

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AMONG DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

ALTHOUGH some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may not know it, there is an aristocracy of dogs and various degrees of "high society" in the dog world, just as there is among mankind. An old English writer, making a genealogy of British dogs, classified them thus: "Dogs of chase," "fowlers and lap-dogs," "farm-dogs," "mongrels." At the top of this list are the hounds, or dogs that depend more upon the nose than the eyes for their following of the game of which they are in pursuit. These, in all their varieties, are "dogs of chase." There are so many families of hounds that an old wiseacre among dog-fanciers has said:

"Many men, many minds; many hounds, many kinds."

But the fowlers are also dogs of high degree, for they too follow the scent rather than the sight of the game; and setters, pointers, and field and water spaniels are classed among these. At the very bottom of this list is to be found the "spaniel gentle, or comforter." Chief among these for its aristocratic breeding is the variety of spaniel represented in the King Charles and the Blenheim. The first named was a prime favorite with the unfortunate Charles I. The King, being once asked to determine which was the finer dog of the two, the spaniel or the hound, said that the hound deserved pre-eminence, "because," said he, "it hath all the good-nature of the other without his fawning." This was a gentle hint to the King's courtiers who had asked the question.

The Blenheim spaniels were first bred by the

great Duke of Marlborough, at his castle, Blenheim. Spaniels were also the favorite dogs of the proud and cruel Duke of Norfolk, who lived in the time of Robert Southey. The Duke had the sole possession of the breed, whose colors are black and tan, and whose fur is like silk in fineness. More strictly these are of the King Charles breed. By the Duke the spaniels were called King James spaniels; and, while he lived, he kept them on his estate, parting with none to any person. To show his wanton disregard for others, the Duke was accustomed to feed many of the puppies to his pet eagles, and a stranger to his pride of exclusive possession of the race of King James spaniels, seeing him thus employed, modestly asked the Duke for one of the litter that was being sacrificed. Whereupon his Grace haughtily replied, "Pray, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?" The King Charles, or King James, spaniel, if he be of pure blood, has not so much as one white hair upon him. The Blenheim spaniel is white and pale yellow.

A famous writer on dogs, George Jesse, has made this catalogue of "the virtues, feelings, and powers of mind that are well authenticated of the dog." Love, faithfulness, gratitude, generosity, sagacity, courage, nobility, trustfulness, truth, devotion, sincerity, unselfishness, honesty, endurance, perseverance, temperance, obedience, vigilance, compassion, mercy, attention, memory, forgiveness, tenderness, gentleness, forbearance, humanity, amiability, magnanimity, reflection, sensitiveness, grief, joy, jealousy, docility, revenge, willingness, complaisance, humility, submission. If the reader,

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who is a lover of dogs, will read over this list very carefully and recall to mind the anecdotes of dogs that he has read, he will doubtless be able to find an example that will "authenticate," as George Jesse says, the virtues and the powers of mind so well set forth in this long list. Some of these graces of mind and temper are common to curs of low degree; but it is among the dogs of the highest

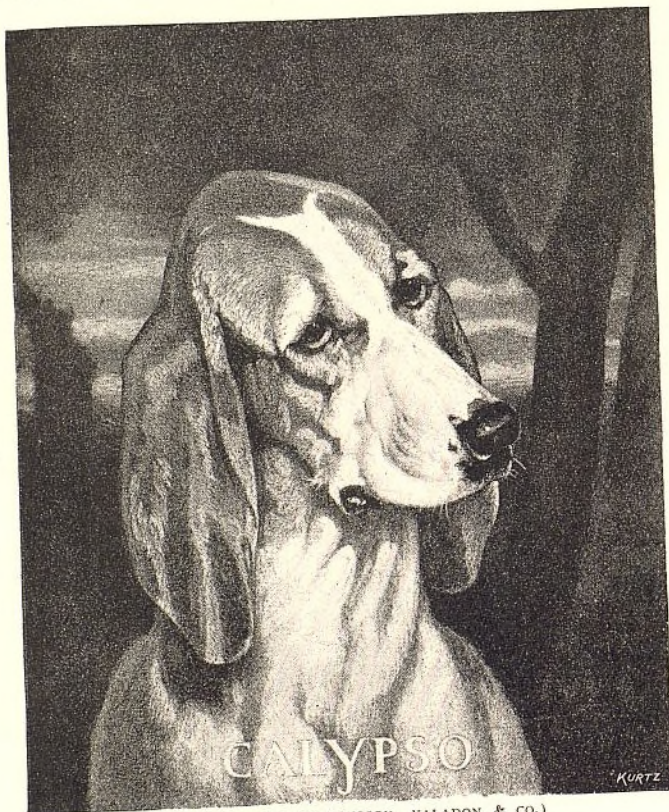
ears exceeding large, thin, and down-hanging much lower than his chaps, and the flews of his upper-lips almost two inches lower than his nether chaps, which shews a merry mouth and a loud ringer," and so on. This sort of hound, the Captain says, is "large, heavy, slow, and true." He added, "If you will chuse a light, swift hound, then must his head be more slender and his nose

more long, his ears and flews more shallow, his back broad, his tail small, his joyns long, his foot round, and his general composure much more slender and grayhound-like."

Now let the reader look at the beautiful hounds that are pictured in the frontispiece of this number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and, so far as the portraits of these dogs are given, he will see that they must be the high-bred animals of which the ancient Captain Markham discourses so learnedly. These dogs, Margano, Sereno, Lentenor, and Nicanor, were the property of the Count de Barral, a French nobleman whose kennels were famous all over Europe. They are hounds of the beagle family, but are taller than the old English beagle, as indeed, all French hounds are usually taller than their English cousins. Margano has the slightly roughish coat which some writers think indicates a warmer friendship for man in the dog who wears it; and certainly nobody can look in his honest and shrewdly intelligent countenance without a feeling of affection for the animal who looks so attentively at you from the canvas.

Sereno, to whom he is coupled, has what the French call a *distingué* air, and may be the most aristocratic dog of the group, though all are clearly dogs of high degree. Lentenor, I should say, has a great head, an intellectual head, indeed; and that refined nose and the pendulous ears bespeak the very finest strain of blood. Nicanor, who is coupled with Lentenor, must be of a roguish turn of mind, and, being more in profile than either of the others, his fine nose is the very perfection of high breeding. He fills admirably the requirements of Captain Gervase Markham, of famous memory.

These portraits, as well as those of Calypso, and Barbaro on pages 884, 885, are all of the same pack of dogs, and were painted for the Count de Barral, by Louis Godefroy Jadin, a French artist of renown, who was born in Paris, in 1805,



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quality that we must look for the nobler traits of character.

Of the hound family it is said that those that are shaggily coated, as the setter, are more attached to mankind than those of the smoother skin. This is only a fancy, probably, for some of the finest traits of devotion have been observed in the smooth-skinned variety. Captain Gervase Markham, a noted British sportsman, is thought to have set forth the best rules for the choosing of a hound. In his book, "Countrey Contentments, or the Husbandman's Recreations," printed in 1651, the gallant captain says that in the choice of a high-bred hound one must be sure to see that the beast "hath a round, big, thick head, with a short nose uprising and large open nostrils, which shows that he is of a quick and good scent, his

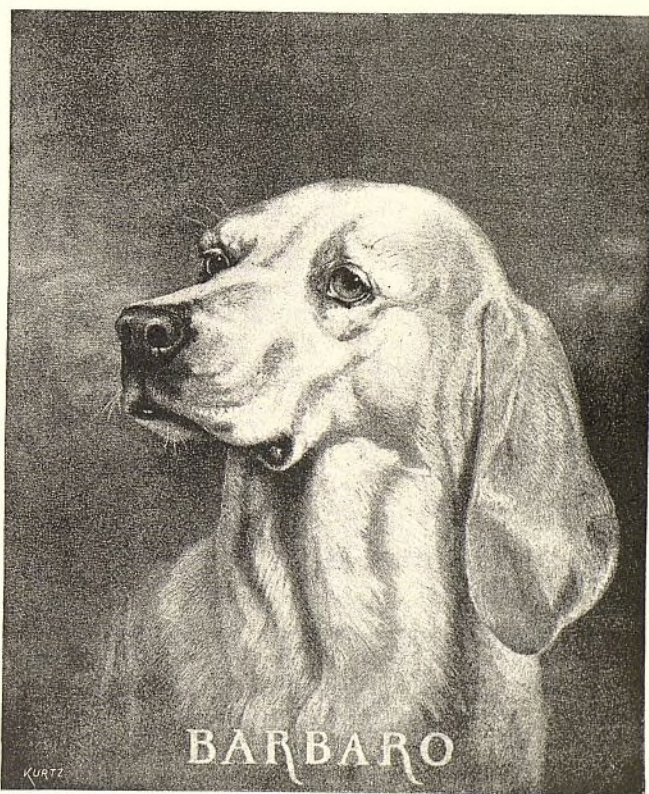
and who died in that city in 1882. M. Jadin was noted as a painter of hunting scenes, dogs, horses, and still-life. His art is capitally exemplified in these portraits, which are so evidently good likenesses of the dogs that we must needs admire the cunning with which the painter has portrayed the dispositions of his subjects. Note, for example, the coquettish pose of the beautiful Calypso. She has not only a high-bred appearance, but you might almost say that she has some of the fine-lady airs of a French woman of quality, who knows she is an elegant creature, and who makes no secret of her knowledge. Barbaro, on the other hand, is less conscious of being stared at, and his large, luminous eyes, liquid in the light, his exquisite nose and dilating nostrils, are all so many marks of good breeding and fine manners — dog-manners, of course, I mean.

Strange to say, the hound is the dog whose portrait is most frequently found in the most ancient sculptures and paintings in the world — those of old Egypt. We may believe, too, that the faithful Argus, the dog of Ulysses, was a hound, so far as Homer's description makes him out for us. When the far-wandering Ulysses, after twenty years of absence from his home, returned to his family, Argus lay a-dying of old age and neglect on a heap of offal. Nobody knew the wanderer when he came to his own again, but the faithful hound recognized his master through all disguise of tatters and neglected visage. Says Homer :

"The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years
had roll'd,
Takes a last look,—and having seen
him,—dies ;
So closed forever faithful Argus' eyes."

It was a hound, too, some such dog as Nicanor, I make no doubt, that rose to everlasting fame in song and story as the preserver of the life of his master's child, laying down his own life without a murmur thereafter. Gêlert was a Welsh hound ; his master, Llewelyn the Great, lived near the base of Snowden, one of the famed peaks of Wales. Going to the hunt one day, Llewelyn left Gêlert in charge of an infant sleeping in the cradle. The dog, faithful to his trust, attacked a savage wolf that stole into the house with the intent of carrying off the child. In the encounter

the cradle was overturned, and the infant was thus concealed, still sleeping. But the wolf was slain, and the faithful Gêlert, his chops dabbled with blood, met the returning Llewelyn, conscious of having done his whole duty. Not seeing his babe, Llewelyn rashly supposed that the hound had killed the infant, and drew his sword and plunged it in the side of the savior of his son. Of the remorse and grief of the chieftain when he found what a foolish and wicked thing he had done, we need not speak. But Gêlert was buried with due honor in a spot hard by, which, unto this day, is called "Beth-Gêlert," or "the grave of Gêlert." Read William Robert Spencer's touching ballad in which all this lamentable history is set forth, thus ending :



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"And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gêlert's grave!"

There are those that say that the tale of Gêlert is wholly an imaginary one. But let us cling to the belief that the "brindled hound," which one careful writer says Gêlert was, really did all that

was said of him in the story. We might well be willing to forget the folly of the master, of whom the Welsh have this proverb: "I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound."

But, after all, we cannot claim for the hound all the virtues that pertain to dog-life. Mrs. Byron, the mother of the famous poet, had a fox-terrier to which Boatswain, Lord Byron's favorite Newfoundland dog, took a violent disliking. Gilpin, the fox-terrier, being in danger of losing his life by the worriments that Boatswain inflicted upon him, Mrs. Byron sent the little fellow away to Newstead, many miles from the house where she then lived. Shortly after, Byron, the dog's master, went away from home for a long time; and, Boatswain, after showing much concern of mind, disappeared for a whole day, to the dismay of the servants. At nightfall, he came home, bringing Gilpin with him. He led the terrier to the kitchen fire and lavished upon him every expression of tenderness and affection. It turned out that Boatswain had gone all the way to Newstead, whence he had lured Gilpin, guiding him home in safety. It is related that the two dogs lived ever after in loving concord, Boatswain defending Gilpin against the attacks of all comers.

When Boatswain died, his mourning master reared over his grave a monument on which was engraved the most touching epitaph and the most celebrated that ever graced a dog's burial-place. You will find it in Byron's poems. Here are the last two lines:

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies."

Regarding dogs of great intelligence, like those of the Count de Barral, for example, we sometimes say, "He can do everything but talk." And yet there is a very well authenticated case of a dog being taught to talk. In Daniel's "Rural Sports," a work of high credit, published in London in 1801, the story is told of a dog born near Zeitz, in Saxony, that was taught

to ask in an intelligible manner for tea, coffee, chocolate, etc., and an account of which was communicated to the Royal Academy of France by no less a person than Leibnitz, one of the most eminent philosophers that ever lived. The account says that the dog was the property of a peasant, whose little son, fancying that he heard the dog attempt to make articulate sounds, undertook to teach him to speak, with the result afore mentioned. The sagacious creature, says Leibnitz, finally mastered no less than thirty words. Notwithstanding this dog's great talent, he was an incorrigible truant, and often ran away to escape the lessons that his young master taught him.

Dogs have been taught, as we have hinted, almost everything but to talk, and the story of the Saxon dog must be accepted as affording at least one instance of its powers of speech. Dogs have been known to hold such intercourse with each other as to give the impression that they do talk among themselves. A gentleman living near Boston has a large and dignified hound that usually accompanies his master in his walks. Nero never forgets his dignified composure, even under great provocation. For a time, however, he was greatly exasperated by the snapping and snarling at him of an ill-conditioned cur that master and dog encountered at a certain place. Finally, after many days of trial, Nero suddenly stopped, seized the poor cur in his powerful jaws, crushed its spine just back of the neck, and dropped it on the ground, limp and lifeless. Then he walked on composedly by the side of his master, showing no signs of agitation. It was noticed that after that, the intelligence of Nero's summary execution of the cur having apparently spread abroad, every dog in the neighborhood took to his heels in flight whenever Nero appeared. How did dogs that saw not the execution of the little cur learn what had happened?

When we can answer this question, we can also learn, perhaps, why dogs of high degree, like men of gentle blood and good breeding, perpetuate their fine qualities from generation to generation.



THE CREATURE WITH NO CLAWS.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"W'EN you git a leetle bit older dan w'at you is, honey," said Uncle Remus to the little boy, "you 'll know lots mo' dan you does now."

The old man had a pile of white oak splits by his side and these he was weaving into a chair-bottom. He was an expert in the art of "bottom-



"BRER WOLF MAKE LIKE HE GWINE TER HIT DE CREETUR, EN DEN —" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ing chairs," and he earned many a silver quarter in this way. The little boy seemed to be much interested in the process.

"Hit 's des like I tell you," the old man went on; "I done had de speunce un it. I done got so now dat I don't b'lieve w'at I see, much less w'at I year. It got ter be whar I kin put my han' on it en fumble wid it. Folks kin fool deysef lots wuss dan yuther folks kin fool um, en ef you don't b'lieve w'at I 'm a-tellin' un you, you kin des ax Brer Wolf de nex' time you meet 'im in de big road."

"What about Brother Wolf, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked, as the old man paused to refill his pipe.

"Well, honey, 't ain't no great long rigamarole; hit 's des one er deze yer tales w'at goes in a gallop twel it gits ter de jumpin'-off place.

"One time Brer Wolf wuz gwine 'long de big road feelin' mighty proud en high-strung. He wuz a mighty high-up man in dem days, Brer Wolf wuz, en 'mos' all de yuther creeturs wuz feard un 'im. Well, he wuz gwine 'long lickin' his chops en walkin' sorter stiff-kneed, w'en he happen ter look down 'pon de groun' en dar he seed a track

in de san'. Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at it, en den he 'low:

"'Heyo! w'at kind er creetur dish yer? Brer Dog ain't make dat track, en needer is Brer Fox. Hit 's one er deze yer kind er creeturs w'at ain't got no claws. I 'll des 'bout foller 'im up, en ef I ketch 'im he 'll sholy be my meat.'

"Dat de way Brer Wolf talk. He followed 'long atter de track, he did, en he look at it close, but he ain't see no print er no claw. Bimeby de track tuck 'n tu'n out de road en go up a dreen whar de rain done wash out. De track wuz plain dar in de wet san', but Brer Wolf ain't see no sign er no claws.

"He foller en foller, Brer Wolf did, en de track git fresher en fresher, but still he ain't see no print er no claw. Bimeby he come in sight er de creetur, en Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at 'im. He stop stock-still and look. De creetur wuz mighty quare-lookin', en he wuz cuttin' up some mighty quare capers. He had big head, sharp nose, en bob tail; en he wuz walkin' roun' en roun' a big dog-wood tree, rubbin' his sides ag'in it. Brer



"WELL, SUH, DAT CREETUR DES FOTCH ONE SWIPE DIS AWAY, EN 'N'ER SWIPE DAT AWAY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Wolf watch 'im a right smart while, he act so quare, en den he 'low:

"'Shoo! dat creetur done bin in a fight en los' de bes' part er he tail; en w'at make he scratch hissef dat away? I lay I 'll let 'im know who he foolin' 'long wid.'

"Atter 'while, Brer Wolf went up a leetle nigher de creetur, en holler out:

"Heyo, dar! w'at you doin' scratchin' yo' scaly hide on my tree, en tryin' fer ter break hit down?"

"De creetur ain't make no answer. He des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree scratchin' he sides en back. Brer Wolf holler out:

"I lay I 'll make you year me ef I hatter come dar whar you is!"

"De creetur des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree, en ain't make no answer. Den Brer Wolf hail 'im ag'in, en talk like he mighty mad:

"Ain't you gwine ter min' me, you imperdent scoundul? Ain't you gwine ter mozey outer my woods en let my tree 'lone?"

"Wid dat, Brer Wolf march todes de creetur des like he gwine ter squ'sh 'im in de groun'. De creetur rub hisse'f ag'in de tree en look like he feel mighty good. Brer Wolf keep on gwine todes 'im, en bimeby w'en he git sorter close de creetur tuck 'n sot up on his behime legs des like you see squir'ls do. Den Brer Wolf, he 'low, he did:

"Ah-yi! you beggin', is you? But 't ain't gwine ter do you no good. I mout er let you off

ef you 'd a-minded me w'en I fus' holler atter you, but I ain't gwine ter let you off now. I 'm a-gwine ter l'arn you a lesson dat 'll stick by you."

"Den de creetur sorter wrinkle up he face en mouf, en Brer Wolf 'low:

"Oh, you nee'n'ter swell up en cry, you 'ceitful vilyun. I 'm a-gwine ter gi' you a frailin' dat I boun' you won't forgit."

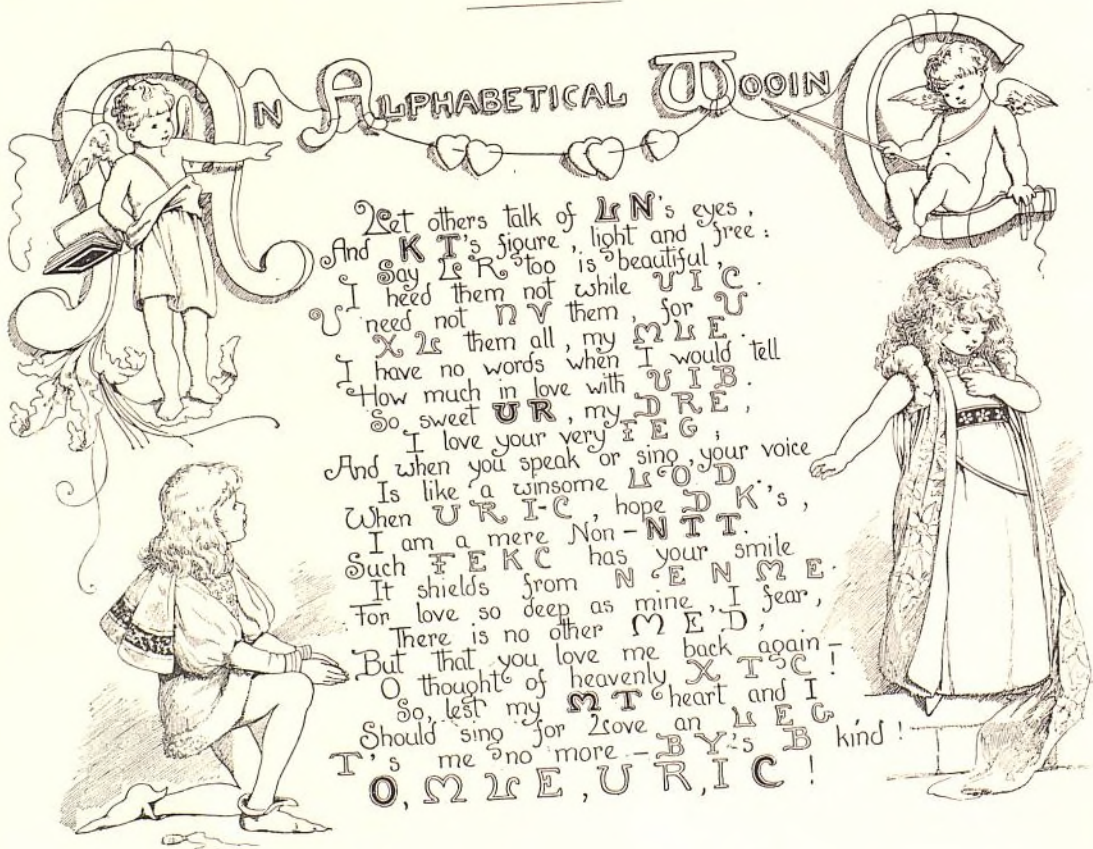
"Brer Wolf make like he gwine ter hit de creetur, en den —"

Here Uncle Remus paused and looked all around the room and up at the rafters. When he began again his voice was very solemn.

"Well, suh, dat creetur des fotch one swipe dis away, en 'n'er swipe dat away, en mos' 'fo' you can wink yo' eye-balls, Brer Wolf hide wuz mighty nigh teetotally tor'd off 'n 'im. Atter dat de creetur sa'ntered off in de woods, en 'gun ter rub hisse'f on 'n'er tree."

"What kind of a creature was it, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Well, honey," replied the old man in a confidential whisper, "hit want nobody on de top-side er de yeth but ole Brer Wildcat."





ON APPLEDORE.


BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

A FLUTTER of white
On Appledore's shoulder —
The prettiest sight!
A flutter of white,
One by one they alight
On the dark, jutting boulder;
A flutter of white
On Appledore's shoulder.


Six girls in a flock
Where the white sea is breaking
Against the gray rock.
Six girls in a flock —
Their gay voices mock
The din it is making;
Six girls in a flock
Where the white sea is breaking.

Each flutters and clings
To the torn granite edges —
The merriest things!
Each flutters and clings.
Have they feathers and wings,
As they perch on the ledges?
Each flutters and clings
To the torn granite edges.

Mattie, Edith, and Grace,
May, Gretchen, and Mary;
With bonniest face
And daintiest grace
Each rests in her place.
Not with sea-bird or fairy
Each boulder is laden,
But a true-hearted maiden —
Mattie, Edith, and Grace,
May, Gretchen, and Mary.



ALMOST A TRAGEDY



(A True Story.)

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"CHRISTINE! May we come in and see you to-night, Christine?" The children, peeping in at the kitchen door, pushed it wide and danced over the threshold, delighted at the smile which greeted them.

There were three of them, Sylvia Hastings and her little brother, Charlie, and Archie, a boy of fourteen, at home for the winter holidays. Dearly they loved to visit Christine in her bright kitchen, and no wonder, for both the place and its occupant were most cheerful, to say nothing of the charms of Minzie, the sleek Maltese cat that lay basking on the mat in the red glow of the fire, and the absurd old gray parrot that sat muffled up in his feathers on a perch in the corner of the room. It was early dusk of the winter day, sharp and cold; a thin, crisp layer of snow covered the ground without, and made the warmth and brightness within more delightful. And as for Christine, the Norwegian maid who kept the house, she was as refreshing as morning sunshine, with her rosy cheeks and milk-white skin, and rich hair piled in a beautiful red-gold heap at the top of her head. The children adored her, and her employers blessed the land of Norway for having produced anything so charming and so satisfactory.

"Now, what are you doing, Christine?" asked Sylvia, as they stood by the table and peered into a dull, red earthen dish filled with water, in which lay potatoes peeled as smooth as ivory. "What are those things? Potatoes? Are n't they pretty, Archie? They look just like ivory!"

"Take me up and show me!" cried little Charlie, and Archie lifted him so that he could peep, too. Christine laid a clean towel on the table, spread the potatoes on it, rolled them about in it till they were quite dry, then put them into a shallow tin pan which she had buttered, and shook them till they all shone with a thin coat of butter.

"What are they for?" asked Sylvia.

"To bake for your supper, Miss Sylvia," answered Christine.

"But why do you butter them?"

"Oh, so they may bake a lovely light brown, and the skin you will not have to take off at all!" answered she.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Sylvia, "they are so good!" and while Christie went on with her preparations for supper, all three sat themselves down on the neat braided mat beside Minzie, the sleepy comfortable cat. She stretched her long length out slowly, and really seemed to smile at the children, as she lay in the ruddy firelight with her eyes half shut, lazily responding to their caresses. She put out her paw, its sharp claws softly sheathed, and with a deprecating gesture gently patted their hands, as if she were boxing her pet kitten's ears.

"Pretty Minzie!" Archie said, "you are so good-natured, and you know so much!"

"Good evening, good evening! Won't you take a walk?" cried a harsh voice from the corner.

"It's Polly!" cried Sylvia. "Oh, you ridiculous old bird! How you startled me!"

"What have you got in your pocket?" Polly continued, turning her head this way and that, and eying the children askance.

"Poor Polly! Not a thing!" said Sylvia. "I wish I had thought to save some nuts for you!"

"What does Polly want? What does Polly want!" cried the bird, and then began to utter sounds no language can describe; sounds which more nearly resembled the racket of a watchman's rattle gone distracted than anything else I can think of.

Minzie raised her head and looked toward the corner where Polly was perched, and then settled comfortably back again, blinking her green eyes.

"Wise kitty!" said Archie.

"Indeed she is wise," said Sylvia. "What do you think she did, Archie? When we fed the birds under the dining-room window, she hid in the hedge and pounced on a bird every day, till Mamma at last gave up feeding them at all, for it seemed cruel to lead them into a trap like that. Well, what does Minzie do then but steal a piece of bread from the kitchen and carry it out on the snow, and there

bite it and crumble it, herself, and scratch and scatter the crumbs all about. Then she hid in the hedge, the sly thing! and watched. Down came the birds—poor little hungry dears, and Minzie sprang and caught one, and off she went with him to eat him up behind a bush. Oh, you naughty, naughty cat!" continued Sylvia, lifting her finger and shaking her head at the comfortable creature, who only blinked in supreme indifference and content. "I wonder at you! How can you be so cruel?"

"But she is n't naughty, Syl," said Archie. "Cats were made to catch birds, don't you know it?"

"Well, I would n't pounce on poor little birds and eat them if I were a cat," cried Sylvia.

"And I would n't eat 'ittle birds," said Charlie, making up a virtuous, wee mouth which Sylvia stooped to kiss at once, it was so irresistible.

"But you *do* eat them, Syl," Archie said. "You are just as bad as Minzie." Sylvia turned to him a shocked little face. "What do you mean, Archie?" she said.

"Why, Syl dear, did n't I see twelve small birds served up on a dish yesterday at dinner, and did n't you eat one, all but his bones? And all their claws were curled up so pitifully above them, too!"

"Oh, but Archie, that 's something quite different! Those birds were bought at the butcher's, you know."

"Never mind," interrupted Archie; "it is very nearly the same thing. You were made to eat some kinds of birds as well as kitty, so don't you blame her for doing what you do yourself. Don't you remember when Papa was reading to mamma last night in a book called 'Emerson's Essays,' how astonished Mamma was when he read this, 'Only the butcher stands between us and the tiger,' or something like that, and how they talked about it afterward? The cat is a little tiger,—she belongs to the same family."

"Yes, I heard them talking," said Sylvia, "but I did n't understand."

"Well, never mind, dear," her brother answered; "I don't think it is very easy to understand! We need n't trouble ourselves about it. Only don't you blame poor Minzie for doing what she was made to do." Sylvia shook her head thoughtfully; she found it a very hard riddle to read. Most of us do.

"Ship ahoy!" cried a harsh voice from the corner. "Good morning, dear! How do you do? What have you got in your pocket? Polly wants a cracker! Good gracious! Wish you happy New Year!"

They all broke into laughter, Christine's merry

voice mingling in the chorus. Minzie rose from the mat, stretched herself, slowly crossed the room to where Polly sat chattering on her perch, and began to play with the chain by which the bird was fastened, giving the loop a push with her paw where it hung down, striking it every time it swung within reach. The parrot watched her meanwhile with the greatest interest. "Miaw!" cried Polly, suddenly. Minzie stopped and looked up. "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the bird, as much as to say, "Did you think it was another cat?"



"THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DOUGH SAT POLLY."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and forthwith began to scream afresh, crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, imitating the creaking of a door, and then suddenly going into a frenzy of sneezing, and coughing and snuffling, like a person in the most desperate stages of influenza.

Minzie sat still, looking up at the bird, as if she enjoyed the performance; and as for the children, they laughed till they were tired.

"Truly, they are the best of friends, the two," said Christie. "I don't know what one would do without the other; they play with each other by the hour together."

"Come, Sylvia, bring Charlie upstairs; it is time," called Mamma's voice, and away the children skipped.

Christie went to and fro about her work—the pleasantest picture imaginable. "I think I'll set my bread to rising before supper," she said to herself; "then I shall have more time to write my letter home this evening." So she worked fast and busily, and when the bread was made, she put it in a large wooden bowl and covered it up with a nice white towel, and left it to rise on the dresser. The cat and the parrot watched all these operations with an interest that amused her,—it was so human.

After supper, when she had done all her work and everything was in order for the night, she bade good evening to Minzie and Polly and went upstairs to write her weekly letter to her dear far-off Norway. Her room was very warm and comfortable, and as fresh and tidy as herself. She set her lamp down on the table, took out her little portfolio from the drawer, and began to write. She wrote slowly and had been busy about an hour when she heard a loud, distressed "Miaw!" outside her door. She looked up. "Miaw! Miaw! Miaw!" sounded quickly and anxiously from Minzie. Evidently something unusual was the matter. She had never heard so anxious a cry from that comfortable cat before.

"Why, what is it?" she cried, as she rose and opened the door. Minzie sprang in, apparently greatly excited, with her tail upright and curling at the top; she ran round and round Christie, rubbing herself against the girl's ankles and looking up into her face with a most curious expression of solicitude and agitation. "What is the matter? What is the trouble, Minzie?" Christie kept asking, as if the poor dumb creature could explain her distress in words. But Minzie only "miawed" more distractedly than before; she went toward the door, looking back at Christie, then ran to her again, took hold of her apron with her teeth and tried to drag her toward the door. "You want me to go down stairs?"

The cat frisked before her, turning to see if she were following; then, as if satisfied, she fled lightly and swiftly down the stair and into the kitchen, Christie coming after, bearing the lamp in her hand. When she reached the kitchen door she heard a cry from the parrot.

"Come, come, come!" cried Polly. "Good gracious! Won't you take a walk?"

The voice did not proceed from the bird's accustomed corner, and looking about, the first thing Christie saw was the linen towel she had spread over the bread, on the floor, and Minzie standing up on her hind paws with her two white-mittened fore-feet at the edge of the table, craning her head forward and crying piteously. There, in the middle of the large pan of soft dough sat Polly, sunk to her shoulders in the sticky mass, only her neck and head with its huge black beak and glassy yellow eyes, to be seen. She had pulled the towel off the bread, and in process of investigating it had become fastened in the thick paste, sinking deeper and deeper till she was in danger of disappearing altogether.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Polly. "Come! Poor Polly! What does Polly want?"

Christine burst into laughter, and, greatly to Minzie's distress, lost time in going to call Sylvia and Archie before rescuing the prisoner from her perilous position.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sylvia. "How dreadful! What shall we do, Archie?"

Archie, with shouts of merriment, helped Christine disengage the poor bird, and they set her into a basin of warm water to soak. She was perfectly quiet and let them do as they pleased with her, only ejaculating now and then, "Good gracious! What does Polly want? Oh, my! Won't you take a walk?" with other irrelevant remarks, which sent her deliverers off into fresh peals of laughter.

"It's all very well to laugh," said Christine, "and nobody could help it; but if it had not been for Minzie, poor Polly *would* have been smothered in the dough, and that would have been 'Good gracious!' I think!" Then she told the children how Minzie had called her, and insisted on her coming down stairs. They petted the cat and gave her no end of praise, but "Oh, you naughty bird!" cried Syl to the parrot. "Now you see what it is to meddle with things that don't concern you! Just think of it! All Christie's nice bread must go to feed the chickens, and you came near losing your life! Don't you ever meddle again, Polly; do you hear?"

Polly looked too comical. They had washed her as well as they could, and tried to dry her, and had set her on her perch as near as they dared to the fire. She was so bedraggled and forlorn, with her wet, ruffled feathers, and her lean, shivering body! Minzie sat and looked up at her with sympathetic eyes.

"Bless my soul! What does Polly want?" chattered the poor bird.

"I should think you wanted to be punished if

you were n't punished enough already," laughed Christie, as she fastened the chain more securely about the parrot's leg.

Then she proceeded to make a fresh bowlful of

bread in place of that which had nearly made an end of poor Polly; and presently left the two occupants of the kitchen to take care of each other till morning.



INTO THE OCTOBER WOODS.

A DOLL ON MOUNT ETNA.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

ON the doorstep of the house sat little Lucia with one hand in the other. Within she heard the voice of her baby sister who was cooing with pleasure to see the mamma's broom sweep across the floor. Near the doorstep the speckled hen was scratching in the warm, black earth with her chickens around her. At the door of the stable stood the bay mare, snuffing the April air, and beside her was her colt, unsteady on his long legs. Two little pigs had found a cabbage-stalk, and in the middle of the road shared the dainty with soft grunts of content. The cat on the window-sill blinked her drowsy eyes in the sun, with the calm of a good conscience; in the hay-loft, among the grain, no rat dared venture—she could be surety for so much! From the road sounded the anvil of neighbor Memmu the blacksmith; and, farther away, the soldiers were at drill, and the officers were heard shouting, "*Per fil' a destr'—marche!*"

The young leaves of the Indian fig trees and the olives, of the vines and the maize, were bright against the side of the mountain, like countless points of cool, green flame. In the sky, the continual smoke of Etna waved like the plume of a giant's cap. Lucia's papa and her twin brother, Giuseppino, were at work, away there in the fields. If she were there, too, weeding between the rows of maize, it would have been a pleasure for her. She only had nothing to do—the little one, and the idleness wearied her. Finally, a cloud of dust and the noise of wheels drew her attention. It was a carriage that seemed to belong to a baron at least, she thought, with the fine horses and harnesses. It came to a halt at the door of Memmu's forge. The driver dismounted, and afterward a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl of Lucia's own age—about seven years. Lucia could hear all that they spoke, but could not understand a word. The driver, who was from Catania, explained to Memmu that one of the horses had cast a shoe. The blacksmith set himself to make another, while his boy Neddu blew the bellows and the coals reddened. The lady and gentleman were not unlike others; Lucia had seen many travelers pass through the village. They would come up the road from Catania, and look in the sky at the smoke of the crater, and down at the black earth, and point here and there, and talk in such strange tongues

that Don Ambrogio had more than once said it was indeed a renewal of the confusion of Babel—these travelers. But the little lady—she carried in her arms a most beautiful doll! Lucia could not help going forward, timidly, and at a respectful distance, to admire it; while her serious, black eyes were round as the beads of a rosary, for wonder at this magnificent image of fine porcelain, with hair blonde as wheat, in a traveling gown of brown plaid wool, with the relative bonnet, bag, umbrella, even tiny, high-heeled bronze boots. The owner of the doll, however, appeared discontented.

"Mamma," she said in English—and Lucia, not understanding her language, thought it sounded like the idiom of the squirrels in the oaks of Belpasso. "Mamma, what was I thinking of, to buy this horrid doll?"

"Don't interrupt Papa, darling. As you were saying, Frederic?"

"At the time of the eruption of 1669, the group of hills called the Monti Rossi suddenly appeared, and from these new craters came a flood of lava which spread over the southern slope of Etna, like the black waves of a sea, petrified in a moment of tempest."

"I don't like light hair for a doll, mamma; it is too common. All the girls have light-haired dolls. When we go back to Naples, can't I buy one with chestnut hair?"

"Even more dismal than this region, is the Valle del Bove. Clouds hang and twist continually above its black masses. It seems like a dead city of Dis——"

"Mamma, can't I? Say, can't I buy——"

Professor Alleyn forgot his descriptive eloquence and turned quickly toward his little daughter, who, it must be admitted, was a trifle spoiled.

"Gladys, I will not have you so petulant. Since you do not care for your doll, you shall give her at once to that little Italian girl."

"I think Gladys is tired," said gentle Mrs. Alleyn. "She is not usually so silly." The mother drew her little girl to her side, while the professor went on to speak of the chemical composition of lava, and to wish that it might be possible to examine a quantity of it while still heated, in order to determine the nature of its crystalline deposits.

His wife heard his discourse with interest, yet her mind was a little preoccupied by the effect likely to be produced upon Gladys, by the sudden command to give up her doll, bought a few days before in the largest toy-shop of Naples. Gladys waited for her papa to finish speaking; then:

"I am sorry I was naughty," she whispered. "But I wish I loved my dolly more, if I am to give her away."

Mrs. Alleyn comprehended that her little daughter's words came partly from a tenderness for the doll, partly from a curious penitent wish to make a little sacrifice. Gladys went toward Lucia.

"Her name is Margherita," said the American girl.

"Si, si — Margherita — bella, bella, bella!" answered Lucia with more kisses.

"Come, Gladys, we are ready to go now," said the professor. And as he seated the little girl beside her mamma, "Did you think Papa a little severe with his chatterbox?"

"I am glad you told me to give that little girl my doll. She is just perfectly delighted. And I have twenty-six dolls, and a hundred and seventy-nine paper dolls, anyway."

"When they come down the mountain," said



"COME, GLADYS, WE ARE READY TO GO NOW," SAID THE PROFESSOR.

"Little girl," she said. Lucia understood nothing. Neighbor Memmu had shod the horse and was helping the coachman put him to the carriage. "Little girl, this doll is for you."

Lucia, encouraged by the smile of Gladys, came timidly, touched with her brown forefinger the hem of the doll's dress, then kissed it seriously. Gladys thrust the doll into Lucia's arms.

"*E' tua questa* —" here the professor paused, not having learned, in course of his correspondence with the Italian scientists, the word for *doll*.

But Lucia understood now. She kissed alternately the gown of the doll and the small gloved hands of Gladys.

Lucia to herself, "I shall offer to that little lady one of my hen's eggs. It is little, but one does what one can."

The doll seemed to her a worthy namesake of the good and beautiful queen whose photograph had been shown her by the corporal of the garrison. She did not yet dare treat the doll familiarly — to play it was her little girl.

"Signora," she said to it, "do me the favor to accommodate yourself on the doorstep while I seek the egg. Mamma, Mamma, come and see!"

Lucia's mamma, whose name was Marina, appeared at the door.

"See my beautiful doll!"

"Oh, what a doll! She looks like the images of the saints in the church, and is dressed just like a queen. Who has given her to you?"

"A little lady, that was passing in a carriage, with her papa and mamma, and the horse lost a shoe so that *Compare* Memmu had to make another."

"And what had you done for her?"

"Nothing. I was only looking at her. But I shall tell my hen to let me have a fresh egg to give her."

The doll was laid carefully upon the doorstep while Lucia hastened to search for the egg. But, unfortunately, that day the hen had forgotten to leave one in the nest for her little mistress. Lucia returned, with empty hands, to find her doll. What had happened? The beautiful blue eyes, blue as flowers of the lavender, were closed. The doll appeared to sleep. "She is tired with the journey from Catania," thought Lucia, and sat down to watch the slumbers of the doll. At last it seemed to her that the doll had slept long enough.

"Wake, Signora Margherita!" she said, very softly. The porcelain eyelids did not move. Lucia spoke again, and louder; but without effect. Marina came again to the door, at the cry: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, my doll is dead!"

"What did you do to her?"

"Nothing. When I came back, her eyes were shut and I thought her asleep. My doll is dead!" sobbed Lucia, with the corner of her apron at her eyes.

"I do not believe her dead; no," said Marina. "Such a fine lady, however, might very well faint away, to be brought to the house of poor people."

Marina lifted the doll to its feet; the mechanism of its eyes worked as usual, and Margherita, wide awake, seemed to look with content upon her squalid surroundings.

The doll soon became the talk of the neighborhood. "It will be a thousand years before I can make one like that on my anvil," said Memmu the blacksmith.

The women never tired of wondering at its fine clothes, all but *Zia* Caterina, who shook her head with its yellow kerchief and said, "It seems like witchcraft. It is not an image of a saint—well, what is it then, to do the miracle of winking its eyes? I wish it may not bring you bad luck, *Comare* Marina." The other women contradicted her, and would have justice for the doll, shaking their distaffs in the face of *Zia* Caterina. Don Ambrogio, the parish priest, admired the doll; and the archbishop himself was reported to have smiled to see Lucia seated on the doorstep with Margherita in her arms. After that, *Zia* Caterina might say what appeared pleasing to her!

The month of May was more than half passed. Marina sat at her door spinning; while, near her, Lucia rocked the cradle occupied by baby Agatuzza at one end, and the famous doll at the other. The mamma sang one of the popular songs of the country, which ran somewhat like this:

"I lost my distaff on Sunday,
I looked for it all day Monday,
Tuesday, I found it cracked and split,
Wednesday, took off the flax from it,
Thursday, I combed the flax quite clean,
And Friday sat me down to spin,
On Saturday I must spin it all,
For Sunday is a festival!"

Marina's husband, whose name was Celestino, came along the road, together with the corporal. They were looking with some anxiety at the sky. A column of thick, black smoke arose from the crater, and, higher in the air, separated into great whirling masses that waved like banners.

"There is the smoke of the enemy," said the corporal. "Let us hope that we may not have to feel his fire!"

That night the neighbors, assembled at the inn, watched the smoke. As it grew darker, red, glowing streams of lava were seen to run down the side of the mountain from new openings, near the crater of Monte Nero. The windows of the village rattled with the explosions which took place more and more frequently. A reddish vapor spread itself upward from the stream of lava. The bells of the town rang mournfully, while the people cried, "The lava, the lava!"

In the morning it was no better. The lava seemed to make its way in a sluggish current toward the towns of Nicolosi and Belpasso.

In a few days news came that the *oliveto* of neighbor Brasi, a few miles above the village, was on fire. "And the trees cry out for pain, like so many living souls, so that it is a pity to hear them," said Bellonia, his wife.

In truth, either because the sap was become suddenly heated, or for some other reason, the poor olive trees made a whimpering sound as the lava scorched them. Bellonia, Marina, and the other women took down from the dingy walls of their rooms the colored pictures of the saints, and fixed them upon sticks, at the edge of the vineyards. At the northern limit of the fields the vines already began to burn, although the lava was not yet near the village of Nicolosi.

"If the wells should burst," said Celestino, "as that pond did that the good soul of my father used to tell of, we are lost."

"The water must be drawn off," recommended neighbor Turiddu.

"Eh! One can't live without water, for man and beasts. It is an ill death to die of thirst."

"I tell you, better drain the wells! Who knows if Heaven will not send us a little rain, afterward?" said a more hopeful person.

"Better quit the town, and then if the wells burst, they burst," said the corporal, who was of the group.

"And I am ruined, I am," said *Compare* Brasi, he of the olive-trees. "I and my family, we shall be in the middle of the road, asking alms."

The terror lasted for nearly a fortnight. The noise of the lava was like the rattling of great hail-

up the hill, while the people cried, "Viva Sant' Antonio!" "Do us the favor, Sant' Antonio!" With banners and psalmody, they took him up to the Altarelli — which is a small structure of three arches painted, in the Byzantine manner, with curious stiff figures of saints. They set the image in front of the lava; the glass eyes stared at it in vain. "All the saints together could not work this miracle," said Brasi; and soon the image was brought back into the *piazza*.

Before the close of the second week, the telegraph operator received official notice to remove. Many of the people were gone to Pedara, to Tre-



"GLOWING STREAMS OF LAVA WERE SEEN TO RUN DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN."

stones upon tiles, with frequent explosions like the firing of cannon. The images of the saints, Sant' Antonio and the others, were taken from their quiet shelter in the churches, where candles were burned and the floors and doorways were strewn with rose-petals and bunches of sweet herbs and the yellow flowers of the broom, that sent forth delicate odors. The images had to come out and stand in the *piazza* to encourage the people. The daylight was not flattering to their appearance. Their wooden faces painted in not the palest tint of pink, their round glass eyes without intelligence, and the tinsel and jewels of their robes looked gaudy enough in the open air. Then Turiddu and Celestino and Memmu gave a hand to the litter whereupon the image of Sant' Antonio was carried

castagni; but more remained, unwilling to leave their homes. The officers and soldiers of the garrison counseled the peasants to depart, since from day to day the lava threatened the village. Those who still remained packed their goods, and great cart-loads were sent along the road eastward. Marina, full of care, had no more time to admire Lucia's doll. With the aid of her husband, she had taken out of the house their small stock of furniture, bedding, dishes, and clothes, and arranged them in the cart, which was painted in vivid colors. Also Giuseppino and Lucia did what they could. They put the cat into a basket made of rushes, and tied a piece of cloth over, so that she could not escape. Giuseppino made a slip-noose to catch the little pigs, that soon after,

squealing, with their feet tied, were thrust into a sack and placed among the other valuables in the cart. Lucia stood near, with her doll in her arms, dismayed by the confusion of carts and carriages, some taking into safety the inhabitants of Nicolosi, others bringing strangers to see the lava, as if it were a festival with Bengal lights.

Giuseppino, near the hen-coop, was trying to secure the hen and her brood. "Eh, how she runs, the poor little beast!" he said. "Come, Lucia, she is your hen; come and catch her."

The hen ruffled her wings as if she would defy not only the children, but Etna itself. Lucia seated her doll on a little hay behind the hen-coop, and helped her brother to reduce the hen to discipline. They had not yet succeeded when Marina called her daughter.

"Come here, Lucia!"

"Yes, Mamma. I'm coming, coming."

"Run quick to the house of the *nonna*, and tell her we shall come in a half hour to take her; and you, Lucia, do what you can to help her."

"Oh, willingly."

The *nonna* was not really Lucia's grandmother, but her father's. She was old, and had seen many things, of which — and also of giants and princesses and sirens — she knew how to tell famous stories when the Christmas *ceppo* was lighted on the hearth. She never came to an end of her stories and rhymes, and had a dried fig and two kisses, always, for good children. And to help the good *nonna*, Lucia left her hen and ran along the road like a fawn. Then, remembering her doll, she called back over her shoulder, "Giuseppino, oh, Giuseppino-o-o! Take care of Margherita-a-a-A!"

"Brava! With that voice we will have you for trumpeter!" commented the corporal, as she ran past him. But, alas, in the uproar of the road and the bombardment of the mountain, her brother could not hear her. And, being a boy, he forgot the doll in the glory of the conquest of the hen. At last, the *chioccia* and her brood were in a basket on the cart. Celestino had taken off the shutters, the latches and hinges, even some of the tiles of the roof and the floor of his house; and these, with similar belongings of other persons, were loaded upon an ox-cart. Marina had put a halter on the neck of the colt, thereby the more easily to lead him behind the cart to which his mother was harnessed.

"Are we ready, Marina?"

"Yes. Oh, my little house! Who knows if I shall ever see again my poor little roof? We were so content, were we not, Celestino?"

"Yes, yes, indeed. But Lucia; where is she?"

"With the *nonna*, waiting for us."

"*Su*, Maddalena, come up!" This was to the mare.

The cart began to move. The colt trotted weakly, not to fall behind his mother, who walked with long steps. Marina sat on top of her goods, her baby in her arms, while Celestino guided the mare on foot, and little Giuseppino kept pace behind with his friend the colt. Arrived at the house of the grandmother, they found her standing at the doorway, with Lucia at her side, and dressed in her best plaid cotton gown, and clean apron and kerchief, content as if she were going to mass. Marina gave the *nonna* her own place on the cart, while she herself, with Lucia by the hand, walked, carrying her baby on her shoulder.

The road to Pedara was blocked with carts and with persons on foot, with goats, and sheep, and cattle, straying to this side and that, driven by men and watch-dogs. The people were in a panic terror; some wept, some prayed, some moaned, beating their arms, and others appeared stupefied. Trumpets were blown as a signal that the village should be cleared, officers and soldiers were everywhere to help, cheer, and advise the peasants. "Truly," complained the corporal, "I make myself into four, I make myself; but even so, I can't do everything!"

The archbishop caused the relics and the images from the churches to be carried toward Pedara; and the mayor and other officials ran here and there to direct things as the procession moved.

It was only by slow degrees that Celestino and his family approached Pedara. Marina wept like a fountain; and the grandmother repeated, "We must have patience," while the sighs came from her heart to think of the village that would soon be buried under the lava. They encamped for the night among the yellow broom that grew in tufts, in bushes as far as one could look, so that it appeared endless. Through the early hours of the night, people were passing, and added their shouts to the crashing bursts of the volcano.

Suddenly little Lucia awoke to the consciousness that her dear doll was not in her arms. Where was Margherita? Was she safe in the cart, or had she been left in the village, a prey to the lava? Tears came into Lucia's eyes. "No, I must not wake mamma, who is so tired, nor the dear *nonna*, nor papa who has worked so hard," she said to herself. But she could not refrain from giving a gentle push to her brother. He awoke and said, "What is the matter, Lucia?"

"Margherita — did you bring her with you?"

"Oh! what should I do with a doll?" answered the boy, a little roughly — precisely because he was so sorry.

"I called to you, while I was running to the house of the *nonna*."

"And I did not hear you."

"You might have brought my poor Margherita."

"It is true, Lucia. Will you forgive me?"

She kissed him in token of pardon. Lucia crept back to her place beside the *nonna*; both children lay still, but it was only Giuseppino who slept. Lucia had in time come to love her doll like a little mamma; Margherita no longer seemed to her a great lady. Lucia could not bear the thought

thought of her doll impelled her, and she hastened forward.

At last she reached Nicolosi. Was this her own town? A light rain of warm sand and ashes was falling, the streets and the *piazza* were deserted.

Now and then she heard the howl of a vagrant dog. She put her hand against the wall of a building to guide herself. By the broken corner of a stone, she knew it to be the house of neighbor Nanni. Her own home would be the next house. She half saw, half felt her way to the hen-coop.



"MARINA CAUGHT HER LITTLE DAUGHTER IN HER ARMS."

of the deserted doll; perhaps at that very moment the lava was entering the town. Margherita would be covered deep with the hot lava!—at the idea Lucia herself felt suffocated. She was resolved. Without noise, she arose and moved softly away toward the road. She knew the way, and was not afraid; the road was lined with wagons, near which mules, horses, and donkeys were tethered, while the peasants slept under or beside the carts, as it might chance. Many were awake, but none would harm a little girl, or even notice her in the apathy which followed their alarm and toil. Lucia made her way toward Nicolosi, with her head and limbs heavy with sleep, so that she often swayed from side to side as she walked, and could hardly lift her feet from the ground. Her mind was confused with dreams. Then a new explosion and a fresh

"Margherita, are you here?" she said, and was frightened to hear her own voice in the solitude. She groped with her hands behind the hen-coop, caught the doll in her arms, and kissed it many times.

Then came a great explosion. It seemed to Lucia as if the end of the world were come; the shower of ashes and sand fell thicker; and the little girl, clasping her doll, ran as fast as she could from the town. When she had reached the first encampment of people, she felt quite safe. The corporal, with some soldiers, came by.

"Who is this? Little Lucia! What are you doing here?"

"Signor Caporale, I returned for my doll."

"Via! You are worse than Lot's wife. What will your mamma say? Have you thought of that?"

It seems to me that she will be capable of scolding you a little. Run along to her!"

Before dawn the weary Lucia was not far from the place where she had left the family. Marina, with her white *mantellina* over her head, was running up and down the road among the people, crying like one possessed:

"My child, my Lucia! Who has seen my little Lucia?"

"Here I am, Mamma."

Marina caught her little daughter in her arms, and hastened back to the *nonna*, who sat tending the baby. Giuseppino was still asleep.

"Here she is; she is safe!" exclaimed Marina.

The boy awoke and opened his eyes, still full of sleep.

"Oh! you found your doll, Lucia?"

"You did wrong, little one," said the grandmother, but not until she had kissed Lucia. "Do you know you have caused a great fright to us who love you so dearly?"

"*Nonna*, I could not, no, leave my dear Margherita all alone. Don't you remember, she fainted only to come to the house of poor people? Alone, with no one to speak a good little word to her. Indeed, she might have had a fulminating apoplexy."

"Oh, we admit," said Lucia's papa, "that the doll is a great lady, and so delicate that you are right to keep her as if in cotton-wool. But, another time, think also a little of the rest of us!"

"I did wrong," answered Lucia. "I know it."

"And you proved yourself a brave girl," said Celestino, who, having done his paternal duty in the mild reproof, now gave himself the satisfaction of pride in his daughter. "You have a good heart—and good little legs, Lucia."

After their breakfast of black bread and a few olives, the family set forth again on their way to the house of a brother of Marina, who lived beyond Pedara, on the road to Tremestieri. There they

would remain until the fate of their own town should be decided.

Day by day, the stream of lava grew more sluggish, and finally came to a standstill, barely touching the wall of the Altarelli, three hundred kilometers from the northern outskirts of the village of Nicolosi. A fortnight after the abandonment of the town the trumpets blew joyfully, as a signal for the people to return to their homes. It was a fine procession. First went the archbishop and the priests, with the images and relics and brilliantly colored banners; and the people came after, led by the civil authorities and the soldiers, with psalms and shouts and military music.

The streets and the *piazza* were readily cleared of the layer of sand and ashes rained upon them from the volcano; shutters and doors were hung again upon their hinges, tiles were replaced, and household goods set in order. The town had never seemed so dear, and all were happy and content.

"It is a fine thing to be able to end one's days where one was born," said the *nonna* to Lucia.

Lucia had not thought of that; but she felt it to be a fine thing to live when one has a mamma, a papa, a grandmamma, a brother, a baby sister,—and a doll.

It only remains to say that Professor Alleyn and his family returned one day, before the lava was cooled, and made the ascent of Etna as far as Monte Albano, in company with some distinguished Italian scientists. It is now thought—the professor told me at a reception—that incandescent lava is not to be regarded as an uniformly fused mass, resembling the *scoria* of a foundry, but owes its crystalline deposits to the chemical results of a gradual process of fusion. It may be so. Who among us has enough polysyllables at command to refute the theory? But more interesting to me was the story of the doll, which one of the Italian professors heard at Nicolosi. He told it to Gladys, and she told it to me.



MAKE-BELIEVE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

EVERY now and then I come across books—sometimes they are quite new and just published—which give rules for Stage-Coach and Proverbs, Hunt-the-Slipper and Scandal, Little Sally Waters and Pig-Tail, and the hundred and one games we have all of us played at afternoon parties, in the nursery, and in the schoolroom. No one really knows for how many generations children have gone on playing these games in exactly the same way, until now the laws which govern them are as unchanging as those of the Medes and Persians.

But, delightful as they are, when I see them explained so carefully in a printed book that there is no making any mistake, I often wonder if all of them taken together are worth one of the plays which we invented for ourselves, and which lasted, sometimes for but an hour, sometimes for days and weeks, sometimes even for years. I mean those beautiful "make-believes," when we were somebody else, and everything about us was something else, and nothing was what it seemed. For, while nurse or mother or schoolmistress took us to be little boys and girls playing games, we were great kings and queens ruling the nations of the world,—we were brigands with long beards and big hats, like the robbers in the ballad,

"Always blood a-drinkin',
Killin' folks like winkin'."

We were Robinson Crusoes or Christopher Colum-buses, George Washingtons or Rob Roys; we were even, at times, saints and angels and martyrs.

When I look back to my schooldays, I do not remember best the games of Old Man and Bands, in Mulberry Lane, where the ripe fruit from the great trees was crushed under our feet as we ran, and where beyond the high gate at the end we caught glimpses of the world from which we were so jealously shut out; but more vivid in my memory is the wonderful year during which I lived in a palace in Rome, on terms of intimacy with the Pope himself, and with the Borgias and the Borghesis and the Colonnas.

Were such battles ever fought before or since? Were there ever such sumptuous wedding-feasts? such gay christenings? such solemn funerals? And there was one of my schoolmates who would never have anything to do with the other girls, but dur-

ing recreation hour would wander through the woods alone, penetrating even into the forbidden Poisonous Valley, opposite the "nun's graveyard," simply because she was a duchess on bad terms with her father and cruelly separated from her lover; and all the time we never dreamed of her greatness, but thought her silly and affected and putting on airs.

Every one has lived—if not in a palace in Rome—at least in a castle in Spain. It has been said (and every boy or girl must admit, with truth) that he who has never been on a quest for buried treasure, has never been a child. And the adventures of our own making, how much better they were than the sitting in a circle and pirouetting around at a given signal, as in Stage-Coach; or the crouching on the ground pretending to be little Sally Waters crying in the sun; or the kissing in the ring? In these games we did as we were bidden; in our own we were masters and creators, and there was their charm. But for this very reason no one can put all our plays into a book and teach us how to make-believe; we must teach ourselves. As a rule, too, the children who grow up into the men who tell make-believe stories, tell them so well that, as we read, we forget they are only make-believe. Is n't Robinson Crusoe as real to you as Columbus? Don't you believe in Leatherstocking just as firmly as in the Sioux chiefs, or the Zuñis, who occasionally come to Washington? And David Balfour, and Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Paul Dombey, and the countless others,—where can you see any make-believe there, if you please?

But there are two men—one is still living, the other died but yesterday—who not only made-believe when they were children, but in their grown-up years have been able to tell us all about the fairy-land in which they once lived; who not only have invented adventures and shipwrecks, and savages and heroes, and hunters, and all the other things, but have taken us into their confidence, and shown us the make-believe from the very beginning. These two men are Robert Louis Stevenson and Richard Jefferies; and there are no writers of books who should be more dear to children still busy making-believe, and to men and women still capable of a thrill of pleasure in recalling the make-believes of the past.

Mr. Stevenson, of course, has written stories as

real and as true as "Robinson Crusoe." There is no make-believe about John Silver and David Balfour and Alan Breck; we know they lived as certainly as we know Robin Hood went shooting through Sherwood Forest, or Ulysses went wandering from shore to shore. But there is a little volume of poems called the "Child's Garden of Verses,"—and I hope every reader of ST. NICHOLAS has given it space on his or her book-shelves,—which is nothing more than a record of the make-believes of the little Robert Louis Stevenson, when he and his cousins Willie and Henrietta, in the old manse and the garden by the mill-stream, were

"King and queen,
Were hunter, soldier, tar,
And all the thousand things that children are";

a record of the days when "in the basket on the lea," he was a pirate a-steering of his boat to Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar; or at evening, when the lamp was lighted, a hunter with his gun, crawling

"Round the forest track
Away behind the sofa-back."

While his parents sat by the fire he played at books he had read, so that, in the quiet parlor he saw himself surrounded by hills and woods and close to rivers where roaring lions came to drink. Have you not known the time, when to you, as to him, your bed was a boat, sofas were mountains, carpets, seas—when you marched to victory to the stirring sounds of a comb, or when, with chairs and cushions, you built ships to go sailing on the billows? What was in your ship's larder?—for never yet did expedition set out from the nursery without provisions. Stevenson tells all he carried with him on one of his long journeys:

"We took a saw and several nails
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, 'Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake';—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on till tea."

There was not an inch of ground in the garden, with its yew-tree and river flowing past, which had not its historical associations, which had not seen immortal actions and valiant battles. Here one had to step on tiptoe, for the land was enchanted, and he who loitered slept, like Beauty in the woods, or Barbarossa in his mountain cave; and there was Ali Baba's cavern. At one side was the sea, on the other the sand, and a part was "Frozen Siberia," where Stevenson and Robert Bruce and William

Tell were once bound by an enchanter's spell. What fine company we keep—what friends we meet, in our make-believes! Who, that saw the little boy running by the hollyhocks and through the gorse, could have known that he had just burst in twain his iron fetters and, with the great heroes of Scotland and Switzerland at his side, was fleeing from the dread giants:

"On we rode, the others and I,
Over the mountains blue, and by
The silver river, the sounding sea
And the robber woods of Tartary."

"A thousand miles we galloped fast,
And down the witches' lane we passed,
And rode amain, with brandished sword,
Up to the middle, through the ford."

"Last we drew rein—a weary three—
Upon the lawn, in time for tea,
And from our steeds alighted down
Before the gates of Babylon."

And none of the people round the table, you may be quite sure, had the least idea they were in that great, wicked city of the East.

Grown-up people have to travel long and far in search of adventure and strange lands; but, in childhood, giants and enchanters and witches, and, better still, great heroes long since dead, wait for us at our front doors; in the tiniest garden we can see more marvels than are to be met with in a journey round the world; in one morning we can do more great deeds than a Napoleon in his lifetime. In his other books Stevenson is constantly showing, in one way or another, his love of adventure and daring; but his "Garden of Verse" is filled with that romance which comes to us all when we are children, but which goes forever, once we take our seats by the fire with our elders and refuse "to play at anything."

I am afraid Richard Jefferies is less well known than Stevenson. He was not what the world calls a successful man, though he wrote books which will be read until the English language is forgotten. His life was a long struggle to make both ends meet, and his last years were still further darkened by ill health and cruel pain. But he forgot his troubles when he was at work. As a boy, he had lived in a country which, for cultivated England, is wild enough. His home was a beautiful old farmhouse, and close by were wide, rolling downs—really "ups" or hills—marked here and there with great Druidical stones, and remains of British earth-works. Above all things he loved this wild and lovely country, and, next to it, he loved his books—the story of Ulysses, ballads, the

adventures of travelers in strange and savage lands. Like the little Stevenson he was always playing at the books he read. One who knew him as a boy tells how the two favorite pastimes of his happy young years were, "those of living on a desert island, and of waging war with the Indians."

As a man, he remembered with keen pleasure these delightful make-believes and put them all into a book that other little boys might enjoy them with him. Like Stevenson he wrote some stories in which there was even more make-believe, because he tried to pretend there was n't any make-believe at all. One of his little heroes he sends running over the hills, chasing the "jolly old wind," which tells him all sorts of secrets, so that, by and by, it promises he shall "understand all about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the earth which is so beautiful." Another he leads through a field of ripe wheat, and the swallows fly down to whisper to him, and the golden wheat-ears, bending low, tell him their story.

But in his story of Bevis, though Bevis and his great friend Mark meet with adventure after adventure, discover new seas, and are lost in the jungle, are pursued by savages and tracked by tigers, you know all the time that they are only making-believe, and that when they declare themselves thousands of miles from everybody, they are, if not within sight, at least within easy reach of the old farmhouse. I can not begin here to tell you about all their plays. But I can give you an idea of *how* they played, for the beginning and end of everything they did was "make-believe."

Listen to this: The two boys are starting out bright and early one morning, for a day's amusement, with their dog "Pan." As they went through a meadow toward their bathing-place, "they hung about the path, picking clover-heads and sucking the petals, pulling them out and putting the lesser ends in their lips, looking at the white and pink bramble-flowers, noting where the young nuts began to show, pulling down the woodbine, and doing everything but hasten on to their work of swimming. They stopped at the gate by the New Sea, over whose smooth surface slight breaths of mist were curling, and stood kicking the ground and the stones as flighty horses paw.

"We ought to be something," said Mark, discontentedly.

"Of course we ought," said Bevis. "Things are very stupid unless you are something."

"Lions and tigers," said Mark, growling and showing his teeth.

"Pooh!"

"Shipwrecked people on an island."

"Fiddle! They have plenty to do and are always happy, and we are not."

"No; very unhappy. Let's try escaping — prisoners running away."

"Hum! Hateful!"

"Everything's hateful."

"So it is."

"This is a very stupid sea."

"There's nothing in it."

"Nothing anywhere."

"Let's be hermits."

"There's always only one hermit."

"Well, you live that side" (pointing across), "and I'll live this."

"Hermits eat pulse and drink water."

"What's pulse?"

"I suppose it's barley-water."

"Horrid."

"Awful."

So long as they could not make-believe, they were unhappy; once they could, the world about them no longer seemed stupid, and there was only too much to do. Let me show you what a difference it made this very same morning, when they finally decided to be savages. Remember, they were just about to take their daily swim.

"Savages," shouted Mark, kicking the gate to with a slam that startled Pan up. "Savages, of course!"

"Why?"

"They swim, donk., don't they? They're always in the water, and they have catamarans and ride the waves, and dance on the shore and blow shells —"

"Trumpets?"

"Yes."

"Canoes?"

"Yes."

"No clothes?"

"No."

"All jolly?"

"Everything."

"Hurrah!"

Then they hurry to the bathing-place, on the way deciding they are savages of the South Sea sort, and, jumping into the water, they suddenly remember they should have a proper language.

"Kalabala-bhong!" said Mark.

"Hududu-blow-flug," replied Bevis, taking a header from the top of the rail on which he had been sitting, and on which he just continued to balance himself a moment without falling backward.

"Umphumum!" he shouted, coming up again.

"Thiklikah," and Mark disappeared.

"Naklikah," said Bevis, giving him a shove under as he came up to breathe.

Is n't that just the way you play? Have n't you invented languages? Have n't you been terrible savages, wilder and fiercer than any Stanley ever

met in the heart of Africa? Have n't you felt there was nothing worth doing unless you, too, could "be" something? As I say, I have not space to tell you all Bevis and Mark did, or the many somethings they became. You must read the book to learn about their exploration of the Mississippi; their discovery of the New Sea; their adventures on the Nile and in Central Africa; their meeting with witches and monsters; their working of magic spells; their life as savages; their awful battle, as Cæsar and Pompey, at Pharsalia, where they almost did succeed in killing each other; and, above all, their wonderful days in the island of New Formosa, upon whose shores they were shipwrecked. And when they did not know just how to fight, or just how to get shipwrecked, what do you think they did? They went and consulted

the "Odyssey" and "Old Ballads,"—it was the "Ballad of King Estmere" they loved best. These they found full of hints for good plays, and, if you don't believe it, just go and borrow your next play from Homer, or from any of the old ballad-singers.

We have all lived in the land of make-believe; we have all loved it. I am not quite sure that anything we can do in after years can have quite the same importance as the mighty "play-business" which held and still holds us there. And, next to attending to this business for ourselves, the best thing I know of is to follow it either with Richard Jefferies in his story of "Bevis," or with Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Garden of Verses." They understand it as well as we do ourselves; and, for this, let all honor be given to them!



THEY HAVE COSTUMES, BUT NO PARTS.

TEDDY O'ROURKE.

(A Gamin's Story.)

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

"TEDDY O'ROURKE 's my chum, you see,
An' how it happened was, him an' me
Was down at the dock with the rest that day,
A-lookin' fur somethin' to come our way,
Fur shines, I tell ye, was precious few,
An' we thought we could pick up a dime or two,
Along with some of the other chaps,
Luggin' a feller's valise, perhaps.

"It was time the boat was a-gittin' in,
An' of all the crowd on the dock, who 'd been
Waitin' fur friends, none took our eye
Like two who was standin' just close by —
A lady, if ever was one, I guess —
You could tell as much by her way an' dress —
With a little girl who had 'bout the looks
Of them kids you see in the picture-books,
With her big blue eyes an' her hair like gold —
I s'pose she was four or five years old.
An' blest if she does n't tell Ted an' me
How her pa 's on board an' how glad she 'll be
When he is home with 'em both again.
An' Teddy he sees the boat just then.

"Well, the boat swings inter the slip at last,
An', while they 're busy a-makin' fast,
With the passengers ready a'most to land,
The little girl loses her mother's hand,
When every one 's crowdin' an' pushin' hard,
An' blamed if she does n't fall overboard —
I can't ezzactly tell how she does,
'Cause 'fore I knows it, why, there it was —
An' then there follers a great, big splash
As Teddy goes after her in a flash!

"Talk about swimmin', now, Ted kin swim!
Not one of the fellers I knows tops *him*.
Stay under the longest you ever see;
Dive about twict as high as me;
Go out so fur you 'd be scairt clean through;
Why, they ain't a thing 'at he dassent do! —
More like a duck, I guess you 'd say
If ever you saw him in, some day —
An', though the tide is a-runnin' strong,
He strikes right out, an' it ain't so long
'Fore he 's clingin' with her to the slippery spiles,
An' she 's *safe* — an' he just looks up an' smiles!

"Then they git the little girl up all right,
An' there's nothin' the matter with her 'cept fright.

While Teddy unhelped climbs up the beams
With the water a-runnin' from him in streams;
An', while he 's shiverin', kind o', there,
The little girl's ma don't seem to care
At all fur the people a-standin' by,
But gives him a kiss an' begins to cry;
An' the little girl's pa ain't no ways slow
In grabbin' his hand — an' he won't let go;
While everybody upon the pier
Just whoops her up in a bustin' cheer,
An' one of 'em yells out, after that,
'Come, chip in, all of you! Here 's the hat!'

"An' did n't they? Well, now, they just *did*!
Teddy was allers a lucky kid!
An', while around with the hat they goes,
Every one reaches down in his clo'es,
An' you 'd laugh to see how the ol' plug fills
With dimes an' quarters an' halves an' bills,
Till at last it 's a-holdin' so much tin
Looks 's if the crown would just bust right in;
An' they takes the money 'at they have riz,
An' they goes to Teddy an' says it 's his.

"What?' says Teddy. 'This ain't all mine!'
An' you oughter have seed his black eyes shine,
An' I feels so good 'at I gives him a shove,
Fur I knows just what he 's a-thinkin' of —
It 's about his mother, who 's purty old,
An' that sister of his'n the doctor 's told
If she only could go fur a good long spell
Out in the country she might git well —
An' every one laughs 'cause he stares so hard,
While the little girl's pa takes out a card
That says where Teddy 's to call next day,
An' they goes in a hack of their own away,
While some one tells Teddy to scoot home quick,
An' change his clo'es so he won't git sick.

"That 's about all,—'cept Teddy O'Rourke
Has got a chance, and has gone to work
In the little girl's pa's big dry-goods store,
An' he ain't a-shinin' 'em up no more;
An' now he 's a-goin' to free-school, nights,
An' he 's learnin' so 'at he reads an' writes,
While I tells him to keep on peggin' away,
An' he 'll be a big duck hisself, some day.
— An' me? Oh, Teddy 'll look out fur me —
Teddy O'Rourke 's my *chum*, you see!"

THE GREAT PROCESSION.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

DID you ever happen to think, when dark
Lights up the lamps outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonderland
Where the witches are making their tea in the rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the world over, and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over at eight o'clock,
Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
Those almost asleep on the way,
This one capering, that one cross,
Plaited tresses, or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland of dreams.

Far in the islands of the sea
The great procession takes up its way,
Where, throwing their faded flower-wreaths down,
Little savages tire of play;
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,
And go to sleep wherever they fall,
By the sea's soft song and the stars' soft gleams
They are off to the wonderland of dreams.

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy
Droop like a leaf at close of day;
And her mat is pleasant as clouds of down
To the tawny child of the Himalay;

And the lad on the housetop at Ispahan
Sees night, while the rose-breaths around him fan,
Lead up from the desert his starry teams
And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals,
And touches the head of the Russian maid,
And the Vikings' sons leave wrestle and leap,
And Gretchen loosens her yellow braid,
And Bess and Arthur follow along,
And sweet Mavourneen at even-song,
All mingling the morrow's hopes and schemes
With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew,
See how the great procession swells;
Hear the music to which it moves,
The children's prayers and the evening bells.
It climbs the slopes of the far Azores,
At last it reaches our western shores,
And where can it go at these extremes
But into the wonderland of dreams?

Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow,
Ah, what a patter of little feet!
Eyelids heavy as flowers with bees,
Was ever anything half so sweet?
Out of the tender evening blue —
I do believe it has come for you
To be off to the wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems!

ABOUT TED RUSSELL.

(A College Story.)

BY ELEANOR PUTNAM.

I DON'T know just when it was that I first began to notice it. I'm not good at remembering things, but I should say it was somewhere about the middle of the winter term. I know it was before the river broke up, because the crews were working at the weights in the Gym., and I remember that Will

Hamlin used to rub himself down with snow instead of with cold water, until his captain told Will that he would n't have it.

So I think it must have been about the middle of the winter term that we began to suspect there was a thief about the college.

You see you would n't be as quick to notice it in college as you would anywhere else, for, beside the errand boys (who always steal cravats, and gloves, and canes, and you expect it of them), the fellows are always running in to borrow things; and if you happen to be out and they happen to be pretty intimate they help themselves just the same, and sometimes forget to mention it to you.

I remember I once lost some studs. Weeks after I happened to speak of it one day when the fellows were in our room, and Ned Smith said:

"Why, I took them out of your room the night we went to Wayburn to see Den. Thompson. I supposed you knew I had them."

You can understand it would take some time for us to fancy that there was a thief around in college.

The first thing, however, that struck us was when Bill Walters's watch was stolen. It happened one night when we were having a german at the town-hall. Walters did n't wear his watch with his evening dress, and when he looked for it, next morning, it was gone. The very next week Tom Burbank's pocket-book was stolen, and the next night two silver candlesticks went. They belonged to Ned Jewett, and were real old solid things, none of your plated gimcracks. By that time we fellows began to be on the alert. We knew, by the thefts all taking place at night, that the thief was no outsider, but that he must be some one in the dormitories who was locked in with us at night.

We were talking it over one day in our room. All the fellows of our particular set were there—Hastings, and Smith, and Stuart, and Houghton, and Browne, and the rest. Ted Russell, my chum, was sitting in the window-seat; Stuart and Browne were in the hammock, and the rest were "reposing promiscuous," as Ted says, on chairs and lounges—and had somehow hit on the subject of circumstantial evidence. Stuart, whose father was a judge, had mentioned certain cases in which the sharpest lawyers had been taken in, and he was proving how little one should trust to it. But Ted Russell, who was my chum and roommate, persisted in disbelieving the whole thing. He declared that it was impossible for a train of evidence to be complete enough to convince intelligent men, without leading them to the true conclusion.

"I don't take any stock," said he, "in these cases of injured innocence. I believe a man carries his passport in his face and that it always gives you a true impression. You can tell a—"

Just then Ted started forward and looked out of the open window near which he was sitting, on

account of our all being smoking, and the air blue and so thick that you could have cut it with a knife.

"What is it, Ted?" said I. He drew his head back, gave me a queer sort of a look, and scratched a match.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "I thought I saw Stevens, and was going to call him up, but it was n't he."

Then we began to talk of other things, and chiefly about the boat-house.

You see we had a new one, a first-class affair with convenient dressing-rooms, and arrangements for bathing. Somehow, though, the boys had failed on their payments; and one old cove, who had subscribed a hundred dollars at Alumni dinner, up and died intestate, and we could n't collect the money; so we were hard up, and it worried us fellows very much; especially Ted Russell and myself, who had been the chief movers in getting the new boat-house.

After the boys had gone, Ted said to me, with a queer sort of look on his face,

"See here, Jim. You know Piper?"

"Of course," said I; "he sits in front of us in recitations."

"Well," said Ted, in a hesitating sort of way, "I don't like to accuse an innocent man, nor to hit a fellow when he's down. Nobody likes Piper. He's a hang-dog sort of a chap; but—"

"Well," said I, "out with it. What do you mean?" Ted got up and left the window, and took to poking the fire.

"The fact is," said he, "that just now, when all the fellows were here, Piper went along under the window. He was alone, and he took out a watch in a sneaking sort of a way,—a handsome gold watch, as I could see from where I sat. He looked at the face and then at the back, and turned it about and rubbed his hands over it. Just then the fellows in here came out with a big 'ha, ha,' and Piper gave a great start, looked up and saw me, grew red as a beet, and hurried the watch out of sight. Now what do you make of that?"

"Why, Ted," said I, "I thought I would n't mention it yet, even to you, but I caught the fellow doing the very same thing on the stairs this morning, just after prayers. He jumped as if he'd been hit when he saw me, turned red in the face, and hustled the watch into his pocket. 'We have a long lesson in physics to-day, Mr. Sandford,' said he—you know how the sneak will always 'mister' us fellows. I scarcely answered him, but I thought to myself his actions were mightily suspicious, and that I'd just keep an eye on him."

"His face is bad enough, anyhow," said Ted;

"we 'd better keep an eye on him, I should say. See here, we 've just time to look at our 'International,' before club. What page will you take?"

"I 'll take the second," said I; "you 'd better take the fifth; it 's good big print."



"HE WAS ALONE, AND HE TOOK OUT A WATCH IN A SNEAKING SORT OF A WAY."

"All right," said Ted, "don't talk for ten minutes."

You see Ted Russell and I have a good dodge to avoid learning the whole of any day's lesson. Of course no fellow in his senses wants to waste his time studying page after page of jargon that does him no good, and that he may never be called on to recite. That is, unless he is a regular duffer, working for rank, and getting a "ten" every day for the whole four years. So Ted and I, after some thought, figured out this idea:

You take your text-book and pick out one page or topic, and learn it in your best style; you let all the rest of the lesson go. Then you go into recitation, and when the professor comes near the part of the lesson which you have learned, just

you become suddenly abstracted; take to whispering to a fellow across the room, or staring out of the window, or pretend to be asleep, and ten to one the Prof. thinks he 's caught you off guard; comes down on you and calls "Russell!" or "Sandford!" (with a gleam of triumph in his eye) and up you jump and recite swimmingly on the only part of the lesson that you really know at all. I never knew this plan to fail but once or twice, in all the times we have tried it. But all this has nothing to do with the story.

As I said before, Ted and I made up our minds to keep a good sharp eye on Piper, and so we decided to, but that very night Ted was taken ill.

The doctor said he had overtrained; but we fellows think he took cold on his way across the campus after working hard in the Gym. We remembered that he stopped, in the full sweep of the wind, to show Will Hamlin a letter he 'd just had from the Lake George Association. Besides that, he sat in the open window when we

were all smoking, and of course he ought to have known better than that. Anyhow, he fell ill with a fever and some sort of rheumatic trouble; was light-headed nights, and all that; so you may fancy that I had n't much time to think of Piper or thieves.

Poor Ted *was* ill, and no mistake! Part of the time he did n't know us fellows, and when he knew anything, he 'd worry about making up his lessons, and about losing his place on the crew; and, more than all, he would worry about the boat-house and how we were to pay the debt.

"We must pay it off somehow, Jim," he 'd say; "we must pay it off somehow. Can't you think of some way out of it, Jim?"

Over and over the poor fellow would say this, and toss and throw himself about, until there seemed to be no way to quiet him. Then he 'd spring up in bed and fancy he was rowing; he 'd go into it so hard that his teeth would be set and the muscles of his arms stand out like those of that uncomfortable chap on the anatomical chart.

But he came out of it all right at last,—himself, old Ted Russell, again, only as white and weak as any girl. He could n't even walk across the floor without leaning on me, and he 'd sit all day in his Sleepy Hollow chair, without life enough even to read. He 'd bend his arm and feel of his biceps, and then open and shut his hand and look at me and shake his head and laugh in a dull sort of way.

"Bad outlook for the race, Jim," he 'd say; "a girl might be ashamed of such a wrist as that."

However, when he was able to drive out, he began to improve fast. We used to drive down to the ship-yards every day for a sniff of the sea, and the strong smell of the pine chips seemed to do Ted no end of good. We always stopped at a red greenhouse, half-way home, for a drink of milk for which we did n't much care. There was a pretty girl there, with blue eyes, who used to bring it out to us.

We stayed at college through the vacation, on Ted's account, for he lived in some out-of-the-way place in northern Vermont.

I remember that he had a box from the old aunt he lived with. There were wines and jellies in the box, but it was mostly full of papers of dried herbs, with directions for steeping them, all written out on the packages. There were piles of lint and bandages, and a beastly hop-pillow for poor Ted to sleep on. She appeared to think he was wounded somehow, and I found out afterward that it was all my fault, because I had written her a letter (so she should n't worry about Ted) and had said that he was "all broke up" and "no end cut up by being dropped from the class boat."

Of course I did n't think she could misunderstand a fellow in such a way, but I fancy she thought poor Ted had n't a whole bone left in his body.

Well, the vacation was over, and Ted began to be able to walk about a little, and the boys came back to college, and the term began.

March went by, and April. The streets grew muddy, and we began to keep our windows open, and sit on the south doorsteps in the sun, to smoke and look our lessons over between recitations (all took colds, of course; we always do in the spring-time, but we keep on doing just the same things every year), and finally the river

broke up. The ice began to run out; the spring freshet came; the great booms broke, up river, and the logs began to thunder down and pitch headlong over the foaming dam by hundreds.

Then Browne, who was captain now, in place of poor Ted, said it was time we took out the boat.

It is a big thing, I can tell you, when a fellow gets out of that dusty, dark old Gym. and on the river at last, in the class boat (and you must understand that our boat is the beauty on the river this year, twenty-two inches wide, forty-seven feet long, sharp as an arrow, and swift as lightning; oh, a regular flyer, you know, and no mistake about it).

I was so jolly over the prospect that I was slamming about the room at a great rate, and whistling "Litoria," as I got ready to go down to the boat-house, and I never thought of poor Ted at all. Suddenly, though, something in his eyes, as he sat in the window-seat and watched me, made me remember what a selfish fellow I was. I felt ashamed of myself. If I had been a girl, I dare say I should have cried. As it was I only said to him:

"Ted, you 're my captain for next fall, you know." Then I took his hand and we gave each other a grip which meant more than all the kisses, and crying, and protestations a pair of girls could get up in a week.

But all Ted said to me was, "Oh, go along, Sandford!" and I said, "Come along down and see us off." But we understood each other.

When we reached the boat-house we found quite a crowd of our fellows waiting to see us start, and, just above, the Juniors were unlocking their door and shouting down to our boys.

Our new boat-house was worth being proud of. In fact, it put the others quite into the shade. It was built out over the water on piles, and the floor was cut away in the middle, leaving a "well" about fifty feet by ten where we raised and lowered the boat. We had a handsome hard-wood floor of matched boards, tongue-and-groove made, and we had good dressing-rooms with lockers and various conveniences for keeping things safe and in order. We did n't go in for anything fancy, but it was all strong, neat, and well made, which could n't be said of our old one,—a regular shed. A spare "lap-streak" and our old class-gig were slung to the rafters, and there were pairs of spruce oars with spoon blades hung on pegs in the walls. It was a good boat-house, but it worried us, thinking how we should pay for it.

The fellows all stood around the well as we lowered the shell, and dropped into it by number, according to Browne's orders. Then Browne himself dropped; Houghton handed down our oars, and

we cleared the boat of her gaskets. Just then Browne shouted to Houghton:

"Time us, will you, Fred?"

"Can't," said Houghton.

"What do you mean?"

"My watch has been borrowed," said Houghton; "at least, I can't find it."

I thought at once of Piper, and, looking over my shoulder, exchanged looks with Ted Russell. Then Hastings said he would time us; Browne gave the word:

"Back her out,—easy; hold hard, port, and back her, starboard! Now, hold all! ready! give way!"

The shell swung round and pointed downstream, and at last we were off for our first pull.

Russell was waiting when we came back to the boat-house, and as we walked up home together, he told me that Jim Basset had ten dollars taken from his room, and that Piper had been over at Harwood's buying a cheap ulster.

That evening, sure enough, we met him in his new coat; a vulgar affair of yellow shoddy, that no fellow but Piper would have worn, anyhow. We stepped into Harwood's, Tom and I, and priced some like it, just for the curiosity of the thing.

"Ten dollars apiece, gentlemen," said the clerk, "and your choice of shades: butternut, mastic, light tan, and cream. Worth twice the money. Out of a case of smuggled goods. Great bargain."

We concluded that we did n't care to buy that evening.

"Jim Bassett's 'ten' bought the ulster, Sandford, and no mistake," said Russell, as soon as we were outside; and I agreed with him.

"True for you," said I; and then went up into Atwood's for a game of pool. Browne was there, and one or two fellows who belonged in our six-oar.

"Take your last look at a billiard-table, Sandford," said Browne. "We go into our real training to-morrow, and no nonsense about it."

Sure enough we did.

Next morning our regular training began. It was something like this: Up at five o'clock in the morning, and taking a four and a half mile paddle, on two raw eggs; back, to breakfast on oatmeal and rare beef; out on the river again at five in the afternoon; then home for a supper of cracked wheat and milk; at nine o'clock a double run around the campus; home, rub down, and go to bed; and perhaps I did n't sleep soundly when bedtime came those nights!

One afternoon Ned Smith beckoned me into the room.

"See here," said he, "I would n't have spoken to a soul, if I had n't been absolutely *sure* you know,

—all solid. But I just want you to keep an eye on Piper. Don't mention it just yet, but he sold a silver candlestick at Wayboro, Monday. Dunlap's gone over to trace it and see if it was one of Jewett's. Don't say a word, only keep your eyes open, that's all."

It was that very afternoon that I made an odd discovery in the boat-house. We were all seated and ready to start, and as we passed the boat ahead to clear the stern gasket, I happened to look up and noticed that one of the planks of the flooring, instead of being in a line with the others round the edge of the well, ran out an inch beyond line.

It struck me as odd that I had never noticed it before, and I was wondering how it happened, when I hit my oar against a pile and snapped it short off. Browne gave me a reprimand which brought me up standing, and I kept my eyes in the boat till we got back.

I was such a long time rubbing myself down that afternoon that Browne called out at last:

"We're going up, Sandford—sha'n't hang round for you any longer."

"All right," said I, "go ahead. Leave the key in the door." Then I heard them pass the boat-house, and their voices died away.

As soon as I was alone, I left my dressing-room, and went to examine that plank. It was matched, and so of course driven in like a wedge, but the nails had been taken out, and it was slipped about two inches from the well, leaving a space corresponding with the end of the plank which ran beyond the others, at the edge of the well. I managed to drive it out with a hatchet, though it was no easy task. The floor was double, with about eight inches of space between, and there, cleverly hidden under shavings and sawdust, were all the things which had been stolen from the college: the watches, the pocket-book, *one* silver candlestick, and about fifty dollars in money.

I left the things untouched, drove in the plank, and went up to college. I did n't mention what I'd seen, even to Russell, for I hoped to just catch Piper in the act of hiding some of his stolen goods; then, when I was perfectly sure about it, I would let Ted know, and we would have things straightened out in no time.

It was about eleven o'clock when I started that night, for I had to wait till Ted was asleep, so that he should n't know about it. It was dark and still and misty, especially when I went down into the water meadows; the frogs were croaking away at a great rate in the marshes, and, late as it was, I heard voices coming through the fog from a great "gundalow" which lay out in the channel waiting for daylight, when it would creep up river with its cargo of coal. I had a key to the boat-

house, and carried a little dark-lantern which had served Ted and me many a good turn in our Sophomore pranks.

I wondered how in the world Piper got into the boat-house, when we had a new combination-lock on the door, till I remembered how easily he could steal Browne's key and then carry it back again.

I had to wait some time. The town-clock struck twelve, and I was beginning to grow sleepy, what with the darkness, and the monotonous sound of the water striking the piles underneath, when suddenly I heard a step on the grass outside, and you'd better believe I was wide enough awake in an instant. On it came, on and on, straight for the boat-house and up the sloping wooden platform which led to the door. Then a key turned in the lock, the door opened, and in he came. I turned the slide of my lantern, shielding it cautiously, and there, sure enough, was the thief, revealed by the faint glimmer of light I allowed to escape, stepping along softly, and far too near the edge of the well for safety. On he came till he reached the loosened plank; then he went and took the hatchet from a beam, drove out the plank with a great noise, and there, kneeling down with his back toward me, he began to put something into his hiding-place.

This was just the minute to take him. I drew the slide of my lantern wide, and sent a broad beam of yellow light full on him. He neither started nor turned toward me, but kept on hiding something; went to the edge of the well and drove the plank back, put the hatchet where he found it, then turned to go, and for the first time faced the light.

Piper? How, in the name of all that was sensible, had I been deceived so long? Piper! Why, it was not Piper at all. It was Ted Russell!

It was Ted, sure enough, with his eyes wide open and looking nowhere at all. He never glanced at me nor noticed the blaze from the lantern. I closed the slide, and drew back into the corner. Ted walked away, always keeping on the extreme edge of the well, so that an inch would have thrown him into the water. I had all I could do to keep from shouting to warn him back.

When he had really gone and locked the boat-house door behind him, I moved out the plank once more, collected the plunder (both the candlesticks were there; I had missed one under the shavings before, somehow), and went back to college.

My first thought had been that Ted was crazy. I honestly thought so. I could see no other reason for his doing such a thing. Then I remembered that queer look in his eyes, and how he never even noticed the light, and in a minute I knew that the old

fellow was asleep, as sound as a top. But what could he want of the boys' watches and money? That was more than I could understand.

Ted was in bed and asleep when I reached the college; he seemed to be sleeping easily and healthfully, and I made up my mind to see that he did n't leave his room another night.

I said nothing to the fellows next day, but I felt mean about Piper, for we had done him an injustice, even though he was a shabby sort of fellow.

Ted went off to bed about nine o'clock, but I sat up and read; I did not dare to lie down, for fear I should lose myself.

He slept like a baby till about eleven. Then he began to stir uneasily and mutter in an odd, dull voice. I went into the bedroom and found him dressing.

"What are you doing, Ted?" said I, as quietly as I could.

"Dressing," said he, speaking in that same curious way, as if somebody else were speaking out of Ted's mouth.

"Where are you going?" said I.

"Into Carleton's room to get some money," said he. "I have almost enough now, anyhow."

"Enough for what?" said I.

"Enough to pay for the boat-house. What do you suppose?" said he.

I said the first thing I could think of, to keep him from going.

"Oh, the boat-house is all right," said I.

"Do you mean it?" said Ted; "who paid for it?"

"Never you mind," said I, "but it's all right and squared up, Ted. So just you get back into bed."

He did n't say another word, but did as I told him; and very soon I heard him breathing as regularly as a child.

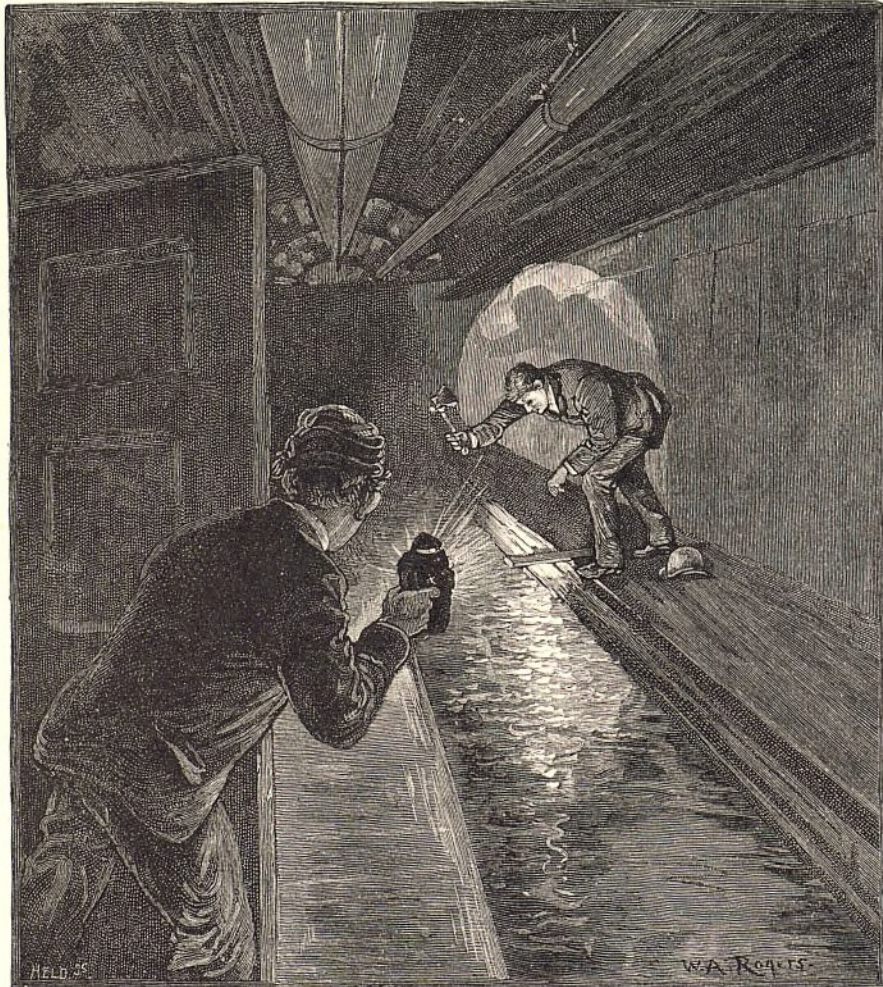
You see, that was what the poor fellow was up to all the time. He had begun it away back in the winter, before he was ill, when the fever in his blood made him restless, and set him to trying, even in his sleep, to somehow pay off the debt on the boat-house that worried him so. And, in his sleep, it seems, he adopted foul means; perhaps because he had found that fair means did n't seem to accomplish much.

Next morning I restored the boys' property, and bound them to keep the thing quiet as long as we stayed in college. For, though of course poor Russell could n't help himself, and it was nothing to be ashamed of, still I knew he would feel horribly cheap if the thing got about, and came to his ears; it would be such a grind, and I was n't going to have the fellows chaffing him about it.

That was why I went to see a doctor about his case; and why I made him accept my uncle's invitation (my uncle is Captain Walter Shorley, of the bark "Victrix") to go with him to Cardiff. Of course I went along, too, to look after Ted.

was afraid the fellows would poke fun at him for looking at it so often.

The candlestick that he sold was his own, too—a battered affair, but really silver, and he only got five dollars for it, and earned the other five work-



"HE WENT TO THE EDGE OF THE WELL AND DROVE THE PLANK BACK."

The doctor said that a sea-voyage would cure him of all his nonsense, and set him up again as nothing else could do.

And about Piper?

Why, it was all a case of "circumstantial evidence," you know; nothing else. The watch which Ted and I had seen him gloating over was his own fast enough; a poor, cheap thing that he had found at a bargain somewhere.

The reason that he acted so queerly about it and hustled it out of sight, in the way he did, was because he had never owned a watch before, and

ing on a catalogue, and bought his light ulster as honestly as any fellow.

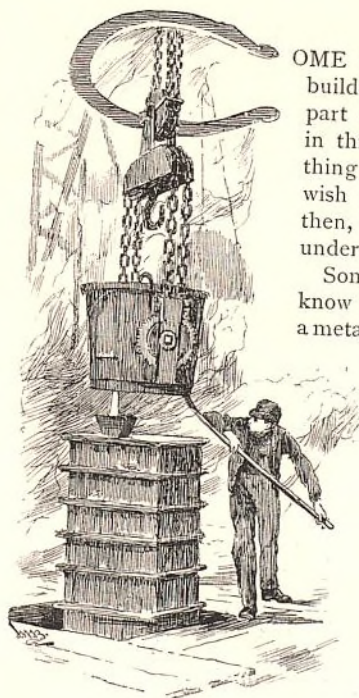
The doctor was right about Ted. He came home from sea as right as a trivet, and now he's the most superb oar on the river, and the best fellow in all the four classes, as you'd say, if you knew him.

Yes, I had to resign my place on the crew, of course, and give up the race. Yes, I believe you, it certainly was a grind, but then, it's all past now. I did it for old Ted, and I know my chum Ted would do the same for me.

THE MAKING OF A GREAT STEEL GUN.

BY G. F. MULLER.

"From the silence of the ore
To the battle's din and roar."—F. A. M.



CASTING THE CANNON.

COME into a big, queer building in the upper part of a busy city, for in this building something is going on that I wish you to see; and then, having seen it, to understand it.

Some of you may know how so common a metal as iron is turned into steel, and how, of that finer metal, a great cannon is made. But to those of you who do not know how this is done, these pictures and what I write will, I hope, make plain the different processes by which

this building—except the workmen—is big in proportion. There are large furnaces along one side of the interior, and through the doors of these red-hot fire shines out, looking like the fiery eyes of a tremendous giant. Immense chains hang from the top of queer things that look like a letter of the alphabet upside-down, so: T, only these inverted letters are as high as a house. Each link of the chains is half as long as your body, and the steel in each link is as thick as one's leg. These affairs supporting the chains are called cranes. No boy who has ever seen a live crane, would recognize these other cranes from the name. The iron ones are not graceful, nor anything but strong and fitted to their work; which is to lift huge bowls of melted metal or tremendous masses of steel. This they do as easily as you would pick up your lunch-basket. A steam-engine forms part of each of these cranes, and one man at this engine makes the big chain come slowly down, or rise, or move from place to place. The crane obeys the movement of the man's hand upon a lever as readily as the elephants obey every sign and word of their trainer.

Well,—now for the making of our cannon.

Stand here a moment and look over there where the brightness of a hundred electric lights and the fireworks of forty Fourths of July seem holding a meeting. What do you see there? Why, something shaped like a stumpy bottle, and as big as an ordinary bedroom in a hotel. Near it is another object like the first, but smaller. These are "converters." They are so called because in them iron is converted into steel—and in a few minutes, too. I can not in this article tell you how this is done, because I need all the space to describe the making of the cannon. But this much I can say, air being blown through molten iron purifies it and makes it into steel. If you have pitched quoits, you know that they are made of cast iron. If you have a good pocket-knife, you probably know that its blades are made of steel. Iron is fit enough for quoits or stoves, but would never do for knife-blades. It is not hard enough nor strong enough. So with our cannon. It could be made of iron, but an iron cannon could not

iron becomes a handsome, shapely, polished cannon: a cannon that will send a big shell far over the hills, so fast that you could not see it go, faster than swallow or humming-bird can fly, and with a force so great that the shot—or shell—will pass through a thick wall of steel, or iron or stone, as easily as the circus-rider leaps through a paper-covered hoop. Come, therefore, and we will watch a little group of men making a man-killer: a steel cannon intended to destroy forts and ships, and with them human beings.

Pittsburgh is called the City of Iron. The street-car takes us to a section where all the houses are of great size, and where tall chimneys rise through vast roofs, as thickly as asparagus-shoots push through a garden-bed in May.

The building we wish to enter is wide and long and high,—so high that if it stood at the edge of a lake or ocean, a schooner could sail straight in without lowering her masts. Everything inside

withstand the expansive force of exploding gun-powder. So the iron is converted into steel, and the cannon is made of the harder, tougher, stronger metal.

If you shade your eyes with your hands and look into the mouth of the bottle-shaped affair I have mentioned, you will see a glowing lake of melted metal, that is now steel, but was iron a short time before. It is ready to pour into—what? Into a hole in the ground! A hole as deep and as wide as the well in your grandfather's yard in the country. You can not see this hole, though it is just at your feet; and nothing betrays its presence but a big funnel that opens its dark mouth to swallow the lake of melted steel in the converter. That funnel leads the metal into the hole, and the hole is made in fine black sand, so cunningly packed and arranged that the hole itself is just the shape of a cannon standing small end uppermost. This mold is nearly twenty feet deep.

Put one of your fingers in damp sand. Press the sand closely about your finger, then draw it carefully out, and you will leave a mold of the finger. Now, if you had some melted steel and poured it into that hole, you would make a finger of cast-steel. Just that sort of an operation is to take place in the building we have entered. The mold is ready. It was made by putting a wooden cannon in the sand, packing the latter around the wood, then carefully removing this wooden "pattern," so that a cannon mold remained. This is to be filled with steel, which, when cooled, will be a cannon "in the rough," that is, a cannon begun but not finished.

Do you hear that shout? It is the signal to the man in the crane, the man who runs the steam-engine. That rattling, thundering noise is made by the obedient crane which has begun its work. It lowers a monster ladle or bucket down to the mouth of the converter. The latter is tipped over on its side, and, when the ladle is low enough, there is another shout, and another crane goes to work. Its duty is to tilt the converter until a stream of white-hot steel pours into the ladle, exactly as water is poured from a bottle into a glass. And how the brilliant, dazzling sparks do fly! It is as if a fire-work, a "pin-wheel" as big as a steamer's paddle-box, had been set off. The great bucket is soon filled, and there is another shout. The crane begins to move, and the bucket (as big as the biggest hogshead), rises into the air and slowly swings toward the funnel already described.

How in the world is the metal to run from the ladle into the funnel? Glance at the picture on the preceding page and you shall see. The great crane lowers the bucket slowly and carefully until it hangs just over the mouth of the funnel. In

the bottom of the bucket is a hole closed with a plug. Another order is shouted, and a brave man whose skin seems insensible to heat, and who cares no more for flying sparks than if they were snow-flakes, comes up close to the ladleful of molten steel and turns a little crank that lifts the plug. A dazzling stream of metal rushes straight down into the funnel and disappears from sight. The funnel leads that dazzling cataract into a pipe running below the hole in the sand, whence it makes a turn and rises into the mold itself. It would not do to let the heavy metal go tumbling twenty feet into the sand, for it would break down the sides of the mold, and so ruin the entire work. In about two minutes the mold is full and the great ladle is empty. The cannon has been "cast," and if we could look through the sand we would see—what? A red-hot cannon, the color of a ripe cherry, standing on its large end or breach.

Now, they must leave that cannon in its sand-bed for five days, where it shall gradually cool and harden so that it can be handled.

Let us, however, suppose these five days to be over, and that we are again in the big building. Where is our cannon? It has been lifted from the sand and is lying in a tremendous turning-lathe. Most of you have seen a wood-turner at work, and some of you may have a lathe of your own. This cannon is "in the rough," and must be turned smooth. More than that, it is a *solid* cannon. There is no bore in it—no place to put the powder or the shot into. It must be turned on the outside and bored on the inside, clear from one end to the other, until it looks like a pipe with very thick walls. To do this requires an enormous lathe, one as long as a large room and as strong as it can possibly be made.

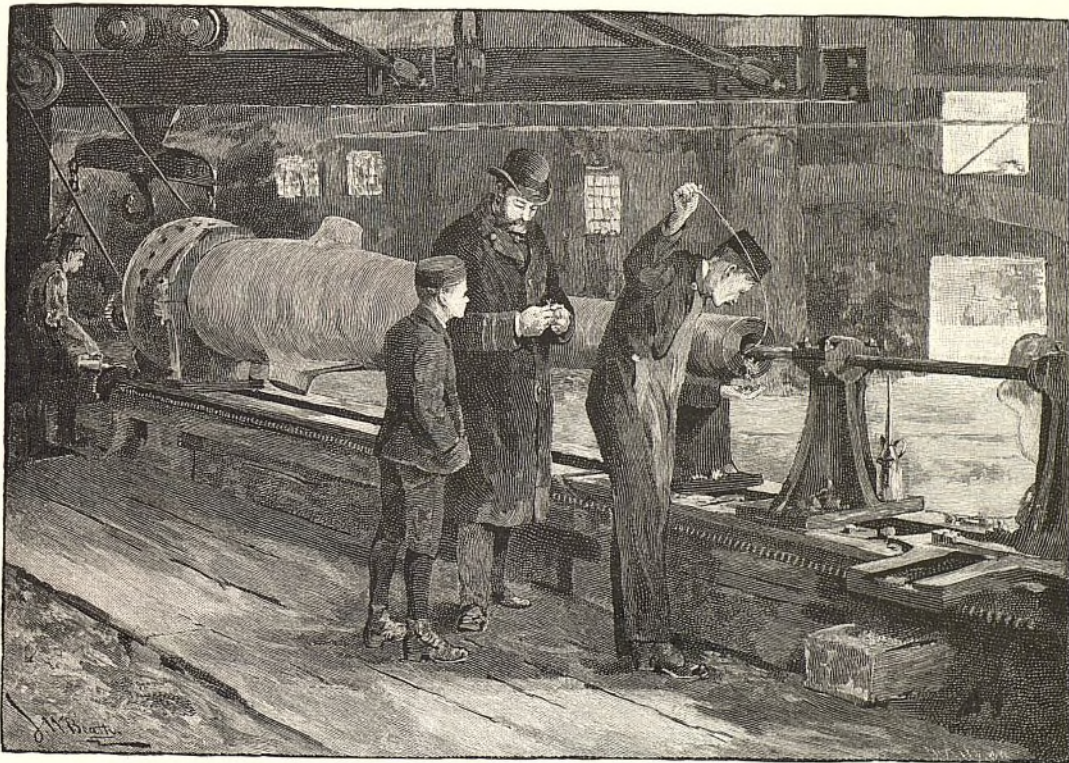
Up among the dusky rafters of the roof, right above this big lathe, is a wheel, or, as it is called in shop language, a "pulley"—perhaps because it "pulls" a belt. From this pulley a belt runs down to another pulley at one end of the lathe. The second pulley turns a cog-wheel very fast, and that turns a larger cog-wheel somewhat slower, and the second wheel, in turn, gives a yet slower motion to a third wheel. But what these wheels lose in speed they gain in power, and by the time the rapid motion of the pulley reaches the big geared wheel that turns the cannon the latter makes but six turns in a minute or even revolves more slowly yet, if desired. This slow motion, however, is an extremely powerful one, as will be shown.

There, then, is the cannon, as big as a log in a saw-mill, lying in this lathe and turning slowly, steadily, and irresistibly by the power of steam, acting through the belt, pulleys, and cogs I have

described. The cannon must be bored from end to end through the heart of the cold hard steel. It must, also, be turned smooth on the outside. As taken from the sand it was no smoother than the sand itself, that is, about as smooth as the surface of a pressed brick, or of a school slate. The surface of the cannon must be made as smooth and nearly as bright as that of a tin bucket. To do this the cannon is turned just as a wood-turner turns a bedpost, except that in this case the chisel is firmly bolted to the lathe, and the gun turns very slowly instead of rapidly. The

bored so straight and true that the boring tool, entering at the exact center of the small end of the cannon, will come out precisely at the center of the large end, seventeen feet away. Those of you who have tried to bore a straight hole lengthwise through even a short bit of wood will know that this work requires not a little skill and care.

When any of you boys have a job of boring to do at your work-bench, you make fast the article to be bored and turn the boring tool. It is just the other way in boring a cannon. The boring tool, or "bit," is held firm and motionless, while the



THE CANNON IN THE BORING LATHE.

trimmings, or shavings, do not fly about the shop as they do in a wood-turning establishment. No, the cannon revolves with a certain leisurely dignity—about as slowly as the cylinder of a large musical-box—as if it had weeks for its completion. The chisel turns off spiral curls of steel parings as gracefully and much more slowly than a cook pares apples. Gradually the outside of the cannon loses its dull, dead-black appearance and begins to shine. The long parings are bright as new augers, or "twist-drills," and quite as stiff as ramrods.

At last the cannon is turned down, and is ready to be bored inside. In this operation it must be

great mass of steel to be bored turns around. This plan is found to insure steadiness of the "bit." It would be almost impossible to make this bit firm and solid enough to do its difficult work, and yet free to turn around in the cannon. So if you had been at the side of this gun-lathe when the work was begun you would have seen that the bit was motionless—except for a slow advance into the gun.

The bit attends strictly to business, and steadily bores its way through the steel. Most of you have been to the country and have seen a pig "rooting" in the ground. Imagine, then, the pig to be standing still and the ground to be slowly passing under

the pig's snout and being "rooted," and you will have a case much like that of the bit and the cannon. In fact, the boring tool is called a "hog-nosed" bit, and it roots up that cannon as if it enjoyed the operation. No long, graceful curls come from this boring, but small, crisp shavings that are removed as fast as they accumulate in order that the boring tool's work shall not be interfered with. The bit is going into the steel at the rate of three-eighths of an inch for every turn of the cannon, and it is making a round hole almost large enough for a boy to put his head in—five and three-quarters inches in diameter. As the round hole grows deeper, the heavy bar, on which the bit is fastened, advances into the cannon steadily, moved by a number of wheels and screws that form part of the lathe.

I must not lose sight of the shavings, the little ones that come from the inside, and the long, spirally twisted ones that are turned from the outside of the cannon. A military-looking man, standing near the lathe, does not lose sight of these shavings or trimmings, either. You can see him in the picture. This man's business is to carefully inspect the borings and trimmings. That is what he is paid to do. Uncle Sam pays him, and expects him to earn his salary. The cannon is being made for Uncle Sam, and he intends to find out all its qualities, whether good or bad. So the man eyes the borings carefully. Now, if with a plane, or your knife-blade, you will cut a thin shaving from a bit of wood, it will show any little flaw existing in the wood from which it was sliced. The tiniest knot-hole or crack will show in the shaving much more plainly than in the wood itself. So it is with a cannon's shaving. It is a dreadful tell-tale, and the fault-finding man beside the gun knows this perfectly well. He examines the spiral turning, or the little piece of boring, and finds no evidence of a flaw or crack. The long spiral strip is as smooth as glass and as glossy as your sister's curls.

Into the solid steel the hog-nosed bit roots its way, until it is in so far that a little electric light must bear it company, to show the workmen how matters are progressing in the heart of the cannon. After eighteen days of steady boring, the bit lets daylight into the bore of the cannon by emerging at the other (or larger) end, seventeen feet away. If you should look through the cannon now, you would be sure it was made of glass, not steel. It shines like a polished mirror, and the electric light at the farther end makes a pathway of reflection like a little sunset in a small ocean.

So the most difficult part of the work is done. To trim down and polish the outside of the cannon is comparatively easy. During this operation the

gun revolves more rapidly. The polishing is done with emery, until the surface shines like the nickel-work on a brand-new bicycle.

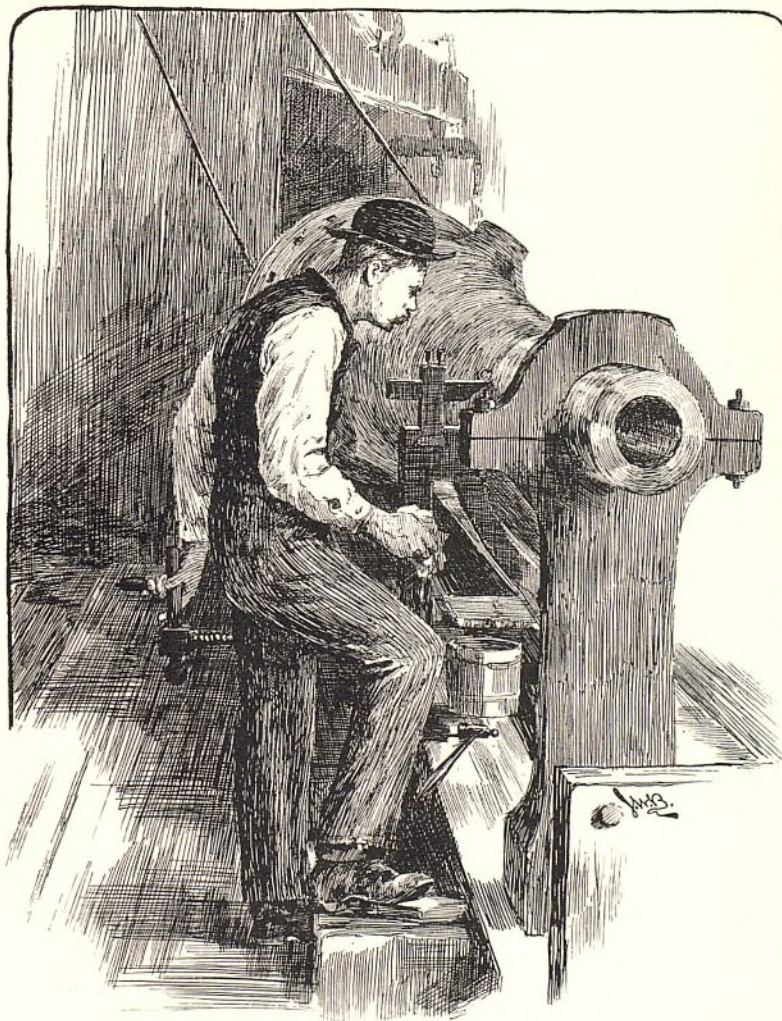
Some of you will say, about this time, "We have seen plenty of big cannon, but were never able to look through them from end to end, because the hole did not go clear through." Well, this is not that kind of a cannon. Those you saw were "muzzle-loaders." This is a "breech-loader." Like a breech-loading shotgun, this cannon is charged from the rear, not from the muzzle.

In order that this may be possible, the bore at the big end of the cannon is closed with a breech plug, or pin, so arranged that it can be rapidly removed to admit the powder and the shell or shot. About three feet of the bore nearest the breech is made a trifle larger than the rest, in order to hold the proper amount of powder to send a tremendous shell out of the cannon at the rate of two thousand feet in a second of time.

The cannon now looks like a huge nine-pin with a hole bored through it, or like a very thick base-ball bat. It has been "rough bored," and is ready for a quite different process. It must be put in a pit. Not such a pit as received Joseph when his wicked brothers persecuted him, long, long ago, but in a very different sort of a pit. One in which the thermometer—if it did not melt—would stand at fourteen hundred degrees. You all know how sultry the weather is at ninety or ninety-five degrees, so it is not hard to imagine how hot is the place where this gun must go. It is the "annealing pit"; merely a brick-lined well dug in the ground, but deep enough and wide enough to hold the cannon, which is shut in the pit, muzzle down, and sealed as tightly as if it was a mummy in the hands of an ancient Egyptian undertaker. Then the heat is turned on, little by little, until a gas-flame surrounds the gun from end to end, and it gradually assumes a dull cherry redness once more. It takes three days and three nights to bring the pit and gun up to this heat, and then the well and its contents are allowed to cool slowly for seven days.

Why is this done? Because it has been found that metal, and glass, too, is the better for being so treated. Slow heating followed by slow cooling, makes the steel gun homogeneous. That's a very long word, and it means that, after the annealing process, the steel in the cannon is more uniform in texture. It is *alike* from end to end, and from the outside to the center. It has no soft places here, and hard places there. Like a perfectly sound apple, it is free from soft places, or hard places. When our cannon's ten days' baking and cooling are over, it is hoisted out of its fervid quarters and placed once more in the lathe

for its final boring inside and polishing outside. A thin shaving is bored out from the inside, making the bore five and three-quarter inches in diameter. After this last boring the interior of the cannon shines still more brightly, and if you look into it, at the electric light, seventeen feet away at the other end, you see a dazzling sight. The steel seems a mass of crystal, full of all manner of beautiful colors, like a sea-shell. The outside is now polished until it shines like a new silk hat.



TRIMMING AND POLISHING THE OUTSIDE OF THE GUN.

It is a month since the steel cannon was begun. Under the eyes of the workmen in the big shops it has grown into shape, and now that it is ready to leave its birthplace the men grow devoted to the shining monster. They linger about the lathe, and are glad to have some work to do which will

add to the beauty of the big weapon. It is going out into the world to be severely tried, and its god-fathers feel a certain amount of anxiety for their pet.

It is the first gun of its kind made in the City of Iron, and on its success or failure much depends.

Meanwhile the last touches have been put to the cannon. It is oiled inside and outside, to prevent rust, and is carefully placed on a "flat" car, standing on a track alongside the foundry. The rails of

this track stretch in an unbroken line to Washington City, and over the rails the gun is trundled, behind a locomotive, to the Washington Navy Yard. Here another boring takes place, making the interior diameter six inches. Here, also, the breech-pin or plug is fitted into the breech.

Still another operation that the cannon must undergo is "rifling." A ball that is thrown with a twirl will go more speedily and truly to the mark than one that "wabbles about, every way." When you throw a base-ball, and wish it to twirl, you give your fingers a certain twist just as the ball leaves your hand. Our cannon's twisting fingers are fourteen in number, and they stretch inside from near one end to the other. They are slight grooves cut in the surface of the steel, and they make one and a half turns in the fourteen feet of their length.

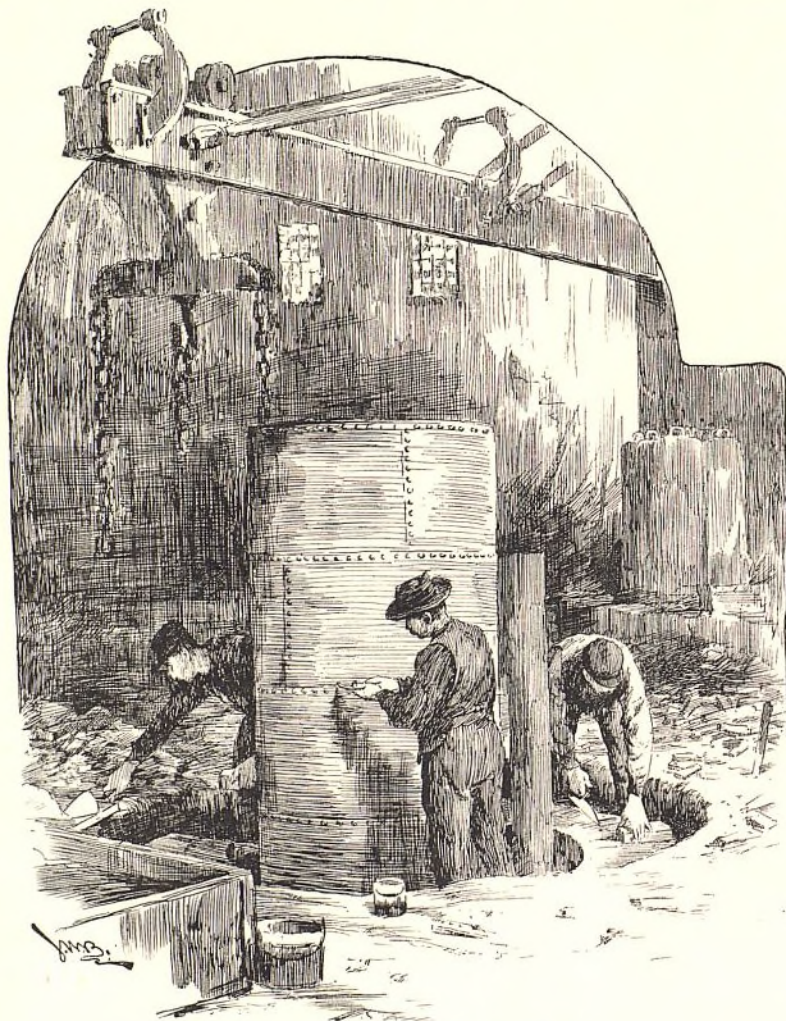
As the shell passes out, a copper ring which surrounds it is forced into these grooves, and the slight twist in them gives

a twirl to the shell, that makes it turn faster than a buzz-saw, as it leaves the muzzle of the gun. It goes out in a hurry, as a matter of course, when fifty pounds of powder are exploded close behind it. So, in the time in which a boy would leisurely step two feet,—say one second,—

the steel shell sent from this cannon goes two thousand feet, and it keeps on going for six miles, or as far as you could walk, very briskly, in an hour and a half. The shell is as long as your arm, and it weighs nearly one hundred pounds. Inside, it is packed

prepare for war." This advice is followed by all nations. Uncle Sam is at peace with all his neighbors, and the world in general. But he finds it best to buy cannon and ships, for the destruction of forts and of other ships, so he said to

the gun-makers in the City of Iron, "Make me a steel cannon, and if it does what I desire it to do, I will order more." Thus it came about that the doings here illustrated and described came to pass. If any of you bright boys, whose eyes follow these lines, will come to the City of Iron, I will take you to the place where these men-killers and fort-smashers and ship-sinkers are made.



SEALING THE GUN IN THE ANNEALING PIT.

with powder. When that shell hits anything, it strikes point first, for the shell travels straight through the air like an arrow from a bow. The point contains a kind of powder that explodes when struck. When, therefore, that shell hits a wall of stone, iron, steel, or wood, it bursts as soon as it goes in, and any living thing near that place dies suddenly.

To do this deadly work is the cannon's—and the shell's—business. That is what they were made for. A great man once said: "In time of peace,

Sam would buy more guns like it. *If* the gun burst while being tried, or *if* it could not throw the shell as far, or as accurately, as the Government officers considered necessary, all the patient labor on that particular gun went for nothing,—the experiment would be regarded as a failure. Yet, not altogether a failure, as I shall show.

Well, our big cannon did not pass the test. In fact, it burst unexpectedly before it was quite a year old,—burst as its strength was for the second time being tested. Its fragments showed the mistakes

There is a sequel to the true story of the making of a great steel gun. As the faithful historian of our cannon's career, I must tell you also of its end.

"If" is about as small a word as letters can make, but it means everything in the career of a cannon,—that is, an "experimental" one. You will find an "if" in a paragraph not far above this one. That little word was a sort of loophole for Uncle Samuel. *If* the steel cannon did what the Government desired it to do, *if* it bravely stood the trial test, then wise Uncle

of its makers, and so prepared the way for the coming of another steel cannon, in which these errors will not be repeated. After all, our cannon did better than to kill men. It instructed them. When it burst its fragments gave valuable information to its makers that could be obtained in no other way. So they will profit by the knowledge, and go to work on another steel cannon, which will be made in about the way which I have described; but the steel will be of a different texture. Thus, our great cannon was not made in vain, even if it did fail in the desired strength.

But about the bursting of this bright steel cannon. Gunpowder did it, one day, months ago, before 1888 was quite spent,—gunpowder of a kind few of you have ever seen. Each grain of this powder is as big as a walnut, and a round hole passes through every one. There are only ten of these grains to a pound of the powder.

When the cannon was ready for the test it was taken to Annapolis, Maryland, and after being mounted on a low car, or carriage, in a small shed, it was pointed at a hill of earth several hundred feet away. Then the army officers in charge of the test put in the powder and the 100-pound shell.

All was ready, the firing-officer and the spectators got behind heavy timber "bomb-proofs," and the "lanyard," or firing-string, was pulled. The first shot was a success, and if the little hill had been a fort it would have been blown to pieces. Nothing, apparently, went wrong. But, if the human eye could look into steel as readily as into clear glass, the evidences of weakness and of the near approach of death could have been seen deep in the heart of the steel cannon. The only way to find out what the gun could do, and would stand, was to keep on firing, and by means of ingenious instruments learn the amount of pressure exerted by the exploding gunpowder. Once more the cannon was loaded, this time with fifty pounds of powder, besides the big shell. Once more everybody got into the bomb-proofs, and the lanyard was pulled. Then the man-killer gave a great leap—and died. It burst into many pieces, great and small. It wrecked the little shed, tore great timbers to splinters, and sent its big end over a hundred feet away. Its "Finis" was spoken, and the men who made our great steel gun went home wiser than before, to do what all of us must do if we fail in any undertaking,—“Try, try again.”



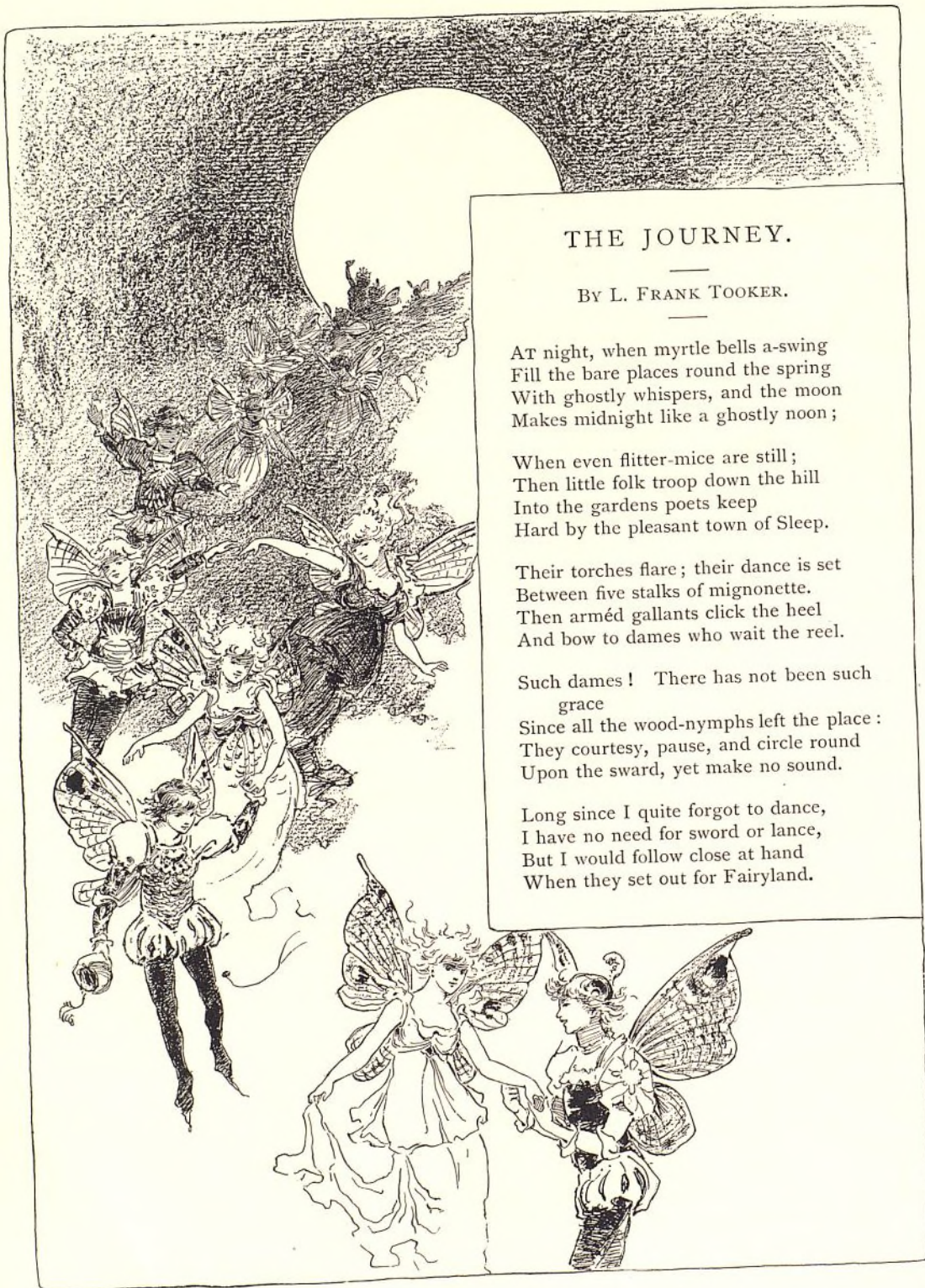
"NOW I CATCH DIS RAPSCALLION! I JES STEP SOFT LIKE ON DIS BOARD."



THE "SOFT" STEP.



"NEBER MINE, HONEY! YOU' MAMMY GWINE TER BE HOME DIS EBENIN SOME TIME."



THE JOURNEY.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

AT night, when myrtle bells a-swing
Fill the bare places round the spring
With ghostly whispers, and the moon
Makes midnight like a ghostly noon ;

When even flitter-mice are still ;
Then little folk troop down the hill
Into the gardens poets keep
Hard by the pleasant town of Sleep.

Their torches flare ; their dance is set
Between five stalks of mignonette.
Then arméd gallants click the heel
And bow to dames who wait the reel.

Such dames ! There has not been such
grace
Since all the wood-nymphs left the place :
They courtesy, pause, and circle round
Upon the sward, yet make no sound.

Long since I quite forgot to dance,
I have no need for sword or lance,
But I would follow close at hand
When they set out for Fairyland.

No doubt it is a tiresome flight :
The path runs up, there is no light,
And on sheer heights one hears the beat
Of water far beneath his feet.

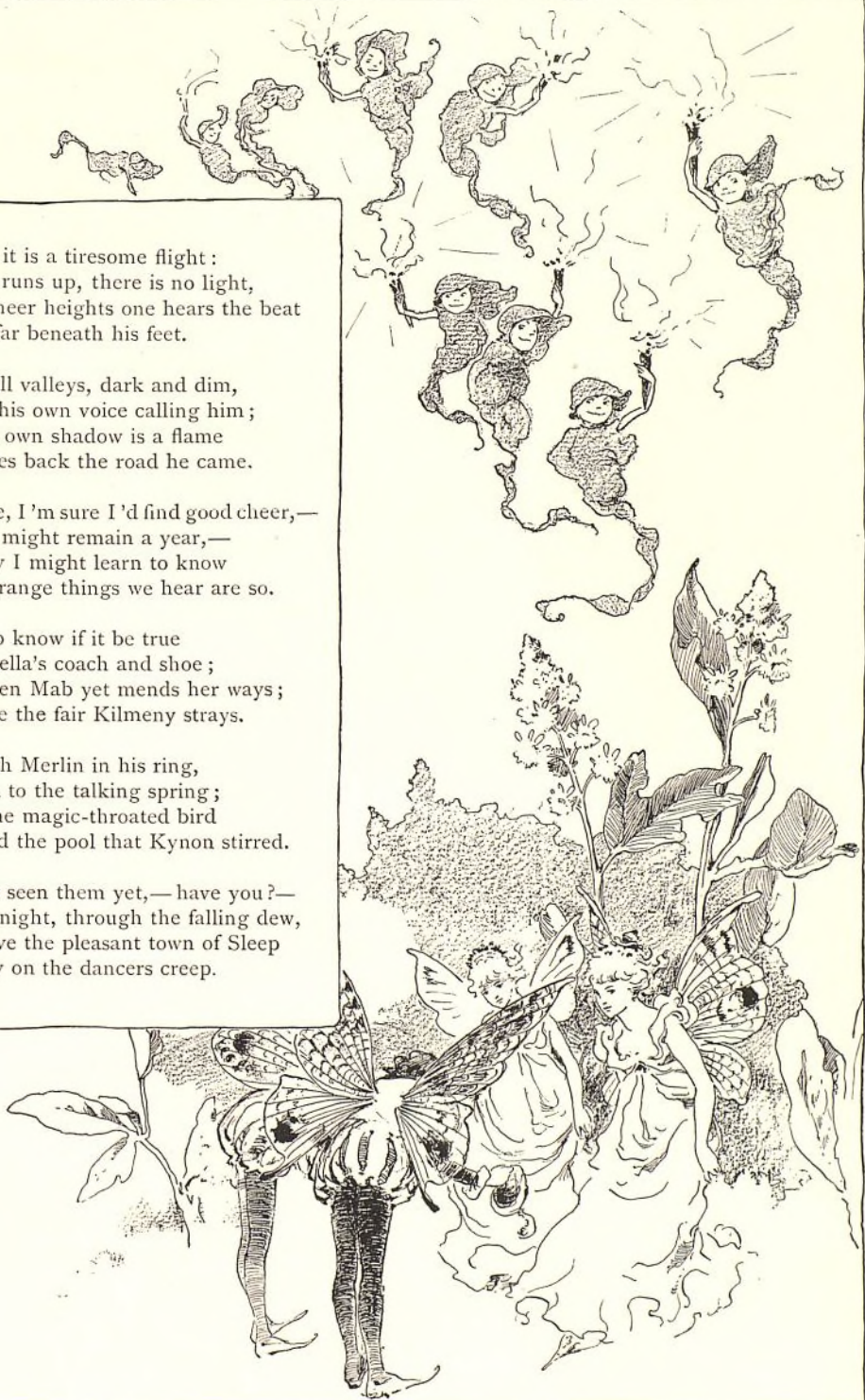
And in still valleys, dark and dim,
He hears his own voice calling him ;
While his own shadow is a flame
That passes back the road he came.

Once there, I'm sure I'd find good cheer,—
Indeed, I might remain a year,—
And haply I might learn to know
If some strange things we hear are so.

I'd like to know if it be true
Of Cinderella's coach and shoe ;
If sly Queen Mab yet mends her ways ;
And where the fair Kilmeny strays.

I'd sit with Merlin in his ring,
And listen to the talking spring ;
Or hear the magic-throated bird
Sing round the pool that Kynon stirred.

I have not seen them yet,—have you?—
But some night, through the falling dew,
We'll leave the pleasant town of Sleep
And deftly on the dancers creep.



DORA MILLER'S WONDER BALL.

BY LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY.

THE pupils of Mrs. Croft's school were going in to dinner. Very dainty and trim they looked in their pretty winter dresses of garnet and blue and gay plaid; and very demurely they walked along the hall with Miss Bertram, the English governess, by their side. Yet, each, in passing, cast a shy look at a little figure crouching in a recess on the landing half-way down the stairs.

It was a girl about ten years of age, richly dressed in dark blue velvet, with a broad lace collar. She would have been a beautiful child, with her dark brown eyes and golden curls, had not a peevish, discontented expression spoiled the otherwise charming face.

Presently Mademoiselle Flor came down, took the little girl's hand, and led her into the dining-room to a seat between the stately Mrs. Croft and Bertha Cray, one of the scholars.

It was a large, sunny room, and the girls seemed cheery and happy, chatting quietly with one another and the teachers—all but the little lady with sunny curls and the blue velvet dress. She "gloomed by herself apart," and if looked at or spoken to would cast down her eyes and pout.

Dora Miller—that was her name—was the daughter of a Canadian gentleman whose business took him to Winnipeg for the winter. Dora had been ill all the previous summer, and the doctor said, decidedly, she must not face the rigor of a Manitoba winter. So her parents decided to leave her with Mrs. Croft, an old friend; not as a pupil, for they thought her too delicate to study, but as a privileged boarder, hoping the judicious care of Mrs. Croft and the companionship of the girls would help to overcome the petted, babyish ways into which she had fallen during her long illness.

It was now the end of February, and she had been there two months; yet she was as far from friendly with these twelve charming girls as she was the first day she came, when she had slapped little Kitty Allen's hand, as Kitty held it out to her in kindly child fashion. She stood in awe of Mrs. Croft and the other teachers, but she quite ignored the scholars, and would have been altogether unhappy but for two friends she had made in her own odd way.

These were Maggie, the pantry-girl, and Mrs. Croft's aunt, Fraulein Meyer, an old German lady.

Maggie had red hair, and no personal attractions to recommend her; but from the first she had conceived a violent fancy for the aristocratic little beauty, and attacked her most vulnerable point,—her appetite,—hiding away sweetmeats and bits of cake wherewith to tempt her, till, finally, the oddly assorted pair were on terms of tolerable intimacy.

The one thing Dora objected to in Maggie was her fondness for peppermint drops, and her frequent enjoyment of this luxury in the little girl's presence marred the otherwise comfortable hours Dora spent with her, for Dora detested peppermints, though, in view of the daily dainties reserved for her, she did not like to tell her friend so.

On this particular day, when dinner was over, Dora slipped out shyly behind the others, and as they dispersed to their various duties, she tripped up the stairs, along a hall, up another flight, and knocked at a door on the right hand.

"Come in, my little Dora," said a sweet voice, and the child entered.

Such a lovely room it was! One might easily imagine she had suddenly stepped from bleak, northern winter into a sunny, southern clime. One whole side of the large room was glass, in great panes, across the lower halves of which extended shelves full of blooming plants, while from above graceful vines drooped and trailed and clambered, spreading their luxurious growth across the walls adjoining. An immense globe of gold-fish stood amid the greenery, while gay-colored birds, singing and twittering, flitted in and out among the foliage.

The ceiling was light blue, the walls buff, the furniture quaint and rich, and on the floor lay a thick, luxurious carpet.

The afternoon sunshine, stealing through interlacing leaves, made a warm and golden light in the room. Amid this sunny warmth and fragrance, in a high-backed rocking-chair, sat a little old lady, who seemed scarcely taller than Dora herself. She wore a black silk dress shot with satin, a plain white neckerchief, and a cap with a border of frilled lace.

There was a rare, sweet charm in the gentle old face, and a quick-reaching sympathy in the kindly heart of Fraulein Meyer. There must have been

also some subtle magnetism in the quaint, golden room, for little Dora Miller's face changed as she came in and stood by the gentle lady's chair; the peevish, sullen look faded into one wistful and earnest, and the large, dark, restless eyes looked lovingly into the quiet blue ones.

"How goes life with thee, little Dora?" she asked. "Have you had a happy day?"

"No, Fraulein," replied Dora.

"Have you not tried to be friendly with your companions?" asked the old lady.

"No," said the child, somewhat defiantly.

"There is not one who likes me. Big Mary Ashcroft makes faces, and the others laugh. They all hate me and I hate them."

The Fraulein knew that a morbid imagination and the habit of brooding over fancied slights often made the little girl unhappy. They had many a talk together, yet Dora persistently refused to believe herself mistaken as to the deep-rooted dislike of all the girls toward her.

"You think yourself of too much consequence, little Dora Miller," said the old lady, somewhat sharply. "Your pride must be conquered either by some severe lesson or by——"

"What?" questioned Dora timidly, as Fraulein Meyer paused, for there was a pained look on the sweet old face.

"By love," was the quiet answer; and then she shut her eyes and seemed to be thinking, while Dora, with a little stirring of her dormant conscience, lay down upon a soft rug, and felt the sunshine creeping over her and soothing her till at length she fell asleep.

When she slowly came to consciousness it was nearly dark, and she had a dim idea of hearing some one talking with her old friend, though she could see no one. She rose and went to the door, and then Fraulein came toward her from behind a tall oleander.

There was some one else in there among the plants, hidden in the shadow. Dora little knew what a center of influence to every one in the house was this beautiful, flower-shadowed, upper chamber, and how many came for counsel and help to the dear old lady whose life was so nearly ended.

The tender face looked pale and sad in this half-light, as she kissed the child and came to the door with her.

Something was shining in her hand,—rose-colored and gold it looked, flashing and sparkling even in this dim, waning light.

She smiled as she saw Dora's look of curiosity, and said, showing it to her, "This little vinaigrette came to me in my first Wonder Ball, more than eighty years ago."

"Wonder Ball?" repeated Dora.

"Ah, that is one of our dear, beautiful German customs," said the old lady warmly. "The little girls, to encourage them to learn to knit, receive all manner of lovely and curious gifts, wrapped in bright paper, and wound into yarn balls. They must knit until they come to the gift. Oh, the eagerness, the fascination, the delight of those treasures earned by the patient fingers! They are among the best memories of my happy childhood."

A warm color came into the old face, and the voice trembled with deep feeling at this remembrance of the dear old Fatherland.

Dora, watching the points of light as she slowly turned the tiny vinaigrette in her hand, felt a sympathetic thrill of fascination as she listened to the Fraulein's story.

"I should be tempted to unwind without knitting," she said smiling; then, throwing her arms about the dear old lady, she added earnestly, "Ah, if I had been a little German girl I might have learned something—indeed, I think I would."

"When comes your birthday, little Dora?" asked the Fraulein, abruptly.

"The —th of April. It will be Easter Monday this year," replied Dora.

The Fraulein looked steadily at her. A thought had come to the kindly heart, and in that moment it grew into a settled purpose; but she only kissed the little girl again, and, bidding her good-night, closed the door upon her.

Not long after this, a subtle indefinable something began to manifest itself at Croft House. There was something in the air; and it was growing tangible, too, for the girls would whisper together, and could be seen jotting down notes at the oddest times. One would cry, "Give me a rhyme for ——"; and another, "I've hit on something!"

Dora Miller felt that she was quite shut out from the happy understanding that appeared to exist among the other girls. They seemed more kindly disposed toward her than ever before, however, and for the first time, she now began to long for the happy friendships of these merry lasses, and to be a little ashamed of her own rude words and actions; but as yet there was no outward token of the change.

Maggie, the pantry-girl, was under this strange spell, too, whatever it was. More than once, as Dora suddenly appeared, she thrust a crumpled paper under a dish-cover, and helped herself freely to peppermints to cover her confusion.

In the old Fraulein's room was ever the same calm, serene atmosphere; and Dora loved it bet-

ter and better, getting daily more than she knew from her saintly old friend.

So the weeks went by till Easter Sunday came. On the afternoon of that day, Dora went to bed with a sick headache, and Fraulein Meyer sent to her, in her darkened room, the quaint, little rose-colored and golden vinaigrette, with its pungent, aromatic odor.

Toward evening the pain ceased, and as she lay with the little gleaming bottle in her hand, turning it idly from side to side, it is not strange that her thoughts were full of that wonderful Wonder Ball that came to the Fraulein more than eighty years ago. Often, since that first time, she had heard its story in the golden gloaming of the old lady's room, and she thought it the most delightful thing that could ever have come to mortal little girl.

At length she fell asleep and woke suddenly, then slept again, and dreamed she had a Wonder Ball herself, a huge, irregular mound of yarn with gay-colored packages sticking out here and there in delightful prodigality.

Was she sleeping or waking? Was that daylight creeping in at the windows? And, oh, what was that great thing on the table, as large as her head, though not so shapely, clearly defined against the white wall?

Dora sprang out of bed and seized it eagerly. The dream must still be going on! No; she was awake, and it was a veritable Wonder Ball, wound with blue and white worsted, with the identical packages of her dream peering forth in gold and scarlet, pink and blue wrapping!

"Mein Herz!" exclaimed Dora, and was surprised to find that she did not go on speaking German. "Where did it come from?" Just then she saw a slip of paper pinned to one side. On it were these words:

"The teachers and scholars of Croft House unite
To give little Dora a birthday delight.
They pray she 'll accept this queer Wonder Ball,
And, knitting, find tokens of love from us all."

Do you know how the ice goes out of the river in the spring? For weeks, soft airs and kindly sunshine work upon its frozen surface, weakening day by day its icy bands, till at length the huge mass breaks up suddenly, and goes floating, hurrying, tumbling out toward the ocean.

Something very like that happened in Dora Miller's heart that beautiful Easter morning. As she stood in the dining-room, a little later, — shyly grateful for her beautiful gift, and in timid tones thanking the kind friends for the undeserved delight, — the ugly passions of jealousy, mistrust, discontent, and hatred went hurrying and tumbling out of her heart, leaving a calm, sweet surface of

love and kindness. There was no room for anything but happiness and good-will with such a magic treasure in her trembling hands, — and the girls were so lovely to her, and seemed so glad of her happiness!

It was not very long before she was seated at the dear old Fraulein's feet, taking her first lesson in knitting.

Whoever wound the ball had been very lenient toward the lazy, dainty little fingers; for, after a few hours' work of loose knitting on large needles, out dropped a small, square box.

With eager fingers and sparkling eyes Dora opened it. On a bed of blue velvet lay a little gold thimble, and on a wee card tucked inside were these words in the beautiful, flowing handwriting of her mother's old friend, Mrs. Croft:

"This tiny thimble
Is Industry's symbol.
M. T. C."

So industrious and patient was she, that before she went to bed that night she had knit out another treasure — a scarlet strawberry with golden seeds and green stem, with these lines attached:

"Do not think you have a treat,
For this is not fit to eat.
Of emery and cashmere made,
And given you by Florence Wade."

Fraulein Meyer was duly thoughtful for the impetuous child, who would have made herself ill in her eagerness to unfold the treasures of her Wonder Ball, and she gave her only a few hours each day in which to labor in this wondrous mine for its stores of hidden joys.

The next thing she found was a flat package, wrapped in silver paper, with these words:

"Please accept from Mabel Snow,
This small court-plaster case;
A very useful thing 't will be
Should you cut your hands or face."

And then how her face burned with mortification when she next unwound and took from its covering of soft blue silk a beautiful charm that Mary Ashcroft had always worn on her watch chain — a little gold dove — Mary Ashcroft, who, Dora had said, "made faces at her," when I am very much afraid it was the other way!

Tears of shame and repentance came when she read Mary's words:

"'T was my own. My father gave it
With the right to give or save it,
And my sovereign will and pleasure
Is to yield the hoarded treasure."

After a while there were longer stretches between the tempting packages, and the strips of blue and white Dora's fingers were fashioning into a tidy for her mother grew daily. There was often a pain in her shoulder, and the small hands were cramped with the unwonted labor; but she was getting to

Miss Bertram's gift was a pearl-handled pen-knife, with these lines:

"Miss Bertram presents,
With her kind compliments,
To little Miss Miller this knife;
And trusts it may prove
A sign of true love
And not be an emblem of
strife."

Sadie Grant, a girl with a large mouth and freckles, of which she was humbly conscious, put in these words with a dainty needle-book of wine-colored satin:

"This little needle-book,
So useful to a lady,
Was fashioned by the
hands
Of your homely friend,
poor Sadie!"

Olive Parker's contribution was an exquisite, tiny box of gilt-edged stationery, with Dora's monogram embossed in gilt. On the lid was written:

"Pray accept this paper
And these envelopes,
With the best of wishes
And the kindest hopes.
OLIVE PARKER."

Mademoiselle Flor, the lame French governess, inclosed a Russia leather card-case with a few loving words.

Then came a silver brooch, in the shape of a butterfly, with wings spread and delicately chased, with the inevitable rhyme which made half the fun of discovering each new gift:

"Alice Hyde and Elsie Gray
Wish, on Dora's natal day,

Every blessing under heaven;
And they hope that for their sake
This little pin she 'll take
As gladly as 't is given."



DORA DISCOVERS THE FRAULEIN'S GIFT.

be a skillful little knitter, and had better rewards for her diligence than even the kindly gifts that dropped one by one from the windings of her Wonder Ball.

For some time a faint odor, not altogether pleasing, had greeted Dora's aristocratic nose. It became more and more apparent till, at length, the strands of worsted slipping from her ball, came to the last one, which held in place a green tissue-paper parcel tied with pink ribbon. She scarcely needed to open it to know its contents—seventeen great, flat, pink peppermints!

The soul of Dora's admirer, Maggie, the pantry-girl, found vent in these touching lines:

"mis miller has The Best of Christian
Wishes
from maggie as Washes up the Dishes.
17 Pepermints — maggie McBride."

What more touching proof of appreciation could Dora have given than to sacrifice herself as she did on the altar of politeness, by actually eating one of the detested peppermints before Maggie's admiring eyes?

Joanna Sweet, with a box of cachous, put in this rhyme:

"When one you eat
Think of J. Sweet."

The next was a folded bit of paper. At the top, in large letters, stood:

"I. O. U. GEORGIE CARTER."

Below appeared this effusion:

"I have n't a cent or a thing worth giving,
I'm in debt to all the girls, as sure as you're living;
But on next allowance day, when my money shall appear
Just present this paper and I'll redeem it, dear."

With a sigh that the delights of this marvelous Wonder Ball were so nearly gone, Dora finally came to an oval parcel wrapped in gilt paper.

Jolly, clever Millie Eustace shall tell its contents in her own words:

"I thought meter and rhythm, blank verse and rhyme,
Were as far from my nature as Araby's clime.
Then imagine my rapture — while with pencil and paper
My school-mates are working — I find my small taper
Of genius is sending out its feeble, sickly gleams,
I pray your kind acceptance of this box of chocolate
creams;
And then most humbly sign myself
Your truly, Millie Eustace.
Having no doubt you'll laugh and say,
'Oh, what a silly goose 't is!'"

Dora Miller's heart had grown very tender and loving as, one by one, these precious tokens rewarded her patient fingers; but the eager fascination, the unspeakable delight, were nearly over. Only the heart of her Wonder Ball remained, and with nervous fingers and glowing cheeks Dora threw the final blue loop over her wooden needle and seized the last treasure.

Forth from its dainty wrapper came a tiny vinaigrette — the very counterpart of the old Fraulein's! The golden green sunshine, flickering through the vine-shaded window, touched its crystal points of rose and gold, and sent them dancing and flashing on the wall beyond.

"That is the very best of all!" cried Dora, joyfully, as she threw her arms lovingly about the neck of her dear old friend.



AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

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

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY the next morning, the impromptu camp was astir, and, after a swim and an appetizing breakfast, at Long John's suggestion they took advantage of a favoring breeze and were soon homeward bound.

"There's a friend of yours, Tom," Eaton called out as a large "Portuguese man-o'-war" appeared off their weather bow.

"Yes," said Tom, standing up and holding on to the shrouds, "I know all about him. But what is that under him? Luff a little, John, luff a little — it's a turtle, as sure as I'm alive!"

Long John kept the boat up in the wind a trifle, and Tom, seizing a large scoop-net, slipped it under the physalia and lifted it and a turtle about a foot long into the boat. "That's a hawk's-bill," said Long John. "Dead, too, is n't he?"

"No," replied Professor Howard, scraping away the blue tentacles. "His head is completely covered with the tentacles, but I think he is only paralyzed."

"Where's your oil bottle, John?" said Tom. "Here's another victim, and I sympathize heartily with him, poor fellow!"

Under the vigorous scraping of the knife the turtle began to show signs of life.

"It is only another evidence of the power of the physalia," said the Professor, "that he can completely overpower an animal so active as a turtle. It probably thought this floating bubble something good to eat, and so was caught."

"What a beautiful shell it has!" said Hall, who was rubbing off the covering of green moss.

"Yes, this is the tortoise-shell we know so well," said the Professor. "The pointed bill of this turtle gives it the name of hawk's-bill. The scales, you see, are much like those of a fish, lapping over one another, and entirely unlike those of the green turtles and loggerhead turtles which fit one another. The tortoise-shell turtles have helped decorate the world for centuries. Why, even some of the doors in old Roman palaces and villas were covered with this costly shell."

As they neared the fort, Tom, who was now at

the helm, steered the boat near the spile that marked the buoy; and as they passed by, he laughingly stepped off upon it and the boat shot on.

"Now you'll have to swim for it!" said Vail, laughing in turn, as he grasped the tiller.

Tom was rather taken aback at the turn his joke had taken, for the fort was a quarter of a mile away, and the water was deep nearly all the distance. He called to them to come back for him, but the boys kept the boat away and there he stood, monarch of all he surveyed. Then he began preparations to swim ashore.

"Say, boys, we'd better go back for him," said Bob Carrington. "See there!"

In the shoal water on the edge of the channel, several large fins were cutting the water, indicating the presence of sharks; and Tom was therefore, after considerable joking and an unconditional surrender, taken on board.

"See what you were going to swim into," said Professor Howard, pointing toward the shoal of sea-monsters still at play on the top of the water.

"Well, I'm glad I did n't try it, that's a fact!" said Tom.

"Boys, why can't we catch one of those fellows for our moat at the fort?" asked Bob.

"Good idea!" said Vail; "can we haul him in through the ditch?"

"Yes," replied Woodbury; "I was looking at it yesterday morning."

"It's high-tide, too, this noon, and we can easily haul him over then," said Bob.

"If he should n't haul you over first, Mr. Robert," said Long John with a smile.

"Well, we'll risk that, — eh, Tom?" replied Bob. "Away we go!" and the boat was soon laid alongside the branch coral that fringed the channel. The long coral-hook was thrust into the branches of coral instead of lowering the anchor, as the hook was easier to handle.

Tom baited the shark-line with a headless grouper, and, swinging it around his head several times, launched it out into the blue water. The shark had disappeared at the boat's approach.

"Now throw over the head and gills," said Long John. Tom tossed them in, and the boys

settled down to wait, after seeing that the line ran easily through a hole in the cutwater. They had been quiet for nearly fifteen minutes, when a splashing was heard astern, and some of the bait, that had been drifting there, was seen to have disappeared. Soon Tom felt a faint jerk at the line. "He's taken it!" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Oh, that was a crab," said Bob.

"No," said Long John; "sharks bite gently at first, and see!—there goes your line."

They saw that the line had begun to run slowly out.

"Stand by the coral-hook," said Tom, who was handling the line. "I'll give him about fifteen feet; then, when I give the line a jerk, cast off the hook and see that the line is n't foul. Get your knife ready, Bob, and cut the line if it fouls."

Woodbury and Hall, taking a firm hold on the line, waited until the shark had hauled it taut, and then jerked the hook into its jaws with all their force, and with so much zeal that Hall, who was last on the line, went backward head over heels down among the bailers, oars, and bait! The astonished shark hesitated a moment, and then darted off like a shot, wrenching the line from the boys, and making all hands dance about to keep clear of it.

"Look out for your legs, and keep amidships," cried Bob, taking a turn with the slack. His warning came not a moment too soon. The line was all out and the boat lunged ahead so suddenly that all went down except Tom, who was holding to the line in the bow.

"It must be a whale!" said Bob, picking himself up and endeavoring to steady himself. But this was no easy thing to do. They were dashing up the channel at a terrible pace, the bow half under water, and there seemed to be a small tidal wave ahead that was not at all pleasant to look at.

"Well, it's strong enough for a whale, whatever it is," said Tom, red in the face from trying to keep the line in place.

"Get back into the stern all of you!" cried Hall, "or he'll pull the bow under."

"Cut the rope!" Bob shouted; "the pace is too quick for me."

Suddenly the boat righted and the strain as quickly slackened. "Pshaw, the line's broken—he's off now. Is n't that a shame!" said Bob. But scarcely had he uttered the words when the line stiffened again and ran taut at right angles to the boat.

"Look out for yourselves!" cried Tom, as the boat careened under the sudden jerk and began to fill with water.

"Get to windward!" yelled Ramsey, and they rushed to the other side just in time to avoid a

capsize. Now, drawn by its strange speed, the boat surged ahead, with her bows buried in the foam, straight up the channel towards the fort.

"There!" said Tom, in a tone of satisfaction, "now we're going in the right direction! Haul in the slack, boys"; and then all hands were hauling at the rope, now gaining and now losing as the shark broke into a more furious pace. But at last they had him in sight—and he was indeed a monster.

Just as the strain was beginning to tell on the boys, the other boat, with Long John, Rob Rand, and Professor Howard in it, came pulling toward them. Tom threw a line as his boat rushed past, and now the shark had two boats to tow.

"Hold on, boys!" shouted the Professor. "He can't keep this up much longer."

Still pulling away on the rope, the boys soon brought their boat directly over the shark's tail. "Now, then," cried Bob Carrington. "One, two, three,—pull!" and the boat ran right over the shark. Another brisk turn, and they brought the fish's head partly out of water. But he had not yet given up. The great scythe-like tail beat the water with terrible strokes, and he twisted in every possible position in his efforts to free himself, showing a white mouthful of serrated teeth which he ground and gnashed in a fearful way.

"Pass your line astern!" shouted Long John, "and then you can tow him in."

Unshipping the rope from the notch and quietly passing it astern, the boys before long had the shark hard and fast behind the boat with his mouth held open and partly out of water.

"Now, man the oars, boys," cried Long John, "and pull slowly so as not to drag his mouth under and drown him."

And, with the floundering shark as a rudder, they slowly pulled toward the breakwater.

It was hard work, and the dinghy was finally pressed into service; but after half an hour's pulling, they reached the bridge that crossed the entrance to the outer moat. Scrambling out of the boat, they passed the line under the bridge, and, crowding upon it, tried to haul him beneath it and thus force him into the moat.

Suddenly the planks, old in the service, cracked, gave way, and down they all went! boys, board, and scantlings, into the moat, while Bob Carrington, with a cry of startled surprise, fell plump upon the back of the equally surprised shark.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROBABLY the shark was the most frightened of the party. He floundered and turned, and lashed the water into a fury. The water was shallow

however, and amid much shouting and uproarious laughter, the boys scrambled out of the moat, and when the shark had calmed down somewhat, they passed the line to the tide-gate and along the wall, while Eaton and Ludlow held two large boards for a slide. As they gave the word "Ready!" the other boys rushed away with the line, and down the slide went the shark, floundering into his prison.

With a skillful stroke of his knife, Long John cut out the hook, and, relieved of this, the great man-eater dashed off with a savage splash. Round and round the moat he circled, stirring up the mud while his captors cheered themselves hoarse. Then, finding himself really a prisoner, he dropped into a more moderate pace and sailed up the moat in plain view of his delighted conquerors.

"He must be twelve feet long!" said Vail.

"Certainly as long as that," replied Professor Howard. "It's a good day's work, boys, and he is about as big a shark as you could well expect to catch."

"I don't care to tackle another, right away," said Tom, looking at his blistered hands. "It's too hard work to make a second attempt pleasant. I think we have earned our supper."

This suggestion was greeted by all the party with a hearty, "That's so, Tom," and they hurried away to the quarters for a raid on Paublo's larder.

At daybreak next morning, Long John met the boys as they were turning out, and showed them a great mass of birds wheeling and sailing in a dense cloud above Bird Key. Each of the boys studied the thousands and thousands of birds through the spy-glass, and when all had examined and exclaimed, they were ready to agree at once to Long John's suggestion of an egg-hunt, as their fish diet was growing monotonous. So, after breakfast, they hastened to the water, accompanied by the Professor, and scrambled into the boats.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Long John, as Tom Derby tossed a small basket into the boat.

"Get eggs in it, to be sure," replied Tom.

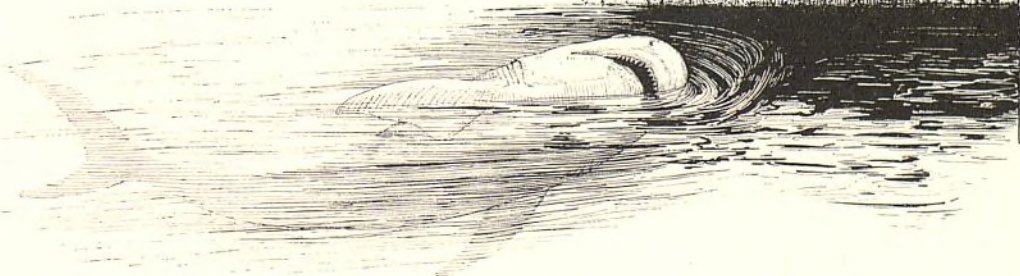
"That's too small," said Long John; "this is the kind of basket you want," and he lifted an empty barrel into the boat.

"Do you expect to get that full?" inquired Bob Carrington.

"Twice over," said John as he shoved off and stood down the southeast channel for Bird Key. The long shoal that formed this channel was thick with coral. It seemed, indeed, a veritable sea-garden, with all the gorgeous array of graceful fans, and richly tinted gorgonias waving to and fro in answer to the gentlest summons of the listless tide.

Numerous crawfish, enjoying their morning siesta, raised their spined whips in sudden alarm as the dark shadow of the boat crept over them. The reef fairly teemed with life, and as the boats drifted slowly along, the boys, with faces near the water, closely watched this most wonderful of nature's panoramic displays.

As they neared Bird Key a ceaseless and constantly increasing sound, that grew finally into an unbroken roar, came from the moving cloud that hung high above the Key, and the astonished boys now learned its true origin. Birds were all about, and as they drew nearer, the combined cries made so loud a din that the hunters could only just hear one another's voices.



THE PET SHARK.

As they ran in toward shore, some birds flew at them with discordant cries as if determined to stop them, and then as rapidly retreated to the main body. When the boat touched the beach, the uproar was indescribable. The birds disputed every inch with the boys, flying down upon them and darting into their very faces. Suddenly Tom gave a loud cry, and the effect was remarkable. In an instant there was absolute quiet; not a sound was heard, and the great mass came sweeping down in silent fear. But the lull was only for an instant; then came a confusion worse than the former uproar.

Long John rolled out his barrel, and they all started into the brush. The Key was about a mile in circumference, and was completely covered with bay cedars, forming a close bush about ten feet high, mingled here and there with patches of prickly pear. Under them, on the sand, the speckled eggs lay in such quantities that hardly a step could be taken without breaking some.

"I think we shall have to sweep them up!" said Eaton; but scarcely had he spoken when an egg, dropped by a bird frightened from her nest, fell plump upon his head.

"You'd better use a net," laughed Tom, "if you are going to take them on the fly."

"I did not think it would rain eggs!" said Eaton, wiping the yolk from his hat.

Then the boys dropped on hands and knees and piled the eggs in heaps, ready to fill Long John's barrel. The eggs were in little depressions in the sand, made by the gulls, and were evidently deposited there to be hatched out by the sun.

Besides the great numbers on the sand, quantities of almost pure white eggs were found in the topmost branches of the brush. These were of the noddy—a lovely bird, with dove-like eyes expressive of gentleness, and plumage quite in keeping with its character. Their nests were not hollowed out, and the single egg in each appeared to be held in place only by the twigs. The egg of a noddy is nearly pure white, and the yolk is as yellow as that of a hen's egg, which indeed it much resembles in flavor.

As the boys were inspecting these nests, a shout from Professor Howard called them to where he stood gazing into a noddy's nest, upon which was a young noddy—a queer, featherless little creature. Overhead the pretty mother was wheeling in evident despair.

"Here, boys, is an example of the struggle for existence," said the Professor.

And such, indeed, it was. The young bird was provided with a liberal meal, a large sardine,—too large in fact for it to eat,—and, hanging to the nest were ten or twelve hermit-crabs, and

two large red-backed land-crabs. One of these latter had the tail of the sardine in its claw, and some of the hermits were tugging at its head, while the other invaders were crawling around the defenseless bird as if deliberating whether or not to attack the poor little noddy. Hall gave the nest an indignant shake trying to dislodge the crabs. "What robbers they are!" said he.

"Worse than robbers," replied the Professor, "for these steal from helpless children."

When all the eggs the party could carry had been piled up on the sand, the boys strolled down to the beach, where Long John had just hauled ashore a net full of fine mullets.

"If some of you boys will help me to clean 'em," he said, "I'll cook you a dinner of fried mullets and eggs that'll make your mouths water!"

The boys needed no further inducement. They went to work with a will, the fish were speedily cleaned, a big bonfire was soon blazing, and in an incredibly short space of time the boys were dining royally on hard-boiled noddy-eggs and fried mullets. The hard-tack and eggs made delicious sandwiches, and all declared that they would not have believed that mullets and hard-tack could have made so good a meal.

After the heat of the day had passed, Long John put the eggs into his barrel, packing them with cedar leaves, and, all being ready, they shoved off.

The Professor proposed a pull around the island before heading homeward and, nothing loath, the boys rowed through the shallow water and over the coral heads toward the boat, while Long John finished cleaning more mullets for supper.

"Here's an old stager," said Vail, holding up a large crab he had taken from the coral. "See there, he has a regular forest on his back."

The crab was certainly well wooded. Sprigs of purple and red algæ grew from his back, while his claws were decked with soft sponges and barnacles, and tube-making worms had taken possession of some of the joints of his legs.

"He's one of the decorators," said Professor Howard, and taking a small brush, used for cleaning shells, he rubbed off all the "decorations" from the astonished crab and dropped it into a small jar of water. Some fresh bits of seaweed were then thrown into the jar, whereupon the crab very deliberately took a sprig of the weed in his claw and pressed one end to his mouth.

"Now watch him," said the Professor.

"He's eating it," said Bob.

"No, no. Watch him," the Professor repeated.

The crab pressed the sprig of weed against his mouth for a moment, and then, instead of eating it, raised the piece to his back and actually planted

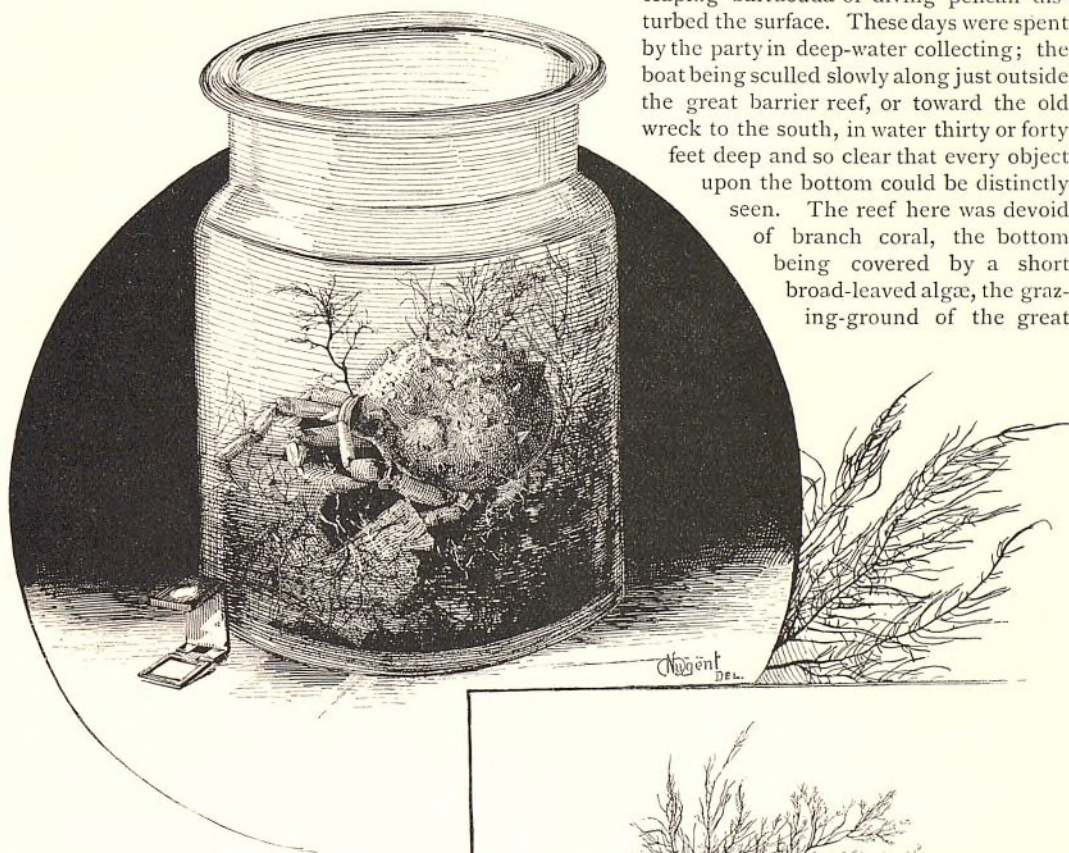
it there. When they saw the piece of seaweed stand upright as if it was really growing, the boys felt like cheering the creature for his display of cunning.

"It is his only defense," explained the Professor. "This particular crab is a slow-going old fellow; his claws are not sufficient protection, and so he goes to work to make himself look as much as possible like a moss-covered rock, which fishes

shoved off into the blue channel and steered for home.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE last of August found our young naturalists still upon the reef. The days were the same clear sunny ones they had had all summer, the blue waters of the Gulf often lying for many hours as smooth as glass, without a ripple save where some leaping barracuda or diving pelican disturbed the surface. These days were spent by the party in deep-water collecting; the boat being sculled slowly along just outside the great barrier reef, or toward the old wreck to the south, in water thirty or forty feet deep and so clear that every object upon the bottom could be distinctly seen. The reef here was devoid of branch coral, the bottom being covered by a short broad-leaved algæ, the grazing-ground of the great



will pass by and never think of eating. This one in the jar will gradually cover himself with the weed again."

And this the crab did, much to the amusement of the watchers.

They made the circuit of Bird Key, now wading, now pushing the boat through the narrow passages lined with coral growths; now jumping ahead and rowing over the deeper places; sometimes they stopped to dive after some choice shell or coral; and all the time the boys were talking over and discussing their spoils.

Having completed the circuit of the Key they



THE DECORATOR CRAB.

queen conch, while horse-conch and numerous other shells were often found. Eager faces peered over the gunwale as the boat drifted along, and the moment a shell or a bunch of rare rose-coral appeared, two or three ardent naturalists would

plunge over and race to the bottom. Whoever won, the specimen was soon torn from its home and placed in the boat.

On one occasion a huge sleeping jew-fish was started up; its bulky form creating a momentary panic among the divers. Planting their feet against the bottom, they thrust themselves up to the surface as quickly as possible. As seen from the boat, the white forms scrambling about, twenty or thirty feet below, were an amusing sight.

The boys could see each other plainly beneath the water, even a submarine grin or a wink being readily detected. Sometimes their jokes resulted in mouthfuls of water, bringing about a general rush to the surface. In these submarine excursions, they often noticed a peculiarity that is familiar in the atmosphere. In diving thirty feet, strata of different temperatures would be encountered. At the surface, the water would be very warm for ten or twelve feet; then the swimmer would enter a cold stratum, and going deeper yet would reach a warmer area, and emerging again from the warm area would, at the very bottom, enter into the coldest of all. Even in swimming on the surface, cold and warm rivers, so to speak, were often met with.

They found that many fishes were disposed to examine a diver from mere curiosity, as if they wondered what kind of an animal this was, that had so suddenly appeared upon their mountain home—for we must remember that the marine inhabitants also have hills, valleys, and mountains. The dwellers upon the reef were highlanders, living far above those in the water a mile away and under pressures differing as the air pressures differ on high mountains and in valleys, on land.

One afternoon, the boys had been on a trip down the reef, and were returning by Bush Key, when Douglas suddenly stood up and pointed to a collection of submerged roots that were strewn about. "Look at the angel-fishes!" he exclaimed, and dropping the oars the crew and Professor also stood up and saw the greatest assemblage of these beautiful creatures they had yet observed.

The roots were those of the mangrove-trees that had been washed out into the bay between Bush and Long Key; and in four or five feet of water their tangled masses formed excellent homes for innumerable small fry. When the boat was pushed nearer, the great black roots were seen to fairly blossom with these animated flowers. Some were yellow, blue, and brown, with eyes of beautiful hues, and others, not angel-fishes, were of a most intense blue. All darted about with great rapidity, and flashed here and there like living gems. From every hole and crevice, one or more of these lovely

forms appeared, attracted by the new-comers, and either floated by, gently waving their fins and plumes, or gracefully moved up and down in front of their homes, their vivid colors showing in marked contrast against the somber background.

"If only we had the seine!" Tom whispered, as if fearful of disturbing the living panorama before them.

"Why not go and get it?" suggested Long John.

"My proposal," said the Professor, "is that we come out to-night, and draw the seine by moonlight."

This met the views of the boys, the oars were resumed, and the boat went rushing through the water toward the fort, accompanied by the pet pelican that had spied them from afar, and had come out expecting its supper.

The nights on the reef were often almost counterparts of the days; and as the party pushed off at about eight o'clock carrying the seine piled in a great heap in the bow, and with collecting-cans stowed in between the seats, the moon was just rising over Bush Key, casting a flood of radiance all about, and lighting up the sands of Long Key until they gleamed like silver, while the phosphorescence of the water seemed to vie with it in producing wondrous effects of light. Not a sound could be heard save the creaking of the oars and their monotonous clink in the rowlocks, or an occasional splash from the outer reef followed by a thundering splash, telling of some huge fish that had tried to leave its native element and had fallen heavily back.

The pull to Bush Key was a short one, and soon the boat rounded to, near the mangrove roots.

"Now, boys," said the Professor, "you must be very careful. Don't rush in too quickly, or you will tear the net. Two of you take the end and run it out. When we get it all out, we will move toward Bush Key beach, some of you tossing out the roots."

These orders were followed exactly. Vail and Carrington leaped overboard, the water being about four feet deep, and, taking an end stick of the seine, walked or waded away with it, while the others paid it out regularly.

They made a long sweep, so as to surround the roots; and when two-thirds of the net had been hauled over, Ludlow and Ramsey went overboard and drew the other end of the seine toward shore, the seine making a semicircle. The Professor and Long John now took their places in the water just inside the bend of the net, and gave the signal to go ahead.

What a sight it was! The moon was looking over the mangroves on the keys, bathing the fish-

ermen in its silvery light. Every move or motion in the water seemed to cause it to break into liquid fire.

The net came slowly in; the Professor and Long John called a halt whenever a root was found. Each root was lifted carefully and the occupants frightened out of their homes. It was then tossed back outside of the floats. Then the signal would be again given and the seine taken in until another root was met, and so on for an hour or more. The ground being now clear the net went rapidly in.

"Look at them!" cried Carrington, who was hauling at the end; "angels, snappers, jew-fish, and — there's a shark, too!"

Sure enough, a small shark was in the toils, making the water boil and demoralizing the other prisoners, who made desperate efforts to escape his struggling bulk. This would not do, and, seizing a boat-hook, Ramsey dashed in and soon had the young man-eater on the hook. He seemed to be about three feet and a half long. Ramsey lifted him over to the beach, but he soon flopped back into the water and escaped.

The net was now well in shore, and the splashing and beating of innumerable fish commenced. One more pull and the finny assemblage was in shallow water. The sight of their catch soon exhausted the adjectives of even our young enthusiasts.

For there were hundreds and thousands of fishes, leaping, splashing, and bounding, one over another; angel-fishes in gorgeous tints, brown-hued snappers, dripping with the molten gold of phosphorescence, yellow grunts making audible protests, ugly toad-fish, long gar-fish, rakish barracudas, prickly porcupine-fish, inflating their balloon-like bodies. Over all, creating a noise like falling rain, flapped countless mullets, with sides gleaming like silver. Besides these, there were crawfishes, echinuses, star-fishes, crabs, and occasionally an octopus, — in fact, almost every animal to be found on the great reef was represented in these mangrove-root communities.

"Now, boys," said the Professor, when their excitement had somewhat abated, "hold the net steady, and remember our rule, not to kill a single fish more than we can actually use."

The seine was drawn, but the fish were still massed in enough water to keep them alive, and out of this wonderful collection the young naturalists made their selection. Of grunts, snappers, and the commoner fishes they had long ago secured a good supply, and only the rare forms were taken, together with some small specimens that the Professor thought new to science. The net was then raised, and the affrighted throng released, to swim back again to the old roots, and perhaps exchange

opinions as to the cause of their remarkable experience.

This haul was during the last collecting tour made upon the reef. As they reached the Key, late at night, Bob met them at the dock, and said he reckoned they'd "better haul the boat inside the moat and make things snug."

"Why?" asked Woodbury.

"Listen," replied the old seaman.

The boys stood silent. From far away there seemed to come a faint moan, and now they noticed, for the first time, that it was clouding up, over beyond Loggerhead.

"It's a-goin' to blow, and to blow hard, too," continued Bob.

"The barometer is rushing down as if the bottom had fallen out," said Eaton, who had gone into the office and examined the glass with a lighted match.

"I don't need a weather-glass to tell it's a-goin' to blow," was Bob's answer. "It's a-comin', sure." And so it proved.

The boys secured the boat just in time, and, fortunately, Bob had made everything snug outside. Very soon after, a terrible squall struck the Key, the shrieking and howling of the wind and the roar of the water keeping every one awake nearly all night. The next morning the gale increased; and as the boys struggled up on the fort and looked out, they saw a fearful scene.

The water, so smooth the night before, now presented an appalling spectacle, being covered by a mass of white foam that was caught by the wind and carried high into the air. The sea was making a clean breach over Bush Key; many of the trees had disappeared, and the lower portion of Long Key also was washed away. The wind was so powerful that they hardly dared show their heads above the wall. Sticks, gravel, and all movable objects were flying through the air like hailstones. The cocoanut-trees had been despoiled of their beauty in the night, their leaves had been beaten into shapeless whips, and from many the foliage was twisted entirely off.

Later, Raymond, who was looking out of the window of a cottage in which they had taken refuge for the time, cried out, "Here comes Bob!" and, sure enough, the old sailor was seen bent double, buffeted by the gusts, enveloped in a whirlwind of sand, and headed toward the house. As he reached the fence, he grasped it and held on, beckoning with his arm. As Douglas stepped out to meet him, the old fellow shouted, "Ye'd better come out o' that, all hands!"

"What for?" screamed the boys.

"It's a-gittin' wuss. I never see the like," answered Bob, crawling up the steps; "and I don't

like the look o' *that*," pointing to the big four-storied brick building that, still unfinished, stood near, towering high above the cottage.

"What were you saying?" called the Professor, who now appeared; and, as Bob repeated the warning, he said to the group around him, "I hardly think there is any danger myself, but it is always best to take the advice of people who know more about such things than we do, so we will leave the cottage."

A few moments later, the little party were struggling toward the casemates. The wind had increased to a frightful degree, and as they reached a clearing midway between the cottage and the arches, they had to crouch low to avoid being blown over. As they pressed on a fearful gust came, and then for an instant a strange lull was felt. At an exclamation from Bob, they all turned and saw the huge walls of the brick building rocking and trembling. Then, with a wild roar and an appalling crash, the mass of stone, mortar, brick, and broken beams went down before the hurricane, crushing, as if it were pasteboard, the cottage which they had just left. From the ruins, for a second, rose a great white cloud of dust that whirled about like a living thing, and then was borne away on the gale.

The boys were too thankful to say a word, and, indeed, amid the roar, they could only look their gratitude to Bob, who, always cheerful, responded by sundry knowing winks, as much as to say, "I told you so!"

That hurricane did great damage throughout the West Indies. It continued all the afternoon, and not until the next morning did the end come, and not until then did the young naturalists venture out. Their own quarters were safe; but outside was a scene of ruin. The sea had encroached upon the island, beaten down the docks, washed away the aquarium, and hurled coral-rock in a confused mass upon the beach. Amid the wreckage, Carington found a small board bearing the name "*Rosetta*" in copper letters, and, hauling it out, showed it to the others, who eyed it with sorrow. It was all that was left of the boat that had carried them so many times over the reef. She had been torn from her place during the extreme high water and literally ground to pieces, the stern-board being all that was left. The hurricane caused great devastation in Key West. Its force may be understood by this incident: A vessel lying at anchor near Havana was blown, without sails, across to Key West in an incredibly short

time, the crew finding themselves, in the morning, high and dry on Key West beach.

The city was flooded, vessels were sunk at the wharf, and among these was the schooner "*Tortugas*," upon which our party had often sailed.

Fortunately none of the specimens were destroyed, as they had been packed in the casemates of the fort.

As they were now without a boat, the Professor suggested that it was time for the journey north.

"I have a plan," he said, "which I think we can carry out. It is to go to Key West, and, instead of taking the steamer directly home, as we still have three weeks, let us charter a smack and skirt the Keys up to Cape Florida, then to Cedar Keys, and so home by rail."

This plan was enthusiastically received, and it is only necessary to say that the programme was carried out. Biscayne Bay, where the great Florida crocodile is found, was visited. A special trip was made to the various mounds built by prehistoric Floridians, and finally, about the middle of September, a brown and jolly party bade good-bye to the little smack at Cedar Keys and were whisked away northward on the cars. During the journey, which took four days, the boys had an opportunity to sum up the practical results of their trip.

Of its success as a health-giving vacation, their faces told the story; and as to information acquired, each one had secured better general views upon natural history, and even gained more knowledge, than a year of text-book study could have produced. They had become enthusiastic observers and collectors, which is the first step to real progress in the study. Each specimen had been taken in its own home, its distinguishing characteristics had been pointed out on the spot, and would be remembered; and not only had they derived valuable knowledge about the curious inhabitants of the submarine world, but they all felt that they took a broader view of life. In fact, it was evident to all in the party that the personal observation of natural objects was of the greatest value in training the mind; and, above all, the evidence of design in all the varied forms did not fail to impress our boys with the conviction that there was a directing Intelligence at work in the natural world.

To some of the party this was not the last trip to the Land of Sunshine; and it will be many years before the recollections and benefits of the trip among the Florida Keys will be forgotten by any of the young naturalists.

THE END.



About a skilled
CHINESE YOUTH
These Lines and Pictures by
Charles Howard Johnson

In China so I have been told
 There lived once a worker in Gold
 So apt at his trade
 That a name he had made
 Before he was 7⁽⁷⁾ years old.

But to tell you his name I decline
 For it scarcely would rhyme, I opine
 Yet this fly in my ink
 Will show you, I think,
 About how it looked on his sign.



THE FIRST AMERICANS.

BY F. S. DELLENBAUGH.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards who had followed Columbus and Cortes to the New World, worked their way northward into the region that is now New Mexico and Arizona, they found to their surprise a people dwelling there in well-constructed, flat-roofed houses of stone. They gave to these people the name of *Pueblos*, or villagers, to distinguish them from the wild tribes; and by this name they have been known in general ever since, though each village and cluster of villages has its distinctive title.

The Pueblos, instead of roaming about, subsist-

ing on chance game, cultivated Indian corn so largely that they ordinarily were able to store a supply to provide against the possibility of future famine; and such is still their custom. Not only had they made this progress in agriculture and architecture, but they had also done something in the way of manufacturing, especially in the making of pottery and weaving of blankets. Their pottery was varied in shape and ornamentation and skillfully modeled without the aid of a wheel. Of the potter's wheel they are ignorant to this day, still following the practice of their forefathers in this matter as in many others. Their blankets

of cotton were unique in their designs; and these designs are perpetuated to-day in woolen material, as well as in cotton, though the latter is now used principally in the sacred ceremonies.

Those towns nearest to Santa Fé (which itself was originally a Pueblo village and is, probably, the oldest town inhabited by white people in the United States) came most directly under the influ-

their country demanded the expulsion of these domineering foreigners from their land. We can not blame them for thus regarding the Spaniards, for we should certainly resent any interference by foreign powers with our affairs, and the Pueblos were, in many respects, a civilized people and had governed themselves for centuries before the Spaniards appeared in their territories. Secretly,



A PUEBLO INDIAN BESIDE AN EAGLE-CAGE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ence of the Spaniards. They made Santa Fé their seat of government, and gradually many Spanish customs prevailed among the natives in this part of the country. The Spanish priests, following the army of invasion, soon made converts, and eventually the barbarous rites of the people in the towns near Santa Fé were abolished in favor of Christianity. Churches of adobe, or sun-dried brick, were erected, and the Christian religion was in time accepted by numerous communities.

The towns at a distance were not so easy of access, and hence longer maintained their independence, supporting and favoring the smoldering discontent of those in other localities whose prejudices or patriotism resented the Spanish dominion. These native patriots believed the salvation of

these patriots worked to arouse their fellow-countrymen against the intruders, hoping to succeed in a revolution which should annihilate the Spanish power and restore the ancient rites and customs. Several of these conspiracies were discovered by the Spanish Governor-General, and the conspirators paid for their patriotism with their lives; but, in a few years, others took their places, and while peace seemed to smile on all the land, a volcano was seething under the very feet of the invaders.

There had been so much internal dissension among the Pueblos over religion and over water-privileges (often a matter of the utmost importance in those arid lands) before the arrival of the Spaniards, that concerted action must have been difficult to bring about; but at last, near the end

of the seventeenth century, there was a mighty uprising, the foreigners were driven out of the country, and retreated into Mexico, and those villages which had been under the Spanish yoke, revived their native ceremonies, which had been in disuse for a full century.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were not content to let slip so easily this accession to their king's domain. Collecting a stronger army, General Vargas returned, and conquered village after village, until the rebellion was extinguished for all time. Never since that day have the Pueblos shown a warlike spirit, having accepted their subjugation as inevitable. They were made citizens by Spain, but since their territory became a portion of the United States they have ranked politically with the other Indians. The last locality to be brought under subjection was the Province of Tusayan, the home of the Mokis.

At that time this province was so difficult to reach, that the horses of the Spanish General's troops were completely demoralized, and he was therefore obliged to omit a visit to Oraibi, the largest and furthest removed of the villages. He had, however, met with little resistance from the inhabitants, and, doubtless, did not deem the Mokis a warlike race. After the departure of Vargas, the Mokis continued their old ways and were seldom visited, so that even now, three and a half centuries after the first visit of the Spaniards, they remain nearly in their original condition.

Next to the Moki towns, the Pueblo of Zuñi maintained its primitive customs to the greatest extent, and from similar causes.

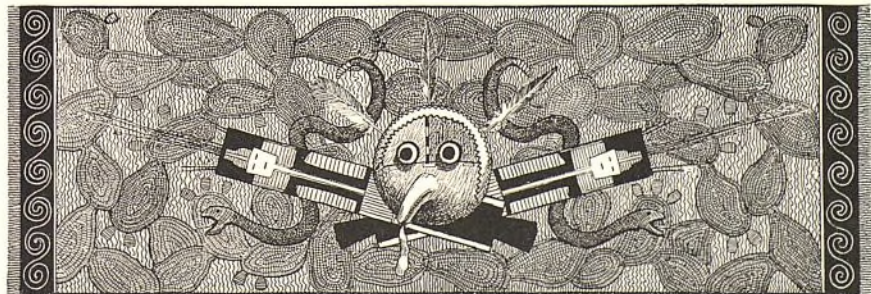
The illustration is from a photograph made in Zuñi by Mr. Hillers, photographer of the Bureau of Ethnology, and shows one of the natives, dressed in the costume of to-day, beside an eagle-cage. The costume is composed of simple materials, the trousers being of unbleached cotton, the shirt of calico, and the turban generally of some soft, red cloth. The Mokis wear their hair cut straight across the eyebrows in a sort of "bang," then straight back even with the bottom of the ear,

the rest being made up into a knob behind. All are particular about their ornaments, caring little for any common sorts of beads, but treasuring coral, turquoise, and silver.

The eagle is sacred among Pueblos who have not abandoned their native religion, and the feathers are used in religious ceremonies. For this reason the eagle is protected and every feather preserved. His nesting places are carefully watched, and often visited, so that a supply of feathers, from little downy ones no larger than a twenty-five-cent piece to the stiff and long ones from the wing and tail, are preserved in every family,—the first, or downy ones, to breathe their prayers upon; the larger ones for other sacred uses. Sometimes several "prayers" are fastened to one little twig that all may proceed together to their destination. There is something very poetic in this breathing of a prayer upon a feather from the breast of an eagle—in flight the king of birds, familiar with regions which man can know only through sight.

The Navajos have no reverence for the bird, and use its feathers for merely decorative purposes. They make raids upon the nesting-places where for centuries the Mokis have obtained feathers, and these raids are a common source of trouble between the two tribes.

None of the present buildings of the Pueblos are equal in masonry to the ruins common throughout the region. These were ruins even when the Spaniards arrived, and, consequently, it is supposed that a superior people once occupied the country, who may, however, have been either ancestors or kindred to the Pueblos. In time the question may be solved through the numerous legends illustrated in pottery decoration, for all the decorations have a meaning, and the legends are handed down by word of mouth from father to son. Once when the legends were being discussed, Pow-it-iwa, an old Moki, poetically remarked to a friend of mine, "Many have passed by the house of my fathers, and none has stopped to ask where they have gone; but we of our family live to-day to teach our children concerning the past."





My Dog

BY WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

THERE was no difficulty in telling from what stock "Drapeau" came. He was a genuine St. Bernard, bought at the Hospice. In childhood I had often seen pictures of these noble animals saving travelers, and it had been my dream to own a real St. Bernard dog—from this identical place, one that had been engaged in life-saving. So in 1872, when, crossing a snow-pass from Zermatt to Italy, I returned by way of St. Bernard, I made up my mind to buy one of the dogs. After a tedious ride, we arrived just at nightfall, at the little village of St. Remy, a few miles below the Hospice. The darkness was deeper than usual, it was cloudy and foggy, and our guide had been entertaining us with stories of travelers who had been waylaid and killed near the spot, a short time previous, and we started from the little inn for our walk up to the summit of the pass with no very pleasant outlook ahead of us. The darkness was so dense that we had to feel our way with alpenstocks and could tell only by the sharp stones under us when we left the path. We could hear a torrent raging far below on the left, and there were high cliffs on our right.

In an hour or two we came to a little cantine where we borrowed a lantern to light our way to the Hospice. We crept on slowly, and at about eleven o'clock were much relieved by hearing the deep barking of the dogs. Late as it was, one of the Brothers gave us a good supper and assigned us clean, comfortable beds. Next morning we rose early to start for Martigny, and the Brothers had the dogs brought from their kennels, so that I might take my choice. They bounded about, eight big

burly fellows, barking and capering like mad. I selected Drapeau, one of the largest. The monk gave me Drapeau's history, telling me that the dog had taken part in saving several lives and was regarded as a very valuable animal. The keeper of the dogs accompanied us to a cantine, three miles below, where we were to take a wagon. Drapeau capered around us on the way down, an immense tan-colored, short-haired animal, much like a lioness in appearance, and jumping about with all the delight of life and liberty, in the cool morning air. His ankles were as thick as my two fists, and his neck was enormous.

Leaving the cantine, we lifted him into the wagon and I held on to the large leather collar around his neck to prevent him from jumping out, but the moment the wagon started and he saw that his keeper was not there, out he leaped and hung by the collar, struggling fiercely. It was easy to see that we could not carry him down in that fashion, so we hired his keeper to ride with us to Martigny. It would take nearly two days, but there was no other way.

Then Drapeau was quieter. But as soon as we entered the valley and it became hot, the poor animal seemed to suffer greatly. He was used to the cold mountain air, and the noonday sun was too much for him. The motion of the wagon, too, made him sick, and we feared that we never should get him to Martigny alive. When we reached the inn the poor fellow was so weak that he could hardly drag one foot after another. He would neither eat nor drink, and he looked forlorn.

Early in the afternoon the train started for Geneva. On the continent there is a special place in trains for dogs, a small compartment in the luggage van, with a window at each side, and regular "dog-tickets" must be purchased. We crowded Drapeau into the compartment, fastened him in securely, and the train started. Near the head of Lake Geneva you change cars. Of course I thought Drapeau would be transferred by the porters, and I seated myself comfortably in the other train. Soon it started, and what was my surprise to see

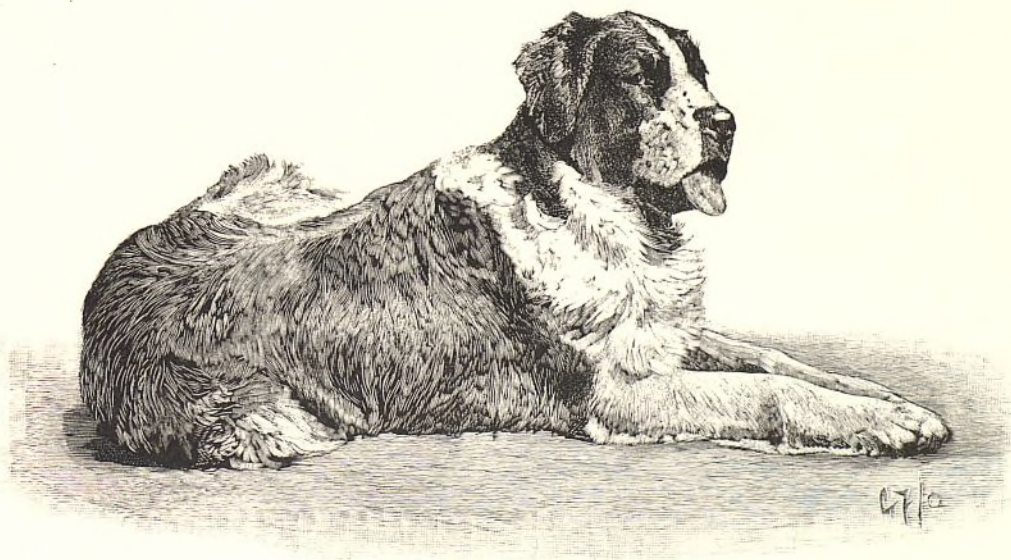
Drapeau looking sadly out from his little window in the train we had left! Luckily, our train happened to back again to the station. I tried to make things lively for the porters, ordering them to transfer my dog, but all shrugged their shoulders exasperatingly as they answered even more exasperatingly:

"*C'est à vous, monsieur.*" (That is your place, sir.)

How to move that leviathan without help, I could not tell. Finally, with the assistance of my companion and two liberally bribed attendants, we dragged him out, each holding a leg, and forcibly projected him into the dog-quarters of the new train. Drapeau was too badly used up to resist. He could hardly breathe. But, about six o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached Geneva, the air became fresher, and Drapeau plucked up courage. The next problem was how to get him to the hotel. We dragged him from his compartment, and hauled him through the depot to a cab. In the cab Drapeau's vigor seemed to be entirely restored, for we had hard work to keep him from jumping out of the window, and a yelling crowd of small

stable near by, where he thought they would keep the dog, and we had him conveyed thither. It turned out to be a poor place for him, and so, a few days later, I marched with him myself, in default of any one else, along the dusty roads, and left him in charge of a farmer in the neighborhood who kept a "dog hotel" of the most approved variety. My banker was to pay the farmer a franc a day until Drapeau left for Paris. I went to Italy. In Rome I received a letter saying that the farmer was "desolated" to inform Monsieur that he could not longer keep Monsieur's dog for less than two francs a day. "He kills my chickens, he fights with my other dogs, he leaps my fence, which you know is high, and three times I had to walk to Geneva to restore him." I could make no other arrangement, and finally consented to pay two francs.

When I reached Paris, I ordered the dog sent on. By the omnibus-train it takes thirty-six hours, and the dog must be fed. So a sort of traveling-apartment was built especially for Drapeau, and plentifully supplied with straw, and food was provided. The hotel porter went with me to the depot for the



DRAPEAU.

boys followed us. At the Hotel de la Paix the guests were just walking in to dinner. All stopped to look, and found us amusing. We must have presented a picturesque appearance with our alpenstocks, our leggins and spiked shoes, our flannel-shirts, and our begrimed and travel-worn appearance (the result of a week's tramp) and hanging on for dear life to a big dog to prevent his getting away! The porter charitably told us of a

dog. Then, after the same difficulties as at Geneva, a new boarding-place was found for him in Paris; but his presence there was soon regarded as dangerous for the other dogs in the establishment. They would sneak away in terror when he entered. At last a vacant lot surrounded by a high fence was rented for a moderate figure, and in it a suitable dog-house was constructed. The keeper whom I had engaged agreed to take Drapeau each day for



"‘HERE, DOGGY, DOGGY,’ SAID HE, IN HIS GENTLEST MANNER.”

a walk on the Boulevard, while I was to be away during my trip through Spain.

When I returned from Spain a hotel waiter came to me with a very sad face and said: "Ah, Monsieur, I must tell you of a great calamity. Monsieur's dog was walking on the Boulevard one day with his keeper, and he saw the dog of a certain Major Duval. The Major slipped and fell and his dog started to run, when Monsieur's dog, no doubt attributing some fault to the dog of the Major, slipped from his chain and instantly destroyed the dog of the Major, and Monsieur has been condemned in the court to pay a fine of four hundred francs for the destruction of this dog, and Monsieur's dog has been arrested as security for that sum." Investigating the matter, I found this true. I sought Major Duval. He grew warm in his praises of the wonderful qualities of the dog Drapeau had killed, until I was grateful that the judgment against me had not been heavier, and paid it. I found that Drapeau had escaped from his keeper, and had made very short work of the Major's dog. Drapeau was very powerful. I have seen him walk along dragging a strong man after him, without trouble.

I could not bring him with me to America on the same steamer, since the line allowed no dogs on board, so I sent him on another steamer, in care of the butcher. I met the vessel on its arrival, and found Drapeau chained to one of the bulwarks, and looking misanthropic.

Two or three sailors as they passed exclaimed, "*Qu'il est méchant!*" (What a wicked dog he is!) So this beneficent creature of the Hospice had been turned into a wild animal by his sad experiences with the world! I brought him to my house with some difficulty. The animal had now cost me, including damages, board-bills, gratuities, transportation, and minor items, some five hundred dollars, and again the question came up, what to do with him. We kept him in our back yard for a while, but the back yard of a city house did not afford scope enough for his activities. He became friendly with Rosa, the cook, and very playful with her. He would put his paws against her shoulders while she was hanging out the clothes and knock her over. At last she threatened to leave. It was not safe for any visitor at the house to put his head out of the back door. Drapeau was always alert. Somehow the dog was not "in harmony with his environment," as evolutionists say, and after a few months I concluded to sell him. I advertised "A Genuine St. Bernard Dog, bought at the Hospice," saying all the sweet things about him that I could, but no answers came to my advertisements.

Finally, on one of the large streets, one day, I saw at the side of a stairway leading down to a basement, a stuffed black-and-tan terrier. This indicated, as I thought, a dealer in dogs; so I went down and interviewed him. Terms were agreed upon: he would keep the dog until sold, and would

sell him on commission. Drapeau remained a week or two there without result, until the dealer said we would have to take fifty dollars for him. Meantime I heard of a gentleman who offered seventy-five. I went down to get my dog, offering the dealer his commission, but the man refused to let him go, declaring the dog should not be removed from the shop until I had paid twenty-five dollars. I expostulated in vain. Finally I offered a compromise, but the man was inflexible. He was in possession and was master of the situation. I did not mean to be swindled in so shameless a fashion, so I went down to court and sued out a writ of replevin. It was placed in the hands of a marshal, a mild little man, to be served. We went up to the dealer's, the marshal showed the paper and demanded the dog.

"All right," said the dealer, "there he is,—take him!"

Drapeau stood tied to a large crate at one side of the basement, while a variety of smaller dogs, game-cocks, and other animals were in coops and cages around the room, or tied to the wall. The officer approached Drapeau. "Here, doggy, doggy," said he, in his gentlest and most persuasive manner. Drapeau gave a low growl and the officer stopped.

"Will he bite?" asked the marshal.

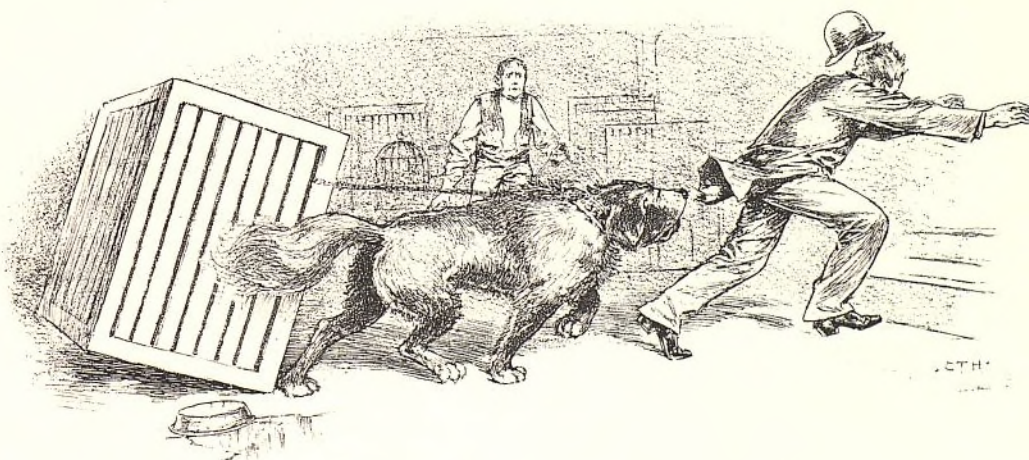
"You ought to have seen him drag that crate after him, trying to get at a man yesterday," remarked the dealer, relentlessly.

The marshal stood aghast,—the strong arm of the law was powerless! I was sitting on a chest in the middle of the room, watching the performance, when the dealer quietly said to me:

"Mebby you 'd like to see what you are sitting on?"

I made no objection, and he lifted the lid of the chest and out from a bed of cotton at the bottom of it came the heads of two great anacondas. It seemed to be a supply store for menageries and circuses. I sought the other side of the room. In the meantime the officer scampered upstairs and was out on the street. By the time I had followed him, he was wholly invisible and I did not know how far away.

But previous to my departure the dealer and I made a bargain, with the anacondas between us (he was trying to stuff them back into the chest). He agreed to send Drapeau to the new owner for the sum of fifteen dollars, to be then and there paid. The cash was counted out and the dog duly sent. And from that moment he disappears from this history.



WHERE SALMON ARE PLENTIFUL.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



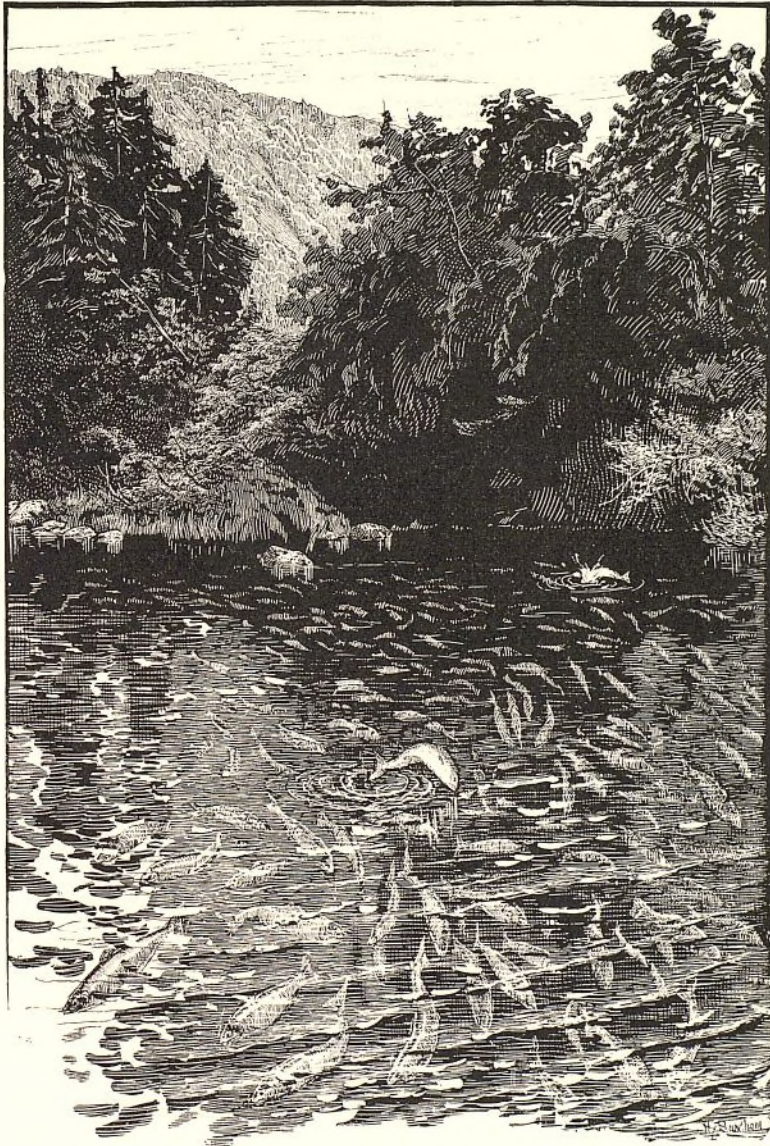
STUPENDOUS as what we call "fish stories" often are, none reaches such grand proportions as those about the abundance of salmon in Oregon, Washington Territory, and the waters of British Columbia and Alaska. Once upon a time it was held to be sufficient proof that a statement was true, if any one could say he had seen it in "black and white." Perhaps we owe it to the so-called fishermen's yarns that this limit upon the marvelous is swept away. Next it was said that "figures can not lie," but to-day even that is no longer admitted. There now remain only two sources of information that the most scrupulous folks never question. One is what they see with their own eyes, and the other is what the honest single eye of a photographer's camera sees. The astonishing picture of salmon, here presented, is one of the sights of the camera about which there can be no dispute. The original photograph from which the illustration was drawn was made on the bank of Gordon Creek, near the village of Yale, in British Columbia, at the time when the salmon were rushing up the stream, in the annual summer journey which they make from the sea up the fresh water-courses, for the purpose of laying their eggs and hatching their young. You can see that seldom has there been a plum-pudding so filled with raisins as is this water with these great, swift, delicious fish. And, from what is known of such scenes, it is absolutely certain that the mass of fish was denser farther under the water than it was at the surface where the illustration shows them.

A story that the old settlers of Oregon never tire of telling, recounts that a stage-coach was once upset by these fishes while it was being drawn across a ford over a little river. The huge fish pressed against the coach, rising higher and higher on one another's backs as the ones in the rear pushed ahead over those that were stopped by the stage. Presently they rose in such a mighty wall, and all continued to push so hard, that the stage rolled over. This story is not vouched for by any one in particular, and so must be classed with those other fishermen's tales that are almost as numerous as the salmon in question. But the reports that are made about this fish by men whose

word no one disputes are scarcely less remarkable. Mr. J. K. Lord, the author of a book called "The Naturalist in Vancouver and British Columbia," says that the salmon swim one thousand miles from the sea up the Columbia River and fill even the pools left by the receding tide on the sides of the river. "They are seen to crowd shallow streams," he says, "so as to push one another high and dry on the banks." Once, when he was riding on horseback through that wild country, he came upon a stream so thickly filled with salmon that it was difficult to get his horse through the mass. He speaks of them as sometimes weighing seventy pounds, but in Alaska they have been known to attain far greater weight than that. The salmon can swim faster than the swiftest railroad train can move, and are so strong and quick that they are able to leap small cataracts in the streams.

Just as the Indians of the plains, who were hunters, used to live upon the buffaloes that ranged the prairies in numbers no man could either count or estimate, so the Indians of the Pacific coast of this continent, who are sailors and fishermen, lived upon the salmon. It was Nature's plan that the fish should be as numerous as these stories and this picture represent them. The Indians depended upon spearing the fish or, at best, upon dipping them up with baskets on long poles, and could only reach those nearest the land, for the principal rivers are broad and swift and, when full of salmon, navigation of them in canoes was not safe, even if it was possible. Now, the salmon and the Indians are both far less numerous within our borders. Since the Indians catch them and the Chinese clean and can them for the merchants, who ship them all over the world, the fish become annually less abundant, and they are caught in vast numbers in ingenious nets, and by great floating wheels made to be revolved by the current and dip them up by the thousand.

On the Washington Territory side of the Columbia River, a few little bands of red men come every summer to scoop and spear the salmon; but at the same place fifty years ago, historians tell us, the ancestors of these Indians came in such numbers that the shores were divided between them, and every ledge and rock and bit of bank had its right-



A SALMON BROOK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ful tenants. Their tents of skin were set all about the background, each sending up its thread of smoke from the fires at which the squaws cooked the meals, and their ponies roamed close at hand. The Indians fished until they caught all they needed, and these they dried for use during the following winter.

Ivan Petroff, who wrote for our Government all that he could find out about its great cold Territory of Alaska, describes just such scenes there at this day, for there the salmon and the Indians

are both as plentiful as ever. He says that the Kaniags, a tribe of Eskimo Indians, pile the dried salmon in heaps around the sides of the interior of each house so as to make a high, broad shelf of the fish. But when they catch an extra quantity they spread them over the floor, layer upon layer, several feet deep. They live upon this strange floor, taking up what salmon they need day by day and eating their way gradually down to the real floor during the winter.

The Yukon is the great salmon river of Alaska, as well as one of the greatest rivers, in all other respects, in the world. The wisest men are uncertain whether it does or does not pour more water into the sea than the great Mississippi. It sends out so much that the water of the ocean is fresh ten miles from the coast, and the river is so great that at a distance of six hundred miles from its mouth it is more than a mile wide. In places it is twenty miles wide, and the total length of the river is eighteen hundred miles. The Yukon gives its name to the largest district in Alaska, and "in

this region," Mr. Petroff says, "during the brief summer there, the whole population flocks to the river banks, attracted by myriads of salmon, crowding the waters in their annual pilgrimage up this mighty stream. Then both banks are lined with summer villages and camps of fishermen who build their basket-traps far out into the eddies and bends of the stream. This annual congregation completely drains of human life the valleys and plains stretching away to the north and south, as well as many of the lake-regions in the west."

MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS.

BY HARRIET S. MORGRIDGE.

"There was a jolly miller lived on the river Dee."

A MILLER lived upon the river Dee.
He was a jolly man, and all day long
He worked and never stopped his cheery song:
I wish with all my heart that we could see
More people like him; blithe indeed was he,
And comely, too, puissant, sturdy, strong,
Loved by the people that he lived among.
"I care for no one, no one cares for me,"
Was, it is true, the burden of his lay.
But sung by him it meant not just the same
That it would mean if it were sung some day,
By some one else, perhaps. I think that we
Should thus interpret the good miller's aim,
"I care for all, and all do care for me."



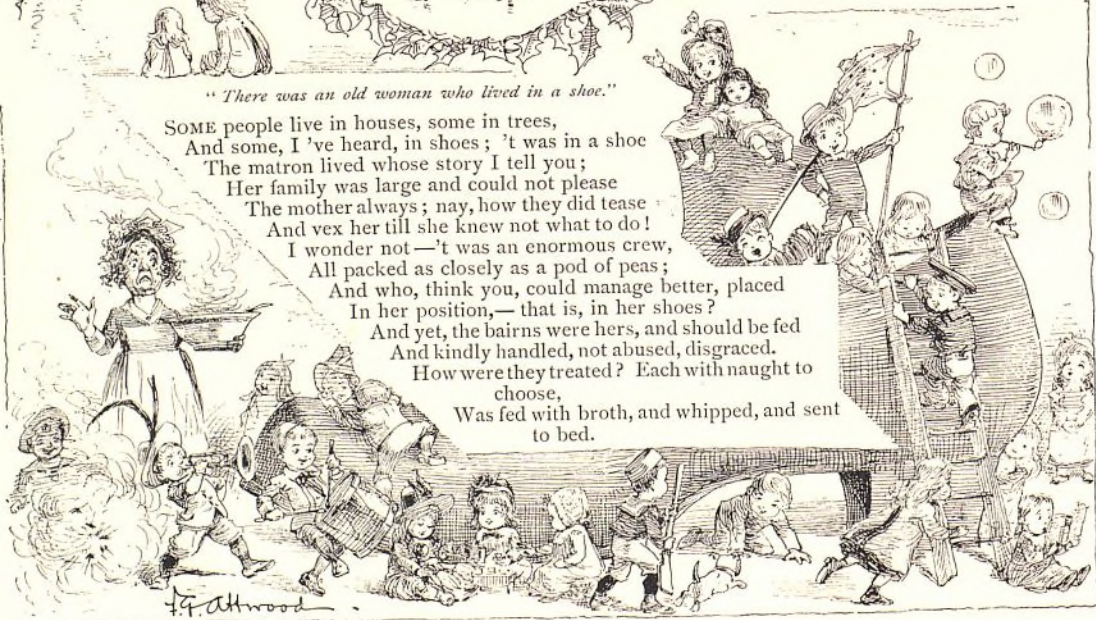
"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,—"

"WHENEVER I go back and forth to
school,
How many quite bad little boys I see!"
This was Jack Horner's brief soliloquy
As he sat by the chimney on a stool
(It is quite clear that Johnny was no
fool)
Eating a piece of Christmas pie; and he
Could not help feeling—very prop-
erly—
Thankful that he was one who, as a
rule,
Had his good things, while other boys
had none;—
A small boy's grace it was before his
pie.
A plum appeared, which he did not
refuse,
When he took up the moral he'd be-
gun—
(His childish egotism pray excuse)
"Oh, what a very, very good boy am I!"



"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe."

SOME people live in houses, some in trees,
And some, I've heard, in shoes; 't was in a shoe
The matron lived whose story I tell you;
Her family was large and could not please
The mother always; nay, how they did tease
And vex her till she knew not what to do!
I wonder not—'t was an enormous crew,
All packed as closely as a pod of peas;
And who, think you, could manage better, placed
In her position,—that is, in her shoes?
And yet, the bairns were hers, and should be fed
And kindly handled, not abused, disgraced.
How were they treated? Each with naught to
choose,
Was fed with broth, and whipped, and sent
to bed.





"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep."

THERE was a little shepherdess, Bo-peep,
A rustic maiden, with a little crook,
Blue gown, and white straw hat, and she did look
Fresh as the dawn, and Bo-peep loved her sheep.
Nevertheless one day she fell asleep,
Hidden away from sight in a green nook,
Her hat thrown off, but in her hand her hook.
She woke, looked round, and then began to weep;
Her lambs were gone! She strained her eyes to get
A glimpse of their retreating tails, and then
She ran and shouted. Not one did appear.
Sit down, dear little girl, and never fret,
Leave them alone, and they'll come back again,
Bringing their tails behind them, never fear.



"Simple Simon went a-fishing."

A BOY named Simon sojourned in a dale,
Some said that he was simple, but I'm sure
That he was nothing less than simple pure;
They thought him so because, forsooth, a whale
He tried to catch in Mother's water pail.
Ah! little boy, timid, composed, demure,—
He had imagination. Yet endure
Defeat he could, for he of course did fail.
But there are Simons of a larger growth,
Who, too, in shallow waters fish for whales,
And when they fail they are "unfortunate."
If the small boy is simple, then are both,
And the big Simon more, who often rails
At what he calls ill luck or unkind fate.



*"There was a man who had a cow,
And he had naught to give her."*

A CERTAIN piper had a nice, fine cow,
But the same piper was a thriftless man,
He spent his substance fêting the god Pan,
And piped and danced but never touched the plow.
And when no hay nor corn was in the mow
(The cow grown thin, and dim her coat of tan),
He pulled his bagpipes out and then began
To play the beast a tune. Her noble brow
Grew dark; the piper in his blandest tone
Then said, "Consider, cow, commune!"
She always had been wont to ruminate,
So she considered well, then with a moan
Meekly replied, "I can not eat your tune."
Heroic cow, who had to stand and wait!



J. F. Atwood

THE BUNNY STORIES.*

FOR LITTLE READERS.

COUSIN JACK'S STORY.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.



THE Bunnies had planned a chestnutting party for their Saturday holiday.

It was early in October and there had been a few sharp frosts to open the chestnut-burrs.

The glossy brown nuts were just peeping from their snug quarters, like tiny birds in a nest, and looked very tempting in their pale green and gold setting among the fading and falling leaves.

Every season brought its own pleasures for the Bunnies, from their first search for pussy-willows and arbutus in the spring, through all the changing months of flowers and fruits and summer picnics, to the gathering of the bright-colored autumn leaves, and the nutting parties; then came the coasting and skating, and the long winter evenings for reading and story-telling, until spring came again.

Next to a picnic, the Bunnies enjoyed a nutting party, for, besides the fun, it seemed like a pleasant way of saying good-bye to the woods and the hedges, before they laid aside their beautiful leafy robes, and the winter came to bring them their snowy gowns for a long winter's sleep.

The Bunnies had waited a long time for the chestnuts to ripen, and for nearly a week they had been impatiently counting the days until Saturday should come round to give them a holiday from school.

When the longed-for day came at last, they woke in the morning to find the rain falling steadily, and they felt almost like crying over their disappointment.

Cousin Jack said it might clear off by noon; but, in spite of their hoping and watching, the clouds thickened and the wind blew in fitful gusts, beating the pretty leaves from the trees, and making everything out-of-doors seem gloomy and uncomfortable.

When they heard the Deacon say it was "prob-

ably the Line-storm and might last a week," the Bunnies grumbled and said it was too bad to have their fun spoiled after waiting so long.

Cousin Jack saw their glum faces and said cheerily, "Well, well, I think we can bear the storm, if the poor birds and other shelterless creatures can; and I never heard of their scolding about the weather. Besides," he added, "this storm is saving us trouble."

Bunnyboy asked if he did not mean making trouble instead of saving it, and Cousin Jack replied, "I mean *saving* us trouble, for the best time to go chestnutting is after a hard storm, when the wind and rain have beaten off the nuts, and saved the trouble and risk of clubbing the trees or climbing them to knock off the opening burrs. We shall probably get there as soon as anybody," he added, "and find rare picking when we do."

This made the Bunnies a little more cheerful; and later in the day, when, tired of reading and playing games, they found Cousin Jack in a cosy corner in the library, they began to coax him for a story.

Cousin Jack was never happier than at such times, when, with Cuddledown on his knee, and the other Bunnies gathered around him, he would say, "Well, well, I will put on my thinking-cap and see what will come."

Cuddledown wished for a new story about the "good fairies," but Bunnyboy said he did not believe there were any real fairies, and asked Cousin Jack if he had ever seen any.

Cousin Jack said there were different kinds of fairies, but the only kind he had ever seen were what Bunnyboy called "real fairies," and he had known several in his life.

"Please tell us about the ones you have really seen," said Brownny.

Cousin Jack replied, "I will try to do so, but you must remember that my fairies are real, every-day fairies, and not the story-book kind who are supposed to do impossible things and live in a fairy-land, instead of an every-day, rain or shine, world like ours."

Pinkeyes moved a little nearer to him and asked,

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"Is it wrong to like the story-book fairies? They always seem to be trying to help those who are in trouble, and they make me wish to be like them."

Cousin Jack gave her a very tender glance as he answered, "No harm at all, my dear, and I am glad you asked, for I did not mean to say anything against any kind of good influences which make us wish to be kinder or more thoughtful of others."

"I meant," said he, "only that I had met with some real, helpful fairies who live in the same world we live in, and," he added, with a smile, "I am sitting very near one of that kind now."

Brownie looked up and quickly said, "Oh, you mean Pinkeyes; but she is no fairy at all; she is only the best sister in all the world. Please begin the story!"

"Well, once upon a time —" said Cousin Jack.

"Oh, skip that back number," interrupted Bunnyboy, who was just beginning to use slang phrases and thought it knowing instead of vulgar.

"Well, what if it is?" asked Cousin Jack, good-naturedly. "Who knows how this story begins, if I do not?"

Bunnyboy said, "I beg your pardon, but could you please begin at the real interesting part of the story and save time? I am tired of these opening chapters."

"I do not blame you," said Cousin Jack; "life is short and youth is impatient; let me begin again."

"Many years ago," he continued, "there was a harum-scarum young Bunny, whose story-name we will call Rab."

"Rab was an orphan; at least he thought he was, for the family with whom he lived told him his father and mother had died of a terrible fever in the South, when he was only three or four years old."

"Sometimes, at night, when Rab was lying awake, alone in the dark, he used to fancy he could remember living in another home very different from the place in which he now lived. The neighbors called his present home the 'Poor Farm.'"

"Then there seemed to have been some one whom he called 'Papa,' who brought Rab toys and playthings, and carried him up and down stairs on his back, playing horse and rider."

"At such times he thought he could still remember the sweet face and gentle voice of some one who was always near him, — the first in the morning and the last at night to kiss him and call him her 'precious child.'"

"Many a night when these fancies came into his mind, they made him feel so lonely and homesick that he would cry until he fell asleep and dream that he had found both father and mother again and was the happiest Bunny in the world."

had off and they
"But in the morning when he wicket was drying, him was so different from his dreal~~ed~~ me," said seemed as strange and far away as the stains.' had gone with the night. ears

"In the daytime he was so busy doing odd jobs, running on errands, or getting into some new mischief, that he forgot all about any other troubles but his present ones."

"Rab was active and restless, and was almost sure to get into some kind of trouble if the day was long enough."

"If he was sent to rake up the yard and burn the rubbish, he built the bonfire so near the house or stables that when the wind changed, as it usually did, he had to call for help to put out the fire."



RAB DUCKS THE WRONG HEN.

"If he was sent to hunt for hens' nests in the barn, he often tore his clothes by clambering into some out-of-the-way place un-

der the roof to play at having a house of his own, or to carry out some other queer notion that came into his head."

"When he was told he might duck a certain hen in the trough, to break her of setting, he usually ducked the wrong hen, or fell into the water himself in his eagerness. The master of the farm used to say he would almost rather have a hurricane on the place once a week than to have that harum-scarum Rab try to do anything useful."

"Rab used to think that scolding or fault-finding was a way some persons chose to enjoy themselves, and that grumbling was so easy that almost any one could do it and hardly make an effort; and so he kept out of the way as much as possible."

"One day, Rab found a place where a hen had made her nest in the dry grass, under some bushes, quite a long way from the barn."

"There was only one egg in the nest, and, as Rab was not sure it was a good one, he left it there and waited until the next day."

"When he went again to look there was another egg in the nest, and as no one else knew about it, and because he thought it would be fun to keep the hen's secret with her, he said nothing, but watched from day to day until there were six large, white eggs in the nest."

"Rab knew that Peddler Coon, who came

wn with his cracker-cart every week, for eggs from the neighbors in exchange for crackers and cookies.

Rab liked sweet cakes as well as any other Bunny, but he rarely had a taste of any cakes or cookies at the farm.

"He knew how good Peddler Coon's cookies tasted, for he had seen Rey Fox, and his sister Silva, buy them with pennies, and once Silva had given him some of hers.

"Every time he looked at the nest, he thought of Peddler Coon's cookies, and wondered how many he could buy with an egg. At first he only wished that the eggs belonged to him, and that he could buy cookies with them.

"Then he began to wonder if any one would know if he should take one or two of them. Something in his heart kept whispering, 'It is wrong—they are not yours—you must not take them,' but at last he thought so much about the cookies that it seemed as if he must have some. The only way to get them was to rob the nest.

"He made it seem easier to himself by saying he would take only one, and that the hen would lay another the next day, and no one would know.

"The next time he heard Peddler Coon's horn in the street he waited for an opportunity, and stealing quietly to the nest in the bushes he took an egg, and, hiding it carefully in his jacket-pocket, he ran off down street, out of sight from the house, to wait for the cart to come.

"Rab felt guilty, and it seemed to him as if every one was watching him. This uncomfortable thought made him so excited that he forgot to look carefully before him as he ran.

"On turning a corner, and trying to look over his shoulder at the same time, to see whether the cart was coming, he tripped and fell flat upon the ground.

"The egg, which was still in his pocket, was crushed into a shapeless mass, and Rab knew his chance for cookies was gone, and that he was in difficulties besides.

"In trying to get the broken egg from his pocket, he smeared his hands and jacket; and the more he tried the more the egg-stain spread, until

it looked as if he had been trying to paint a golden sunset on one side of his jacket.

"What to do next, puzzled him. His first thought was to go back and try to explain the accident by telling a lie about how the egg came in his pocket.

"Rab never had told a lie in his life, but it now seemed to him that, having begun by stealing the egg, the easiest way out of the scrape was to lie.

"The more he thought about it, the harder the case seemed to grow. He wondered whether the master would believe his story if he made up one. If he did not believe it, would he flog him until he owned to the truth, and then flog him again for both stealing and lying?

"Then he began to pity himself, and to wish that he had a father or mother to help him out of his trouble.

"This made him wonder what they would think of their little Rab, if they were alive, and knew he was beginning to steal and tell lies, and the shame of it almost broke his heart.

"He crept behind a stone wall, out of sight, and lay down to have a good cry before deciding what to do."

"Where does the fairy come in? Is n't it almost time for one?" asked Brownny, with his eyes full of sympathy for Rab.

"Yes," replied Cousin Jack, "the fairy was just coming that way, and she was one of the sweetest little fairies you ever heard of, in or out of a story-book.

"She was a graceful young fairy, with a gentle face and large, tender, brown eyes, very much like your Mother Bunny's.

"As she was passing, she heard some one sobbing behind the low wall, and, stopping to look over the wall, she saw poor Rab lying there with the hot tears streaming down his face.

"What is the matter, little Bunny; why are you hiding there and crying so bitterly?" asked the fairy.

"Rab brushed the tears away with the sleeve of his jacket, and replied, 'Because I am unhappy; please go away!'

"Reaching out her hand to him, the fairy said, 'That is a good reason why I should not go away, and leave you alone. If you are unhappy you must be in trouble, so please get up and tell me about it, and let me try to comfort you.'

"The fairy's manner was so kind and friendly that Rab thanked her, and, getting up from the ground, he said, 'You are very kind, but you do not know what I have done. I ought to go back to the farm and be flogged, instead of being comforted by you, and I will go now.'

"Oh! do not say that,' said the fairy. 'If



RAB STEALS AN EGG.

your trouble is so bad, you must come home with me and see my mother. She will help you if any one can.'

"Rab looked at his soiled jacket, and blushed as he said, 'Oh, no! I am ashamed to be seen, or to speak to any one.'

"'But you need not be afraid of my mother,' replied the fairy; 'she knows just what every one



HAZEL FAWN FINDS RAB.

needs who is in trouble, so come with me and I will help you clean your jacket, and mother will tell you what is best to do.'

"Taking his hand, she urged him gently, and, almost in spite of himself, Rab yielded and went with her.

"On the way the fairy told him her name was Hazel Fawn, and that she lived in the Deer Cottage with her mother, Mrs. Deer.

"She did not ask him any questions, but when they reached the cottage she said simply to her mother, 'Here 's a little Bunny who is in trouble. I thought you could help him if he would tell you about it, while I am cleaning his jacket.'

"Mother Deer said kindly: 'I am glad to see you, Rab, for I have heard about you, and know where you live. You must trust me as you would your own mother, and let me help you just as she would wish to, if she were here.'

"Then she showed him where he could wash the egg-stains from his hands, and helped him take off his jacket.

"Hazel took the jacket and left the room, without waiting to hear what Rab should tell her mother, because she thought he might not wish to have any one else hear his story.

"Mother Deer asked him to sit by her side, and told him not to worry about his jacket, for Hazel

would soon have the stains washed off and they would have a little talk while the jacket was drying.

"'It is n't the jacket that troubles me,' said Rab, 'it is ever so much worse than egg-stains.'

"Then he bravely tried to hold back his tears while he told her the whole truth, from the day he first found the nest to his taking the egg, the accident which followed, and even about his first plan of telling a lie to save himself from being found out.

"There were tears in Mother Deer's eyes as she said to him, 'I am sorry for you, Rab, but it might be worse, and I am glad you came to me.'

"'It is hard for a little Bunny, like you, to begin life all alone, without a kind father or mother to watch over you, and I only wonder how such little homeless waifs do as well as you do.'

"'I have known many homes,' Mother Deer continued, 'where everything that love and patience could do was done for the little ones, and in spite of it all they would go astray and grieve everybody by their waywardness and wrong-doing.'

"Rab hid his face in her lap and cried softly, but Mother Deer took his hand in hers and said cheerfully, 'You must not be discouraged; you have done wrong; but you can do right about it, and I am sure you will, for you have been brave and honest to tell me the truth, and have not tried to spare yourself as many might have done.'

"Now, I will tell you what we will do. I will write a note to the master of the farm and tell him what I think of a Bunny who wishes to do right, and you must go to him and tell the whole story, just as you have told it to me.

"Whatever he may think best to do about it, you must bear as bravely as you can, for that is your part of the matter.

"'It is not always easy,' Mother Deer went on, 'to be brave when one is right; but it takes more nerve and real courage to be brave and truthful when we know we are in the wrong.'

"Rab looked up into her kind face and said, 'No one ever talked so to me before, and I will do just what you have told me to do, no matter what comes. I am not afraid of a flogging, now, if you will only think I do not mean to be bad any more.'

"Mother Deer kissed him and said, 'You may be sure I will, Rab,' and just then Hazel came in with the jacket, clean and dry, and a big bunch of grapes which she had saved for him.

"Hazel walked part of the way with him, as he went back to the farm, and when she bade him good-night, Rab said, 'You and your mother must be my good fairies, for no one else ever helped me out of my troubles as you have done.'

"Then Rab went directly to the master and told him all about finding the nest and what had

followed, and gave him the note Mother Deer had written.

"The master read the note and then said, 'Well, youngster, you have told me a straight story, and if you will show me the nest, I will call it even for the broken egg.'

"I should not wonder," he added, "if it proved fortunate all round, after all. Mrs. Deer seems to think there is something in you besides mischief and thieving, and she says she would like to have you come and live with her, to work about the cottage, and go to school."

"Rab did not know what to say except 'Thank you, sir,' but he went to bed with a truly thankful heart that night.

"A few days later Rab went to the Deer Cottage to live, and the two good fairies, who had helped him out of his trouble, made his new home so happy, for the next few years, that he grew to be a very different Bunny from the harum-scarum Rab of the Poor Farm."

"Is that all?" asked Brownny. Cousin Jack did not reply, but Cuddledown looked over to Bunnyboy and asked, "What do you think about 'real fairies' now?"

Bunnyboy answered, "I should like to know what became of Hazel Fawn."

"I thought so," said Cuddledown, "for you are always liking some one who is not your sister."

Bunnyboy blushed but said nothing, and Pink-eyes, who had sat quietly while the others asked questions, turned to Cousin Jack and said, "I think I know what you mean by calling Hazel and Mother Deer 'good fairies.' You mean that we can all be good fairies to others who are unfortunate or in any kind of trouble, if we try to be gentle and patient and helpful when we have a chance."

Cousin Jack nudged Brownny, and slyly asked, "Who said Pinkeyes was no fairy at all? If it takes a rogue to find out a rogue, surely a fairy is the best one to find out another fairy, and Pink-eyes is right."

Then, turning to Pinkeyes, he said, "That is just what the story means, if it means anything."

Brownny fidgeted a minute, and then asked Cousin Jack, "How did you find out all about this Rab? Did you ever know such a Bunny?"

"That is a secret," said Cousin Jack, "which perhaps I will tell you some other time. All I will say now is that Mother Deer and Hazel Fawn were not the only 'good fairies' who came into Rab's life to brighten and gladden his other dark days—just as this sunshine has come to cheer us, while I have been telling his story to you."

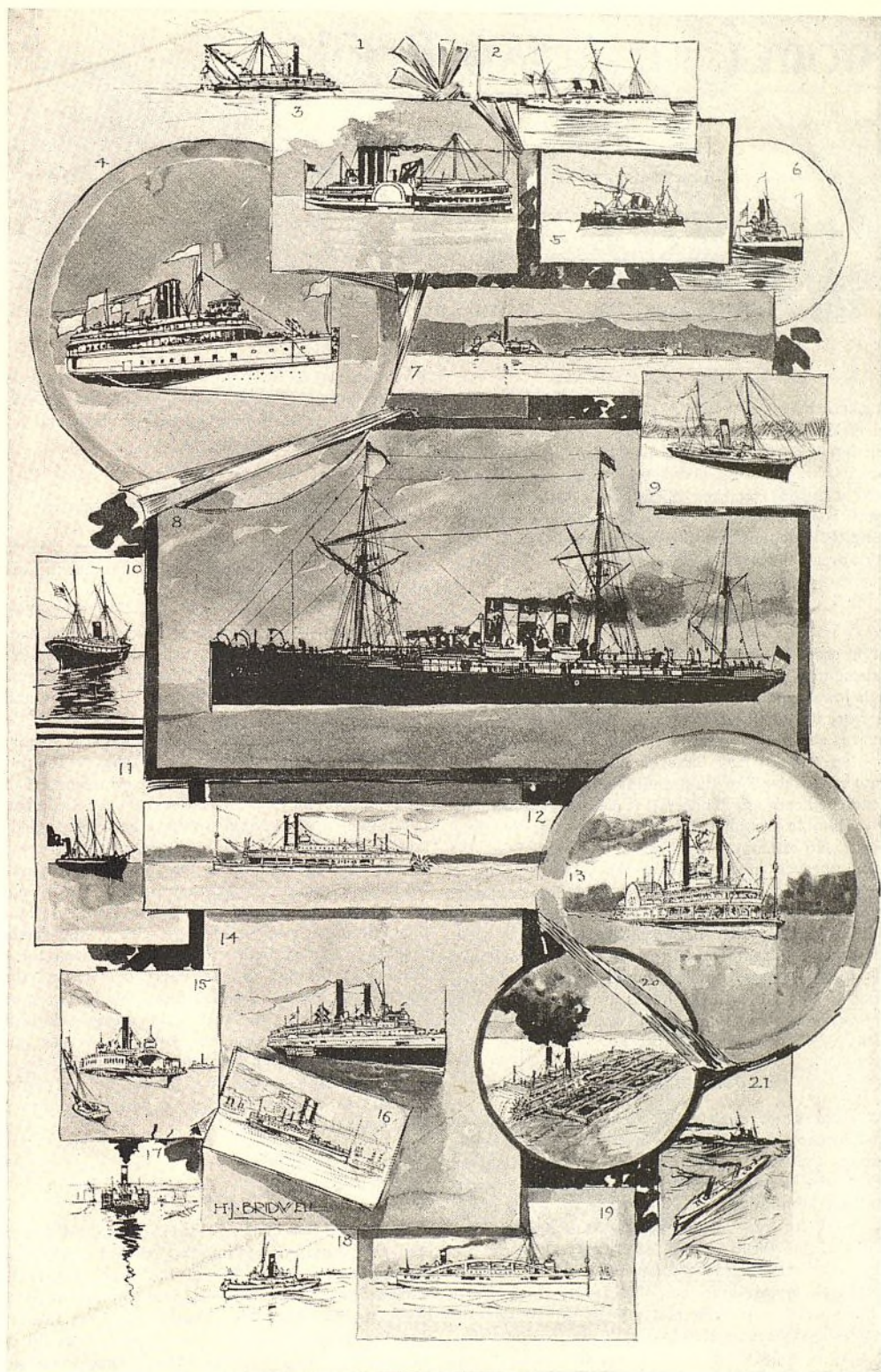
And, indeed, the dark clouds had rolled away and the sun was shining again, and the Bunnies forgot the disappointment of the morning in making new plans for a chestnutting party for another day.



A PAGE OF BOATS.

(See picture opposite.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Dredge-boat. | 11. Steam Barge. |
| 2. Cruiser. | 12. Ohio River Stern-wheeler. |
| 3. Day-boat on the Hudson. | 13. Mississippi Steamer. |
| 4. Sound Steamer. | 14. Lake Steamer. |
| 5. Iron-clad. | 15. New York Ferryboat. |
| 6. Revenue Steamer. | 16. Western Ferryboat. |
| 7. Towing on the Hudson. | 17. Abroad. |
| 8. An Atlantic "Liner." | 18. Ocean-going Tug. |
| 9. Steam Yacht. | 19. Lake Propeller. |
| 10. Coast-going Steamer. | 20. Towing on the Ohio. |
| 21. Torpedo-boat | |



A PAGE OF BOATS.

From Our Scrap-Book



ELECTRICITY FOR SNAKES.

A REPORT comes by way of Germany that a novel use of electricity has been made in India for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid, connected with an electrical apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires he receives a shock of electricity, which either kills or frightens him into a hasty retreat.—*Portland Transcript*.

MINUTE SCREWS.

It is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel-wheel screw is almost invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; magnified by a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are four-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double; it is said that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold many thousands of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place one hundred of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is estimated by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, ten thousand at a time.—*Electrical Review*.

SAND-DRIFTS.

DRY, loose sand, wherever it occurs, is constantly being shifted by the wind, and often buries cultivated lands, buildings, and forests. On the shores of Lake Michigan are drifts one hundred feet deep, and those of Cornwall reach three hundred feet in depth, while the drifts of the Gobi desert are forty miles long and nine hundred feet high in places. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay the drifting sand travels inland sixteen feet a year, in parts of Denmark twenty-four feet, and in Southern India seventeen yards. In some places walls and barriers of vegetation have been created to stop the destroying drifts. Fine sand is taken up to a great height in the air, and deposited many miles away. In 1882, Iceland was visited

by a remarkable sand-storm, lasting two weeks, which hid the sun and objects a few yards off like a dense fog, and caused the death of thousands of sheep and horses.—*Portland Transcript*.

A COUNTRY CORONER'S VERDICT.

THE result of a post-mortem examination to determine the cause of death, enabled a certain coroner in Connecticut to return the following verdict:

"The autopsy of the body of ———, made by Drs. ——— and ———, showed satisfactorily that the suspicious clean cut, near an inch in length, on the left side through the vest and shirts and the integuments of the body, was arrested by one of the ribs, and did not enter the thorax, and was not a cause of death; nor was there any wound that might cause death anywhere on the body (besides the injuries by the train of cars, believed to be the ten o'clock P. M. steamboat train), unless upon the head, which was so crushed that any fatal injury upon it could not have been discovered with any certainty—leaving the case enveloped in mystery: how a man so intoxicated that he went on a railroad track a half a mile, in a contrary direction from his home, not knowing where, and yet was able in the darkness of the night under a covered bridge, with nothing but cross-timbers to step on, between which by a misstep he would have gone through into the river below; and then to have placed himself safely, lying at his length upon the cross-timbers, near the end of the bridge—for, had he been standing, the engineer would have seen him by means of the headlight, anywhere upon the bridge, well-nigh inextricable—so that if he was not so placed for the cars to conceal a felony, it becomes a nine-days' wonder how he got there."

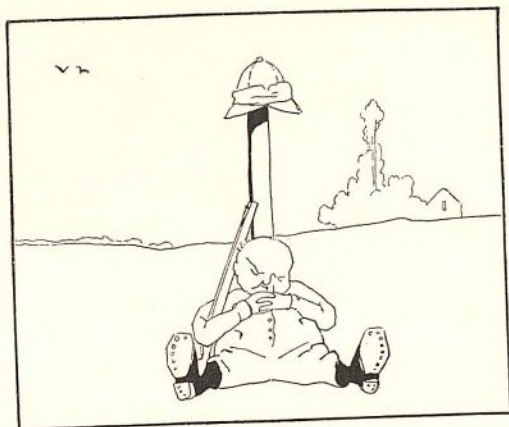
QUICK AND STRONG.

DYNAMITE is so instantaneous in its action that a green leaf can be compressed into the hardest steel before it has time to flatten. One of the experiments at the United States Torpedo Works was to place some leaves between two heavy, flat pieces of iron, set them on a firm foundation, and see what gun-cotton would do in forcing the iron pieces together. A charge was placed upon them by compressing the gun-cotton into a cylin-

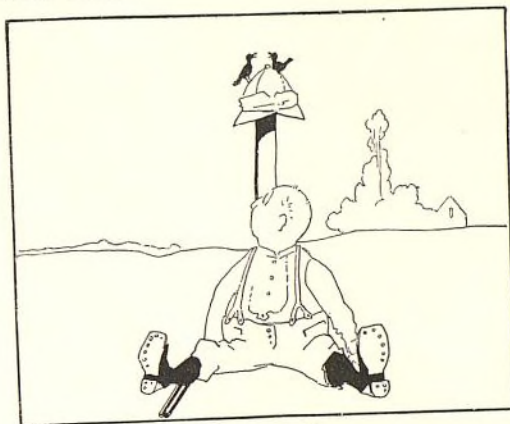
drical form about one inch thick and three or four inches in diameter, through the center of which a hole is made for a cap of fulminate of mercury, by which the gun-cotton is exploded. The reaction was so great, from merely

being exploded in the open air, that one of the iron pieces was driven down upon the other so quickly, and with such force, that it caught an impression of the leaves before they could escape.—*Portland Transcript.*

A STORY THAT TELLS ITSELF.



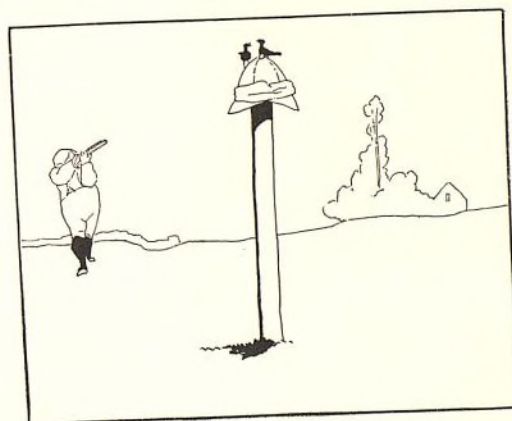
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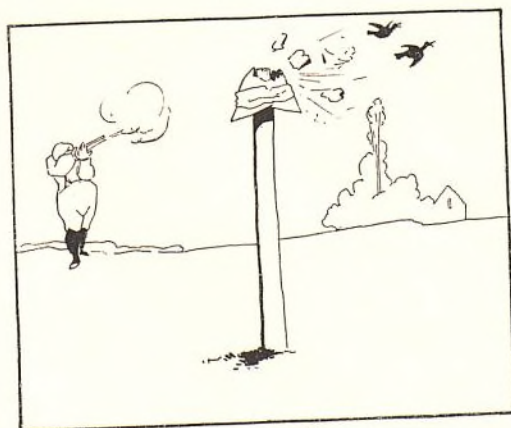
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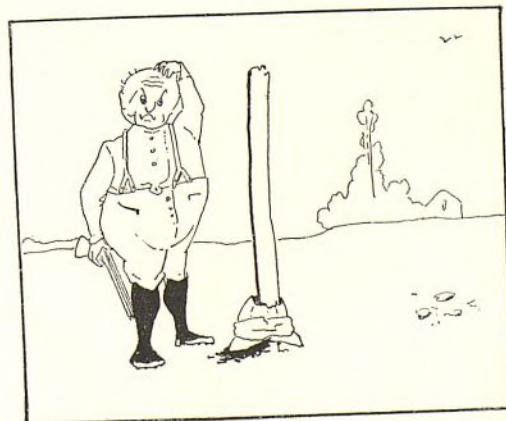
CHAPTER III.



CHAPTER IV.



CHAPTER V.



CHAPTER VI.

A CLOSE CORPORATION.

BY RUTH PUTNAM.

SEVEN little girls were having a solemn meeting. It was no light and trivial matter that was occupying their minds. Indeed, to judge by their faces you would have thought that by some strange and unexpected turn of the wheel of Fate, the direction of the affairs of state had fallen into their hands, so careworn and solemn were their expressions. They were about to undertake a mighty enterprise. They were to start a paper. After some discussion as to the proper mode of beginning, one little girl said she was sure the first thing was to choose a president — wherever her papa went they always did that. Nothing could ever be done without a president, “especially in a republic, where there is n’t a king,” she added. Her sister Clara said yes; Edith did n’t usually know much about useful things, but she was right that time, and besides the president, they must have two “vices,” a treasurer, a writing person, whose name she could n’t remember, and a committee. The memory of the others supplied the name of secretary, and suggested that “vices” were really presidents when the other one could n’t come. They then proceeded to have an election. Eva was elected president. “She is n’t quite the oldest, but her name is such a very ancient one,” remarked Edith. Clara was chosen secretary; Lucy, treasurer; Edith and Alice, “vices”; and the two others, a committee; so that each one was dignified with an office. Then the matter was thoroughly discussed. They decided on *The Rose* as the name of the paper. Each one had the right to bring her own contributions.

“But, of course, there must n’t be too many long stories,” said Edith. “It will take a long time to publish my ‘Egyptian Adventures,’ and there is never more than one long story in a magazine.”

“We can have two poems a number,” said the president, whose age was twelve; “and I should say that we ought generally to let Agnes have one of those, because, of course, she belongs — even if she is ‘way off in the Western Hemisphere.”

“Well, I *do* think,” broke in Cora, rather derisively. “Are n’t we all in the Western Hemisphere? You’d better study geography.”

“Is n’t California more in the Western Hemisphere than New York is?” asked the president, meekly.

This brought on a discussion not pertinent to the new magazine, in which the more practical Clara came out strong, and finally demonstrated, by means of a half-eaten apple, that if you were *there*, you *were* there, and “you could n’t be any more than that!” as she added, triumphantly.

Their first plan was to write out their magazines, each one doing three, and they thought they might have twenty-one subscribers.

I should mention that Agnes, then in California, had been a former schoolmate of the small group, and was to be associated in the enterprise, but, of course, she could not aid in the labor of it.

Well, they also arranged that each one should write to her friends and ask them to subscribe. The proceeds, after expenses, were to go to the poor.

“Naturally,” said Cora, “it will be like a grown-up party — we must invite a great many more than we expect to come.”

Then they separated, after composing the first number from copy already on hand.

It was a busy week for the editorial staff. The twenty-one numbers were copied, but the ink was obstreperous, the pens were filled with evil spirits, and sometimes little sisters *would* joggle the tables at critical moments so that horrid big blots would appear on the laboriously written pages, and the work of an hour or more would be destroyed. Ah, the lot of editor and printer combined was not an easy one!

Finally, some grown-up person suggested that a poor deaf-mute in the village had a printing-press upon which he was in the habit of printing programmes, bill-heads, etc., and that perhaps he would print their paper cheaply. This individual was visited, and after a lively pantomimic conversation with the finger alphabet, which one of the little girls knew, they made a favorable bargain with him.

So now, instead of twenty-one subscribers, they could have fifty. Oh, it would be splendid! — and they would have to correct proof!

The letters were written to their friends in New York, and then came several days of happy anticipation in which they saw the subscription mount to one hundred names, imagined the money pouring into the treasury, and planned out all the good they could do for the poor, next Christmas. Then, too,

they made up their next number from Edith's somewhat grimy store and the cherished productions of the others.

At the end of the week, Clara received the following letter from her cousin in New York:

"DEAR CLARA: My little friend, Ada Crosswell, and I are going for the same subject as you, to help poor people. We are going to work real hard, whenever there is something to do, so that we can earn some money, and, as she goes to Sunday-school, she will give it there.

"About your magazine, I do not care so much for that, but, as I am fond of writing, I will give you another plan.

"Suppose I am to give you five cents instead of ten, and instead of taking the magazine, I would like to write stories for it, if you have no objection. But, of course, if you would rather not, why just say so. I will renew my old stories, and give you my best.

"Good-bye, from your loving cousin, GERTRUDE."

This was not altogether satisfactory to Clara as she read it, and she proceeded at once to call a meeting extraordinary.

It was a stormy session. The idea had never entered their editorial heads that other contributions than their own should appear in their precious periodical. Clara thought the fact that this was their cousin ought to have some weight. But Eva suggested that perhaps all their cousins might write, and sometimes one's friends were just the same, and more, too, than one's cousins. And—if every one wrote, what would the poor editors do with all *their* things? The question was left unsettled.

The next mail brought the following letter from Elise, another cousin of Edith and Clara, in Newport.

"MY DEAR CLARA: We would be delighted to take the paper, but I wish I could write some stories for it; would you mind if I wrote a story for this next month's paper, and if it is not nise enough please tell me would you mind having me write for the paper. If you would not like it write and tell me. I think it would be a great deal of fun to write for the paper. I will write this short story, and if you would not want me to write for it don't hesitate to tell me, because I suppose you have enough. Good-bye, from
ELISE."

This letter was discussed as hotly as Gertrude's had been. The board were not quite so indignant, because no reduction in subscription-price was asked, and the whole tone of the letter was more modest. But they became more and more convinced that, however good the articles might be, they really and truly had no use for them—"because," as Edith remarked plaintively, looking at her beloved pile of MSS. before her (she had brought it to the meeting to put certain arti-

cles to vote), "We will just have to put all our own things away again, and all the proof we read will be other people's work. Oh, it will be *horrid!*"

The following morning another letter arrived for Clara, from Winifred in the city:

"DEAR CLARA: I think your idea of a real printed magazine is just splendid, and I will be glad to take it. I suppose you know that I can write poetry; things about ghosts and water-witches and splendid weird things are what I like best. If you have any room in your paper I could let you have them. Of course, I would n't charge anything, because you are going to give the money to the poor, and I'd like to help do that.

"Your friend, WINIFRED."

Then came a letter from Agnes, inclosing two poems, three rebuses, one charade, and some chapters of a continued story by herself. After mentioning these inclosures, she went on to say, "I know three real nice girls in San Francisco who think they could write some stories and poetry if you would like them to. I send you some of my writings. The rest are locked up in Mamma's trunk. I'll send them along with the girls' stories."

Clara carried the two communications to the meeting and read them aloud. A dead silence fell upon the assembly, and then Edith burst into tears and said, trying to pull her handkerchief through the mass of papers in her pocket, "It is *too* dreadful to have to say 'No' to Agnes—but, *all* the girls in *all* California!—Oh, that is *too much!*" and she sobbed bitterly until she discovered that she had drawn out a MS. with her handkerchief, and that her tears were fast effacing the writing. She borrowed another handkerchief, rushed to the window, and was so absorbed in trying to dry her beloved paper in the sun, and to replace the blotted-out words, that she took no further part in the discussion that day.

But the discussion was continued without her and became very serious. For they began to feel more and more the weight of their enterprise—now that so many people wished to share in it. At last, it was solemnly decided to announce to the world that, for a year at least, theirs was to be a close corporation. *Perhaps*, when they had used up *all* they had written, they would take the *best* their friends could write.

So, next year there may be a chance for some of you to become contributors to *The Rose*.

This all happened in America. I write this in France, and here I find that the presents liked best for Christmas, by the little French girls whom I know, are blank books in which to write their poems and stories.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MOUNT VERNON ON THE POTOMAC, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my older sister wrote to you last year, I will contribute a letter this year. They are now restoring the slave-quarters here at Mount Vernon, the money for which was raised by the school-children of Kansas; and, after the slave-quarters are finished, all the buildings that were here in Washington's time will be restored. On one side of this building is a white marble slab, and inscribed on it is the following: "Restored by the Schools of Kansas, 1889." I think the school-children of the United States have done very well for Mount Vernon,—for the summer-house was rebuilt by the school-children of Louisiana. On the Fourth of July the tomb was decorated beautifully. The most prominent and beautiful wreath was presented by the President and Mrs. Harrison. We are so fond of the ST. NICHOLAS that whenever it comes we have a regular scramble to settle which shall read it first. It has been kindly presented to us for three or four years.

Sincerely your little friend,
ANNA HOWELL D—.

HAIKU MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the Sandwich Islands, and the people are not cannibals, but mostly white people. There are eight races of people here. My father and mother are Americans, but I was born here. I have a sister who is a year younger than myself, and three brothers. My oldest brother is in Yale College. I am ten years old.

I have a little garden. It has a La France rose bush, nasturtiums, marigolds, morning-glories, dahlias, mignonette, and other flowers.

There are palm-trees and date-palms in our yard. Our date-palms have borne dates before. The pine-apples do not grow on trees but near the ground; first the leaves grow out of the ground, and then the pine-apple grows out of the middle.

There are no elephants here, nor bears, nor monkeys. Mamma and Papa take the ST. NICHOLAS here.

This is the first letter that I have ever written to you. Once a lady wrote in a paper that there were monkeys here when there are not.

Your loving friend, GRACE D—.

RIPON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love your fine magazine dearly, and we would all find it very hard to part with you. I attend the public school.

Ripon, my native town, is a very pretty place of over four thousand inhabitants and contains a fine college. My two sisters, who are both older than I, attend Ripon College, which has about three hundred scholars. Commencement is the event of the season and lasts about a week.

The last day of May we had a snow-storm, which seemed rather out of place at that time of the year.

We live in a large white house on Main Street, facing

two streets, with a fine lawn where we have a croquet-set. Among my favorite authors are Bayard Taylor, Miss Holmes, Miss Alcott, and Mrs. Wister.

I am very fond of music and take lessons on the piano, and I also write many stories.

A paper in Milwaukee offered ten prizes in gold for the best original stories by children in Wisconsin, between the ages of ten and sixteen. One hundred and twenty-seven stories were sent in; and I wrote one, receiving the eighth prize, of five dollars, which I thought was quite a beginning for a young writer.

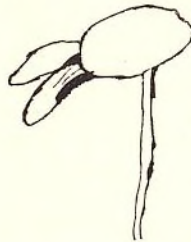
Your sincere reader, MARY LILLIAN S—.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I have a little brother, five years old. I like "A Bit of Color." What do you like best? My little brother likes the "Bunny Stories." He is particularly fond of "Cuddledown."

The other day he was playing with some daisies, when suddenly he said, "Oh, Mamma! here is Cuddledown." We looked and saw that he had pulled all the white petals off a daisy but two, and they looked just like the Bunny's ears. I will show you by a picture. In this way he made the whole of the Bunny family.

Your little reader,
BERTHA C. F—.



RIPON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Fort Keogh, Montana, but two years ago my Mamma died and I came here to stay with my aunt and to go to college. I am thirteen years old and study commercial law and botany. The only pet I have is a baby brother who will be two years old the fifth of next month. Don't you think he is a pretty nice pet? My Papa is a captain in the Twenty-second Regiment of United States Infantry, and is stationed at Fort Keogh, Montana.

He was stationed at Fort Lewis, Colorado, before Mamma died, and then he was ordered to Fort Keogh, and last summer I visited him, and liked it better than I did Fort Lewis.

I will try to describe the fort as accurately as possible. There is a parade-ground where the soldiers drill, and around that are the officers' and soldiers' quarters, and back of them are the graveyard, the store-houses, the Northern Pacific Railroad, the trader-store and post-office, the bowling-alley, depot, and the post gardens.

There is a wagon road that goes to Miles City, two and a half miles from the fort. You have to cross the Yellowstone River on the way, and in one fording-place there is a ferry that you can go over on when the river is high, but no citizen can cross without paying, because it is for the soldiers when they go to town.

Your loving reader, FRANK B. K—.

BRADFORD, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps the readers of your excellent magazine would like to hear about the kindness and sagacity of a bird. One day my sister's friend pointed out to her a bird on the top of a lower part of the house; it appeared to have fallen from the nest and hurt itself very much. My sister and her friend threw some bread on the house-top, but it could not reach it. By and by another bird came and took up some bread in its bill and fed the other bird.

I am, your interested reader, ANN B—.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for eight years, and I have you bound every year. I always have a private jig in the hall as soon as your delightful magazine arrives. I have no brothers or sisters, so I can have you all to myself. My favorite stories are: "His One Fault," "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Sara Crewe." I remain, as ever,

A DEVOTED READER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since I was a little boy. I am, thirteen years old. I am reading one of Cooper's novels, "The Spy," and I like it very much. The boys where I live have formed a walking club, and we walk all around; and in the winter we have a skating club, and we have a park on the Mohawk River.

Yours truly, JOHN K. P—, JR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As no letters have ever been received by you from our house, I thought I would write one.

I am a little girl, twelve years old. I weigh eighty-one pounds, and I am just as well as I can be all the time.

And when I go to bed it seems only a minute before morning, because I sleep so soundly.

Mamma has taken your interesting magazine ever since 1878, and she had it bound for three years.

Most of the numbers of '85-'86 were lost, and so we could not have them bound.

My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Eye-bright," "Juan and Juanita," and "His One Fault."

I was almost forgetting to tell you about my dolls, which I call my "Happy Family," because I have so many of them. I make all their clothes myself, but Mamma cuts the patterns.

I am very much interested in the "Letter-box," and I read all the letters in it, and so I thought some of your other readers might like to read mine.

Hoping at some future time I will have something more interesting to tell you, I remain,

Your affectionate reader,
MINNA ELSIE W—.



LONGPORT, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer on the Jersey coast, and like it very much. We find many curious shells and sea-weed here, among which there is a fish that we find on the shore, called a "Portuguese man-of-war." It looks more like a soap-bubble than anything else, having the most radiant colors in it one can imagine. When these "men-of-war" are cut open, they resolve into nothing but bright colored foam.

I have taken your lovely magazine almost as long as there has been a ST. NICHOLAS, and love it dearly. I always wait with great impatience for the next number every month. I am, your devoted reader,

EDITH W—.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since November, 1879, I have been one of the many who have enjoyed your bright pages. And now that the tenth anniversary of our acquaintance has come, I want to express through the "Letter-box" my affection for you.

One of the best of your many good qualities is that you are so interesting to young and old alike.

I am one of your older readers, but have two small brothers who show a growing fondness for ST. NICHOLAS. Before long I expect to enter college.

Affectionately, H. V. R—.



LOS ANGELES, CAL.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have three rabbits. I have one four weeks old, that is my youngest; my second is two months old, and my third is about a year old.




I like the "Bunny" stories. I read them to my little brother every night. My rabbits are all named after the Bunny family, in the ST. NICHOLAS. With much love and best wishes, I remain, yours truly,


WINNIE B—.


We take pleasure in printing a reproduction of a clever little letter written and illustrated by a young friend, Master E. A. C.C. The letter is supposed to be addressed by a pet dog to its absent little mistress, and in the original the drawings are neatly colored.

My Dear Mistress
 I feel very sad to
 be here without you, and all I can
 do is to lie down like this until
 I get good and warm 
 and then lie down this way and
 go to sleep, but just as 
 I am fast asleep, ding-dong goes
 the door-bell, and of course I

have to run to the door this way
 and see who is there, if it's
 my darling Cleve I do
 this and jump up and
 down at a great rate.
 I run sit on his lap bite
 his ear and lick his nose,
 then I sit down this way and
 think until dinner time 

When the dinner bell rings up I
 jump and run to get something
 to eat. After dinner I go out
 walking with Cleve 
 Sundays I put on 
 my new harness and this is
 the way I look 

afternoons
 I am pretty sleepy and lie
 down like this 

when I
 hear them say it's time to go
 down stairs to bed I look like
 this  good bye

Bye



ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you since 1885, and I think there is no book like you. I was at first too little to read your stories, but Mamma used to read the children's stories to me.

I am now a boy of ten years, and, although quite young, I have lived in seven different cities, for my Papa is a railroad man, and railroad men are as bad as Methodist ministers for moving about.

We have always had you bound, and I have had all the stories read to me and enjoy them immensely. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" better than any you ever have published.

I am a choir-boy in St. Paul's church here, and I like it very much.

Your devoted reader,
 RAY S—.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old, and live in Montana, but I came here with my mamma and little brother, to visit one of my grandmas, who moved here two years ago, from Massachusetts. We came here the middle of last November. Last winter was the first one I ever experienced without snow.

I shall want to take you every year. I hope to earn money enough to pay for my next year's subscription.

Your new little friend,
 WM. MUNROE H—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Hattie D., Ida A., Rose D. F., Emil Edlstat, Emma Raynor, M. Clayton E., Carrie Davis, Miriam S., Honora Swartz, Edwin P., Esther W. Ayres, Anna Jones, Phenie King, Genevieve Fenton, Arthur R. Williams, Helen Spaulding, Z. Y. X., Anna A. Wayne, "Poppy," Grace H. Turnbull, Agnes A., Ethel A. Carter, E. B. Seaman, May Campbell, Alice Jenckes, Louise Clarke.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Met. 3. Merit. 4. Mercers. 5. Mercu-
rial. 6. Tiercel. 7. Tries. 8. Sal. 9. L.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS. From 1 to 10, Michaelmas; 11 to 20, Wel-
lington. Cross-words: 1. Makinaw. 2. Pinniped. 3. Pachalic.
4. Fishlike. 5. Fraction. 6. Petaline. 7. Locating. 8. Emaciate.
9. Chariots. 10. Parsnips.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. The scholar, without good breeding, is a
pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every
man disagreeable.

HOOR-GLASS. I. Centrals, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. galling.
2. prink. 3. oNe. 4. C. 5. nOd. 6. poLka. 7. eveNing.
II. Centrals, Ariosto. Cross-words: 1. carAvan. 2. meRit.
3. vIm. 4. O. 5. aSp. 6. otTer. 7. devOtee.

CHARADE. Yel-low.
COMPARISONS. 1. Bee, beer, beast. 2. Beau, bore, boast. 3. Fee,
fear, feast. 4. Go, gore, ghost. 5. Roe, roar, roast.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Fahrenheit. Cross-words:
1. treFoil. 2. monArch. 3. fisHers. 4. carRier. 5. nosEgay. 6.
spiNet. 7. cipHers. 8. shiElds. 9. pellCan. 10. cotTage.

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 JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—Maxie and
Jackspar.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Elaine Shirley, 1—Julia H. Wright, 1—
"Rats and Mice," 2—Annie E. H. Meyer, 2—Mary Tilton, 1—Dolly, 1—Dick, 1—Fannie and Katie, 7—"Cleopatra," 1—Alice
M. Renter, 1—Marian W. Little, 3—Grace B. Alvord, 2—Nanon, 6—Eleanor Clifford, 1—Susie Flanders, 1—Eleanor D., 1—
Helen Mencke, 2—Louise C. Gilpin, 1—Romona, 1—Carrie and Harry, 1—Clarice H. Lesser, 1—Edna Cohn, 1—"July," 2—
Bessie Hitchcock, 1—Mary E. Colston, 3—A. P. C. Ashhurst, 5—Nina Gray, 1—Anna W. Ashhurst, 7—J. F. McCabe, Jr., 1—
Arthur B. Lawrence, 5—Fannie B. Starr, 2—Cicely, 2—Edith B. Craig, 1—Emilie Magee, 3—Trio, 5—Edith Partello and Anna
Cochran, 1—Grace and Marion, 11—"Caroline Page," 2—Belle Larkin, 2—E. Wilson, 1—"Skipper," 3—G. E. M. and A. E. W.,
1—Harriet M. Burnett, 1—Anna Jones, 1—Elizabeth A. Adams, 1—Paul Forsyth, 1—Hattie Ungar, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—
Paul Reese, 9—Jeannie Ewing and Bettie V. H., 1—Marietta Ludington, 1—Harry F. Sewall, Jr., 3—Roberta S. Reitze, 1—"May
and 79," 11—Sara I. C., 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3—N. W. M. and M. L. A., 1—Helen Van Kleeck, 3—Julia M. Taylor, 4—"Mab
and Joker," 4—"Keturah and the Kid," 4—Emma V. Fish, 4—Gert and Fan, 4—Clara O., 10—"Grandma," 9—Elizabeth A.
Adams, 2—Lulu and Alice Schussler, 5—"A Family Affair," 13—"Le Feu Follet," 4—Jennie Yates, 6—Rose Hedges, 10—Carrie
Holzman, 3—L. and B. C., 2—Alice and Carleton, 12—"The Bears," 3—J. A. Anderson, 1—Venetia, 11—L. H. F. and Mistie, 7—
John W. Frothingham, Jr., 3—Charles Beaufort, 3—Ida Young, 1—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 9—Monell, 2—Helen
C. McCleary, 7—J. B. Swann, 12—Henry Guilford, 13—Edna Lawrence and Ora Cullings, 2—"Damon and Pythias," 10—Susy W.
Adams, 6—Alice McBurney, 1—Bella Myers, 1—Anita B. Carey, 7—May Martin, 4—Arthur G. Lewis, 8—Jo and I, 10—A. Fiske
and Co., 11—Mabel H. Chase, 7—Jennie C. Hanscom, 5—Percy and Maud Taylor, 5—B. M. French, 1—Hattie D., 1—Ida A., 1.

DIAMOND.

1. In jeopardy. 2. A field. 3. Creeping animals. 4. Amiable.
5. An old word meaning to travel over or through. 6. An acid made
from ambergris. 7. Killed. 8. A much used abbreviation. 9. In
jeopardy. C. B. D.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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I . . .
. * . .
. * * .
. . . 2 . . .
. * * .
. . . * .
. . . 3

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UPPER SQUARE: 1. A sketch. 2. A slender mark. 3. A feminine
name. 4. Tidy.

LOWER SQUARE: 1. A conjunction. 2. An animal. 3. The mace
of the nutmeg. 4. A character in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

From 1 to 2, a measure; from 2 to 3, limitation; from 1 to 3, a
water-fowl. JESSIE THOMAS.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters.
When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the
initial letters will spell the name of an English rural festival which
occurs in October.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fabulous monster with nine heads, of which
the middle one was immortal. 2. A lyric poet of Methymna whose
life is said to have been saved by dolphins. 3. The brother of
Romulus. 4. The goddess of the hearth. 5. The builder of the

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC. First row, Adaline; second row, lami-
nar; fifth row, donates; sixth row, entreat. Cross-words: 1. Allude;
2. Damson. 3. Amount. 4. Linear. 5. Invite. 6. Nausea.
7. Ernest.

PI. A golden haze conceals the horizon,
A golden sunshine slants across the meadows;
The pride and prime of summer-time is gone,
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Brandywine; finals, Whitefield.
Cross-words: 1. Bungalow. 2. Reproach. 3. Acephali. 4. Not-
wheat. 5. Disseize. 6. Yourself. 7. Winooski. 8. Inchoate.
9. Novercal. 10. Entomoid.

EASY RIDDLE. Mentz.

wooden horse of Troy. 6. A sea-nymph, famed for the sweetness
of her voice. 7. A fabled giant of ancient mythology. 8. A beauti-
ful youth who accompanied Hercules in the expedition of the Argo-
naunts. 9. A constellation named after a celebrated hunter in Greek
mythology. 10. The daughter of a king of Colchis, who was cele-
brated for her skill in magic. 11. One of the Muses.

CYRIL DEANE.

BURIED CITIES.

In each of the nine following sentences is concealed the name of a
city which is not in the United States. The initial letters of the nine
cities will spell the name of another city which is in the United States.

1. Caroline dances well on a smooth floor, but she can't on a rough,
poor one.
2. When you were in Rome was Lionel ill enough to cause much
anxiety?
3. Rex eternally talks of the great things he is going to do.
4. We put very cold, and even ice water, on our plants, but it does
not kill them.
5. The editor said to me, "MSS. require the same rates of post-
age as letters."
6. In spite of them all, I'm afraid your bulky letter will not be
mailed.
7. Am I enslaved to such a bad habit?
8. I told Eugenie to put the melon on ice to cool.
9. The dam, as custom prescribes, is made of rocks and mortar.

M. G. M.

PI.

STORHER dan sethorr won hte glitwith sclip
Eht sady, sa thorthug teh susten teag thye cowdr,
Dan remums mofer erh glenod crolla spils
Dan satyrs grothuh blubest-shifed, nad samon dualo,
Vase hewn yb stif eth remraw rai viceseed,
Nad, teasing phofule ot meso shredlect browe,
Hes elis no lowslip fo eth dafde sleave,
Adn riste het dol nutes vero rof na rhou.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

letters from 1 to 18 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a very famous English architect who was born on October 20, 1632.

ACROSTIC RIDDLE.

* * * * *

I WATCHED my first in lofty flight,
With sweetest song till out of sight.
My second, flying low, I found
With wings that did not leave the ground.
My third, whose wings we cannot see,
May yet take flight from you or me.
My fourth, though destitute of wings,
Flies high aloft but never sings.
Now, if my first you rightly name,
You'll find my initials spell the same.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and nine letters, and am a four-line stanza, by Barton.

My 90-6-72-21-105 is not right. My 40-57-45-96 are domestic fowls. My 83-65-99-53 is a set of horses. My 101-26-32-70-15 is favored. My 64-77-88-36-3-93 is a cupboard. My 97-8-63-47-68 is a kind of spice. My 1-24-43-29 is to try. My 33-50-73-86 is a song of praise. My 49-20-73-76-60-95 is a military term for a list of officers. My 12-69-55-17-108-51-22 is the cargo of a ship. My 56-102-10-58-84 is a high wind. My 81-98-109-71-62 is to destroy. My 42-2-91-38-74 is to moan. My 35-103-18-5-28 are trees of a certain kind. My 66-100-106-92 is a prognostic. My 31-75-16-9 is

the opposite of love. My 41-67-14-107-48 is to dwell. My 25-85-39-19-7 is a mark of distinction. My 11-46-94 is compensation for services. My 34-87-27 is a feminine name. My 78-54-37-44-89-4-30 is in opposition to. My 82-13-52-59-23-61-104-80 is a very large animal.

A HOLLOW SQUARE.

1	2
3	4
5	6
7	8
9	10
11	12
13	14

In the above hollow square the words read the same across and up and down.

From 1 to 2, to sprinkle; from 3 to 4, excuse; from 5 to 6, the sacred book of the Mohammedans; from 7 to 8, the catch of a buckle; from 9 to 10, having an arrangement by threes; from 11 to 12, corrodes; from 13 to 14, rambleth.

JENNIE M. THOMAS.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

In the following five sentences are concealed five words. In the sixth sentence is concealed a syllable, and in the seventh, a Roman numeral. The words, syllable, and letter, when rightly selected, may be placed so as to form a half-square.

1. If Irma is to start for India Monday, she had better buy her rugs on Friday.
2. I shook the tree well, and from the heaviest laden limb I began to gather many rosy apples.
3. As I was reading "Rasselas" a bat entered the window and flew straight at the lamp.
4. Alice, with her pretty, coy ways, I like; but Tom I tease, because he is so full of quaint mischief.
5. As soon as the piano began, the cat commenced to "me-ow" in a most sad and sorrowful way.
6. When General Washington entered the room every guest arose, to do him honor.
7. Vainly Victoria vied with the victorious valedictorian, and violently ventilated her venomous and vapid valor.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.