the air. But they made all sorts of sport of the poor Indian. And, indeed, they laughed at him so much, and made so much fun of his short legs and big feet, that he often wished he was dead. For he was very sad and sensitive.

One day, Big Dan the stage driver left at the station a little boy whose father had died; for the boy had no money to pay fare further. The rough, lazy men there put him to work with the Indian, and they named him "Limber Tim," because he was so slim and limber. And then they did not know his name. But I suppose that would have made no difference, anyway; for, in the mountains of California, they name folks just what they please. And if a boy looks as if his name ought to be "Limber Tim," or "Timber Slim," or anything of that sort, why that must be his name and he can't help it.

The little orphan boy was sent out every day with the short-legged Indian, up on the side of the mountain, to herd the stage horses and keep guard over them. He had a belt, and a pistol in it, and a bowie-knife; and also a gun to carry on his shoulder.

Pretty soon he came to like this very much and began to grow like a weed and get fat. He and the Indian were the best friends in the world. But the men of the station, somehow, were harder and harsher than ever.

But Captain Duck and the boy did not mind it so very much now, for each had a friend,—a friend in the other.

They would buckle on their pistols as soon as it was daylight and they had had a little breakfast of crackers and broiled bear-meat or venison, and, each mounting a horse and driving the others, they would go up on the mountain-side, and there, by a little grove of thick wood, they would stop and let them graze all day. Sometimes Limber Tim would go to sleep on a warm flat rock, while he was supposed to stand guard and look away to the right and to the left for Indians on the war-path. But Captain Duck would never betray him.

Every time that Big Dan the stage driver came by, he would make all sort of fun of Captain Duck, as he hobbled about and hitched up the four stage horses, while the driver sat high up in the box and snapped his long whip.

The Indian did not like Big Dan, and Big Dan did not like the Indian. Dan said the Indian was a spy, and told the men at the stage station that

some night Captain Duck would set fire to the place and run away by the light of the blaze.

One hot day, as he sat on the box with the four lines in his hand all ready to start off at a gallop down the great mountain, he told the Indian, with an oath, to "waddle in on his duck legs" and get him a drink.

The Indian did not move. Then Dan struck him with his whip. The men standing around roared with laughter. Still the sad-faced cripple did not move. Then Dan struck him another cut, across the face.

The Indian's brow grew dark and terrible, but he did not stir. Some one else brought the drink, and then, the driver snapping his whip, the stage dashed away down the mountain and left the Indian standing there, with the boy tenderly wiping his friend's bleeding face and speaking kind and pitiful words to him. The two friends went up on the mountain-side by the little pine grove, and watched the horses as before, and the Indian never spoke at all of what had happened.

A month or two went by, and everybody forgot about the trouble between Big Dan and the sad-faced savage. Everybody, did I say?

One day the stage came thundering in with Big Dan the driver leaning forward helpless on the box. There had been a shot fired from the thick wood back upon the mountain-side. The man was dying, and the four reins were slipping through his helpless hands.

Who could have fired that shot? When the stage driver was dead and buried, some of the men took Limber Tim aside and asked him whether he had been all the time with Captain Duck the day the shot was fired.

"All the time, every minute, every second," answered the lad, earnestly. For he had no suspicion at all that Captain Duck had shot the stage driver. Indeed, the boy believed what he said, and would have maintained it at any hazard. He forgot that he had fallen asleep on the warm flat rock that cool autumn day.

The next summer, signal-fires were seen one night on the mountain-tops. The men at the stage station hastened to fasten the old log fort. For this, they knew, meant war. The Modocs were on the war-path.

The men made their guns ready, and gave Limber Tim an extra pistol to put in his belt, so that he might fight with all his might and help save their lives. But when they came to look for Captain Duck, next morning, he was gone. He had joined the Indians.

Then the men at the stage station were very much afraid; for they had been very cruel, not only to the cripple but to all the Indians, and they

knew that if they fell into their enemies' hands they had no right to expect any mercy at all.

The next night the Indians set the woods on fire, and all the land was dark with smoke. The great pine-trees were falling across the road, and no soldiers, nor anybody, could come to help the

The smoke was so dark and thick that the men were almost choked. They could not see to shoot the Indians, for it was like night.

"What can we do?" cried the men shut up in the fort, and hiding their eyes from the smoke. "The Indians will not come near enough for us to



"THEY HURRIED THE BOY THROUGH THE GREAT WOODEN GATE OF THE FORT, AS HE TIED A WHITE TOWEL ON A RAMROD AND HELD IT HIGH OVER HIS HEAD IN THE THICK SMOKE."

men shut up in the little log fort, and surrounded by the blazing forests.

The men looked one another in the face as the air grew dark and dense from the smoke, and shook their heads sadly — for they believed their time to die had come.

About ten o'clock one morning, the Indians appeared behind the stables and began to fire on the fort. They took the horses out, mounted them, and then set fire to the stables.

And now there was little hope, for the flames would spread to the fort, and then all must perish.

see them and fight. If we go out to find them we shall be shot down from behind the rocks and trees, and not one of us will live to tell the tale."

"Let me go out!" said little Limber Tim. "If I can find Captain Duck, I will save you all."

They hurried the boy through the great wooden gate of the fort, as he tied a white towel on a ramrod and held it high over his head in the thick smoke. Then the men bolted the great gate and left the brave little fellow to do his best with his white flag.

By and by, the boy with the white flag on the

ramrod came pounding at the gate, and the men gathered around wild and eager as they opened it.

"What luck? What hope?"

"Well, if you will all leave your guns and go out one at a time down the stage road and never come back here any more, you can go."

"Never come back here any more?" cried one man, as he jumped toward the gate; "catch me comin' back here any more, if I ever get out of this!" and he leaped out through that gate like a newly sheared sheep leaping over the bars.

Then another followed and another, all feeling very much ashamed of the way they had treated the boy. But somehow they did not have the manhood to hold up their heads and say so.

When the men had gone, glad to go and never thinking of looking back or ever returning to the Modoc country, Captain Duck came hobbling in. The Indians helped Tim to put out the fire and then went away, taking all the stage horses and guns and blankets with them. So when the soldiers came, three days after, they found only these two in charge of the fort,—little Limber Tim and Captain Duck.

The government left some soldiers there after

that, and Limber Tim was made station-master by the stage company!

He was the youngest station-master, I suppose, that ever was on the border.

When I passed by there, last year, on a visit to my parents in Oregon, I saw him once more. But he is a man now. He has long hair, a small, black mustache, and wears two pistols in his belt; for the frontier ways prevail in that country still.

As for poor Captain Duck, he is shorter in the legs than ever, I think. His face is deeply wrinkled now, and his long black hair has turned as white as are the shining snows of mighty Mount Shasta when seen against the cold, blue sky above. He never speaks to any one. But he loves Limber Tim with all his heart, and never is long away from his side nor out of his sight if he can help it.

Captain Duck was sitting in the chimney-corner by the great log fire, smoking his pipe, when I saw him last. He was looking straight into the fire,—thinking, thinking. And what was he thinking about? Maybe he was thinking about the dead stage driver who had struck him with a whip. It may be so. It may be so.



AN INVITATION.

"OH, come, Mr. Lobster, and bring Mr. Crab,
We've brought you a beautiful dye.
It will change both those dull unæsthetic costumes
To a hue that will charm every eye!"

"Very kind, we are sure!" said the Lobster and Crab,

"But we don't care to die,—it's our loss:
We'd rather be dressed in our every-day clothes
Than in scarlet, with Mayonnaise sauce!"

THE LITTLE PERSIAN PRINCESS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



“AND you must spin faster, Dorothy, or you'll go to bed without your supper,” said Dame Betsy.

“Yes, ma'am,” replied Dorothy. Then she twirled the wheel so fast, that the spokes were a blur.

Dorothy was a pretty little girl. She had a small pink and white face; her hair was closely cropped and looked like a little golden cap, and her eyes were as blue as had been the flowers of the flax which she was spinning. She wore an indigo-blue frock, and she looked very short and slight beside the wheel.

Dorothy spun, Dame Betsy tended a stew-kettle that was hanging from the crane in the fireplace, and the eldest of Dame Betsy's six daughters sat on the bench beside the cottage door and ate honey-cakes. The other daughters had arrayed themselves in their best tuckers and plumed hats and farthingales, spread their ruffled parasols, and gone to walk.

Dame Betsy had wished the oldest daughter to go with her sisters; but she was rather indolent, so she dressed herself in her best, and sat down on the bench beside the door, with a plate of honey-cakes of which she was very fond. She held up her parasol, to shield her face, and also to display the parasol. It was covered with very bright green satin and had a wreath of pink roses for a border. The sun shone directly into the cottage, and the row of pewter plates on the dresser glittered; one could see them through the doorway. The front yard of Dame Betsy's cottage was like a little grove with lemon-color and pink hollyhocks; one had to look directly up the path to see the eldest daughter, sitting on the bench, eating honey-cakes. She was a very homely girl. All Dame Betsy's daughters were so plain and ill-tempered that they had no suitors, although they walked abroad every day.

Dame Betsy placed her whole dependence upon the linen chests, when she planned to marry her daughters. At the right of her cottage stretched a great field of flax, that looked now like a blue sea, and it rippled like a sea when the wind struck it. Dame Betsy and Dorothy made the flax into linen for the daughters' dowries. They had already two great chests of linen apiece, and they were to have chests filled until there were enough to attract suitors. Every little while, Dame Betsy invited all the neighboring housewives to tea; then she opened the chests and unrolled the shining lengths of linen, perfumed with lavender and rosemary. “My dear daughters will have all this, and more also, when they marry,” she would remark. The housewives would go home and mention it to their sons, for they themselves were tempted by the beautiful linen, but there it would end. The sons would not go to woo Dame Betsy's homely, ill-natured daughters.

Dorothy spun as fast as she was able; Dame Betsy kept a sharp watch upon her, as she stirred the stew. Dorothy wanted some of the stew for her supper. It had a delicious odor, and she was very faint and hungry. She did not have a great deal to eat at any time, as she lived principally upon the scraps from the table, and the daughters were all large eaters. She also worked very hard, and never had any time to play. She was a poor child whom Dame Betsy had taken from the almshouse, and she had no relatives but an old grandmother. She had very few kind words said to her during the day, and she used often to cry herself to sleep at night.

Presently Dame Betsy went down to the store to buy some pepper to put in the stew, but, as she went out of the door, she spoke to the eldest daughter, and told her to go into the house and mend a rent in her apron. “Since you were too lazy to go to walk with your sisters you must go into the house and mend your apron,” said she. The eldest daughter pouted, but she made no reply. Just as soon as her mother was out of hearing she called Dorothy. “Dorothy, come here a minute!” she cried imperatively. Dorothy left her wheel and went to the door. “Look here,” said the eldest daughter, “I have one honey-cake left, and I have eaten all I want. I will give you this, if you will mend my apron for me.”

Dorothy eyed the honey-cake wistfully, but she replied that she did not dare to leave her spinning to mend the apron.

"Why can't you mend it in the night?" asked the eldest daughter.

"I will do that," replied Dorothy eagerly, and she held out her hand for the honey-cake. Just as she did so she saw the little boy that lived next door peeping through his fence. His beautiful little face, with his red cheeks and black eyes, looked, through the pickets, like a damask-rose. Dorothy ran swiftly over to him with her honey-cake. "You shall have half of it," said she, and she quickly broke the cake in halves, and gave one of them to the little boy. He lived with his old grandmother, and they were very poor; it was hard for them to get the coarsest porridge to eat. The little boy often stood looking through the fence and smiling at Dorothy, and the old grandmother spoke kindly to her whenever she had an opportunity.

The little boy stood on one side of the fence and Dorothy on the other, and they ate the honey-cake. Then Dorothy ran back to the house and fell to spinning again. She spun so fast, to make up for the lost time, that one could not see the wheel-spokes at all, and the room hummed like a hive of bees. But, fast as she spun, Dame Betsy, when she returned, discovered that she had been idling, and said that she must go without her supper. Poor Dorothy could not help weeping as she twirled the wheel, she was so hungry, and the honey-cake had been very small.

Dame Betsy dished up the stew and put the spoons and bowls on the table, and soon the five absent daughters came home, rustling their flounces and flirting their parasols.

They all sat down to the table and began to eat, while Dorothy stood at her wheel and sadly spun.

They had eaten all the stew except a little, just about enough for a cat, when a little shadow fell across the floor.

"Why, who's coming?" whispered Dame Betsy, and directly all the daughters began to smooth their front hair; each thought it might be a suitor.

But everything that they could see entering the door was a beautiful gray cat. She came stepping across the floor with a dainty, velvet tread. She had a tail like a plume, and she trailed it on the floor as she walked; her fur was very soft and long, and caught the light like silver; she had delicate tufted ears, and her shining eyes were like yellow jewels.

"It's nothing but a cat!" cried the daughters in disgust, and Dame Betsy arose to get the broom; she hated cats. That decided the daughters; they also hated cats, but they liked to oppose their mother. So they insisted on keeping the cat.

There was much wrangling, but the daughters were too much for Dame Betsy; the beautiful cat was allowed to remain on the hearth, and the remnant of the stew was set down there for her. But, to every one's amazement, she refused to touch it. She sat purring, with her little silvery paws folded, her plummy tail swept gracefully around her, and quite ignored the stew.

"I will take it up and give it to the pig," said Dame Betsy.

"No, no!" cried the daughters; "leave it, and perhaps she will eat it by and by."

So the stew was left upon the hearth. In the excitement, Dorothy had stopped spinning, and nobody had observed it. Suddenly, Dame Betsy noticed that the wheel was silent.

"Why are you not spinning, miss?" she asked sharply. "Are you stopping work to look at a cat?"

But Dorothy made no reply; she paid no attention whatever: she continued to stare at the cat; she was quite pale, and her blue eyes were very large. And no wonder, for she saw, instead of a cat, a beautiful little princess, with eyes like stars, in a trailing robe of gray velvet covered with silver embroidery, and instead of a purr she heard a softly hummed song. Dame Betsy seized Dorothy by the arm.

"To your work!" she cried.

And Dorothy began to spin, but she was trembling from head to foot, and every now and then she glanced at the princess on the hearth.

The daughters, in their best gowns, sat with their mother around the hearth until nine o'clock; then Dorothy was ordered to leave her wheel, the cottage was locked up, and everybody went to bed.

Dorothy's bed was a little bundle of straw, up in the garret under the eaves. She was very tired when she lay down, but did not dare to sleep, for she remembered her promise to mend the eldest daughter's apron. So she waited until the house was still, then she arose and crept softly downstairs.

The fire on the hearth was still burning, and there sat the princess, and the sweet hum of her singing filled the room. But Dorothy could not understand a word of the song, because it was in the Persian language. She stood in the doorway and trembled; she did not know what to do. It seemed to her that she must be losing her wits to see a princess, where every one else saw a cat. Still she could not doubt the evidence of her own eyes. Finally, she advanced a little way and curtsied very low. The princess stopped singing at once. She arose in a stately fashion, and fastened her bright eyes upon Dorothy.

"So you know me?" said she.

Dorothy curtsied again.

"Are you positive that I am not a cat?"

Dorothy curtsied.

"Well, I am *not* a cat," said the princess. "I am a true princess from Persia, traveling incognito. You are the first person who has pierced my disguise. You must have very extraordinary eyes. Are n't you hungry?"

Dorothy curtsied.

"Come here and eat the stew," ordered the princess, in a commanding tone. "Meantime I will cook my own supper."

With that the princess gave a graceful leap across the floor; her gray velvet robe fluttered like a gray wing. Dorothy saw a little mouse scud before her, then in an instant the princess had him! But the moment the princess lifted the mouse, he became a gray pigeon, all dressed for cooking.

The princess sat down on the hearth and put the pigeon on the coals to broil.

"You had better eat your stew," said she; "I won't offer you any of this pigeon, because you could not help suspecting it was mouse."

So Dorothy timidly took up the stew, and began to eat it; she was in reality nearly starved.

"Now," said the Persian princess, when she had finished, "you had better do that mending, while I finish cooking and eat my own supper."

Dorothy obeyed. By the time the apron was neatly mended, the princess had finished cooking and eaten the pigeon. "Now, I wish to talk a little to you," said she. "I feel as if you deserved my confidence since you have penetrated my disguise. I am a Persian princess, as I said before, and I am traveling incognito to see the world and improve my mind, and also to rescue my brother, who is a Maltese prince and enchanted. My brother, when very young, went on his travels, was shipwrecked on the coast of Malta, and became a prince of that island. But he had enemies, and was enchanted. He is now a Maltese cat. I disguise myself as a cat in order to find him more readily. Now, for what do you most wish?"

Dorothy curtsied; she was really too impressed to speak.

"Answer," said the princess imperiously.

"I — want," stammered Dorothy, "to — take my grandmother out of — the almshouse, and have her sit at the window in the sun in a cushioned chair and knit a silk stocking all day."

"Anything else?"

"I should like to — have her wear a bombazine gown and a — white lace cap with — lilac ribbons."

"You are a good girl," said the princess, "Now, listen. I see that you are not very pleasantly situated here, and I will teach you a way to escape. Take your hood off that peg over there. and come out with me. I want to find my port-

manteau that I left under the hedge, a little way down the road."

Dorothy put on her hood and followed the princess down the road. The little girl could scarcely keep up with her; she seemed to fairly fly through the moonlight, trailing her gray robe after her.

"Here is my portmanteau," said the princess, when they had reached the hedge. The hedge was all white hawthorn and very sweet. The portmanteau had lain well under it. All Dorothy could see was a tiny leather wallet, that a cat could carry in her mouth. But the princess blew upon it three times, and suddenly a great leather trunk stood on the grass. The princess opened it, and Dorothy gave a little cry; her eyes were so dazzled. It was like a blaze of gold and silver and jewels. "Look at this," said the princess. And she took out of the trunk the splendid robe that was laid uppermost.

Dorothy looked; she could not say anything. The robe was woven of silk, with gold and silver threads, and embroidered with jewels.

"If you will give this to Dame Betsy for her eldest daughter's bridal dress, she will let you go," said the princess. She took a pair of silver shears out of the trunk and cut off a bit of the robe under a flounce. "Show that to Dame Betsy," said the princess, "and tell her you will give her the dress made of the same material, and she will let you go. Now you had better run home. I shall stay here and sleep under the hedge. I do not like Dame Betsy's house. Come here in the morning, when you have told her about the dress."

The princess sat down on the trunk, and it immediately shrunk into the little wallet; then she curled herself up on the grass under the flowery hedge. Dorothy ran home and crept noiselessly up to her bed in the garret.

In the morning, when the daughters came down to breakfast, they missed the cat. "Where is the cat?" they inquired indignantly of their mother. They suspected her of driving the cat away with the broom. They had quite a wrangle over it. Finally, the daughters all put on finery and went out shopping for some needles and pins; then Dorothy showed Dame Betsy the scrap of the splendid robe, and said to her what the princess had directed she should say.

Dame Betsy was very much surprised and disturbed. She did not wish to lose Dorothy, who was a great help to her; still, she had no doubt that a suitor would soon appear for her eldest daughter, if arrayed in so beautiful a bridal gown as that. She reflected how she might have a tea-party and invite all the neighbors, and display the robe, and how all the sons would come flocking to the door. Finally she consented, and

Dorothy, as soon as her mistress's back was turned, ran out and away to the hedge, under which she knew the Persian princess to be concealed.

The princess looked up and rubbed her eyes. She had slept late, although the birds were singing loudly all around her. Dorothy curtsied and said that she had come for the robe. "Very well," replied the princess, "I will give it to you; then you must carry it and hang it over Dame Betsy's gate, and run back to me as fast as you are able."

Then the princess blew on the wallet until it became a trunk, and she took out the splendid robe and gave it to Dorothy, who carried it and hung it over Dame Betsy's gate just as she had been bidden. But as she was about to run away, she saw the little boy who lived next door, peeping through his fence, so she stopped to bid him good-

and cushions and aprons out of the beautiful dresses in her trunk. She had a great store of them, but they were all made in the Persian fashion and were of no use in this country.

When Dorothy had made the pretty articles out of the rich dresses, she went out and sold them to wealthy ladies for high prices. She soon earned quite a sum of money, which she placed at interest in the bank, and she was then able to take her grandmother out of the almshouse. She bought a beautiful chair with a canary-colored velvet cushion, and she placed it at the window in the sun. She bought a bombazine dress and a white cap with lilac ribbons, and she had the silk stocking with the needles all ready.

But the day before the old grandmother came the princess bade Dorothy good-bye. "I am



bye. He felt so sad that he wept, and Dorothy herself had tears in her eyes when she ran to join the princess.

Dorothy and the princess then set off on their travels; but nobody except Dorothy herself knew that there was a princess. Every one who met them saw simply a little girl and a beautiful gray cat. Finally they stopped at a pretty little village. "Here," said the princess, "we will rent a cottage."

They looked about until they found a charming cottage with a grapevine over the door, and roses and marigolds in the yard; then Dorothy, at the princess's direction, went to the landlord and bargained for it.

Then they went to live in the cottage, and the princess taught Dorothy how to make lovely tidies

going out again on my travels," said she; "I wish to see more of the country, and I must continue my search for my brother, the Maltese prince.

So the princess kissed Dorothy, who wept; then she set forth on her travels. Dorothy gazed sorrowfully after her as she went. She saw a dainty little princess, trailing her gray velvets; but everybody else saw only a lovely gray cat hurrying down the road.

Dorothy's grandmother came to live with her. She sat in her cushioned chair, in the sunny window, and knitted her silk stocking, and was a very happy old woman. Dorothy continued to make beautiful things out of the princess's dresses. It seemed as if there would never be any end to them. She had cut up many dresses, but there were apparently as many now as when she began. She

saw no more of the princess, although she thought of her daily, until she was quite grown up and was a beautiful maiden with many suitors. Then, one day, she went to the city to deliver a beautiful cushion that she had made for some wealthy ladies, and there, in the drawing-room, she saw the Persian princess.

Dorothy was left in the room until the ladies came down, and as she sat there holding her cushion, she heard a little velvet rustle and a softly hummed song in the Persian language. She looked, and there was the princess stepping across the floor, trailing her gray velvets.

"So you have come, dear Dorothy," said the princess.

Dorothy arose and curtsied, but the princess came close and kissed her. "What have you there?" she inquired.

Dorothy displayed the cushion; the princess laughed.

"It is quite a joke, is it not?" said she. "That cushion is for me to sleep on, and it is made out of one of my own dresses. The ladies have bought it for me. I have heard them talking about it. How do you fare, Dorothy, and how is your grandmother?"

Then Dorothy told the princess how the grandmother sat in the cushioned chair in the sunny window and knitted the silk stocking, and how she herself was to be married the next week to the little boy who had lived next door, but was now grown up and come a-wooing.

"Where is his grandmother?" asked the princess.

Dorothy replied that she was to live with them, and that there was already another cushioned chair in a sunny window, another bombazine dress and lace cap, and a silk stocking, in readiness, and that both grandmothers were to sit and knit in peace during the rest of their lives.

"Ah, well," said the princess, with a sigh, "if I were only back in Persia I would buy you a wedding present, but I do not know when that will be,—the ladies are so kind."

Dorothy ventured to inquire if the princess had found her brother, the Maltese prince.

"Dear me, yes," replied the princess. "Why, he lives in this very house. He is out in the back parlor, asleep on the sofa, this minute. Brother, dear brother, come here a second, I pray!"

With that a Maltese prince, with a long, aristocratic face, and beautiful, serious eyes, entered with a slow and stately tread. He was dressed in gray velvet, like his sister, and he wore white velvet mittens. Dorothy curtsied very low.

"Yes, I found my brother here, some time ago," said the princess; "but I have very little hope of

freeing him from his enchantment. You see, there is only one thing that can break the spell: one of his mistresses must drive him out of the house with the broom, and I do not believe that either of them ever will,—they are so exceedingly gracious and kind. I have tried to induce my brother to commit some little sin,—to steal some cream, or some meat, or to fly around the room as if he were in a fit (I myself have shown him how to do that), but he will not consent. He has too much dignity, and he is too fond of these ladies. And, if he should, I doubt if he would be driven out with the broom,—they are so kind."

The princess sighed. The prince stood looking in a grave and stately manner at Dorothy, but he did not speak. "However," the princess continued, cheerfully, "we do very well here, and in some respects this is a more enlightened country than either Persia or Malta, and it is a privilege to live here. The ladies are very kind to us, and we are very fond of them; then, too, we see very fine company. And there are also Persian hangings and rugs which make it seem homelike. We are very well contented. I don't know, on the whole, that we are in any hurry to go away. But should either of the ladies ever take it into her head to drive my brother out of the house with the broom, we shall at once leave the country for Persia and Malta; for, after all, one's native land is dear."

The princess stopped talking, and began to hum her Persian song, and then the ladies entered the room. They greeted Dorothy kindly; then they began to call, "Vashti, Vashti, come here, pretty Vashti," and, "Muff, Muff, come here, pretty Muff." For they did not see the Persian princess and the Maltese prince, but two beautiful cats, whose names were Vashti and Muff.

"Just hear Vashti purr," said one of the ladies. "Come here, pretty Vashti, and try your new cushion."

And the ladies saw a cat sitting on the rich cushion, and another cat looking at her gravely, while Dorothy saw a Persian princess, and a Maltese prince.

However, the ladies knew that there was something uncommon about their cats, and they sometimes suspected the truth, themselves, but they thought it must be a fancy.

Dorothy left her cushion, and went away, and that was the last time she ever saw the Persian princess. As she went out the door, the princess pressed close to her. The ladies thought she mewed, but in reality she was talking.

"Good-bye, Dorothy," said she, "I hope you will live happily ever after. And as for my brother and I, we really enjoy ourselves; we are seeing the

country and improving our minds, and we love the ladies. If one of them should drive him out with the broom, he will become a prince again, and we shall leave; but I do not know that it is desirable. A cat has a more peaceful life than a prince. Good-bye, dear Dorothy."

The princess was going closer to embrace Dorothy, but the ladies became alarmed; they thought

that their beautiful cat was going to steal out of the house. So they called, and a maid with a white cap ran and caught the Persian princess, and carried her back to the drawing-room. The ladies thought she mewed, as she was being carried in, but in reality she was calling back merrily, "Good-bye, and live happily ever after, dear Dorothy!"

A MUTINY ON A GOLD-SHIP.

(A True Story.)

BY FRANCES STOUGHTON BAILEY.

It was our last Friday night at Castle Bluff boarding-school. Most of the girls were gone, and the few who lived in or around New York, and were obliged to remain until Saturday morning, were counting the hours of captivity.

It was a dismal night. The rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the piazza roof, while the honeysuckle scraped an accompaniment upon the panes; the wind piped shrilly, and every now and then, as it shifted, we could hear the roar of the breakers at Forlorn Hope. We were huddled together, seven girls, in the study-parlor, grumbling because the evening train for New York was an express, and so did not stop at Castle Bluff.

"I would have cut the closing exercises and taken the two o'clock train if the 'General' would have let me," said Sarah Priest, frowning.

"The General" was our name for our principal, Mrs. M., whose imposing carriage suggested the title which Dickens bestows on one of his characters.

"Our sacerdotal friend seems pensive to-night," I remarked, mischievously. "What entertainment would your Reverence be pleased to countenance?" I added, turning to Sarah. The poor girl had to answer to a great many punning variations of her name. Indeed, we all bore school-names. Mine was "Gaul," given me by the class in "Cæsar's Commentaries," as an improvement on "France," otherwise Frances. Minnie Walsh, the most diminutive girl in school, was "Cardiff Giant," abbreviated to "Cardie"; Jennie Shepherd was known as "Shepherdess" or "Bopeep"; Bertha Hein, who was always "willin'," was "Barkis"; "Lib" Chamberlain, a high-spirited, independent girl, was called "Liberty."

I had been reading aloud from "Our Mutual Friend," but finding my audience too restless to listen, I closed the book and walked to the window.

"No use to watch for the steamer to-night, girls,"

I said; "you could n't sight the 'Great Eastern' a boat's-length away."

"Oh, how nautical!" remarked Jennie. "Have you been taking lessons of Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, I'm not so sure that it would n't be a good idea to have a lesson from Mrs. Jones," I said. "What do you say to one of her 'sailors' yarns,' as she calls them?"

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Alice.

"Let's get her to tell us a real live blood-and-thunder-your-money-or-your-life pirate story."

"Run along and prepare her, Gaul," said Lib, Alice's chum. "We will follow in a procession."

"Come, girls," cried Alice, "form a line. Choose partners! 'But as for me,' seizing her chum, "'give me Liberty, or give me death!'"

We found the matron sitting before a little wood fire, working a cushion for a fair.

It was almost equal to a voyage around the world to go into Mrs. Jones's room. On the mantel and shelves were foreign shells and different kinds of corals, from the massive brain-coral of the West Indies to the delicate pink specimens from the Micronesian Islands, also stuffed birds, bits of ore from Australia, and Spanish souvenirs. Over a photograph of Windsor Castle, the Stars and Stripes mingled their folds with those of the Union Jack. Above the flags hung a colored lithograph of H. M. S. "Three Jolly Tars," which, although represented as scudding before a "large" wind, on a heavy sea, had all her canvas set.

Mrs. Jones was fond of young people, and glad to relax the strict rules of school discipline.

"Is that you, Miss Bailey?" said she. "Come in, and Miss Priest, too. How many girls are there of you?" she asked, catching sight of the line in the hall.

"We are seven," said Alice, as we distributed ourselves about the room.

"I wish there were twice as many!" said the matron, with one of her genial laughs. "I suppose you are all glad to be off duty, and done with that examining board for the term."

"In what country were you born, Mrs. Jones?" I asked, partly to set the ball rolling and partly to settle a disputed point.

"In no country," answered the lady. "I'm the woman 'without a country.'" After enjoying our perplexity for a while she added, "I was born on the high seas."

"But of what nationality are you?" I persisted.

"I can hardly tell you, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Jones. "Perhaps African, as much as any, for I was born at sea off the Cape of Good Hope. My father was an English sea-captain, and he married my mother, who was a Spanish lady, in Madrid."

"I lived on board ship—the Three Jolly Tars—until I was fourteen, so you see that picture is a view of my birthplace and early home. My father was captain of that vessel for twenty-eight years."

"When I was sixteen I was married in England, and went to housekeeping in Australia. I married a sea-captain and made many voyages with him, so that much of my life has been passed on ship-board. It would really seem more home-like to me than living on land, if my husband and children were alive and could be with me."

"But is n't it dreadfully monotonous—the same thing, day after day?" inquired Jennie.

"Dear, no!" said the matron. "If you are not a mere passenger, impatient to be at your journey's end, you can have as much home-life on shipboard as anywhere. As to monotony, the sea is the most variable thing in the world, hardly alike two days in succession."

"Did n't you ever meet any nice pirates or have any mutinies on board, or anything of that sort, you know?" Alice asked persuasively.

Mrs. Jones laughed. "Not exactly," she said; "but we had a bit of a scare on one voyage. Perhaps you would like to hear about that?"

We gathered around, and she began:

"My husband was captain of the 'Bonanza,' a ship running between Melbourne and Liverpool, some twenty-five years ago. I shall never forget the first voyage I made with him. Vessels did not go so fast then as they do now, and I remember that we were just five months and three days from Phillips's Dock, Liverpool."

"Our freight was gold-dust for the return trip, and the worst of it was that we could get a crew only of convicts. Our own sailors caught the gold-fever, which was running very high then, and while the ship was lying at Melbourne ran away to the gold-fields to prospect for themselves. These convicts were old sailors who had been transported

for crime, but who had served out their terms and wished to return to England by working their passage. David—that was my husband's name—said we could do no better than to take them; and he had n't the slightest fear that they would make any trouble: they were too anxious to get back to England."

"All seemed to go well for a while, but after we had been out to sea for some time, it seemed to my husband as if the Bonanza was a little off her bearings; so the first bright day he took an observation. He was shut up for about an hour making the calculations. When he came out I saw by his face that something was wrong. He went aft and spent some time with the helmsman. He had found that the Bonanza *was* off her bearings, sure enough. The man at the wheel told him that she would n't mind her helm—that she was water-logged. This got about among the passengers, and they began to be nervous; so my husband announced that he would make an examination, and invited two of the passengers to accompany him into the hold. They went down into the lower hold, where the ballast is stowed, and found the ship was all right. The captain sent the boatswain aloft to give out through the trumpet that the report was false."

"After this I could see that David was uneasy, although I did not then understand why."

"I awoke one night just before seven bells struck. When I heard the bells, I knew that it was only half-past three, and was trying to get to sleep again, when my ears, which are exceptionally quick, caught a peculiar scraping sound under the berth. There would not seem to be anything alarming about this, for most ships are full of rats, but the fact was, that the gold tank was built into the ship just under the captain's berth, the only entrance being by a trap-door. If this scraping came from the tank, it could not be rats, for no rat who had any respect for his teeth would be likely to experiment on the zinc lining. A few nights afterward I heard the noise again, and felt sure it was some sharp instrument working on a metallic surface. I awakened David, but he could not hear anything, and said that it must be my imagination."

"Soon after this, I noticed that a curious change had come over Arnie, our cabin-boy. His whole name was Arnold McIntyre. He was really very young for the place, but I had been pleased with his appearance and induced my husband to take him. This was the boy's first trip. His father had been a prosperous squatter in Australia, a Scotchman by birth, and a fine man."

"One night the father was awakened by the barking of the dogs, and on going to the door found a gang of bushrangers surrounding the house."

They evidently knew that he had been selling cattle that day and had brought home a large sum of money. It is not likely that they intended to harm him, for it was only the money that they were

we spoke suddenly to him; but during breakfast I often noticed that he was gazing at us with an indescribable expression. I have seen something like it in the face of a dumb animal when it is trying in vain to make itself understood by a human being.

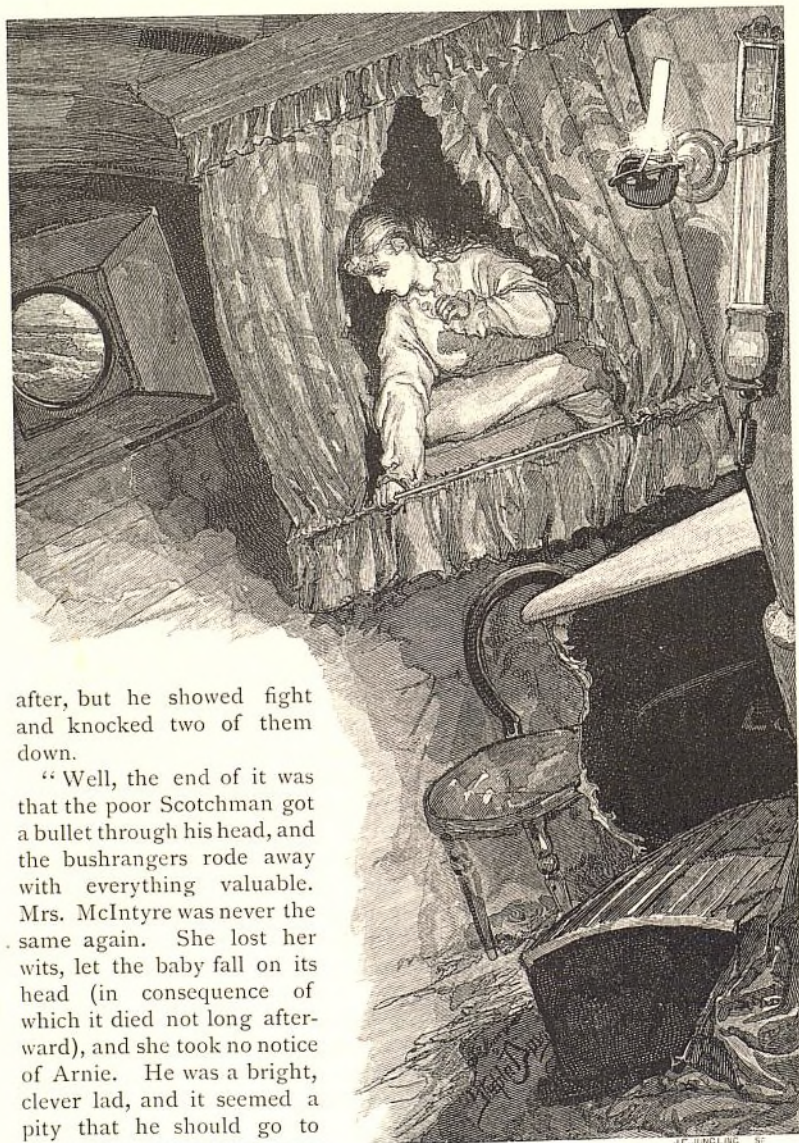
"I was sitting on deck with my work, one pleasant morning soon after, when, happening to need a book which was below, I sent Arnie down to get it. When he handed it to me there was a folded slip of paper between the leaves; a single word was scrawled upon it—the word '*Mutiny*.'

"That day, when we had finished our dinner, the captain rose in his place and made a short speech. He said something like this:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to have a few straight words with you. I do not wish to cause alarm, and hope there is no occasion for any, but I think it best that there should be a fair understanding between us, as to how matters stand. I have reason to believe that all is not right on board,—that there is mischief brewing among the crew. If I can have the support of the passengers, I feel sure that I can manage the men. There must be no panic among you. It is absolutely necessary that all be calm, watchful, and self-controlled. I believe that you will

be. I think I can trust you and shall expect you to sustain me. We will look this danger in the face, and we shall see whether a dozen true Englishmen can be cowed by a gang of convicts!'

"The speech had the effect my husband desired. The passengers felt that he trusted to their honor and courage, and the gentlemen all promised to be ready to stand by him in any emergency. The



"MY EARS CAUGHT A PECULIAR SCRAPING SOUND."

after, but he showed fight and knocked two of them down.

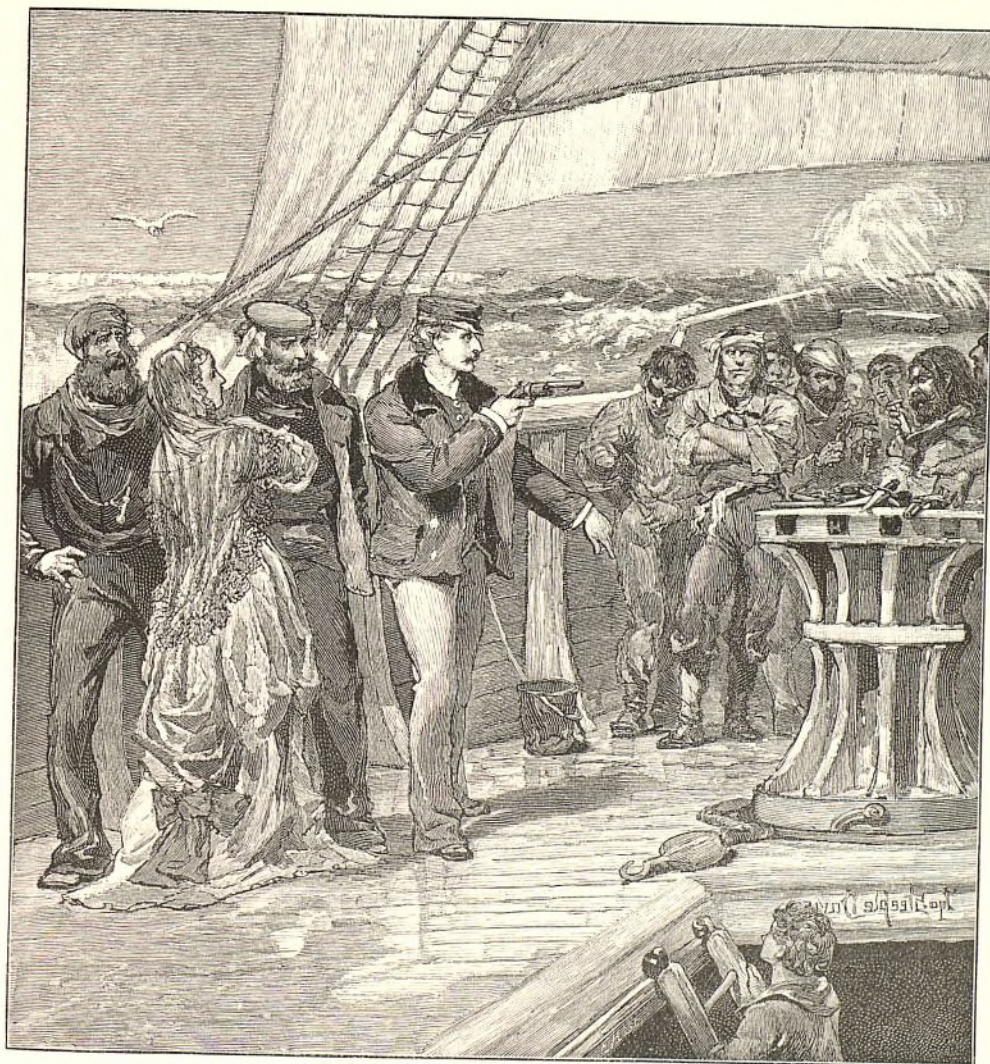
"Well, the end of it was that the poor Scotchman got a bullet through his head, and the bushrangers rode away with everything valuable. Mrs. McIntyre was never the same again. She lost her wits, let the baby fall on its head (in consequence of which it died not long afterward), and she took no notice of Arnie. He was a bright, clever lad, and it seemed a pity that he should go to destruction, so we took care of him. He was very fond of us, and I took great pleasure in teaching him, for he was very grateful and a quick scholar.

"All at once, as I said, a great change seemed to have come over him. He came into the cabin one morning as white as a piece of canvas, and I noticed that his arm shook so that he had to carry the captain's coffee-cup with both hands. He declared he was well, and seemed to be startled when

captain had all hands piped on deck, and we followed. The crew were a hard-looking set of fellows, most of them, with rough, unshaven, scarred faces, and they glowered at the captain, from under their heavy eyebrows, like wild beasts.

"My husband was not much of an orator, but when a man's blood is up he can talk, if he ever

world has not been the better for your living in it, but I have treated you as if you had been the most honorable men in England. You have had a chance to show that there was something of true manhood left in you, yet. Now, how have you returned this? I will tell you! *You mean mischief!* I understand this as well as you do. Your



"IF ANY MAN CROSSES THE SECOND LINE, I'LL SHOOT HIM DEAD."

can; and I assure you he laid down the law to those men in words they could understand.

"There is not a man of you," he said, "who dares look me in the eye and say that he has received anything but fair play from me, or from the subordinate officers, since he shipped on the Bonanza. Your past lives have not been such as would lead a man to put confidence in you. The

plot is known to me, and the time has come for you to give an account of it. You will find that I am not a man to be trifled with. I am master of this ship, and I intend to remain so. The Bonanza is freighted with gold-dust, and I shall defend her with my life! I command you all, as true British sailors, to bring forward your arms and lay them on the capstan!"

"You may not know that it is against the shipping articles for sailors to carry arms; one of the first questions asked when a man ships before the mast is, 'Have you any weapons?'"

"There was silence among the men when the captain ceased. We could hear the soft flapping of the sails overhead, and the occasional scraping of a heel, as some one eased his muscles by shifting his weight from one foot to the other. I was standing by the main-shrouds and remember counting the ratlins over and over, to help keep my self-control. It seemed a brief lifetime to me, but I suppose it was hardly thirty seconds before four men came forward and laid down horse-pistols. Not another man stirred. I saw my husband's face redden and his eyes flash angrily.

"Is no one else true?" he shouted.

"I began to tremble lest he should lose his self-control.

"He called for some chalk. Chalk is always kept on board for whitening spots when a ship comes into port. He stooped down and began to draw two lines across the deck in front of him. Suddenly there was a sharp click. My husband had drawn a pistol and cocked it! An instant after he rose to his feet and cried in a voice like thunder, 'You may walk up to that first line and lay down your arms, but if any man crosses the second line, I'll shoot him dead!'"

"I closed my eyes,—but when I looked again I could hardly see the top of the capstan for the bowie-knives and pistols that covered it!

"The captain called the sailmaker and whispered a word in his ear. He went below and came up with the irons. The passengers lent a hand, and in a few minutes we had the ringleaders provided for.

"Then the captain thought of Arnie. He said, 'I understand you have got Arnie in tow. Bring him up.' He was brought up, pale as death.

"Now," says the captain, 'you've got to tell all you know about this business.'

"The child's lips quivered. 'If I do, they will kill me,' he said.

"You shan't be touched," said the captain.

Still Arnold was afraid to speak. He was trembling in every limb. He was such a little fellow, his head did not reach up to my shoulder. It was the hardest work to make him tell what he knew! David had to promise that he should stay in the cabin all the way, and at last he told the whole story, and we found everything to be just as he said. He had heard it all while lying in his bunk; and the men bound him by a dreadful oath to secrecy, and swore they would murder him and throw his body overboard if he should betray them. He believed they would, but he felt that he must warn us. He tried to let the captain know in some way without breaking his oath, but could not make him understand, and had given me the scrap of paper as a last resort.

"The convicts had a large supply of weapons and had bribed the steersman to turn the ship from her course little by little, intending to mutiny and take possession of her. They wished to take her to some strange port and then scuttle her, going ashore in the boats, and leaving us to our fate.

"Arnold told which men had weapons in their lockers, and where the keys were, and the captain sent and seized the arms. He told us, also, that the ship's cutlasses, which had seemed in good condition at the last inspection, had been deprived of their blades, so that, as we found, only the sheaths and handles remained, and we could not have used them for our defense.

"The boy also told us that two or three attempts had been made to cut through the gold tank, and, on examining, we discovered several places at the side where some sharp instrument had been used. This explained the filing sound I had heard twice.

"Arnie had saved our lives, and you may be sure we did not forget it.

"We reached England in safety, and, before landing, the passengers made up a handsome purse for the boy. He was sent to a good school and well educated, and to-day Arnold McIntyre is an officer in the Royal Navy, and one of the finest men in Her Majesty's service."

THE ROAD-RUNNER.

By C. C. HASKINS.

THE road-runner is a native of the western part of America, and has been seen in nearly every favorable locality on that coast, from northern California to Central America. He has as many

names as an old convict, but is a very clever, companionable, and useful bird. The Spaniards named him *paisano*; he is sometimes called *chaparral-cock*, and sometimes *ground-cuckoo*, while

the naturalists have given him some very long names, such as *Geococcyx mexicanus*; but either of the simpler names, road-runner or ground-cuckoo, will answer our purpose very well.

He is a cuckoo, but his appearance is quite different from any other known to us in North America. His entire length is from twenty to thirty inches, and the female is much smaller than the male. Half of his length is due to the long tail, as you see in his portrait. He is a pretty and active bird, with many colors in his coat. The upper parts (darkest in the picture) are olive-green, each feather being edged with white near the outer end. The feathers at the side, and on part of the neck, are white trimmed with black, and the top of the head is blackish blue. The lower portions of the body are white, and the legs green. The four toes on each foot are so placed that two of them point backward and two forward; and therefore, from the track, it is sometimes difficult to tell which way the bird was walking. The bare spot around his eye has three colors, red, yellow, and blue, each separate, and the eye itself is very bright and beautiful. The crest that grows on the head can be erected or depressed, at will. The redbird, the waxwing cedar-bird, and some others have the same power. That long switch-tail he can spread, much like a feather-fan, and he waves it up and down very gracefully. Sometimes, when excited, he jerks and jumps about as a cat-bird will when one comes too near the blackberry-bushes.

The road-runner lives in the chaparral, among the cactus-plants. There he is secure from the hawks and other large birds of prey, and, as he is nearly always on the ground, he can easily escape from his enemies by jumping into his castle of thorns. He is not a very good house-carpenter, for his nest is merely a few dry sticks loosely thrown together. His two to four little ones are hatched from nearly round, white eggs, a little larger than those of pigeons. He has no song, but cooes like a dove, and when excited pipes out a shrill, sharp tone.

But, though neither a house-carpenter nor a musician, he is an excellent hunter, and, like most hunters, is a very large eater. His food consists of bugs, snails, beetles, lizards, snakes, and, I am sorry to say, he occasionally makes a dinner of small birds. A fat mouse is a dainty bit for him, and must be very fleet of foot to escape. He is as quick as a cat, and will jump eight or ten feet into the air and catch a bug on the wing, closing his bill on the unfortunate with a loud, quick snap.

As he seldom rambles far from home, he collects such little necessary articles as are needed for his style of housekeeping, and takes care that they

shall be near. One of these is a butcher's-block, where he dresses his meat for dinner. If the bug he has caught happens to have a shell, he takes it to his "block," which is a large stone or piece of bone, and there it is hammered with his bill until the shell is broken. The same treatment is adopted for large snails; then dinner is ready. The early emigrants to California, observing these "kitchens" of the chaparral-cock, were greatly puzzled to account for their battered appearance and the quantities of broken shells and beetle-scales lying about, until somebody saw the bird at work.

The tarantula, a large poisonous spider that lives in the same regions as the road-runner, is said by the inhabitants to be a favorite food. Whether that be true or not, the bird kills every one he finds asleep, by a very ingenious method. Taking some thorny cactus-leaves in his bill, he builds with them a wall around his prey so high that the spider can not jump over. Then, taking a piece of cactus in his bill, the road-runner hovers over the spider and drops the thorny leaf



CHAPARRAL-COCK, OR ROAD-RUNNER.

upon him. Mr. Spider awakes as much astonished as a small boy can be when he falls out of bed, and bounds round his little circus-ring until he kills himself on the thorns. Then, I suppose, the bird eats him, but of this we are not certain.

The paisano catches lizards and snakes in the same cunning way; and I don't know but a spider would do as well for dinner as a lizard. The poison of the spider is harmless when taken into the bird's stomach, but would probably cause death if introduced directly into his blood. Similarly, the poisoned arrows with which the South Americans kill the manatee, or sea-cow, in the Amazon, do not make the meat of the animal unfit for food. We can not well understand how the bird finds out the difference, but I think he must know that it is safer not to risk himself in a fight with a poisonous enemy, and that tarantulas for dinner are less harmful when dead than when alive.

The road-runner takes that name from his disposition to escape capture by running rather than

by flying. It is difficult for a dog to overtake one. Lieutenant Couch of the United States Army, while in Texas, saw a wolf, which had just failed in the attempt to catch a hare, fail a second time in trying to catch a road-runner. "Apparently much disappointed," the Lieutenant says, "he looked at me for a moment with an expression that seemed to say, 'I have half a mind to try *you*.'" Then he turned sulkily away, entirely to the officer's satisfaction.

Colonel Geo. A. McCall, who has been a close observer of the bird's habits, once had a long chase after a plucky road-runner. The bird was one hundred yards in advance at the start, and Colonel McCall followed him on horseback for nearly a quarter of a mile, at the end of which time he had gained only fifty yards upon the little runner. The bird then ran into the chaparral, and so saved himself just in time, for he was very tired, and could not have held out much longer.

The road-runner is easily tamed, and becomes very familiar and mischievous, stealing and hiding articles of clothing, spoons, etc., as persistently as do tame jackdaws, crows, or ravens, and he is always delighted if he can tear in two a letter or newspaper, or tip over an inkstand, a lamp, or a flower-vase.

A gentleman in California owned one that was not confined, but was allowed to run at large like a chicken. When small live birds were given to him, he treated them as a kitten does a mouse, tossing them into the air, throwing and chasing them, playing with them until tired, and then swallowing them whole. Raw meat was not refused, but he preferred lizards, and once ate, at a single meal, three sparrows, one lizard, and part of the breast of a coot, without apparent inconvenience.

This, I think, must have been a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner!



THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

THE SHAG BACK PANTHER.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

LOOKING eastward from Lake Champlain, where it is bordered by the township of Lakefield, the first eminence that catches the glance that does not overshoot to the nobler heights of the Green Mountains, far beyond, is Shag Back. All Lakefield people, who have proper town pride, speak of it as Shag Back Mountain, or, quite as often, as "the Mountain," with the same respect that Camel's Hump and Mansfield are spoken of by those who dwell in their mighty shadows. But when the mountain folk have occasion to speak of it, as they sometimes do when in its neighborhood, it is only as "that hill" or "that cobble," and, in fact, if set on a side of one of their grand familiars it would be hardly a noticeable ridge.

Forty years ago or more, Shag Back was so famous for its crops of blueberries and huckleberries, that people came to it from miles away to gather them; but from some unknown cause, these crops have failed continuously for many years.

In the fruitful years, when a nimble-fingered picker might fill a milk-pail in an hour, a French Canadian lived in a little house standing so near the foot of Shag Back, that the sunrise came late to it over the mountain's rugged crest of pines and gnarled oaks.

Théophile Dudelant was the name that parents and family had given him, but his Yankee neighbors called him Duffy Doodlelaw. He liked neither; for the old name was too suggestive of his cast-off nationality when properly pronounced, and the attempts of New England tongues thereat sounded so oddly that people were apt to laugh when they first heard it. So he cast about for a better-sounding name, and as no one could translate for him the one he bore, he hit upon one which, to his ears, most resembled it, and presently announced that his name in English was David Douglas, by which hereafter he would be known.

Some of his transplanted Canadian friends, who, casting off with their moccasins the names of ancestors that had toiled and fought with Champlain and Frontenac, had become Littles, Shorts, Stones, Rocks, Grigwires, Greenoughs, Loverns, and what not, accepted it as genuine, and were particular to address him and speak of him as David Douglas; but to his great disgust the Yankees continued to call him Duffy Doodlelaw. Then

he felt that he had made a mistake and rechristened himself David Dudley; but this cognomen would stick no better than the other.

He was thinking of this troublesome question of names, quite as much as of the onions he was weeding, one August forenoon, when the sun's rays fell hot upon him.

"Douglas; Dudley; ah do' know if *one* of it was de bes', or one of it was de bes'," he soliloquized, as, squatted in the path between the beds, he tugged at a stubborn bunch of mallows. He carried on all conversations with himself in English, perhaps to perfect himself in the language, but more likely to show his mastery of it. And he had no one else to talk with, for the two youngest children, who had been left at home while their mother and the rest went huckleberrying, had not yet arrived at intelligible speech. Now and then, when irresistibly attracted by the onions they attempted to pull one, their father would bellow hoarsely at them in French, or roar the name of the delinquent in English, but he had nothing further to say to them. He continued his self-converse undisturbed, whether they played and laughed, or fought and squalled.

"Douglas; prob'ly dat was Dudelant. Dudley; prob'ly *dat* was Dudelant. Which of it was saoun' de bes'? Ah, do' know, me. Good mawny, Mista Douglas!" addressing himself in his blandest voice. "Dat was saoun' pooty goode, bah jinjo," he commented, and Mr. Douglas began to frame a polite response to himself. "Pooty well, t'ank you, Mista—" when he caught sight of a youngster just snatching an onion-stalk. "Pren' garrde!" he roared, and the little thief scrambled away on all fours with the purloined morsel between his teeth.

Then Théophile resumed, while he tugged at the refractory weed, "Pooty well, t'ank you, Mista Dud—," but the mallow suddenly broke or loosened its hold, and he sat down unexpectedly while the mallow's roots, flying aloft with his hands, rained a shower of dry earth upon his upturned face.

"Sss-a-cré ton sac'!" he hissed and groaned, as he got upon his feet and, wiping the dust from his eyes with the backs of both hands, turned to view the havoc he had made. "Bah jinjo! Ah 'll spilte

more as half-pecks onion!" he said sorrowfully. "Wal, sah, ah guess ah was be Mista Dudley. Mista Douglas he ain't sim for be very good lucky, — he si' daown on too much onion!"

Accepting this omen as determining his name henceforth, he was familiarizing himself with it by frequent repetitions, when he heard approaching footsteps, and voices hushing to low tones and whispers as they drew nearer.

Looking a little beyond the rough paling of his garden, he saw a pretty, fair-haired girl of sixteen years, and two small boys two and four years younger, in whose complexions and features, though sunburned and more coarsely molded, brotherhood with her was plainly discernible. The three looked so good-humored and happy that it seemed hardly possible for one to meet them in any other mood, but each carried a pail or basket with the evident purpose of berry-picking, and Théophile's heart was at once embittered against them, and he bent over his onions pretending to be unaware of visitors. But when the girl came up to the fence, timidly laying her hands upon it, starting shyly when the tin pail rang against the palings, and accosted him with a pleasant "Good-morning, sir," he could no longer ignore their presence, but arose and faced the honest blue eyes with profuse simulated courtesy.

"Goode mawny, mees. Pooty goode day dis mawny, don't it? Pooty hot, dough, an' ah guess he'll rain some t'under, by 'n' by, ah guess," and he scanned the brassy sky in which there was not a promise that rain would ever fall again. "Yas, sah, he'll rain 'fore soon, ah b'lieve so, me."

The girl cast a questioning look toward the lake whence summer showers oftenest came.

"Oh, dear! Do you think it will rain? My! I don't want to get wet, but I 'most wish it would rain, for Father says everything needs it, and my posy garden is all dryin' up. My Chiny asters is all wiltin'."

"Ah, ma poo' leetly gal!" cried Théophile, raising his outspread palms toward her, and then dropping them by his thighs. "You'll ain't want for git ketch in t'under, up on de mountain. De litlin was stroke more as half de tree, ev'ry tam it t'under, an' de t'under stroke more as half de tree ev'ry tam it litlin. Oh, bah jinjo! But prob'ly you'll ain't goin' dar?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, "we've come huckleberryin', and we wanted to ask you where the best place is; we don't know anything about the mountain."

"Goin' on de mount'in! 'Lone?" said Théophile, raising his voice in a horrified tone, with an exclamation point and an interrogation point bristling at the end of every word. "One leetly gaal

an' two leetly boy? Oh, bah jinjo! you can' go! Ah can' let you went! You be all eat awp 'fore two hour! You be all tored to piecens!" and his upraised hands fell to clawing the air with hooked fingers.

The smile faded out of the girl's face as she lifted her startled eyes to Théophile's, and her parted lips framed an inarticulate "Why?"

"Was it possibly you'll ain't hear 'baout de pant'er?" She shook her head, and her brothers, who had stood apart, fidgeting impatiently over the delay, were drawn near with quickened interest at the mention of a panther.

"Naw? Wal, bah jinjo! Dey was twenty, prob'ly forty. Folkses have hear it yaller! Ev'ry day, ev'ry day! Ah'll hear it to-day, myse'f, yes, sah! Prob'ly 'f you'll listen leetly whil', you hear it, you'se'f. Dah!" lifting his left hand toward the mountain and rolling his eyes in the same direction from whence came the snarling squall of a young crow, "ain't you'll hear dat noise?"

"That sounds jus' like a crow," the elder boy remarked, after listening a moment with held breath.

"Cr-row!" Théophile growled contemptuously. "Bah jinjo, ah guess you ain't t'ink he was cr-row 'f he'll gat hees claw in you. Yas, sah, he could make ev'ry kan' of noise, ev'ry was be make. Like blue-jay, like cr-row, like hawk, like howl, like humans, like beebbee, w'en he'll try for foolish somebody for come near it. But you'll wan' hear it w'en he'll spik hees own language! He'll mek you hairs froze awp straight on tawp you' heads, dat time! Oh, it was dreadfully! Ma wife her'll go for try git few hawkleberree for make happlesasses for de chil'en, tudder day, an' her'll come home so scare of dat pant'er her mos' can' breev, her'll make so much run 'way from it. Her so scare naow, her ain't stay home 'mos' any, so close de mount'in. Her'll gone vees'tin' to-day and all de chil'en can walked, 'cep' de beebbee, her carry. An' one time if you'll b'lieve, dat pant'er was 'mos' scarit me; but ah'll ain't scare. No, sah! He gat to be more as one pant'er, for scare me, ah guess," he said, in a big voice, ending with a bellow of scornful laughter that might have made a panther's blood run cold.

"Ough, the hateful thing!" the girl shuddered as she cast a frightened glance toward the mountain where the terrible beast was lurking. "It's too bad! We wanted so to get some for Mother. She's kind o' peaked this summer, and hankers after huckleberries, and we've come 'most three miles," she explained to Théophile. "If there was only somebody to go with us! You could n't, just till we could git a few?" she asked, timidly, after a little struggle with her bashfulness. "Father 'd pay you; I know he would."

Théophile felt that he had made a mistake in vaunting his bravery, for nothing was further from his purpose than to guide any one, out of his own family, to the fruitful fields that he had set the mythical panther to guard.

"It will make me so glad for go, if ah can, but ah can' go an' lef ma leetly chil'en, an' ah can' take it. Oh, no, no. Ah can' go to-day, ain't you see? But prob'ly ah could go some mawny very airly, an' peek some for you,—very airly, 'fore you can gat here. Ah spec' dough, de hawkle-berrees all dry awp, he ain't rain, so long tam."

"Say, Lib," said the older boy, after a long, wistful look at the steep above, whose tops were level, with ledges fringed with a shrubby growth that promised huckleberries, "Le's go up a piece; I ain't afraid!"

"No, no," she said, in a tremor of alarm, "you must n't go a step!"

"Oh, 'fraid cat! You can stay here 'f you wan' to, an' me an' Abner 'll go. Come on, Abner,"

was not at all unwilling to do so when coaxed, for he began to feel a queer sensation creeping and crawling down his back till it unpleasantly tickled his toes. A great hawk was wheeling in slow circles above the mountain and gasping out tremulous, angry cries, as if he spied some hateful intruder prowling beneath him. Perhaps he saw the panther.

"He ain't 'fred for go, all 'lone, ah know dat," said Théophile in a wheedling tone, "but it would be weeked! — weeked! for go in so danger. An' he was good boy, ah know by hees look of it."

"If I 'd only fetched my gun, I 'd resk anything touchin' us," said Johnny, feeling braver with the mountain behind him.

"No, sir! I guess nothing would," Abner said; and to Théophile, "He shot a fox last fall when he went huntin' with Uncle Abner, did n't you, Johnny? A real fox, sir, and big! wa' n't he, Johnny?" and Johnny nodded a modest assent, looking down at the ant-hill he was kicking, yet



THÉOPHILE TELLS LIBBY AND THE BOYS ABOUT THE PANTHER.

he cried with boyish bravado, and took a few steps toward the woods; but Abner did not follow.

"Oh, Johnny," she pleaded, "be a good boy, and le's go home; you know we ought to."

He would not stop for being told he must, but

casting a furtive, sidelong glance the while to note how the story of his doughty deed was received by the Canadian. He was quite disgusted that it excited no more surprise than was expressed in the remark:

"Oh, he keel fox, hein? Wal, sah, de shoot dat will keel fox, was jes' make pant'er more madder, for hate you wus. Wal, ah mus' take care ma onion an' ma beebie, or ma hwoman her 'il scol'! Ha! ha! Ah 'll more 'fred ma hwoman as ah was 'fred pant'er. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, dear suz!" Elizabeth sighed, "I s'pose we must go home. Come, boys. Good-bye, Mister —?"

"Douglas — Dudley, ah meant, was ma nem, David Dudley. Good-bye, mees, good-bye. Ah be sorry you 'll can' gat some berree."

When he had seen the disappointed little party climb the second fence on their homeward way, he turned again to his lazy labor, chuckling over his mean achievement. "Pant'er on the mount'in! Oh, bah jinjo! It took David Dugley for foolish de Yankee, — ha! ha! ha-ee!"

Hot, tired, and disheartened, the girl and her brothers went across the fields that seemed to have doubled their weary width since they made their hopeful morning journey over them. In the pastures where the sheep stood in huddles under the trees, with noses close to the ground, making no motion but when they kicked at the pestering flies, the dry grass was more slippery underfoot and the stubble of the shorn meadows was sharper. The piercing cry of the locusts and the husky clapping of their wings sounded more tiresome, hotter, and dryer; and they had not noticed till now that the bobolinks had lost their song and gay attire, and were gathered in little flocks along thickets of elders, raspberry-bushes, and golden-rods that almost hid the fences, though they were so high as to seem almost insurmountable barriers. Here the bumble-bees droned from aster to golden-rod, from willow-herb to fire-weed, after brief, fumbling explorations of each as if they found no sweet in any, and the kingbirds made hovering flights from stake to stake, vexing the weary girl with their needless alarm and causeless scolding; and, indeed, everything in nature seemed out of tune, with nothing in it satisfied, or satisfying, or pleasant or cheery. When they came to the edge of the meadow behind their own home, how far away, and like an ever-receding mirage, the red house and gray barns looked, though they could hear the hens cackling. They thought they must die of thirst before they could reach the well, though they could see the sweep slanting against the sky, and even the slender pole that hung from its tip. When at last they came near it, a tall man was drawing up the bucket, intently watching its slow ascent with such care as if it was bringing up his fortune and every drop was a diamond, that he did not see them till they were close upon him.

The sunburned face he turned toward them, with

a little expression of surprise, wore also such habitual guise of good-nature that one would guess he could never be much at variance with anything — unless it might be work.

"Why, younkits, you back so soon? Where 's you' baries?" seeing how lightly hung the empty pails and baskets; and then, with a little chuckle, "Wal, I swan! If you hain't busters!" His quick eye noted how longingly theirs were bent on the dripping bucket. "Dry, be ye? Wal, this come f'm the north-east corner, an' it 's colder 'n charity. Here 's a dipperful to start on, Libby." He passed a brimming quart to his niece, who held it while her brothers drank before she took a sip.

"Oh, Uncle Abner, there 's a panther!" Johnny gasped, when the first draught had loosened his parched tongue.

"A what?" asked the uncle, backing into an easy position against the curb.

"A panther, a real panther. Yes, sir, there is!" in earnest protest against the incredulity expressed in his uncle's face; "on Shag Back Mountain, there is!"

"Did you see him? Wa' n't it a woo' chuck?" Uncle Abner asked, dallying with the returned dipper in a way that shocked Elizabeth's housewifely ideas of neatness.

"Oh, Uncle Abner!" cried Johnny reproachfully. "No, sir, we did n't see him, but a man told us, that 's heard him, an' he 's scairt everybody to death, so they dassent go there any more."

"Who 's the man?"

"Wha' 'd he say his name was, Lib? Anyways, he 's a Frenchman that lives up there, and he 'pears to be real clever, and candid, and was awful 'fraid we 'd go and git hurt, but I would 'f I 'd had my gun. My sakes! — if I could shoot a panther!"

"The confounded critter!" Uncle Abner remarked, in as angry a tone as he ever used; his hearers were in some doubt whether the epithet was bestowed on the man or on the panther.

"Why, Uncle Abner, you don't b'lieve the man lied?" Johnny asked, opening his eyes as wide as his mouth. There was a fascinating horror in the belief that there was a panther so near, as if the old times, that made his flesh creep when he heard stories of them, had come back, and it made him uncomfortable to have his faith shaken.

"Lie? Oh, no! That Canuck never lies," Uncle Abner replied, hardly reassuringly, "never, when he keeps his mouth shut. He would n't care haow many hucklebaries folks got, if they bought 'em o' him."

When they had detailed all they had heard of the savage invader of Shag Back, their uncle gave a little snort which expressed skepticism, if not downright unbelief, but said nothing till he had

filled his water-jug and corked it with a corn-cob fresh from the crib.

"Maybe, if we finish gittin' in the oats to-day, I'll go up to Shag Back with ye to-morrow, an' we'll see if we can't git a hucklebary, spite o' that painter. The confaounded critter!" And he strode away with his chuckling jug to the barn, where the hoofs of the horses could be heard pounding the floor with resounding thumps in warfare with the flies.

The young folks were as glad to have the oat-field cleared that day, as if the crop had been their own, for it was a great day when Uncle Abner would go with them fishing, berrying, or nutting, and they were sure, now, that a little special pleading would make his "maybe" as good as a promise.

They were not disappointed. When the sun rose next morning out of the coppery and leaden clouds which gave no promise of the rain that every one but these selfish people was wishing for, it was the same red, rayless ball that it had been for weeks, and soon after breakfast Uncle Abner, with exasperating slowness, made ready to start. In a short time the expedition set forth.

Johnny besought his uncle for leave to take his rifle and the old hound. The dog, when he divined his master's intention of taking an outing, jumped about with delight, bellowed a sonorous entreaty to accompany him, tugging at his chain and corrugating his sorrowful brows with new lines of grief when he was bidden to stop his noise.

"No, Bub, your gun'll be 'nough, an' Laoud ain't a painter dawg. Shut up, Laoud, 't won't be long 'fore coonin' time, ol' feller."

The hound sat down, shifting his weight from one crooked leg to the other, as he wistfully watched the party out of sight, and then, after a few pivoting turns of imaginary nest-making, lay down with a whining sigh of disappointment.

In company with one so learned as their uncle in the lives of wild things, the way to the mountain was not long, though they often turned aside to see the deserted nest of a bird or the bird itself, when they heard an unfamiliar note. Sometimes it was a jay, uttering of his many cries one that they had never heard before. Sometimes a cat-bird practicing some new mimicry in the seclusion of a fence-side thicket; and once, when the squalls of a shrike drew them to a wide-spreading thorn-tree, their uncle showed them an impaled sparrow that the little gray and black butcher had hung in his leaf-roofed shambles.

The veil of distance and the droughty haze that revealed the mountain only as a velvety gray-green bound of the horizon, dissolved in an hour, and the steepes arose just before them, clad in the

individual tints of trees, each wearing such greenness as the pitiless sky had left it.

Without coming in sight of the Canadian's house, they entered the woods at the open door of the Notch, and, near the brook that had grown faint and almost voiceless in the parching heat, they fortified themselves for further journeying by draughts from a famous cold spring, the scarcely melted outflow of a far-away ice-bed, creeping from under a mossy rock into the light of day,—a distillation of the heart of the mountain with a subtle flavor of the hidden inner world, and so cold that the scant measure of a birch-bark cup full made their throats ache.

Then they went along on a wood road, which wound hither and thither with such gradual turns that the children soon so completely lost all knowledge of the points of compass that the dim shadows of the trees pointed for them to the south-east, and the puffs of south wind bent the hemlock tips away from the north. But their uncle's fox-hunting had taken him so many times to Shag Back that he knew every nook and corner of it, all the favorite run-ways of foxes, and, as well, on what ledges and slopes the huckleberries flourished best, for in the first October days of hunting they had not yet all fallen off with the reddening leaves. To such a place he had led them, and presently they were so busy with picking that the panther was almost forgotten.

It very naturally happened that on the same morning Théophile Dudelant went, by a different way, to the same place; for no one knew better than he where the bushes were most heavily laden with the fruit he had set the panther of his own creation to keep others from gathering. His conscience was not quite benumbed by all the strokes and smotherings it had received in the forty years (during which he could scarcely recall a time when it had not had the worst of his wrestlings with it) and it gave him some faint twinges now and then, as he remembered the disappointment of his yesterday's visitors,—twinges that he allayed by a promise uttered aloud to himself.

"Bah jinjo! ah will take some nicest berree ah can fin' to dat folkses, an' sol' it cheap! Yas, sah, *footy* cheap; jes' 'nough for paid for ma tam an' troublesome; twelve cen' a quart, ah guess, an' take ma paid in pork—if he ain't ask too much!" And thus he excused his invention of an enemy: "Wal, dey was ma berree, ain't it? Dat was ma orchard, ain't it? Yas, sah! Dey ain't let me go in *dey* orchard for happles w'en ah want it, an' ah 'll ain't let dey go in *ma* orchard, if ah can help it, bah jinjo! An', sah, dey maght be pant'er, prob'ly. Dey was goode place for it, an' they don't wan' deir

chillen all tore up to piecens; an' prob'ly dey lay it to me. Yas, sah! It was a very good place for pant'er raght here!"

Indeed it was—here under low, branching pines where twilight brooded throughout the sunniest day over the dun, noiseless mat of fallen needles, so like a panther in color that one might crouch upon it, unseen ten paces away; so soft that even a careless footfall would be unheard at half the distance. It was such a likely place for a panther to lurk in, that he shivered, in spite of the heat which penetrated even these shades, when he heard approaching footsteps and the swish of saplings and branches recovering their places, and stood aghast till he saw a straw hat (of his wife's manufacture); and then a neighbor's face appeared above the undergrowth that choked the path.

"Hello, Duffy!" cried a reassuring voice in a tone expressing as much disappointment as surprise, "I thought you was my yearlin's when I heard ye. Hain't seen 'em, hev ye? I been rum-magin' the hull maountain arter 'em, an' can't find hide ner hair on 'em. Guess suthin's eat 'em up—a painter, er suthin'. Mebby a tew-legged painter! But ye know there was a reg'lar painter scairt a gal, onct, aouten her seben senses, right clus to where we be, not sech a turrible while ago. Oh, thirty, forty year, mebby. Yes," stooping to look beneath the low boughs toward a spring that bubbled up in the shade of the pines, at the edge of an old clearing, "right there, at the spring, she was a-bleaching a web o' cloth. Guess he 's come back an' got my young cattle, for I can't find 'em. Goin' baryin', be ye? Wal, I've seen sights on 'em this mornin'. If you see them yearlin's,—a brindle steer an' tew red heifers,—you let me know, Duffy."

The cattle hunter lightly dismissed the subject of panthers and went his way, but it had made its impression on Théophile.

There had once been a panther here, and why might there not be one now? The possibility so constantly presented itself, that he could think of nothing else when he had come to his berry patch, and he listened long, and carefully scanned the bordering thickets before he began picking.

Years ago the scant growth of wood had been cut from an acre or two of this eastering slope, and the thin soil nourished now only a knee-deep thicket of huckleberry-bushes and sweet-ferns. The woods sloped to it on the upper side, a dense growth of low pines pierced with tremulous spires of young poplars and slender trunks of sapling birches traced in thin, broken lines of white against the dark evergreens. A deep, narrow hollow ran along its lower easterly edge, always dark with the shade of pines and balsam firs, a little colony of

which had established itself here, far from the home of the parent stock. Down this hollow the scant outflow of a spring trickled almost noiselessly among liverwort and moss, from tiny pool to pool where ripples quivered with the blazing reflections of cardinal-flowers, like inverted lambent flames.

Théophile had seen it a hundred times, but it had never before occurred to him that it was just the lurking-place a panther might choose,—where he might lie in wait for prey, or rest unseen and undisturbed and quench the thirst begotten by his horrible feasts. The intermittent dribble of the rill sounded terribly like the slow lapping of a great cat; what seemed but the stir of a leaf, might be a footfall of his stealthy approach; the accidental snapping of a dry twig, perhaps, by a squirrel; a rustle of last year's leaves, made by a covey of partridges; the sudden shiver of a sapling, struck, perhaps, by a falling, rotted limb, might all be signs of his presence as he crept near, with cruel, eager eyes, measuring the certain distance of a deadly spring. The songs of the birds were hushed, as if the singers were awed to silence by some baleful presence. No bird voice was heard but the discordant squalling of a jay, raised in alarmed and angry outcry against some intruder,—a fox or an owl, perhaps,—but there were possibilities that his sharp eyes had discovered something far more dreadful than these, prowling in the black shadows. The shifting sunlight and shadow on a withered pine-bush gave it the semblance of a living, moving object too large and tawny to be a fox, and Théophile held his breath and listened to the beating of his heart, till a long look had assured him how harmless a thing it was. He tried to laugh at his causeless alarm, but the sound of his mirthless laughter was so strange that it gave him new affright.

If any eyes were upon him, they could not but note his trepidation when he often withheld his trembling hands from the drooping clusters of fruit, and bent a strained ear to listen to a sigh of the wind, the rustle of a leaf, the flutter of a bird, or the stir of some shy inhabitant of the woods, and scanned again and again the bounds of its mysterious shades, often standing up to look behind him.

The scarcely broken silence, an awed, expectant hush of nature, the sense of being there alone to face whatever might come, were so hard to bear that he promised himself he would stay no longer than to half fill his pail; and long before that was done he wished for the company of his worthless cur, and began to invent a story of sudden sickness to excuse an immediate retreat.

The drip of the tiny rill seemed to cease in a moment of ominous silence, then a poplar shivered

in a sudden puff of hot wind that died away in a gasping sigh among the pines.

There was a crash of twigs in the edge of the woods, and a frightened partridge hurtled across the clearing, too bewildered to notice him or turn aside for

When Uncle Abner had sent a final terrific screech tearing through the woods after the flying Canadian, his part in the play was ended. Before the echoes of the unearthly cry had faded, in slow pulsations, out of the hot air, he led his little party



"WITH A SMOTHERED CRY OF DREAD HE SPRANG AWAY."

him; and then a fiendish yell rent the air,—such a terrific outbreak of discordant sound that for an instant all power of motion sank out of him, while he stood frozen with terror—but only for an instant.

Then, with a smothered cry of dread, he sprang away, instinctively taking the path he had followed thither. His foot caught in a root and he fell headlong, dropping his pail and spilling his berries, but still continuing his flight on all fours till he got again upon his feet, and then ran on and on at such speed as he had never made before; only halting when the woods were half a mile behind him and he dropped exhausted on a pasture knoll and in painful gasps recovered his spent breath.

forth from their hiding-place to the windrow of spilled berries.

"We'll leave him his pail, if he ever dares to come arter it; but it 'ould be tew bad t' hev these big ripe baries wasted," he said, as he and the children scooped them by handfuls into their own half-filled pails.

Though it is not reported that Shag Back was ever again visited by a panther, the dread of such a visit abode with Théophile, till dew and rain and snow had rusted his pail out of all use but to excite the curiosity of such as happened to come upon it,—when each one's fancy accounted in its own way for the cause of its abandonment.

SWEET PEAS.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.



ONCE within my garden wall,
From their dainty flight
Rested a flock of Butterflies,
All in pink and white.

Why they chose my garden plot
I shall never know—
But people call them now Sweet
Peas,
And really think they grow!

AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

A SUMMER VACATION ALONG THE CORAL-REEFS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

CHAPTER V.

It was a glorious day, not a cloud was in the sky; the water was as smooth as glass, save when, now and then, the flapping tail of some big fish splashed the surface. The subdued roar at the outer reef sounded like far-off music, the white Keys and the azure of the bright sky were reflected again and again in the water, and the whole scene seemed to the boys a dream of enchantment.

Long John led the way in the dinghy, with three or four of the boys, while the Professor and the rest of the expedition followed in the reef-boat. Before long, they left the channel and came suddenly upon the reef, which here rose almost perpendicularly from the water and bristled with innumerable points of coral. Deep down among the green moss-fronds, an anemone, looking much like the weird passion-flower, turned its fair face toward them; angel-fish flashed by, their gay bands and wing-like fins resplendent with color; gayly striped murries darted in and out of the shadows of the sea-fans and feathers, and the gorgonias, brilliant with rainbow tints, played among duller-hued conches and hermit-crabs, sea-eggs, and devil-fish. A small species of saw-fish darted under the boat, just escaping Tom Derby's spear, and the weapon landed in a large black mass about three feet in diameter and concave on top, like a huge vase.

"Hallo, what's this?" cried Tom, hauling away at the mass.

"It is a sponge," Professor Howard said. "The color is the animal part."

"Why, are sponges animals, Professor?" asked Ludlow.

"Animal mucus and fat-oil have been found in them by analysis, and scientific men admit them to the ranks of animated nature, though of course among the very lowest forms," the Professor explained. "If you examine them closely in the water you may see a slight current over the pores and openings, which shows that the necessary nourishment is probably thus absorbed while it circulates through these cavities. The common sponges, as we use them, are but the skeletons."

The boat was now gradually nearing Bush Key, with its scraggy trees, when Eaton exclaimed:

"Why, there's a cigar in the water!"

"So it is," said Bob Carrington, nearly tumbling overboard in an attempt to reach it.

"Sold again," laughed Vail, who had secured one: "it's only a plant."

"You'd find them hard to smoke, boys," said the Professor, "although they are more useful than all the cigars that could be sent over here from Havana. They are the seeds of the mangrove-tree, one of the reef-builders. The land of the State of Florida has been formed mainly by the coral and the mangroves."

"Tell us how, Professor," said Tom Derby.

"Well," said the Professor, "suppose this clear water, on which we are drifting, should be visited by a single egg of the star-shaped coral called the *Astræa*. It settles on a bit of shell. In a few days some tentacles spring out, and the tiny polyp seems only a solitary sea-anemone. But then a little growth of lime, secreted by the anemone, forms in the shell, and soon overspreads it with a jagged coating. Then, another polyp grows beside this one, and the single egg that first drifted here has by the process of growth become two. This goes on indefinitely, until the bottom all around here is covered with coral work. Then, when these polyps decay and die, the sea-sand sifts in; other corals grow on this; floating matter is caught and added to the growing reef; some forms of branching corals take root here, together with gorgonias, or sea-fans and feathers; all these are eaten or crushed down by great worms and coral-eating fishes. Upon this decay, still other forms of coral take root; shell-fish of various kinds make it their home; delicate corals that need protection from the waves grow up in the lagoon formed within the shallow circle; as the reef becomes higher, seaweeds and corallines are added; every particle of refuse adds to the upbuilding of this curious island; and now, just as the dry layers, or top-dressings, appear above the waves, along comes Eaton's floating 'cigar.' The larger end of the mangrove bud strikes the sand or mud collected on the reef, the

tide drives it still further on, and, touching the soil, it sends out little shoots. These soon obtain foothold, and thus a mangrove-tree is started. These being self-propagating by shoots and rootlets, a growth in time may extend around the whole island, other waste matter of the sea is accommodated, the influence of winds and tides changes the surface, and nature furnishes suitable plants to flourish in the new soil which the decay of vegetable and animal organizations is continually increasing and enriching. That is the secret of reef-building."

As the Professor had been engaged in his description, the boat had slowly drifted toward the Key, when right ahead a large sting-ray leaped from the water, flapping its wing-like fins in the air a moment, and then coming down with a crash that was heard all over the lagoon. A large fin showed itself above the water, rushing after the ray toward a shoal near the Key.

"It's a shark chasing a sting-ray," shouted Bob Carrington from the bow. "Give way, boys, give way!"

The boat surged ahead in the direction of the great fishes. The shark was gaining on its less rapid victim, and the ray repeatedly leaped into air to escape the rushes the shark made toward it. Suddenly the ray took a desperate chance as it neared the shoal, and, instead of turning, dashed upon it; the flat body passed through the scant eight inches of water with a rush, and in an instant it was through the breakers and in the blue waters of the Gulf. The shark, following in blind haste, could not force its big body over the shoal, and was soon high and dry on the reef. The boat's crew were quickly upon it, but, on account of its tremendous efforts to free itself, they dared not come near it. In its struggles the shark would bend nearly double, and then, suddenly straightening out, would hurl the water over the boys, who had now left the boat and were wading about in the shoal water, dodging the shark's tail and trying to get within striking distance. Finally Woodbury hurled his grains into the shark's head. This only increased the shark's struggles, but Long John, jumping up to the writhing monster, struck it a terrific blow, breaking its backbone, and killing the fish as suddenly as if it had been struck by lightning.

"It's easy enough, when you know how," he said, laughing; and Professor Howard, Ludlow, and Long John were soon at work cutting up their prize.

"Stand still, Tom," said Professor Howard, presently, as he lifted the shark's jaw and held it so that it easily fitted over Derby's head and shoulders.

"It has eight rows of teeth," said Douglas,

counting them. "What a time the young sharks must have when cutting their teeth!"

"Yes," said Ramsey, feeling of the terrible weapons, "and each one is saw-like and sharp as a knife."

"All the teeth except the front row lie flat," said the Professor, "when not in use. As you see, they move up and down; but when it was after the ray I feel sure they were all vertical and ready for action."

For his share of the prize, Long John took the liver, intending to try out the oil.

"Sharks are not entirely worthless animals, you see, after all," said Professor Howard. "The teeth are used by many savage islanders for weapons, the liver is taken out for the oil it contains, and in the East the tails and fins are valuable articles of commerce, and the skin, as with us, is used for various purposes, and even in jewelry."

"What do you call this shark that we have caught, Professor?" asked Bob Carrington.

"It is a white shark," he replied, "of the genus *Carcharias*. They have been caught in the East over twenty-five feet long. There are at least a hundred different specimens of sharks now known to naturalists, and this gentleman had an enormous forefather, away back in what is called the Tertiary period, known as the *Carcharodon*. That ancestor must have been over a hundred feet long, and had teeth as large as your open palm."

"But what is this, Professor?" asked Ludlow, striking at a black body hanging to the shark, just under water, which Long John now exposed to view by turning the body over.

"Take it by the head and pull it off," said Long John; "'t won't hurt you; it's only a sucker."

But this was by no means easy, for the curious object stuck so fast that only by a violent wrench could Ludlow and Vail tear it from the shark.

"Why, it's a remora, and a very interesting fish it is," said Professor Howard. "It follows the larger fishes and attaches itself to them by this disk, refusing to leave them even when they are dead, as you see."

"That's why we call 'em 'suckers,'" said Long John.

"They are sometimes called 'ship-stayers,'" said the Professor, "and one of them is said to have changed the history of the world and given the Roman Empire to Augustus Cæsar."

CHAPTER VI.

DOUBLY interested by so historic and important a fish, the boys gathered around this curious specimen and examined it minutely.

The disk, which was the principal object of

curiosity about the remora, was oval in shape, and on the very top of the head. It resembled, in construction, a Venetian blind, for it was composed of what the Professor called "oblique transverse cartilaginous plates," and Tom Derby said were "slats of gristle." These were supplied with delicate teeth or hooks that helped it to cling.

"But how did it help Augustus Cæsar?" inquired Hall.

"There is a legendary story that one of these fellows fastened itself on Antony's galley at the great naval battle of Actium, and thus allowed the galley of Augustus to obtain the advantage in the onset," the Professor explained. "Hence its name — 'the ship-stayer.'"

"I have heard you can catch turtles with 'em," said Long John, "although I've never seen it done."

"I have heard the same thing," said the Professor. "In some countries the natives, it is said, keep this fish in a tub of water, and then, when a turtle is sighted, the remora, with a cord tied to its tail, is tossed overboard. Instinctively, it fastens itself to the unconscious turtle, which is speedily hauled in by the fisherman."

"Well, well, a live fish-hook. That is an idea," laughed Tom Derby. "Let's keep it and try. Only it would be rather rough on us if Mr. Remora should fasten himself to a shark instead of to a turtle."

Wading along the shoal toward the reef, the boys continued their investigations in tide-water; and Ludlow and Woodbury, coming upon a large piece of coral, that had been worn almost through, rolled it over. In doing so they disclosed a natural pool beneath the coral, and at the bottom of the pool lay a most peculiar fish.

"Well, here's a curious chap, Professor," said Woodbury; "what under the sun — or, rather, under the coral — is he?"

The Professor stooped down and investigated. "You're right, Woodbury; he *is* a curious chap," he said. "This is called the *Malthæa*. It has, as you see, no fins for swimming, but is provided with short feet, like paddles, with which it moves over the muddy bottom in which it lives."

"Well, he's lazy enough," said Vail; as the fish, even when touched, showed but small desire to move.

"It is one of the class of sluggish fishes," explained Professor Howard, "of which there are a number. This one, you will notice, is formed and colored so as to appear like an inanimate substance, a part of the sea-bottom. But here is the singular thing. Do you see here, right under the nose, a sort of depression or pit, from the roof of which hangs a curiously colored pendant?"

The boys, after a careful look, saw it distinctly.

"Well," said the Professor, "that is the means by which the *Malthæa* makes up for his sluggishness. His broad mouth rests on the mud, above it this curious-looking pendant twists and writhes and puffs itself, and looks so much like a tempting and luscious worm to the hungry prawn or inquisitive crab, that the living bait is approached too closely; the great mouth yawns wide open, and — good-bye to Mr. Crab or Mr. Prawn!"

"Well," said Douglas, "we've seen a living fish-hook and a living bait; if we keep a sharp lookout, perhaps we shall find a live reel or fishing-pole!"

"Here is a curious shell," cried Eaton, who had waded out into deeper water. He lifted up a gorgonia a foot in diameter and of a rich yellow hue. Clinging to it were a number of beautiful oblong shells of about the same tint — tending toward pink.

"Those are fan-shells," said the Professor, "and are parasites on the gorgonia, or sea-fan. They make beautiful sleeve-buttons."

The boys supplied themselves with a stock of these natural cuff-buttons, and then Douglas, turning over a rock that was alive with spider-crabs, pulled a beautiful blue one out of the water and tossed it to Long John, to be placed in the water-pail for security.

"Here's an odd fellow," said Tom Derby a moment after, stooping over the rock and bringing up a curious-looking spider-crab.

"That is a deep-water one," said the Professor; "some of his big relatives, measuring nearly three feet across, have been hauled up in the South Atlantic from a depth of nearly two miles."

"As deep down as that?" exclaimed Douglas; "why, Professor, I thought the pressure was too great for animals to live at such great depths."

"Water is practically incompressible, Douglas," explained the Professor; "that is to say, it can not be forced into a smaller compass, as solids can. So, as all these creatures are filled with water, the pressure is equalized. If you lower an empty bottle two miles under water it will burst, but if lowered full of water it will remain intact. And yet, the pressure in deep water is simply tremendous. A deep-water crab, for instance, must withstand a pressure, at such depths as two and a half miles, of a number of tons, — as against the fifteen pounds' pressure which a fish at the surface experiences. But all animals are adapted for their particular sphere of life."

Noticing a bubbling in the sand, Bob Carrington thrust his hand under the sand, and forced up what the Professor declared to be a box-crab. As Professor Howard demonstrated, it had the faculty of closing its legs around its body in such a

manner as to seem a solid piece. When released, it opened out and showed its curious make-up,—a round body, covered with queer, brown spots and ridges, and even the claws were formed in grotesque shapes.

"It is a very common crab on these reefs," said Professor Howard; "its scientific name is *Calappa tuberculosa*."

"Hallo—look over yonder!" came a sudden shout from Long John. "We've got to clear out of this and be quick about it too!"

They all followed the direction of his warning gesture, and saw on the horizon a small, wiry black cloud, its lines as distinct as if drawn with a brush. As they sprang into the boats and pulled for Long Key, the cloud seemed to increase, and so rapidly did it gain upon them that, in ten minutes from the time they sighted it, the cloud was almost on them. Landing hurriedly they hauled the boats on shore, and turning the dinghy keel up, they crawled beneath it—and just in time! For, with a darkness that turned day into night, and with a low, far-away moaning that grew into a roar, wind, rain, and sand burst upon them in a hurricane, with a fierceness that threatened to carry away the boats. The wind howled and shrieked, the lightning flashes lighted up the scene in fitful glances, while the sea was beaten into clouds of foam, lifted into the air and hurled far beyond them over the island.

"It won't last but a minute," shouted Long John, from somewhere; and even as he spoke it began to grow lighter; the rain ceased, and they crawled from beneath the boat. The cloud or squall disappeared almost as rapidly as it came, and in twenty minutes from the time the storm arose, the sun was shining again from a clear sky.

A start was now made for home. The squall had left a stiff breeze behind it, and with sails hoisted on the reef-boat and towing the dinghy astern they were soon rushing toward Garden Key, gunwale under.

"Well, that was a blow!" said Tom Derby.

"Oh, it's nothing when you get used to it," said Long John. "I've seen seven or eight of 'em moving around the horizon, looking just as if they were painted on the sky. It's quick come, and quick go, with 'em; but if you keep your weather eye open, you know how to steer clear of 'em."

"This is not the way home, is it?" asked Bob Carrington, as Long John headed the flying boat between Long and Bush Keys.

"It's one way," said the boatman, trimming the sail still more.

Crossing the reef, the boat dashed into blue water and bore away to the south, where the long line of breakers seemed to form an impassable barrier. Long John kept along the reef until nearly opposite the sally-port of Fort Jefferson, which

could just be seen two miles away, and then suddenly he kept off before the wind and headed straight for the breakers.

The boys looked at the raging surf in some anxiety, and then glanced at Long John. He was cool and calm.

"I suppose he knows what he's about," muttered Tom to Bob.

"Slack off the sheets!" shouted Long John quickly, standing up now and scanning the distant fort.

The boys did as directed, and the boat bent over and rushed headlong toward the reef and, seemingly, to destruction.

"I don't care to swim in that surf," said Ludwig, looking uneasily at the mass of foam they were rapidly approaching.

"You won't have to swim," said Long John, "if you hang on tight."

It was too late to object, so they all drew a long breath and "hung on tight," as advised. With a mighty rush the boat plunged into the breakers, now on top of one, again nearly buried under another, now careening over so that the boys sprang to the windward, and then luffing and sliding close by one bare head of coral to avoid another; covered with foam and spray, drenched from head to foot and, almost before they could catch their breath, they were over the shoal, safe and sound, and tearing along in the smooth water of the inner reef.

The boys drew a long breath. "Well, what kind of navigation do you call that?" said Tom, wiping the spray from his eye.

"Why, John," said the Professor, in some surprise, "you cleared those heads only by about six inches."

"That's all the room there was, sir," replied Long John with a grin. "That's a regular channel, that is; we call it the 'five-foot channel.' I've been through when it was worse."

"How did you know how to steer?" asked Bob.

"Well," said Long John, "if you'll promise not to let on, I'll tell you. Keep down the reef until the Garden Key light is just on a line with the third chimney of that big brick building of the big fort: then let her drive, and, if you can keep her head on, you're all right."

"And if you can't?" interrupted Bob.

"Well, sir," said Long John, running alongside the landing-place, "it's one of the things it would n't pay to miss—it's a bad place for sharks."

CHAPTER VII.

DURING the night the wind had shifted to the north, and in the morning the wind was blowing a

gale. The cocoanut-trees in the fort were lashed and torn, and the water, as far as the eye could see, was a mass of boiling foam. This weather continued for three days before the "norther" (as this wind is called) was succeeded by a dead calm. Then the boats were put in readiness for a trip, and it was decided to start at Long Key and follow along the entire length of the reef, which was now piled with dead coral, weeds, and deep-sea shells tossed up by the waves.

The party was soon ashore at Long Key, selecting many beautiful specimens from the numberless richly colored weeds and shells strewn along the sand. The univalves, or one-shelled specimens, were the most numerous, but upon the pieces of gorgonia many delicate bivalves of exquisite red and blue tints were found.

Half-way up the Key, high and dry, lay an old schooner that had been hauled up for repairs, years before, and left there. As those in advance neared her, they heard a shout from behind them, and looking back saw a very unusual spectacle. Tom Derby and Professor Howard, who had lingered behind, were now rushing along the beach as if for dear life, while not a hundred yards behind them, and running parallel with the Key, towered a huge water-spout. Its top was lost in the clouds, and with gigantic curves it came rushing on, hissing like a steam-engine and tearing up the shallow bottom at a terrible rate. A race with a water-spout is not a pleasant pastime. It ran so close upon them that its drippings gave them a complete ducking. Thus far they had kept even with it, but, as they began to shout, it had surged ahead, and changing its direction headed for the old schooner in the Key. Tom and the Professor were safe, but now the rest were in danger.

"Run toward the spout and get behind it," yelled Long John, hauling his boat off shore.

The boys ran past the spout, which was now very near the shore, and when they were out of harm's way, they turned to watch the monster's progress. On it went with a rush, striking the shore at an angle of about forty-five degrees, plowing up the sand like a hurricane, hurling the old boat into the trench thus dug, and then, with a roar, was off and over the water on the other side, scarcely leaving water enough on the island to prove it had passed that way.

"Well, that was a close shave!" said Bob Carrington, shaking the sand from his clothes; and the others fully agreed with him.

The line of march was again taken up, and before long they reached the head of the island where a narrow strait separated Long Key from Bush Key. While stopping to overhaul a huge pile of sea-weed their attention was attracted by

the comical, asthmatic cries for food made by some young pelicans from their nests of drift-wood in the mangrove-trees near by. The old birds were hard at work, diving for fish in the lagoon. The boys watched one, which was quite near them, with considerable curiosity. It would flutter an instant over its prey, then plunge down, and with open, dip-net bill resting on the water would adjust the catch in the capacious pouch beneath. In one of these expeditions a gull, with trained and eager eye, hovering near, settled down on Papa Pelican's broad head, and as the fish was tossed about so as to drop into the pelican's pouch, the thievish gull would adroitly snap it up and sail away with a derisive "ha, ha!" while the pelican, as if accustomed to this sort of pocket-picking, simply flapped heavily up again to renew its search for food. But the gull, as the boys speedily saw, had laughed all too soon. For down upon it from the neighboring shore swooped a strong-winged fish-hawk. With a shrill cry of alarm, the gull darted now this way and now that, in zigzag lines, striving with all his power to escape. Fear and fatigue prevailing, he let his choice stolen morsel slip from his grasp. Then the hawk, with a lower swoop, clutched the falling fish and bore it away to the nearest rock.

"So the struggle for existence goes on," said the Professor, and turning from hawks and gulls the party continued their search for specimens. Tom Derby drew back with an exclamation of pain as, attempting to pick up a big black echinus, or sea-urchin, one of the needle-like spines pierced his unwary fingers.

"They belong to the starfish family," the Professor explained, as Tom nursed his wounded hand. "There is another of the same class," he continued, pointing to a large worm-like animal coiled in a pool.

"Take it, Vail; one is enough for me, I won't be selfish!" said Tom, dryly.

Vail, with Tom's discomfiture in mind, poked it cautiously with his foot, and finally picked it up. It looked like a large caterpillar, covered with wrinkles and armed on the under side with an array of queer, short tentacles.

"It is the trepang, a holothurian," said the Professor, "and a regular article of diet with the Chinese."

"Hallo,—see here!" cried Bob Carrington, as the wriggling trepang, which he had taken from Vail's unwilling grasp, suddenly doubled up, and from its open mouth shot out a slender stream of water; "is it a fish fire-engine, or a living squirt-gun?"

"And oh, look at that," shouted half a dozen excited voices, as out of the trepang's mouth a

queer, fish-like head appeared, followed by an eel-like body, white and ghostly.

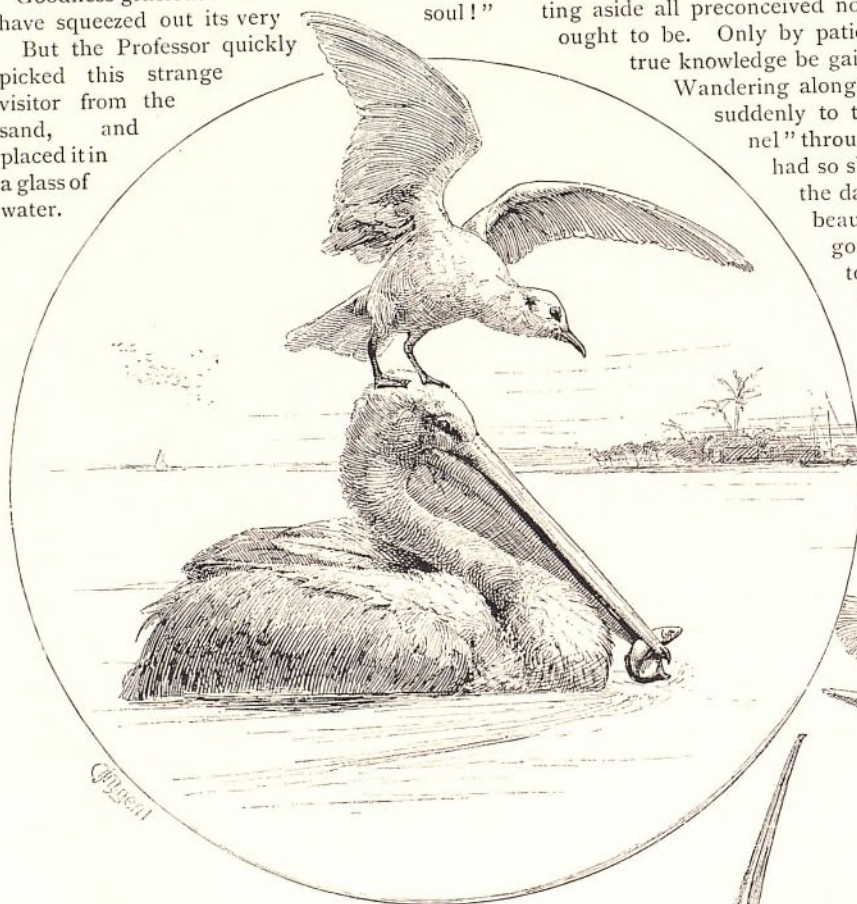
Bob dropped the fish in some trepidation. "Goodness gracious!" he cried, "I must have squeezed out its very soul!"

But the Professor quickly picked this strange visitor from the sand, and placed it in a glass of water.

the kindly offices of this inside boarder, the trepang could not live. However that may be, the situation is a curious one. We should learn from such discoveries to study humbly the works of nature, setting aside all preconceived notions of how things ought to be. Only by patient observation can true knowledge be gained."

Wandering along the reef, they came suddenly to the "five-foot channel" through which Long John had so skillfully carried them the day before. Here the beauty of the corals and gorgonias caused them to remain for some time, and then they pulled out to an old wreck that lay in shoal water, a quarter of a mile away.

It proved to be the remnant of a very large ship. Part of the lower



"It is a fish within a fish," he explained,—"a boarder in the trepang, and, as you will see, short-lived out of its proper sphere."

The curious animal was a perfectly formed five-inch fish, so transparent that its internal organs could be seen; but evidently out of its element; for, even as the Professor spoke, it gave a few struggles in the water, sank to the bottom, and died.

"The trepang, as you will see upon dissecting it," said Professor Howard, "has a double intestine, in one part of which this creature, called the *Fierasfer acus*, resides. He seems to be a sort of digestive assistant, as he probably lives upon the food taken in by the trepang. Indeed, it is asserted by naturalists that, but for



THE DEFRAUDED PELICAN.

deck remained, and evidently for years had been a favorite resting-place for the birds. The whole framework was rotten and shaky, and this was speedily found to be due to the fact that the sub-

merged portion of the wreck was literally honey-combed with the tubes of the *teredo navalis*, or ship-worm. Were it not that these persistent borers had lined the holes they made, with a sort of deposit that strengthened the wooden partitions a little, the whole mass of woodwork would long since have fallen to pieces.

After Long John had arranged the contents of the dinner hamper on the dry portion of the wreck, and the boys had enjoyed a feast of hard-boiled gulls' eggs, crawfish salad, and turtle sandwiches, which caused them to unanimously confer upon Paublo the title "Prince of Cooks," they continued their search and their investigations about the old hulk. Suddenly Hall, who was stretched out with his head over the water, where he could observe the fish, cried out, "My, though!—there's a queer fish," and the other boys crowding around him saw a large head like that of an eel bobbing in and out from under a partly imbedded plank.

"That's a murry," said Long John, picking up his grains, "and a big one, too. Look out there! Let me take a shot at him."

Lowering his spear cautiously into the water, he suddenly jammed it into the fish's head, and then, with a quick, backward motion, skillfully drew the murry out of its hole. It was over four feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. It made a terrible struggle, twining about the grains, tearing off pieces of the old wreck, and when hauled half-way on deck, it fastened its teeth in the wood and held on with the grip of a bull-dog.

"Why, it's a regular sea-serpent," said Tom.

"Yes, and there he goes!" cried Long John, as with a loud report the pole snapped in two, and the ugly monster darted away. Bob Carrington seized his grains and vaulted to a long head of coral toward which the murry had gone. There he could see the fish writhing around the coral, and making desperate efforts to detach the steel barbs. Moving as near as he could, Bob sent his spear into the murry and with a vigorous jerk drew it to the coral head, where it leaped and twisted, sending the water in all directions. Long John, in the boat, pushed over to Bob, and soon quieted the struggling fish with a blow from his axe.

"He's the biggest fellow I ever saw," said he. "Just look at his teeth!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY tossed their enormous prize aboard the wreck, and when, soon after, they started for their quarters, Professor Howard gave the boys some interesting facts concerning it.

"The *Muranide*, or murries," he said, "are,

as you see, only a species of great eels. They are historic. They were deified by the Egyptians. The Romans kept them in great stews, or storage-ponds, trained them as pets, and held them to be a special delicacy as food. In the time of Augustus Cæsar, condemned slaves were thrown to the ferocious fish as food; and when Augustus was declared Dictator, one of his courtiers presented the populace with six thousand of these murries taken from his ponds. So you see, Bob, our big friend, the murry, is worth fighting for and worth preserving."

The tide-gate of the moat, on the southern side of the fort, was a famous place to observe fishes and algæ going out with the tide. The morning after their visit to the wreck, the boys were seated or stretched along the moat, in various attitudes suggestive of little to do, intercepting numerous specimens floating out to sea.

"Say, boys," said Hall, "would n't it be a splendid place to keep a shark, here in the moat?—plenty of water and no way of his getting out."

"A good plan," said Ramsey; "let's do it."

"First catch your hare, Hall," suggested the Professor, who just then came among them. "The place is a good one, but it means hard work and some risk. We'll talk with Long John about it. Meantime, when this tide runs out, why not make out to the shoal and find some more of those *Tellina radiata* that Hall discovered yesterday?"

The suggestion was readily accepted, and while waiting the falling of the tide, Eaton, who was lying prone on the bridge with his face near to the water, said, "These little jew-fishes seem to make a nest for themselves, Professor. I've been watching one for some time, and it seems to pick up pieces of dead coral and bits of sand with its fins and tail and then scoop out a hollow and settle down as an old hen does upon her eggs."

"Yes, you are right, Eaton," said the Professor, "it is a nest. Many fishes build such nests. It seems to be a regular hen-like hatching of eggs; and, after the young fish-chicks are out, the mother is as ferocious and untiring a guardian of her children as any hen in a farmyard."

The tide had now fallen sufficiently to enable the boys to wade out to the shoal, and they were soon at work digging up the beautiful shells called *tellina radiata*. These are marked in a rich imitation of the sun's rays with gaudy colorings. Indeed, Long John firmly maintained that the shells owed their decoration to the rays that shot across the sky during the gorgeous sunsets, for which the locality around the Florida Keys is noted. The *tellina radiata*, or sun-shells, are in shape much like the soft clams of the North,

but wonderfully polished, and ornamented with ray-markings that spring from near the hinge, growing wider as they reach the lip of the shell. They were found at the bottom of a round hole about two inches in diameter and two feet deep, and were invariably dead with a hole bored in each, showing the death to be the work of some parasite.

"This looks as if the natica, or welk, had been at work here," said the Professor. "It has a wonderful arrangement of teeth, or grinders, with which it bores circular holes in the clams and devours them at leisure. By the way, the natica is a nest-builder, such as we were mentioning. Those collar-shaped pieces of sand that you have found on the Northern beaches are the nests in which the natica deposits her eggs."

Here a shout from Long John and Bob Rand, who were out on the sea-wall, caused the boys to look up quickly.

"Look out yonder," shouted Long John, pointing toward Long Key. "The Jacks are beating."

Following the direction of his finger, the boys looked toward Long Key and witnessed a singular sight. All around the shore the water was in the greatest commotion, though there was a dead calm elsewhere. Large bodies were seen leaping into the air and falling down into the sea with a noise that could be distinctly heard at a great distance.

"Why, they're fish!" cried Raymond.

"Come on, boys," shouted Vail, and seizing their grains they all scrambled into the boats and headed for Long Key, which Long John and Bob Rand had now nearly reached.

"Just look at those fish," cried Tom Derby. "Why, there are millions of 'em."

He was not far wrong. All along the shore the "Jacks"—a species of mackerel—had driven in a school of sardines, and so crazed were they with the excitement of pursuit that they were leaping into the air, darting through the solid mass of terrified sardines, and throwing themselves on the beach, by hundreds. The sardines literally packed the shore, for four or five feet, and out over the water they were leaping in the air followed by the larger "Jacks," who paid not the least attention to the new-comers.

All the party were soon at work in this strangest kind of fishing.

"Give it to them," cried Tom, as he struck a ten-pounder and flung it on the beach. Bob Carrington struck at one in mid-air, and at that moment a large "Jack" leaped plump against his legs and tumbled him headlong into the mass of floundering fish.

Long John and Bob Rand were standing knee-deep among the sardines, grasping the mackerel in

their hands and flinging them on the beach; but when the boys tried this primitive way of fishing, the sharp dorsal fins pierced their hands and made them bleed.

"You need tough hands for this sport," said Bob Rand, and the boys agreed with him.

The "beating" did not abate in the least. Clouds of gulls hovered over the spot and darted down into the mass of fish, while a number of pelicans, including Long John's clumsy pet, were diving among the fish and filling their capacious pouches.

Finally, when all were tired out with capturing this enormous "catch" of fish, and Long John and Bob were at work storing the game on the flat-boats to carry the fish away for cleaning and salting down, the boys climbed into the boats again and pulled leisurely back to the fort.

West of Long Key stretched a reef. About four feet of water covered its clean, white sand, on which any object could be seen at quite a distance. As they pushed the boats along with the grains, the boys would occasionally drop over and dive for conches and other shells.

"What are those round things, shells or stones?" asked Woodbury as the boat passed over some curious oval objects protruding from the sand. Bob Carrington saw them also, and, saying, "Hold on a minute," dropped over the side of the boat. Diving down, he inserted his hand under them and brought several of them to the surface.

"This is an interesting find," said Professor Howard, as Bob clambered into the boat with his prize. "They are called sea-squirts, from their habit of ejecting water. They seem to occupy a position in life between the worm and the lowest backbone animals. These specimens are what we call ascidians, and their class name is *Tunicata*. They have a stomach, liver, and nervous-system besides, and a most accommodating heart that, when tired of beating one way, stops and goes the other, so to speak, throwing the blood in the other direction."

"Hallo, there are a lot of coral-heads," said Tom, who was poling with his grains in the bow.

"Oh, no. These can't be coral-heads, here," said the Professor, as he looked toward the black spots indicated by Tom, and then he added, "I thought as much. They are black sharks, or 'merse,' as they are called. Keep quiet, and we can go directly over them. Their scientific name is *Ginglymostoma*, meaning hinge-mouthed, and referring to some peculiarity of the jaw. They have small mouths and keep in herds, like cattle, and sleep, as those below us are doing, on the great sandy plains of the reef. If there is a small one there, we might try to catch it."

"My, though!" cried Tom, growing excited.

"There are over a hundred down there, and they're all lying still."

The boats were now directly over the sharks. The fish were a dark chocolate color, and many of them apparently over ten feet long. As yet they had not taken the alarm, but, in his eagerness to see them, Ramsey slipped on the gunwale, and in

great rate; now taking a turn around an oar and whisking through Tom's fingers, and finally, in the confusion, twisting itself around Bob's leg and throwing him off his feet. Then the line became taut, and off darted the boat, towed by the shark.

"Take the line off before I'm hauled overboard," screamed Bob.



"TOM WENT HEADLONG OVER THE BOW."

an instant they all dashed away, stirring up clouds of sand and rushing by wildly in every direction. Tom could resist no longer and, as a large one crossed the bow, he let fly the grains.

"Look out, boys!" he cried, paying out the line. "Keep clear of the rope!"

This was more easily said than done, as the rope was rushing out, whirling and turning at a

The boys were laughing loudly over Bob's predicament, but they managed to release him, and again Tom lost his hold upon the line. The rope was nearly run out now, and as the piece of wood to which it was attached dashed over the side, Tom grabbed at it, lost his balance, and with the end of the rope in his hand went headlong, with a great splash, over the bow of the boat.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

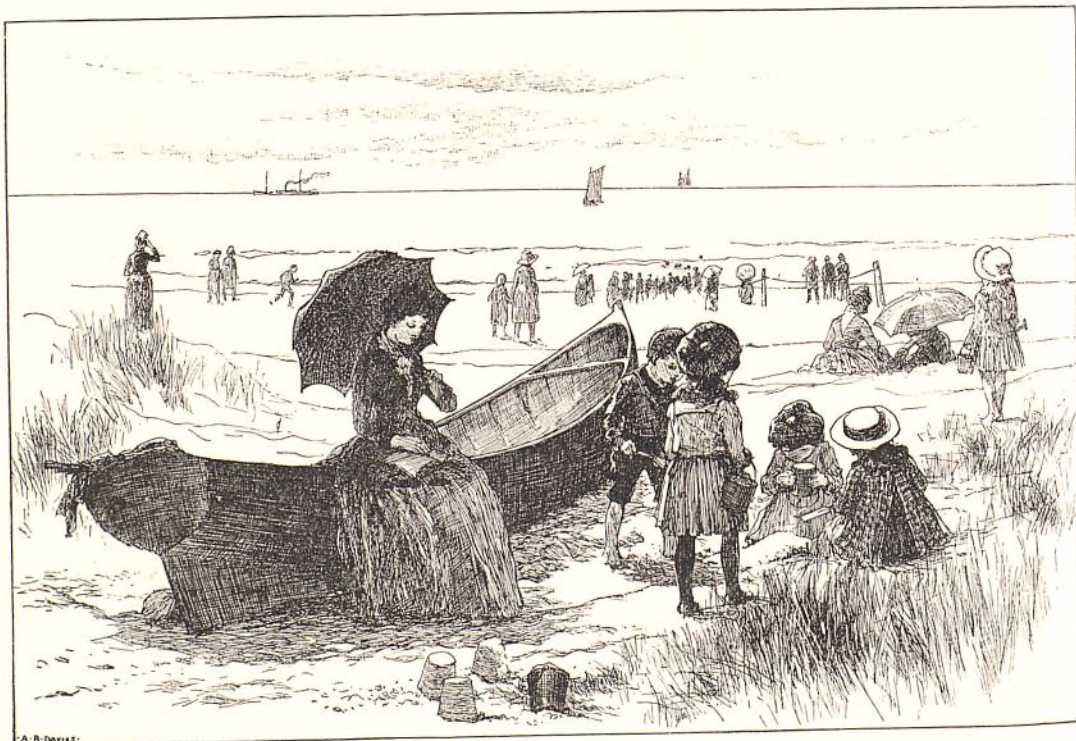
BY C. B. GOING.

I WISH that I were a flower, to sway
In some sweet field, where a stream was
flowing:
To have no lessons at all to say,
But to watch how the white clouds floated away,
And sweetened the sweet winds blowing.

I'd like to sail with the breeze, and blow
Through wide blue skies, where the clouds run
races:
To strew the orchards with summer snow,
And murmur a lullaby, soft and low,
In the quiet and shady places.

I think that flowers can see,—don't you?
And the soft white clouds, I am sure, are
playing;
The wind can talk to the grasses, too,
For I've listened and watched, and I'm sure they
do;
I almost can tell what they're saying.

And when I sit in the fields, and see
The long grass wave, when the breezes blow it,
I'm just as glad as a girl can be;
And the daisies are glad, too, it seems to me,
And nod their heads to show it.



A. B. Davies.

AN AUGUST DAY AT THE SEA-SHORE.



THE BUNNY STORIES.

THE BUNNIES' GARDEN.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

PART I.

THE garden at Deacon Bunny's was a real garden.

It was not one of the "Keep off the grass" nor the "Do not handle" kind, where the walks and flower-beds are as prim and regular as a checkerboard; but a

garden to work in, to rest in, and to enjoy.

Gaffer Hare, who was called Deacon Bunny's farmer, was the head-gardener; but all the Bunnies were gardeners also, and they had one or more plats each, to keep in order, in which they planted what they liked best.

The only rule the Deacon made was that the Bunnies should take good care of what they called their own, and should see to it that the weeds did not rob the flowers of what rightfully belonged to them.

"Weeds will grow anywhere that flowers can grow," said the Deacon, "and all that is best and loveliest, and really worth having, needs constant care and work to make it thrive."

Of all the Bunnies, Pinkeyes loved flowers care of them best, and for this reason and was Gaffer's favorite.

He never tired of telling her of the of plants and shrubs and the best way

Gaffer did not know their botanical word of Latin, but he loved just what each needed to make be all the best flower or plant

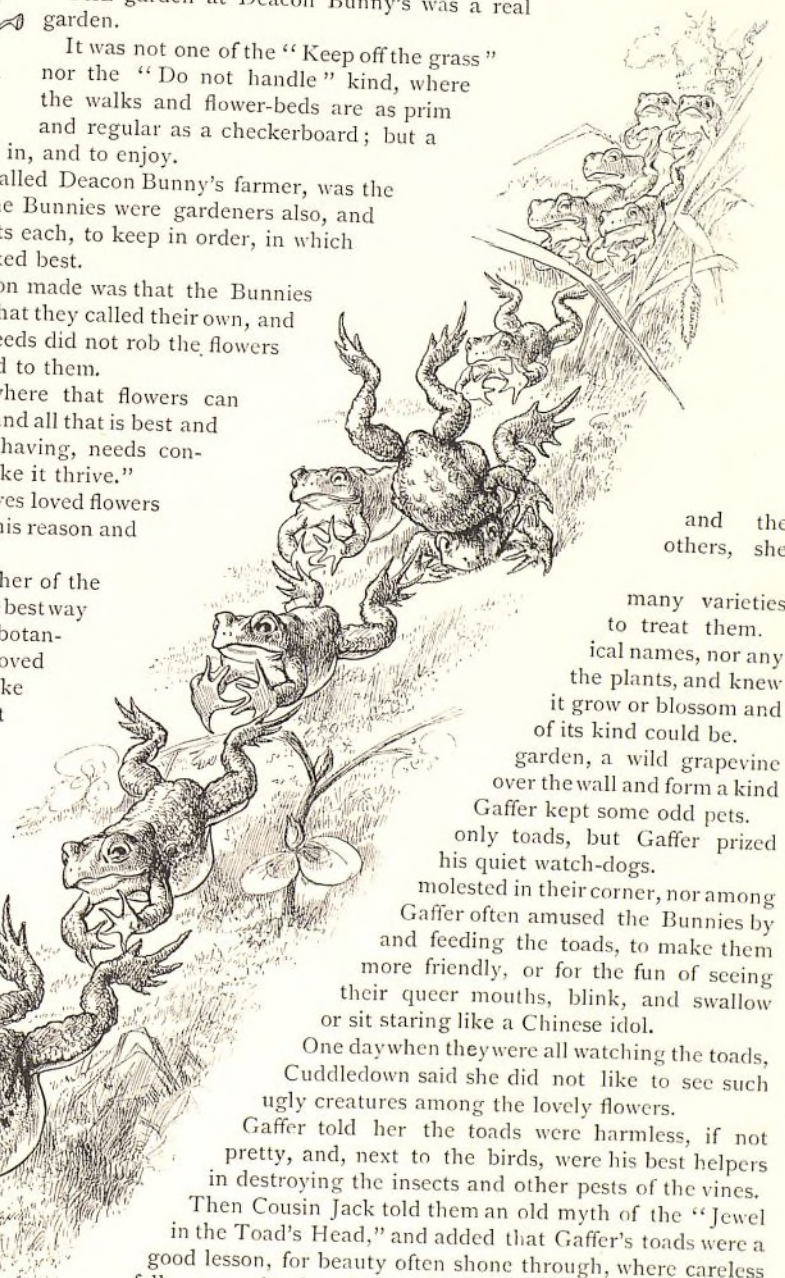
In one corner of their had been allowed to run of low bower, where

These pets were them, calling them

They were not the plants, and catching flies tamer and them open the flies,



GAFFER'S WATCH-DOGS.



and the others, she

many varieties to treat them.

ical names, nor any the plants, and knew it grow or blossom and of its kind could be.

garden, a wild grapevine over the wall and form a kind Gaffer kept some odd pets.

only toads, but Gaffer prized his quiet watch-dogs.

molested in their corner, nor among Gaffer often amused the Bunnies by and feeding the toads, to make them more friendly, or for the fun of seeing their queer mouths, blink, and swallow or sit staring like a Chinese idol.

One day when they were all watching the toads, Cuddledown said she did not like to see such ugly creatures among the lovely flowers.

Gaffer told her the toads were harmless, if not pretty, and, next to the birds, were his best helpers in destroying the insects and other pests of the vines. Then Cousin Jack told them an old myth of the "Jewel in the Toad's Head," and added that Gaffer's toads were a good lesson, for beauty often shone through, where careless folks saw only the plain and commonplace.

Bunnyboy said he supposed it must be true, if Cousin Jack said so, but that he failed to see any beauty shining through a toad, and Cousin Jack replied that there were a great many kinds of beauty, and that outward show was not a proof of inward grace.

"The flowers," said Cousin Jack, "teach us one lesson of beauty, and perhaps the toads another, for it is something to be useful and harmless in a world like ours."

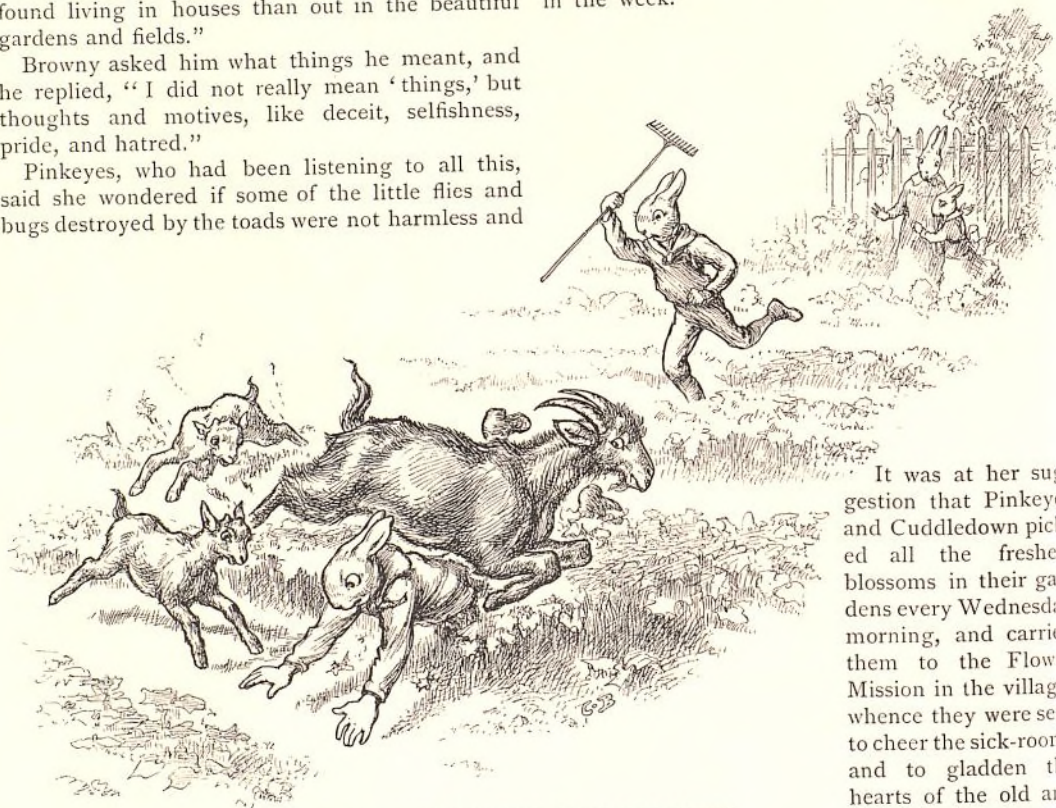
"The real ugly things," said he, "are oftener found living in houses than out in the beautiful gardens and fields."

Brownny asked him what things he meant, and he replied, "I did not really mean 'things,' but thoughts and motives, like deceit, selfishness, pride, and hatred."

Pinkeyes, who had been listening to all this, said she wondered if some of the little flies and bugs destroyed by the toads were not harmless and

Mother Bunny liked to work in the garden among the flowers as well as the others, but found little time for this kind of recreation, for she was always busy in doing or planning for the rest of the household.

She often used the time spent with them in the garden as "a moment to do a little mending for the children," which really meant stitching a lot of love and patience over all the worn and torn places in their clothing, that her four beloved little Bunnies might be fresh and tidy every day in the week.



BUNNYBOY AND BROWNNY TRY TO DRIVE THE GOATS OUT OF THE GARDEN.

useful, too, if only we knew the whole truth about them.

Gaffer coughed and looked at Cousin Jack, who seemed somewhat puzzled for a minute.

Presently he answered Pinkeyes by saying, "That is a good suggestion, my dear, and no doubt it is true, for the more we think about the wonders of the world we live in, the more we learn of their use and beauty."

Just then Mother Bunny came out with her sewing, to get a breath of the sweet summer air, and the Bunnies gave her the best seat in the shadiest nook, where she could watch them at their work.

It was at her suggestion that Pinkeyes and Cuddledown picked all the freshest blossoms in their gardens every Wednesday morning, and carried them to the Flower Mission in the village, whence they were sent to cheer the sick-rooms and to gladden the hearts of the old and feeble in both villages.

The Bunnies always enjoyed "Mission Morning," as they called it, and though they never knew just where the flowers were sent, they felt sure, at least, that they made life brighter for some one, somewhere, for a little while.

PART II.

STRANGE VISITORS IN THE GARDEN.

THE flowers occupied only a part of the inclosure the Bunnies called their garden.

Beyond the flower-beds was a large field where Gaffer raised many vegetables for the home table.

Bunnyboy and Brownie each had a share in this field, and enjoyed planting, weeding, hoeing, and harvesting their own crops of vegetables.

The Deacon told them a little real work was a good thing for boys, and gave them all the land they could use, and all they could raise on it, for their own, to sell or give away.

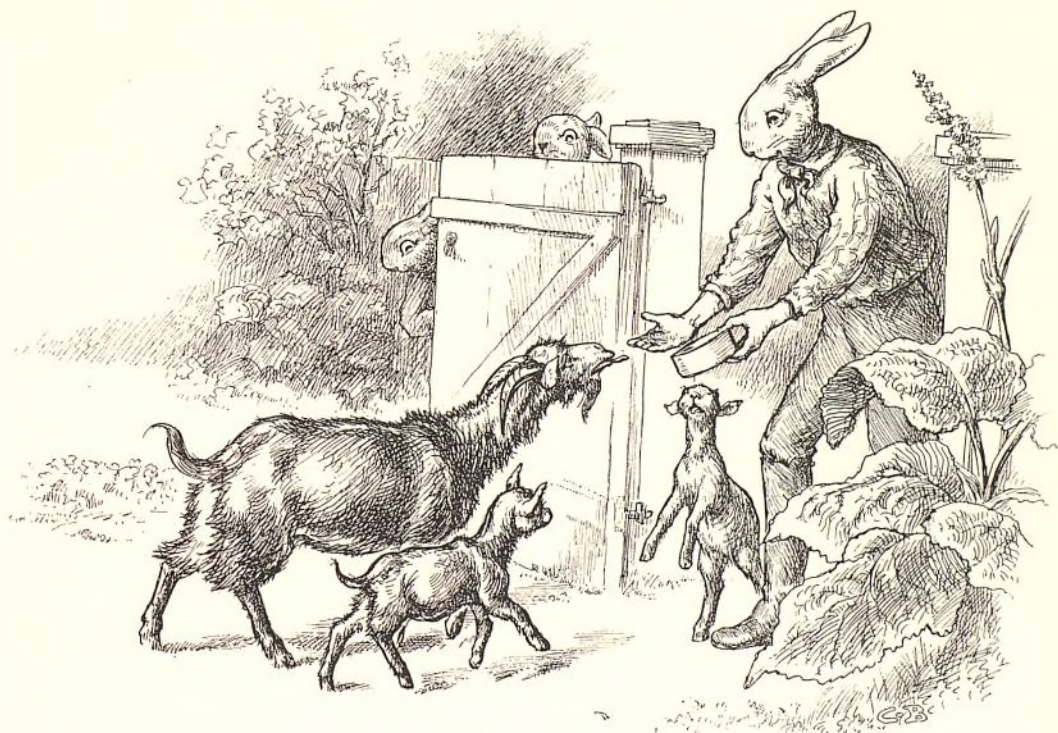
Sometimes they sold a few early vegetables, or berries, but oftener found some poor family to make glad with a basket of fresh things of the Bunnies' own raising.

Later in the season they always saved some of

They all came rushing into the garden, and then excitement began in earnest.

Each Bunny ran shouting after the goats, and the terrified kids dashed first one way, and then another, over the beds and vines, half wild with fright, while the anxious Mother Nanny ran helplessly bleating after them.

Round and round the garden they went, dashing in every direction but the right one, toward the gate, until nearly every bed had been trampled by their sharp hoofs, and the poor creatures were panting with fear and distress.



GAFFER COAXES THE GOATS THROUGH THE GATE.

each kind to send to the village Almoner as a Thanksgiving offering to the needy.

It was not a great deal to do, but the Bunnies enjoyed thinking that they had done something with their own hands to make Thanksgiving-day more truly a day of thanksgiving for somebody in the world.

One morning, a few days after the talk about the toads, Bunnyboy went to the garden early to begin his work.

He found the gate wide open, and on going in he saw a mother-goat and two kids nibbling his young pea-vines.

Running back to the house, he called the other Bunnies to come and help him drive out the goats.

Fortunately, Gaffer heard the din and racket and came to the rescue, before the garden was quite torn up.

Calling the Bunnies to the gate, he told them to be quiet and keep out of sight, and let him catch the goats in a quieter and quicker way.

Gaffer then took a wooden measure with some coarse salt in it, and shaking it gently, he called in a low voice: "Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!" until the mother-goat came slowly up to him and, after a moment's hesitation, began to lick the salt from his hand.

The kids soon followed their mother to the gate, and, in less than half the time the Bunnies had taken in trying to drive them out, Gaffer had

coaxed them through the gate, and sent them trotting off to their pasture on the hill.

No one knew who had left the gate open, but suspicion fell on Brownie, as he was the last one to leave the garden the night before, and also because he was often heedless in little things.

Cousin Jack said the goat might have opened the gate herself, for about the only thing an able-bodied goat could not do in the way of sight-seeing, was to climb a tree.

Gaffer looked at the havoc made in the garden, and said it would take a week to undo the mischief they had done in five minutes.

Cousin Jack turned to Gaffer and slyly asked him whom he meant by "they,"—the goats or the Bunnies? and Gaffer replied, "Both!"

Then Cousin Jack said, "Well, well! the goats did not know any better, and the Bunnies did the best they knew then."

"Another time," said he, "I hope they will remember that the quietest way is usually the best way, and that bustle and noise and needless flourish are usually a waste of time and strength."

Gaffer said that he had always found that "Come," caught more goats than "Go," besides being an easier way.

Cousin Jack smiled and told the Bunnies that the sight of those trampled and torn flower-beds and the example that Gaffer had shown them was a better lesson than he could teach from the text of, "How not to do it," and that each one of them would do well to make a note of it in their diaries.

(To be continued.)





Nell's Fairy-tale.

BY O. HERFORD.

THE fairy-tale was ended, the wicked Queen had fled;

The Prince had saved the Princess and cut off the monster's head;

The people all were joyful, and the Princess and the Prince

Were married and—so ran the tale—“lived happy ever since.”

Nell closed the book of fairy-tales and mused:
“I wonder why

There are no fairies nowadays? I only wish that I

Could be a fairy princess like the Princess Goldenhair.”

Here Nell dropped off to sleep, and then she started in her chair,

When, of its own accord, the book popped open, and behold!

Out crept a wee elf-princess all arrayed in cloth of gold;

She sighed a little tired sigh and then Nell heard her say,

In a tiny tired little voice, that sounded far away:

“Oh, dear! how very nice it is for once to get outside.

You've no idea how flat it is, my dear, until you've tried,

To be shut up in a story-book with Dragons, Queens, and Kings,

And always have to do and say the same old, senseless things;

You think it would be very fine, but really it's no joke!

I'd rather be a girl, like *you*!—”

Then little Nell awoke.

“Poor Princess Goldenhair,” said she,—“unhappy little elf,
I'm rather glad, upon the whole, that I am just myself!”



From Our Scrap-Book



CORNISH LULLABY.

OUT on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
And this is the song the hill-folk croon
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon:
"Gold, gold! ever more gold —
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,
All night long, all night long;
None but the peering, furtive elves
See his toil and hear his song;
Merrily over the cavern rings
As merrily over his pick he swings,
And merrily over his song he sings;
"Gold, gold! ever more gold —
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed,
All night long, all night long —
Happy to smooth thy curly head
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;
'T is not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,
And the burden it beareth is not of gold;
But it's "Love, love — nothing but love —
Mother's love for dearie!"

— Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

A DUCAL HOME FOR THE BLIND.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

HAVE you any idea how many blind people there are in the world? Statisticians say 1,400,000 totally blind, without reckoning other thousands who are partially blind. Most of these are poor and ignorant people, for children may lose their sight from neglect and mismanagement, and adults often become blind because their work ruins the eyes: as cameo-cutters, engravers, and sewing-

women. It is only within a hundred years that there have been schools for the blind, and the whole number is less than a hundred, much fewer than are needed.

One beautiful home for the blind, or rather a hospital, for they are brought there to be cured, is in a palace — the villa of the Duke of Bavaria, at Meran. It happened in this way: The Duke is a skilled oculist, and has a tender compassion for the blind peasants, whose lives are so dreary and colorless. His wife, a Portuguese princess, shares this feeling, and is his able assistant in his operations. The Princess soothes the poor patients who are frightened or nervous, and explains their troubles to her husband, for many are so ignorant that it is hard to understand their uncouth dialect. She is especially loving with children.

She also aids to keep patients quiet and obedient, for it is not easy to care for them during convalescence. Absolute quiet is necessary — they must not move hands, nor feet, nor head. Sometimes they swallow only liquid food given by the nurse. This is to avoid movement of the jaws.

The Duke has succeeded in giving sight to several children born blind. When first their sight is restored, they are as helpless as infants, and still rely upon the familiar sense of touch. One small girl was seen, after a long look at a table, to approach and stroke it with her fingers. The duchess showed one little boy her watch, but until he had touched it he could not tell whether it was round or square. Many children, when beginning to see, can not go down-stairs alone, and for a while are more helpless than when blind; but how different their lives soon become!

The Duke's first hospital was near his palace on the lake at Tegernsee, some thirty miles from Munich. But he was not strong, and physicians sent him to Meran, where the climate is milder. So many blind peasants came to the town hospital that he could not receive them, but now they are at his own villa and have most assiduous care. During one visit to Meran, the Duke had as assistant the grandson of the German poet Rückert. The peasants of the three neighboring valleys are devoted to the Duke, and Margaret Howitt has written a charming account of the night in May when peasants kindled beacon-fires in his honor on every peak and hill and high point. Though a pouring rain put out the fires, they none the less proved the inextinguishable love glowing in the hearts of the grateful people.

AN ATHLETIC SPELLING LESSON.



Two bright little girls, one seven and the other five years of age, form an important arc of the family circle of a member of the *Avalanche* staff. The eldest has quite an inventive turn of mind, and finds in her younger sister an apt pupil. An evening or two since, tiring of books and slates, they concluded to pursue their studies in another way. "Look, Papa, we are going to spell with ourselves!" cried one of them. Where they got the idea nobody knows. Perhaps it was an inspiration. The eldest took the lead. Standing straight up, with her arms by her sides, she called to her smart little assistant to lie down on the carpet. It was done in a moment. Did anybody know what letter it was? Plain as day, the letter L.



The second letter was not so easily made. They put their little feet together, clasped hands, bent themselves backward—tried a dozen ways, but, as the mirror a few feet away informed them when it was consulted from time to time, they were not successful. Suddenly one of them tripped away, returning in a moment with her big hoop. Pressing themselves close to the hoop upon either side, with their curly heads over the top, the result was not only a very pretty picture, but a perfect letter O.



Now for the third letter, and really it did not seem to be much easier than the second. There were two or three quite severe falls, but it was no time for tears, and so very determined were they to succeed that they took no notice of what would have been reason enough for giving up all thought of play, at another time, and so at last they succeeded. It was very easy. The jumping rope solved the problem and made of the pair a very picturesque V.



It was useless to pretend ignorance any longer of the word they were trying to spell. The last letter was the most difficult of all. How it was to be done, Papa was obliged to own to himself, he did not see. By standing with their faces to each other, three feet apart, bending over until the tops of their heads touched and holding an arm straight down, they made the letter, but it was not upright. After many trials, however, they succeeded in making, as the illustration shows, an excellent E. Hold the page at arm's length, glance down the

column, and you have that most eloquent of all the words in the language of home and children.—*The Memphis Daily Avalanche*.



A SCRAP of SUNSHINE:

FLOWER LADIES.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

DID any of you little people ever play "Flower Ladies"?

I have made many inquiries, and never found any children but those of my own family who knew about the game. It was the delight of my childhood, and now that I am grown up and can not play it myself, and have no babies of my own to teach it to, I begin to fear that the beautiful game will be lost.

It began in this way. I lived with my sister, when we were little, down—ever so far down—in Louisiana; so near the Gulf of Mexico that when the evening breezes blew we could smell the salt sea-air. It was on a sugar plantation.

On the left of the big, square, white house in which we lived was the garden. It covered four or five acres, and was inclosed with hedges of pyracanth covered with sweet, white blossoms in the spring and bunches of red berries in the autumn. Where the garden sloped down to the wide, sleepy, brown bayou was a long row of banana trees that rustled in the wind their great satiny, green leaves, which served us for hats, and flags, and even for letter paper, for we wrote notes on them with thorns out of the hedge.

Above the bananas, on the crest of the slope, was a row of picayune-rose bushes, with their myriads of dear little miniature blossoms. And then there was all the big beautiful garden. It was laid out in beds of every shape imaginable, with walks between covered with white shells. But it was n't a prim, formal garden at all, for we were allowed to do anything we wished there, and I think it must have been because we loved it so and lived in it so much, that we invented the play of "Flower Ladies," to suit the place and give us an excuse for staying there. It was a place of perfumes. I am sure you never saw roses grow as ours did. They rioted everywhere without check. They climbed up in the trees, and spread over the walks, and bloomed out into thousands and thousands of roses all at once, almost as many at Christmas time as in the spring.

Then there were the sweet-olive trees, and three kinds of magnolia trees, and every sort of jasmine, and Japan plum trees. When they all bloomed, Flora Ann, the old native African negro, used to say that "the garden wuz des 'luminated."

This was the way we played. We gathered roses with stems about two inches long and set them down on their petals, and any one can see in a minute that they then became beautiful ladies, with tall, slender figures, lovely pink or crimson, satin or velvet, skirts and little green overskirts.

The men were thorns from the hedge, which stood up very nicely when stuck in the ground, or else they were bits of stick; but they were rather stiff and unbending,—were these gentlemen,—and really played a very insignificant part in the flower ladies' households.

The houses in which the ladies lived were of the very simplest architecture; just bits of stick or blades of grass laid together in squares to inclose rooms and halls. A green leaf made a pretty bed, and tiny flat pebbles furnished beautiful chairs. Then a chip served excellently for a grand mahogany table, and upon very small mud-pies, frosted with sand, and mud chocolate-custards, in acorn-cups, and loaves of mud-bread, the flower ladies lived luxuriously.

Our ladies were divided into two families. My sister's family always bore the surname of Grey, and mine was called Graham. The big Solfaterre roses with the thick loose petals were the grandmothers, because they had wide laps for the babies to rest upon. The common damask-roses were nice comfortable mothers, who were careful lest the children should get their feet wet, and always had ready lovely mud-pies for the children when they came home from school.

The *Gloire-de-France* roses were the sweet young aunts, named Mabel, or Irene, and the moss-roses and old-fashioned thorn-roses were the ugly-tempered aunts, called Jane or Maria.

There was a rose-bush that bore very long, slender white buds, and one of these buds, because it could n't stand up well, was always a girl named Kate, who had hurt her spine. Lying on the orange-leaf sofa, she bore her sufferings with touching fortitude.

Next came the children. The Greys and Grams had very large families. The picayune-roses came in here, the fullest-blown kind being the eldest girls of about twelve, and from these they went down through various ages to the tiny, tiny bud that was the new-born baby rocked to sleep in

a velvety rose-leaf, and so sensitive that all the little flower children had to tread lightly for fear of waking her.

Such lovely times those Greys and Grahams had ! They went sailing on a big magnolia leaf in the garden ditch, or visited each other, driving up in a banana-leaf carriage ; or danced at big balls, or gave splendid dinner-parties. Perhaps the best fun of all were the christenings and the burials. When the Grey and Graham babies were old enough, everybody drove to the grand church built for the occasion, and there they were baptized. The font was a white rose-leaf filled with water, and there was always so much excitement over choosing a name for the new baby and such a supper afterward, with quantities of christening-cups of acorn-ware coming in every moment, that there was n't anything but a funeral that was nearly as interesting.

When somebody's stem broke, or the leaves dropped off, which happened frequently, the body was carefully wrapped in a banana-leaf and hauled away to the grave in a Japan-plum-leaf hearse. And there were sermons and hymns, and the flower ladies cried dreadfully, and did n't give any more parties for a long time.

When we were kept in the house by rain, a servant went out with an umbrella and fetched us in lots of roses, and then we played flower ladies in more artificial style.

The furniture was made of pasteboard, of a kind with which every little girl is familiar.

All the family wore dresses cut from tissue-paper, just oval pieces with a little hole in the middle to put the stems through. The children's school-dresses were simply pieces of plain paper, but their elders wore elaborate costumes cut in open-work patterns — a sort of lace overdresses, through which the pink or red satin skirts could be seen.

While Mamma and Grandmamma were supposed to cut out these beautiful frocks, the children were at school, and Irene and Mabel, the kind aunts, sat at the little sea-shell piano and sang one of these two songs (which seemed to be the only ones they knew) :

Over the far blue mountain,
Over the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Come to thy home !

or,

Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar
As he was hastening home from the war,
"Singing from Palestine gladly I roam,
Lady-love, Lady-love, welcome me home ! "

The great charm of this play was that everything could be swept away in a moment. There was no trouble of putting away playthings ; and then everything was fresh and new each day.

We used roses, because we had so many, all the year, but crocuses or daffodils or daisies (and red clovers) make nearly as lovely flower ladies.



WATER-LILIES.

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.

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read Jack-in-the-Pulpit's paragraph about dolls that talk, in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS, and write to tell you of the one I saw.

It was about fifteen inches tall, I should think, and could say:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

The words came out distinctly, and the effect was very funny indeed.

The explanation is that there was a small phonograph inside the doll's body, into which some one had spoken the words quoted above. Then, by means of some machinery, when a spring was pressed, the cylinder, with its indentations, was made to revolve, and the sounds were repeated, causing the well-known lines to be heard.

The phonograph is a wonderful invention, and this use to which it has lately been put is certainly very amusing, if nothing else.

Of course, each doll may be made to say a different thing, from "Jack and Jill" to the "Declaration of Independence." Imagine them all talking at once!

Your very true friend, MARY A. T.—

A VIGILANT critic, C. M. Woodward of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., finds errors in the following paragraph from "Ancient and Modern Artillery," published in the April number:

"Now, the momentum or moving power of a body is measured by the product of its weight and velocity. Therefore, if this ram, when worked against a wall of stone, was moved at the rate of two feet a second (a moderate estimate), its force on striking the wall would be 300,000 pounds, which would be exactly the same as the force exerted by a weight of 300,000 pounds in falling from a height of one foot. That is, it would exert greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860."

Mr. Woodward asserts that the true statement is, that the *energy* of the battering-ram, which is the same as would be exerted by 150,000 pounds falling $\frac{1}{16}$ foot, is 9375 foot-pounds, or only $\frac{1}{32}$ of that exerted by 300,000 pounds falling one foot. He says, also, that in 1860 many guns sent 200-pound projectiles 1500 feet a second, or with an energy of 7,031,560 foot-pounds—750 times that of the battering-ram.

SAN AUGUSTINE, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the eastern part of Texas, in the old historical town of San Augustine, where General Sam Houston lived awhile when he first came to this country, which was then a republic.

I am a boy fourteen years old, and have two brothers and two sisters, Eugene and Guy, Sara and Itasca—all younger than myself. I am very fond of hunting, and have two guns and a dog.

You have been a welcome visitor to our home for more than four years. We all enjoy looking at "The Brownies" very much—the "dude" especially. Like most of your readers, we think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best of your stories.

Your admiring reader, EDDIE A. B.—

GALENA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted for a long time to tell you what a nice magazine you are. I have taken you for several years and enjoy you very much. I only wish you came oftener. I live in Galena, the old town where General Grant used to live. Mrs. Grant still owns a house here. A great many noted men have been connected with this town. Galena is something like Rome, built on seven hills, although I am not sure that there are exactly seven.

I am twelve years old, and the eldest of a family of four children, and very fond of reading.

I kept a few geraniums this winter, and had wonderful success with them. I am your loving reader,

ISABEL S.—

OAHE, DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you. We all enjoy reading you very much. My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and "Sara Crewe."

We live on the Missouri River. I have made two trips across the Reservation. The Indians have many queer customs. I wonder if any of the readers ever heard of a "Ghost give-away." When an Indian dies, some friend or relative claims to possess his spirit. This relative can not possess the spirit of the departed unless he keeps a lock of his hair, with a piece of the scalp attached. A tent is put up for the ghost to live in, and the relative pretends to feed the ghost. While keeping the ghost he collects as many presents as he can. After a long while he has a great feast and gives away all the things—expecting to get something to pay for it after awhile. Once, when I was on a trip, we camped near where there was a ghost-tent. The man who owned the tent promised to take us into the tent, but when the time came he said he would not unless we would take the ghost a cup of coffee. And, of course, we could not do that, as the person we were traveling with was a missionary. My father went to see a "Ghost give-away" once. They had a large feast and there were a great many people there. There were gifts of all kinds from a small burro to a needle book. They gave about twenty ponies and a great many war bonnets. The Indian had been three years in collecting the things. They also gave moccasins, pipes, belts, and various kinds of fancy-work, blankets, comforts, shawls, feather fans, and horn spoons. At a "give-away," or "Ghost feast," they always eat awhile, then dance awhile, and then go back to the presents, and then around the same way. For music (?) they have an old

bass-drum, which they pound on all the time, without any regard to time. They all dance to the tune, which is no tune at all. The old women who are too old to do anything else sit around and sing. This "Give-away" I speak of lasted three days. Some of the customs of the Indians seem meaningless to us; but they must mean something to the Indians or they would not devote so much time and energy to them. Such customs are fast dying away. The strongest features of their religion seem to consist in punishing themselves.

I hope this will be as interesting to some as other letters about strange places are to me.

Your Western reader, E. W. C—.

We take pleasure in printing in the "Letter-box" the accompanying sketches which a bright little girl sent to her uncle. The title below is the one she gave them.

Bloody Island. There are many Indians' graves there now, and arrow-heads have often been found there. We have one of the prettiest views on the lake from our ranch. Mt. Konocti is directly opposite our place on the other side of Clear Lake, and though it is twenty-five or more miles away, on a clear day it does not look ten. There are mountains all around us and pretty farms and ranches. There is a most beautiful little steamer on the lake. It is built after the model of the "City of Tokio," but it is much smaller, of course, and its name is the "City of Lakeport." There are many other steamers and yachts here, as the lake is an excellent place for yacht races. We have a very pretty steam-yacht. This is a very long letter, but as it is the first letter I have ever written, I hope you will print it. I love you very much, and your pretty stories. I think your best story is "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Your devoted reader, MARGARET D. C—.



"MY EXCUSES FOR *not* WRITING A LETTER."

CLEAR LAKE, LAKE CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think you ever had a letter from here before. I live on a ranch which borders on the lake. I am a little girl ten years old, but quite old enough to appreciate the beautiful scenery around me. The space which is now covered with water, hundreds of years ago was supposed to have been the crater of a volcano. This supposition is most probably true, as shown by the fact that instead of having sand or pebble beaches as lakes generally have, ours have volcanic stones instead. These stones are very pretty. They are usually flat and of a black, transparent substance. The Indians made their arrow-heads of them at the time of the war with the Indians, thirty years ago. The place where they had their most terrible fight is not more than two miles from us. It is called

FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only ten years old. My sister takes ST. NICHOLAS, and we all think it lovely.

I have a brother older than myself, and Papa gave us a pony and carriage. We take turns in riding in the evening, for we go to school all day and only have the evenings to ourselves with Saturday and Sunday. I also have a sister who has a tiny white cat named "Muff," because it looks just like one.

I like to feed our chickens and turkeys; we got them when they were quite young. The turkeys will eat corn from my hand. There is an old black, shaggy-looking rooster that will also eat out of my hand; but the rooster is not half so shaggy as the dark mountains that tower at the back of the houses. They are the Apache Mountains; and we children have plenty of fun climbing to

the top of them. Great herds of goats roam over these mountains, and also great numbers of burros. I suppose not many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have seen burros; they are something like mules, but shorter and with ears four times as long.

I remain your constant reader, MELVILLE C—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, thirteen years of age. I live in Illinois. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since 1876. My father is mayor of a city. I here give you an original poem, and I shall be very much obliged if you will publish it:

THE ITALIAN BOY.

Once upon the time of old,
There was a harp all made of gold,
Which an Italian boy did play,
He lived o'er hills so far away.

He lived by the side of a river;
And in the winter the boy did shiver.
So far away, the boy was cold,
Because his garments all were old.

The boy that lived in the time of old,
That had the harp all made of gold,
Took sick one day, by the riverside,
And then, oh, then! he died, he died!

C. E. H—, JR.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a paper that my uncle sends to you. I have taken you for nearly five years, and I like you very much. I have seen a great many letters in the "Letter-box" but never written to you before.

Yours truly,

G. S. S—.

The names of the following six Presidents of the United States contain, conjointly, all the letters of the alphabet: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, James Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor.

WE are glad to print a few selections from the journal of a young friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Richard Lawrence Benson, of Philadelphia. The journal was written during a trip to Europe in 1887, and was afterward printed for circulation among his friends:

The Zoo, in Holland, is very magnificent; they have a fine collection of birds. While walking in the Zoo, a bird snatched my ticket from my hand, but we got it back.

After leaving The Hague, we went to Coblenz. We stayed at the Hotel du Géant.

Ehrenbreitstein Castle is a large fortress on the Rhine; it was opposite to our hotel. It is built on a large rock. * * * * *

Berne is a very pretty place, we staid at the Hotel Bernerhof. We went to the Bear Pit, and saw the bears of Berne.

The Clock is one of the most interesting things. When the Clock strikes the hour, a cock crows and flaps his wings, a bear dances, little men walk round a circle, a man stamps his foot, and a man pulls a bell. On top of the tower of the Clock is a figure of a man, striking with a hammer the number of hours. * * *

We went from Geneva to Vevey, and staid at the

Grand Hotel. The Castle of Chillon is a very large old castle; it is on a rock extending into Lake Geneva. The dungeons in the castle are very dark and lonely. The prisoners sleep on the stone bed before they are executed. Bonnivard was a prisoner in one of the dungeons a number of years; he wore a hole in the stone, by having his feet in the same place so long.

The tortures were very severe; one was hanging the prisoner up by his thumbs, and burning the soles of his feet with very hot iron. * * * * *

From Zürich we went to Munich, and stayed at the Bayerischer. One morning we went to see the Picture Gallery; the paintings are very wonderful; all the figures are life-size.

"Building the Pyramids," is one of the finest paintings that I have ever seen; it looks very real. "The Fall of the First Man," is very well painted.

There are a number of celebrated pictures, besides these two paintings. * * * * *

The palace of the late Emperor William is a very large and plain old palace. When living, the Emperor appeared at the windows of his palace every day to see his people.

Unter-den-Linden is a very beautiful avenue; it is used for walking and driving.

The palace of the father of the late Emperor William is very large. The interior is very magnificent.

The King had no stairs in the palace, but a place for a horse to carry him up to his bedroom.

The floors of the palace are very highly polished, and the visitors have to wear large velvet slippers to keep the floor from being scratched.

The ball-room is very long and wide; there are so many pictures in this room that they nearly cover all the wall.

KENOSHA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our names are Lucien and Lilian. Mamma read to us your lovely story, "Daddy Jake the Runaway." We pretend that it is about us. We have had the ST. NICHOLAS ever since we can remember, and we really think we would die if it did n't come. Sister Rene is writing this letter for us and we are telling her what to say. We are seven years old. You see we are twins. We hope this letter will be printed, as it is our first. Lucien has a dog named Pete, and Lilian has a cat named Alward. We love little pigs, too. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted admirers,

LUCIEN AND LILIAN.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Edith G. Scott, "Thirteen Brothers and Sisters," L. M. H., Paul Gage, Mildred D. G., May Waring, C. Maye Young, Mabel A. Wells, Mildred W. Bennett, Fannie R., Adela C., Vivian G., Merle Churchill, Willie Helm, "Katherine," T. C. Richardson, Jr., Charles Norton, Laura May Hadley, M. E. E., L. Krutz, Emily C., Edna Foley, Edna and Eleanor D., M. G. F., Mary Laycock, A. P. C. Ashurst, A. N., Lillie Gray, Alice Earle and Elsie Woodward, Clara C. B., Josephine D. W., Mida and Sadie, Eleanor Bloomfield, H. B., Alec. and Archie Lander, Eleanor L. Bell, L. Asher, Elsie A. R., L. B. Roth, Fred. Bowie, Marie H. Janorin, Florence V. Medcalf, Geo. W. Hare, Louisa M. Bell, Susan Elizabeth Clay, Charles E. W., H. V. B., P. H. T., Roxalene, O. Howell, Emily H. Magee, Clara Louise Randolph, Faith Tyler, Isabella and Marguerite White, Pauline Freyhan, Lillian V. and Clara G., Charles Pfeiffer, Edith Dana, Mabel Agnes Bloomer, Eleanor O., Isabella Margaret, Eleanor A. Richards, J. H. Boatwright, Emmie C. B., A. R. F. C., and M. R. C.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Birthrights and Declaration. Cross-words: 1. Battalions. 2. Misfortunes. 3. Parasitical. 4. Controlling. 5. Marshmallow. 6. Encouraging. 7. Contaminate. 8. Mystagogues. 9. Hierarches. 10. Ponderosity. 11. Noctilucous. **DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Agassiz; finals, Le Conte. Cross-words: 1. Anvil. 2. GracE. 3. AttiC. 4. SalvO. 5. SlaiN. 6. IngoT. 7. ZoclE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If the first of July it be rainy weather,
It will rain more or less for four weeks together.

A STITCH PUZZLE. 1. Arrow-stitch. 2. Hem-stitch. 3. Running-stitch. 4. Buttonhole-stitch. 5. Feather-stitch. 6. Lock-stitch. 7. Star-stitch. 8. Cat-stitch. 9. Cross-stitch. 10. Back-stitch. 11. Briar-stitch. 12. Chain-stitch. 13. Outline-stitch. 14. Rope-stitch.

RHOMBIC ACROSS: 1. Gleam. 2. Orion. 3. Arbor. 4. Sloop. 5. Endor.

CUBE AND SQUARE. From 1 to 2, tangled; 2 to 4, dauphin; 1 to 3, torment; 3 to 4, trodden; 5 to 6, element; 6 to 8, trodden; 5 to 7, enforce; 7 to 8, enliven; 1 to 5, tame; 2 to 6, dart; 4 to 8, noon; 3 to 7, tale. Inclosed square: 1. Ment. 2. Ever. 3. Nero. 4. Trod.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Vacation. 1. Vales. 2. Await. 3. Clock. 4. Aware. 5. Train. 6. Ideal. 7. Opine. 8. Never.

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 MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese—K. G. S.—Ida C. Thallon—Mary L. Gerrish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from A. E. Fischer, 1—Addie and Simah, 1—Amy F., 1—A. E. H. Meyer, 1—Lillian V. and Clara G., 1—Anna and Hattie, 3—"Queen Elizabeth," 3—A. W. Gibson, 1—"Mamma and her boys," 2—Louis Nuttman, 2—Wilford W. Linsly, 2—Ethel Kirkland, 6—A. B. Dodge, 1—Madeleine D., 1—L. A. Conklin, 1—Gert and Fan, 3—S. I. Myers, 1—A. P. C. Ashurst, 1—A. S. and B. R., 1—Clara and Emma, 3—Sadie Wigg, 2—E. E. Strout, 1—"Mischief and Mirth," 1—Fred E. Parmly, 4—"Toots," 1—Marion S. Dumont, 2—B. M. Rickert, 2—Caroline S. Hopkins, 2—R. O. Howell, 1—M. Connert, 1—C. L. Trendley, 2—Madge Rutherford, 2—Mary E. Bred, 2—J. M. Caffee, 1—C. S. Marsh, 1—R. S. Morrison, 1—A. B. Lawrence, 1—E. W. Hamilton, 1—M. H. Janvri, 1—Elsie A. R., 2—"Rocket and Flyer," 1—Maude E. Palmer, 1—Ariadne, 1—Mary E. T., 1—Alice Hill, 2—C. B. O., 5—O. Z. H., 2—Marion, 1—Barbara A. Russell, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 1—Bub and Sis, 2—F. E. Hecht, 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 6—"Maxie and Jackspar," 12—Nadly, 1—Gertrude Little, 4—Monell, 3—Mamma and Millie, 3—Nellie L. Howes, 9—"Skipper," 2—"Golden West," 3—A. M. Pierce, 1—S. W. Adams, 1—Clara and Lucy, 2—Grace K., 3—May Martin, 1—Jo and I, 12—Geoffrey Parsons, 2—S. Scott, 1—Mathilde, Ida and Alice, 7—Emma Sydney, 2—C. C. D., 3—Mattie E. Beale, 11—K. Guthrie, 1—No Name, Louisville, 10—Grace Harwood, 3—Gruoch, 4—A. Clarke, 1—"Shep and Puskie" Taylor, 3—A. L. Brownell, 1—E. Shirley, 1.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE words described are of unequal length, but when rightly guessed the initial letters will all be the same, and the central letters will spell the name of an American poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Those who carry. 2. Believes. 3. A kind of parrot found in the Philippine Islands. 4. Troops that serve on horseback. 5. Grows smaller. 6. A wading bird. 7. A division of a book. 8. A kind of pleasure-carriage. 9. To sear with a hot iron.

LOUISE MCCLELLAN.

CHARADE.

My first ascends on soaring wings
To "Heaven's gate,"
And hails the coming of the spring
In notes clear.
My second shines on knightly heel
In battle won,
A token that its wearer's steel
Has prowess done.
My whole, beside his lady's bower,
In varied hue,
In stately pride unfolds its flower,
Pink, white or blue.

M. N. ROBINSON.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell an event which took place one hundred years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place to hold water. 2. One of the United

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Thermometer.

PI. O to lie in the ripening grass
That gracefully bends to the winds that pass,
And to look aloft the oakleaves through,
Into the sky so deep, so blue!

O to feel as utterly free
As the ricebird singing above on the tree,
Or the locusts piping their drowsy whirr,
Or the down that sails from the thistleburr!

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

REBUS. A Tale of the Lights. "A polite acolyte with a slight blight to his eye-sight, sang in the twilight, 'Let there be light.' In this plight he saw with delight the flight of an aerolite enlighten the starlight like the daylight; and, alighting on an electric light, it put out the light quick as lightning."

ACROSTIC. Edda. 1. Eagle. 2. Ducat. 3. Daric. 4. Angel. **PECULIAR ACROSTIC.** Third row, Robert Burns; fifth row, Wilberforce. Cross-words: 1. caRaWay. 2. chOrIst. 3. taBuLar. 4. shErBet. 5. teRrEne. 6. coTeRie. 7. reBuFs. 8. grUmOus. 9. poRtRay. 10. meNaCed. 11. poStErn.

EASY RIDDLE. Cares.

CONCEALED WORDS. Mountains. 1. Hecla. 2. Atlas. 3. Neb. Trees. 1. Sandal. 2. Oak. 3. Yew.

States. 3. A part of a ship. 4. A moiety. 5. A Mohammedan. 6. A narrow valley. 7. A sharp-sighted beast. 8. A Chinese instrument. 9. Forsook. 10. To cry as an owl. 11. A pain. 12. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 13. A poet. 14. A staff. 15. Facile. 16. A time of fasting. 17. To curb. 18. The surname of a great American statesman. 19. A river of Germany. "AMERICA."

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In explodes. 2. A small draught. 3. To use frugally. 4. A gem. 5. Supercilious. 6. Termination. 7. In explodes.
II. 1. In explodes. 2. A tool. 3. A piece of leather. 4. A precious stone which was set in Aaron's breast-plate. 5. Part of the body. 6. To place. 7. In explodes.
III. 1. In explodes. 2. A body of water. 3. A jewel. 4. Skill. 5. In explodes.
IV. 1. In trapeze. 2. A toy. 3. A gem. 4. The god of shepherds. 5. In trapeze.
V. 1. In trapeze. 2. Era. 3. A kind of quartz. 4. A familiar abbreviation. 5. In trapeze.
VI. 1. In blacking. 2. A pronoun. 3. A gem. 4. A kind of grain. 5. In blacking.

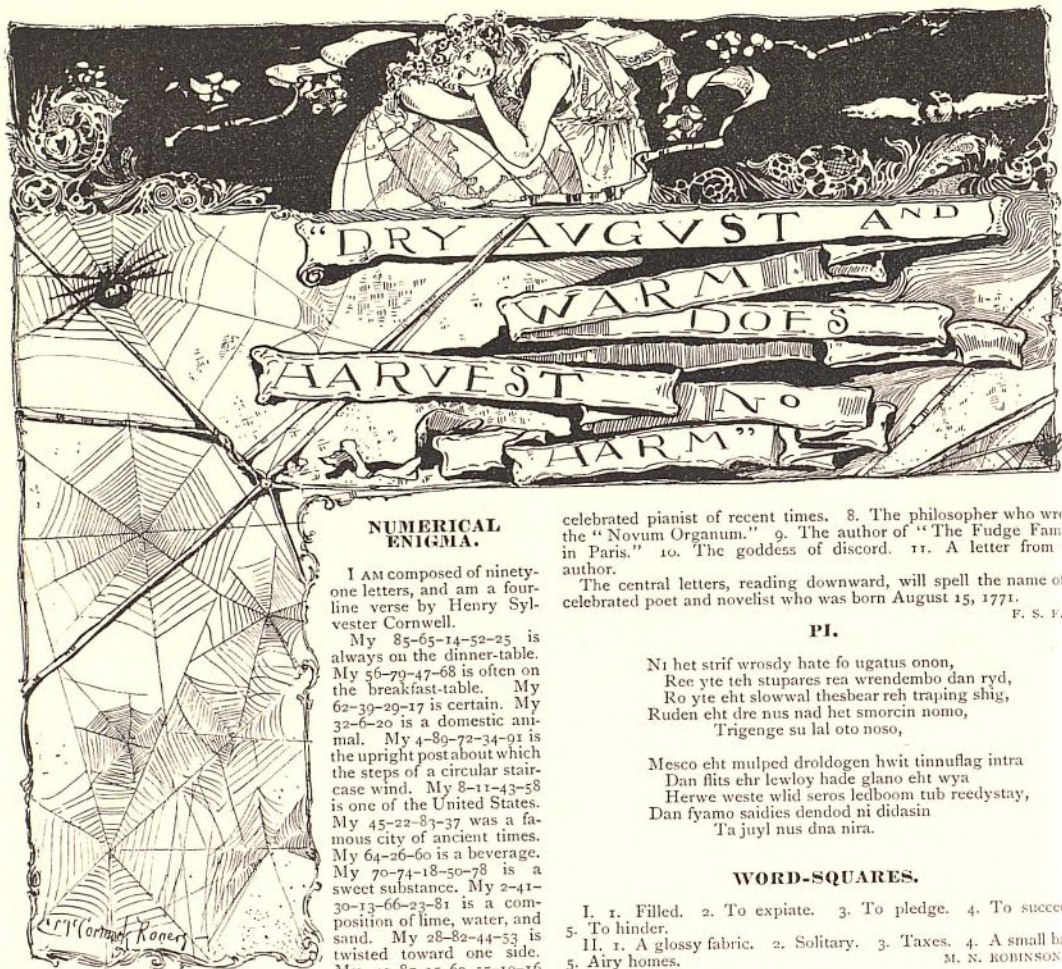
GRACE DUNHAM.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals will spell the name of a noted American; the central row of letters will spell the name of a noted Englishman.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Loads. 2. Reclining. 3. Settles or fixes on a person and his descendants. 4. Selling. 5. An escape by artifice or deception. 6. The most formidable of all sea-gulls. 7. One who distributes alms in behalf of another. 8. A repast at noon. 9. Degrades.

K. P. K. and E. A. M.



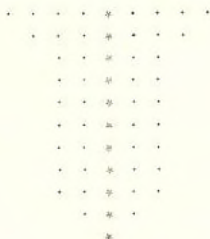
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-one letters, and am a four-line verse by Henry Sylvester Cornwell.

My 85-65-14-52-25 is always on the dinner-table. My 56-79-47-68 is often on the breakfast-table. My 62-39-29-17 is certain. My 32-6-20 is a domestic animal. My 4-89-72-34-01 is the upright post about which the steps of a circular staircase wind. My 8-11-43-58 is one of the United States. My 45-22-83-37 was a famous city of ancient times. My 64-26-60 is a beverage. My 70-74-18-50-78 is a sweet substance. My 2-41-30-13-66-23-81 is a composition of lime, water, and sand. My 28-82-44-53 is twisted toward one side. My 49-87-15-69-55-19-16 is one of the sub-kingdoms of animals. My 73-46-09-27-54-59 is a color. My 9-61-38-33-76 is part of a fern. My 75-36-21 is the name of a lovely lady in Spenser's "Faery Queen." My 10-71-88 is to drag through the water by means of a rope. My 24-35-5-67 is beautiful. My 86-80-7-57-40-51-1-12 is astonishment. My 63-42-48-77-84-3-31 is an old name for heat.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

AN ESCUTCHEON.



ACROSS: 1. The English novelist who wrote "Jack Sheppard." 2. An English artist whose work was much admired by Charles Lamb. 3. The Irish poet who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore." 4. An eminent English divine and hymn-writer. 5. A famous English caricaturist, many of whose pictures were published in *Punch*. 6. The author of "The Two Foscari." 7. The most

celebrated pianist of recent times. 8. The philosopher who wrote the "Novum Organum." 9. The author of "The Fudge Family in Paris." 10. The goddess of discord. 11. A letter from an author.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a celebrated poet and novelist who was born August 15, 1771.

F. S. F.

PL.

Ni het strif wrodsly hate fo ugatus onon,
Ree yte teh stupares rea wrendembo dan ryd,
Ro yte eht slowwal thesbear reh traping shig,
Ruden eht dre nus nad het smorcin nomo,
Trigenge su lal oto noso,

Mesco eht mulped droldogen hwit tinnuflag intra
Dan flits ehr lewloy hade glano eht wya
Herwe weste wld seros ledboom tub reedystay,
Dan fyamo saidies dendo n didasin
Ta juyl nus dna nira.

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. Filled. 2. To expiate. 3. To pledge. 4. To succeed.
5. To hinder.
II. 1. A glossy fabric. 2. Solitary. 3. Taxes. 4. A small bay.
5. Airy homes.

M. N. ROBINSON.

MALTESE CROSS.

	1	2	3	4	5
19		6	7	8	32
20	24		9		29 33
21	25	27	A	28	30 34
22	26		10		31 35
23	11	12	13		36
	14	15	16	17	18

FROM 1 to 5, a masculine name; from 6 to 8, an opening; from 3 to 9, to fortify; from 11 to 13, to immerse; from 14 to 18, to burn slightly; from 10 to 16, relationship; from 19 to 23, a small candle; from 24 to 26, to hinder; from 21 to 27, equal value; from 29 to 31, an iota; from 32 to 36, to blush; from 28 to 34, a luminary; from 3 to 16, a South American bird of brilliant colors; from 21 to 34, a useful article at the seashore.

"LUNA."

SHAKSPEREAN DIAGONAL.

THE diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of an Athenian statesman whose "majestic intelligence" is extolled by Plato.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A character in "Timon of Athens." 2. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 3. A character in "Romeo and Juliet." 4. A character in "Julius Caesar." 5. A character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 6. A character in "Romeo and Juliet." 7. A character in "King Henry V." 8. A character in "Hamlet." All the characters described are masculine.

MAXIE AND JACKSPAR.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

