

"IT TOOK NO NOTICE OF ALL THE CHILDREN'S CARE."  
(SEE "THE LAMB THAT COULD NOT 'KEEP UP'." DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.)



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE LAMB THAT COULD N'T "KEEP UP."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

UNTIL Jack Gilmour was seven years old, his home had been at his grandfather's house, in a country "well-wooded and watered," as, no doubt, the Dutch captain who discovered it described it to his king.

There was water in the river; there was water in the ponds, which lay linked together by falling streams among the hills above the mill; there was water in the spring-lot; there was water in the brook that ran through the meadow across the road; there was water in the fountain that plashed quietly all through the dark close summer nights when not a leaf stirred, even of the weeping-ash, and the children lay tossing in their beds, with only their nightgowns covering them. And besides all these living, flowing waters, there was water in the cistern that lay concealed under the foundations of the house. Not one of the grandchildren knew who had dug it, or cemented it, or sealed it up, for children and children's children to receive their first bath from its waters. The good grandfather's care had placed it there; but even that fact the little ones took for granted, as they took the grandfather himself,—as they took the fact that the ground was under their feet, when they ran about in the sunshine.

In an outer room, which had been a kitchen once (before Jack's mother was born), there was a certain place in the floor which gave out a hollow sound, like that from the planking of a covered bridge, whenever Jack stamped upon it. Somebody found him, one day, trying the echoes on this

queer spot in the floor, and advised him to keep off it. It was the trap-door which led down into the cistern; and although it was solidly made and rested upon a broad ledge of wood—well, it had rested there on that same ledge for many years, and it was n't a pleasant thought that a little boy in kilts should be prancing about with only a few ancestral planks between him and a hidden pit of water.

Once, when the trap-door had been raised for the purpose of measuring the depth of the water in the cistern, Jack had looked down and had watched a single spot of light wavering over the face of the dark still pool. It gave him a strange, uncomfortable feeling, as if this water were something quite unlike the outdoor waters which reflected the sky instead of the under side of a board floor. This water was imprisoned, alone and silent; and if ever a sunbeam reached it, it was only a stray gleam wandering where it could not have felt at home, and must have been glad to leap out again when the sunbeam moved away from the crack in the floor which had let it in.

That same night a thunder-storm descended; the chimneys bellowed and the rain made a loud trampling upon the roof. Jack woke and felt for his mother's hand. As he lay still, listening to the rain, lessening to a steady, quiet drip, drip, he heard another sound, very mysterious in the sleeping house; a sound as of a small stream of water falling from a height into an echoing vault. His mother told him it was the rain-water pouring

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from all the roofs and gutters into the cistern, and that the echoing sound was because the cistern was "low." Next morning the bath water was deliciously fresh and sweet; and Jack had no more unpleasant thoughts about the silent, sluggish old cistern.

Now, there are parts of our country where the prayer, "Give us this day our daily water," might be added to the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread"; unless we take the word bread to mean all that men and women require to preserve life to themselves and their children. That sad people of the East to whom this prayer was given so long ago, could never have forgotten the cost and value of water.

If you turn the pages of a Bible concordance to the word "water," you will find it repeated hundreds of times, in the language of supplication, of longing, of prophecy, of awful warning, of beautiful imagery, of love and aspiration. The history of the Jewish people in their wanderings, their wars and temptations, to their final occupation of the promised land, might be traced through the different meanings and applications of this one word. It was bargained, begged, and fought for, and was apportioned from generation to generation. We read, among the many stories of those thirsty lands, how Achsah, daughter of Caleb the Kenizite, not content with her dowry, asked of her father yet another gift, without which the first were valueless. "For thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water"; and Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

Now, our little boy Jack was seven years old, and had to be taken more than half-way across the continent before he learned that water is a precious thing.

He was taken to the engineer's camp that has been spoken of before in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS,\* in a cañon of a little, wild river, which is within the borders of that region of the far West known as the "Arid belt."

Well, there was water in this river; but after the placer-mining began in the month of May, and Moor's Creek brought down the "tailings" from the mines and mingled them with the current of the river, its waters became as yellow as those of the famous Tiber, as it "rolls by the towers of Rome";—yellow with silt, which is not injurious; but it is not pleasant to drink essence of granite rock, nor yet to wash one's face in it. They made a filter and filtered it; but every pailful had to be "packed," as they say in the West, by the Chinese cook and the cook's assistant. Economy in the use of water became no more than a matter of common consideration for human beings.

In addition to the river there was a stream which came down the gulch close beside the camp. This little stream was a spendthrift in the spring, and wasted its small patrimony of water; by the middle of summer it had begun to economize, and by September it was a niggard,—letting only a small dribble come down for those at its mouth to cherish in pools, or pots, or pails, or in whatever it could be gathered. This water of the gulch was frequently fouled by the range cattle that came crowding down to drink, mornings and evenings; dead leaves and vegetation lay soaking in it, as summer waned. It was therefore condemned for drinking, but served for bathing, or for washing the camp clothing, and was exceedingly precious by reason of its small and steadily decreasing quantity.

One morning, late in July, Jack was fast asleep and dreaming. The sun was hot on the great hills toward the east; hills that had been faintly green for a few weeks in the spring, but were now given up to the mingled colors of the gray-green sage-brush and the dun-yellow soil.

They would have been hills of paradise could rain have fallen upon them as often as it falls upon the cedar-crowned knolls of the Hudson. For these hills are noble in form and of great size, a family of giants as they march skyward, arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder; and the sky above them is the sky we call "Italian." The "down-cañon wind" that all night long had swept the gulch, from its source in the hills to its mouth in the river, had fainted dead away in the heat of the sun. Presently the counter wind from the great, hot plains would begin to blow, but this was the breathless pause between.

The flies were tickling Jack's bare legs, and creeping into the neck of his night-gown, where the button was off, as it usually is off of a seven-year-old night-gown. He was restless, "like a dog that hunts in dreams," for he was taking the old paths again that once he had known so well.

From the eastern hills came the mingled, far-off bleating, the ululation of a multitude of driven sheep. The sound had reached Jack's dreaming ear; suddenly his dream took shape, and for an instant he was a happy boy.

He was "at home" in the East. It was sheep-washing time, the last week in May; the apple orchards were a mass of bloom, and the deep, old, winding lanes were sweet with their perfume. Jack was hurrying up the lane by the Long Pond, to the sheep-washing place, where the water came down from the pond in a dark, old, leaky, wooden flume, and was held in a pool into which the sheep were plunged by twos and by threes, squeezed and tumbled about, and lifted out to stagger away

\* See "An Idaho Picnic," in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1887.



under the apple-trees and dry their heavy fleeces in the sun. Jack was kicking in his sleep, when his name was called, by a voice outside the window, and he woke. Nothing was left of the dream, with all its sweets of sight and sound and smell, but the noise of the river's continuous wrestle with the rocks of the upper bend, and that far-off multitudinous clamor from over the sun-baked hills.

"Jack, come out!" said the voice of Jack's big cousin. "They are going to 'sheep' us. There's a band of eight thousand coming!"

There was a great scattering of flies and of bed-clothes, as Jack leaped out. He wasted no regrets upon the past,—one is n't so foolish as that at seven years old,—but was ready for the joys of the present. Eight thousand sheep, or half that number (allowing for a big cousin's liberal computation), were a sight worth seeing. As to being "sheeped," what was there in an engineer's camp to "sheep," unless the eight thousand woolly range-trotters should trot over tents and house-roofs and stove-pipes and all, like Santa Claus's team of reindeer!

Jack was out of bed and into his clothes in a hurry, and off over the hill with his cousin, buttoning the buttons of his "star" shirt-waist on the way.

The "band" was pouring over the hill-slopes in all directions, making at full speed for the river. The hills themselves seemed to be dizzily moving. The masses of distant small gray objects swarmed, they drifted, they swam, with a curious motionless motion. They looked like nothing more animated than a crop of gray stones, nearly of a size, spreading broadly over the hills and descending toward the river with an impulse which seemed scarcely more than the force of gravitation.

The dogs were barking, the shepherds were racing and shouting, to head them off and check their speed, lest the hundreds behind should press upon the hundreds in front and force them out into deep water. The hot air throbbed with the tumult.

When the thirst of every panting throat had been slaked and the band began to scatter along the hill-slopes, the boys went forward to speak with the sheep-men.

A few moments afterward they were returning to the camp on a run, to ask permission to accept from the shepherds the gift of a lamb that could n't "keep up" with the band. It had run beside its mother as far as its strength would carry it, and then it had fallen and been trampled; and there it must lie unless help could revive it. A night on the hills, with the coyotes about, would finish it.

Permission was given, and breakfast was a perfunctory meal for the children by reason of the lamb, lying on the strip of shade outside. After

breakfast they sopped its mouth with warm milk, they sponged it with cold water, they tried to force a spoonful of mild stimulant between its teeth. They hovered and watched for signs of returning life. The lamb lay with its eyes closed; its sides, which were beginning to swell, rose and sank in long heavy gasps. Once it moved an ear, and the children thought it must be "coming to." Upon this hopeful sign they began at once to make plans for the lamb's future life and joys with them in the cañon.

It should be led down to the river, night and morning, to drink; it should have bran soaked in milk; it should nibble the grass on the green strip; they would build it a house, for fear the coyotes should come prowling about at night; it should follow them up the gulch and over the hills, and race with them in the evenings on the river beach, as "Daisy," the pet fawn, had done—until something happened to her (the children never knew what), and the lovely creature disappeared from the cañon and out of their lives forever.

When the strip of morning shadow was gone, they lifted the lamb tenderly and carried it to the strip of afternoon shadow on the other side of the house; and still it took no notice of the water or the milk, or of all the children's care, nor seemed to hear that they were planning a happy life for it, if only it would get well.

When twilight came, and still it had not moved, the children held anxious consultation on the subject of their neighbors, the coyotes; but their father assured them there would be no danger, so near to the house; and it seemed a pity to disturb the poor lamb.

When the cool night wind began to blow down the cañon again, and the children were asleep, the lamb made its last effort. It is the instinct of all dumb creatures to keep upon their feet as long as they can stand; for when they have fallen, the herd has no compassion,—or it may be that its comrades press around the sufferer out of curiosity, or mistaken sympathy, and so trample it out of existence without meaning the least harm. The little nursling of the range obeyed this instinct in its last moments—struggled to its feet and fell, a few steps farther on; and the lamb that could n't keep up was at rest.

No more toiling over hills and mountains, and across hot valleys, packed in the midst of the band, breathing the dust, stunned with the noise, always hungry, almost always athirst, baked by the sun, chilled by the snow, driven by the wind—drifting on, from mountain to river, from river to plain.

This one, out of eight thousand, could rest at last, on cool grass, with the peace and the silence and the room of a summer night around it.



The band slept upon the hills that night; the next morning they crossed the gulch above the camp, and drank up by the way *all* the water of the little stream. Not another drop was seen for days. At length it gathered strength enough to trickle down again, but it was necessary to dip it up and let it stand in casks to settle before it was fit for use; and the Chinamen carriers meanwhile did double duty.

Those eastern hills in spring had been covered with wild flowers,—the moss-pink, lupines both white and blue, wild phlox, the small yellow crocus, beds of tiny sweet-scented wild pansies, the camas flower, and a tall-stemmed, pale lilac lily,—the

queen of the hill-garden. But when spring came again, the old pathways were like an ash-heap. The beautiful hill-garden was a desert.

When these great sheep bands pass over the country, from range to range, from territory to territory, they devour not only the vegetation of one year, but the seeds, the roots, and, with these, the promise of the next.

It is the migration of the Hungry and the Thirsty; and a cry goes out against them, like the cry of Moab, when the children of Israel camped within its borders:

"Surely this multitude will lick up all that is round about us."

## MY DEER-HUNTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY TREADWELL WALDEN.

I HAVE two or three stories of deer-hunting to tell, which may prove entertaining to boys.

They were chiefly remarkable because I went a-hunting before I learned to shoot, and yet to me, who had never handled a rifle, came very nearly the whole luck of the party. That is the way the world goes, sometimes. The luckiest are, now and then (happily, not always), those who have n't learned to take a steady aim at anything. They blunder into opportunities and make a hit without knowing how.

I can afford to laugh at myself, for it was many years ago that I so oddly turned out to be the master-hunter during that three-weeks raid in the woods.

The Adirondacks then were very different from the Adirondacks of to-day. The wilderness was less known, and more rarely visited. There were no hotels, and no summer boarders. Any one who went into it, went to rough it, and expected to go hungry if he did n't catch fish or shoot deer. You all know what a wild tract it is—a region of many miles across, in the heart of the State of New York, covered with dense forests, filled with mountains, and gleaming with countless streams and beautiful lakes.

The captain of the party was a certain big doctor of Philadelphia, with a voice as big as himself, a voice which went off in volleys that kept you astir from morning till night. He was an ex-

perienced woodsman. The crack of his rifle and the jolly thunder of his lungs had been heard many a time "under the greenwood tree." Both were equally loud in their way, and went off at a touch; but how dumb the doctor would become if he suspected that deer were within a mile of him!—for they have wonderfully quick ears.

Arriving on the edge of the tract, we "went in," as they expressively call it up there. It was a heavy, lumbering drive—or, rather, drag—for many miles, over a forest-road full of little mountains and valleys of its own. Finally, however, we reached the shore of one of the many lakes which are strung and crowded together all through the region, making the highways by which the hunter finds his way into the wild home of the deer. If it were all woods, none but a trapper could, or would, care to go there.

No more heavy bumps and bangs now, as we shot out in boats, as light as canoes, on the bosom of the lake. In one of them was old Sebaldis, an Indian guide famous in those parts, paddling the doctor and the doctor's son, a bright little fellow of fifteen. In another boat was Sebaldis's well-grown, keen-eyed, half-breed son, making fast time abreast of him, with me—Innocence, Inexperience, and Hope—at the prow.

We were savagely equipped as became the occasion: each of us in a blue shirt with the worst pair of trousers that he owned and each surmounted by



a lowering felt hat. To each of us, also, belonged a rifle, a fishing-rod, a comb, a blanket, and a tooth-brush. Some hard-tack, with coffee and sugar, in a rubber bag; some tin plates and cups, with a saucepan, made up the rest of the outfit. We were going to wrestle with this rough world for a living, till we came through on the other side. The two necessary things were to find deer, and to prevent being lost ourselves. For both these things Sebaltis was our man.

Then came several days of trial to our faith, but of boating as beautiful as one could have wished. From sunrise to sunset we sped over a highway that shone like a mirror of molten silver all the way. So clear and placid was the water that the vault of blue sky and cloud was perfectly reflected below the keel, as if we were winding between two hemispheres; and the trees and rocks of the irregular shores on both sides were duplicated into a continuous image of beauty all along. But there was not a sign of animated nature anywhere, excepting such small game as the mosquitoes or midges, at the going down of the sun.

"No deer! Oh, *dear!*" sighed the doctor's boy.

"Yes, where *are* your deer, Doctor?" said I. "I don't believe there are any."

"We 'll be lucky if we see one, in a week," he roared back.

Sebaltis kept grim silence.

By this time we had taken some upward steps in the wilderness; that is, from one lake to another on a higher level, around the connecting rapids of which we had to "carry." At last came a series known as "Long Slim Ponds." On the shore of one of them was to be our camp for a while.

Ascending the right bank, on a little plateau fifteen or twenty feet above the water, well embowered by trees, we found evidences that mankind had been there—a ruined bark shed, open in front and running down to the ground behind, with signs of a last year's camp-fire before it. The hut would just hold ourselves and our guides, lying heads inward. Soon we had a bed of hemlock feathers prepared. A pile of logs was gathered on the old ashes for a blazing fire, to be lighted as soon as the chill of the night set in. Sebaltis and his boy then set about making coffee.

It was a drowsy moment. We were tired and sleepy, and so seemed the declining day. The silver of the lake, which we could see below, through the trees, was just taking a delicate tinge of gold from the retreating light. Nature seemed to be holding its breath,—it was so deathly still. The wind had even stopped whispering to the leaves, when, suddenly, the doctor, whom we had missed for a moment, came bounding

like mad up the bank, his big figure—arms, legs, eyes, beard—all going at once, and yet not a sound escaped him, not a twig snapped as he rushed in this promiscuous way close up to us, his eyes starting out of his flushed face, and every line of his figure denoting excitement. He looked as if he wished to shout, and did not dare do so. He came as if about to break every branch in his way, but alighted among us as noiselessly as a fairy.

"Hist! hist!" he whispered excitedly, his face by this time purple with unutterable tidings.

"What 's the matter?"

"Deer! deer!" he gasped. "Don't speak. Go softly. Don't step on anything, whatever you do."

We crept to the edge of the bank, and parted the brush carefully, to see better. There they were, true enough, but at least a thousand feet off. I never saw a more exquisite picture. On the opposite shore of the lake there was a little open space or recess among the trees, carpeted by green-sward; a tiny glade, over which the branches of the trees arched themselves: a sort of leafy grotto, and in the very center, as if an artist had posed them, stood close together a young buck and a doe, nibbling the grass. In the slender legs which moved so daintily over the turf was a power which could move them as if on the wings of the wind. Their neat little heads were lifted occasionally as with a sense of perfect security. These were no tame deer in a city park, nor even such as are to be seen in private grounds abroad. These were the wild children of the soil, instinct with flight at the slightest alarm.

Sebaltis did not encourage any attempt to get at them, where they were, and at that hour. But little did I know what luck was at hand.

The next day the rest of the party went away somewhere, possibly on a sly expedition wherein the keen Indian and the big surgeon were to try their hands on these pretty babes of the wood. The boy Sebaltis was left with me, and toward sundown we thought we would take the boat and go fishing. I had scarcely stepped aboard when he said, "I see deer!" and pointed to a dim brown spot, near a woody point to the right, on the other side of the lake, at least a mile off. Away went my rod into the bushes, and I sought my gun. It was a double-barreled muzzle-loader, a rifle and fowling-piece mounted on the same stock, a very fine piece of workmanship, but delicate enough to be dangerous, as I was to find out rather startlingly before I was out of the woods.

Obedying directions, I sat in the bow, with the gun ready for instant use. The boy behind me, with a stroke of his paddle, shot out into the open water, and made directly for the spot where the deer



were. He kept this course till they were distinctly in view, whispering to me not to change my position nor make a sound. It was not without trepidation that I found him propelling the boat nearer and nearer — so near that soon I could recognize

approaching them nearly from the rear. Whatever breeze there was, blew from them; otherwise they would have scented us long ago. We had not made a sound, for their hearing is as acute as their scent. Our only hope was in their imper-

fect vision — for deer are said to be near-sighted.

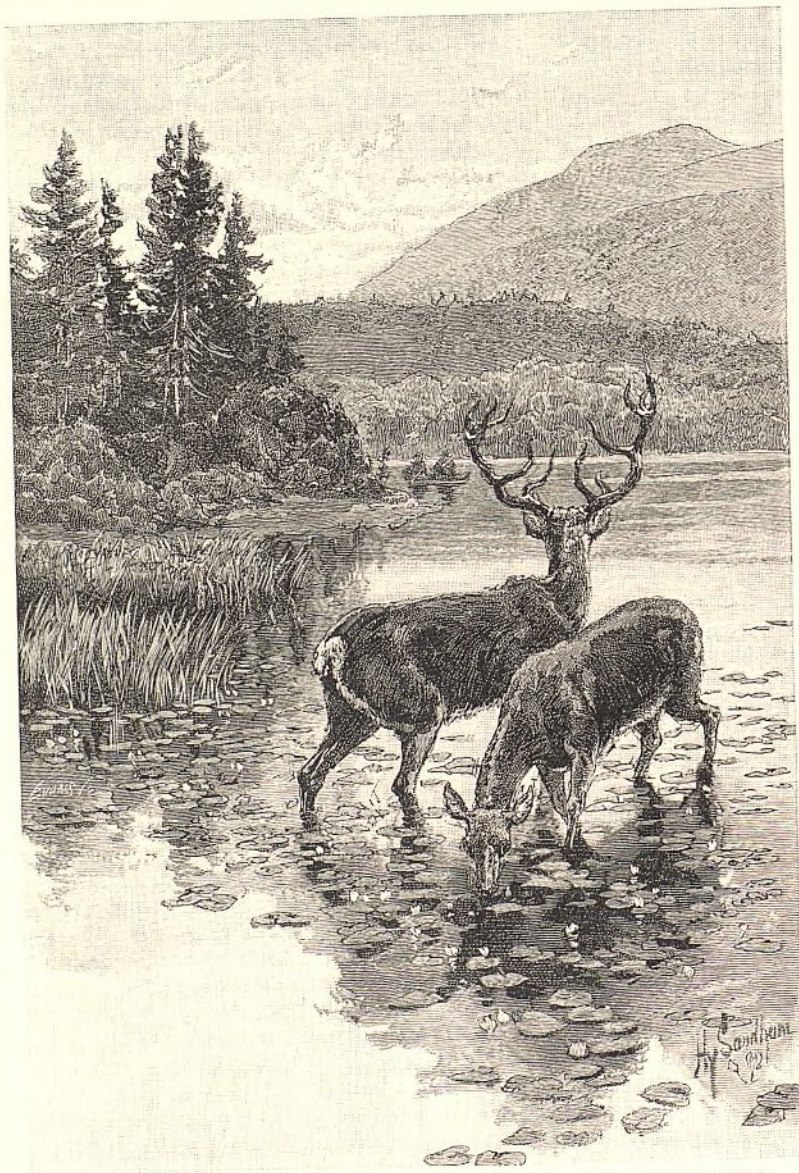
By this time I was wrought up to a high pitch of nervous excitement, for at any moment, like a Prince Rupert's drop — tick! — they might vanish, and my extraordinary opportunity for glory and venison be lost. The buck raised his head and took a long look at us. The paddle ceased. We were as still and motionless as a floating tree, — which he evidently decided that we were, and so resumed his meal of lily-pads. The doe, after a while, waded round the point, out of sight. I could refrain no longer, and I was none too soon. But oh, how the rifle wobbled about in my quivering hands! The "buck fever" was on me. It is an ague which often seizes even an experienced hunter. The instant I raised the gun, he sprang for the shore. The discharge made a prodigious reverberation. The echoes rolled from one end of the lake to the other. The bullet must have grazed his back, for he bent it under like a drawn bow as he leaped, but he was off like an arrow.

I was in despair. Both had escaped me! Dis-

appointed, I dropped my left arm, which now held the gun, unconscious of what I was doing, for I was looking at blank vacancy.

"Take the barrel of your rifle out of the water," whispered the boy. "Keep still and wait."

Did he expect to see more of the deer, after such



"THE DEER WERE UP TO THEIR KNEES IN THE LAKE AND WERE MAKING A COSY LITTLE SUPPER OF LILY-PADS."

my pretty friends of the evening before; this time up to their knees in the lake and making a cosy little supper of lily-pads. One instant's alarm and they would be gone. To my relief, while we sped on toward them, I saw the boat was also sidling into the shadow of the opposite shore, and we were



a hubbub and fright? I little dreamed what feminine curiosity was equal to. In two or three seconds, to my complete astonishment, the doe rushed back into the lake, faced about toward us, threw up her beautiful little head, with her ears all pricked and fluttering, her eyes shining,—the very picture of curiosity and surprise,—as much as to say, “What is this noise, to make my mate run away like that?”

It was hard to do it, but I was hungry. I raised my gun. The motion told her more than she cared to know, and, like her companion, she was instantly in full leap for the shore. But my wabbling gun sent true this time. With a loud shout from the boy, and a stroke from the paddle, the boat went like a bullet for the same spot. There lay the little doe in the water, quivering in her last agony.

We hauled her into the boat, and went back to the camp. No one was there. But in a trice the boy had the carcass hanging on a limb as if it were a slaughtered sheep. Then he stripped off its hide and dressed it, making it ready for breakfast next morning.

Not knowing what to do with myself after all this excitement, in the absence of the others the guide proposed a “jack-hunt.” It was not very dark, but my blood was up. Was there another world to conquer?

He rigged a semicircular lantern of birch-bark on a short pole at the prow. Inside was a bit of candle. When it was lighted the open side was to be turned to the front. The beautiful eyes of the deer were counted on to play him false in a new way. The light, suddenly flashing out, would arrest his gaze, and the crouching hunter behind would take aim at the dazed orbs. It was a fell deed of darkness we were about to commit.

All the beasts of the forest might keep up their nocturnal cries: the owls their hooting, the wild-cats their crying, the bears—if there were any—their growling, yet the deer would feel no alarm. But the voice of man was full of danger. So his human enemy must make no sound.

To a deer of any experience, what a monster must have seemed this dark, shadowy creature, darting suddenly and noiselessly on him over the still water, sending out one flash of fascinating light, and then a terrible thundering crack, a streak of fire right in his face, and a whistling ball tearing its way above his head, just failing in its errand of death!

I fancy that it was some such experienced deer that I met that night. Many a tedious hour had we floated, close to the known haunts of the creature, wherever the lily-pads grew. It was densely, fearfully dark. Wedged in the prow, aching and stiff, with eyes and ears intensely alert,

suddenly I heard close to me “slump, slump.” We could have touched the deer with an oar. But he discovered us as quickly as we discovered him. Before I could take out a match, he gave a tremendous plunge and a loud snort of terror. He must have been a monstrous fellow. He could not have made more noise if he had been as large as a moose. For several minutes we could hear his deep, hoarse, terrified “champ, champ,” as he sped away into the depths of the mountain.

It was now long past midnight, the hunt was up, and the camp a mile away. The other party had returned. After a wondering consultation over the venison they had found so neatly prepared for breakfast, they had committed themselves to their hemlock repose. The uproar made by my frightened deer had awakened them. When we appeared, the doctor, starting up, burst out with hysterical attempts at questions, to which I gave as many disjointed answers.

“When — ? Where — ? That deer — ! Who — ?” spluttered he, between his gasps.

“Yes,” quavered I, out of breath after my exciting day, “I—I—I—was going out fishing—saw deer—fired—missed—shot—”

Then we both gave it up with a hearty laugh. I crawled into the dark shed soon to fall asleep beside him, and so restore my nerves for a calmer story in the morning.

The next time I went on a “jack-hunt,” the tables were turned. It was *I* who was scared, and I made as much noise about it, in my way, as my floundering, flying, snorting friend of that night. It was the hideous darkness and stillness that did it in both cases. As the buck then heard something and jumped, so now did I.

For several hours I had been having an altogether melancholy time. I was somewhere in the middle of the long, narrow lake,—I could not tell where—and it was somewhere in the middle of the overcast night,—I could not tell when.

The other members of the party had taken themselves off again, and I was alone with the Indian boy. Something or other had plunged me into a most pensive mood. What was the matter with me? My glory was not on the decline. My luck was still in the ascendant. The envious doctor had declared that the deer came out to laugh at me. That was his way of saying that they were always putting themselves in the range of *my* rifle and not in line with his.

To confess the truth, I must have been getting homesick. It was a kind of collapse on the inside. The first excitement was over, and as the novelty of the trip was getting further and further behind, so I was getting deeper and deeper



into this wilderness of woods and waters. The feeling came most vividly upon me as I found myself alone and dumb on this lonely lake. I was steeped in gloom. So was the lake. So were the woods. We were all being gloomy together. It was as still as it was dark. Hour after hour passed. I sat wedged in and facing the prow, gazing at the black water below and the black sky above, with my rifle across my knees. The only sound I expected to hear was the splash of some wading deer, when a noiseless match must be struck and the jack lighted.

I might as well have been alone so far as concerned any sense of companionship with the boy behind me. I had not heard anything of him for half the night. Not a drop had fallen from his ever-moving paddle, not even the sound of a ripple. It was a moment to hear one's own heart-beat, and I could just catch the heart-beat also of the terrible, trackless forest: the low stir of the night, the trees sighing as in their sleep, the winds softly breathing; now and then the far-off hoot of an owl. My spirits had gone down into my boots, and lay at the bottom of the boat, when suddenly the boy spoke out in a startling tone:

"I think there's somebody lost in the woods!"

"Why?"

"I heard a man calling."

The hunt was up now, and so was I. Our voices would have cleared the lake in an instant if any deer had been lurking under its shores.

But the boy's exclamation had stirred me deeply. My heart leaped into my mouth and my blood ran cold. "Somebody *lost* in the woods!" My mind had been on the precipice of that thought all along, without knowing it, and now over it went, into a horror of sympathy. I had already been enough lost, myself, in imagination, to feel what it must be to be lost in reality. And this person was not on the lake, but in these dense dark woods, these gloomy masses hemming me in on every side!

"Shall I fire my rifle?" said I.

"Wait," said he.

He listened a while with his quick Indian ear. I could hear nothing but the hooting of that distant owl. The boy was still sure that he heard, beyond, the human voice of one in distress.

"You'd better fire."

Off went my rifle as it lay across my knees. It spurted fire in zigzags close to the surface, tearing apart the darkness and lighting up the water, and its sharp crack broke through the silence and rose into roar after roar among the hills, loud enough, it seemed, to awaken the whole wilderness.

There was no answer. No other gun went off. The phantom cry in the woods did not repeat itself. Again I touched the trigger, bringing an-

other scene of thunder and lightning around the boat. But all was still. We shouted; but only echo answered.

We listened silently for a while, the boy meantime whispering low a story of three or four persons who had been lost, not long before, and who, when found, had reached a lake, ragged and all but starved. Then we went ashore, and gladly lighted the camp-fire.

After this there followed a monotonous interval of some days. There was a dearth, a famine of deer. We were reduced to fish. But fish were too mild a game. Our three weeks were nearly up, and were we to go out in this ignominious way? Something energetic must be done. Sebaltis then rose to the occasion. He would take us to another group of lakes.

We broke up our camp for the third or fourth time, and worked our way still farther into the wilderness. At one point we struck into the woods on a "carry" of several miles. The men, as was their custom at such times, turned over the broad-bottomed boats and lifted them, keel upward, on their heads, looking like long gray-backed turtles, as they went on in procession before us. These odd-looking monsters, twisting and turning among the tree trunks for three or four miles, led our stumbling feet over soft beds of moss, treacherous masses of dead leaves, and big, fallen trees, till another lake came in sight. Then our turtles lay over again on their backs and we went out in their shells. We had, just before this, fallen in with another party, who had joined us, half-starved like ourselves on a diet of lake-trout, and equally eager for the prey.

As we went along, we passed an island owned by a New York gentleman. He and his adventurous family were spending the summer there, in a house made of pine boards. They, too, were in a desperate state — nothing to eat but fish and pilot-bread. Now we cast anxious looks on old Sebaltis. But his grim, beaten, coppery face was undisturbed and unresponsive; he made no sign to show he heard our complaints.

By some hocus-pocus, he procured two or three dogs, and before long we were out on the bosom of the largest lake we had yet seen. Our little flotilla was soon far away on the other side. The dogs were put ashore, and so keen was the old trapper's calculation, that it turned out that he had dropped them in the tiny footsteps of our fleet and wary friends of the woody mountain that rose up just before us. We pulled away in opposite directions and were soon several miles apart, but close under the shore. The three other boats kept in a bunch together, Sebaltis playing admiral of



the fleet, while his boy took me off to the other station. We were a privateer.

The dogs were already baying deep and loud. But it was to be many a weary hour before we should hear any more than this from them. The mountain roads of frightened deer are not very precisely laid out, and are as long as they choose

As to ourselves, we were oppressed by the heat. The midday sun, while it watched the dogs and the deer, kept also a powerful and searching eye on us all the afternoon. Stupefied and half asleep, I lay in the stern, tired, bored, disgusted.

Wake up, privateer! Something is about to happen.



"AS HE GAVE ONE MORE DESPERATE BOUND, I FIRED."

to make them. What a tangle those dogs were in, and what miles and hours they ran "howling and yelling all the way," as the doctor expressed it afterward, and what fun the deer had in the chase they led them! They knew very well how to shake the dogs off when they chose. All they had to do was to get out of sight and then break the scent by wading through some sheet of water.

"The deer is in the lake. Don't move," said Sebaltis, Junior, quietly. To turn my head would make no noise,—and there, within a hundred yards, was the magnificent creature with uplifted head and branching horns, already knee-deep and wading daintily. There was no fright, no flurry, no hurry about *him*! He tossed his antlers jauntily. "I'll cool my legs a little," said he to himself, "and then step over to yonder bank. Those yelping brutes must want a drink by this time. Let them run their noses in here, while I trot away out of sight and scent."

All the time he was enjoying these triumphant meditations, unexpected enemies were stealing noiselessly behind him, between him and both



shores of the little bay we were in. The ripples must have reached him and caught his eye. He turned his head and saw us. Oh, what a jump and plunge he made! He was in the deep water in an instant, swimming desperately away from us, every now and then turning back an agonized look, and then, losing his presence of mind, leaping half out of the water. But the merciless boat pursued. He was up to his neck now, and his antlers were like a floating bush on the water. I leveled my rifle just as he turned broadside to us,—and how I regretted that I must shoot the poor fellow. I could not have done so if it had been only a question of sport. But the larder needed venison, and I felt justified.

So the cruel deed must be done. Just as he gave one more desperate bound to regain the distance he had lost, I fired. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. Yes, all over,—or under. Where was he? The cloud of smoke did not hide the spot; but too plainly he was *not there*. It was a total, instantaneous disappearance. The boy looked blank.

"We have lost him," said he.

"How? Where?" I cried out, bewildered.

"He's at the bottom of the lake."

Wonderful sportsman was I! I had come so near missing him that I had nicked his spinal marrow, and dying instantly, he sank like a stone, scarcely disturbing the water.

Just at that moment a tumult in another bay of the lake attracted our attention. Our friends were having a lively time about two miles away. It looked and sounded like a miniature sea-fight. "Puff" went the smoke; "bang!" went a gun from one boat. "Puff, bang!" followed from another boat. "Puff, bang!" went the third. A thick cloud of smoke enveloped them. Three or four more "bangs!" were heard. It turned out that a deer had come plunging in at that point also, but Sebaltis had not kept his forces in hand; his fleet, already excited by my firing, was thrown into confusion. But what could stand such a concentrated fire, even if some shots went wild? The poor beast succumbed, and the boats set out toward us.

All in good time my own deer came to the surface, and with difficulty we got him into the boat. I saved his antlers, and kept them many a long year.

My closing adventure with deer was a piece of shameful impertinence on their part. What the doctor had derisively said, did actually come to pass. They came out and laughed at me. I was poking about somewhere, with no particular purpose, when I came suddenly upon four or five of

them. They were young and inexperienced, or they would have known better, and at least shown me proper respect. I had invaded their playground, while they were having a game among themselves. It must have been because I was indifferent about making game of them, or was astonished at their stopping to make game of me, but I fired among them without aiming at any one. What did they do? Run? Not a bit of it. They turned about with a wriggle,—if they had been human it would have been a giggle,—then kicked up their hind legs in a rollicking way, shook their little stumpy tails aloft like so many sportive sheep, and went in among the trees.

That was mortifying.

I could not get over it until I did another most astonishing bit of shooting with my complicated gun, which put it out of my mind. I came within an ace of ending the hunt by bringing down myself.

As we were approaching the Saranacs, on the way out, a tremendous storm came up which lasted several days. We were bundled up in our boats, under blankets and tarpaulins. As we were winding our tortuous way on one of the connecting streams, we reached a good landing-place and proposed to go ashore. The doctor had mounted the bank and looked down upon me. I was in the boat. I made a slight motion to uncoil myself, when "bang" went my rifle. Its muzzle was close to my hip, as it lay lengthwise in the side of the boat. The delicate hammer must have been so caught in a crease of the rubber cloth that the movement was enough to let it down on the cap.

Then the famous Demonstrator of Anatomy began to dance on the bank in fearful excitement.

"Are you hurt? Are you hurt?"

"No," said I, "I believe not." But I took care to get quickly out of the way of the other barrel.

After this, the rifle, thoroughly disgusted at my carelessness, refused to go off at all, or even to be loaded. The storm had cleared, and we were making good time along one of the Saranacs, when I espied an eagle—the American eagle!—sitting on the dead limb of a tree, within fifty yards apparently, looking down composedly at me. The national bird did not give himself the slightest concern over my presence. He saw me tugging at the ramrod, but he knew as soon as I did that it would not come out. Dampness had swollen it, and I had to pass on below his aquiline nose as beneath his contempt. I had had my stars, and now had come my stripes!

These three discomfitures made a sad ending to an otherwise glorious career.



## A LITTLE FLORENTINE LADY.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.



BEATRICE PORTINARI. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF HER PORTRAIT IN FLORENCE.)

IN Florence, in the year 1265, was born the true patriot and mighty poet Dante. He could be mediocre in nothing, neither in thought, feeling, nor action; therefore his city of Florence and his

lady Beatrice were both loved with a reverent passion the echoes of which still vibrate.

The children lived near each other, and first met at an entertainment given by the little girl's



father, to which Dante, with his parents, was invited. How he looked at this time may be seen in the exquisite statue by Civiletti, a Palermitan

Beatrice toward whom his rapt gaze is directed. She is not there, alas! But how she would look if she *were* there, we learn from Dante himself.

"She appeared to me," he says, "about the beginning of her ninth year, and I beheld her about the end of mine. Her apparel was of most noble color—a subdued and becoming crimson; and she wore a cincture and ornaments befitting her childish years." So elegant was her appearance, indeed, and so great her youthful charm, that he could find no words to address her,—he could only follow her with his eyes.

"She was a pretty little thing in her girlish way," says an Italian writer, "very ladylike and pleasing in her actions, and much more sedate in her manners and modest in her words than her years promised. Besides this, she had very delicate features, admirably proportioned, and full—in addition to their beauty—of such dignity and charm that she was looked upon by many as a little angel." Such as she was, she filled, then and forever, the great heart of Dante.

His second glimpse of "this youngest of the angels" was one day when he met her upon the street "arrayed in purest white," walking with two older ladies. She bowed to him, and this token of recognition was enough to make him very happy. After she had passed, he separated from his friends and hurried home,—to live over the scene in the solitude of his room.

When Beatrice was about twenty, she married Simone de' Bardi, and not long after this event her father—the kindly Folco—died. Dante did not see her at the time, but in one of his writings he



THE YOUTHFUL DANTE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STATUE BY CIVILETTI.)

sculptor. Beautiful in the illustration, it is even more so in the original; and we involuntarily lift our eyes from the young lover to gaze also at the

depicts her great friends to him,—his own sympathy with her bereavement, and the sudden, piercing terror



wrought upon him by the thought,—“Beatrice herself may die!”

And even so—all too soon—it happened. One day he sat writing a poem to her, a poem full of her praise, and of wonder at her perfection. But all at once, says Mrs. Oliphant, “the strain breaks off like a snapped thread, and a solemn line of Latin, abrupt and sorrowful, strikes across the fantastic sweetness of the mood, hushing alike the love and the song: ‘*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo! Facta est quasi vidua, domina gentium!*’ (‘How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow,—she that was great among the nations!’)”

On the 9th of June, 1290, when only twenty-four years old, Beatrice “was made of the citizens of eternal life”; while for more than thirty years her poet worshiper survived,—to honor her in deed and word, and to illuminate with her memory the stern pages of his “*Divina Commedia*.”

There are various portraits of Dante, but the pleasantest is the youthful likeness painted by Giotto on the chapel wall of the palace now called the Bargello, in Florence. Just so, we may fancy, he looked to Beatrice. For many years this painting was lost to sight, hidden under a coating of whitewash; and when, finally, the latter was removed, a break appeared where the eye should have beamed. Probably the same vandals who defaced the painted wall, in this place had driven a nail. For a few weeks the rediscovered treasure remained as it had been found. Then, unfortunately, another vandal, in the shape of a “restorer,” took it in hand; and under his transforming fingers, the severely beautiful youth of Giotto became a rigid young Florentine,—as the picture here represents him.

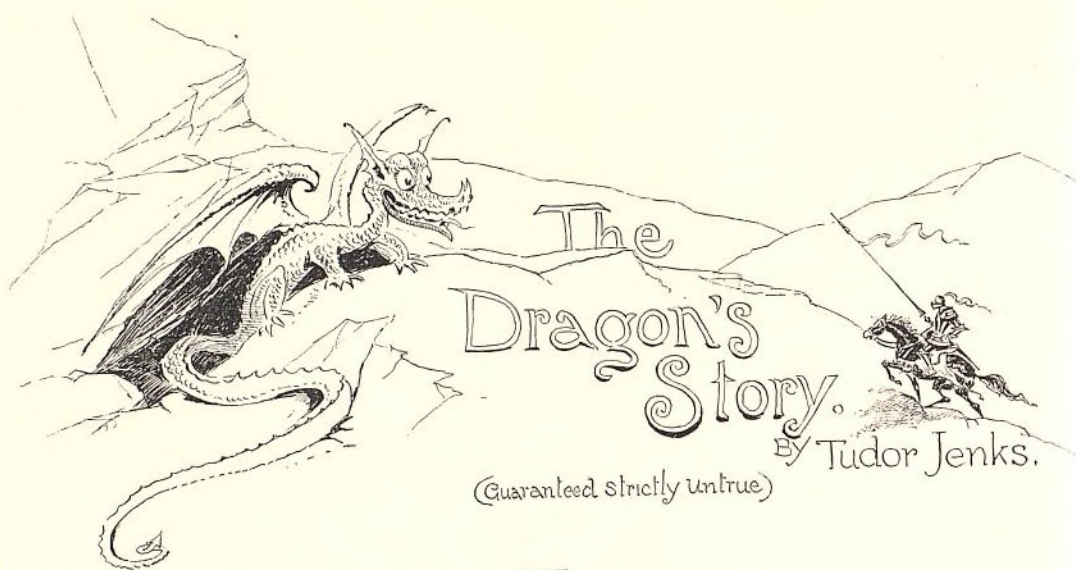
There are later busts and portraits, and also a cast of his dead face; but they are sad and grim,—a whole life’s journey removed from the enthusiastic boyhood of Beatrice’s lover.



GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE.  
(FROM THE TRACING BY SEYMOUR KIRKUP, ESQ. BY PERMISSION  
OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.)

As to Beatrice,—can this prim, precocious little miss, shown in the portrait on page 813, who has the air of saying diligently, “prunes and prisms,” be the half angelic maiden of Dante’s adoration? Can it be that little Dante never saw her as she really looked? It certainly seems more likely that the Flemish artist has invested her portrait with some of his own national stiffness. If we imagine the lips curved upward, instead of so sourly drooping, the expression softly serious, instead of cross, why then, I think, we shall have no unfair idea of the nine-year-old Beatrice,—the radiant little “Bice” whom Dante loved.





"MAMMA, please tell us a story!" cried all the young dragons.

"Children, do be less noisy!" said their father, the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. He had slain a knight that very evening and was perhaps a little irritable. Young dragons should be thoughtful, and should never disturb their parents after the night's fighting is over.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight hard all night, and in the day he needs his rest. I will tell you one nice story, if you will promise to go quietly to bed afterward."

The youngsters coiled down into comfortable hollows in the rock, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

"I suppose you would prefer a man-story?"

"Please, Mamma. We are *so* tired of 'When I was a little dragon.' Tell us a real man-story; but be sure not to have the dragon hurt. We like it to end happily, Mamma."

"Very well. Listen quietly, now. Don't rustle your wings nor flop your tails — Sammy! stop blowing flames into your sister's face, this moment! or not a word shall you hear.

"There was once a most delightful land, full of bogs and moist-smelling marshes, of dark rocky caves, all damp and cold. The lakes were covered with beautiful green mold, no flowers grew in the fields — nothing but cool rushes, ferns, and mosses. In short, it was a land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl: no sunshine to crinkle the scales or dry up the wings, no bright glaring fields to dazzle one's poor eyes. Why, even at midday one could slide comfortably about on the slippery,

slimy banks and never catch a blink of a sunbeam on the water."

"Oh, how nice! Really and truly, Mamma?" asked the small dragons, laughing with so much delight that the flames from their pretty scarlet throats lighted up the cave until Mr. Dragon stirred uneasily in his dreams; for he had fallen asleep.

"Really and truly," their mother went on, in a lower tone. "In this charming country, your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a time, for not too far from us was your father's estate, — a fertile valley well stocked with plump and well-flavored inhabitants. You have never seen any whole men, have you?"

"No," they replied eagerly. "What are they like?"

"Oh, so ugly. To begin with, they have no scales, no wings, no claws —"

"No wings and no claws? How frightful they must be!" exclaimed young Samuel Dragon, Jr., proudly expanding his green pinions.

"Not a wing!" replied Mrs. Dragon. "And they walk, when mature, exclusively on their hind legs."

"Why is that?" asked the children.

"I can not tell. It does seem absurd. When young they go on all-fours like sensible animals, but the elders pull and persuade, teach and coax, until the poor little things rear up on their hind legs, and then the foolish old ones seem satisfied. Men are very queer. When they first came on this earth, — this earth where dragons dwell, — they lived, properly enough, in caves like the rest of the



world. But they are a stupid and restless kind of creatures, and soon began to tear pieces out of the world to make caves to suit themselves. Now they slaughter trees, slice and split them, fasten the pieces together, and stalk in and out of queer little holes called 'doors.' But I can not spare time to tell you any more about their curious instincts—you must read it for yourselves some day in the 'Dragon's Economical Cave-keeper,' the marketing manual. Look in the index under 'Animal Foods: Apes, Men, and various Bipeds.' You will find it interesting—and useful too.

"As I said, we were happy for a time. We used to stroll out quietly in the evening, and often managed to secure a nice chubby man or two, in an hour's flight. But at length came an age when those mean creatures decided to revolt. That is, they kept in their little caves at night, and compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthy, glaring daylight, that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. Even with all this exposure, we would succeed in catching only some of the little ones—indeed during a whole month I caught nothing but two thin miserable specimens. Think how your poor mother suffered! I was almost starved. I became so thin that I rattled!"

Mrs. Dragon looked at the young audience, and saw that the eyes of the two smallest were really



shedding sparks. She was touched by their sympathy, but, fearing the story was becoming too sad, hastened to brighten it.

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"Well, dears, it did not last long. Your father was young, rash, and brave, in those nights. One dawn he said, 'Really, Scalena, this will not do. I can stand this foolishness no longer!' I asked what he intended, but he waved his tail in a threatening way, and smiled knowingly as he whetted his claws on a new piece of sandstone. The next night, bidding me not to be anxious, he left me. I looked after him as long as I could see the flames in the sky, and then returned wearily to our cave to pick the last bone.



"The next morning, just at dawn, he returned with a delicious marketing,—he said it was a *butcher*, I think, though it may have been a *judge*, the flavor is much the same. Then, when we had retired into the darkest, dampest, cosiest corner of the cave, he told me very modestly the story of his great achievement.

"Your brave father, children, had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden caves! He made light of his exploit, and only rejoiced in it because, as he said, he had no fear now of famine or even of scarcity. We sat up late that happy morning, enjoyed a delicious supper, and slept soundly until nightfall.

"We arose with the moon, and after a hasty but effective toilet on his new sandstone, your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave, when suddenly there presented itself a dark object with a shiny coat, much like that of a dragon. Indeed, we thought for a moment it was some neighbor who had dropped in to breakfast. But in a few seconds we saw that it was what

is called a *knight*. A knight, children, is an animal which, though edible, is noxious, and sometimes dangerous to young or careless dragons. I have heard of such being even killed by this spiteful little pest. They are found among men—in fact, they are a species of men that has a hard shell. You know there are hard-shell crabs and soft-shell crabs, and so, likewise, there are hard and soft shelled men. Our visitor was a hard-shell who had, while prowling about, found our cave either by accident or willfully.

"I do not deny that I was a trifle anxious; but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar, he blew out a mass of dark smoke and scarlet flames at the unfortunate little knight.



"But, though small, the knight was plucky and showed fight. As your father carelessly leaped toward him, the knight scratched dear Papa slightly with a long, hard stick, on the end of which was a bit of very hard shell. Then the knight rode out—for he had enslaved an unfortunate horse, as these cruel men do, my pets, and by means of a

"I obeyed him, for your father is always right, and out he flew with a rush of smoke and flame."

"Oh, Mother, and was Father killed?" asked one of the youngest—little Tommy Dragon.

"Of course not!" replied his elder brother, scornfully. "Don't you see him sleeping over there, all safe and sound? Don't be so silly!"

"You must not speak so sharply to your little brother!" said Mrs. Dragon, "or I shall end the story at once!"

"Oh, please go on," exclaimed all the young dragons; "it is just the most interesting part!"

Pleased with their eagerness, she resumed:

"I did not see the hunt, but your father has often described it to me. The knight came wickedly at him, hoping to scratch him with the sharp stick; but with one whisk of his long green tail, your father broke the thing into small pieces! So you see, Sam," said this thoughtful parent, turning slyly to her eldest son, "it is most important to practice your tail-whisking—and I hope you will not forget it when you go to your next lesson."

Sammy Dragon turned saffron with confusion, but it was evident that he resolved to profit by the little moral so ingeniously woven, by careful Mrs. Dragon, into a mere man-story.

"After the stick was broken," she went on, "the vicious little knight



"THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF THE RESULT!"

contrivance in its mouth, he made it carry him about wherever he chose.

"Your father eagerly followed, though I sought in vain to restrain him. 'No, Scalena,' said he. 'This is a question of principle! As a true dragon and your loving mate, it is my duty to destroy this dangerous little fellow. Do not be foolish; I will bring you the body of the fierce creature. They are excellent eating. But you must sharpen your claws, my dear, for the shells are exceedingly hard to remove and most difficult of digestion.'

snatched out another, made entirely of the hard shell with which the first was only tipped. With this he tried his worst to break some of your father's lovely scales. Think what a ferocious animal this knight must have been! I can not see what they are made for; but then, it is instinct, perhaps, we must not judge him too harshly.

"This new weapon met the fate of the other. It was crunched up by your father's strong teeth, and then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great sloop—and that ended the bat-



tle! Your father is a modest dragon, but he was really proud of the swiftness with which he ended that conflict. After he once had a fair opportunity to use his newly sharpened claws, there was no doubt of the result!

"We ate the knight at our next meal. I was glad to welcome your father; but he said, 'Pooh! nonsense!' and made light of the whole matter."

The young dragons were delighted, and even thought of asking for another story; but their mother, for the first time, noticed that it was almost broad daylight.

"But goodness, children, I hear the horrid little birds singing!" said she. "Run away to bed with you. Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings, and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draught where you will keep good and cold."

The youngsters crawled away to rest, while Mrs. Dragon went to rouse the Honorable Samuel P.

Dragon. To her surprise she saw his great green eyes glowing with a sulphurous satisfaction.

"There are no times like the old times!" said he, drowsily. "That was really a splendid hunt!"

"Yes, dear," replied his mate, with a proud and happy smile; "but I had no idea *you* were listening to my foolish stories. We must now go to rest, or you won't be up till midnight—and then there won't be a single man about. Remember, 'it is the late dragon that catches the knight.'"

The Honorable Samuel P. Dragon rubbed his claws gently together as he selected a nice cosy place for the day. He was humming to himself, and faithful Mrs. Dragon smiled fondly as she recognized the tune. It was:

"I fear no foe in shining armor!"

"Ah!" said she to herself, "the old people like man-stories as well as the little ones!"



## THE SOUTH WIND.

BY CHARLES B. GOING.

OVER the fields, where the dew was wet,  
Over a meadow with daisies set,  
Shaking the pearls in the spider's net,  
The soft south wind came stealing.

It was full of the scent of the sweet wild rose;  
And it lingered along, where the streamlet flows,  
Till it made the forget-me-nots' eyes unclosed,  
And started the blue-bells pealing.

Under the measureless blue of the sky,  
Drifting the silvery cloudlets by,  
Drinking the dew-brimmed flower-cups dry,  
The warm south wind was blowing.  
It was sweet with the breath of a thousand springs;  
And it sang to the grasses, as ever it sings,  
With a sound like the moving of myriad wings,  
Or the whisper of wild flowers growing.

Over the fields, in the evening glow,  
Stirring the trees, as the sun sank low,  
Swaying the meadow-grass to and fro,  
A breeze from the south came creeping.

It rocked the birds in their drowsy nest;  
It cradled the blue-eyed grass to rest;  
And its good-night kisses were softly pressed  
On pale wild roses sleeping.

And only the stars and the fireflies knew  
How the south wind murmured, the whole night  
through,  
In scented fields, where the clover grew  
And soft white mists were wreathing.  
For it stole away, when the night was spent,  
And none could follow the way it went;  
But the wild flowers knew what the wind's song  
meant,  
As they waked to its last low breathing.



## A DAY AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES.

BY FANNIE W. MARSHALL.

JIM'S grandmother was a firm believer in the somewhat old-fashioned notion that every boy was in the world for the sole and express purpose of being made useful; and so, when Jim mentioned at the supper-table that he had seen that afternoon a field "cram full of blackberries," about two miles distant, his grandmother saw in the fact a providential opening for replenishing her stock of blackberry-jam, which was almost exhausted, and at the same time for keeping her active grandson out of mischief for an entire day. She promptly seized the opportunity, and suggested that Jim should start early the next morning, carrying his dinner, and spend the day in the berry pasture. Jim's face began to lengthen at the beginning of his grandmother's remarks, but at the mention of "dinner" it was shortened again by a very broad grin which overspread his face, for he knew by experience that a cold dinner prepared by his grandmother was a thing to delight the heart of a hungry boy. The expedition at once assumed the air of a picnic, and supper was scarcely over when he was out of the house in search of his two special chums, Sammy Clark and Tom Perkins, to engage them to become his companions.

The bright July morning of the following day found the three boys trudging along the country road while the dew still sparkled on the grass and clover by the wayside. Across the fields came the fresh scents of early day, and, though boys are not generally supposed to be particularly susceptible to the charms of nature, a feeling of the beauty about them seemed to filter into their little beings in some way, for Jim said, taking a long draught of the sweet air, "I say, fellows, is n't this fine?" Jim was eleven and his companions ten and twelve, but they always addressed each other as "fellows,"—*boys* being quite too lowly a term to apply to persons of their size and experience.

With the single remark just quoted, they dismissed the usually prolific topic of the weather and sauntered on slowly, swinging their large, bright pails and chattering away about the new dog that Tom's uncle had promised him, which was reputed to possess many canine accomplishments.

From that subject their thoughts naturally turned to the circus which was coming to town the next week, and as they happened to be passing a soft bit of turf at that moment, they called a halt while

they attempted, with rather discouraging results, to emulate the feats of dexterity set forth on the gayly colored posters announcing the show, with which the town was extensively decorated. Failure at last convincing them that they could not, without more practice than they had been able to devote to the enterprise, successfully compete with the contortions of Signor Giuseppe Francatelli, they loitered on their way again, planning how they should spend the money gained by their day's work, for they had been promised two cents a quart for all the berries they should bring home.

With this and various other themes they reached the scene of their labors, and then a knotty point presented itself:—Should they start from the road and pick toward the back of the field, or, should they go to the end of the field, where it bordered the woods, and work toward the road?

All three sat themselves down on the stone wall to discuss the matter; not that it made any particular difference where they should commence their devastating labors, but from a lingering disinclination to "begin." It certainly was very pleasant to sit in the shade of the leafy roadside maple, for the morning had grown warm and the blackberry-field did not look altogether inviting, lying unsheltered under the hot sun.

At this point Dan, an underbred-looking dog belonging to Sammy, that had enlivened the affair with his presence, started some small four-footed creature from its cover, and, forgetful of heat, berries, grandmothers,—everything but the chase, the three boys followed Dan as fast as their young legs could carry them. After an exciting run, they came up with the dog. He was dashing excitedly about a heap of stones into which his expected prey had disappeared, and giving short barks of anxiety lest he had lost his game.

The most skillful and diligent prodding by the boys among the stones, failed to induce the terrified little animal to come forth and be devoured for their edification; and after an hour of vain endeavor, with frequent exclamations of "There he comes!" (which he never did, as he was by that time snugly tucked away in his home underground) they finally gave up the attempt to dislodge him and toiled slowly back to the spot where the berry-pails had been abandoned, sud-



denly becoming aware that it was a long walk, and also that it really was a very warm day.

Arrived under the maple-tree again, they acted upon Tom's suggestion that they should sit down and "cool off" before "pitching in again,"—though why "again" they might have found difficult to explain if they had looked into their empty pails.

At last there seemed no longer any reasonable excuse for delaying the business of the day, and the three comrades clambered over the wall and began to walk slowly toward the farther end of the field, picking as they went.

Either Jim had been deceived in the richness of the field, or some industrious pickers had been there before them, for the end of a half hour found them in the shade of the woods at the other side of the pasture with perhaps two quarts of berries among them. Suddenly Jim was struck by a thought—"Look here, fellows, is n't Bates's Pond round here somewhere? Grandfather showed it to me one day last summer, when we were coming 'cross lots.'" None of the boys knew just where the pond was, but it was clearly their duty to inform themselves as to the exact whereabouts of an object of such interest within only two miles of home.

They quickly scaled the low wall that skirted the woods, and a short walk brought them to a little clearing. There, sure enough, lay a small pond glinting in the sunlight, its pebbly margin overhung by bushes and tall trees,—just the spot to delight the heart of an idle urchin. Our boys would have been more than human could they have resisted the coaxing ripples that lapped softly against the bank, as the faint breeze ruffled the water here and there; then, too, the pails had been left behind and could not, therefore, act as shining reminders of the duties the boys were neglecting.

In an incredibly short space of time three small suits of clothes and six dusty, stub-toed shoes were lying on the grass, and three heads were bobbing about in the water as their respective owners splashed and floated, dived and re-appeared, in a state of perfect enjoyment. After what seemed to them an unreasonably brief swim, they emerged with dripping locks, and by the aid of two pocket-handkerchiefs, which a careful search brought to light, they were enabled to dry, and to clothe themselves once more, although an occasional "Ow!" from one or the other announced that a rill of water had parted company with a lock of hair and, obedient to the great law of gravitation, was slowly traveling earthward by way of the spinal-column of the speaker.

When the boys climbed back into the field more than an hour had elapsed, although they were in

blissful ignorance of the fact. Jim and Sam, however, readily acquiesced with Tom in thinking that "a fellow gets awful hungry, goin' in swimmin'," and Jim accordingly proposed that they have a sandwich apiece before resuming their arduous labors. This being agreed to, they made their way back to the pond, as offering the most inviting spot in which to refresh themselves.

An examination of the dinner-basket revealed such a tempting collection of good things, that one sandwich was followed by another, and that by some cold chicken, and that by some doughnuts, and those by some gingerbread and cheese, and that by some gooseberry-pie, and that would probably have been followed by something else if it had not been that there was nothing more to follow. As it was, they agreed that just a few blackberries "to top off with" would be a satisfactory conclusion to the meal. Tom was dispatched for the three pails, while Jim and Sammy amused themselves by skipping stones across the water.

A sudden crash and an exclamation from the returning Tom announced an accident, and, following the sound, they found him picking himself up from the ground, still clutching the handles of the pails, but with the berries,—alas!—scattered abroad. The combined efforts of the three could recover only about half of the original store, and, as it really was not worth while to keep so few, they ate these as the best way of disposing of them.

Very few of us, I think you will find, are really energetic after a hearty meal—indeed, physicians tell us that nature always calls for rest at such a time. Shall we, then, blame our boys if they yielded to this instinct for repose? Sammy and Tom propped themselves lazily on their elbows, comparing jack-knives with a view to "swapping"; Dan, at a little distance, was crunching the last of the chicken bones, and Jim lay on his back at full length, with his hands clasped under his head, in a deliciously dozy state, watching through the interlacing branches above him the few white clouds as they sailed slowly by high in air.

At length Tom and Sammy, having satisfactorily settled the jack-knife trade, followed Jim's example and, after a few remarks at long intervals, silence fell upon the group. All nature about them seemed to be breathing a lullaby, in which the soft whirring of insects, the occasional call of a bird, or the clang of a far-off cow-bell, the lapping of the water and the faint rustling of the leaves above them, made a drowsy melody that might have soothed a careworn brain to rest. What wonder, then, that our boys yielded to the spell and dozed



and slept in sublime forgetfulness of the fact that their respective families supposed them to be toiling among the blackberry briars.

A half hour — an hour, flew by before Jim opened his eyes lazily and with a tremendous yawn and various contortions of his body called out, "I guess we 'd better get to work, fellows; I shall be going to sleep if I stay here much longer." His voice recalled his companions to temporal things, but, curious to relate, not one of those three boys suspected that he had been asleep.

"Don't I feel just lazy though," said Tom, yawning. "I should n't be s'prised if another swim would freshen us up and make us work enough smarter to pay."

"I should n't wonder if it would," said Sam, reflectively, slowly chewing a long spear of grass.

"We only need go in for a minute or two," added Jim.

This unanimity of opinion could have but one result; and the bobbing about, the splashing, floating, and diving of the morning was repeated. It was rather unfortunate that Jim, in putting away his handkerchief after it had again done duty in its new capacity, should have found in his pocket a small fish-hook, while Sam brought to light, from a similar hiding-place, a fragment of twine; for it certainly was not to be expected that the conjunction of a hook, a line, a wood full of poles, and a pond could be disregarded by our young friends. That nothing might be wanting, a plump grasshopper came whirring by just as the hook was ready for his reception, and, in a moment more, he was being skipped gayly over the water, impelled by Jim's rather unskillful hand, with the idea of deluding any fish that might be watching his gambols into the belief that he was practicing a few fancy hops for his own amusement.

All of my readers who are, or have been, boys, know how absorbing the occupation of fishing can become, even if there is only one pole to three fishers and each is obliged to wait his turn to indulge personally in the sport. A dozen "shiners" were swimming about in one of the berry-pails,

which had been filled with water to receive them, when Tom's attention was attracted by some field-hands coming toward them, carrying their dinner-pails. "What are they stopping work for at this time o' day, I wonder?" he said, and as they passed he casually inquired the hour.

"Well, I guess 't ain't fur from half-past five," was the reply.

Half-past five! The boys gazed at one another in open-mouthed dismay. Two miles from home, supper in half an hour, three empty pails and three expectant families awaiting their arrival!

It was a trying moment. Sam and Tom looked at Jim with the faint hope that he would suggest some way out of the difficulty, but poor Jim was as powerless to bring back the wasted hours as many a greater than he, with far greater need of them, has been. He seemed plunged in a fit of deep abstraction for a few moments and then said gloomily, "I s'pose we're in for it; — it's too late to try to pick the berries now. Let's have another swim! It'll be just so bad anyway, and 't ain't likely we 'll get here again *this* summer."

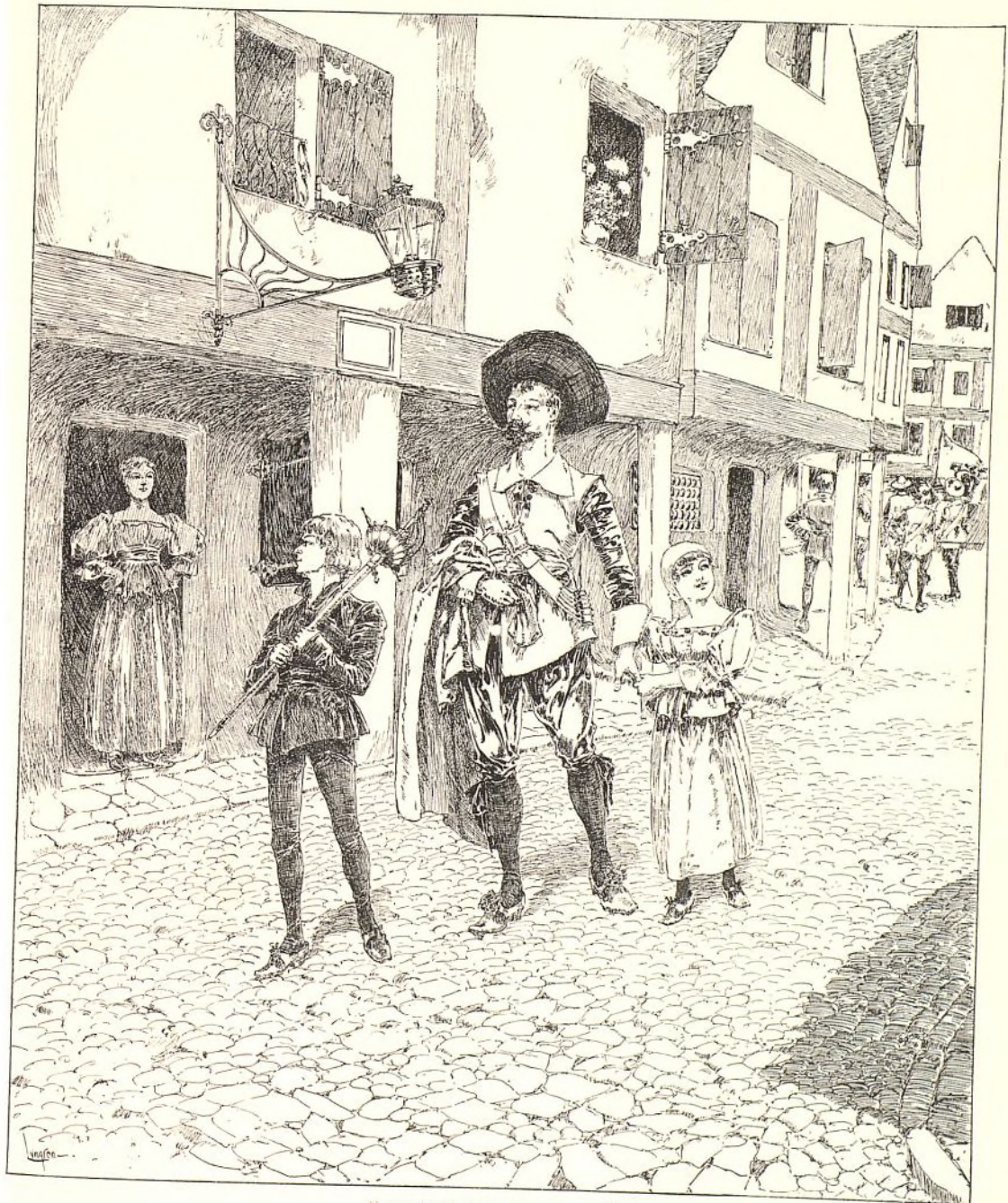
At half-past seven o'clock, three boys with three large, empty pails (for the fish had been left behind) came slinking into the village and sadly separated where three streets met. I will not cast a gloom over my readers by a circumstantial account of what befell two of the boys, but will only say that Jim spent the following day in the old attic, a solitary prisoner upon bread and water, except when his grandfather, who had once been a boy himself, and had not quite forgotten the peculiar temptations which assail the species, came softly upstairs, unbolted the door, and, cautiously entering, drew a handful of cookies from his pocket and sat by, regarding Jim sympathetically, while the hungry prisoner ate them, until the whistle from the big shop called him back to his work and Jim was left to his own reflections once more.

All this happened twenty-five years ago, and Jim told me the other day that, all things considered, he was n't sure that he was *very* sorry he did n't pick that pail of blackberries.





THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.



"FATHER 'S COME HOME AGAIN!"



## W. JENKS'S EXPRESS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WHEN Billy Jenks's father failed, and Billy had to leave school, all in a whiff, most of us were mighty sorry to have him go. He was a queer little chap, but he was good all the way through. Somehow, he always was coming out in a square sort of way from the tight places where other boys went crooked. Most of the fellows thought very highly of him. I know I did.

My father told me all about Mr. Jenks's failure, for he knew that I would be interested in it on Billy's account. Mr. Jenks had indorsed notes for somebody, and this other man had failed and had carried Mr. Jenks down with him. I could n't quite understand the whole thing, but it seemed that, if he had tried to, Mr. Jenks might have got out of paying anything at all; but he did n't try to. He was "behaving nobly," my father said: making ready to turn over everything to his creditors and to go and live in a little house that belonged to his wife, over in the shabby end of the town—a house that his wife had bought for her old nurse to live in, and that happened to be empty because the old nurse had just died.

My father and all the rest of the creditors—except old Mr. Skimmington—hoped to arrange matters so that Mr. Jenks could go on. He was in an excellent business, my father said, and if he had an opportunity he would be all straight again in no time. Mr. Skimmington was a queer old fellow: just as cranky and cross-grained as he could possibly be. He was very rich, but he kept on working as hard as ever; and that was very hard indeed. Whenever anybody asked him why he did not retire from business and enjoy himself,—and people who did not know him very well used to ask him this, now and then,—he would draw himself up and say, "Enjoy myself? I *am* enjoying myself, sir! I began to work when I was nine years old, sir; and I have been working ever since. For more than sixty years I have been a useful citizen; and to be useful is *my* idea of enjoyment. I hate a drone—and either you are a drone or you would be one if you could. Good-day, sir!" And then the old fellow would stalk away as stiff as a poker. I never met anybody who liked him much.

Unluckily, it was Mr. Skimmington who held most of Mr. Jenks's notes; and Mr. Skimmington

refused point-blank to join the other creditors in giving Mr. Jenks more time.

"No, sir," he said; "it shall not be done. Jenks has been fool enough to put his name to paper, and he must take the consequences! It will teach him a valuable lesson, sir,—a lesson that will do him good as long as he lives. It did *me* good, and I know what I'm talking about. I put *my* name to paper in '57,—and down I went! Did anybody give *me* an extension? Not a bit of it! I had to fight my way up again; and that fight made a man of me, sir. Jenks is a young fellow still, and this will be a very useful experience for him. Let *him* fight *his* way up, just as I did. I repeat, sir, it will do him good. Not another word! My mind is made up: into bankruptcy he goes, just as sure as my name is Jeremiah Skimmington!"

But Mr. Jenks did not go into bankruptcy—and what kept him out of it was Billy.

Billy told me that when he got home from school, and found what a mess things were in, he felt as if he'd like to sit down and cry. But it struck him that crying would do no good; so he set himself to thinking about what he could do to help his father and mother in their trouble. He thought away as hard as ever he could think for about two days, without hitting on anything—for he was only ten years old, and little for his age, so that it was not easy to find a way in which he could be really useful. They were still living in their handsome house, and Billy still had his donkey and donkey-cart; and to help his thinking—for the donkey-cart had no springs and he believed that joggling might shake up his ideas—he drove about most of the time.

On the third day after he got home, he happened to be driving along by the New Row. He was very low in his mind, and was not paying attention to anything in particular, and it gave him a start when he found that somebody was calling him. He pulled Jenny up short, and looked around; and there on the high sidewalk—for the road had been cut down along the New Row—he saw a nice-looking old lady who wore spectacles, and who carried a big traveling-bag by her side, and a



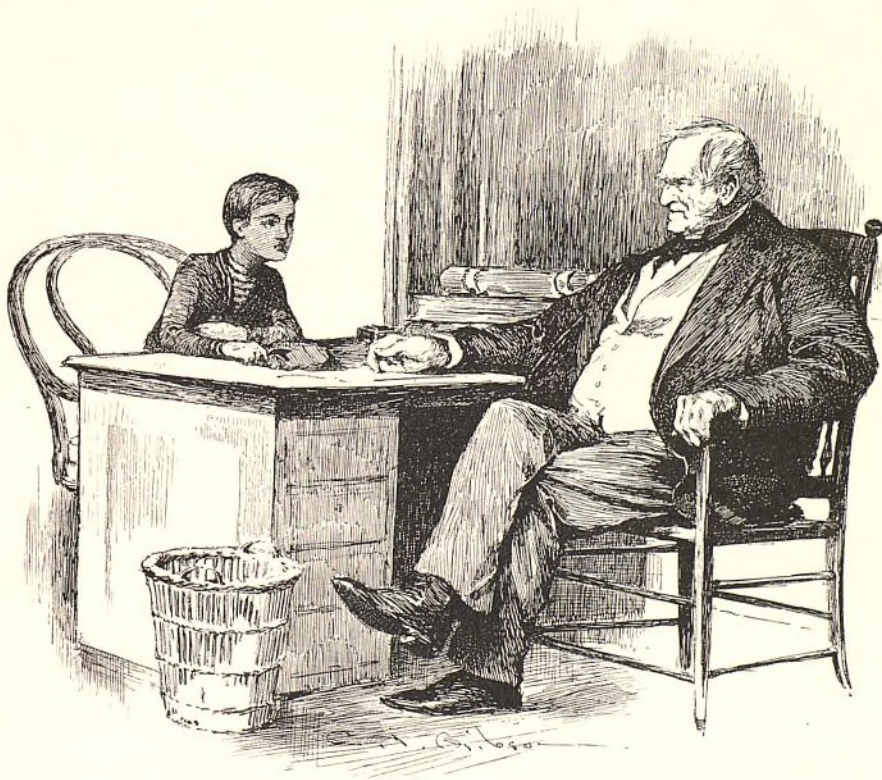
little bag in her hand, and a bundle under her arm. She looked hot and tired and flustered.

"Oh, little boy," the old lady said, "I have called to you several times. I have such a load to carry that I know I never can get to the station in time for the train. Will you please carry my bag down in your donkey-cart? I'll go down by the short cut and meet you; and I'll gladly give you a quarter."

Of course Billy said that he would be very glad indeed to oblige her; and he put the big bag and

it would pay an enterprising man well to start one, I'm sure. And now, here comes my train. Good-bye,—I shall not soon forget my little express-man, I can tell you! You certainly are a very well-behaved boy,—for a boy. Good-bye, again." Then the old lady got into the car and the train started.

It was while Billy was driving home that he suddenly woke up to the fact that the nice old lady had shown him a way in which he could help his father. He would be an express-man,—that is to



BILLY INTERVIEWS MR. WILKINSON. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the little one, too, in the cart, and chirped up Jenny, and whisked off to the station in no time.

Presently the old lady came; and then he hitched Jenny and helped the old lady to check the big bag and tried to make things generally comfortable for her. Of course, he would n't take the quarter that she offered him; and when she found that he was really in earnest, she thanked him very gratefully and put the money away.

"I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, my dear," she said, "for if you had n't helped me so kindly, I certainly should have missed my train." And then she added, "How stupid it is that in a town of this size there should not be any express;

say, an express-boy,—in dead earnest! He had often heard other people complain about the difficulty of getting luggage to and from the station, and he was sure that the old lady was right in saying that an express-service would pay. What pleased him most of all, was the thought that here he was, all ready to go into the business—for the donkey-cart would make a very good express-wagon to begin with; and both the donkey-cart and the donkey were his own.

But when he went home, he found himself brought up with a round turn. His father told him to come into the library. Mr. Jenks seemed very solemn about it; and when Billy went in he



found his mother there, and she looked as if she had been crying; but she seemed to be as cheerful as a cricket. Then Mr. Jenks told Billy that he was very sorry, but that in a few days nearly everything about the house was to be sold, and that Jenny and the donkey-cart would have to be sold with the rest!

Billy told me afterward that when his father said that, he felt just as if somebody had tripped his heels from under him and let him down with a bang. It only upset him still more, when his mother put her arms around him and kissed him, and told him not to mind the loss of Jenny, but to be her brave boy and take a share in the family troubles without complaining.

He was not prepared to say, just then, that what was bothering him was not the loss of Jenny, but the loss of his express-business, — for he felt in his bones, somehow, that his father and mother would not like to have him to go to work for them, and he hoped that if only he could get the business started without their knowing about it, so that he could prove to them what a good business it was, and how well he could manage it, they would gladly let him go on with it.

So, instead of telling all about his plan, he took another tack and asked if Jenny and the donkey-cart were not his own; and, if they were, how they could be sold away from him. When it was explained to him that until he was twenty-one years old everything that was called his really, in law, belonged to his father, and so must be sold to pay his father's debts, he made his father and mother just miserable — as he found out afterward — by saying that he would go and talk matters over with Mr. Wilkinson; for it was not like Billy to be thinking of himself when other people were in trouble, and they were afraid that the family misfortunes were making him selfish.

Mr. Wilkinson was Mr. Jenks's lawyer, and he and Billy were great friends. He was a kind old gentleman; and when Billy sent in a card with "W. Jenks. On Important Business," written on it, he invited Billy in. Billy knew that the lawyer's time was very valuable, and he went straight to the point. "Can or can not my donkey and donkey-cart be sold to pay my father's debts?" he asked. And Mr. Wilkinson came straight to the point, too, by answering, "Of course they can." Billy bit his lip hard, and tried to keep his self-control; but he could not help giving just one sob; — he had so set his heart upon helping his father; and here was his plan for helping him all knocked into a cocked hat!

Mr. Wilkinson was very sorry for Billy and tried to comfort him. But, when he found that Billy would n't be comforted, he spoke a little sharply

and said that he had expected better things of Billy, and told him he was too big a boy to be selfish about a miserable donkey, while his father was losing everything he owned, and never making any complaint about it at all.

At any other time, Billy would have had something to say to Mr. Wilkinson for calling his Jenny "a miserable donkey"; but just then he forgot to stand up for her. In a very fragmentary way — for it was all that he could do to keep from bursting out crying — he told Mr. Wilkinson all about his plan for helping his father, and how the loss of Jenny and the donkey-cart must, of course, upset it completely. Mr. Wilkinson listened to Billy very attentively without speaking a word, and was silent for a little while after he had finished.

"Billy, you are a very sensible boy," he said at last; "sensible enough, I'm sure, to see the difference between a business transaction and a personal obligation. What I have to propose to you is a business transaction. When Jenny and the cart are sold, as they must be, I'll buy them myself; and then, for a fixed annual payment, I'll let you have them to run your express-business with. Money is pretty low just now, and I'll be quite satisfied to get five per cent. out of my investment. I reckon that the lot will cost me about a hundred dollars, so you will have to pay me five dollars a year. Now, don't interrupt me," — Billy was trying to say that he could not think of letting Mr. Wilkinson do this act of great kindness for him, — "for interrupting me won't do any good at all. We're talking business now, and nothing else. I am to get a reasonable return for my money, and you will have a good margin for your own profit. My offer is just what I told you it was a moment ago — a straight-out business proposition, and you need n't hesitate a moment about accepting it, if you think well of it."

Well, the long and short of it was that Billy did accept the offer; and as he was going away, after shaking hands with Mr. Wilkinson and saying how very much obliged he was to him, Mr. Wilkinson said:

"You can begin business whenever you please, Billy. Until the sale takes place, the donkey and cart will be yours, and after it takes place, they will be mine. Therefore, as the property is, and will continue to be, vested in the firm," — Mr. Wilkinson waved his hand as if he were speaking to a judge on the bench, — "there is no reason why operations should not begin right away. My relation to this firm," Mr. Wilkinson added, as Billy had his hand on the door knob, "is that of a special partner. I put a fixed sum into the concern, and I am responsible for the firm's debts only so far as that sum goes. If you plunge madly



into baggage-smashing, William Jenks, and smash more than one hundred dollars' worth of trunks, don't look to me to meet your liabilities, for I won't!"

And then Mr. Wilkinson grinned at Billy, and Billy tried hard to smile at Mr. Wilkinson,—but he was so grateful for what Mr. Wilkinson had done that it was all that he could do to keep from crying. However, he got away without breaking down, having steadied himself by the reflection that he was now a man of business, and as such must hold the tender emotions in check.

What pleased him most of all was the advice that his partner had given him,—to begin work right away,—and the confidence he now felt that, with Mr. Wilkinson for a partner, his father and mother would be sure to let him go ahead. He was so pleased with it all that he started for home on a dead run.

But all the wind was taken out of his sails when he reached home, on finding that his mother had been called away in a hurry by a telegram bringing word that his Uncle John was sick, and that his father had gone with her, and that they would not be back until the next evening. Billy was sorry to hear that his Uncle John was sick,—at least, he was as sorry as he reasonably could be about the sickness of an uncle whom he had seen only two or three times in the course of his life, and whom he might have met anywhere in the street without recognition. For his mother, though, he was very sorry indeed; for he knew she was very fond of her brother John,—and it did seem hard that this fresh trouble should come to her with all the others. Then, being reminded of the family troubles, he presently forgot all about his Uncle John's sickness and thought only of his project for making these troubles lighter by running an express-wagon.

It was evident, since his father and mother had gone away, that he could not talk over his plan with them until they came back,—and that meant, certainly, the loss of at least one whole day. What he wished was to begin at once; and the more he thought about it, and, especially, the more that he reflected upon the assured position he had gained by going into partnership with Mr. Wilkinson, the more did he feel that waiting was unnecessary. Besides, it occurred to him, how delightful it would be to have some money—his first day's earnings—to give his father as a welcome home! This last thought settled the matter. He went down to the carriage-house, and, with some black paint that was there, began to put a sign on the spatter-board along each side of the donkey-cart,—to the great delight of the small boy who was taking care of the stables, now that the coachman and

regular helpers had been discharged. Billy was not much of a hand at sign-painting, but, as a sign, his sign was a success; for the big, sprawly letters could be read a long distance away, and the queerness of the work certainly would attract attention wherever it was seen. What he printed was this:

**W. JENKS'S EXPRESS.**

Billy was so pleased with his handiwork that he could have stood and looked at it all the rest of the afternoon; but he again remembered, after a while, that he was a man of business and that, as he had heard his father say, to a man of business time was money;—though just how time could be money, he did not very clearly understand. What he did understand, though, was that, if he meant his express to have a good start, he ought to go down to the station and tell the station-master, Mr. Ruggles, that he was prepared to carry baggage to and from the trains; and it also occurred to him that, if it did n't cost too much, he ought to advertise his business in *The Gazette*.

Mr. Ruggles stopped telephoning something and seemed to be astonished, Billy thought, when Billy told how he was going to start an express and asked if orders for it might be left at the station. But Mr. Ruggles kept his astonishment inside of himself and answered, in his solemn way, "If anybody leaves orders here for this express of yourn, Billy, whether the same comes by word of mouth, or by mail, or through this here instrument, all I can say is: you shall get 'em sure,"—and then he began to telephone again. So that was all right.

*The Gazette* was not the very best sort of newspaper. Its editor put into it many unpleasant things which were only half true, or were not true at all, and every now and then somebody would sue it for libel. Only a short time before, as it happened, the editor had been made to pay very heavy damages for something that he had published that was all wrong; and the lawyer who had won the case against the paper was Mr. Wilkinson. Billy, of course, did not know anything of this. He knew that *The Gazette* was the only paper in the town and that he must put his advertisement in that paper, or else not advertise at all.

In a general way, he knew that advertising cost very heavily, and so he made his announcement short and to the point. He thought very hard over it, and finally wrote one that, he decided, would do. But after he had it all in shape, he suddenly began to wonder whether it would not be



dishonest to call the express his, when, in reality, it was a joint undertaking in which all the capital belonged to his special partner. Billy was just as sound as a little dollar about honesty. So he changed the advertisement to make it fit in with what was right, or what he thought was right, and then took it to the newspaper office.

It gave Billy a regular cold shiver when the young man behind the desk took it, made dabs at it with a pen for a minute or two, and then said, "In display type this will cost you four dollars for the first insertion, and two dollars and seventy-five cents for each subsequent insertion;" and added, "Special rates if it goes in by the month, you know."

All that Billy could say was "Oh!" and he felt a lump coming up in his throat. The idea of paying so much money for mere advertising quite took his breath away.

A man standing behind the counter had been looking on in a queer sort of way, and now he said, "What is it, George?" and reached out his hand for the advertisement. When he had read it, his eyes gave a queer sort of twinkle, and he stepped right up to Billy and said:

"We won't charge you anything for this;—not at first, anyway. If the express-business turns out all right, we can make terms by the year; and, if it does n't pay, why, you will have saved this much capital at the start."

"I don't want you to print this for nothing, sir," Billy began. "I can't pay four dollars just now; but I've got a dollar, and —"

But the man cut him short: "Don't you say another word. I'm the editor of this paper, and if I choose to print an ad. for nothing, it's nobody's loss but my own."

Billy did not wish to accept a favor like this from an entire stranger; but the editor was so pleasant about it that Billy finally gave in,—with the understanding that if by the end of the week the business had made a good start he might come back and they would make a regular bargain for printing the advertisement by the year.

As he left the office he heard the editor say to the young man behind the desk, "There's not a speck of libel in it, and it will make old Wilkinson just fairly howl on the house-tops!" and then they both burst out into roars of laughter.

Billy could not help wondering what it could be that would make so very dignified and quiet a man as Mr. Wilkinson do so absurd a thing as to climb on top of the houses and howl; and why anything like that should be the best joke of the season he could not see. He concluded that it all was some joke that he did not understand.

But Mr. Wilkinson saw where the joke was —

though it did not strike him as being "the best joke of the season" exactly, when *The Gazette* came out the next morning with this advertisement in it:

## EXPRESS!

BAGGAGE AND PARCELS CAREFULLY  
CARRIED

BY

W. JENKS.

D. WEBSTER WILKINSON, Esq.,  
SPECIAL PARTNER.

TERMS MODERATE.

Please leave directions with Mr. Ruggles at the  
Railway Station.

e. d. t. o. s.

Well, at first, Mr. Wilkinson was angry about it—almost as angry as the editor of *The Gazette* expected, in fact; but he had the good sense to laugh when people poked fun at him about his new business; and to a few of his intimate friends he told the whole story,—and nobody thought any the worse of him when, to show that Billy had not meant to make fun of him, and in self-defense, he had to tell how kind-hearted he had been.

While the advertisement, in one way, was all wrong, simply as an advertisement it was a tremendous success. What with the wish to make fun of Mr. Wilkinson, the good reason for praising him, and the kindly feeling for Billy,—all of which the advertisement created when it came to be understood,—the whole town, before noon, was ringing with it; so that "W. Jenks's Express" was better advertised in half a day than most new business ventures are in half a year.

Mike, the stable-boy,—who had a most unnatural faculty for waking up early,—called Billy the next morning, just at the edge of daylight; and in the cool, gray dawn, Billy drove out through the yard gates and down to the station to meet the 5:55 train. There was not a soul on the streets, and he was glad of it; for now that he was actually started as an express-man, he felt a little shy and queer about it. The only people around the station were a man with a wooden leg, and Mr. Ruggles, who had a green flag in his hand and looked very sleepy. Presently the train came along and stopped; but nobody got



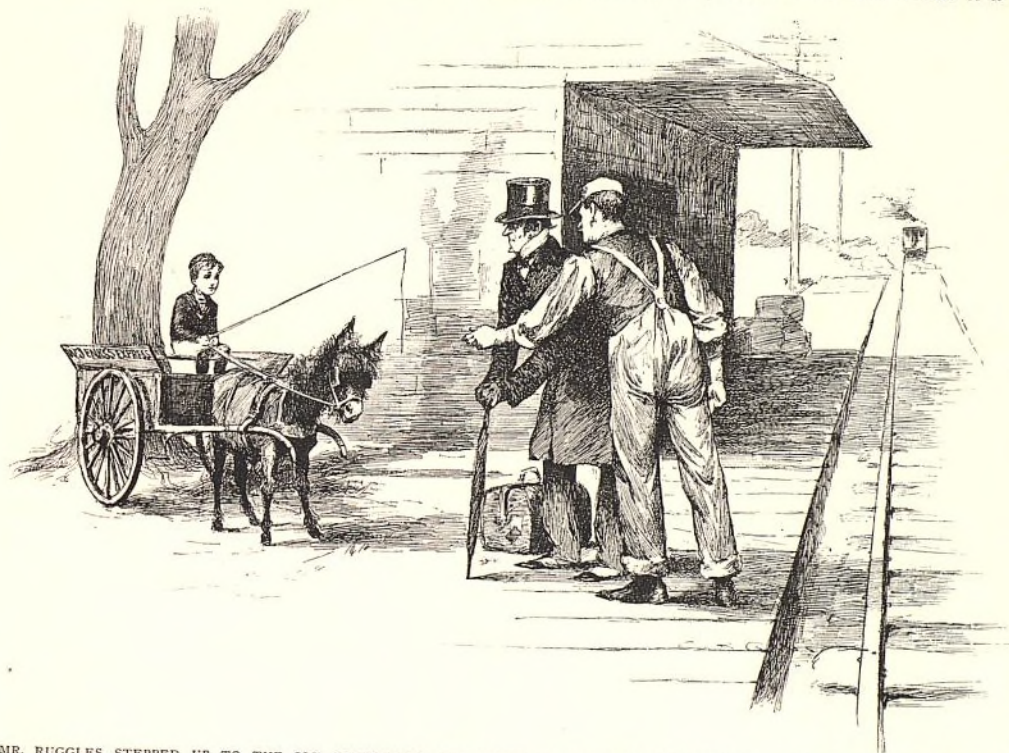
off. The man with the wooden leg got on, and then the train went puffing away down the line.

"Better luck next time, Billy," said Mr. Ruggles, as he rolled up his flag, yawned, and went into the station. Billy felt very flat, somehow. But the next train was not due until 7:20, and he was glad enough to go home and get his breakfast.

When he drove down town, after breakfast, the

when Billy said "Whoa!" to her in that unprovoked sort of a way.

Luckily for Billy, Mr. Ruggles was wide awake now, and saw how things were going; so up he stepped to the old gentleman and asked him with a grin if he would n't like the bag to be sent by express. Considering what a small matter had to be decided, they seemed to talk about it a long



"MR. RUGGLES STEPPED UP TO THE OLD GENTLEMAN AND ASKED IF HE WOULD N'T LIKE THE BAG TO BE SENT BY EXPRESS."

streets were quite full of people; and they all stared when they saw the little donkey-cart with "W. Jenks's Express" on it, and W. Jenks himself sitting in front driving, and looking as sober as a little judge. It struck Billy as very odd that nearly everybody he met should be laughing. There must be a great many jokes going about that morning, he thought.

The 7:20 was a through train from the West. Only two people got out of it, but one of these — as Billy observed with much satisfaction — was an old gentleman who was carrying what seemed to be a very heavy bag. Somehow, he could not bring himself to go up to the old gentleman and say, in a business-like way, "Baggage carried, sir?" — which was what he fully had made up his mind to do — and all that he did, to show anybody that there was an express around, was to cry "Whoa!" very loudly to Jenny. As Jenny was standing stock-still, she was very much startled

while; and Billy was sure that he heard his father's name mentioned. But the end of the talk was that the bag was put in the donkey-cart, and the old gentleman — after giving Billy the number of his house and agreeing to pay a quarter for the expressage — went by the short cut; and Billy drove away with his first load of express-matter as proud as a little king.

When he reached the house, there was the old gentleman waiting for him; and he told Billy to hitch the donkey and bring the bag inside. The bag was very heavy, just as much as Billy could stagger under — and he suddenly thought, what in the world would he do if anybody asked him to carry a trunk? He had not thought about trunks when he started his express, and now that he *did* think of them they made him fairly shiver!

When he deposited the bag inside the hall, the old gentleman asked how much there was to pay — for he seemed to have forgotten that he had



been very particular to get all that settled at the station; and when Billy said "A quarter," he looked thoughtful and said that a quarter was too much. It made Billy very uncomfortable to have to ask for money at all, and when the old gentleman spoke in that way, he grew quite red in the face and felt more uncomfortable still. "Very well, sir," he said, "you can pay anything you please. Or—or you need n't pay anything at all," and he began to move toward the door.

"Stop!" said the old gentleman. "That is n't business."

"No, it is n't," said Billy; "and it is n't business to make a bargain and then not stick to it. I told you, down at the station, what you would have to pay for having your bag brought up; and if you did n't want to pay it, you ought to have said so then. I—I beg your pardon, sir; I don't mean to be rude,"—for it suddenly struck Billy that this was a pretty up-and-down sort of a way for a little boy to talk to an old gentleman,—“but, you see, I'm not running this express for fun; and if everybody did as you're doing, it would n't pay to run it at all.”

"You're not running it for fun, eh? Then what are you running it for?" asked the old gentleman, and there was a pleasant tone in his voice that quite took Billy by surprise. In the same friendly way he went on and asked more questions, and the long and short of it was that Billy told him the whole story: How his father was in trouble, and he wanted to help him; and how they were going to live in the little house, and his father was going to start a little store over by the New Row, and his mother was going to give lessons upon the piano—in fact, all about things generally. Of course, Billy did not mean to tell everything, in this way; but it was not until he had finished, that he suddenly realized that he had been telling all his father's plans to an entire stranger. Then he felt quite flustered, and said that it was time for him to go. The old gentleman had become very much excited while Billy was talking to him. He seemed to have forgotten all about the quarter. He walked up and down the hall, and swung his arms about at a great rate; so that when Billy said "Good-morning" to him, and came away, he did not even look up. But he came running down the steps, just as Billy was getting into the donkey-cart, and said:

"Here's your quarter, Billy Jenks. You're a good boy. You're going to work just the way I did. And, what's more, your father must be a good man." Then he went on, but apparently speaking to himself rather than to Billy, "Why, he's starting again just as I started in '57. That's the sort of man I like. He's got honesty and

pluck in him." Suddenly he gave the hitching-post a kick and burst out: "Yes, I'll do it! I'll do it, as sure as my name is——."

But Billy did not hear what his name was, for when the post was kicked Jenny started off with a jerk that made the cart rattle over the stones at a great rate, and completely drowned the old gentleman's voice. It struck him that this certainly was the queerest old gentleman he had ever come across. He concluded that the old fellow must be a little bit wrong in his head.

The next train was due at 11:40, and Billy was on hand at the station to meet it. But only two or three people got off, and none of these had any baggage to be carried. There was a big Irishman with a big satchel, to be sure; but he swung the satchel up on his shoulder, and as he passed Billy and the cart, he gave a comical look and said:

"An' it's W. Jinks's Express, is it? Bedad, W. Jinks, Oi'll be after puttin' you an' th' express, an' th' donkey, an' all, up on tother showlder an' carryin' you all away to wunst, if you don't moind where you're lookin'!"

Billy thought this was very rude of him.

Just as he was driving away, feeling very much disappointed, Mr. Ruggles came running along the platform and called out:

"Hold on, Billy. Here's lots of work for you to do—about all the town wants you to move it!"

Billy thought that Mr. Ruggles must be poking fun at him,—though that was n't in Mr. Ruggles's line exactly,—but he pulled Jenny up, and then went back with Mr. Ruggles into the station. Mr. Ruggles gave him a sheet of paper with more than twenty orders on it; and while he was looking at the list and wondering if it could be real, the telephone bell rang and still another order was added!

"They've been comin' in like that for th' last hour. I guess your special partner must be drummin' up work for you," said Mr. Ruggles with a dry chuckle. He went on, "You've got your hands full for this afternoon, Billy; an' as some of the things to be moved is too heavy for you to tackle, you'd better hire Black Jake, here, to help you. He'll work all th' afternoon for fifty cents. Get up there, out o' th' sun, you lazy critter. Go help Billy Jenks, an' earn some money, for once, outside o' chicken-stealin'!"

So Black Jake got up, grinning; and Billy, all in amaze, hired him for fifty cents and went off to attend to the first of his long list of orders. He could not understand it at all.

But if he had known how all the town had been talking about him, and his Express, and his Special Partner, that morning, he would not have been so much surprised by the sudden start that his business had taken. Many of his orders were sent by



people who expected to joke with Mr. Wilkinson about having patronized his express; many more by people who were pleased with Billy's pluck and wished to help him; and still others came from people who really wanted to send things about the town, and were glad of this way to do it. Jenny—she had to eat her dinner in half an hour; Billy was so excited that he bolted his in ten minutes—began to think in her donkey mind that the dis-

Jake walking beside the cart, ready to lend a hand in unloading, and reached the head of Prince street just as all the people were coming up from the station, in a crowd. Among the very first, he saw his father, and his mother, too; for, as it turned out, there was nothing serious the matter with her brother John, after all, and so his mother had not stayed to look after him, as she had expected to do when she went away.



"NOW, WILLIAM JENKS," SAID HIS FATHER, "WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?"

mal days of her youth, when she had drawn a huckster's cart and had lived mainly on beatings, were come again.

By a little after six o'clock, Billy got his last load on board—a part of a broken bedstead and three broken chairs, to be taken to the cabinet-maker's—and the old lady who sent the load kept him waiting so long, and gave him so many directions, that he found that he would not have time to get to the station to meet the 6:30 train. He was sorry to miss that train, for more people came in on it than on all the others put together, and it was by that train that his father was coming—and he did very much wish his father to see him right in the thick of his work. But there was no use in worrying over what could n't be helped; so he drove along slowly, with Black

Billy was very glad to see his father and mother, and his first thought was to jump off the cart and go and kiss them. But his second thought was that he ought to show them that he really was a business man now, and that his business must come first and his pleasure afterward,—in other words, that he could n't go to kissing members of his family while he had a load to deliver. So he chirped Jenny into a fast trot, and only gave his father and mother a nod and a laugh as he whisked past them. They saw the cart and the queer sign on it, they caught a glimpse of the queer load, and on the train Mr. Jenks had bought a copy of *The Gazette*, and had read Billy's queer advertisement with amazement.

Had Billy gone crazy while they were away, or what had happened?



They were so puzzled that they just stood still and looked at each other,—while W. Jenks's Express went flying down the street, with Black Jake on a full run to keep beside it, and with the old lady's bit of a bedstead and three broken chairs dancing around the cart in a way that, had she seen it, would have made every hair in her false-front stand straight up on end and every one of her false teeth chatter! Mr. Jenks gave a long whistle—he had a way of giving whistles when anything surprised him very much—and then he and Mrs. Jenks went home. They were about the most astonished people in that town.

Billy reached home nearly as soon as his father and mother, and ran into the house to give them the kisses which he had wished to give them down town.

"Now, William Jenks," said his father, when the kissing was over, "what *does* all this mean?"

It gave Billy something of a start to be called William Jenks, in that way; for his father never dreamed of calling him anything but Billy, unless there was a storm brewing. But, as Billy was sure that there was nothing to raise a storm about in what he had been doing since his father went away, he did not mind very much; and with what he felt to be a fairly justifiable pride he went ahead and told all about his starting in the express business and what a capital start he had made of it.

"Then that was why you did not wish Jenny to be sold?" his mother asked, when he told about his consultation with Mr. Wilkinson in regard to the donkey's ownership.

"Why, of course it was," Billy answered; as though his desire to use Jenny as an express-donkey could be the only possible reason why he should be unwilling to part with her for good and all—and he never quite understood what it was that made his mother get up just then, give him a great hug and kiss, and say to his father in a triumphant sort of way, "I told you so!" Nor did he understand why it was that his father and mother laughed so, when he told them about the special partnership that he had formed with Mr. Wilkinson; nor what made his father look so oddly when he told about his long talk with the queer old gentleman who came on the train.

However, there was no mistaking the way in which they both hugged him when he came to the end of his story and gave his father the six dollars and seventy-five cents he had earned that day—and explained that there would have been half a dollar more, if only he had been a little stronger and so had not been compelled to hire Black Jake to help him. But Billy could not help thinking, considering what a good day he had made of it,

that it was rather unreasonable in his mother to cry all the time that she was hugging him; and he wondered if cinders could have got into his father's eyes, on the train,—he winked so and they looked so red and watery. Just as he was full of delight that his plan had worked so well, his father brought him up all standing—after most of the hugging was over—by telling him that the express-business could not go on! It would n't do, his father said, for such a little chap as he was to go at such hard work, even if they all were starving; and they were nowhere near starving, as yet. There was just the slimmest sort of a chance, his father went on, that at the final meeting of his creditors—the next day, things might be arranged so that he could go on; and, even if he were forced into bankruptcy, he said, he and Mrs. Jenks could earn enough money to keep the little house going, without making Billy help them, for a few years.

By the time that his father was through with all that he had to say, Billy had to own up that the right thing for him to do was to work hard at the public school, and so get ready to take care of his mother and the baby, in case his father should get sick, or die, or do anything of that sort. But it certainly was hard on him, he thought, to have to give up the express-business just as he had made such a splendid start in it.

The next day Mr. Jenks's creditors held their last meeting before making a bankrupt of him. After everybody had settled into their chairs, Mr. Wilkinson said that they had a very unpleasant piece of work to do, and that the sooner they were through with it the better. All the creditors but *one*, he said,—and as he said this he looked very hard at old Mr. Skimmington, and so did everybody else; and, while nobody spoke a word, a sort of growl went around the room,—all the creditors but *one* had consented to an extension; but since this *one* could not be brought to take a liberal and sensible view of the case, there was nothing for his client to do but to go into bankruptcy. Then there was a dead silence, and everybody looked hard at old Mr. Skimmington. And then, in an instant, Mr. Skimmington said, in his sharp way:

"I've changed my mind. I'll give him an extension, too!"

All the other gentlemen were on their feet, and crowding around Mr. Skimmington, and shaking hands with him, in no time; and all of them were talking at once, as hard as ever they could talk. Mr. Jenks was the only man in the room who remained seated. He scarcely had dared to hope, even, that he would get an extension: and when Mr. Skimmington came round in this sudden sort



of way it quite upset him. But he did not stay upset long; and when he was steady again he went up to Mr. Skimmington and shook hands with him and said that he was very much obliged to him indeed for his liberality.

"Don't you thank me, Mr. Jenks," said Mr. Skimmington. "Thank yourself a little, and thank your boy Billy much more. Yesterday, sir, your boy brought my bag up from the station in his donkey-cart express-wagon,—I recognized the name on the wagon, and Ruggles told me it was your son,—and I made him come in and talk to me. It was not the thing for me to do, sir, I admit; but I made him tell me all about himself, and a good deal about you. And the upshot of that talk is, as I said just now, that I've changed my mind. I am in harmony with your other creditors, and am ready to join them in giving you an extension—for the man who is ready to step down to the foot of the ladder and take a fresh start, as you were going to do, sir, deserves to have his friends keep him at the top!

"I am not much given to making jokes, gentlemen," Mr. Skimmington went on, "but I will make one now." There was a sort of awed silence

in the room as he said this, for the bare thought of Mr. Skimmington's making a joke was so unnatural that there was something rather dreadful about it. "Yes, I will make one now: What has carried our friend here safely out of his difficulties is—'W. Jenks's Express!'"

Well, it was not very much of a joke, after all, but by this time everybody was in such good humor that they all began to laugh over it as if it had been the very best joke that ever was made. When they were done laughing, at last, they settled down to business and had Mr. Jenks's extension all arranged in no time.

Billy told me the whole story all over again, the other day, while we were taking a drive in the donkey-cart.

Mr. Jenks is all right now, and my father says that he is doing better than ever, since he and Mr. Skimmington have been such good friends, for Mr. Skimmington gives him plenty of valuable advice;—and Billy said that the only thing that bothered him was that his father had not let him go ahead and be an express-man. It was pretty hard work, he said, but he liked it.



"WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE, AND OUR SAUCY SHIP 'S A BEAUTY!"



## HELEN KELLER.

BY FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

MOST children go to three or four schools at the same time, and perhaps that is the reason why they sometimes get just a little bit tired of their lessons.

First come the Eye and Ear schools — and a baby begins to attend these as soon as he is old enough to know anything; nor does he graduate from them while eyesight, hearing, and life remain.

Next comes the Tongue school, and we all know how interesting it is to watch a dear little baby, as he gradually learns to say one word after another, and to pronounce *s*, *th*, and *r* — those sounds which are such dreadful stumbling-blocks to many little folks. About this time, or a little earlier, Baby begins to spend many of his spare moments at the Touch or "Feeling" school; and if he be of an inquiring turn of mind, he may learn many interesting and some very unpleasant facts at this educational establishment. He may learn — if he put his fingers on the stove — that fire burns; also that pins scratch, that knives hurt, and that ice chills. At the schools of Smell and Taste he will learn lessons agreeable and disagreeable. I think that almost all little boys and girls pay an early visit to the pepper or mustard pot, and that the visit leaves sad and very pungent memories behind.

By and by, Baby grows to be quite a big boy or girl, and is sent off to *real* school, as children would say. Here he often finds that he has too many calls upon his thoughts. The Eye-schoolmistress urges him to look out of the window and study the butterflies, the birds, and the flowers; the Ear-schoolmistress perhaps puts it into his head to listen to the recitation of the bigger boys, and learn something in that way. And all this time the *real*, live schoolmistress is saying, "Johnny, why don't you study your spelling lesson?" or, "Johnny, have you learned that multiplication-table yet?"

For these reasons, Johnny does not always appreciate the really striking beauties of the multiplication-table, nor the joys that lurk even in the most dismally long and hateful spelling-lesson. Johnny feels — and very naturally — that school is a superior sort of prison. When its doors close behind him, they shut out his body from the great world of nature, and he is too young to realize that the glorious gates of knowledge can not open to

admit his mind, unless he first prepares it in that narrow school-room, which tires and cramps his active little body.

But suppose that Johnny were entirely cut off from that outer world; suppose that the Eye, and Ear, and Tongue schools had shut their doors upon him, and he sat in utter darkness and silence, with no schoolmistress to help him save the one living in the ends of his fingers, and with no one to answer any of his questions, or to explain to him the meaning of the strange objects which his restless hands felt, but which, alas! he could not understand? In other words, suppose that Johnnie were deaf, dumb, and blind, — could neither understand other people, nor make them understand him, — would he not hail with delight a schoolmistress who should deliver him from this living death, and would he not love the "real school" which taught him all that he had been longing to know in his dark prison — aye, and much more than he had ever dreamed of?

In the August ST. NICHOLAS, Dr. Jastrow told you the story of Laura Bridgman, who was thus afflicted. This month I shall tell you of Helen Keller, blind and deaf and dumb, as was Miss Bridgman, but otherwise a bright, happy little girl. For five long years she had sat in silent darkness — darkness of the mind as well as of the body. How can we wonder at her delight when a deliverer was found to free her from her prison, at her rapture over the tiresome lessons which meant life — eyes, ears, everything — to her?

Miss Sullivan tells us that after having been two or three months under tuition, Helen would throw her arms around her teacher with a kiss whenever a new word was given her to spell! Because, in Helen's case, spelling a word is the only way of learning it. She must spell out all the letters on her fingers in order to say, or rather *use*, a word. Thus she comes to think — nay, even to dream — in finger language; and her busy hands, as did Laura Bridgman's, move when she sleeps, spelling out the confused dreams that pass through her little brain.

As for arithmetic, Helen found the study so exciting, she was so intensely interested in solving problems on her "type-slate," that it was feared her health would be injured, and, to her great



regret, the precious type-slate had for a time to be taken from her, because thinking about all the wonderful things that can be done with figures kept the child awake at night.

Her full name is Helen Adams Keller, and she was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, June 27, 1880, with all her senses in perfect condition. She was a bright little baby, and could see and hear as well as any of us. She had learned to walk and was learning to talk, when, at nineteen months of age, she was attacked by a severe illness, and when it passed away, it left her blind and deaf. Dumbness is, in almost all cases, the result of deafness—deaf people can not talk, simply because they can not hear; and so our poor little Helen ceased to talk soon after this terrible illness, because she was unable to hear any sound. The few words that she had learned, faded from her baby brain, and she entered upon a long term of solitary confinement—of the mind—now happily ended forever! She has always been a very intelligent child, and even in these dark days she learned something from the "Touch" schoolmistress, and something more from her kind mother, who allowed little Helen to keep constantly at her side as she went about her household duties. The little girl showed great aptitude for learning about these matters, and she also imitated the motions of people whom she did not see, indeed, but *felt*. All blind children like to touch every one with whom they are brought into contact—it is their only way of *seeing* how their friends look, and what sort of clothes they wear.

Helen also invented a number of signs to express her wants, and some of her thoughts. Since she has learned to talk with her fingers, this natural, or sign, language has been gradually laid aside; but when I last saw her, in September, 1888, she still used a number of signs, about which I may tell you by and by. So the "Touch" schoolmistress did all that she could for Helen, and the little girl was, for a time, satisfied with these teachings. But as she grew older, as her brain became more active, she began to long for wider knowledge, and would be almost in despair, when she could not express her ideas in such a way that those about her could understand her meaning. On these occasions, she would be seized with violent paroxysms of anger; but after she had learned to talk with her fingers, she had no more outbursts of rage, and now she seldom loses her temper, for she is a sweet and gentle child, and very affectionate.

But her poor little mind was in prison; she was like a captive bird, and if she had not beaten thus against the doors of her cage her parents would not perhaps have realized that her baby days were over, and that the time had come when

she must be set free—when she must be taught the use of language.

So Captain Keller, Helen's father, wrote to Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston,\* to ask whether he could not send a "real" schoolmistress to teach little Helen, and Mr. Anagnos chose for the position a very kind and intelligent young girl who was just graduated from his school. Her name was Annie M. Sullivan. Although she had been almost entirely blind when she had come to study at the Institution, her sight had been mercifully restored to her through the aid of skillful doctors.

But she remembered very well what a sad thing it was to be blind, and felt the greatest sympathy for little Helen. She spent six months in preparing herself for her task, and studied very carefully all that Dr. Howe had written about Laura Bridgman, and the way in which the latter had been taught, as well as a great many big books on mental development, which you and I would, perhaps, find rather dry reading.

Helen's lessons began in the most agreeable manner, for the first thing she learned about was a handsome doll. Miss Sullivan took the little girl's hand and passed it over the doll. Then she made the letters, d-o-l-l, slowly with the finger alphabet. When she began to make them the second time, Helen dropped the doll, and tried to make the letters herself with one hand, at the same time feeling of Miss Sullivan's fingers with her other hand. Then she tried to spell the word alone, and soon learned to do so correctly, also to spell five other words, *hat, mug, pin, cup, ball*. When Miss Sullivan handed her a mug, for instance, Helen would spell m-u-g with her fingers, and it was the same with the other words.

In a little more than a week after this lesson, she understood that all objects have names, and so the first and most difficult step in her education was accomplished in a marvelously short time.

Helen has a baby sister named Mildred, of whom she is very fond. She was delighted when Miss Sullivan put her hand on the baby's head, and spelled b-a-b-y. Now, at last, she had a name for the dear little sister whom she loved so well. Before this time, though of course she had often thought of Mildred, she had known no name nor word by which to call her. How curious Helen's thoughts must have been before the time when Miss Sullivan came to her—thoughts without words.

I do not wonder that she enjoyed her studies, for her teacher taught her in ways so pleasant that her lessons were like so many little plays. Thus she made Helen stand *on* a chair in order to learn the word *on*, and the little girl was put *into*

\* See "The Story of Laura Bridgman," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1889.



the wardrobe—and so learned the meaning of *into*.

After she had learned a large number of words, Miss Sullivan began to teach her to read as the blind do—that is from raised letters, which they feel with the tips of their fingers. Miss Sullivan took an alphabet sheet, and put Helen's finger on the letter *A*, at the same time making the letter *A* with her own fingers, and so on through the entire alphabet. Helen learned all the printed letters, both capitals and small letters, in one day! Then her teacher put Helen's fingers on the word *cat* in the primer for the blind, at the same time spelling the word in the finger alphabet. The little



MISS SULLIVAN, HELEN'S TEACHER.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY IRA F. COLLINS.)

girl caught the idea instantly, asked for *dog*, and many other words, and was much displeased because her own name, "Helen," was not in the primer! She was so delighted with her book that she would sit for hours feeling of the different words, and "when she touched one with which she was familiar, a peculiarly sweet expression would light up her face."

Mr. Anagnos had some sheets of paper printed with all the words Helen knew. These were cut up into slips, each containing a single word, and the little girl was overjoyed at being able to make sentences for herself. Next she learned to write these same sentences with pencil and paper, on a writing-board such as the blind use—a piece of pasteboard with grooves in it, which is placed

under the writing-paper, the letters being written in the grooves, each groove forming a line. At first Miss Sullivan guided her hand, but soon Helen learned to write alone—and she writes a very neat, firm handwriting. The first sentence she wrote was, "Cat does drink milk." When she found that her dear mother could read what she had written she could scarcely restrain her joy and excitement! For now Helen had found two doors leading out of her prison—the finger alphabet, with which she could talk to those around her, and the written alphabet, by means of which she could communicate with friends at a distance.

Would you believe it possible, that Helen could read, and also write, letters? Not letters such as you and I write, but letters written according to what is called the Braille system. This system is simple and ingenious. Each letter of the alphabet is represented by pin-pricks placed in different positions, and the blind can read what has been written, by feeling of the pin-pricks. A little sharp-pointed instrument, like a stiletto, is used for punching the holes, through a piece of brass containing square perforations, each of which is large enough to hold one letter of the alphabet. The paper is fastened firmly into a sort of wooden slate covered with cloth, but can easily be removed when the page is filled.

It seems almost incredible that Helen should have learned in four months to use and spell correctly more than four hundred and fifty words! On the first day of March, 1887, the poor child was almost like a dumb animal: she knew no language—not a single word, nor a single letter. In July, of the same year, she had not only learned to talk fluently with her fingers, but had learned also to read raised type, to write a neat square hand, and to write letters to her friends! Her progress during these first months seems simply marvelous, especially when we remember that she was only six years and eight months old when Miss Sullivan began to teach her. She has gone on acquiring knowledge with the same wonderful rapidity.

After she had been under tuition for one year, she knew the multiplication-tables, and could add, subtract, multiply, and divide numbers, up to 100. At first she had some trouble in understanding that the numbers on her type-slate represented so many apples and oranges in the examples, but in a few days this difficulty was overcome, and she then became much interested in her ciphering, and puzzled her little head so continually with examples that the "big giant, Arithmos," had to be banished from her presence!

Helen's type-slate is like those that the blind



use. The types have raised numbers on one end; the slate itself is of metal, covered with square holes, into which Helen sets the types, just as we would write down figures.

She is very fond of writing in her diary, and it is very interesting to trace her progress as shown in this and in her other writings. Here is a short description of rats, which she wrote January 16,

many proofs of the goodness and unselfishness of her little heart. Thus, at a Christmas-tree festival, at which Helen was present, she found one little girl who, through some mistake, had not received any gifts. Helen tried to find the child's presents, but not succeeding in her search, she flew to her own little store of precious things and took from it a mug, which she herself prized very highly. This



HELEN KELLER AND HER DOG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEANE AND TURNER.)

1888, and which, perhaps, may amuse some of my young readers:

#### RATS.

JAN. 16th, 1888.

Rats are small animals. They are made of flesh and blood and bone. They have four feet and a tail.

They have one head and two ears and two eyes and one nose.

They have one mouth and sharp teeth. They gnaw holes in wood with their teeth. They do walk softly.

Rats killed little, little pigeons. Cats do catch rats and eat them.

Helen never knew that there was such a day as Christmas-day, until Miss Sullivan went to her. Fancy a little girl who never had a Christmas, until she was seven years old! Her teacher tells us that she hailed the glad tidings of the happy Christmas season with the greatest joy, and gave

she gave to the little stranger, "with abundant love."

In the following letter she tells us something of her Christmas experiences, and mentions the very mug, I think, of which I have spoken.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., Jan. 2, 1888.

DEAR SARAH: I am happy to write to you this morning. I hope Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me soon. I will go to Boston in June, and I will buy father gloves, and James nice collar, and Simpson cuffs. I saw Miss Betty and her scholars. They had a pretty Christmas-tree, and there were many pretty presents on it for little children. I had a mug and little bird and candy. I had many lovely things for Christmas. Aunt gave me a trunk for Nancy, and clothes. I went to party with teacher and mother. We did dance and play and eat nuts and candy and cakes and oranges, and I did have fun with little boys and girls. Mrs. Hopkins did send me lovely ring. I do love her and little blind girls.



Men and boys do make carpets in mills. Wool grows on sheep. Men do cut sheep's wool off with large shears, and send it to the mill. Men and women do make wool cloth in mills.

Cotton grows on large stalks in fields. Men and boys and girls and women do pick cotton. We do make thread and cotton dresses of cotton. Cotton has pretty white and red flowers on it. Teacher did tear her dress. Mildred does cry. I will nurse Nancy. Mother will buy me lovely new aprons and dress to take to Boston. I went to Knoxville with father and Aunt. Bessie is weak and little. Mrs. Thompson's chickens killed Leila's chickens. Eva does sleep in my bed. I do love good girls. Good-bye. HELEN KELLER.

The "Nancy" mentioned in this letter is a large rag-doll, of which Helen is very fond. She has a large family of dolls, and enjoys playing with them, and sewing for them, when she is not reading or engaged with her teacher.

Here is an extract from her diary which speaks very tenderly of the finny tribe, and all the troubles which hook and line bring upon them:

MARCH 8, 1888.

We had fish for breakfast. Fish live in the deep water. There are many hundreds of fish swimming about in the water. Men catch fish with poles and hooks and lines. They put a little tiny fish on the hook and throw it in the water, and fish does bite the little fish and sharp hook does stick in poor fish's mouth and hurt him much. I am very sad for the poor fish. Fish did not know that very sharp hook was in tiny fish. Men must not kill poor fish. Men do pull fish out and take them home, and cooks do clean them very nice and fry them, and then they are very good to eat for breakfast.

It is slow work, spelling words with one's fingers, and Helen was at first inclined to use only the most important words in a sentence. Thus she would say, "Helen, milk," when she wanted some milk to drink. But Miss Sullivan, who is as firm as she is sweet and gentle, knew that the little girl would never learn to think clearly, and would never make real progress in acquiring knowledge, if allowed to express herself in this babyish way. Miss Sullivan would therefore bring the milk, in order to show Helen that her wish was understood, but would not allow her to drink it, until she had made a complete sentence, her teacher assisting her. When she had said, "Give Helen some milk to drink," she was permitted to drink it. As we have seen, Helen began her lessons with Miss Sullivan in March, 1887, and in one year her progress was so extraordinary that it was thought best to omit her regular lessons, when the month of March came round again.

So Helen took a vacation of several months; but, though her "real" school did not "keep" during all this time, she did not cease to learn, for her "real"

schoolmistress is always with the little girl, constantly talking with her, and explaining things to her. Miss Sullivan is, indeed, "eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf," and a sweeter and gentler pair of eyes it would be hard to find. Through her, Helen learns more and more of this beautiful world and all that is going on in it.

Helen is very cheerful and happy in spite of her sad lot; she does not, of course, fully understand how much she has lost, in losing her sight and hearing, and it is best that she should not do so. Sometimes she longs to see. While riding in the cars, not long ago, she tried to look out of the car window, and said to her companion, "I can't see; I try to see, but I CAN'T!" She told Mr. Anagnos, that she must see a doctor for her eyes. Alas! no doctor lives who is skillful enough to help little Helen's eyes and ears. Her parents and friends have consulted the most skillful oculists and aurists; but the doctors all agree that nothing can be done for her! She herself hopes that, as she grows older, she will be able to see.

While we all must pity her intensely, for her sad deprivations, we should remember that even these afflictions have their bright side, and while they wrap her from the outer world, as in a dark garment, they also shield her from all unkindness, from all wickedness. Every one who comes near little Helen is so moved with pity for her infirmities that all treat her with the utmost gentleness—she does not know what unkindness is, her teacher tells us, and we may fully believe it. Thus, while she can neither see the trees, nor the flowers, nor the bright sunshine, while she can not hear the birds sing, she knows the best side of every human being, and only the best. She lives in a world of love, and goodness, and gentleness. Were we speaking, just now, of pitying little Helen? It may be she does not need our pity—perhaps some of us may need hers!

You will not be surprised, after what I have said, to hear that our little friend is very kind to animals. When driving in a carriage, she will not allow the driver to use a whip because, as she says, "Poor horses will cry."

She was much distressed, one morning, upon finding that a certain dog named "Pearl," had a block of wood fastened to its collar. It was explained to Helen that this was necessary, in order to keep the dog from running away; but still she was not satisfied, and, at every opportunity during the day, she would seek out Pearl, and carry the block of wood herself, that the dog might rest from its burden.

Helen is very fond of dress, and it makes her very unhappy to find a tear in any of her clothing. She has a little jacket of which she is extremely proud, and which she wished to wear last summer,



even when the weather was so warm that she would almost have melted away in it. Her mother said to her one day, "There is a poor little girl who has no cloak to keep her warm. Will you give her yours?"

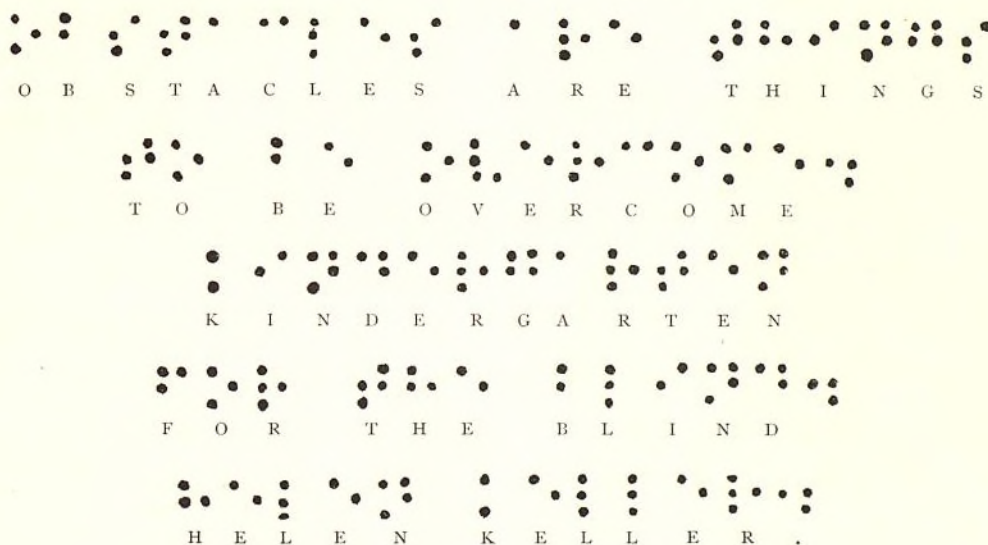
Helen immediately began to take off the precious jacket, saying, "I must give it to a poor little strange girl."

She is very fond of children younger than herself, and is always ready—as I hope all my readers are—to give up her way for theirs. She loves little babies, and handles them very carefully and tenderly. When she is riding in a horse-car, she

those great steamboats that ply on the Mississippi River, and said, when she had finished the tour of the vessel, "It is like a very large house."

She also made a visit to the Cotton Exchange at Memphis, where she was introduced to many of the gentlemen, and wrote their names on the blackboard. But she did not quite understand why there were maps and blackboards hanging on the wall, and said to her teacher, "Do men go to school?"

In June, 1888, Helen came to New England for a stay of four months, and great was her delight when she made her long anticipated visit to the Perkins



SPECIMEN OF THE BRAILLE SYSTEM OF PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.  
(THE BLACK POINTS INDICATE RAISED DOTS IN THE PAPER.)

always asks whether there are any babies among the passengers; also, how many people there are in the car, what the colors of the horses are, and, most difficult question of all to answer, she demands the names of the conductor and driver! She also wishes to know what is to be seen from the car window—so that, as you may imagine, her teacher does not rest much while going about with Helen. For talking with one's fingers, and understanding what other people say with theirs, is much more fatiguing than talking in the usual way. While "listening," it is necessary to keep one's attention closely fixed on each letter as it is made—for if one misses a single letter, the thread of the whole sentence is often lost, and it must all be repeated.

She asks constantly, when she is traveling, or staying at a hotel, "What do you see? What are people doing?"

She had the pleasure of going all over one of

Institution for the Blind, at Boston. Here she found many people who could talk with her in her own finger-language. Not only did this give her the greatest pleasure, but also much instruction, for hitherto she had rarely met any one with whom she could talk, save her mother and teacher. And so the doors of her prison grew larger and wider, till our little friend seemed to breathe in more freedom and knowledge, with every breath! You may perhaps think it strange that Helen's father should not be able to talk much to her; but it seems to be more difficult for men to learn to use the finger-language than for women. Their hands are, of course, larger, more clumsy, and less flexible; and perhaps their thoughts do not move quite so nimbly. Mr. Anagnos has learned to talk to Helen, but she finds it rather hard to understand him, since her hand is small and his is large. I saw her "listening" to him one day, and she "listened" by passing her hand all over



his, often straightening out his fingers, because she thought that he did not make the letters correctly! When a woman talks to Helen, she makes the letters in the palm of Helen's hand, and the little girl understands each one instantly. As some of the letters resemble one another very closely, it seems wonderful that Helen can distinguish them so quickly — much more rapidly than I can do, by

and Latin words. Indeed, in one of her letters to Mr. Anagnos, she wrote, "I do want to learn much about everything." She is a wonderfully bright child, and her teacher, instead of urging her to study, is often obliged to coax Helen away from some example in arithmetic, or other task, lest the little girl should injure her health by working too hard at her lessons.

Tuscumbia, Alabama,  
February 17<sup>th</sup> 1889.  
My dear Mrs. Hall;  
Your  
little friend Helen was  
made glad by your letter  
and the dainty card.  
I love little Howard  
Fauntleroy very dearly  
because he has such  
a kind and loving  
little heart. I am sure  
he was never unkind  
or selfish in his life.  
I should like very

much to see Fauntleroy's  
great dog, Dougal. I have  
a fine dog named  
Jumbo. He is large  
and strong like Dougal.  
He has fine and soft  
curly hair and he  
always runs to meet  
me when I come from  
walk. I have a dear lit-  
tle bird and two pre-  
cious pigeons. I love  
my pets and my friends  
and my books.

With Love, Helen A. Keller

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY HELEN KELLER.

looking at them. Her little hand closes very slightly over the hand of the person who is speaking to her, as each letter is made — and they are made at a very rapid rate, by those who have practiced the use of the manual alphabet.

Helen is very fond of Mr. Anagnos, and he himself loves the little girl very dearly. He has taught her a few words and phrases of his native language — Greek — as she begged him to do so. Some of these she spelled for me, and spelled them very fast, too. I can not remember all these words; but here are a few, which I wrote down: Good morning, Καλη ἡμέρα. Finger-ring, Δακτυλίδιον. I love thee, Σὺ ἀγαπῶ. Good-bye, Χαίρε. Hair, Τρίχες.

She has also learned several German, French,

The following letter, which was written to her aunt in Tuscumbia, while Helen was visiting at the North, is interesting, because it gives some of the foreign words and phrases which she has learned:

MY DEAREST AUNT: I am coming home very soon, and I think you and every one will be very glad to see my teacher and me. I am very happy, because I have learned much about many things. I am studying French and German, and Latin and Greek. *Se agapo*, is Greek, and it means, I love thee. *J'ai une bonne petite sœur*, is French, and it means, I have a good little sister. *Nous avons un bon père et une bonne mère* means, We have a good father and a good mother. *Puer* is boy in Latin, and *Mutter* is mother in German. I will teach Mildred many languages when I come home.

HELEN A. KELLER.



The following account of the noises made by different animals has a sad significance, when we remember that it was written by one who can not hear even the loudest peal of thunder, or the heavy booming of cannon:

JULY 14, 1888.

Some horses are very mild and gentle, and some are wild and very cross. I like to give gentle horse nice, fresh grass to eat, because they will not bite my hand, and I like to pat their soft noses. I think mild horses like to have little girls very kind to them. Horses neigh, and lions roar, and wolves howl, and cows mow, and pigs grunt, and ducks quack, and hens cackle, and roosters crow, and birds sing, and crows caw, and chickens say "peep," and babies cry, and people talk, and laugh, and sing, and groan, and men whistle, and bells ring. Who made many noises?

I wish that space permitted me to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS more about little Helen—

her letters, she loves to romp and play with other children, and enjoyed very much playing and studying with the little blind children during her stay at the Kindergarten for the Blind, near Boston. Here she met little Edith Thomas, a child afflicted in the same way as Helen herself; and the two little girls kissed and hugged each other to their hearts' content. Here she learned also to model in clay, to make bead-baskets, and to knit with four needles. She was much pleased with this latter accomplishment, and said that she could now knit some stockings for her father!

She has a wonderfully strong memory, and seldom forgets what she has once learned; and she learns very quickly. But her marvelous progress is not due to her fine memory alone, but also to her great quickness of perception, and to her remarkable powers of thought. To speak a little more clearly, Helen understands with sin-



BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE PARLOR OF THE KINDERGARTEN, NEAR BOSTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. ALDEN.)

about some of her funny doings and bright sayings. But if I should tell you all the interesting stories that I have heard about her, they would take up nearly the whole magazine.

You will be glad to hear that she is a healthy, vigorous child, very tall and large for her age, and with a finely developed head. As you will see by

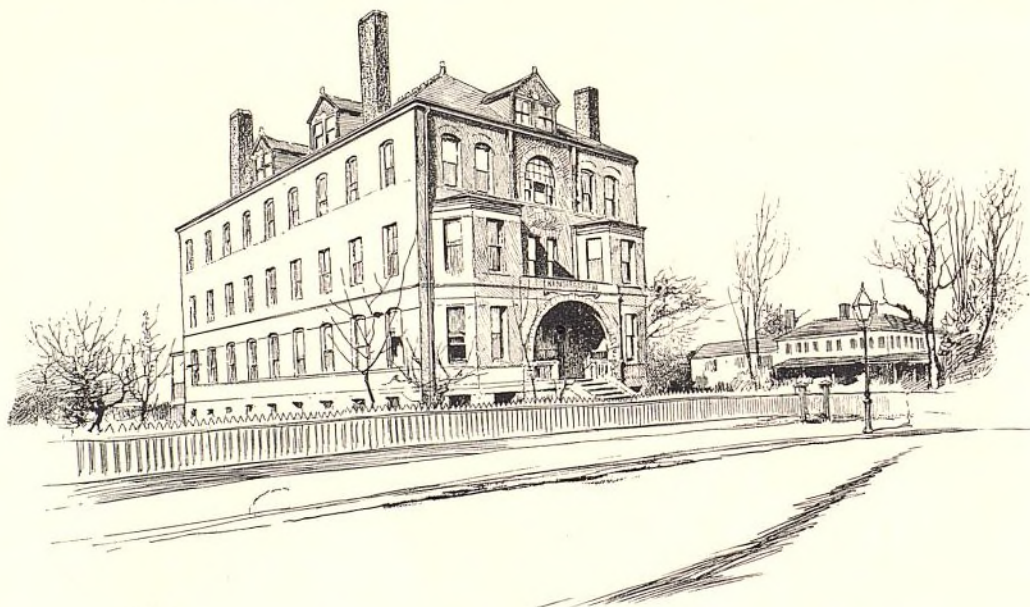
gular rapidity, not only what is said to her, but even the feelings and the state of mind of those about her, and she *thinks* more than most children of her age. The "Touch" schoolmistress has done such wonders for her little pupil that you would scarcely believe how many things Helen finds out, as with electric quickness, through her



fingers. She knows in a moment whether her companions are sad, or frightened, or impatient—in other words, she has learned so well what movements people make under the influence of different feelings that at times she seems to read our thoughts. Thus, when she was walking one day with her mother, a boy exploded a torpedo which frightened Mrs. Keller. Helen asked at once, "What are you afraid of?" Some of you already know that *sound* (*i. e.*, noise of all sorts) is produced by the vibrations of the air striking against our organs of hearing—that is to say, the ears; and deaf people, even though they can hear absolutely nothing, are still conscious of these vibrations.

she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice, and spelled, "*I think.*"

I can not forbear telling you one more anecdote about her, which seems to me a very pathetic one. She is a very good mimic, and loves to imitate the motions and gestures of those about her, and she can do so very cleverly. On a certain Sunday, she went to church with a lady named Mrs. Hopkins, having been cautioned beforehand by her teacher, that she must sit very quiet during the church service. It is very hard to sit perfectly still, however, when you can't hear one word of what the minister is saying, and little Helen pres-



THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. ALDEN.)

Thus, they can "feel" loud music, probably because it shakes the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling is so wonderfully acute, that she no doubt learns many things from these vibrations of the air which to us are imperceptible.

The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day, to a number of friends, a glass lemon-squeezer of a new pattern. It had never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended. Some one handed it to Helen, who spelled "lemonade" on her fingers, and asked for a drinking-glass. When the glass was brought, she placed the squeezer in proper position for use.

The little maid was closely questioned as to how

ently began to talk to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask what was going on. Mrs. H. told her, and reminded her of Miss Sullivan's injunction about keeping quiet. She immediately obeyed, and turning her head in a listening attitude, she said, "*I listen.*"

The following letter, to her mother, shows how much progress Helen had made in the use of language during her stay at the North:

SO. BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 24th.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I think you will be very glad to know all about my visit to West Newton. Teacher and I had a lovely time with many kind friends. West Newton is not far from Boston, and we went there in the steam-cars very quickly.

Mrs. Freeman and Carrie, and Ethel and Frank and Helen came to station to meet us in a huge carriage. I was delighted to see my dear little friends, and I hugged



and kissed them. Then we rode for a long time to see all the beautiful things in West Newton. Many very handsome houses and large soft green lawns around them, and trees and bright flowers and fountains.

The horse's name was "Prince," and he was gentle and liked to trot very fast. When we went home we saw eight rabbits and two fat puppies, and a nice little white pony, and two wee kittens, and a pretty curly dog named "Don." Pony's name was "Mollie," and I had a nice ride on her back; I was not afraid. I hope my uncle will get me a dear little pony and a little cart very soon.

Clifton did not kiss me, because he does not like to kiss little girls. He is shy. I am very glad that Frank and Clarence, and Robbie and Eddie, and Charles and George were not very shy. I played with many little girls, and we had fun. I rode on Carrie's tricycle, and picked flowers, and ate fruit, and hopped and skipped and danced, and went to ride. Many ladies and gentlemen came to see us. Lucy and Dora and Charles were born in China. I was born in America, and Mr. Anagnos was born in Greece. Mr. Drew says little girls in China can not talk on their fingers, but I think when I go to China I will teach them. Chinese nurse came to see me; her name was Asin. She showed me a tiny atze that very rich ladies in China wear, because their feet never grow large. Amah means a nurse. We came home in horse-cars, because it was Sunday, and steam-cars do not go often on Sunday. Conductors and engineers do

get very tired and go home to rest. I saw little Willie Swan in the car, and he gave me a juicy pear. He was six years old. What did I do when I was six years old? Will you please ask my father to come to train to meet teacher and me? I am very sorry that Eva and Bessie are sick. I hope I can have a nice party my birthday, and I do want Carrie and Ethel, and Frank and Helen to come to Alabama to visit me.

With much love and thousand kisses.

From your dear little daughter,

HELEN A. KELLER.

When I last heard of little Helen, she was in her own happy home, in the sunny South. There we will leave her, with many wishes for her future welfare, and hopes that she may yet be gratified in her great desire: "I do want to learn much about everything."

Miss Sullivan says that it is a pleasure to teach so apt, so gentle and intelligent a pupil; but while Helen is dependent upon others for all the lessons which the Eye and Ear schoolmistresses have failed to teach her, does she not give the world, in return, a very wonderful and beautiful lesson?

I think that old and young alike may learn much from the daily life of little Helen Keller.



A LAWN PARTY.



## AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

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

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

#### CHAPTER IX.

FOR an instant Tom was lost to sight, but he soon reappeared, rope in hand, now under water and now above, rushing at railway speed behind his strange steed, which was plowing along and snorting like a grampus.

"Hang on, Tom; don't let go!" shouted the boys. "We'll pick you up."

Tom, who was an excellent swimmer, soon placed himself upon the surface and enjoyed the sport, an occasional cheer testifying that he was all right. The boys at once put out the oars, but though they gave way with a will, they were quickly left far behind. The big fish was headed toward the shoal and the Professor, seeing that it would probably turn, tried to head it off. Tom occasionally attempted to check his mad charger by striking the bottom with his feet and holding back, but his efforts were useless; he was dragged ahead again and, when the fish turned suddenly, it became evident that he must either catch hold of the boat or abandon his prize.

"Catch the boat as you go by," shouted Bob.

On they came. The shark went faster still as he saw the boat, which was now moving in the same direction. A few moments more and Tom was alongside, four or five strong arms hauled him aboard, and the Professor, who was in the bow, took the line (to which Tom still clung) and made it fast.

All hands now hauled on the line and the boat was soon directly over the big fish. After so brave a fight, he was beginning to show signs of fatigue. The Professor sent his grains into the shark's head, and with a few sturdy splashes the monster finally gave up the struggle and was soon towed to the beach, dead.

"Well," said Tom as he leaped ashore, "that's the queerest ride I ever had. What a story to tell the fellows at home!—eh, boys?"

The shark was found to be ten feet six inches long, and the Professor, cutting open the stomach, showed that it contained sea-weed, holothurians, and the remains of sea-urchins.

"It is too sluggish to catch fish," the Professor

explained, "and prefers to root for food, as the pigs do."

Leaving the shark to the crabs, intending to return at another time to secure the curious hinge-shaped jaw, the boats pulled for the fort, where they arrived in good time.

Next morning, with plenty of bait aboard, they pushed for the fishing grounds near Sand Key. Nearing the middle buoy, the boat rounded to, the killock was dropped, the sprit unshipped, and then the mast, also, and soon all hands were ready for fishing. The lines were somewhat smaller than cod-lines, but very strong, the sinker being on the end and the hook about four to six inches from it. Tom Derby had his line over first, and consequently was the first to lose his bait. Then Douglas gave his line a tremendous jerk and said, "Heigh-ho! I've caught something!"

The fish tugged and so did Douglas. At last, winding the line around his wrist, he managed to start the fish, and, after a splendid fight, flung his "catch" into the boat. It proved to be a reddish brown and yellow fish, with an enormous open mouth.

"A grouper," announced Professor Howard. "That's a good catch, Douglas, and worth the fight."

Before the grouper—a member of the Perch family—was off the hook, Vail had another, and then the bites came thick and fast. Soon Bob Carrington was hauling in, hand over hand. "I must have caught a ball of cord," he said.

There was no pulling; the fish came in as a dead-weight, and in a moment Bob had drawn up and lifted into the boat something that looked precisely like a porcupine and was quite as large.

"Hey, don't put him near me," cried Ramsey, drawing up his legs.

"What is it?" said Raymond.

"Is he dead?" asked Eaton.

"It's a porcupine fish—the Diodon," said Professor Howard, "and a big fellow, too."

The boys danced around in a lively manner to keep out of the prickly fellow's way.

"Good gracious, he's growing larger," announced Tom. "Give him room!"



Indeed, the fish was swelling, and in a few minutes was much larger, and as round as a ball.

"He'd be a nice customer to meet if you were in swimming," said Bob.

Ludlow now landed a beautiful fish with silvery sides and yellow fins. The Professor said it was sometimes called a "yellow-tail."

Soon Raymond flung into the boat a hideous-looking brown fish. "Well, he's a beauty!" cried Bob, inspecting the new-comer.

"That's a jew-fish," said Professor Howard. "And if you hook another, see that it does n't pull you overboard. Sometimes they are very large."

The fishing went on with the best possible luck until, suddenly, Ramsey felt a quick tug on his line, and, hauling up, found that both hook and sinker had disappeared.

"That is the work of sharks," Professor Howard declared. "You may as well haul up now, for they will take all your hooks and drive the other fish away."

The lines were drawn up, the sail shaken out, and they were soon drifting down the channel.

"What a queer cloud that is," said Bob, pointing to the west.

It was a low, black cloud, toward which an arm seemed reaching up from the water.

"It's a water-spout," said the Professor, "and there's another ahead of us. See how it creeps down and joins the column that meets it from below. There they go!"

The two columns had formed and were moving along to the east, dead ahead. Then one crossed the bows of the boat, and the boys could hear its roar as it passed them, its upper end lost in the clouds. It was soon gone, and they were proportionately relieved, for, as Douglas said, "it would n't do us any good to have too close an acquaintance with that fellow."

As they neared the North Key, Long John came alongside in the dinghy and informed them that they were over some excellent fishing-grounds.

He had but made the statement when, as if in proof, a school of mullets jumped from the water directly ahead, followed by a monster fish that evidently landed among them all, judging from the subsequent confusion.

"It's a barracuda," said Long John, in a hoarse whisper, picking up his grains and signaling the boys to stop. The boys backed water, and in a few moments were rewarded by an exhibition of the boatman's skill with the grains. He turned the dinghy's bow so as to have the sun in the fish's eyes, and, throwing over some fifteen feet of a line with a white rag attached at the end, he sculled slowly and noiselessly ahead with his left hand,

while in his right he balanced the long and slender spear. Not a motion did he make, but stood so still and rigid that he and the boat seemed one.

He had moved along in this way almost a hundred yards, when he suddenly ceased sculling, and raising the spear with both hands, he hurled it in a graceful curve some twenty feet astern. As it left his hands, he pulled in the oar with a jerk, threw over the coil of line attached to the grains, and made ready for the struggle. For the big fish, having sighted the rag and followed it out of curiosity, was well caught. As the grains struck, the handle came from the socket, and off darted the barracuda, making the line whistle through the water and the foam fly in a manner that showed he was a game fish.

The boys bent to their oars and were soon near the dinghy. It was dancing around in the liveliest fashion. Now the fish would dart under the boat, bringing the rail down to the water's edge, and then, as suddenly, would leap high in air, trying by convulsive shocks to rid himself of the cruel steel. But all to no purpose. Long John played the line with a master-hand, slackening when the rushes were too violent, and taking in the slack when the line relaxed. Finally, when the boys thought he must be entirely worn out by his exertions, Long John rapidly hauled in the line as the fish came toward him with a rush, and with a sudden dexterous twist threw it over the fore rowlock. Almost before they knew it, the fish was hard and fast alongside, held in place by the line and only able to move ahead with the boat, which he did vigorously. Long John now put out his oar and, by steering with it, caused the fish to move them toward the Key. He was literally making the big fish tow him ashore, and this skillful completion of the capture caused shouts of admiration from the boys, who were pulling after him. Before many minutes the two boats together ran upon the white beach of the Key. Long John took a turn with the grains-line around his wrists, and with a quick jerk landed the big barracuda and left him floundering upon the sandy shore.

#### CHAPTER X.

"WHAT a noble catch he is!" said Douglas, as the boys gathered around Long John.

"How fast do you think they went, Professor?" asked Vail.

"Well, we can only tell by comparison," replied Professor Howard. "The salmon travels at a rate reckoned at forty feet a second—or about half a mile a minute. The barracuda is even better fitted for speed than the salmon, having a long, pointed head, narrow, oval body, powerful and rakish—



looking fins. From what we have just seen, I should estimate that it could travel one hundred feet to the second, or considerably over a mile a minute."

"Well, he's a gamier fish than the trout, is n't he?" said Tom.

"Oh, yes!" replied the Professor. "Barra-cuda-fishing heads the list of hand-fishing sports and requires an amount of skill and patience that but few fishermen possess."

After Long John had put an end to the fish, cleaned it, and stowed it away under a piece of sail, the party started over the beach to explore what they could of the island, part of which was evidently under the water.

"North Key," said the Professor, "may be considered the last of the chain of islands in the waters of the Florida Reef. There is, as you see, no mangrove growth here—owing, perhaps, to the strong winds which prevent the seeds from taking root, and, besides, the winter northers sweep the ridge raised by the summer trades, and level it so that for several months in the year it is entirely under water."

A few mornings after this excursion, the expedition under Long John's guidance was making a run across to East Key, some eight miles from the fort. The morning was delightful. The sky was richly tinted with crimson from the rising sun that seemed reflected everywhere. Shoals of fishes sprang from the water. Dark-hued rays darted aside in graceful curves, the musical cry of the laughing-gull sounded above, and every living thing seemed enjoying the beautiful morning.

They rapidly crossed the channel, by Sand and Middle Keys, and in an hour were on the great reef that surrounded East Key. The wind had died away entirely, and a dead calm left the sails hanging straight and lifeless.

"Well," said Professor Howard, "I'm afraid we shall have to pull for it. But it's only about three miles to the Key, and, by working slowly along, we may pick up some fine specimens."

Long John, who was sculling the dinghy alongside, kept pace with the larger boat, and his watchful eye saw many a choice specimen that their inexperienced eyes would have overlooked. The water was about fifteen feet deep and so clear that the smallest shells could easily be seen from above as the boats drifted leisurely along.

"See these angel-fishes. How like they are to birds," said Professor Howard, pointing to a number of them gliding in and out among the coral branches. "They sweep down, a score at a time, as if they were a flock of birds-of-paradise; and there is a parrot-fish—a Scarus. Steady a moment!"

The boat stopped, and the boys saw a large blue and green fish colored like a peacock rise from the lower edge of the coral branches, evidently feeding from them.

"He is breaking off the tips of the coral," said Tom.

"Exactly," said the Professor. "He belongs to a coral-eating family, and that is just what I wished you to see. He has jaws of solid enamel especially adapted for the purpose."

The parrot-fish, when captured, struggled valiantly, his brilliant colors flashing in the sun, and his beautiful eyes were fixed upon them, apparently begging for pity.

"It seems too bad to kill this beautiful creature," said Douglas.

"But one may be spared for a specimen," said the Professor, preparing the fatal alcohol. Then he showed the boys how wonderfully the saws of the scarus were adapted for grinding coral. The teeth, they noticed, were incorporated with the bone, and grew crowded together in groups of five. The jaws worked backward and forward, and for this reason the Romans thought it a fish that chewed a cud. The fish, at that time, was in great demand for the table, and was thought to possess powers of speech, and to be able to release its friends from nets.

"No wonder they are named after the parrot," said Vail; "they are like them in color and in beak."

"There goes a beautiful fish," said Douglas, pointing to a yellow one with blue stripes and a black spot on its tail.

"It is one of the *Chaetodonts*," said Professor Howard; "they are so evenly balanced that it is difficult to distinguish the heads from the tails. They are commonly called 'four-eyes.'"

"It's a good name for them," said Ramsey, having hurled his grains ineffectually. "They are too keen-sighted to be caught."

Here a shout from Long John, who had sculled ahead, drew their attention, and pulling up to him they found that he had seen a rare shell—a "queen conch" or *Cassis*. It lay at the bottom of a shelving bank among some large shrub-corals. The great matted mollusk seemed almost elephantine as it glided along the smooth surface, its large proboscis, like the trunk of an elephant, extending far before it. Its mound-like shell seemed covered with a checkered cloth; and, indeed, this is the soberest part of the *Cassis*, the gorgeous colorings being upon the under surface or shield-like face which drags over the mud.

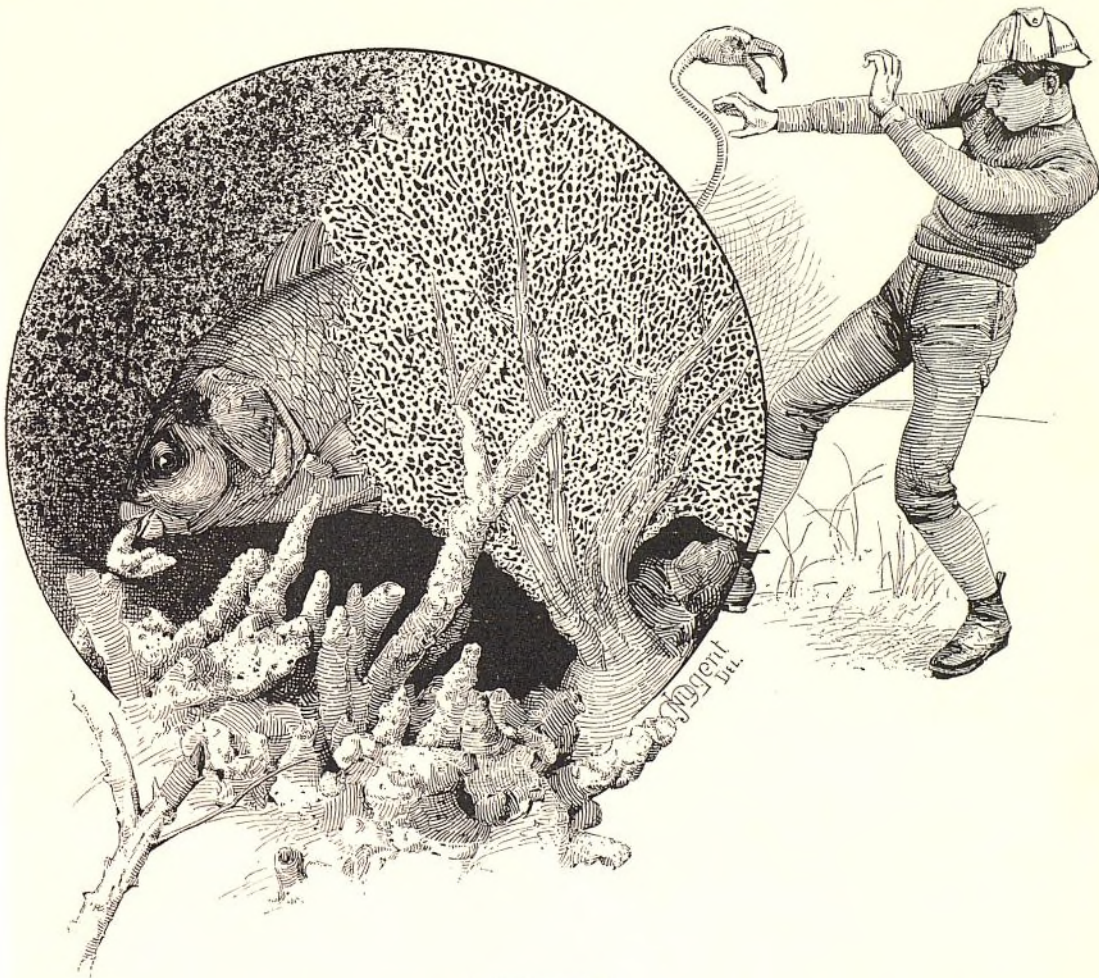
Tom Derby, who stood on the bows of the boat swaying to and fro, suddenly tumbled over into the gulf. As the ripples cleared the boys could



see him far below, peering cautiously among the coral branches. Bob Carrington plunged in after him, and soon both boys had deposited the great conch in triumph into the boat. It proved a grand specimen for the aquarium. The great conches, when in the cabinet or on the mantel, are handsome; but they are perfect marvels of beautiful coloring when first taken from the water.

He began to prepare for camping without delay. As they shoved ashore, innumerable bright-colored crabs were seen to run up the beach and suddenly disappear.

"Spirit-crabs!" announced the Professor; but it seemed an inappropriate name for these singular, square-bodied creatures, which were of the same color as the surrounding sand, into which



THE PARROT-FISH.

Thus drifting along, the boats soon reached the island—the coral-bed, over which they had been passing, coming to a sudden end a hundred yards from the beach and giving place to a clear, pearly, sandy bottom.

"Give way with a will!" said the Professor, clapping his hands. The oars bent in the water and, with a rush, the boat was sent high on shore, where all speedily hauled her above high-water mark. Long John took out the sails to rig up a tent, the hamper and the frying-pan followed after.

they burrow quickly, sallying out by hundreds, when danger is past, to feed on whatever is washed ashore.

Tom had heard a story of some pirates' gold being buried on East Key long ago, and his curiosity was roused.

"I believe I'll take a look for that gold," he said.

"We must all go, then," said the Professor, laughing and setting off at a run. As the nearest way to the east shore was through the brush,



## CHAPTER XI.

they ran toward an opening, and struck into it in Indian file at a slower pace. The bushes were low and thickly tangled, and it proved hard work to push through. Hermit-crabs hung on the branches and the sand was so undermined by land-crabs that the walking was uncertain.

"Here 's an opening," cried Eaton, and, with much satisfaction, they were just about to pass through when, with a great rustling, seven or eight large flamingoes rose in air just before them. Tom, with ever-ready gun, blazed away at them, and brought one down; it fell like a rocket-stick on Bob's head. The great bird was uninjured, except that its wing was broken, and Bob found it no mean antagonist, receiving several hard blows from its blunt bill before he could grasp the snake-like neck. Finally, however, he secured the bird by the neck and legs, and the party moved on to the beach.

"Don't flamingoes build nests like mounds?" inquired Woodbury.

"Yes," replied Professor Howard, "they make a high nest, like a column, and stand over it when laying."

As they came upon the beach Professor Howard, shaking the mangrove-leaves from his coat, said, with a laugh, "Now, Tom, here is a half-mile of sand to turn over. If you expect to find the pirates' gold before night, you'd better begin."

Tom thought the prospects scarcely promising. "I guess I'd rather take a swim," he said.

This suited the rest, also. Long John, who had just rowed around in his dinghy, hauled it up on the beach, and he and the Professor threw themselves on the sand, while the boys went into the water. The beach shoaled off here, as on the other side, with a hard coral bottom, coming to the living coral about a hundred feet off shore. All the boys had become expert divers from continued practice, and now arranged themselves in a row, four or five feet distant from one another, in order to see which of the party could swim farthest under water.

"Are you ready?" said the Professor.

"All ready, sir," they replied.

"Well, then,—go!" he called; and at the word "go," the row of boys disappeared beneath the blue waters in a simultaneous dive. Half a minute brought most of the swimmers to the surface for breath, but Tom Derby, Vail, Woodbury, and Eaton, still kept under. Fully thirty seconds after the other three boys came to the surface, Tom's head appeared quite near to the coral belt. His victory was hailed with cheers, but instead of striking out for shore he gave a terrible scream, for an instant seemed trying to tear something from his body, and then sank out of sight.

As Tom disappeared beneath the waves, the boys, speedily recovering from their first surprise and fright, struck out in a body for the scene of danger. But Long John and the Professor were already in the dinghy, and with a few powerful strokes passed the swimmers and reached the spot just as Tom appeared at the surface.

"A man-o'-war stung him!" exclaimed Long John.

"Keep back, boys!" cried Professor Howard, waving the swimmers away, and together he and Long John lifted the apparently lifeless body into the boat.

Poor Tom presented a terrible appearance. Upon his arms and the upper part of his body a blue jelly-like mass of tentacles had fastened themselves, and seemed eating into the flesh.

Long John seized the boat-sponge and rubbed off the slimy mass, while the Professor forced a restorative down Tom's throat. The greater part of the blue slime was soon washed off, and then Long John, taking his knife, scraped the skin as hard as he dared. A bottle of oil was poured over the poisoned parts and brought much relief to Tom, who began to show signs of returning consciousness.

An hour later, as he lay on the shore, under the shade of the mangroves, weak but comparatively comfortable, he said, in reply to a question from Long John:

"I came up right under it. I felt as if I had fallen into the fire. And then I must have fainted away."

"You're all right now, though," said Long John. "You'll recover from it. I was caught in the same way myself once."

"Here 's what did it, Tom," said Bob Carrington, holding up a stick upon which hung something that looked like a bubble attached to a long mass of blue streamers.

"What is it, Professor?" Tom asked.

"It is the *Physalia*, or Portuguese man-o'-war," replied the Professor. "It is one of the most beautiful of all marine animals, and at the same time, as you can testify, Tom, one of the most dangerous. It is a mere bubble that floats on the water, dragging these tentacles after it. They are covered with minute cells, and when touched throw out millions of barbed darts, carrying with them the blue poison which, as you see, has covered poor Tom's arms as with a net-work."

"Why do they call them 'men-o'-war,' Professor?" Woodbury inquired.

"Because this membrane on the top can be spread out by the animal, and, when the wind



catches it, the Physalia bowls along like a man-o'-war under full sail," the Professor explained.

"Some men-o'-war blow up," said Long John, "and so does this!" and giving the Physalia a blow, he exploded Tom's uncomfortable assailant, which burst with a loud report.

"Those tentacles into which Tom ran," continued the Professor, "can be lengthened or drawn up at will. They are the fishing-lines of the animal. When a fish touches them he is killed as by an electric shock, and then hauled in among the tentacles nearer the body and absorbed."

They sat for a long time in the shadow of the mangroves, discussing the Physalia and other curious and kindred forms, until Long John told them that the night camp was ready. By this time Tom being able to walk without help (though he carried the marks of his singular encounter for fully a year after), the whole party left for the camp, where an excellent supper of turtle meat, gull's eggs, and fried grouper awaited them. After watching the rich tropical sunset, the mainsails and foresails were unshipped with the masts, and hung over the bushes for a shelter, as they had concluded to pass the night on the Key. Before this impromptu tent had been arranged, it was eight o'clock. It was a fine night, and a slight breeze rolled gentle waves upon the sands with a musical intonation.

The party were stretched on the beach, which was still warm with the sun's rays, when the curious appearance of the water attracted their attention. Wherever a wave broke, or threw off its pearls of spray, the water, as if by magic, assumed a ghostly, cream-like tint; and as the night grew darker the entire sea glowed with a moving, golden light. Waves of fire broke upon the beach, drops of liquid flame hung upon the bits of coral or dripped from them like streams of molten lava.

"There is an uncommon sight," said Professor Howard, rising and walking toward the water.

Soon the whole party was wading in what seemed to be a gleaming sea of fire that fairly blazed at every step; and, as they walked along, splashing the water right and left, the effect was indescribable.

Professor Howard now proposed that they row out to study this phenomenon. The rowboat was shoved off, and, jumping aboard, they pulled outward through a blaze of fire that, with every dip of the oars, seemed, as Vail said, "to light up the sea all around."

Taking a tall specimen-glass, Professor Howard filled it from the sea of fire, and placed it on a thwart where all could see it.

"Now you can see what makes the light," he said, pointing out numbers of round animalculæ. "They are minute jelly-fishes called *Noctiluca* ;

the light probably comes from a fatty substance they secrete. See how the light changes. Sometimes you catch a blue or yellow gleam, and then it deepens to a rich green."

"Here is something that looks like a red-hot moon," said Woodbury, who was leaning over the side. The boat had now drifted out over the coral into thirty feet of water; and, following Woodbury's gesture, they saw a most beautiful object. Far below them appeared an oblong body of the most vivid brightness. Now it seemed to glow with a golden yellow, and then it changed to blue, orange, and white. So powerful was the light that for many feet around a bright halo lighted up the water. The boys were speechless with admiration. The object was slowly coming nearer; a school of sardines darted by like shadowy ghosts, their delicate forms showing almost as clearly as if in the noonday sun.

Professor Howard broke the surprised silence of his pupils, "It is the *Pyrosoma*," he said. Then, carefully inserting his large glass in the water, he dexterously caught the blazing animal and placed it in the boat.

"You need no gas when you have these lamps," said Hall, laughing. Indeed, the faces of all in the boat were illuminated as by a strong light, and Eaton easily read a line or two from a newspaper he had in his pocket and, passing it around, enabled all the group to say that they had read by the light of an animal.

"This *Pyrosoma* is in fact a colony of simple ascidians," said the Professor. "It is made up of thousands of animals allied rather to the worms than to the mollusks. The colony or house is, as you see, cylinder-shaped, and ordinarily moves in the direction toward which its closed end is pointed."

This curious living cylinder was some two inches long, by four in circumference, and open at one extremity, and the boys were greatly interested in the Professor's explanation of the structure of so singular a light-house of the sea.

The boat slowly drifted to shoal water again, and now the scene below them was still more animated. Here a small *Pyrosoma* was moving about in a basin formed of leaf and branch corals, throwing a beautiful light among the branches, lighting up the homes of the Zoöphytes, and making the fishes cast dark shadows. Scores of delicate *Mедуза* moved up and down, or in and out, with as many different motions, each gleaming with a subdued, steady light.

"They are like satellites revolving around a larger planet, are they not?" said the Professor. "They may well be called the light-houses of the sea, as one of you suggested."



"The bottom of the ocean looks as if it were a view through some wonderful kaleidoscope," said Ramsey.

"But what is that?" inquired Ludlow, pointing toward an irregular piece of brilliancy, resting on the sand.

"Touch it with the grains, Bob," said Professor Howard; "I can not make it out exactly."

Bob Carrington carefully touched the luminous object with the spear tips. It bent away and seemed to glow with fresh vigor.

"Why, it is a gorgonia—a sea-fan," the Professor announced. "I have read that they were phosphorescent, but have never observed it."

Taking the grains from Carrington, he struck at the root of the gorgonia, and wrenched it from the bottom. Then, bringing it to the surface, he held it where they could see and admire the rich, golden-green light it gave out. The gorgonia was formed like a net-work—or reticulated, as it is called—and the little interstices seemed to form darker spots which, as the fan moved to and

fro, appeared to cause a change of color. Waves of green and yellow, in various shades, followed each other over their surfaces at every moment.

On some heads of porites, a kind of coral, several small, stationary spots were observed which Professor Howard thought might come from the *Pholas*, a boring bivalve, and said to be a light-giver.

And thus, surrounded by these wonderful creatures, the boat floated along.

At last the Professor exclaimed, looking at his watch by the light of the *Pyrosoma* that still glowed luminously, "Why, I declare, boys, it is twelve o'clock. We must return to our camp—such as it is. Pull for our 'tent on the beach.'"

The boat was manned and the boys bent to their oars, rowing their course silently through a golden river of their own boat's making.

They were soon ashore, the light-givers were laid aside for alcohol baths on the morrow, and, not long after, the tired party were fast asleep and rested quietly until morning on their mangrove beds in the open air.

(To be continued.)

## A STRANGE NIGHT-WATCHMAN. A STORY OF NORTHERN INDIA.

BY DAVID KER.

"SAFE at last!"

So fervently were the words pronounced that one might well have expected to see the man who uttered them dragging himself upon a rock out of a raging sea, spurring his fainting horse into a broad lake, just as the hot, stifling smoke of the burning prairie came sweeping around them, or darting breathless through the gateway of an English fort, to which he had been hunted by a score of yelling Afghan robbers. But, on the contrary, the speaker was alighting from a mud-splashed "dāk gharri" (post-chaise) at the door of a handsome country-house in one of the hill-districts of Northern India.

However, Mr. Tremmell had good reason to speak as he did. Naturally a very nervous man, and quite unused to Eastern traveling, he looked upon all India as one great menagerie, with a "ravening tiger" crouching behind every tree, and a boa-constrictor, as long as a ship's cable, hidden in every thicket. To add to his troubles, he had just been staying with an old English colonel, of the —th Bengal Native Infantry, who was himself so fond of shooting that it never

occurred to him that another might not care so much for the sport.

Accordingly, poor Mr. Tremmell was marched out, night after night, into the most dangerous parts of the jungle, and kept standing there in pitch darkness, with his boots full of ants, and half a dozen big thorns running into him, expecting every moment to be gobbled up at one mouthful by a tiger, or a bear, or trampled by a wild elephant or some other horrible creature, the very name of which made him shiver. At last, after a week of this torture, he felt that he must escape or die; so hastily thanking the colonel for "a most delightful visit," he traveled as fast as he could go, to the house of another friend, a day's journey farther north. This friend, being a missionary, was not likely to have either time or inclination for hunting wild beasts.

All night long our unlucky hero was jolted and bumped from side to side, as his rickety post-chaise rumbled and tumbled along the break-neck mountain roads, which (as any one who has tried them will admit) provide uncommonly rough traveling.



But when he came up to the Mission House, a little after sunrise, all his troubles were forgotten in the joyful prospect of being for a while perfectly secure. The Rev. Titus J. Romer and his three bright-eyed boys came out to welcome their guest, and marched him in to a very plentiful "chota hazri" (little breakfast), to which the guest, relieved from all fear that he himself might furnish a breakfast for some hungry young tiger, did ample justice.

And what a delightful place the Mission House was! The three or four enormous palms, that overshadowed its low roof, kept it cool and comfortable, even under the burning heat of an Indian sun, while close to the door a tiny river went dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, seeming to make everything fresh and green as it rippled on. Close to the water's edge, a group of slim, brown, sharp-featured Hindus, in white turbans and cotton trousers, were smoking their long pipes beneath the shade of a broad-leaved banana palm. All along both banks of the river great clumps of feathery bamboos, slender and elastic as monster fishing-poles, rose fifty feet and more into the air.

The house stood upon high ground, and from his comfortable rocking-chair in its broad, shady veranda, Mr. Tremmell had a splendid view. Miles away to the south loomed the grim, gloomy hills over which he had been struggling all night. Around him stretched a vast green plain, in the center of which the white, flat-roofed houses of the little district-town peeped through a mass of dark, glossy leaves. High over all towered along the northern sky a mighty wall of purple mountains. Above these glittered, like frosted silver, the eternal snows of the Himalayas.

"This is something like!" muttered Mr. Tremmell that night, as he lay down to sleep in a cool, well-aired bedroom looking out upon the river. "Here, at least, I shall have a chance of being quiet, instead of having the very life worried out of me with that wretched hunting! If *that's* to be the way of it, one might as well be the keeper of a zoölogical garden; but, by good luck, here there are no tigers, no bears, no wild elephants, and above all, no snakes!"

Poor Mr. Tremmell! he was rejoicing too soon. Scarcely had the word "snakes" left his tongue, when he caught sight of something moving upon the floor. It glistened in a curious way, like the reflection of a candle's flame upon a wet window-

pane. A second glance "brought his heart into his mouth," as he saw a huge black-and-yellow snake, more than six feet long, gliding out from under the bed within a yard of the spot where he sat!

To say that Mr. Tremmell was frightened would be putting it mildly, indeed; for any sculptor in search of a model for a statue of "Horror" would have given all the money he had about him for one glimpse of Mr. T.'s countenance at that moment. So utterly was he scared that he sat stock-still, with his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, as if expecting the snake to jump right down his throat—which, apparently, the snake might easily have done without his stirring either hand or foot to prevent it.

The serpent, on its part, seemed at a loss what to make of *him*, and stared at him for some moments without moving, till at last, as if tired of doing nothing, it suddenly glided right toward him. Then the spell was broken, and he sprang up with a yell, compared to which the whoop of an Indian "brave" on the war-path would have been hardly worth mention.

There was a clamor of voices, a tramp of hurrying feet, and into the room burst Mr. Romer, his three sons, and half a dozen Hindu servants. One moment of bewilderment, and then came laughter that seemed to shake the whole house.

"So sorry, my dear fellow," cried Mr. Romer; "I really ought to have told you. That's our pet snake, 'Dickie.' He goes about at night to catch mice and things of that sort. He's one of the kind they call 'house-snakes.' They are quite harmless; and we find him very useful. Here, Tom! put Dickie out on the veranda."

The boy picked up the snake as coolly as if it had been a piece of rope, and marched off with Dickie hanging over his arm like a shawl.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that this should have happened, Tremmell," said the missionary. "And I hope it won't spoil your visit, I'm sure."

It *did* spoil it, however, for Mr. Tremmell was so thoroughly upset by his fright and the thought of being laughed at by the boys (who seemed to think the whole affair a capital joke) that he left the house the very next day, declaring that "he could stand anything in reason, but he *could n't* stand a snake as a night-watchman."



# MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS.

BY HARRIET S. MORGRIDGE.

*"Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, Stole a pig and away he run."*

His father was a man who used to pipe  
A little lay upon a little flute,  
And, in his way, a man of some repute;  
But Tom, poor boy, was of a common type,  
A lawless lad, we fear, for mischief ripe;  
And so one day (the tale we can't dispute  
Though we might be, 't is true, for Tom's sake,  
mute)

He laid his hand with unrelenting gripe  
Upon a pig, and then away he ran.  
Now listen to the moral of the tale:—  
Golden Justitia overtook the lad,  
And ate the pig; while on our little man  
Fell blow on blow, until his lusty wail  
Made all the tender hearted feel quite sad.

*"Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water."*

AH, Jack it was, and with him little Jill,  
Of the same age and size, a neighbor's daughter,  
Who on a breezy morning climbed the hill  
To fetch down to the house a pail of water.  
Jack put his best foot foremost on that day—  
Vaulting ambition we have seen before—  
He stepped too far, of course, and soon he lay  
In the vile path, his little crown so sore!  
The next act in the tragedy was played  
By Jill, whose eager foothold, too, was brief.  
Epitome of life, that boy and maid  
Together hoped, together came to grief.  
And in their simple story lies concealed  
The germ of half that 's plucked in fiction's field.

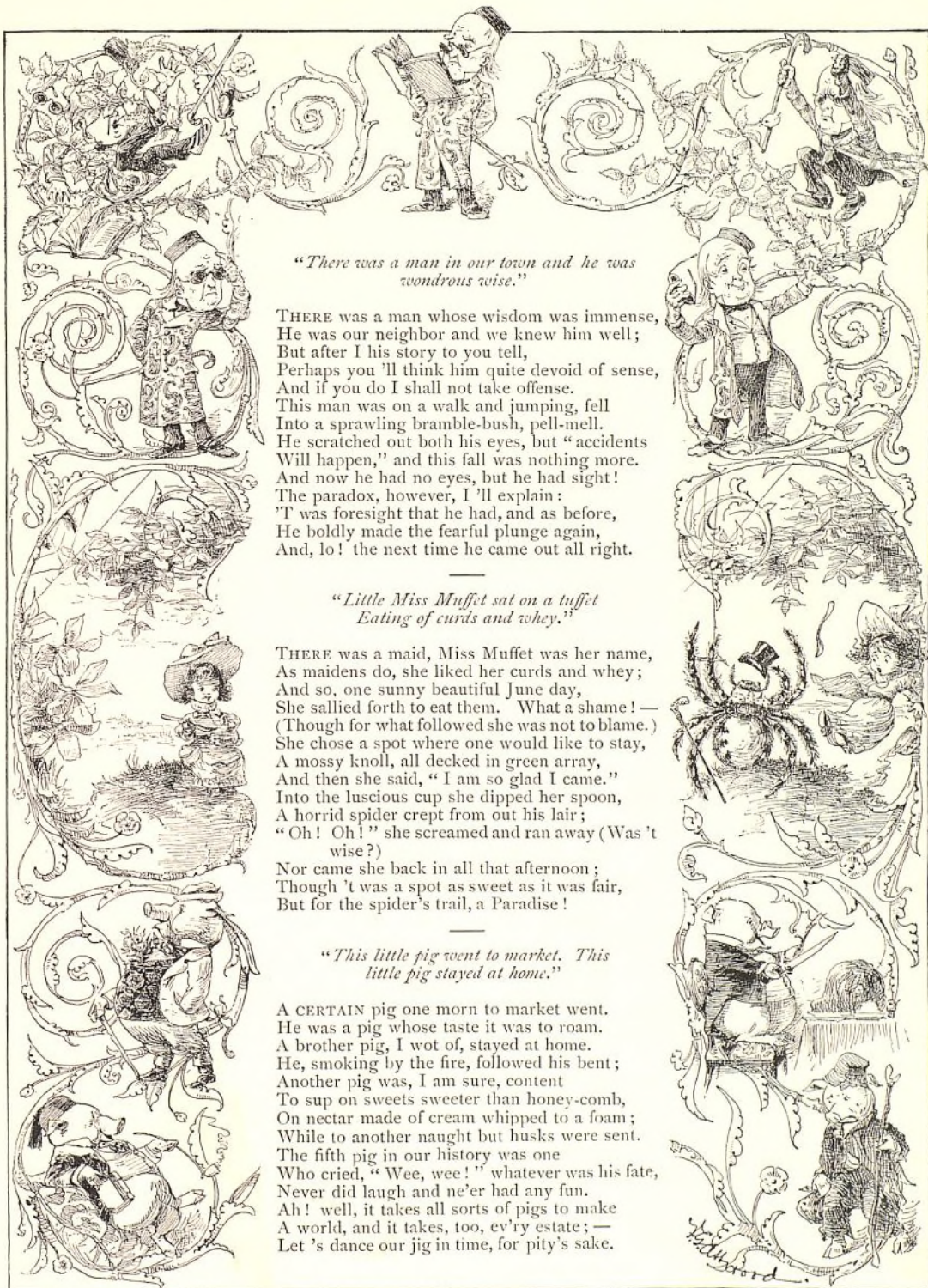
*"Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle."*

It was a very funny sight to see  
Old Tabby play a jolly dancing tune  
Upon the violin one afternoon;  
Indeed, it quite upset the world with glee.  
You should have been there in the company,  
To see compos'd Old Brindle o'er the moon  
Vaulting so lightly. Then a stiff old spoon  
Absconded with the gravy-dish, right free.  
And how the dog did wag his merry tail!  
Nay, 't is a fact, he burst into a laugh,  
And made the welkin ring with his bright bark.

'T was long ago, and oh! 't was such a gale  
You can't expect me now to tell you half;  
But I would like again just such a lark.







THERE WAS a man whose wisdom was immense,  
 HEW WAS our neighbor and we knew him well;  
 BUT after I his story to you tell,  
 PERHAPS you 'll think him quite devoid of sense,  
 AND if you do I shall not take offense.  
 THIS man was on a walk and jumping, fell  
 INTO a sprawling bramble-bush, pell-mell.  
 HE scratched out both his eyes, but "accidents  
 WILL happen," and this fall was nothing more.  
 AND now he had no eyes, but he had sight!  
 THE paradox, however, I 'll explain:  
 'TWAS foresight that he had, and as before,  
 HE boldly made the fearful plunge again,  
 AND, lo! the next time he came out all right.

THERE was a maid, Miss Muffet was her name,  
As maidens do, she liked her curds and whey;  
And so, one sunny beautiful June day,  
She sallied forth to eat them. What a shame! —  
(Though for what followed she was not to blame.)  
She chose a spot where one would like to stay,  
A mossy knoll, all decked in green array,  
And then she said, "I am so glad I came."  
Into the luscious cup she dipped her spoon,  
A horrid spider crept from out his lair;  
"Oh! Oh!" she screamed and ran away (Was 't  
wise?)

*"This little pig went to market. This little pig stayed at home."*



## AN ARTIST'S GLIMPSE OF NORTHERN ARIZONA.

BY F. S. DELLENBAUGH.

WHILE in Paris, a few years ago, I received a pressing invitation to join a friend in an expedition to the northern part of Arizona, and decided to accompany him, both to see the country and also to study the natives as material for pictures. I had an impression, from a previous trip to this region, that there was in it much that would be pictorially interesting. My trunk was, therefore, carefully packed for a long stay, and my color-box and canvases were made ready.

After a journey of three or four weeks, I stepped from the train at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where my friend's party was encamped. The change from the boulevards to the wilderness, it is perhaps needless to say, was complete; but I enjoyed the contrast, though the sand flew before a blinding gale and the tents tugged at their ropes as if about to fly away. After some weeks in the San Francisco mountains and the Navajo country, I concluded to visit the Moki Towns, or the "Province of Tusayan," as the region was called by the early Spaniards. At first I had thought of spending my time at Zuñi, which was more accessible, but at length I concluded that the very remoteness and isolation of the Moki towns should determine me, for they were sure to preserve more originality than the Pueblos, which had known more than three centuries of contact with Spaniards and Mexicans.

I started, therefore, from Fort Defiance, the Navajo Agency, on a buckboard, with a Mormon boy as a helper, and, traversing about eighty miles of desert country occupied entirely by Navajos, I arrived late one afternoon at a comfortable establishment in a narrow cañon. Three or four springs gushing from the rocks near by made an oasis in the expanse of sterility. This was the trading-post of Mr. Thomas Keam, and the only abode of white men in this region. Mr. Keam cordially welcomed me, and here a party was made up to visit the nearest Moki towns, some thirteen miles away. Descending the cañon we soon came to its opening, where the sandstone walls break away to north and to south, and emerged upon a sparsely vegetated rolling plain, treeless and rugged. To the northward and westward it was shut in by tall cliffs about six miles distant. To the southward it was bounded by an ominous line of black, volcanic

peaks known as the "Moki Buttes," but to the south-westward it extended farther to meet the blue San Francisco mountains on the distant horizon.

When we had advanced well into this plain we began to see Moki corn-fields, and, as we drew nearer to the mesa, or cliffs in the west, these corn-fields abounded on every hand. Yet I could discover nowhere a sign of the habitations of the people to whom they must belong. Presently, my attention was directed to some irregularities, just discernible on the summit of the most prominent cliff before us, and I was assured that these were the first three towns of the province, bearing respectively the names of Tewa, Cichumovi, and Wolpi. As we came nearer, we could distinguish them more and more clearly, till at last they were quite plain to our eyes. Even when we were close to the base of the cliff, they appeared almost like a continuation of the rugged, vertical rocks, though the occasional shouts of children and the barking of dogs came down to us from those barren rocks, seven hundred feet above our heads.

Arriving at a sheltered nook among huge fallen boulders, where a peach-orchard grew out of the deep sand, we halted, and for a trifle bought from the old woman on guard all the peaches we could eat, the trees being loaded with the ripe fruit. Then for a time we reclined in the shade, taking a short rest preparatory to making the ascent.

The sand was so deep that stepping-stones had been laid across where the trail led to the vertical portion of the heights, and these led to a good though steep path, wrought diagonally upward along the beetling face of the rocks. As we climbed, the horizon widened and widened; bushes in the valley, the peach-trees, the broken rocks, dwindled to mere specks. As far as the eye could reach, a land of desolation, apparently boundless, lay stretched out under the burning sun. Leagues away, the waves of civilization are advancing toward the valley, but we heard no sound of them there. The life of another race and of another time pervades the air—we are out of the world. Another language startles the ear, and curious customs, familiar to this people for untold ages, surprise the sight.

Puffing with the exertion of climbing the steep ascent, we arrived at the summit and found Tewa,



the first town, at our right. The entrance to the house of Tom Polakika, a prominent citizen, known to us, was near. Polakika's wife, a comely Tewa woman, cordially invites us to enter, for these people are hospitable and polite. Scarcely were we seated in an inner room lighted by high, small windows, adorned by green calico curtains, when Mr. Polakika himself, a Moki gentleman, who had traveled even as far as California, returned from a neighboring village and gave us hearty greeting, at the same time hastening to set before us two of his best watermelons.

After walking out to Wolpi, which is perched on the extreme point of the narrow cliff or promontory,—the upper surface is nowhere more than a hundred yards wide,—we returned to Tewa, and Polakika's wife escorted us over housetops and up various ladders against the walls, that answer for stairs, to show such quarters as I might occupy during my contemplated sojourn in the province. Reaching a sort of balcony before the topmost structure, she threw open a small door leading into a room half-full of corn. The ceiling, or roof, was so low that I could stand upright only between the rafters; but, as there was a fireplace in one corner and a little window, and we were told the place could be easily made clean for my use, I engaged the flat for five dollars a month, wood and water included. As the wood comes from several miles away, and the water is brought from springs at the bottom of the cliff, the charge did not seem excessive.

By the middle of October I was settled in my apartment, thanks to the assistance of Mr. Keam, who, since I knew neither the Moki nor the Navajo language, and the Mokis speak no other, kindly acted as interpreter for me. Then he departed, leaving me to my own resources. My Mormon helper had not been able to remain with me, as had been planned, and I was left on the mesa a lonely stranger among about six hundred natives. I learned, however, that there was once a white man who had lived in the next town for about five years, and who had been admitted to many of the religious orders.

It was not long before I discovered a great obstacle to picture-making: the natives were so superstitious that they regarded my work as something to be dreaded and refused to pose for me. I was obliged to content myself with making studies of houses and inanimate objects. As I had to do my own cooking, my time was fully occupied from the early morning, when my man Hoski who brought my wood and water, burst through the door like a thunderbolt, grinning at my sleepy surprise, till the evening, when a curious group gave me the benefit of their society, and watched with great interest

my method of eating supper. Even from my balcony I could see over everything in front; and, ascending several steps, I was at the very top of all, with a view limited only by the distant cliffs and the broad horizon. A more magnificent place in which to live could scarcely be imagined. I used often to sit in my lofty perch and watch the sunset fade, puzzling over the mysterious figures which slipped about in the twilight. The silence was broken only by a shrill "E-e-e-e" (the singing of the girls grinding meal in a neighboring house), or the "Sho-o-o!" of some belated wood-carrier driving his long-eared beast of burden up the trail.

When darkness had fairly set in, as I have said, a number of Moki men usually appeared for the purpose of profiting by my supply of tobacco, and of studying my various occupations, especially my writing, an accomplishment which filled them with unconcealed admiration and envy.

One of these, a young fellow who could speak a few words of English, seemed to be intelligent and full of common sense, and it occurred to me that, if I could separate him from his companions, I might in some way prevail on him to pose for me. Having found in common use for killing game a weapon like an Australian boomerang, called in their language *putch-kohu*, or throwing-stick, I thought the hurling of this implement would make an interesting picture.

So I prevailed on "Mose," as I called him, to go with me back to Mr. Keam's trading-post; and once there, I stretched a large canvas and drew him on it, life-size. I admired the young fellow's pluck in emancipating himself from the superstition of his race and congratulated myself upon my success. But, alas! he soon came to me requesting to go back to his home in Cichumovi for a day, to attend a dance. Aware of the uselessness of trying to prevent his leaving, I consented, paid him the amount agreed upon—and that was the last I saw of him for months. To make matters worse and crush all hope of his ever posing again, a friend, who met him one day on the plain, warned him, as a joke, that I was on his track with a shot-gun. He took the jest seriously, and never ventured in the cañon while I was there.

In the illustration he is seen in the act of throwing the *putch-kohu*; behind him are the remains of ruined houses, of which there are many in the country. The Moki Buttes are seen at the left, and the first mesa can be distinguished in the distance. Unlike the Australian expert, the Moki has not learned to cause the weapon to return. The stick is cut out of the curve of an oak sapling, is about two inches wide, a half-inch thick in the





A MOKI INDIAN THROWING THE PUTCH-KOHU.

middle, and twenty-four inches long. It is more conveniently carried than the bow, which is also in use. The stick is sometimes thrust through a girdle at the waist, like a sword. Every shepherd boy carries one, as he follows his flock across the

plain, and is quick to shy it at any game he may encounter in his day's ramble.

They are an exceedingly interesting race, and their life and ceremonies contain much that might well be studied by artists.

### FERN-SEED.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

LONGING for such delightful play,  
Nan dropped her precious book, and mused  
On that strange fern-seed fairies used  
That they might pass, in the old day,  
Invisibly upon their way.

She knew, of course, without a doubt,  
That fern-seed made a mortal so  
That he could come and he could go  
Invisible to all about,  
And no one ever find him out.

What pleasure she would take, for one,  
That fern-seed found, Nan thought and sighed,—  
Curls in a tangle, shoes untied,  
The baby fretting for some fun,  
Lessons unlearned, and sums undone!

What made Nan start then, who can tell,  
And think what pleasure she might take,  
Were there some fern-seed that could make,  
By any sort of fairy spell,  
Our faults invisible as well?





BY F. H. THROOP.

I WISH I could tell this story to you as it was told to me, by the light of a great log fire, making ever-changing pictures on the rough walls around; with the wind whistling outside; the low whine of the dogs and the flash from the lantern in the refuge tower startling you suddenly every now and then, as it startled us that night on the mountain; with "Turk's" skin beneath our feet, and his photograph on the shelf above, how real it would be to you! And how it all comes back to me now—the grim old hospice of St. Bernard, the quaint prints on the walls, the eager faces of the group, and the fire-light. These surroundings made the story very real; and before it was finished the young monk who repeated it buried his face in his hands and shuddered. This was *le Père* Joseph Luisier, the youngest and bravest of all the brave monks of St. Bernard; and well he may have shuddered, for he and a boy were the only survivors of that terrible night. Turk saved them, as Turk had saved many another—Turk, the beautiful, brave St. Bernard dog.

Away up among the highest mountains of Switzerland there is a narrow defile, or opening in the solid mass of rock, leading from northern Italy to the Rhone valley where the hills are covered with vineyards and the fields overflow with corn and grain. For many centuries this pass has been used by poor peasants, usually laborers on foot who can not afford other means of crossing the mountains. Unprepared for the difficulties of a mountain climb, without much food, thinly clad, wretched and ignorant, they start on a journey which would often end in death, save for the charity of a company of monks who devote their lives to saving travelers.

In the monastery situated at the highest point of the pass are fifteen or twenty Augustine monks, most of them under thirty years of age; for after fifteen years of service the severity of their duties compels them to descend to a milder climate. Their office is to receive and lodge strangers "without money and without price," and to render assistance to travelers in danger during the snowy season, which here lasts about nine months. They are aided by the famous St. Ber-

nard dogs, whose keen scent enables them to discover travelers buried in the snow.

"Have you ever heard of Turk?" I asked the guide, a lank fellow in blue blouse and bonnet, who was strapping upon my mule's back a heavy woolen coat. He dropped the strap as I spoke—his eyes filled with tears. "I was two years at the kennels, sir," he answered. "Turk and I were *confrères*, and when he was gone I could not longer stay. I act as guide to show visitors about the place now and then. I can't go far away, but I can't stay now Turk is no more. You know the story, sir? No? Well, they'll tell it to you there," and he pointed across the dreary waste.

We paused on our way, for a moment, at the stone *châlets*, where the monks make butter and cheese for winter use—a true Alpine dairy, fresh, neat, and clean. Here the road ends. We buttoned our coats tightly and crossed the plain to the dreary "Valley of Death" beyond. The sun was obscured; the cold was intense. From the great rocky basin in front of us there seemed no escape. I wondered how our guide could pick his way. Any of the opening paths about us looked surer than the rough, winding one he chose. As if answering my thought, he fell behind the forward mule he was leading, and pointed ahead to a jagged opening far up the ravine. "That is our landmark. If we lose sight of the further crag we might be lost. That is where Napoleon, crossing in 1800 with thirty thousand men, nearly lost his life by the slipping of his mule on the verge of the precipice. The mule fell and was killed. Napoleon was saved only by his guide, who caught him by the coat; and right here, sir, is where they dismounted the cannon, set them in the hollow trunks of trees, which half of the soldiers dragged up the mountain, while the other half carried the guns and luggage of their comrades. Those were good old soldiers. I wish they would come back again." He spoke impatiently. "Ah, sir! I wish I could see the world! I have never been beyond St. Pierre, but I have crossed the pass to Aosta, and some day I will go to Italy, if ever Napoleon passes this way again." My heart was touched for this poor



peasant lad living all his life in the lonely valley, with his hope for the future centered in the expectation that Napoleon's army would "pass that way again!" A little later we stopped by a heap of stones. A wooden cross leaned from the center and upon it was rudely cut the word "Turk." "I did that," he said proudly. "Turk is not there, but the peasants are. This is where Turk found them, and the *veurra*\* caught the monks!" Again I urged him to tell the story, but he declined as before. Evidently the subject was too painful. "I must watch the path," he answered.

On we went, over ruts and stumps of fallen trees. At last, hidden among great bowlders, we found the pass, half choked with drifted snow in the middle of July! We crossed icy streams,—small glaciers in their way, the frozen surface firm, while water rushed beneath;—scrambled over broken masses of rock, hurled by some freak of nature from the heights above; and toiled up through ragged defiles. Before long, turning a bend in the gorge, we saw the monastery of St. Bernard—a mass of cold gray stone against the purple sky.

Unutterably lonely, weird, desolate among bare rocks, ice-bound cataracts, and snow-crowned mountains—we were chilled from head to foot in July. What must it be in winter? At first, it appeared like some ruined *château*. There were beggars hanging on the outskirts, and paupers gathered about the arched doorway; young Italians with their packs on their backs; mountaineers returned from the hunt, with guns and game-bags; guides; young Englishmen "tramping it" through the Alps; and wanderers like ourselves, all alike welcomed by the great glowing lantern which shed its rays far into the pass on both sides. I was not astonished when the young priest told me, later, that often they have lodged six hundred strangers in a night under that hospitable roof.

Le Père Joseph Luisier was in charge; a young man full of life and energy in every line of the figure draped in the long black cassock. He came courteously forward to meet us. Had he been a polished man of the world, receiving guests in his home, he could not have welcomed us more graciously; and yet, as he did so, he had not an idea where he should put us for the night. Asking us to wait a moment, he went away with a perplexed look, rubbing his chin. He soon returned, running lightly down the stone stairs, three steps at a time, like a boy. This quick step was characteristic, as was also the laugh (the merriest I ever heard) with which he explained his perplexities. It had stormed steadily for two days; visitors had stayed on; more had arrived, and some Italian priests on their way to France were spending a few days. Every nook and corner was full, but these priests

had offered us their apartments, and would lodge with the Brothers. Thus it was arranged, and we found ourselves in the rooms of honor, comfortably furnished, and with beautiful St. Bernard dog-skin rugs on the floor. They sent us dry shoes and clothing, offered us hot drinks, and right royally received the American strangers.

After dinner the room was cleared, except for a few of us around the flaming logs, listening to the crackling of pine-cones within and the roaring wind outside, while Père Luisier told of their winter life, the dreariness of their lone vigils when all the wayfarers are poor, the cold is intense, the snow is at great depths, and fierce storms are ever threatening their strong monastery.

"And our dogs?—God bless them! Why, without them we should be helpless, indeed. Let in the puppies, Jean. I must show these Americans my jewels."

A figure moved from the dusky corner opposite, and I recognized the admirer of Napoleon's army, who returned in an instant with all the pride of a full-blown soldier, bearing in his arms a mass of down, which, upon being placed on the floor, resolved itself into three great awkward puppies—balls of yellow and white fur that rolled about helplessly in the confused firelight or balanced themselves on most unsteady legs. The mother-dog followed closely, a very intelligent animal, with soft eyes and a gentle manner, crouching low beside her master, or standing erect for service as the call directed.

"We have waited for your coming to name them, Jean," said Père Luisier, affectionately laying his hand on the boy's sleeve, "if you like we will call this fellow, 'Napoleon'" (the boy's idea was not unknown, then, to Père Luisier), and he laughed as he indicated a very round little pup whose four paws were at that instant waving heroically in space,—and that brown one, the boys ask to name 'Léon,' after our good Father Morton,—and this?"

The priest lifted up the smallest of the three. Although the youngest, he bore an air of determined courage in his bright little eyes. The boy hesitated.

"Father, I wish you would call him—call him"—their eyes met. The boy's lip trembled, and seizing little "Turk," he carried him from the room. Père Luisier rose abruptly.

"The boy almost unnerved me," he said. "I will return directly." And gathering the remaining puppies in his arms, he retired, followed by the majestic mother-dog. Presently he returned loaded to the chin with fire-wood. "One must not come empty-handed," was his reply, when we remonstrated because of its weight. "That boy

\* A whirlwind of the Alps which suddenly raises immense drifts of snow.





ST. BERNARD DOGS.



Jean has taken a great fancy to you, sir," he added. "He wants me to tell about Turk, and I must have a good fire before I begin, for it's a cold story at best. This is Turk's skin, sir. I keep it here beside the logs where he liked best to stay when off duty, and this is his photograph, and this, his collar. Turk died in harness, as, please the Lord! will I."

He crossed himself, threw more pine-cones on the fire, and began the story:

"It happened two winters ago, on a night when the wind had taken down every standing thing about us, and only the hospice and monastery remained. All day long I had heard the boulders rolling down the mountain-side; but the whirl of snow was so blinding I could not see my hand before my face. Still the sound was enough—I knew the rocks never fell alone, and I prayed God there might be no travelers on the pass that night. Each day we visit the 'refuges.' You perhaps noticed them, sir,—the stone huts along the pass. They are kept open during the winter, a bed in each, a fire ready to light, food and brandy on the shelf. Peasants who reach one can wait in comparative comfort till we come, and many are the poor souls we find sheltered there. How do we go? Simply enough—priests and dogs, hand in hand, as it were. First in line, one of the dogs leads, his 'barrel' attached to his collar, a coat strapped on his back; a rope from his collar passing through the strap, is tied about the waist of the first Brother, on to the next behind until all are attached in line of march. Sometimes there are two, sometimes more, according to the difficulties of the weather. Heavy rubber-coats lined with fur, high boots, a long spiked pole in the hand, an axe and shovel strapped across the back, such is the uniform of a St. Bernard monk on duty. At daybreak we begin the descent, feeling our way step by step, often stopping to cut a path through a bank of snow and ice; and should the dog in front disappear, falling suddenly forward, we know there is a dangerous *crevasse* ahead, and, dragging him out, we go on more cautiously.

"On that day it was my morning off duty; I stayed in the library at work on my papers and books; at noon the Piedmont party\* returned; about two, I heard the call of the Valais men coming up the pass; it was the 'distress cry,' and we all hastened to help them in with two poor fellows that they had found in the first refuge. The priests had been told by them that they were alone. But in the warmth of the fire, one began to sob, confessing they had lied, and begging us to save his brother. The truth was soon told, and to our horror we found they were two from a party

of *five*, who had left St. Pierre the day before, and been overtaken in the storm. There was no time to be lost then,—no word of reproach was spoken to the poor wretches who, to save themselves, had concealed their comrades' fate. Father Léon and I were the only men in the monastery who were fresh and unwearied. It was folly for the others to talk of joining us, and they soon gave up the idea. All the dogs had been out often, too, and the day had been unusually hard. We would not force them out, but I went and stood a moment at the kennel door. Turk instantly jumped to my side, running to and fro from his harness to my feet, and I knew he was ready and willing to go. Jean was here in those days, and when he found Turk was going, he begged to be of the party; I refused once and again, but he loved Turk like a human brother, and there was no keeping him back; he was a strong lad, knowing every foot of the pass. So it was not in my heart to refuse him, on the Lord's errand, remembering the work we had in hand, there being only two of us for the three below there in the snow. Jean was ready on the instant. And out we went into the blinding storm, leaving the door just as the clock struck the half-hour after two.

"It was terrible. Turk led the way, plowing along like some great engine; I followed; Jean came next, and Père Léon last. We sank knee-deep, constantly lost our footing completely in snow-drifts, or found ourselves about to fall into some chasm, from which we hauled one another. We were three hours in reaching sight of the first refuge. There was no building to be seen, but we knew the direction, and turning off began to dig for our lives into the great bank. The snow had ceased, the air was clear and cold, darkness had overtaken us and we were almost exhausted. Ah! that was cheerless work, digging our way into the little hut, but we were rewarded at last; Jean's shovel struck the very door, and in a few minutes we were fanning into flame the smouldering remains of the morning's fire.

"To find the travelers, get them to the refuge that night, give them the care which alone could save their poor half-frozen bodies—this was our one thought. We waited only to get some of the numbness out of our feet and hands, to rub up the lanterns, place a light on the bank outside, and then were off again, this time even more cautiously than before; for now we must swing the lanterns far out to either side, push the snow to right and left, and begin that dreary search which in its eager intensity can never be described—and, thank Heaven! there are few who know it from experience!"

\* The monastery stands on a height, between Piedmont and Valais, cantons of Italy and Switzerland, the boundary being marked by the national shields, cut in the rocks.



Père Luisier paused here; his strong face looked gray in the firelight.

"Ah! it is so hard to tell these things; yet, if the world knew more of what we suffer, it would perhaps be more eager to send us the help we so much need.\* But, enough—we found them. Turk tracked them from the hut by scent, following back the steps of the rescued ones, and not far away they were lying just under the snow. One was past help. The other two we carried to the refuge, and when morning came they were able to take their coffee and start with the rest of us.

"We had gone perhaps a mile, when we heard the low rumbling and whirling of the wind among the distant mountain peaks. Turk, who was in advance, turned and slunk back, his tail between his legs, his great head held low upon his shoulders, as I have never seen dog do before or since; he trembled all over with fear, and neither by coaxing nor by threat could he be persuaded into the defile before us. 'Turk knows best,' said Jean, 'let us go back to the refuge while there is time! it may be an avalanche—or—or something worse!' None of us dared to whisper 'a veurra!' but each silently thought of that terrible wind, which comes sweeping down the mountains, whirling rocks and earth, man and beast into one horrible abyss, and devastates the mountain as a cyclone does the plain. We made what haste we could, but the noise behind us grew in intensity, thundering from peak to peak, and the air was full of sand and whirling snow. In less time than I can tell it, we were overtaken. I saw the peasants throw themselves face downward; I saw Father Léon drop on his knees in prayer; I saw Turk leap forward, throwing Jean to the ground and himself on the form of his prostrate master. Then I saw no more, for the snow blinded me. I felt myself lifted from my feet and dashed to earth, and then I knew the veurra was upon us! Still I was not unconscious. I remember wondering why we were not borne away, as was everything around us. I knew that I was conscious, and I knew that by some marvelous providence I had been saved from a horrible death. I tried to move, but I found myself lying under a narrow ledge of rock; the snow was packed tightly around me; at each movement I could feel it fall more closely about me, and I knew that unless I lay perfectly still I should be buried beyond hope of rescue.

"As it was, I believed that life for me was over—they could never find me there. By some chance a mass of snow had fallen, before the veurra struck us, or at the same time, and I resigned myself to

God's mercy and to the death I had always expected to overtake me.

"At the hospice all was ready. The night before, prayers had been said for those in distress; and as day dawned, five of the brothers prepared to meet us on the pass; but, before they had started, the veurra was seen, and all exit from the hospice was simply impossible. With agony they watched it rise; at solemn mass they commended our souls to Heaven; and as the whirlwind abated they started on their dismal quest for traces of the missing four. For hours they continued their hopeless search; the refuge was uncovered, the wind had swept the pass clearer than it had been since winter set in. They found our breakfast bowls at the refuge, and knew by the surrounding disorder that the travelers had been found, and resuscitated there; but beyond there was no track nor trace of any of the party. Disheartened and discouraged they slowly retraced their steps.

"Suddenly there was a shout! One of the party had discovered a drop of blood on the white surface of the ground, then another, and yet another! What could it be? they fairly ran up the pass, guided by the blood drops in the snow. Not many yards farther, they came up with Turk, staggering inch by inch toward home. When he saw them, he gave a joyful whine—his mission was fulfilled! Turk fell exhausted before them. There was no time to stop; they placed a coat beneath him and went back again. It was easy to retrace their steps now; easy, too, to find where the red marks turned from the path in which they had first seen them. Ah, how the dog had struggled to save his masters! The round hole in a harmless looking bank of snow was stained too—stained for many feet, in to its heart, where lay buried five human lives. Half-way in they found Jean, his clothes torn and ragged, showing that the dog had attempted to drag him out. I heard them working long before they came to my ledge. I heard them call my name and wonder why I was not with the others. Heaven only knows how I came where I was. I made one great effort, my arm pierced through the drift, and in an instant they were beside me, pushing away the snow from my frozen legs, chafing my numbed hands, and bringing back the life to my dizzy brain. Shall I ever forget that day? I know not how they carried us home. I only know that Turk had saved us, Jean and me. He did what he could for all, but only Jean and I reaped any benefit; and when they brought poor Turk back he had a bed made in our dormitory, and used to come and lick our hands (Jean's bed

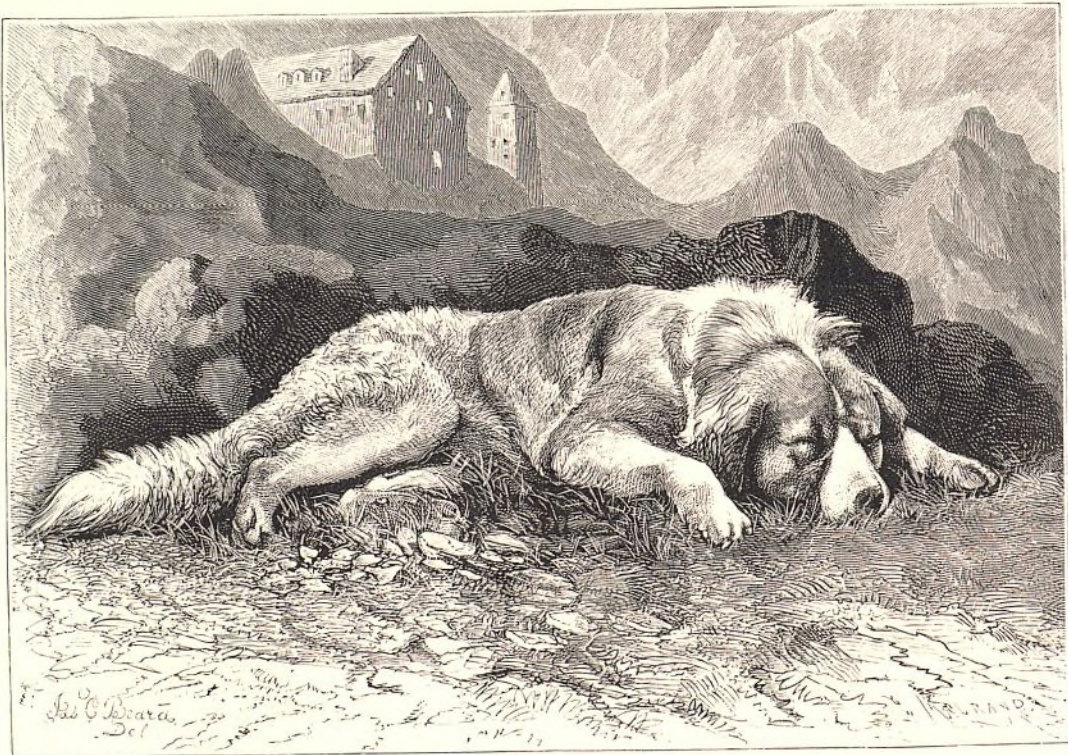
\*The total income of St. Bernard is about £1500. On this sum the monks succor and accommodate 20,000 travelers a year, and support twenty mules, employed during the months from June to September. The total amount given by tourists only covers a portion of the actual cost of entertaining them. Thus the charity is greatly in need of funds.



was not far from mine) and look almost human. His back was covered with plasters, and his legs bound up like a wounded soldier's; he had been badly cut by the ice and snow, and the front paws with which he had dug his way out were quite helpless. Long after Jean and I were about, he would lie for hours beside the fire. They said the wound in his head could never heal — and it never did."

Père Luisier buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. "You'll pardon me, messieurs, that's all the story of Turk. I can sometimes tell it without breaking down, but not when that boy

bling with excitement, and felt thankful that mine was only a twenty-four hours' stay in this desolate region. Next day we had a last few words with Père Luisier, promising to remember always the hospitality he had shown us, a last frolic with the dogs, and then we were off. Back into the "Valley of Death," over the snow with our hands full of flowers, and the hospice of St. Bernard growing dim in the distance. Jean was disinclined to talk, and we walked on silently. I wished to tell Jean how I honored him for his bravery, and I expressed it awkwardly enough, while he held my two hands as I said good-bye.



ASLEEP NEAR HIS HOME.

Jean comes up. Jean was to have taken orders, sir — but that is all past; he can't stay here without Turk, and I do not urge it, knowing myself how hard it is. He has a fancy to join Napoleon, some day. I never explain it to him, for Jean is a good lad, and a good guide, but —" he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke.

"Would he come with me to America, Father?" I asked. Père Luisier shook his head. "No. Do not ask him, sir. He is far better here, and I look after him. We are all better here, even Turk," and stooping he caressed the skin at his feet as if the good dog lay napping there.

When we went to our lonely cells I was trem-

bling with excitement, and felt thankful that mine was only a twenty-four hours' stay in this desolate region. Next day we had a last few words with Père Luisier, promising to remember always the hospitality he had shown us, a last frolic with the dogs, and then we were off. Back into the "Valley of Death," over the snow with our hands full of flowers, and the hospice of St. Bernard growing dim in the distance. Jean was disinclined to talk, and we walked on silently. I wished to tell Jean how I honored him for his bravery, and I expressed it awkwardly enough, while he held my two hands as I said good-bye.

Five minutes later, however, I saw his blue blouse and cap in the road ahead. He had taken a short cut through the woods and stood waiting for the wagon. As we passed he thrust a roughly-tied roll under the seat and blurted out fiercely: "Take this with you. Père Luisier gave it me, but I would rather you took it away. I can't bear it, sir. *That* is not Turk!" and he was gone in the forest before I could jump down to follow him. The roll contained Turk's skin.

So I came into possession of Turk's skin, and I took it with me to Paris, to Dresden, to Munich — where I parted with it, as I shall tell you.



A white-haired Englishman sat next me at "table d'hôte,"—a crabbed specimen, I thought,—and our conversation was usually upon the weather. One day I spoke of Switzerland. His whole face changed. In an instant we were talking like old friends. "Do you know St. Bernard?" I asked. His countenance fell. "I have just returned from there," he answered. "I went on a sad errand, and I return sadder than I started. Have you ever heard of Turk?" he continued, and not waiting for my reply he told shortly in outline the story I knew so well; adding, "I was at the hospice when Turk was born. Every summer since, I have gone back to see him. He always greeted me and knew me, and many a time have I offered

any sum to the monks to own him; but they would not give him up. Last winter I heard that he was dead. I felt as if I had lost a friend. I wrote to ask for his skin, and receiving no reply, I have been to get it myself." "Well?" I asked, thinking I must say something. "Well, some shrewd American was before me! Begging your pardon, sir, it's a nation given up to gain. I wager the fellow will give lecturing tours, with Turk's skin, all through the States! And I—I loved that dog. I would give a thousand pounds to find the man!" "Save your money, sir," I answered. "It's enough that you loved the dog. I am the American! You are welcome to Turk's skin!"

I felt as Jean did: "*That* is not Turk!"

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## MODERN HARBOR DEFENSES.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

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FOR years past, the newspapers throughout the United States have published articles relating to Coast or Harbor Defenses, and at every session of Congress there have been frequent discussions of the same subject.

It would seem that the question had been so thoroughly canvassed that every one ought to be quite familiar with it. Yet, I venture to say that there are few, even among Congressmen or the writers for the newspapers, who are really conversant with the subject, and understand the systems and the methods devised in modern times to defend a great country from invasion by an enemy's fleet. Even if their elders were familiar with this branch of military science, boys are interested in all that relates to war.

Although in so short a space as this paper, we can not go over the ground very much in detail, yet I will try to explain, for young readers, the modern methods of fortification, and the wonderful appliances designed for forts and defenses that may hereafter be constructed.

The word "fortify" is derived from two Latin words, meaning "*to make strong*" any place. The place may be a city, a harbor, a village, a mountain-pass, a depot of supplies, or any important position it is deemed advisable to strengthen.

In countries like the United States, the coast is so long that it would be necessary to fortify many

harbors, cities, and localities, that an enemy may find no place weak enough to break through. There are many places which will not permit an enemy's vessels to approach close enough to disembark troops and material of war, and it is only those harbors and places where he can land, or inflict damage on us, that we have to defend. Coast defenses, therefore, include the forts and batteries, the torpedo-systems and other methods employed at sea-ports to keep an enemy's war-vessels from coming near enough to do us damage; and as these towns are generally provided with good harbors, the term "harbor defenses" means practically the same thing.

In order that we may understand the subject, let us take a supposed harbor and its fortifications, as represented by the map on the next page. Examining it, we find a river opening into a large, deep harbor. By the mouth of the river is a large city, whence many railroads branch out into the interior of the country. The city is also very rich and contains many supplies valuable to an enemy. If he could take it, he might destroy the railroads and prevent troops and supplies coming from the interior of the country. He could seize so much valuable plunder as to reimburse himself for the expense of the war. Other great damage might be done, also. In case war was declared and there were no defenses, he could sail up the harbor, and,

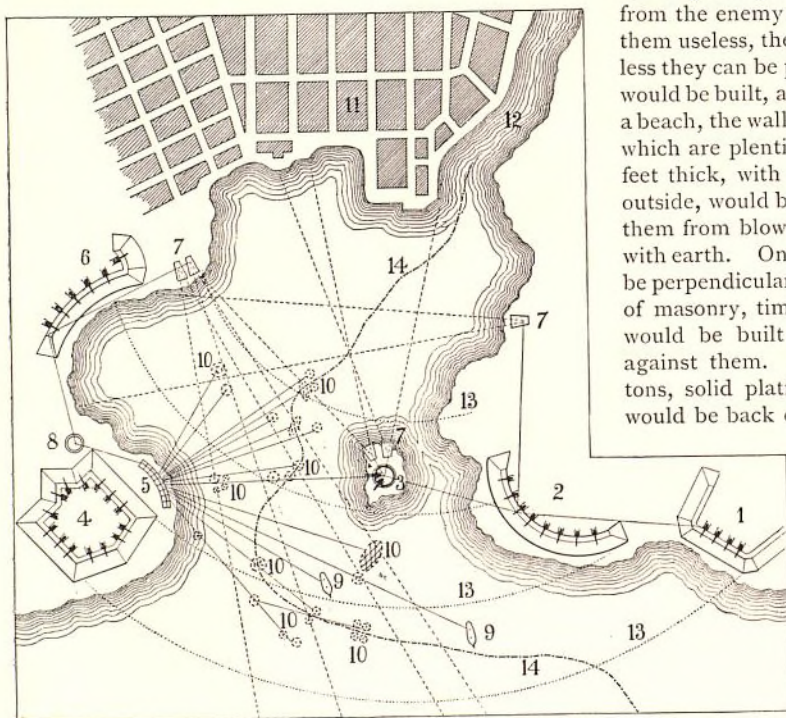


anchoring within easy range of the city, demand a tribute of one hundred million of dollars to be paid within forty-eight hours, threatening otherwise to destroy the city. What consternation would then result! As no one would wish to give up his property without being paid for it,—and in this case there would be no pay,—every one would at once try to get away with all the money and portable property he possessed. The railroads would be overcrowded and could not carry all who wished to leave. The roughs, the idlers, the criminals and outlaws, might riot and commit crimes without restraint; probably no one would be able to control them.

Troops could be brought from the interior, but of what use would their rifles or cannon be against

of the harbor and the sea, near the coast, may be known and accurately mapped. The channel for large vessels may be supposed to follow along the coast, and then pass up the center of the harbor. It is represented in the map by the crooked line crossing the straight and the circular lines. These circular lines are mile circles, the upper one being three miles, and the others four, five, and six miles, respectively, from the city. As the enemy may have very large and powerful guns to throw shells a great distance, it will be necessary for the defenders of the city first to make large and powerful cannon, and put them along the coast far enough away to reach the enemy while sailing by it. But these great guns take many months to make, and are very costly machines, and as one shell from the enemy striking them would render them useless, they will be of little service unless they can be protected. So a strong wall would be built, and, if the place should be on a beach, the wall would be of sand and earth, which are plentiful and cheap. Walls forty feet thick, with even thicker slopes on the outside, would be made of sand, and to keep them from blowing or falling away, sodded with earth. On the inside, the walls should be perpendicular, and, to keep them so, walls of masonry, timber, or other hard material would be built first, and the sand piled against them. As great guns weigh many tons, solid platforms of iron and masonry would be back of the walls for them to rest

on, so that, when ready to fire, their muzzles shall project over the tops of the walls. But were they to remain in this position all the time, they would be easily seen, and exposed—with the gunners who were loading them—to the enemy's fire. To prevent this, the carriages on which they are mounted can be made to sink when a shot is



SKETCH MAP OF A MODERN HARBOR AND ITS DEFENSES.

1, Sand Battery; 2, Armor Battery; 3, Turret Fort; 4, Casemate Fort; 5, Torpedo Gallery; 6, Heavy Battery; 7, Electric Lights; 8, Observation Tower; 9, Torpedo Boats; 10, Submarine Mines and Torpedoes; 11, City; 12, River; 13, Mile Circles; 14, Channel.

the steel armor of the war-vessel? The tribute would have to be paid, or the vessel could, at the end of forty-eight hours, throw huge shells, which, exploding in various parts of the city, would kill people and burn buildings. By refusing to pay, the people would lose life and property worth much more than the one hundred million of dollars demanded.

It is to prevent such disasters that, in time of peace, harbor defenses are made. From surveys and soundings, every foot of ground at the bottom

fired, and carry the guns with them below the top of the wall, or "crest of the parapet." As these huge guns would weigh a hundred tons, or more (some now being made would weigh one hundred and fifty-six tons), and the carriages on which they are mounted would weigh half as much again, they could be raised only by the aid of steam or hydraulic power. Behind the wall and under its cover the gunners might load the guns in safety.

To hoist the immense charges of powder, weighing hundreds of pounds, and the immense projec-

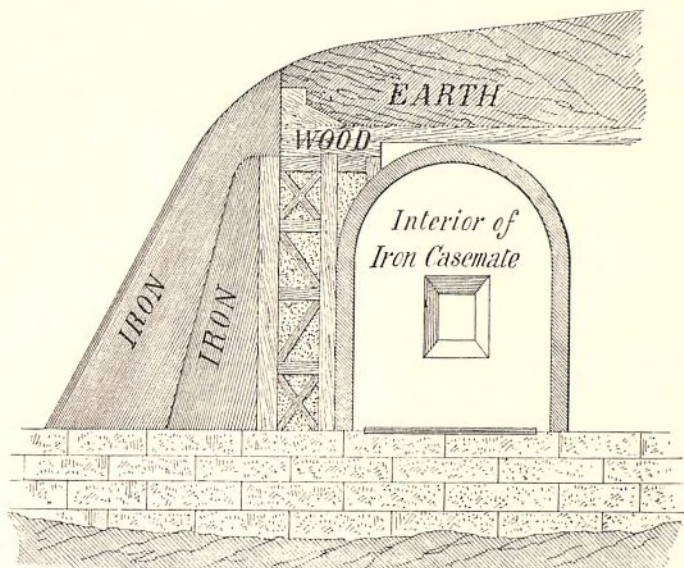


tiles weighing much more, to a level with the guns and to shove them in, would require a derrick that is also manipulated by steam. When all loaded, the guns and carriages would be raised by steam, but the gunners would be exposed if, in order to sight them, they attempted to look along the tops of the guns. So a pair of mirrors will be used over each gun. These are to reflect the sea, the vessels, and the sighting-lines of the guns, one on another, so that the gunners standing below and peering upward into a mirror can tell when their guns are pointed at the object. The guns have to be "traversed" to right or left, and the muzzles to be raised or lowered by steam. When all is ready the gun is discharged by electricity. So with the other guns. If a ship could pass by this battery without serious injury, the course of the channel would bring her nearer to the land, and here it would be proper, therefore, to construct another battery. Let us call the first one which we have described No. 1, and then we can name this, No. 2. As a moving ship would be less likely to be struck by a shot than a large and stationary object like a battery, it would be necessary to make No. 2 fort as strong as, or stronger than, No. 1. In No. 1 and No. 2 the guns are mounted "en barbette"; that is, they fire over the crest of the parapet. But here we have neither earth nor sand sufficient to make our wall so thick. So here we would put up a wall of masonry, outside of which should be a little earth and strong timbers, and then in front of these strong plates of steel or iron. In other words, the fort is actually armored.

The guns, as in No. 1, should be mounted on disappearing carriages, and never rise, or come into view of the enemy, till they are ready to hurl their huge bolts at the vessels. The shock of discharge, or recoil, would force back the guns, and guns and carriages would sink till they are below the parapet, and are ready for reloading.

It would be much more difficult to pass this battery than to pass No. 1, especially if there should be built, on the mainland opposite, a very powerful fort, and on an island near the shore, another. This latter would be a curiosity. It would be a "turret fort," and externally nothing could be seen but a large dome of cast-iron or steel. Containing two or more openings in it for guns, it would revolve horizontally upon wheels traveling in circular tracks. The entire mass would be moved by steam

generated in boilers far below ground. While the guns were being loaded, the huge turret would present nothing but a large circular dome of iron to the enemy, with openings on the side opposite the vessel. When the guns were loaded, the com-



mander would press a small lever, and the huge dome slowly turn around till the openings were where he wished them to be. He would then stop it by another pull of a lever, and the big guns would be run out and pointed. The recoil having thrown them back again into the turret, it would at once commence to revolve, and continue till the openings are away from the enemy's fire. You have often seen swing-bridges revolving on little wheels that travel around a pier built in midstream. The turret would travel in the same way, but, the weight being very much greater, would require steam power.

On the opposite side of the channel would be the main fort. Here, the land being much higher, the fort would be built on the casemate plan; that is, the guns, instead of firing over the walls, "en barbette," would fire through little openings or ports in the sides of the walls. The room for the gun would be roofed over and partly closed at the rear. Perhaps other guns might be mounted on top also "en barbette." This fort would be armored, and to protect the gunners and interior of the casemates, when the gun is withdrawn into its casemate, heavy steel shields or doors would swing across the ports. These could be opened and the guns run out when ready to fire. All this would be done by steam.

It would seem that with such an array of strong



forts and powerful guns it would be impossible for any vessel to sail past and remain afloat. But nowadays vessels are made to go so fast that, traveling at full speed, it would be very hard to hit them from the shore. So some means of retarding their progress must be devised, and therein lies the sphere of action of submarine mines. These mines would be made by placing about the harbor, below the surface of the water, torpedoes filled with gun-cotton or dynamite, so that the charges may be exploded by electricity or by contact. Looking at the map we see how they would be placed, by the dotted circles. They would be in groups, so contrived that they may be exploded singly, or an entire group at a time. Some of the mines lie on the bottom of the harbor and in the channel. These would be exploded by electricity, from the shore. Others would float in the water at a certain depth below the surface, but anchored; and all arranged so as to explode by contact with the hull of a vessel passing over them. If a vessel coming into the harbor were to steam along at great speed she would be sure to run into one of these floating mines or pass over the stationary ones. So she would sail very slowly, and by means of great booms stretched out on all her sides and strong nettings weighted down and suspended from the booms, try to catch the floating torpedoes or mines, or burst them before they were near enough to harm her. Also, by discharging shells filled with dynamite, on the bottom, and exploding them there, she would set off the submarine mines in that vicinity. But to do this she must sail very slowly, and thus give the great guns on shore plenty of time to knock her to pieces.

In order to avoid this, the vessel might try to pass the batteries at night. Then she could sail along slowly, pick up and destroy the torpedoes, and if the night were very dark, as a night selected for such an exploit should be, the gunners on shore would not be able to see her very well. Therefore, to prevent this, powerful electric lights should be at different points on the shore, which would light up the channel and a wide zone on both sides. These lights should be in the safest places possible, and to prevent their being destroyed by shots from the enemy's guns, they should be low down in "emplacements," and their light be thrown on reflectors, which in turn could cast it out over the waters. The reflectors might be destroyed, but they also might be quickly and easily replaced; the lights themselves would be comparatively safe.

But the enemy might attempt to destroy the mines by other means. He might have a number of small boats—steam-launches, and so on—called patrol-boats, which could be used in shallow waters. With these he might steal along in the dark part

of the waters, noiselessly, and carry parties of men to destroy the electric lights, or pick up torpedoes. So the forts on shore should have guard-boats to constantly patrol the water. They should be armed with machine-guns which would quickly destroy the small boats.

It might seem impossible for the enemy to break through a line thus fortified, and so he might decide to take up a position outside, and attempt to silence the guns of the forts, or destroy them. Undoubtedly you know what mortars, or high-angle-fire howitzers are,—guns that fire shells high up in the air, which, dropping down, can reach the interior of the forts at points not to be reached by guns throwing projectiles at the usual angles. The accuracy of this fire is wonderful, and two or three dozen mortars playing on one of the batteries would make short work of it. To avoid them an enemy's position is made to change constantly, so that he can not accurately get the range. Torpedo-boats are sent out at him, which at a certain distance from him launch their torpedoes. Movable torpedoes, controlled by electricity, running on wires from the torpedoes to the shore, and even submarine boats that sail under water and fasten torpedoes to the hull, all keep him constantly on the move. Against such boats and torpedoes as he sees, he turns his machine and quick-firing guns, but his only defense against those under water is to keep moving about, with his guard-boats patrolling all around him and his booms and netting stretched out.

The auto-movable torpedo is controlled by a man on shore, as in fact would be all the torpedoes and mines, and so there should be built what are called torpedo galleries. They would be strong places, built low down, within which are electric batteries and wires running to the different mines and torpedoes. A movable torpedo can be accurately controlled to a distance of about a mile from shore. It has one or two wires which unroll as the machine progresses. They are connected with a battery on shore, and one man, there, can not only explode the torpedo when he desires, but he can guide it, turn it around, stop it, or make it go ahead again. Electricity plays perhaps the most wonderful part in all these huge works. On the map will be noticed, by the main fort, a little round building—No. 8. This would be the place for the "tower of observation" of the commanding officer. From here he could see all over the harbor and away out to sea. The tower would be strong, and inside would be the wonderful key-boards of the electric system. By means of these, the commander could telephone to the captain of Battery No. 1 to load his guns, and aim them at such and such an angle and direction. The captain of the

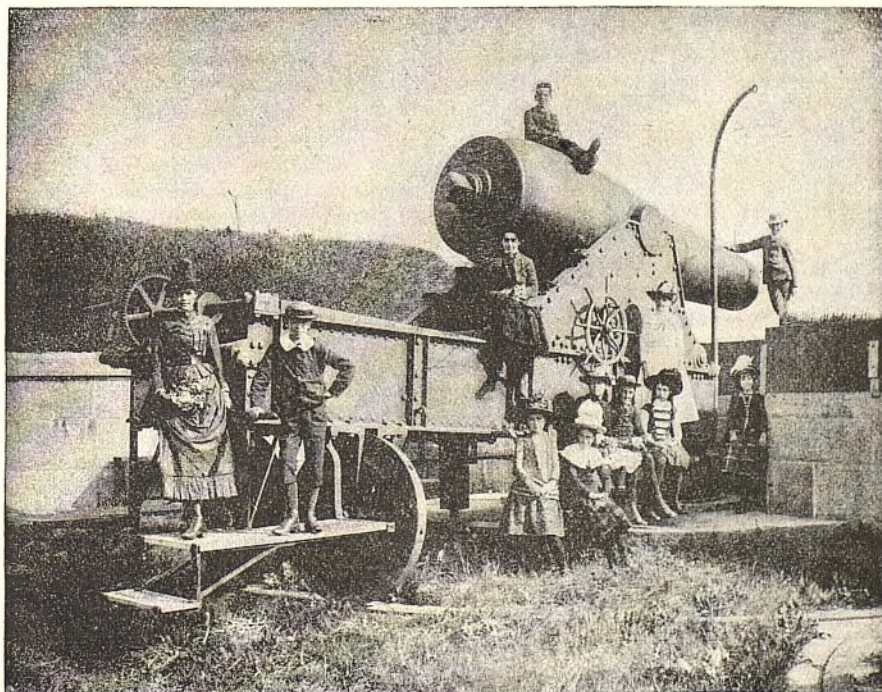


battery would do so and telephone back the moment he was ready. The commander could tell the captain to fire, or he could, if he chose, press a little key and himself fire each gun singly or all the guns at once. He could do the same with all the batteries and forts, and he could, from his little tower miles away, by a light touch of his finger explode every gun in the harbor, and send tons and tons of metal flying with crushing force at any vessel he pleased. He could do even more. He could explode any, or all, of the mines and torpedoes at once, or he could have one grand simultaneous explosion of all the guns, torpedoes, and mines. At each fort and battery would be stationed officers who by means of instruments would find exactly the course of the enemy's ships. This would be telegraphed to the commander, who would thus know at every instant just where any vessel is, and how fast she is sailing. So he could predict that a ship will pass a certain spot at a certain time, and, if she did not change her course, could press the key, and blow up the vessel, or send at her a huge bolt of iron or steel. If the enemy had landed a force on the mainland down the coast, and it was marching on the fort to take it in the rear, the commander could wait till he saw the force on a road approaching the fort, when, pressing another key, several iron doors of the fort

would open and automatic machine-guns pop out, and commence firing at the rate of six hundred shots per minute apiece, and keep it up till the key was pressed again, when they would withdraw and the shields close. It can be seen that the commander should know absolutely all that is going on, as otherwise he might fire into his own forts, or on his own patrol-boats.

Now, an enemy would not attack a strongly fortified place with one vessel. He would have a large fleet, and the defending party should have on hand a large fleet also. So rams and heavy floating-batteries would be built.

From the foregoing, we see that there are needed for harbor defenses, first, powerful guns; second, powerful fortifications to protect the guns; third, torpedoes, torpedo-boats, and systems of submarine mines; fourth, electric lights; fifth, emplacements for the lights; and sixth, floating-batteries and rams and patrol-boats. Armor on forts should be two, or two and a half, or even three feet thick. It can be seen that an immense amount of labor is necessary to build these, and to complete the huge guns. To complete such a system requires many years and the expenditure of much money, but in case of war, it would be money saved in the end.



A BIG GUN AT NEW YORK HARBOR UNDER FIRE FROM THE CAMERA.





A fairy's broken wing,  
How piteous a thing!

Quick, Devil's-needle, mend it,  
And elfin nurses, tend it,  
With tiniest fingers, bathe with dew,  
And cobweb bandages renew;  
And all its filmy strength restore,  
To skim the wide blue air once more.

C.P.S.

## THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

(A Child's Quandary.)

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THEY have asked me to vote for a national flower;—  
Now, which will it be, I wonder!  
To settle the question is out of my power;  
But I'd rather not make a blunder.

And I love the Mayflower best,—in May,—  
Smiling up from its snowdrift-cover  
With its breath that is sweet as a kiss, to say  
That the reign of winter is over.

And I love the Golden-rod, too,—for its gold;  
And because through autumn it lingers,  
And offers more wealth than his hands can hold  
To the grasp of the poor man's fingers.

I should like to vote for them both, if I might;  
But I do not feel positive whether  
The flowers themselves would be neighborly quite;—  
Pink and yellow don't go together.

O yes, but they do!—in the breezy wild rose,  
The darlingest daughter of summer,  
Whose heart with the sun's yellow gold overflows,  
And whose blushes so well become her.

Instead of one flower, I will vote for three:  
The Mayflowers know that I mean them;  
And the Golden-rod surely my choice will be,—  
With the sweet Brier-rose between them.

You see I'm impartial. I've no way but this:  
My vote, with a rhyme and a reason,  
For the Mayflower, the Wild Rose, and Golden-rod, is;—  
A blossom for every season!



## THE BUNNY STORIES.\*

FOR LITTLE READERS.

### DEACON BUNNY BUYS A MULE.

DEACON BUNNY came home from a county fair, one day, leading a pony mule.

He was a small, dun-colored, peaceful-looking creature, of uncertain age, and seemed to be very docile and gentle.

The Bunnies were surprised and delighted, for they had never seen so cunning a little steed, and they had often teased their father to buy them a pony and village-cart for their own.

The Deacon did not tell the family all the reasons why he had bought the mule, but said the animal might do for the children to drive, and would be useful for light work about the place.

The Bunnies very nearly quarreled about the name and the ownership of the mule, but at last agreed to call him "Donkey Dan," and to own him in common.

Cousin Jack looked him over carefully, and as he did not say much in his praise, the Deacon asked what was the matter with the mule.

Cousin Jack replied that he might be a good-enough mule, what there was of him, but Cousin Jack was afraid he was not so amiable as he looked.

He told the Deacon he had seen very disagreeable kinds of mulishness hiding behind just such an outward show of meekness, and, though he might be mistaken, and hoped he was, the family likeness to vicious mules was very strong in Donkey Dan, especially about the eyes.

The Deacon said the man who sold him the mule told him that the mule had been a great pet in the family where he was raised, and was a perfect cosset.

"That is just what I was afraid of," said Cousin Jack, "and if the mule has any chronic faults, his bringing up is probably more than half to blame for them; however, we will wait and see."

The next day the Deacon bought a village-cart and harness, and the children took their first ride behind Donkey Dan, with Bunnyboy as a driver.

They had a jolly trip, and came home full of praise of Donkey Dan and the way he had behaved.

The Deacon joked Cousin Jack about having misjudged the mule, and he replied, that he was sorry if he had done the poor fellow any injustice, for, as a rule, he tried to think kindly of the

meanest of God's creatures, instead of judging them hastily or harshly.

All went smoothly for several days, until one morning Gaffer, the farmer who worked for Deacon Bunny, was told to take Donkey Dan and the cart and carry a bag of potatoes to the Widow Bear.

The potatoes were in the barn, and Gaffer tried to make the mule back the cart up to the barn-door, in order to load them easily, but Donkey Dan would n't "back!"

The harder Gaffer pulled on the reins, the more firmly the mule braced the other way, and the stubborn animal turned his head from side to side in a most provoking manner.

Then Gaffer tried to lead him about and bring the cart near the door, but this plan also failed.

Donkey Dan was stubborn and seemed to have made up his mind to have his own way, and to do just contrary to what he was asked to do.

The barn stood on a hillside, and the roadway had been built up on the lower side to make it level and was supported by a stone wall. A light wooden railing protected the embankment, which rose eight or ten feet above the yard.

When Gaffer was trying to make him back, Donkey Dan was facing the bank. When he tried to lead him toward the barn the mule was, of course, facing the other way.

Gaffer chirruped and coaxed, and tried to pull him forward, but still the mule braced his feet and would not budge.

Suddenly, and without any warning or reason, Donkey Dan began to "back" with a great rush, and before Gaffer could hinder him, the wheels crashed through the frail fence, and down the bank went the cart and donkey, backwards, both landing wrong side up in a heap below.

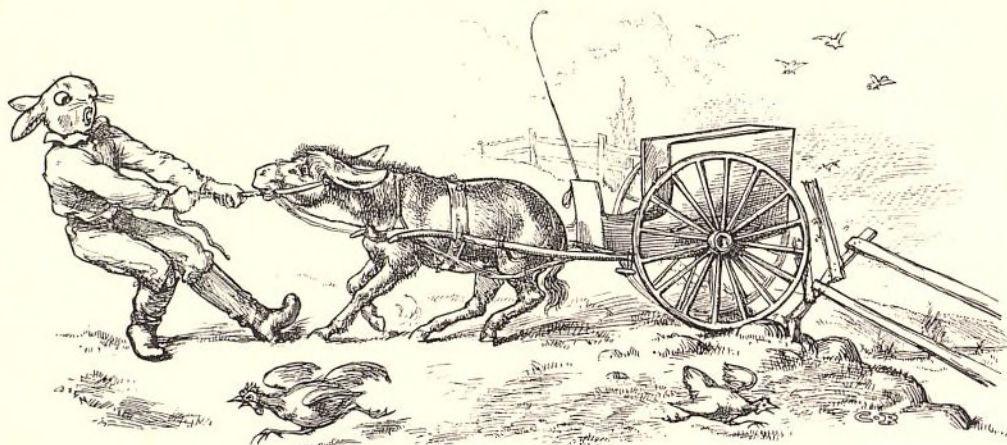
Gaffer was frightened and called for help, while the mule, stunned and probably too much surprised to move, lay there until the Deacon and Gaffer went to his aid.

Strange to say, Donkey Dan seemed to be unhurt, and when once more on his feet, he shook himself and began to nibble the grass as if nothing had happened.

The cart, which was badly broken, was sent to

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GAFFER TRIES TO BRING DONKEY DAN TO THE BARN-DOOR.

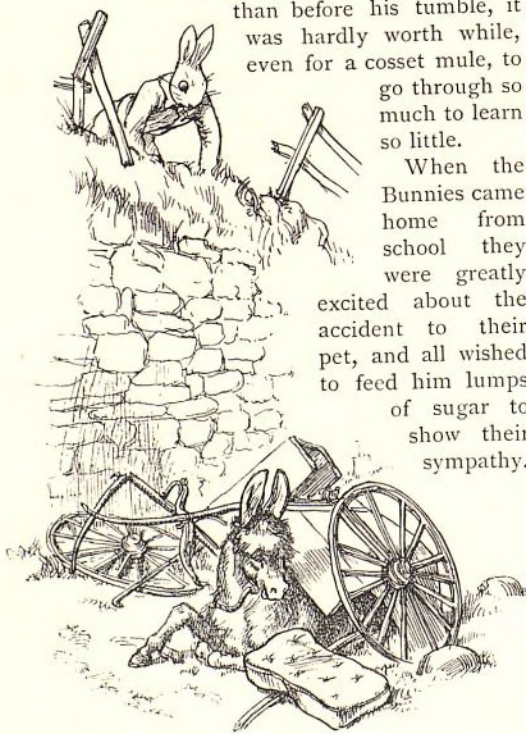
the shop to be repaired, and Gaffer took one of the farm-horses to do his errand.

Deacon Bunny said some persons would call it a miracle that Donkey Dan was not killed by his tumble, and he hoped it would be a lesson to him.

Cousin Jack suggested that a good way to prevent the same kind of "miracle" from happening again, would be to build a stronger and more suitable railing on top of the wall, and that though

Donkey Dan might know more than before his tumble, it was hardly worth while, even for a cosset mule, to go through so much to learn so little.

When the Bunnies came home from school they were greatly excited about the accident to their pet, and all wished to feed him lumps of sugar to show their sympathy.



DONKEY DAN COMES TO GRIEF.

Brownie declared that Gaffer must have abused Dan, or he would not have acted so badly.

The Deacon told him it was useless to try to explain why a mule was mulish, by blaming other folks, and that talking about it would not mend the cart nor the mule's manners.

Cousin Jack said the resignation of that mule as he lay there on the ground, and his self-satisfied expression when he had been helped out of the scrape, seemed almost Bunny-like.

Mother Bunny said she was glad and thankful none of the children were in the cart at the time, and that she should feel uneasy about them in the future if they went to ride with the mule.

Cousin Jack remarked quietly to her, that he was sorry *one* of the Bunnies had not seen the whole performance, for an object lesson in willfulness and heedlessness might perhaps make it easier for her to restrain one of her troublesome comforts.

He did not say which one of the Bunnies, but Mother Bunny knew which one he meant, and you also may find out by reading the next chapter.

#### DONKEY DAN AND BROWNIE.

COUSIN JACK, who was very fond of all babies, used to say that the only things a baby did n't outgrow were a mother's love and patience, and it was almost a pity that they had to grow up at all.

Brownie was now seven years old, two years older than Cuddledown, the youngest, and he had been the pet of the family even after she had come to divide the honors.

All through his babyhood, until after he was able to go alone, he had been what is called a delicate child, never quite so rugged and vigorous as the others at the same ages.

For this reason he was more tenderly cared for and looked after, too often humored when he should



have been pleasantly denied, and left to do hardly anything for himself.

In this way he acquired the habit of being waited upon, and of having other people use their eyes and ears and brains for him, instead of learning to use his own.

When he had become old enough to play out in the fresh air and sunshine with the other children, without being tied to a nursemaid's apron-string, he had a hard time in getting used to the sharp corners of the doorsteps, the rough edges of curbstones, and the gritty side of a brick or gravel walk, because it was so easy for him to fall over anything that happened to be in his way, instead of using his eyes, or stopping to think for himself when in a hurry.

This change from a "hug-able," sweet-tempered, and comfortable little bundle of helplessness, to a heedless, self-willed, and unlucky youngster, was a great trial to the family, especially to his mother.

Not that Brownny was altogether a bad or stupid child, for he had a tender heart, and was kind and generous in many ways, but his willfulness and blundering brought more trouble upon himself and others than there was any need for having, where every one else was kind and thoughtful and tried to teach him to be careful.

After Donkey Dan's tumble down the bank, whenever the Bunnies went to ride, Bunnyboy, who was eleven years old and strong for his age, was sent with them as driver.

This did not suit Brownny, for he thought he was old enough to drive, himself. He kept on saying that Donkey Dan was all right, and that Gaffer was to blame for the accident at the barn.

Bunnyboy had been cautioned, when driving, to keep in the broad highways, to avoid narrow lanes and steep places, and and not to make the mule back.

As no accident happened, Brownny became more and more confident, and one Saturday afternoon, without asking leave, he harnessed the mule and drove out alone.

No one saw him start, as Mother Bunny was busy indoors, and the other Bunnies were away at play.

In driving through the village, Brownny met his sister Pinkeyes and asked her to ride home.

Instead of keeping on the highway, he turned into a by-road; and though Pinkeyes told him he ought not to go that way, he said he knew what he was about, and kept on. In spite of the fact that Pinkeyes was two years older, she had been in the habit of yielding to Brownny; and to avoid a quarrel she said no more.

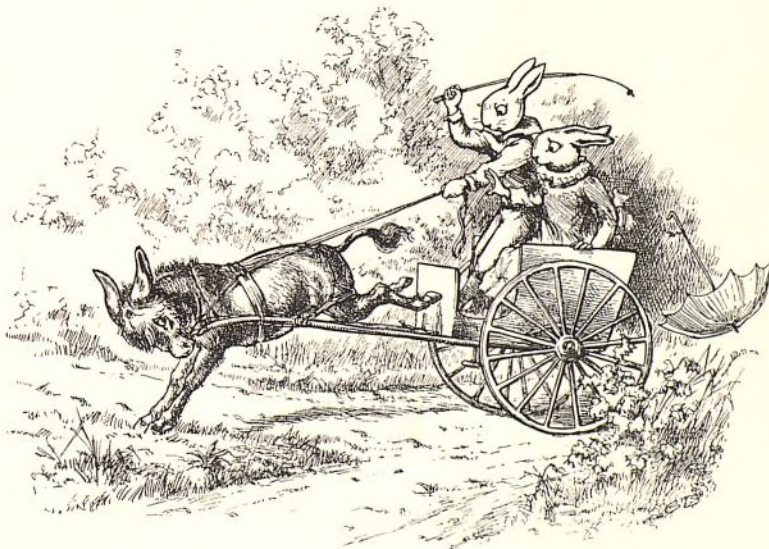
This by-road soon separated into two lanes, both leading toward home — one running over a hill, and the other around it.

Brownny wished to go over the hill, but Donkey Dan tried to take the other and easier road.

The harder Brownny pulled him to the right, the more the mule tried to go to the left, until Brownny, becoming impatient with the mule, lost his temper and struck Dan smartly with the whip, at the same time giving a strong jerk on the right rein.

Donkey Dan made one plunge forward and then stopped short, turned his head from side to side, and refused to go either way.

Another blow with the whip, and another jerk on the reins, and in a twinkling the mule whirled short about, upsetting the cart and throwing the



BROWNNY AND DONKEY DAN DISAGREE AS TO WHICH ROAD IS THE RIGHT ONE.

children topsy-turvy into the gutter among the brambles and stones.

Donkey Dan then dashed down the road, but Brownny hung to the reins and was dragged quite a distance, until Neighbor Fox saw the runaway coming, and stopped the mule.

Brownny asked Neighbor Fox to go back with him and help his sister, for he feared she was hurt.



They found Pinkeyes sitting by the roadside, half stunned, and bleeding from a wound on her head, where she had fallen on a sharp stone.

Lifting her gently into the cart, and telling Pink-eyes to rest her head on Brownny's shoulder, neighbor Fox led the mule and his sorry load home.



DONKEY DAN'S SUCCESSOR.

When the surgeon had come and sewed up the wound on Pinkeyes's head, he told the family the injury was serious, but, with quiet and good nursing, he hoped she would be out in a week or two.

Brownny was somewhat bruised by his rough-and-tumble dragging over the stony road, but the shame of it all, and his anxiety about Pinkeyes, made this seem a small matter.

For the sake of having his own heedless way, he had nearly killed his sister, grieved the whole family, and disgraced himself and Donkey Dan.

Brownny had been in little troubles before, from the same cause, but had never harmed any one but himself, except that he hurt the feelings of those who loved him, and were sorry to see him growing up so willful and reckless, in spite of all they could do or say.

Deacon Bunny had a long and earnest talk with him, and ended by telling him that he might go into the sick-room every morning and evening and look at his sister's pale face and bandaged head, with the sad mother watching by the bedside, if he felt that he needed any punishment to help him keep the lesson in mind.

Pinkeyes soon was well enough to sit up, and there never was a more devoted and loving brother than Brownny tried to be, through all the days and weeks before she was able to play again.

Cousin Jack pitied Brownny, for he could see how keenly he suffered, and when he found a good opportunity he spoke with him about the accident.

He said he was glad Brownny had the nerve to hang on to the mule as he did, or some little child might have been run over, if they had reached the public highway, as would have happened before neighbor Fox could have stopped them, but for the check of Brownny's weight on the mule's speed.

Cousin Jack tried to explain to him that willfulness, or mulishness, might be pardonable in a mule, who had only instinct to guide him, but good sense ought to teach any one who had reason and a conscience, the difference between manly firmness and mulish obstinacy.

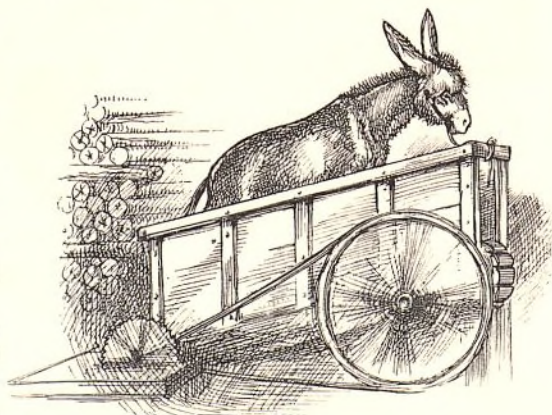
"Mix a little more caution with your strong will, and season it with kindness and forbearance," said Cousin Jack, "and you can change your fault into the kind of virtue which rules the world."

Donkey Dan and Gaffer soon had another fracas at the barn, and Mother Bunny begged the Deacon to sell the mule and buy a pet more tractable for family driving; and this was decided to be wise.

A few days later the Deacon bought the Bunnies a handsome, chubby, well-broken Shetland pony.

He told the family that a man who owned a saw-mill, run by horse-power, had taken Donkey Dan, and he would have no backing to do there, for the great flat wheel he walked on to drive the mill, only went one way, around and around, always in the same direction, with no opportunity for an argument that even a mule could enjoy.

Brownny did n't change his nature all at once, but



DONKEY DAN IS PUT INTO A PLACE WHERE HE MUST GO, WILLING OR UNWILLING.

he did try to be a little less like a mule, in some ways, and whenever he was inclined to be headstrong, or heedless, Cousin Jack would slyly say, "I wonder what 's become of Donkey Dan?"





BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

AT Abbotsford Sir Walter sat,  
His friends about the board,  
In easy after-dinner chat,  
When thus an English lord :

“ Talking of troubles, we are told  
Each mortal takes his share.  
Now, there are happy lives, I hold,  
Exempt from thought of care.”

“ Not so,” Sir Walter said ; “ no heart  
That beats in human breast,  
But bears apart, some inward smart,  
Some burden of unrest.”

“ I ’ll venture,” said my lord, “ I ’ll find  
One neck without its yoke ;  
One truly calm and tranquil mind.  
Take that daft laddie, Jock.”

By shaded walks of Abbotsford,  
Sir Walter led them down,  
Called the poor lad before the lord,  
Who, tossing half-a-crown :

“ You live in luck, good Jock, I see,  
Well fed, light work to do ? ”

“ Oo, ay, the maister ’s gude to me,  
An’ I hae plenty, too.”

“ Well said, brave Jock, and now, once more,—  
Of troubles know you aught ? ”  
At once his face was “ sicklied o’er ”  
With the “ pale cast of thought.”

“ Trouble eneugh ! Wha could ha’e mair ? ”  
He shuddered as he spoke.

“ Oo, ay, wi’ fear I ’m fashit sair,  
Ye ’ll mind the bubblyjock \* ? ”

“ The bubblyjock ! What thing on earth  
May that be ? ” says my lord.  
And then, amid a roar of mirth,  
They see, across the sward,

A turkey-cock of stately size,  
Slow strutting into sight.  
Poor Jock beholds with quailing eyes,  
And quickly takes to flight.

“ Ah ! ” says Sir Walter, “ it ’s the same  
With all poor human folk ;  
Our troubles differ but in name,  
Each has his ‘ bubblyjock.’ ”

\* Scotch pronunciation of last syllable, “ joke.”



## From Our Scrap-Book



### WATER LIFE, AND HOW TO SEE IT.

I HAD fished in the Trout Hole again and again, lifting from the water there my best catches of black bass and a great many more perch than I wanted,—for, on the St. Lawrence, it is the fashion to throw perch back. But though I had so often fished in the Trout Hole, all I knew about it was that it was in the second bay on the south side of Lake Ontario, just where the lake empties into and forms the St. Lawrence River, at Cape Vincent, New York. I knew it to be a prettily shaped, semicircular harbor with a beach composed of millions and millions of small stones worn smooth by the water. The last time I went there, however, I had a surprise. The bay was partially shielded from the east wind which was then blowing, and for moments at a time its surface was as smooth as glass. My boatman threw over the anchor of his skiff, and, as he did so, exclaimed, “Just look at the fish in there!” I looked, and then understood for the first time why the place was called the Trout Hole.

Beneath me was a bowl, twenty-five feet deep and several times as wide, with sides or walls of tiny stones and as steep as you can imagine. Everywhere else the little arm of the lake was shallow. It was as if the bay had been filled with small stones and then some power had scooped out an enormous cup-shaped well in them. And in the clear water swam or hung at rest, as if in mid-air, hundreds of fish. Little striped perch were the most numerous and the least disturbed. Now and then, a great black bass, or even a half-dozen of his kind, rushed across the bowl with the swiftness and vigor of an athlete at play, and with the grace of a strong fish. Far down, just above the stony bottom, hung a great pickerel or two, and hundreds of baby-bass played in schools close to the shallow, flaring top of the bowl. In an instant a puff of wind ruffled the water, and the scene was gone. We had to wait many moments, until the surface was smooth, to enjoy the wondrous scene anew.

How I longed for a water-glass! I resolved at that instant never to spend an idle day on any river or lake of clear water, without one of those glasses. Since then it has struck me as strange that so few who live by the water should know the powers of this simple device. Indeed, many have never heard of it.

The water-glass may be known in many places. I

have seen it only on the island of New Providence, on which is situated the city of Nassau. It is a few hundred miles from our Atlantic coast. There the water in the coves and sounds is as clear as crystal. Visitors are rowed out by the boatmen on purpose to see the sights beneath the surface. A water-glass is put in the visitor's hand. He submerges its bottom end, and looking into its open top sees sights of which he never dreamed: strange and beautiful sea-plants, odd-looking fishes,—some round and some that seem to have heads like horses. These fish are red, green, or of as many hues as are worn by the birds of the tropics. My man treated me to a sight even of a great pig-like ground-shark. The negro baited a large hook of bar-iron with pork, and literally bounced it against the nose of this monster without tempting the lazy fellow to swallow it or even to bite at it. But, lo! when the water-glass, in being withdrawn, reached the ruffled surface of the sea, the entrancing submarine scenery disappeared from view.

Surely, then, a water-glass is worth having. Any boy can make one. Nothing could be simpler. It is a long, narrow box with one open end and the other end closed by a sheet of glass. In use the glazed end is pushed as far as is convenient under the surface of the water. The secret of its operation is that the ripple, or movement on the surface, is what prevents us from seeing what is passing beneath it. Once past this disturbance, an uninterrupted view of what lies beneath is gained. The box may be of half-inch pine, at least eighteen inches long, and it is best to have it five or six inches square. The glass should be set in a little groove before the last side of the box is nailed on, and it is well to put an edging of putty around the sides and under the glass, making the box air-tight, because if the glass gets wet on top you can not see through it. No water should be allowed to enter at the top of the box. Handles, pegs, or loops should be attached to the sides near the open end of the box, to hold it when in use.

Such a box, or glass, will repay its owner if he should live near clear water and be fond of boating or fishing. Armed with it, he will be able to see not only the marine life beneath him, but it will be possible for him literally to oversee his own operations as a fisherman, pulling the bait away from a small fish to put it in the way of a larger one. Then he may study the greedy fellow as he rushes for the fatal hook and gulps it down.



## THE TRUTHFUL FISHERMAN.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

WE went a-fishing. Now, no doubt,  
 You 'll say, "The same old yarn again:  
 The sylvan brook, the speckled trout,  
 The regulation mountain glen."  
 No! *We* went Staten Island way  
 And took the cars to Prince's Bay.

Along the sandy beach we strayed  
 And gazed across the glistening water.  
 The man we hired our boat of, said:  
 "Well, if you don't catch fish, you *oughter*."  
 I dare not state that boat's expense —  
 The bait alone cost ninety cents.

We rowed, and rowed, and then we baled  
 Our boat out with a skimming-dish.  
 Well-nigh to Sandy Hook we sailed,  
 And then, at last, began to fish.  
 That is, each held and watched his line —  
 The fishes never made a sign.

And yet, there *were* fish. Other craft  
 Went blithely back, their day's work done;  
 Our rivals showed their strings, and laughed,  
 While we lay luckless in the sun.  
 I afterward the reason learned:  
 Ere we got there, the tide had turned.

We gave it up and started back,  
 With blistered hands, to reach the shore;  
 And what had been a three-mile track  
 Now seemed at least a half-a-score.  
 Landing, we reached — what consolation! —  
*Only* one minute late, the station.

That night, in mournful single file,  
 Three fishermen, starved, brown, and gaunt,  
 Crept slowly home from Staten Isle,  
 All fishless from their fishing-jaut.  
 Now, if their story won't attract,  
 Supply the fiction. Here 's the fact.



"I 'LL JES SQUAT ON DIS VERE OLD LOG AND WATCH FOR MISTER —

— ALLIGATOR!"



## 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.

ROSEDALE, TORONTO, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember having seen any letters from Toronto in your "Letter-box," but perhaps you would like to hear from one of your little readers in the Queen City of Canada.

My sisters and I are very much interested in all your stories, especially "The Bells of Ste. Anne." We have an aunt who has spent several summers at her house on Lake Megantic, and she and her two little girls were among the passengers on the excursion train to the boundary, which is described in that story. She tells me that the car windows had to be closed on account of the fire, and then the heat was so intense that there was danger of the glass breaking. She thought at one time of escaping with her little girls through the woods as the track was on fire; however, she remained in the car, and after some delay reached home safely.

I wonder if Mrs. Catherwood knows that Donald Morrison, about whom we have heard so much as an outlaw during the last year, was also on the train that day, with a number of his Gaelic companions.

I remain, yours very truly, MAY H—.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a college town. I do not know whether you have had letters from a college town, but I think you must have had. I have great fun here; we are right in the mountains, and we can go off after flowers; there are so many here you can not pick them all.

I have had you in my house for two years, and my sister reads you, too. I don't believe you like long letters, so I am not going to write one.

We play ball very often here, and we have many other games, too. I think I shall have to end my letter now.

Your loving reader, FRANKLIN C—, JR.

MACON, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year we have taken you, and I have been regretting the good things I have missed all these years. I have been wanting to write you a letter for ever so long a time, but I lacked the courage. Since I have noticed that no letter has been published from Georgia, I have taken counsel of my fears, and have decided to try my luck, and if this letter is published, I know it will gladden the hearts of many of your Macon readers.

Joel Chandler Harris's name on your pages appears so familiar. He lives in Atlanta, and is better known to Georgia girls and boys as "Uncle Remus." I am so glad the April number contained a sketch of Elsie Leslie Lyde. I saw her when she acted as little "Meenie" in Joe Jefferson's company, and think she is wonderful.

Your devoted reader and friend,

RALPH B—.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa says if your artist could have photographed a picture in our house when ST. NICHOLAS arrived you would have printed it in ST. NICHOLAS; but as the artist was not there and I was, I will try to tell you about it. Well, my papa is a great hand to read his papers from all over the world, and he was in his big easy-chair reading away when the postman rung so hard at the door. Little brother Ezra ran for the mail, and the next moment we heard his cheery voice ringing out, "The Daddy Jake book has come! the Daddy Jake book has come!" All seven of us ran to papa to hear whether Lucien and Lillian had found Daddy Jake. My sister Nora and brother Ezra each climbed on their own one of papa's knees. Big sister Pauline and Eulalie looked over his shoulder from the back of his chair, while brother Mantie and I were on each side of him, and little year-and-a-half-old baby brother Malcolm crowded himself right between papa's knees and between Nora and Ezra, and stuck up his head to see what he could of the pictures about Daddy Jake.

While papa was reading the story our mamma came in, and little Ezra called out, "Mamma, Mamma, they have found Daddy Jake"; and there came such a loving expression in her face as she looked upon the picture and said, "My darlings."

We all want to hear more about Daddy Jake and Lucien and Lillian.

RACHEL M—.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little German sisters, and we are visiting our grandmamma in America, who takes your charming magazine. The June number has just arrived, and we see a letter from two little French girls. We have been in Europe two years, but have an English governess all the while; before that time we lived in New York City, except when we were babies. We were born at Cologne, on the beautiful river Rhine. On our last visit to Cologne we went to see the old house in which we used to live. Our father is there now, but he is going to cross in August, and we think it is a long time in coming. We hope we will be settled next winter so we can take your delightful magazine.

Your loving little friends,

GRETCHEN and MARGARETTA VAN V—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of your readers might like to hear about the bird's nest that I had made to order.

I had quite a variety of birds' nests, but I wished to have one made in a basket; so I climbed a large pear-tree, armed with a small basket filled with cotton. The next day I noticed some inquisitive little orioles taking the cotton from the basket to a higher limb in the same tree. It took them all that day to remove the cotton



from the basket, and they worked all the next day in taking it from the branch where they had placed it to a tree in the next yard. I thought I would let the birds occupy it for the season (free of rent), as they had so kindly made it for me, but as soon as they vacated it I took possession. The nest was about six inches long, made of cotton on the outside, and lined with horse-hair.

Your interested reader, E. H.

#### SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take you myself, but my brother does. He is a little fellow and likes the "Brownies" and "Pygmies" and "Bunnies" best. I am much interested in "A Bit of Color." We have a cat that is twenty-one years old, though you may not believe it. He is just eight years older than I am.

We have a horse, and I love to ride her. I am very fond of my teacher; she is very kind. My brother is the only one in Shasta who takes your magazine. It is a very little town, but used to be much larger before a great fire which destroyed many nice houses. This is the "Sweet Shasta Town" about which Joaquin Miller wrote the poem recently printed in your pages.

Your friend, ANNA M. S.—

#### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years in Chili, S. A., and one year here in the United States. Papa subscribed for you in Chili, S. A. We have not subscribed here in the United States, but whenever I get the chance I get you of the book-store. I was born in Chili, S. A., and we came pretty near living with the Indians (I mean amongst them). I am eleven years old, and will be twelve the 26th of August. This is the second letter I have written to you, but my name was not printed, but my name (or initials) was in the list of names that were not printed, or rather the letters were not printed.

My first letter was written in Chili, S. A. I like "Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," "The Bells of Ste. Anne," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "The Cob Family and Rhyming Eben," and a good many more. We came to the United States by the way of England, and I saw some big whales and porpoises and sea-gulls, and we would throw crumbs into the water and they would eat them, and we saw kingfishers diving after fishes. I am eleven years old and never saw snow till this winter, and never saw dandelions till last summer.

Yours affectionately, ANNITTA A. G.—

#### GAINESVILLE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for several years, I have not written to you before; I go to the East Florida Seminary, a military school, but girls are permitted to attend also. There are about thirty girls, and the girls drill. Our costumes are of white lawn for the skirt, trimmed with red braid, and blue blouses trimmed with white stars, and we drill with spears an hour every day. We have a captain and first and second lieutenants.

LOUISE S. B.—

#### RAMAPO, ROCKLAND CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Ramapo, so I thought I would write and tell you that I am a little girl, ten years old, and have taken your lovely magazine for three years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have two pets—a donkey and a bird. My donkey's name is "Lady Jane Grey," and my bird's, "Mikado." I have read and seen "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and think it charming. I have also read "Sara

Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's." I was very anxious to get every number, so that I would not miss one.

I remain your devoted reader, JULIA P.—

#### WESTPORT POINT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old. I want to tell you about something my mamma saw once. There were two horses in a yard near the house where we lived. It was a very hot day, and there was no water in the drinking-trough, and the horses were very thirsty; so Mamma drew them some water. One of them came and dipped her nose in the trough, and then, without stopping to drink, galloped away to the other horse and put her wet nose against his. Then they both came back, but the first one did not drink any until the other had had all he wanted.

Don't you think it was kind of her to go and tell the other horse before she drank any herself? I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your loving reader, MERCIE E. B.—

#### FT. WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in natural history, especially that of insects. Last summer I caught, or had given to me, quite a number of large, green worms, about the size of a man's middle finger. I fed them with their natural food, and watched them spin themselves into cocoons. These, with others I found in the autumn and winter, I put in a box and kept in a warm room ready for hatching this spring. This hatchery I watched with much interest when they began to come out. At last I saw one begin and helped it out; it was a Cecropia moth. I saw this cocoon bobbing up and down on the side of the box. I thought it looked suspicious, so I took it down and cut a small hole in one end. I saw the moth coming out, so I made the hole a little larger. After it put its fore feet out, it pulled itself along, until its other feet were free, and then it pushed the cocoon off with its hind feet and pulled itself clear with the others. The antennæ were folded over the head and thorax, the wings over the body, and the legs over all, but the legs were unfolded as the insect came out, and helped it to escape.

I think (in fact, I almost know) there is no other children's magazine in the world like yours. I like all your stories so much that I can not tell which I like the best.

Hoping this will interest some of your readers, I remain, your devoted friend, reader, and admirer,

C. K. W.—, JR.

#### NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, a class of little girls from eleven to twelve, have enjoyed reading you so much that we feel we must write and tell you about it.

Our teacher thinks you as instructive as any of the text-books we study, and when you arrive every month we read from you as a part of our reading-lesson. We find this very interesting and entertaining.

Most of us have taken you for a long while, even before we were old enough to read you, but now we can praise and appreciate you as you deserve.

Your constant  
"LITTLE READERS."

#### ST. BONIFACE HOUSE, VENTNOR, I. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not yet seen a letter in the "Letter-box" from the Isle of Wight, and I should



like to write one about a very interesting donkey there is on the island. Near Newport, the capital, are some ruins of an old castle called Carisbrook. Charles the First was imprisoned in this castle, and they used to draw their water from a well-house which may still be seen; the well is about two hundred feet deep. In this house is a huge wheel that draws up the water. This wheel is moved by a donkey walking up and down inside of it, and keeping it continually in motion. And so for hundreds of years the ancestors of this donkey have been doing that work, which work seems to agree with them, as this one is twenty-two years old, and the last one lived to be nearly forty. I saw in the "Letter-box" of August, 1888, a letter from Nice, France, which interested me, as I was in the earthquake, too. I was at Mentone, near Nice, and the shocks were terrible. I think Mentone was shaken more than any town of the Riviera. I have also been to Lucerne, Switzerland, and have been up the Rigi. We are living in a very interesting old house here. It was the first house in Ventnor. It was once the Manor House of Bonchurch, and is very old-fashioned.

I remain, your devoted reader,

MARGARET F.—

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much amused in reading about the "Two-headed Tortoise" in the May number, as I know of a coincidence. About the year 1800, as Wm. Powell was riding near Goose Creek, in Loudoun County, Va., he picked up just such a tortoise. It was such a curiosity that he carried it home and put it in a tub; but, unfortunately, a cat killed it. This Wm. Powell was the brother of my great-grandfather. He was afterwards drowned in the Shenandoah River. An account of the tortoise was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some time about the year 1800. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was seven years old (five years), and have never written a letter for the box before. I was born in this historic town, as many of my ancestors were, and I go to Christ Church (the church attended by Washington). My great-grandfather was a friend of Washington, and was one of his pall-bearers. He was afterwards, in 1814, mayor of the town when it was taken by the British. I own my grandfather's musket which he shouldered there when he was but a boy.

Yours,

WM. G. P.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading you for a long time, and you have given me a great deal of pleasure.

You have a great number of little readers and admirers, and I want you to add me to the rest, for I think that you are the nicest of all the magazines.

I am almost eleven years old. I have two sisters and two brothers.

I love "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I went to see it played; I had never been to the theater before. It was beautiful.

We live in the country all the year round, and like it better than town. We have a donkey that really goes,—it ran away one day,—a beautiful collie dog, and two pet calves, but I am sorry to tell you that our lovely little goat, brought to us from the West Indies, died during the winter. He followed us everywhere; his hair was as soft as silk.

Yesterday my little brother, three years old, got a letter from our aunt, and he was so pleased that he took it

to mother and asked her to put it in the bank. Was not that a funny idea?

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye!

I remain, your little friend,  
HELEN S. S.—

LANCASTER, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a snow-white Persian cat that was given to Mamma.

His hair was about one and a half inches long, and his tail about three inches around. He was very large, and had a most beautiful cat-face. One night, when he was about three years old, he ran away, and was found dead. We called him "Cyrus the Persian."

We have taken you ever since you were first published.

Your devoted friend, JANET L. B.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame girl, eleven years old; and as I can not run about like other children, ST. NICHOLAS is one of my greatest pleasures. I went to see Elsie Leslie play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I liked it, if possible, just as much as the story. I dressed one of my dolls up as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in a velvet suit and a red sash.

I have a cat named "Koko," and whenever he hears my crutches he runs to meet me, and rubs himself against them.

My sister took you for sixteen years, and now I am going to take you until I am too old. But I don't think that time will ever come.

Your loving little friend, FLORENCE C.—

BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and Papa has you bound every year for a Christmas present to me.

I think you are a lovely magazine, and I read you to Mamma while she sews. I read you through from beginning to end. I saw the Washington Centennial Parade, with Papa and Mamma, from a large window on Broadway. I am very glad that I am a little American girl.

My grandpa H. used to live on the Monmouth battleground, and Mamma and her brothers and sisters were born there. I suppose that is the reason I love George Washington so much. We have a little oak table that is made from the great old tree under which he rested after he fought the battle. I am nine years old, and I have no brothers nor sisters. I remain,

Your little friend, HELEN P. H. O.—

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Charlotte Edwina B., Alice Eisenstaedt, Nina Gray, J. C. Voice, S. W. F., Eleanor D., Carolyn Miles, Julia V. C., Margaret B., Anna K. W., Mabel C. and Lucy W., Olive Pardee, Mary P. Earl, Natalie More and Daisy Chauncy, Jessie P. Evans, H. Balfour, Edward W. Wallace, Clara, Alice, Georgie, Allan, Grace and May, Mary B. F., C. R. L., Maude R. Couder, "The DeF— twins," K. R., Helen A. Babcock, Harry Overton Schuyler, Richard V. Ryan, Louise J., Clara Danielson, Marian E. Macgill, Juliet S. A., Ernest A., Annie Van Winkle, Patty A., Marion Randall, Mary Randall, and Grace Eldredge.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Edgar A. Poe. Cross-words: 1. convEyers. 2. creDits. 3. caGit. 4. cavAlry. 5. contRacts. 6. crAne. 7. chaPter. 8. carOche. 9. cautErize.

CHARADE. Larkspur.

ZIGZAG. The Fall of the Bastille. Cross-words: 1. Tank. 2. OHio. 3. keEl. 4. halF. 5. ArAb. 6. gLen. 7. Lynx. 8. gOng. 9. leFt. 10. hooT. 11. acHe. 12. dEan. 13. Bard. 14. cAne. 15. eaSy. 16. lenT. 17. reIn. 18. cLay. 19. Elbe.

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS. 1. D. 2. Sip. 3. Spare. 4. Diamond. 5. Proud. 6. End. 7. D. II. 1. S. 2. Saw. 3. Strap. 4. Sardius. 5. Waist. 6. Put. 7. S. III. 1. P. 2. Sea. 3. Pearl. 4. Art. 5. L. IV. 1. T. 2. Top. 3. Topaz. 4. Pan. 5. Z. V. 1. A. 2. Age. 3. Agate. 4. Etc. 5. E. VI. 1. B. 2. Her. 3. Beryl. 4. Rye. 5. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cleveland; Centrals, Gladstone. 1. CarGoes. 2. LolLing. 3. EntAils. 4. VenDing. 5. EluSion. 6. LesTris. 7. AlmOner. 8. NooNing. 9. DemEans.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Spinner of the silken snare,  
Fell Arachne in your lair,  
Tell me, if your powers can tell,  
How you do your work so well!

"THE SPIDER."

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 JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese—Louise Ingham Adams—"Yacht 'Surprise'"—J. B. Swann—"Maxie and Jackspar"—"Infantry"—Pearl F. Stevens—K. G. S.—"Mamma, Aunt Isabel—Howard K. Hill—Mary L. Gerrish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. Connett, 1—George and Annie, 7—Anna and Hattie, 1—Millie W. Maynadier, 2—Esther R., 1—"Mab and Joker," 2—Katie Van Zandt, 2—"Nell Rh. and St. Edith," 3—"Ophelia," 2—"Queen Bess," 1—Eleanor Mitchell, 1—Edith O., 1—Ella T. Marston, 2—"Maggie," 2—"Bud and Babe," 5—Gertrude W. Hill, 3—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2—A. D. Cochran, 1—Mother and Roger C., 2—"Rocket and Flyer," 1—Duddie S., 6—Annie Hecht, 3—Henry Guilford, 11—Susy W. Adams, 3—Tillie Holmes, 1—May Martin, 2—Mamma and Marion, 6—Blanche and Fred, 11—Arlene Cochrane and Mamma, 8—Effie K. Talboys, 9—"Monell," 1—Eleuthera Smith, 5—J. H. L., 1—Helen Mar, 1—J. R. Sharp, 4—Alice Wilcox and J. C. H. C., 1—Aurora, 7—Mathilde, Ida, and Alice, 9—Arthur A. Macurda, 10—Jo and Mein, 3—"Roseba," 2—"May and 79," 10—Nellie L. Howes, 10—Clara and Lucy, 3—Sissie Hunter, 3—L. H. F. and "Mistic," 7—"Sara Crewe," 1—Maude R. Conder, 4—Papa and Maud, 3—Josephine Hyde, 2.

## DIAMOND.

1. In camel. 2. Encountered. 3. Worth. 4. Those who deal in silks and woolen goods. 5. Sprightly. 6. A kind of bird. 7. Endeavors. 8. A chemical term for salt. 9. In camel.

"NAVAJO."

## DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

1	.	.	.	.	.	11
2	.	.	.	.	.	12
3	.	.	.	.	.	13
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9	.	.	.	.	.	19
10	.	.	.	.	.	20

THE diagonals from 1 to 10 will spell a festival which occurs on September 29; from 11 to 20, the surname of an eminent English soldier who died on September 14, 1852.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name of a small city in Cheboygan County, Michigan. 2. One of a class of crabs having the last pair of feet, or more, terminated by a flattened joint fitted for swimming. 3. The jurisdiction of a pacha. 4. Like a fish. 5. A fragment. 6. Resembling a petal. 7. Designating the place of. 8. To waste away in flesh. 9. State carriages. 10. Edible roots.

FRANK SNELLING.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-seven letters, and form a quotation from Lord Chesterfield.

My 60-16-52-26-96-24 is a crate of various forms. My 9-35-79-69-85-1-75-29-41 is benefit. My 91-32-5-93 is a contest. My

AN ESCUTCHEON. Centrals, Walter Scott. Cross-words: 1. Ainsworth. 2. Hogarth. 3. Wolfe. 4. Watts. 5. Leech. 6. Byron. 7. Liszt. 8. Bacon. 9. Moore. 10. Ate. 11. T.

PI. In the first drowsy heat of August noon,  
Ere yet the pastures are embrowned and dry,  
Or yet the swallow breathes her parting sigh,  
Under the red sun and the crimson moon,  
Greeting us all too soon,

Comes the plumed goldenrod with flaunting train,  
And lifts her yellow head along the way,  
Where sweet wild roses bloomed but yesterday,  
And foamy daisies nodded in disdain  
At July sun and rain.

"Early Goldenrod," by MRS. ABBIE FRANCES JUDD.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. 1. Sated. 2. Atone. 3. Toast. 4. Ensur. 5. Deter. 11. 1. Satin. 2. Alone. 3. Tolls. 4. Inlet. 5. Nests. MALTESE CROSS. From 1 to 5, Simon; 6 to 8, gap; 11 to 13, dip; 14 to 18, singe; 19 to 23, taper; 24 to 26, bar; 29 to 31, jot; 32 to 36, color; 37 to 40, manakin; 41 to 44, parasol.

SHAKESPEAREAN DIAGONAL. Diagonals, Pericles. Cross-words: 1. Philotus. 2. Leonardo. 3. Mercutio. 4. Lucilius. 5. Borachio. 6. Benvolio. 7. Fluellen. 8. Polonius.

56-89-21-66-81 is that point in the heavens directly opposite to the zenith. My 50-3-34-45 is part of the foot. My 39-14-71-78-37-19-65-55 is a song of lamentation. My 22-48-84 is a large serpent. My 58-43-7-62-74 is selected. My 86-25-95-12-64-30-17-94-73-67 is to weaken. My 11-68-87-18-90-8-97 is to squirm. My 82-92-53 is yes. My 47-13-27-49-61-28-77 is pay for services. My 40-15-31-51-36 is a book of the Bible. My 6-44-88 is a pronoun. My 59-23-72-83-42-80-38-4 are wind-instruments. My 70-63-46-10 is a rustic. My 54-2-20-33-57-76 is a composer of beautiful music for the piano.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

## HOOR-GLASS.

I. THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a very famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Vexing. 2. To dress for show. 3. Single. 4. In Publicola. 5. To bend. 6. A Hungarian dance. 7. Part of the day.

II. Centrals, downward, the name of a famous Italian poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A company of pilgrims traveling together. 2. Worth. 3. Energy. 4. In Publicola. 5. A small serpent. 6. An aquatic animal. 7. A bigot.

HELEN MAR AND L. L. A.

## CHARADE.

You 'LL find my *first* a wild, shrill cry;  
My *whole* is often called a hue.  
My *last* is never loud nor high,  
And yet it is to bellow, too.  
Do my whole you never could;  
Be my whole you never should;  
Wear my whole you often would.

## COMPARISONS.

1. Positive, an insect; comparative, a beverage; superlative, an animal. 2. Positive, a coxcomb; comparative, an annoyance; superlative, to vaunt. 3. Positive, a reward; comparative, awe; superlative, a banquet. 4. Positive, to travel; comparative, to stab; superlative, a specter. 5. Positive, a deer; comparative, to bellow; superlative, to parch.

ISOLA.

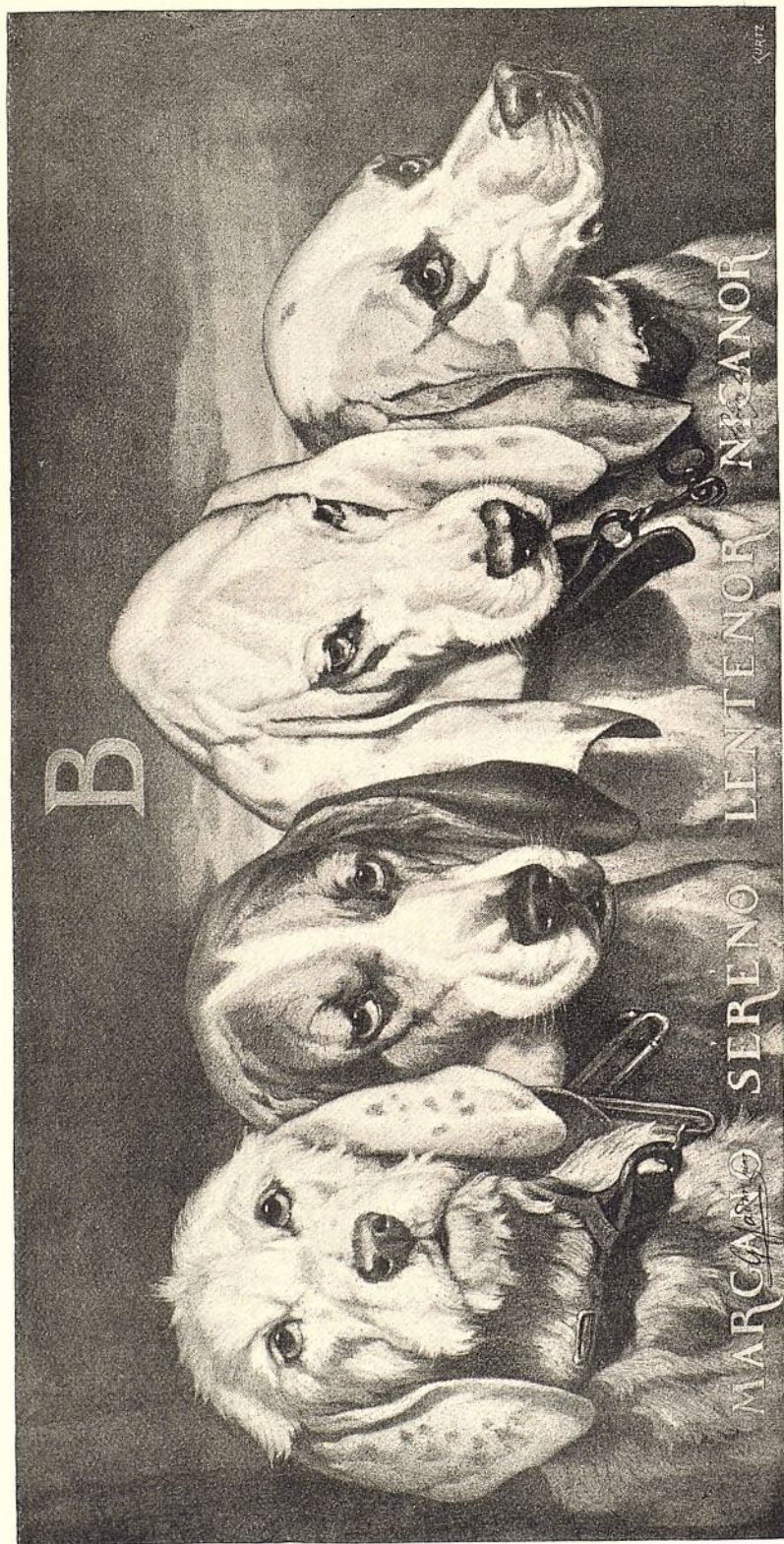












THE HOUNDS OF THE COUNT DE BARRAL.

(BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.)