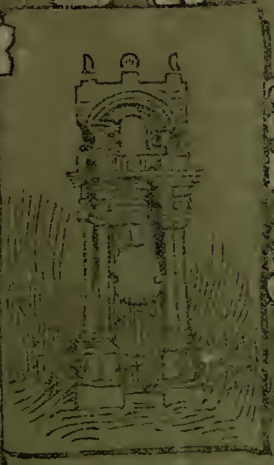
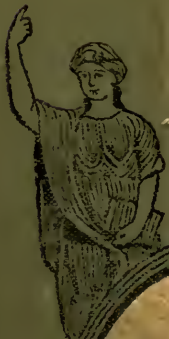
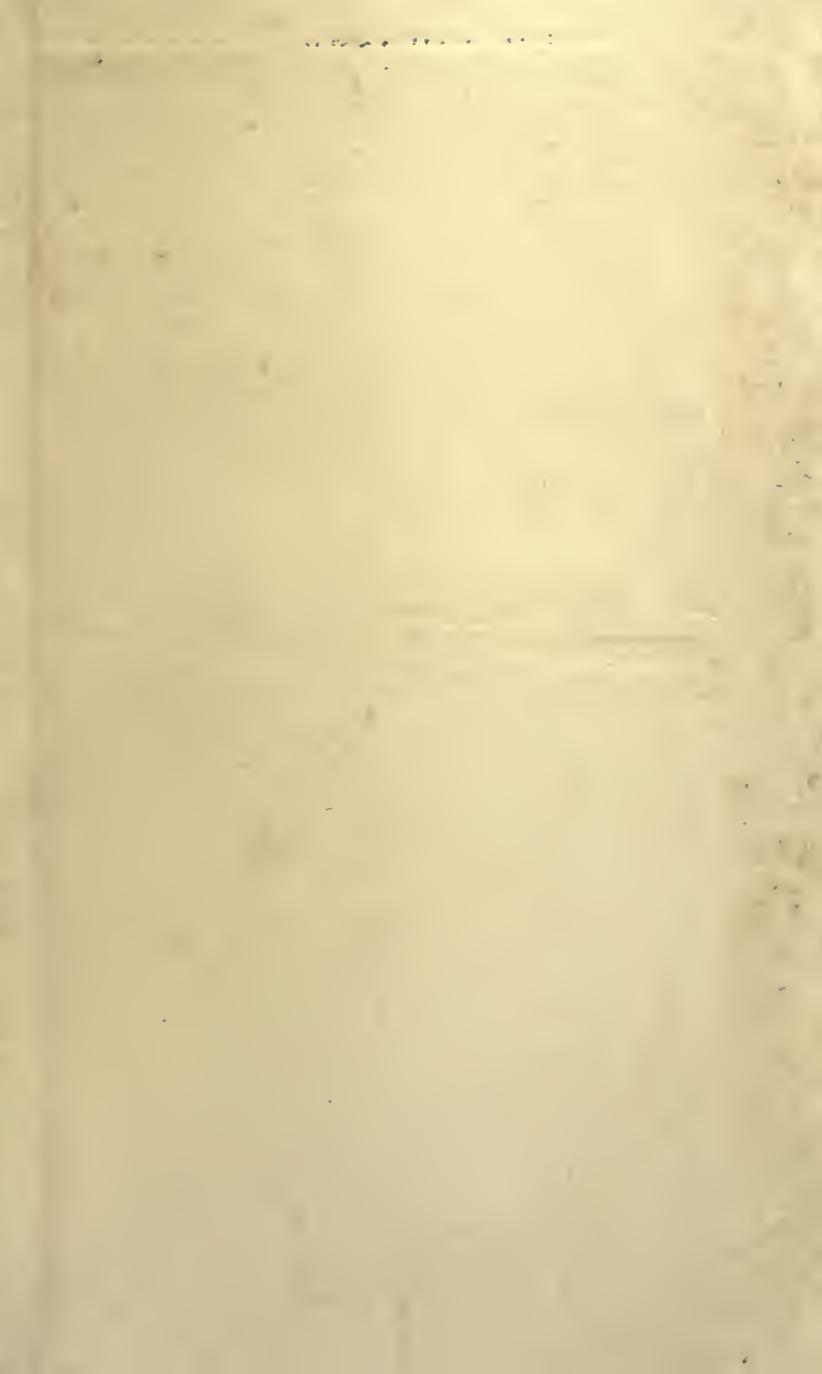


LITTLE PILGRIMS
AT
PLYMOUTH





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THE PILGRIMS' MONUMENT.

LITTLE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH

BY

FRANCES A. HUMPHREY

*Author of "The Children of Old Park's Tavern," and
"Dean Stanley with the Children."*



"Hail to thee, thou little ship Mayflower!
. . . Honor to the brave and true!"

—THOMAS CARLYLE

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society

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To Ella Farman Pratt.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

It gives me great pleasure to link your name, so dear to the children of our country, with mine, in dedicating to you this little book written for the purpose of interesting them, if I may, in the work and fortunes of their forefathers.

F. A. H.

BOSTON, January 8, 1890.

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LITTLE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.



CHAPTER I.

ON THE WAY TO PILGRIM TOWN.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

— *Mrs. Hemans.*

DICK and Suzette were seated in a shady corner of the upper deck of the *Stamford*. They had arrived in Boston the night before, on the nine o'clock western express, from the Waterman Ranch, Colorado. They arrived tired, dusty, and cross, after the fashion of travelers. But a warm bath, a supper, and a night's sleep at the Tremont House had changed all these conditions for the better.

The friends who had had them in charge had sailed at five that morning on a European steamer, having received the assurance of the proprietor of the house that he would see the two safely on

board the *Stamford* and consign them to the care of its captain.

Refreshed, and eager to see what they could of this Boston, so old and yet so new, they had taken a brief run upon the famous Common in the early morning, had skipped a handful of gravel across the waters of its historic Frog Pond, and had astonished a small ragamuffin who was sitting upon one of its seats by bestowing upon him a fifty-cent silver coin.

The eyes of the ragged little fellow had followed the two wistfully as they went on a half-run down under the arching elms of the Park Street mall. The green turf was wet and the trees heavy with a rain of the previous night, and a passing breeze sent a shower of glistening drops down upon Dick's uncovered head and Suzette's trim traveling suit. But they did not mind; it was only a friendly challenge from the morning so freshly bathed and sparkling.

The eyes of a policeman standing by the Brewer Fountain, wherein flocks of English sparrows were bathing, fell upon this pair so gay and debonair. As they drew near, and he met their frank and friendly glance, he spoke:—

“Y' don't b'long to Boston, I'll bet.”

"No, we don't," was Dick's response. "We're straight from Colorado, and we never saw Boston before."

"I thought so," replied the policeman. "Boston boys 'n' girls don't turn out this time 'n th' mornin' to walk on th' Common."

"Oh, but I should think they would!" said Suzette, giving a little skip expressive of her supreme happiness. "If I lived in Boston I should take a walk on the Common every morning! It's a splendid place for a race."

"Have you be'n over t' th' Gardings?" asked the policeman, his interest deepening in this Western pair, so new in his experience.

"No, we have n't," was the reply.

"Well, if y' want t' see somethin' real harnsome, jest go over there. Th' rhododundrums are out."

"Is there time, Dick?" asked Suzette, glancing up at the clock on the Park Street Church. "It's six now, and breakfast at half-past 'sharp,' the waiter said, you know, if we want to get to the wharf in time."

"There's time enough an' t' spare f'r such fast trotters as you be," said the policeman.

"Thanks!" came from the two simultaneously,

and, with a wave of Dick's hat and Suzette's hand, they were off, flashing like a pair of meteors across the West Street mall, embowered in lindens, and over Monument Hill—so called from the monument to the soldiers of '61-64 which caps its summit.

It was but a short run, after all, across the parade ground and the pretty stone bridge to the haunt of the "rhododundrums," *anglicé* rhododendrons. The Gardens were quiet. Not a person was to be seen walking on the brown, well-kept paths. Plenty of English sparrows were flitting in and out of the shrubbery and quarreling among the pansies and crimson-tipped daisies and hyacinths with which the beds were crowded. The small blue lake rippled in tiny waves against its stone curbing, while the pretty swan-boats lay idle at their moorings.

Not many years ago the restless tide of the Charles River ebbed and flowed where these lovely Gardens are to-day—a fact hard to realize on such a sweet, sunny morning as was this on which Dick and Suzette saw them for the first time.

"O Dick! just look at that!" exclaimed Suzette, pointing to one of the small painted signs

which forbid the bringing of dogs into the Gardens. "‘Dogs not allowed on this garden.’ Just think of it! Why, if we had brought Hector, they would n’t have let us taken him in here! What a shame!" and her cheeks glowed with indignation that any spot upon earth should be thought too good for her magnificent Hector to enter.

Hector was an English greyhound, one of a large family of shepherd, pug, pointer, and terrier dogs which were domiciled at the Waterman Ranch and were the inseparable companions of these two.

"I should n’t care one bit for a place that I could n’t take a dog to ; should you, Dick?"

"No, I should n’t," was Dick’s hearty response. "But it’s awfully nice, Sue. Mamma would like it. Just see how thick and soft the grass is! Would n’t Hector and Juno tear over it though? I don’t suppose they let horses come in either."

"No — only iron ones," said Suzette, glancing somewhat disdainfully at the big equestrian statue of Washington. She had never seen any bronze statuary before, and on the whole she concluded she did not like it. It was black and dismal. Chiquita, who always shied at an Indian, would be afraid of that iron man over there, she was sure.

“And there’s another sign, Dick! ‘Keep off the grass’! Oh!” and she skipped off the velvety turf upon which she was walking, and which seemed so nice and springy to her feet. “What *do* you suppose they’d do to you if they caught you on it, Dick? Shut you up in prison? And, Dick,”—stopping short by a bed of superb pansies,—“I don’t suppose they’d let you pick even one flower!”

And in utter disgust with a place where she could neither walk on the grass nor pick a flower, romp with her dog nor ride her horse, the free-born little Westerner turned her back upon the Public Gardens, and walked across Charles Street back to the more democratic Common.

Democratic; for, oh, joyful sight! right there, on the very thickest and greenest grass in the whole parade ground, sat two jolly little girls, dirty, it is true, but with the brightest of eyes and the dimpiest of cheeks, picking dandelions! Real, golden dandelions! Such dandelions as Suzette had never seen in her life before, if indeed she had ever seen any; dandelions like Wordsworth’s daffodils,

“A host . . .

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way.”

With a shriek of delight Suzette dropped upon the grass beside the two little girls, and holding up a dandelion to the good-natured policeman who had told them about the "rhododundrums," and who was standing by looking smilingly on, said, "I'd rather have one dandelion that I can pick than a million rhododendrons that I can't."

And then she had a little chat with the owners of the bright eyes and dimpled cheeks, and it was all about dandelions. And did they always grow here, and were they always so plenty, and could they pick as many as they liked, and did n't every boy and girl in Boston come here to pick dandelions? And was n't it a funny name — *dent de lion*! a lion's tooth! just because somebody thought its leaves looked like lions' teeth! And did not they think them ever so much prettier than the flowers in the Gardens, which they could not pick? And she had heard that children made necklaces of them, and did they ever? And were they not like golden stars or little golden platters, or fairy floors for Queen Titania to dance upon? — or fifty other pretty fancies, which Dick broke in upon with the information that they had just one minute and a half in which to reach the Tremont House.

And as they hurried up the Beacon Street mall

the two little girls wondered who they could be. And little Maggie, who had heard a good deal about saints, thought maybe Suzette was a little one, she was so nice and sweet and talked so prettily. All the saints she knew anything about were grown up, but why could n't a little girl be a saint if she were good enough? To be sure, she was not such a *very* little girl—such as they. And so we leave them chatting among their dandelions.

As Dick and Suzette walked rapidly on, they looked in vain for their ragamuffin of a boy. His seat was empty; he had disappeared.

After breakfast came the drive to the wharf; past King's Chapel and the Old State House with its lion and unicorn, and State Street, once King's Street, where the Boston Massacre took place in 1770. There was a distant glimpse, too, of Faneuil Hall, which Dick knew at once from the pictures he had seen of it. Altogether the drive was full of interest, and they were almost sorry when they reached the wharf.

But they were only just in time. The wharfmen had wheeled on the last load of freight. People were running hither and thither, and settling themselves and their baskets and bundles

in the most comfortable places they could find. The man who always arrives just as the plank is to be withdrawn skipped over. Then, with one deep breath, one loud "pouf!" the engine began its work, the *Stamford* backed from her moorings, and the delightful, delicious sail to Old Pilgrim Town began, and, as was remarked in the very first line of this chapter, "Dick and Suzette were seated in a shady corner of the upper deck."

"There!" said Suzette, looking joyfully about her, "now I feel as if we were really on our way to Plymouth. It has n't seemed one bit as though we were before. But this — this — why, we might be going to Camelot, Dick!"

Allowance must be made for Suzette's enthusiasm, for, as we all know, Camelot was situated on a river.

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot."

But, as we shall see, Suzette had somehow mingled in her day-dreams the Knights of Camelot with the Pilgrims of Plymouth, both being brave and true men, and having taken evidently

the same knightly vow : " To speak the truth ; to maintain the right ; to protect women, the poor, and the distressed ; to practice courtesy ; to pursue the infidel ; to despise the allurements of ease and safety, and to maintain each his honor in every perilous adventure."

And so it pleased her to fancy that this busy, bustling port was something like to that river winding clearly

" Down to towered Camelot."

At any rate, it was all new, and as near a land of poesy and romance as anything she had ever seen. And even to us, who know it well, Boston Harbor, though not Camelot, is beautiful and full of interest, and one of our poets has rhymed about it almost as charmingly as Tennyson has of Camelot.

" O bounteous seas that never fail!
O day remembered yet!
O happy port that spied the sail
Which wafted Lafayette!"

is what Emerson says about it. And it is in the same poem that these two lines appear :—

" And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms."

Which is certainly an extremely pretty way of saying that twice a day the tides flow and ebb around the city.

“That’s so,” was Dick’s somewhat absent response to Suzette’s remark. For he was watching the craft round about — the rowboats, and steam-tugs, and sloops, and schooners, and barques, and big ships that were either moving slowly to their anchorage or making their way out into more open waters.

It was a scene full of interest to the eyes of a western boy who had never breathed the breath of the salt sea before, and he fell to wondering at which of these wharves it was that Boston gave her famous tea-party to her royal mother in 1773, when the Indians dropped the chests one by one into the “laughing sea.”

And so the *Stamford* moved on, while the sun, climbing higher and higher in the sky, shone warmly upon hulls and sails and sent a million sparkles of light across the water. Past Forts Winthrop and Independence; past the black pyramid of Nix’s Mate; past Fort Warren and the Bug Light and the Outer Light; past the whistling buoy which moans with every rise and fall of the restless waves, — past all these they

steamed out into the bay, beyond which stretched the blue of the ocean. For it *was* blue that day ; neither gray nor green nor purple, as it often is, but blue and sparkling and dimpling with smiles, giving a right royal welcome to the two who sat in their shady corner, silent, but with eyes alight with excitement.

How wonderful it all was ! Away off there on the horizon line were tips of sails that presently disappeared, and toward that magic line other sails were hastening. To what ports were they bound ? To London ? to Australia ? to Japan ? to some sunny, palm-shaded island of the tropics ?

How fascinating it was to watch them and speculate concerning them !

Suzette at last broke the silence with, "Oh, I wish I could see a mermaid combing her hair, Dick !"

"Or a Triton blowing his shell," replied Dick.

"Or Aphrodite coming out of the water."

"Or Neptune driving his dolphins."

"Or a sea-serpent."

"Or a whale."

And then they each drew a long breath and laughed, and Dick said : "It looks like a prairie, only it moves and sparkles."

“O Dick! a prairie!” replied Suzette reproachfully.

Well, it was like a dream come true as they steamed along down that lovely south shore and came by-and-by to the Gurnet with its twin white lights. Around these they swept, giving a wide berth to the rocks lying along shore; and there on the left was the long arm of sandy beach which



holds the harbor of Plymouth in its keeping. Sand now, but in 1620, when Carver and Bradford and all that brave *Mayflower* company, with its women and children, rounded its point, it was covered with thick, green woods.

As the plank was thrown out, a brown-bearded man sprang across and made his way to where the two were standing.

“Oh, how did you know us, uncle Tom?” they exclaimed.

“Know you!” and uncle Tom, holding both

Suzette's hands in his, stood off and looked at each in turn. "Know you! Why, you are as like as two peas in a pod, and look exactly like your father and mother both, as good children ought. And now show me your luggage and we'll go right up to the house. Aunt Pen sighted the *Stamford* an hour ago with her spy-glass; knew her by her smoke, and has been watching her ever since and trying to make you out."

As they walked over the plank a little figure rushed past on to the wharf. As he did so he turned a laughing face upon them.

"It's the Boston Common boy," said Suzette, as he disappeared around a corner of the fish-market with a whoop!

CHAPTER II.

AN EARLY MORNING ON COLE'S HILL.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rocks, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death. . . .
Yonder there on the hill by the sea lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown
there. — *Longfellow.*

AS soon as Suzette awoke the next morning, which was at the instant the sun shot his first golden arrow into her room, she jumped out of bed, ran to a window, drew back the curtain, and looked out.

As she did so she gave a quick cry of dismay. For all the expanse of blue, sparkling water of the day before had vanished, and nothing was to be seen but black tide mud, with here and there a pool of water.

What strange thing had happened? Eager to tell Dick about it, she quickly dressed and ran across the hall to his room. He was already up and dressed, and answered her knock by opening the door.

“O Dick!” she exclaimed breathlessly, “the sea is all gone!”

“Gone, Suzette?” and Dick looked at her as though he thought she had lost her head. “What do you mean?”

“Come down and see, Dick.”

They ran down the broad stairs and out under the shade of the pair of great lindens that stood in front of the house. Sure enough, it *was* gone, and for an instant Dick looked puzzled; then his face cleared.

“Why, it’s the tide, Sue!” he explained. “The tide is out, you know.” And then, as she still looked a little bewildered, he added: “Don’t you remember about the tides—how they ebb and flow? When we came the tide was *in*; now it is *out*.”

Suzette gave a sigh of relief. “Oh! then it’s coming back again. Of course I know! What a goosey!”

“The land’s sake, child’en! be you up?” said a voice. It was that of Mehitable, who had come to the door, broom and dust-pan in hand. They turned to say “Good-morning.”

They had seen her the night before, and she had told Jason afterwards that they were “the very

pictur' of Mr. Richard when he was a boy." Mehitable's Mr. Richard was their father, and she knew all about his boyhood, for she had lived in the Waterman family ever since she had first entered their service as a girl of fourteen, when uncle Tom, the oldest, was a boy of six. She spoke now in a hoarse whisper.

"Doctor Tom's be'n out all night, up t' Manimet," she said. "Ole Mis' Keziah Holmes was took with one o' her spells in the dead o' night. He's sleepin' now like a baby, an' I should hate t' have him waked up. Jason's just driv' off th' ole rooster that was crowin' under his winder like all possess."

"We're going to have a run before breakfast," said Dick. "When do you have breakfast, Mehitable?"

"At eight o'clock," answered Mehitable. "But Jason and I have had our 'n. An' you jest come in an' git a bite o' somethin' warm fust. It's dretful unhealthy to go 'round on an em'ty stomach."

The "bite of somethin' warm" was served by Mehitable, picnic fashion, on the porch by the kitchen door, and while they ate she talked.

"Y' take after y'r pa," she said. "Mr. Richard

was alwa's the beater f'r gittin' up early an' goin' off fishin' or gunnin', an' comin' home with a lot o' coots or a string o' rock cod for supper. 'Mehitable,' he'd say, 'I'll jest clean 'em if you'll fry 'em.' Or mebbe he'd want a chewder. 'There ain't a cook in Plymouth can hold a candle t' you f'r makin' chewders, Mehitable,' he'd say. But lor! that was b'fore y'r gran'ther sent him t' collidge — an' vacations. An' after he got through collidge an' th' war, nuthin' would do but he must go travelin', an' he stayed an' stayed, an' when he come home he fetched y'r ma, and went out to that 'ere ranch. It's consider'ble of a farm, I expect."

Uncle Tom's house stands upon a high bluff to the right of Long Wharf as you come up the channel, and just across the way, the sunken road lying between, rises the twin bluff of Cole's Hill. It is prettily graded and grassed now, but not many years ago its slope was covered with old buildings. The flat space on the top, behind which runs the street called Carver, forms an esplanade, whereon are graveled walks, with seats from which one can look off over the harbor and bay and all along the Duxbury and Manomet shores.

And here Dick and Suzette sat down upon a seat under the shade of a linden, for even at this early hour of the morning the sun was hot.

“Do you remember, Dick, that picture of the *Mayflower* I liked so well papa had it framed for me — the little vessel all alone at anchor, and the lovely shores?” asked Suzette.

“Yes,” replied Dick. “I remember the picture, but this does n't look much like it.”

“No, but I can imagine it, Dick,” said Suzette, her eyes growing eager and full of light, as Dick was used to seeing them when she was going to “make believe” something. “I can imagine it. They have just sailed in and cast anchor, and there are ‘no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain them or refresh their weather-beaten bodies, no houses, nor much less towns, to repair to, to seek for succor’ — that always makes me ‘most cry, Dick;” and her voice did tremble a bit. “And they had had hard times on Cape Cod, wading about in the snow, and the sleet freezing to their clothes — for it was winter, you know, and not like this. They found corn, to be sure, in pretty colors, but the Indians shot at them, and then when some of them were away looking for a place to settle, poor Dorothy Bradford fell over-

board and was drowned, and her husband was one of those who were away.

“ And those who were away looking for a place to settle came here and liked it so much, and found such running brooks and nice cornfields, that they went back to Cape Cod and told the rest. And then they set sail and come here, and I think I see them, Dick; and some of them come ashore, and Mary Chilton comes with them, so eager is she to step on the ground again, and so springs first upon the rock;¹ and they look up and down and all about, and there is n't a house here, — and it is winter, — but a little clump of pines, maybe, where uncle Tom's house is now, and blackberry vines and bushes sticking out of the snow just here, Dick, with some oak-trees and the leaves all brown. And then they go back to the *Mayflower*, and tell them about the 'delicate springs,' and a 'very sweet brook' full of fish, and the land ready for corn that the Indians have cleared; and so they conclude to land. And, oh! must n't the children have been glad? for the

¹ There are differing traditions in regard to that member of the *Mayflower* company who first set foot upon Plymouth Rock. The descendants of Mary Chilton claim that it was she; the descendants of John Alden that it was he. The truth unquestionably is that it was neither. Suzette cherished the belief that it was Mary Chilton.

Mayflower was so little, and they had been shut up in it so long, only going off when the women washed on Cape Cod.

“And then they come ashore, one boatful after another, not all on the same day or in the same month; and can't you imagine you see them, Dick, stepping out upon the rock—the very rock down there?” And in her excitement Suzette stood up, and Dick too. “And there are all the children—thirty children—just think of it, Dick!—and eight of them girls, landing on these lonely, lonely shores in December, and not a house!

“Little Ellen More and Damaris Hopkins, Remember Allerton and her sister Mary, and dear little Humilitie Cooper—O Dick! I wish I could have known sweet little Humilitie Cooper—for I know she was sweet—and the two wee babies, Peregrine and Oceanus.

“Oh, I wish I had been there, Dick, to have seen them!” Suzette went on, quite carried out of herself. “I should like to have just gone down to them, and said, as Samoset did, ‘Welcome, welcome, little Pilgrim boys and girls!’”

Yes, there were thirty children on board the *Mayflower* when she cast anchor in Plymouth harbor, and the exploits of one of them, Francis Billington, have come down to us in history.

One day, while the *Mayflower* was lying off Cape Cod, and his father, John Billington, was on shore, he got at some gunpowder and amused himself making squibs. He rolled bits of paper into cylinders and filled them with the powder. These he lighted and tossed into the air. They went off with a delightful crack-crack and smoke, and must have greatly amused Wrasling Brewster, and Resolved White, and Henery Samson, and the rest of the boys, though doubtless little Humilitie Cooper and some other of the girls were terrified at the noise and smoke.

But sending off the squibs did not satisfy the mischievous Francis. He espied his father's fowling-piece hanging upon its hooks, and, knowing it was loaded, he took it down and fired it off. The noise of this brought down the mothers, who were taking the air on deck, and we can easily imagine their dismay when they learned what had been going on. For there was nearly a barrel of gunpowder lying about in different parts of the cabin, and it was "a mercy," as Peregrine's mother remarked, "that they were not all blown to pieces;" and Governor Bradford says much the same. "We through God's mercy escaped a great danger by the foolishness of a boy," though foolishness seems

but a mild term to apply to Francis' performances. But the truth is, doubtless, that he was so tired out with being shut up in such a small space as the *Mayflower* afforded, for three long months, that he felt he must do something or burst.

It was thinking of this boy that led Dick to say, after a few moments' silence:—

“Well, I should like to have seen Francis Billington. He must have been a capital fellow to go a-hunting with, he and his brother John, and there were plenty of deer and wolves here then.”

They walked slowly along a graveled path to the opposite side of the esplanade. There a horizontal slab of granite explains that one day some workmen, while digging just here, brought up human bones supposed to be those of Pilgrims who were buried on Cole's Hill during the sad winter of the landing. It is a familiar story, but the pathos of it is perennial. Nearly half the *Mayflower* company died that first winter, and among them little Ellen More. Governor Carver, who died in March, and over whose grave three volleys of shot were fired, was one of the last, and his tender and sensitive Katherine did not linger long behind, and was buried here too. One of the first graves dug on this hill was for the

lovely Rose Standish, the wife of the brave and gallant Miles Standish, and around her memory there still lingers a fragrance like that of the pink wild roses which bloom so profusely along these sandy shores. When spring came, with its birds and blossoms and seed-sowing, the remaining colonists leveled these graves and planted them with corn, so that the Indians might not know how their numbers had lessened.

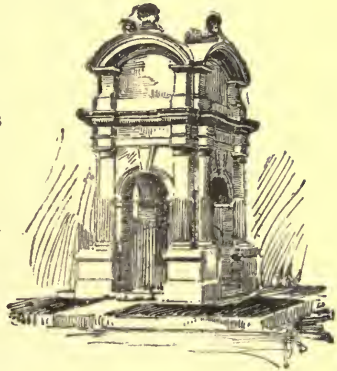
The remembrance of all this cast, for a few moments, a shadow over the sunny June morning, and it was with grave faces that Dick and Suzette walked down the long flight of stone steps which lead to the rock.

CHAPTER III.

TEDDY OF CLAM-SHELL ALLEY.

Nobly the Mayflower bows,
While the dark wave she plows
 On to the west.
Till from the tempest's shock
Proudly she lands her flock
Where on old Plymouth Rock
 Freedom found rest.

— *Rufus Dawes.*



PLYMOUTH ROCK does not lie on the shore washed by the waves, as one would naturally expect. A wharf was built over it in 1741, so its top alone is visible. It used to be in the middle of a black and dusty street and surrounded with dingy warehouses. But not a great many years ago these were all taken down. And now a pretty granite canopy is built over it and it is enclosed by an iron railing, the gates of which are locked at night.

It is a pity such a precaution should be neces-

sary, but the rock would long ago have been carried off in tid-bits by tourists, had it not been thus protected.

Dick tried the gate. "I should like to go in and stand upon it," he said. And that is always the first and natural impulse of every one who sees this rock for the first time. And would it not be amusing, and vastly instructive, too, to see the long procession of people who have stood upon it, beginning with the Pilgrims themselves?

I have been told that, once upon a time, two people were married upon this rock. They came from the far west, like Dick and Suzette, and were descendants of some of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims. The wind was east at the time, so I was told, and the sky gray and leaden, and the ceremony must have been an exceedingly chilly one.

But few people were stirring in the vicinity as Dick and Suzette stood leaning upon the railing and looking down upon the boulder of dark granite. For the famous rock is simply a boulder, brought down, it is said, in the glacial period, from the neighborhood of Labrador, and so is itself a pilgrim.

Over the beach and the bay beyond, the white-winged sea-gulls were leisurely flying, having come

from their far-off resting-places to fish for their daily rations in shallow waters. The fish-market was open, and smoke was coming out of the black funnel of the galley of a two-masted schooner which lay at a wharf near by. She was the *Lucy Jane*, freighted with lumber from Wiscasset, Maine.

A little figure surmounted by a shock of tumbled hair and a torn and bristling straw hat was moving furtively in and out among the piles of lumber and other merchandise with which the wharf was strewn, and the eyes from under the tumbled hair cast an occasional glance toward the pair standing by the rock. Dick saw the little figure, and recognized it.

"Halloo!" he called out. "What are you doing there?"

The little figure came toward them; it was the ragamuffin of Boston Common.

"Do you live here?" asked Dick. "And what is your name?"

"My name's Teddy," answered the boy, "and I live in Clam-shell Alley."

"What were you doing in Boston, then? Did you run away?" continued Dick, putting him through his catechism in boy fashion.

“Yes,” replied Tedd’y, grinning, “an’ I had a bully time.”

“Who paid your fare?”

“Did n’t pay no fare. I jest hid among th’ truck.”

“Jumped the claim, eh?” and Dick smiled. “Well, what are you hanging about that wharf for, this time in the morning?”

“’Cause I see y’ come out, an’ I wanted t’ tell y’r you’s awful good t’ gimme that fifty cents;” and Teddie looked shyly at Suzette. She wore a white frock, and had the sweetness and freshness of the June morning about her.

“An’ what are y’ doin’ y’self down here this time o’ th’ mornin’?” asked Teddy, turning catechist in his turn.

“Looking at the rock,” replied Dick. “We never saw it before.”

“’T ain’t much t’ look at,” replied Teddy, with a contemptuous glance at the sacred stone. “Lots o’ folks come t’ see it, but I don’t see what for. It’s nothin’ but an old rock.”

“Why, it’s *Plymouth* Rock! don’t you know?” exclaimed Suzette, scandalized at the combined ignorance and irreverence of the little heathen.

“Oh, yes, I know,” said Teddy indifferently.

"I've heard about it. Columbus landed on it when he discovered Ameriky."

"O Teddy!" exclaimed Suzette; and Dick laughed outright.

"Good for you, Teddy!" he said.

"Why, did n't he?" asked Teddy, somewhat taken aback by the way in which his display of learning was received.

"Oh—oh!" cried Suzette, and she darted across the street to the edge of the green slope. She stooped and picked up something, and then came back with a beaming face.

"See, Dick, see! *a buttercup!*" and she held up the tiny yellow cup to her chin. "Do I love butter, Dick?" she asked. "And is n't it a beauty?" Her eyes sparkled, and her whole expression was that of one who has found a long-desired treasure.

Teddy looked at her in amazement. He was used to seeing people come and gaze in real or feigned ecstasy at the rock. He had even seen one or two kneel and kiss it. But he had never seen any one "make such a fuss," for so he would have put it, over a buttercup before.

"If you like them flowers, I can git lots in a jiffy;" and he darted off behind a warehouse near by, presently returning with his chubby, dirty

hands full of the golden blossoms. "Here they be," he said: and Suzette took them with an eager "Thank you! How lovely they are!"

"Did n't y' never see no buttercups before?" he said, longing to ask where she had lived all her days never to have seen buttercups.

But he did not feel exactly that freemasonry with her that he did with Dick. A boy was a boy, whether well dressed or not, and Teddy was well acquainted with both kinds. But with a girl so daintily clad and so gentle-mannered as Suzette poor Teddy had never before been brought in contact. Girls generally passed him by on the other side, and noticed him only to remark that he was one of "those dreadful boys," which meant, in their vocabulary, that he was often ragged and dirty and spoke ungrammatically.

"No," replied Suzette, looking smilingly at him. "I never saw a buttercup before; but papa has told me about them, and how the little New England children try if they love butter with them. We have beautiful flowers in Colorado, but no buttercups;" and she held them off and looked at them admiringly.

"Is that where y' live? t' Colorado?" asked Teddy.

“Yes,” replied Suzette, still smiling at her buttercups.

“And be y’ goin’ to stay here a spell?” asked Teddy.

“Yes, all summer. And, Teddy,” she continued after a moment, “all the time I’m here I wish you would bring me a bunch of buttercups every day, and I’ll give you five cents a bunch.”

“I’ll bring you the buttercups, but I don’t touch no five cents,” replied Teddy. “I know where y’ be—up to Doctor Tom’s; an’ Doctor Tom doctors little Bess for nothin’.”

It may as well be explained here that the phrase “Doctor Tom,” as used by Teddy, was not one of disrespect. Doctor Tom’s father was Doctor Waterman, and in order to discriminate between the two when the older doctor was living, the younger was called “Doctor Tom” and “the young doctor,” both of which titles still clung to him.

“Did you have a good time in Boston?” asked Dick.

“You bet!” was the prompt and comprehensive reply.

“I say,” continued Teddy, “what a lot o’ folks there be in Boston! it’s like town-meetin’ day. An’, jiminy! ain’t the roads crooked? I thought

I'd jest take a little walk an' see what was goin' on, an' fust I knew I did n't know where I was. But I kep' right on, an' by-m-by I saw lots o' folks goin' in t' a big house, and I follered on, an' it was a store chuckful o' all sorts o' jimcracks an' things that women wear. An' I went in t' a little bedroom — there was a chap opened th' door kind o' p'lite jest as I was passin', an' I see the other folks goin' in, an' so I went. An' he shut th' door, an', jiminy ! if that bedroom did n't begin t' go up ! I tell *you*, I was kind o' scared at fust, an' then I see nobody else did n't seem to think 't was queer. An' they kep' gittin' out an' in when th' bedroom stopped. But, says I t' myself, ' You jest stick by, Teddy, an' see how this thing 's a-comin' out.' An' so we went up an' up, an' then we begun to go down, an' then th' chap that tended door looked at me kind o' ugly, an' says he, ' What are y' doin' on here, y' young scamp ? ' An' ' Nothin', ' says I. An' he did n't say nothin' more till we got down back, an' then says he, ' Now you skip, or I 'll have th' p'lice after ye ; ' an' I skipt. But wa' n't it queer now ? Did y' ever see one o' them bedrooms ? "

" Yes," replied Dick ; " they 're elevators. "

" Well, I told little Bess about it, an' she said

't was jest like Jack's beanstalk, an' if it had only kep' on, mos' likely I should 'a' come out int' Jack's country."

"Then what did you do?" asked Suzette. "Did you go back to the *Stamford*?"

"No ; I did n't know which way t' go, and after what that chap said I dars' n't ask th' p'lice. They was standin' about thick, an' awful p'lite t' th' women-folks, a-helpin' 'em across th' road, an' makin' th' teams stop for 'em ; but I give 'em a wide berth, you bet. 'Likely 's not,' says I t' myself, 'they 'd shut y' up in jail, an' y' would n't never see little Bess no more.' An' by that time 't was 'most sunset, an' I was awful hungry, an' I stopped a boy who was a-yellin' newspapers, an' asked him th' way t' th' wharf where the *Stamford* was. 'You jest foller y'r nose, young un',' says he, 'an' you 'll ketch th' old lady 'f y' don't miss on her.' An' I *was* mad, an' if it had n't 'a' be'n f'r th' p'lice, I 'd 'a' pitched int' him ; but I dars' n't, y' know, so I said nothin'. An' then he yelled out t' another chap across th' road, 'Here 's a green-horn ! Go it, cucumbers !' If I ever do ketch that newspaper boy down here, I 'll give him gowdy and smash his nose !"

"Well, he deserves it," said Dick sympathetic-

ally. "I would n't mind giving him a good punch myself."

"Would n't y' now?" asked Teddy, brightening into a smile.

It gave him great pleasure that this well-grown, well-mannered boy should have a fellow-feeling for him. Well-dressed boys were apt to tease and laugh at him. He did n't care much for their teasing though; he repaid it in kind. He could give knock for knock. Courtesy for courtesy was not so often required of him.

Suzette was deeply interested in his narrative.

"Poor Teddy!" she said. "And what did you do next?"

"Then I come up a road and see a kind o' green, not jest like our green, but bigger, an' it had trees on it, an' a pond, an' a fence round it. An' I was awful tired o' stone roads an' stone houses, an' I jest cut f'r that green. An' I was jest a-goin' in when a p'liceman steps up an' says, 'Where d' y' b'long, my son?' An' then I thought I *was* a goner; but says I to myself, 'You jest keep a stiff upper lip, Teddy, an' you'll come out all right.' So I spoke up, an' says I, 'I b'long t' Plymouth, sir, an' I come up in the *Stamford*, an' I'm goin' back t'morrer.' An' then I sidled off

quickstep round th' hill where th' monument was, but I could see him out o' the corner o' my eye a-watchin' me sharp. An' then I went across th' green an' another road an' come to a garding. An', jiminy! wa' n't them flowers some! I jest wished little Bess was there; she's awful fond o' flowers. An' I walked round an' looked at 'em, an' smelt of 'em, a-keepin' my eye out f'r that p'liceman all th' time, you bet! An' by-m-by it come dark, an' I see a summer-house like Doctor Tom's, with vines a-growin' all over it, an' bushes, an' seats, an' I jest crawled under one o' them seats, an' b'fore you could say Jack Robi'son I was fast asleep, an' when I waked up the sun was a-shinin'. An' I was jest settin' on that seat an' wonderin' what t' do next, an' you come by an' give me that fifty cents. 'T was awful good o' ye;" and he looked gratefully from Suzette to Dick.

"And how did you find your way to the *Stamford* at last, Teddy?" asked Dick.

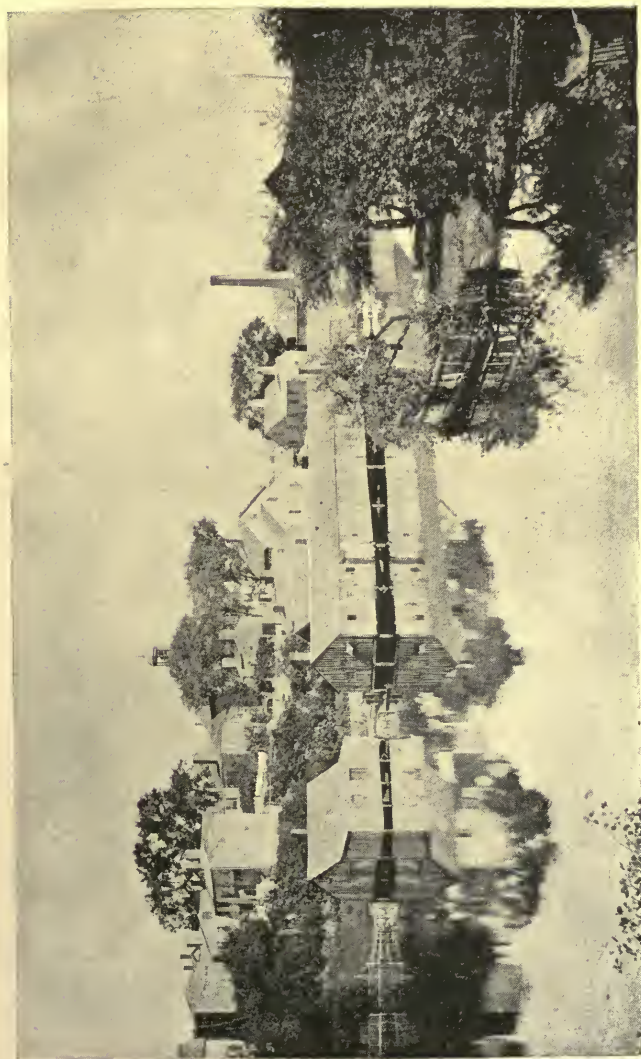
"Oh, I asked a p'liceman. I had to, y' know, an' I thought mebbe he would n't touch me if I told him I was goin' right off t' Plymouth. So I asked one, an' he said he was goin' right down that way an' would show me. An' he was jest as sociable as could be, an' got it all out o' me, how I come, an' all. An' he said I must never be

afraid to cornfide in a p'liceman; that's what they was for, t' cornfide in an' show folks how to go. An' then I told him about y'r fifty cents, an' asked him did he think I could buy a doll f'r little Bess an' git somethin' to eat f'r fifty cents. An' he said, 'You bet,' an' took me to a place where they had lambs' tongues, an' pies, an' doughnuts. An' I had some, an' it cost fifteen cents. An' then we went to another place, an' he said he knew the woman that kep' it, an' he asked if she had a doll, cheap, for a little girl named Bess; an' she said she guessed she had, an' fetched it, an' t' was twenty-five cents. An' then I got some candy for little Bess with the rest. An' then th' p'liceman went down t' th' wharf, an' says he, 'Good-by, sonny! You've got out of it first-rate this time, but don't y' never try it again. An' give my love t' little Bess,' says he."

As Teddy ended his narrative, Suzette opened her mouth to ask who little Bess was. But at that moment a bell was heard violently ringing, and Jason was seen under the lindens alternately ringing and gesticulating.

"Breakfast is ready," said Dick. "Good-by, Teddy."

"Good-by," said Suzette. "And don't forget the buttercups, Teddy."



"SWEETE BROOKE."



CHAPTER IV.

THE SWEETE BROOKE UNDER THE HILL.

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

SOME of the allusions in Suzette's rhapsody on Cole's Hill may not be perfectly clear to the reader, and may as well be explained here.

After the arrival of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod, they got out their shallop — a large boat with sails — to fit her for an exploring expedition in shallow waters where the *Mayflower* could not go; for they were anxious to fix upon a spot to settle.

But they found the shallop much broken and bruised from the voyage, having been stowed away in the ship, and while waiting for it to be put in order a party of them went out to explore on foot. Each man carried a musket on his shoulder, and wore a heavy sword by his side, and on his breast was a broad, deep plate of steel armor, called a corselet.

It was while on this expedition that they came

across the "pretty corn" mentioned by Suzette, and the account of its discovery can not be better told than in their own words : —

"Also we found a great Kettle which had been some ship's Kettle and brought out of Europe, and there was also an heap of sand like the former [some they had found previously], but it was newly done; we might see how they had padled it with their hands, which we digged up and in it we found a little old Basket full of faire Indian corne, and digged further and found a fine great new Basket full of very faire corne of this year with some 36 goodly ears of corne, some yellow and some red and others mixt with blew which was a very goodly sight.

"The Basket was round and narrow at the top, it held about three or four bushels, which was as much as two of us could lift up from the ground, and was very handsomely and cunningly made. But whilst we were busy about these things we set our men Sentinelle in a round ring, all but two or three who digged up the corne. We were in suspence what to doe with it and the Kettle and at length after much consultation we concluded to take the Kettle and as much of the corne as we could carry away with us; and when our Shallop

came if we could find any of the people and come to parley with them we would give them the Kettle againe, and satisfy them for their corne [which they did some six months afterwards]. So we tooke all the eares and put a good deale of the loose corne in the Kettle for two men to bring away on a staffe, and they that could put any into their pockets filled the same; the rest we buried againe."

And so, as William Bradford writes in his famous history, — the story about which you shall hear further on, — "like the men of Eshcol, they carried with them of the fruits of the land and showed their brethren."

Nothing is said of any boys going on this expedition. They remained quietly, or unquietly, on board the *Mayflower*; but they would have been admirable associates in this matter of digging up and pocketing the corn; that is, if these Pilgrim boys had as many pockets as boys of later times.

They would also have enjoyed an adventure which happened to William Bradford. As the company of explorers were making their way slowly through the woods which covered at that time the greater part of Cape Cod, they came to a

tree where a "Spritt," or young sapling, was bent down over a bow and some corn strewed underneath. Stephen Hopkins, the father of the baby Oceanus, who was born at sea, which fact accounts for his name—Stephen Hopkins said it was a deer trap, and while they were all gathered around and looking at it, William Bradford came up. He too stopped to examine it, and while he was doing so it suddenly jerked up and caught the future governor by the leg. "It was a pretie devise," the story goes on to say, "made with a rope of their [the Indians'] owne making, and having a noose artificially made as any Roper in England can make, and as like ours as can be."

But what a pity that such a delightful find as that trap should have been wasted upon those grown men! What a pity the boys could not have seen it! I suppose they must have found a good many such traps afterwards in the woods about Plymouth, and learned to make them, too, and so sent the fashion down from generation to generation. For that is exactly the kind of trap set to-day by the boys of the Old Colony for partridges, rabbits, and such small game. For, alas! only a few deer are now to be found in the woods of Plymouth, and those neither boy nor man is allowed to trap.

They had their first fight with the Indians, too, on Cape Cod, in which no one was hurt, though the small company of Pilgrims were a good deal frightened at first, most of them having left their firearms on shore. Part of the company of eighteen were on shore, and part on board the shallop, having started out on that exploring expedition which ended at Plymouth Rock. It was early in the morning, and before breakfast. But there was one among them who always had his snap-lock or some other weapon of defence ready at hand, and that was Myles Standish. He was the first to fire upon the attacking Indians. Among the latter was "a lustie man" who "stood behind a tree within half a musket shot and let his arrows flie at them." He shot two arrows, and stood valiantly three musket shots, but when some one took full aim at him, and made the bark and splinters of the tree fly about his ears, he "gave an extraordinary shrieke, and away they wente all of them."

The Pilgrims followed them for a little way and fired a shot or two just to let them know they were not afraid of them. None of the exploring party was injured, though their coats, which hung up on the barricade of logs and pine boughs they had

made to keep off wild beasts, were shot through and through with the Indian arrows. They gave God "solemn thanks and praise" for their deliverance and gathered up a bundle of the arrows to send to England by the master of the *Mayflower*. Some of these arrows were headed with brass, some with deer horns, and some with eagles' claws.

The Pilgrims gave to the spot where they had this fight the quaint name of "The First Encounter," and such it is called in history.

It was on the night preceding "The First Encounter," that the Pilgrims first heard the Indian war-whoop, which, they said, was a great and hideous cry. They were weary, and were sleeping around their camp-fire, when about midnight the cry was heard, and the sentinel called to arms. They fired off a couple of muskets, and, hearing nothing more, concluded it was the cry of wolves. But when, at day-dawning, between prayers and breakfast, it came again, and one of the company came running and shouting "Indians! Indians!" they knew what the hideous cry was. Then came the flight of arrows that began "The First Encounter."

On Cape Cod, too, the women of the *Mayflower* had their first New England washing-day, setting

up their great iron kettles, gypsy fashion, upon the sands, in the neighborhood of what is now Provincetown, and near a small pond which has since disappeared. The men and boys fetched water and cut sweet-smelling juniper wood to feed the fires; doubtless the girls also helped, and so made a jolly lark of it, as boys and girls — even Pilgrim ones — know how to make out of work. A fine thing it must have seemed to them to run about and stretch their weary bodies after the long voyage on board that small vessel!

It is bad enough nowadays to cross the boisterous Atlantic with all the comforts of an ocean steamer; and when the little *Mayflower* had got fully half-way over, she became so leaky that, if it had not been for a great screw brought by one of the Pilgrims from Holland, with which they “buckled,” or bent back, one of the great main beams which had cracked, and so tightened her, there is no knowing what might have happened to her, or whether we should ever have heard of Plymouth Rock.

A question may here arise in the mind of the reader — a doubt even. How was it possible for these two western children to know so much of the early and minute history of Plymouth as is

apparent from their conversation on Cole's Hill? I must go back a little to tell you.

These two, Dick and Suzette, had never been to school. Isolated upon a great western ranch, their father and mother had been their teachers in all things. They were like the children of the Pilgrims in that respect, for they too, in the earlier years of the colony, were taught by their parents. And Richard Waterman had some old-fashioned notions concerning the training of children, especially as to the books they read. He, with his brother Tom and sister Penelope, had, like the famous Bridget Elia, been allowed to browse at will in their father's library, and the books they read in those early days had been among those of their adult years also.

So, in selecting books for Dick and Suzette, — and the books they read were always carefully selected by their father and mother, — such ones were chosen as would always interest them; such as, every time they read them, they would find fresh pleasure in. And upon the book-shelves in the school-room set apart for their use, and from the windows of which they could look out upon the snow-capped mountains, among Scott's novels and poems, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress,

Kingsley's Greek Heroes and Water Babies, Don Quixote, Plutarch's Lives, Andersen's Tales and Hawthorne's Wonder-book, Lanier's Mabinogion, King Arthur, and Froissart, the Iliad, and a score of other books of heroic and romantic life and adventure, — among these stood a thin, square volume printed in old style, — v for u, and f for s, — of antique spelling and phrase, entitled Mourt's Relation ; or, Journal of the Plantation at Plymouth. And none of all the books upon those shelves had been read oftener or with greater zest by Dick and Suzette than had this old book. For was not Plymouth, concerning whose early history it had been written, the birthplace and home of the father whom they loved and thought the most perfect of men? This fact, aside from the book itself, would have been sufficient to create an interest in it. But the book is interesting. It tells, with that attention to detail which is so pleasing to children of every age, from six to sixty, the daily life of the Pilgrims for the first six months ; and in this respect it reads more like Robinson Crusoe than any other book I know.

So, in the minds of these two, — Dick and Suzette, — Bradford and Carver and Winslow

ranked with King Arthur and Sir Galahad, Christian and Hector, Julius Cæsar and Ivanhoe.

In the long winter evenings, too, on that isolated ranch, there was a little reading-club, a family reading-club, the best of all clubs for young people to belong to, where the father and mother read aloud. And most that has been written concerning the Pilgrims, both before and after their arrival in New England, was read at this club. So you see Dick and Suzette had come fully equipped, and had nothing to do but just go around and look at the delicious old places they had read about, without the necessity of a story-book uncle crammed for the occasion.

And the first thing they did the morning succeeding the interview with Teddy at the rock was to start out, after duly breakfasting, for the purpose of finding the "very sweete brooke running under the hillside" which so pleased the Pilgrims.

Teddy had brought the buttercups early, with the dew still upon them, and Suzette had tucked them into her white frock.

It was in accordance with her mother's wish that Suzette put on a fresh white frock daily in sweet, bright summer weather. But the frock was so simply made that it was no more difficult

to launder than an "old-fashioned tire" — so Mehitable, who felt called upon to apologize for this seeming extravagance on the part of Mrs. Richard, said to black Rose when she handed the seven over to her Monday morning. And so far as Rose was concerned, she would not have minded if there had been seventy.

The "sweete brooke" is now spanned by a bridge not far from its mouth. It is no longer "sweete," at least not to look at, as Dick remarked to Suzette. They were leaning over the railing and looking down upon its dark, turbid waters. Innumerable ducks were paddling about in it, and a few geese. A garden or two bordered on the stream, but the greater part of its banks was crowded with buildings. It is tolerably wide just here, and looks more like a pond than a running stream.

"But how pretty it must have been, Dick, when there were no houses here!" said Suzette. "Such a little stream, and with clear water, and the herrings crowding up and filling it full in spring, and round banks, and buttercups and strawberry vines and mayflowers growing. I'm sure, Dick, mayflowers grew on that bank there, and little Humilitie Cooper picked them that very first spring after the snow had gone."

It was difficult for Dick to believe that the shy mayflower had ever grown in this noisy place where the air was filled with the clatter of a mill of some sort and the rough sounds of a forge. But he did not say so. Unlike some brothers, he seldom cast a damper upon Suzette's pretty fancies or imaginings.

A boat was just starting out below the bridge. Two boys were in her.

"Have a sail?" they shouted.

"Not to-day," was the reply.

The temptation was strong. The water was blue, the sky clear, and the breeze steady. But they had promised not to go boating until they had learned to swim. And the next morning the swimming lessons were to begin.

"I say, Suzette," said Dick, "when the horses get here, let's follow this stream up as far as it goes."

"But we can't follow a stream here as we can at home," replied Suzette. "The houses and fences are in the way."

"Well, we can leap the fences and go round the houses, I suppose," said Dick.

"But perhaps they won't like us to leap their fences."

“Oh, bother!” was Dick’s reply. “What a nuisance a fence is, any way! And doesn’t it look queer, Sue, to see such little bits of land fenced in?”

The narrow street along which they were walking was black with coal dust from the smelting furnaces. The sun fell hot upon it, and the air was close. Over the window of a shabby little house a honeysuckle clambered. And out from the honeysuckle looked a small, pale face. A smile broke over the face as the eyes met Suzette’s.

“Won’t you come in?” asked a child’s voice.

Dick and Suzette stopped and hesitated. It was a little abrupt—this invitation to enter a strange house.

The door stood wide open, however, and the flat door-stone was on a level with the dusty street. It was only a step in, not up, and, after the momentary hesitation, they entered.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE BESS.

I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

— *Leigh Hunt.*

IT was a small place, but they had been in houses quite as small before. The sod-house in which their father and mother had lived when they first went on to the ranch, and which had been carefully preserved, was much smaller. The room, though bare, was clean.

The little girl whose small face had looked out from the honeysuckle, and whose voice had asked them to enter, did not come forward to greet them. This lack of courtesy surprised Suzette at first. Then she saw that the child was not sitting by the window, as she had supposed, but was lying on a couch, raised so that she could look out. She held out a thin little hand as Dick and Suzette went up to her.

“I knew who you were the minute I see you,” she said, smiling — a smile which brought a dimple

into either wan cheek. "Teddy told me all about you."

"And you are" —

"Little Bess," said the child.

"And is Teddy your brother?" asked Suzette.

"Oh, no!" replied the child. "I have n't nobody but my mother. But Teddy is awful good t' me. An' won't you set down an' stay a little while?" she asked, looking at the two wistfully. "I'll show you my dollies," she added, as Suzette sat down and Dick leaned on her chair.

Little Bess looked at them for a moment or two without speaking, but smiling all the time. The two pleased her, as they did most people. But Dick's happy boy's face grew grave as he looked at her. Such a helpless little creature as this was new not only to his experience, but to his imagination. He had never even dreamed that in this beautiful world, so full of enjoyment and activity for him, there could be found such a childhood as this. She apparently could move only her head and arms. The rest of her body was strapped to a wooden frame.

"I like you;" and she nodded her head confidentially. "You look so good and strong, and — and so nice." And she looked Suzette over, from her

pretty straw hat with its bunch of daisies to her trim walking-boots. "An' you look just alike, just as Teddy said you did. Are you twins? I never saw twins before. It must be so nice to be twins."

"Them are my dolls," she said, pointing to a row that stood leaning against a box upon the table before her. There were twenty of them, of all sizes and ages, from an extremely grimy and ancient rag-baby to the latest arrival—the one Teddy had bought in Boston.

"That one," pointing to the ancient rag-baby, "was my very firstest one. I had it when I was a baby myself. Her name is Arabella, an' mother wants to burn her up; she's so dirty, she says. But I can't have one o' my family burnt up just because she's dirty. That would be cruel."

She spoke gravely, though Dick fancied he saw a little twinkle of amusement in her eyes. It interested him. Was it possible that she liked fun?

"An' that," she said, pointing to another with very red cheeks and a tinsel crown upon her head—"that is Queen Victory. P'r'aps you think I don't know nothin' about Queen Victory, but I do. I've got a little book all about her, Miss

Penelope give me, an' I like her. She's good t' little girls.

"An' that one," pointing to a small rubber specimen that cried when squeezed, "is a very naughty child that cries all th' time, and makes her mother sights o' work. An' her name is Squawleena. Doctor Tom said that was a good name for her. An' that's her mother, Mis' Jackson, next to her. See how poor an' old she is, just on account o' Squawleena's bein' so naughty."

The "mother" doll had been originally stuffed with sawdust, but had sprung a leak and lost some of it, which really was the cause of the emaciated and wrinkled appearance which little Bess was pleased to attribute to Squawleena's naughtiness.

"An' that," she continued, pointing to a jolly little doll with almond-shaped eyes and the blackest of hair, "is Miss Japonica. She's from Japan, you know, an' Doctor Tom named her. An' he says that's the way little Japan girls look.

"An' that one," indicating a crippled creature with one arm, one leg, and one eye only, "is Betsy Prig. She was a-settin' on th' floor one day — she had be'n naughty an' tumbled off, you know — an' in rushed a big, dreadful lion out o' th' woods,

an' bit her an' shook her an' shook her, an' I screamed, an' Teddy run in an' drove off the lion, but poor, dear Betsy Prig was all bit up, an' I felt awfully, an' when Doctor Tom came I asked him if he could n't make her well again. An' he said he could n't make her a new eye, or a new leg, or a new arm, but he guessed if I bathed her an' kep' her quiet she'd heal up. An' he gave me some arnica to bathe her with.

"The lion, you know, was just a little dog, but I play 't was a lion, 'cause playin' things makes 'em so interestin'."

This last remark was made in a confidential tone, and it went quite to Suzette's heart. Here, then, was somebody else who liked to make believe things, as well as herself. And although she did not understand why it should, the very thought made her almost cry. And Suzette is not the kind of girl that cries at every little thing either. But she bravely overcame the impulse, and said:

"I think it's great fun to make believe. I do it myself, lots; don't I, Dick? Oh, do tell us some more!"

"An' that," little Bess went on, pointing to a pretty, pink-cheeked doll whose eyes had somehow disappeared — "that is Dottie Dimple. She had

the very loveliest, *loveliest* blue eyes that ever you did see, an' 'cause she was naughty, an' *would not* try to learn to read, they just faded all out. That's what Doctor Tom says happens to things if you don't use 'em, an' I kep' tellin' her so; but she would n't. That's what Doctor Tom said when it hurt me so to move my arms. 'You must try, little Bess,' says he, 'or they'll get so bad you can't use 'em ever.' An' I alwa's do just as Doctor Tom says. An' it don't hurt me *much* now." She said this with a sunny smile.

And did moving those thin little hands hurt her? Dick, who was intently watching her as she talked on about her dolls, more to Suzette than to him, felt he could not bear it much longer. If she would only cry about it, it would be easier, because then he could pity her. But she seemed so dreadfully happy! That is what he would have said if he could have put his feelings into words.

"An' that doll," continued little Bess, with great animation, pointing to the very biggest of them all, a rag-doll of home manufacture, a roly-poly, fat creature with a broad, smiling countenance — "that is Marietta Tintoretta Tin Ton Territo Wilhelmina Angelina Wilkins Smith;" and she laughed as merrily as a bobolink sings. "Is n't it

funny? I named her all myself. An' sometimes Doctor Tom comes in an' says, 'An' how is Queen Victory, an' Arabella, an' Squawleena, an' Betsy Prig, an' Mis' Jackson, an' Cinderella, an' Mother Hubbard, an' Sally Jane, an' Miss Kick-a-poo, an' Marietta Tintoretta Tin Ton Territo Wilhelmina Angelina Wilkins Smith?' an' he says it so fast an' so funny I almost die a-laughin'." And again the laughter bubbled out, and this time so irresistibly that Dick and Suzette could not have helped joining in if they had tried. A carriage-full of solemn-faced people who were passing by looked in astonishment at the honeysuckle-shaded window from which such delightful laughter was issuing.

"An' that," resumed little Bess, turning once more to the matter in hand, after they had stopped laughing for sheer want of breath — "that is little Violet."

She pointed to a small doll which they had not before seen, the huge bulk of Marietta Tintoretta having shut her off from their observation. This doll was strapped to a little frame the exact copy of the one in which little Bess herself lay.

"She 's sick, you know, an' has to be put in that so she can grow straight an' nice. Doctor Tom

fixed her; I asked him to. But she don't like it, an' she fusses. An' I have to talk to her real hard sometimes. She thinks it's too bad she can't run round like Squawleena an' Japonica an' the rest o' the little girls. An' I tell her she must be patient an' wait, an' p'r'aps by-m-by she'll git well. An' I tell her she has lots o' nice things: a mother to take care o' her—that's her mother, Mis' Patty Mullikin, a-standin' by her—and Doctor Tom to doctor her an' tell her stories, an' lots o' folks to be good to her, an' a honeysuckle t' smell sweet, an' th' sun t' shine in, an' a kitty, an' such a nice, nice, splendid Teddy! But she's a very, *very* ungrateful child!"

At this point Dick turned abruptly and walked to the door. He could not stand it another minute longer. This unconscious revelation, this laying bare so innocently her own feelings by little Bess was the last straw. As he stood in the door he looked steadily out at the dingy old building opposite. There was a woman at one of its windows, who wondered who that nice boy could be over to Mis' Parker's. But Dick did not see her. There was a mist before his eyes and a lump in his throat.

Little Bess, whose eyes had been fixed reprov-

ingly upon the ungrateful Violet, turned them upon Dick inquiringly as he walked away. He stood with his back turned to her so she could not see his face. What was the matter with him? She wondered whether she had said something to displease him. Did he not like her telling them about her dolls? Her face grew grave, but before she could ask, Suzette came to the rescue. With true womanly instinct she divined at once what was in Dick's heart, and, crowding back the tears which again threatened to be too much for herself, she spoke quickly and cheerfully.

"Which is the doll Teddy bought you in Boston?" she asked.

At this question the smile returned to little Bess's face, and Dick, having gained control of himself, and, boy-like, feeling a little ashamed, perhaps, of the loss of that self-control, — for ought not a boy of thirteen to be equal to most things? — came back to his stand by Suzette's chair.

"That is it. Take it up, please," said little Bess.

And Suzette took up and examined the pretty little creature, with its soft, fluffy hair and fashionable attire. It looked as though it were worth a

good deal more than the twenty-five cents Teddy had paid for it. And Suzette wondered in her own mind whether there had not been an understanding between the saleswoman and the good policeman, and whether the latter had not paid the balance of the price out of his own pocket. Who knows? nobody but the two themselves, if he did do it. But if he did, it will surely be remembered as one of those deeds of which it is written: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"And have you named her?" asked Suzette.

"Yes; her name's Theodora Stamford," replied little Bess. "I told Miss Brewer if 't had be'n a boy doll I'd 'a' named it for Teddy; an' she said Theodora was the girl's name for Teddy. An' I named her Theodora Stamford, you know, 'cause she come in the *Stamford*. I never see th' *Stamford*, but I hear her whistle ev'ry day, an' sometimes I see some of the folks — not very often though. They don't come down here much. Teddy says they go an' look at a big rock an' set on th' hill an' eat. Don't you think it's a nice name?" and she looked at Suzette confidently.

"I think it's a lovely name," replied Suzette

heartily. "But do you stay alone here?" she asked, having neither seen nor heard any one moving about the small house.

"'Most always," replied little Bess. "My mother has to go out to do washing and work. But I don't mind; I ain't lonesome. Most all th' folks know me, an' when they go by they look in the window an' say, 'An' how are you t'-day, little Bess?' an' that 's company, you know. An' there's th' dolls to make b'lieve about, an' my books."

There was a light frame attached to the couch in some way, upon which lay a child's magazine; and this frame was just high enough and near enough so little Bess could turn the leaves easily.

"I can read," she said, with an expression of pride on her small face. "Miss Brewer learned me. An' there 's kitty for company."

As if in response to her words, a great yellow cat jumped in at the window. He had a blue ribbon around his neck, to which was attached a tiny brass bell, an exact copy of the old Liberty Bell at Philadelphia, even to a crack in its side. He at once sprang up by little Bess and began to rub his head against her cheek and purr. The eyes he turned inquiringly upon the two visitors were pure gold in color.

“He’s Miss Brewer’s cat, an’ he comes t’ see me ev’ry day, an’ stays a good long while. Ain’t he a beauty? An’ his name’s Colonel Archibald Yell. An’ ain’t it a funny name? He’s named for a great soldier, Miss Brewer says. Colonel Archibald Yell,” and she held up a finger, “ring your bell!” and the musical ting-a-ling-ling answered to a vigorous shake of the yellow warrior’s head.

“Oh! he’s sights o’ company. No; I ain’t lonesome ever. Why, I *can’t* be, you know!”

As Dick and Suzette walked away through the dusty street, after promising little Bess to come again, they stopped and looked back at the small gray house with its honeysuckle-shaded window.

“Is n’t it dreadful, Dick?” said Suzette.

“Yes; do you suppose Uncle Tom can’t cure her?”

“If he could, I am sure he would,” said Suzette.

“Well, come,” said Dick, for Suzette was looking sadly grieved, an unusual expression for her bonny face, and one he did not like to see. “Let’s go up Leyden Street and see what we can find. It’s the street of the ‘seven lights,’ you know.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE STREET OF THE SEVEN HOUSES.

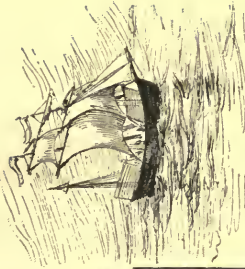
So they lefte ye goodly and pleasante citie, which had been their resting place near 12 years; but they knew they were pilgrimes, and looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to ye heavens, their dearest cuntrye, and quieted their spirits.—
William Bradford.

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dark and mist of the evening.
— *Longfellow.*

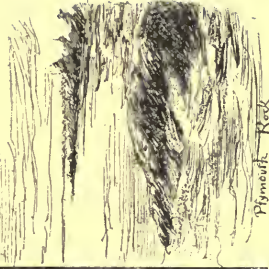
L EYDEN STREET is the oldest street in Pilgrim Town. When De Rassièrè saw it in 1627 he said it was about a cannon-shot long, and it was the same length then that it is now.

It was called First Street by the Pilgrims, and then Broad Street; though why it should have been called Broad Street it is impossible to say, unless because it was so narrow.

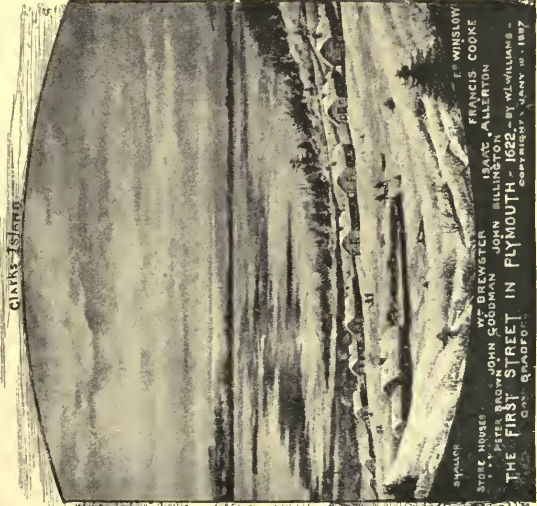
The name of Leyden was given to it in 1823, in memory of Leyden, “a faire and beutifull citie and of a sweet situation,” where, as the quotation from Bradford’s History at the head of this chapter tells you, the Pilgrims had lived during the



The Good Ship May Heaven



Plymouth Rock

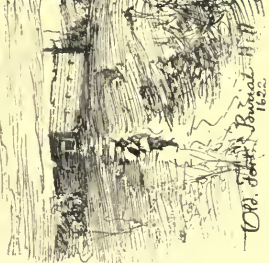


CLARK'S ISLAND

SHAPED BY WINSLOW
 FRANCIS COOKE
 STORE HOUSES BY BREWSTER
 ISAAC ALLERTON
 JOHN GODDMAN JOHN BILLINGTON
 THE FIRST STREET IN PLYMOUTH - 1622 - BY WILLIAMS -
 G. W. BRADFORD
 COPYRIGHT, JANU. 10. 1887



Landing from the Shallop



Dr. John Burial Hill
1622

twelve years preceding their emigration to Plymouth.

At the left, as you come up the slope from the water-side, stood the Common House, the first building put up by the Pilgrims, made of logs, filled in between the logs with clay mortar, and thatched with reeds and rushes from the borders of the brooks and ponds. This house took fire January 14. The women and children were still on board the *Mayflower* and were greatly terrified when they saw the flames streaming up from the thatched roof, thinking the Indians had made an attack. Governor Carver and William Bradford were lying in the house ill, and barely escaped with their lives. The dreadful sickness which carried off so many had already begun. The women and children had to stay on board the vessel until the little log-houses were ready for them. Of course the children must have come on shore daily to play and work too. But histories, unfortunately, do not say much about the children, and so we have to guess about them. A square white house now stands upon the spot, with an inscription upon one corner telling the visitor that here is the site of the Common House.

Suzette, coming slowly up the hill and still thinking of little Bess, suddenly caught sight of this inscription, and her face at once brightened. She seized Dick's arm, and they both stopped and stood a moment or two looking up and down the street. Not a person was to be seen in it, but up at the end in the Town Square people were passing to and fro under the shade of the great elms, and a crowd waited at the doors of the post-office, where the morning's mail was being opened. That building stands upon the lot once owned and occupied by Governor William Bradford.

It required all Suzette's powers of making believe to bring back the street of 1621 as she looked up and down at the neat, well-blinded houses, all of them having a modern air with the exception of one delightful big old house which looked as if it might have been almost two hundred years old, and had a gambrel roof and massive chimney.

On the first page of the Old Colony Records is a plan of this street as it probably looked two hundred and sixty-five years from that very morning, and here it is:—

“Moorsteads and garden-Plotes of those which came first, layed out 1620.”

NORTH SIDE.

THE SOUTH SIDE.

THE STREET.	PETER BROWN.
	JOHN GOODMAN.
	MR. WM BREWSTER.
	HIGE WAY.
	JOHN BILLINGTON.
MR. IZAACK ALLERTON.	
FRANCIS COOKE.	
EDWARD WINSLOW.	

There are the seven houses which held the "seven lights" we read about in Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Beyond the seven houses stood the Common House.

And down this street Samoset came that April morning in 1621, walking fearlessly toward the Common House, and saying, "Welcome, welcome, Englishmen!"

They did not let him enter, however, for reasons of their own, but took him to another house, where he was feasted with "strong drink, bisket, butter, cheese, pudding, and a piece of mallard" (duck), all of which he found extremely good. And then, by way of cementing their friendship still more firmly, they "drank" tobacco together,

or, as we should say, smoked. And when he went away they gave him a knife, a bracelet, and a ring.

It was on this street too, doubtless, somewhere near the governor's house, that certain men, who came over after the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, played "stoole-ball" and "pitch-the-barr" on a Christmas day, because, as they said, their consciences would not permit them to work on that day. But when Governor Bradford found them at their games he ordered them into their own houses, saying that, if their consciences would not permit them to work, neither would his conscience suffer him to allow them to play while others worked.

For the Pilgrims made nothing of Christmas. They thought it a Papist festival, and they hated everything Papistical, and with good reason, too, as you will learn in reading history. So there was no bringing in of the boar's head nor burning of the yule log in Pilgrim Town; no singing of waits or hanging of the mistletoe on Christmas day, as in the Old England whence they had fled. And the children knew nothing of the hanging of stockings by the great open fire-places, nothing of the sweet myth of Santa Claus or of the Christmas-tree with its Christ-child.

Dick and Suzette walked slowly up the street,

looking at everything, seeing everything with that power of quick observation they had acquired by living so much out-of-doors. For when riding at home — and they spent hours every day in the saddle upon the backs of their Indian ponies — they were always on the lookout. They never knew what might turn up the next minute — whether a jack rabbit, a brown bear, a gray wolf, a stray buffalo, or a wild Indian. And they had, consequently, in the lift of their heads, something of the alertness of wild forest creatures who are ever on the watch; something of the eager look of the deer. Their whole appearance, in fact, was totally unlike that of the town-bred or even of the country-bred New England boy or girl.

And they were so curiously alike. Just the same height to the hundredth part of an inch, the same dark eyes and waving brown hair, and they walked off with the same free step.

So as they passed up through Town Square, it was no wonder the crowd at the post-office questioned each other as to who they were and where they came from. It was soon understood that they were the grandchildren of old Dr. Waterman, whose memory is still green in that region. And the men and women, some of whom had come

from far-off Cedarville and Long Pond to barter their produce, followed the two with kindly eyes as they went up the broad, concreted way leading to the summit of Burial Hill.

“Reg’lar chips o’ th’ old block,” said one. “That’s jest th’ way th’ old doctor used t’ step off.”

A good many people were on the hill that morning, rambling about in the well-kept paths. The *Stamford* was in, and a party of excursionists who had come in her were searching for the graves of John Alden and Rose Standish. The grave of the former is unknown, and the latter was buried, as we know, on Cole’s Hill. So their quest was a fruitless one. But they did not seem to mind. They sat down upon a zinc-covered seat and ate peanuts, littering the grass with the shells.

Upon one of the many seats and under the shade of an elm, Dick and Suzette were surprised to find Teddy, who grinned broadly in reply to Dick’s “Halloo!”

“Why are n’t you in school, Teddy?” asked Dick. “Is it vacation?”

“Not quite,” replied Teddy. “But I ain’t a-goin’ no more.”

“Why not?”

“’Cause I hate it,” was the prompt reply.

Dick had never been to school, as we know, but he had always thought it must be uncommonly jolly fun to do so; and he felt that there must be some mistake.

“Come now, Teddy,” he remonstrated; “you don’t mean you’re playing truant? That’s mean.”

“She ’s mean.”

“Who?”

“Teacher.”

“Why, what has she done?”

“She said she’d settle with me to-night. An’ I know what that means, you bet — a lickin’; an’ I jest skipt, an’ I ain’t goin’ no more, for I wa’ n’t t’ blame.”

“And what had you been doing?”

“Nothin’.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothin’ t’ be licked for.”

Suzette, who had been looking about her at the old gray tombstones, many of them gay with patches of orange-colored lichens, stooped to read the quaint inscription upon one and then upon another, and so, moving unconsciously further and further on, left Dick and Teddy by themselves.

Then Dick sat down upon the seat by Teddy and said:—

“Come now, Teddy, tell me all about it. What was the teacher going to keep you after school for?”

“Well,” said Teddy, moved to confidence by Dick’s friendliness, “you know that little bantam o’ mine?—no, you don’t, nuther,” correcting himself. “But I’ve got one, an’ he’s awful spunky. He’s a Seabright bantam, and he looks jest like a little hen—don’t have none o’ them long tail-feathers. He follers me round ev’rywheres when he ain’t shut up, and goes over t’ see little Bess, an’ walks in jest as peart an’ hops ont’ th’ table an’ crows. An’ little Bess thinks he’s splendid. An’ his name’s Dot—little Bess named him out of a story Miss Brewer told her.

“An’ yest’d’y I forgot t’ shut him up, an’ he follered me, an’ I did n’t see him till I got t’ th’ school-house. An’ th’ bell was a-ringin’, an’ I had n’t time t’ go back, an’ I dar’s n’t leave him outside, f’r th’ high-school boys would ‘a’ killed him, like’s not. An’ so I jest tucked him under my jacket an’ carried him’ an’ shut him int’ my desk.

“An’ then I forgot all about him, an’ when

teacher said 'Books!' I opened my desk wide, an' out he flew — them Seabrights 're awful high fliers — an' lit right on teacher's head. She was a-comin' down th' aisle, an' wa' n't she mad! She give him a whack, an' he was awful scared, an' flew an' upset Bobby Sears' ink, an' then flew up ont' th' blackboard, an' there he set pantin' like everything.

"An' then teacher says, says she, 'Who fetched that hen in here?' an' nobody says nothin'. An' then she said ag'in, 'Th' one that fetched that hen in will jest speak out an' tell, or I'll ask ev'ry one o' y' singly.' An' nobody said nothin' ag'in. An' then she said, 'Thomas Niles, did you fetch that hen in here?' an' he said, 'No,' an' so ev'rybody said. An' by-m-by she come t' me, an' 'Theodore Martin,' says she, 'did you fetch that hen in?' an' 'No,' says I, an' I did n't tell no lie, for I did n't fetch him, an' he wa' n't a hen nuther. An' then she went on, an' ev'rybody said 'No.'

"'Somebody's told a lie,' says she, 'an' if I find out who 't is I shall punish him severely.' An' then that nasty little telltale of a Molly Malony speaks up an' says, 'That 's Teddy Martin's hen.'

"An' then teacher says to me, 'Is that so, Theodore? Does that hen b'long t' you, an' did

you fetch it, an' have you told a lie?' An' then I had t' say, 'It b'longs t' me, but I ain't told no lie. I did n't fetch him—he come hisself. An' he ain't a hen—he's a rooster.' An' then Dot up an' crowed right on top o' th' blackboard just as loud! An' then teacher says, 'You can take him home, Theodore, an' I'll settle with you to-night.' An' I ain't a-goin' to be settled with, for I ain't done nuthin', now have I?" and he looked up at Dick.

Under other circumstances, without thinking, perhaps, Dick might have said "No," and laughed. But appealed to in this way, he felt his responsibility, and after a few moments' thought, he spoke:—

"Of course, Teddy, you were n't to blame for Dot following you; you could n't help that. Perhaps it would have been better to have told the teacher all about it and asked her to let you carry him home."

"But she would n't," broke in Teddy. "She 'd 'a' told me t' leave him out-o'-doors, jest as she did Allie Prince's kitty. An' Allie never see her no more."

"Well, perhaps so," said Dick. "But I think you ought to have owned up, Teddy. It's mean to tell lies."

“But I did n’t tell a lie. I did n’t fetch him, an’ ’t wa’ n’t a hen,” remonstrated Teddy, putting himself behind double entrenchments, as it were.

Dick smiled, seeing which, Teddy brightened.

“But, Teddy, my mother says that trying to deceive, trying to make a person believe a thing is n’t when ’t is, or is when it is n’t, is one kind of lying. I can’t explain it exactly, but I think my mother would say you told a kind of a lie. What did your mother say when you told her about it?”

“I ain’t got no mother,” said Teddy; and his face clouded.

He was disappointed. He had hoped Dick would be his champion, and strengthen him in his resolution of not going back to school.

As to Dick, he was suddenly silenced. New experiences seemed to be crowding upon him too thickly — so thickly as to quite take his breath away. Coming out from his happy, sheltered childhood, where he had known nothing of real sorrow or pain, he had first been confronted by the sad helplessness of little Bess, and now with the problem of the motherless Teddy.

No mother! And what was a boy going to do without a mother to go to, he should like to know? What would he do? He had written a long letter

to his mother that very morning. He wrote to her every day, and she to him.

Sunny and blue lay the ocean to the east and north and south. A robin sang in the elm above them. A party of girls, leaning upon the railing round the Cushman monument, chattered and laughed as though there were no such thing in the world as a motherless boy.

For several moments the two sat without speaking. Then Dick aroused himself, and the look he turned upon Teddy was full of sympathy.

"Well, Teddy," he said heartily, "if you have n't got any mother, I guess you'll have to do as my mother thinks. And I know she'd say you did wrong and ought to apologize, and" — hesitating a little at the harsh sentence — "take the consequences, even if it's a licking."

Teddy looked at him in dismay.

"Ye don't really mean it now, do ye?" he said. "D'ye s'pose y'r mother'd be that hard on a feller?"

"She always says I must take the consequences when I do wrong," was the reply.

"Well, now, I don't s'pose you ever did nothin' ye'd ought n't to — tell a lie, nor get mad, nor nothin'?" said Teddy.

Dick laughed outright.

“You’d better ask my mother!” he said. “Why, I’ve an awful quick temper, Teddy. I caught Black Jo riding Pepito one day, and I just gave him a sound thrashing. And mother made me go and apologize to him, a little black fellow no bigger than I, and I hated to, at first, awfully. But mother talked and talked until I wanted to. That’s the way mothers do. They don’t make you do a thing; they make you want to do it.”

“Mothers must be awful nice,” said poor Teddy.

“I tell you, Teddy,” Dick went on hastily, “you’ll feel better after it’s over. A fellow always feels tremendous mean when he’s done what he ought n’t to. And when I get mad I always feel better after I’ve apologized. Mother says it’s manly to own up. Come, Teddy, just do it now. Just go and tell the teacher all about it, and don’t think about what the consequence’ll be. If it’s a licking, take it like a man. You’ll feel better after it.”

If Teddy had not much confidence in Dick’s philosophy, he had a good deal in Dick, which amounts to the same thing. And so, after a moment’s thought, he said:—

“I’ll do it; I’ll jest do it.”

“All right, and good luck to you!” said Dick.

CHAPTER VII.

SUZETTE GIVES TEDDY A HISTORY LESSON.

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest.

When summer's throned on high
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie;
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun as he leaves the world
Looks kindly on that spot last.

—Pierpont.

AS Dick and Teddy got up from their seat after the conversation given in the last chapter, Suzette came to meet them, all aglow with a fresh discovery. As I have said before, she knew the old Pilgrim town well through books and photographs, and everywhere she went she recognized some feature of it. This time it was the site of the fort, which was a fort and meeting-house combined, and which



gave to the hill its first name of Fort Hill. It was built of "thick sawn planks stayed with oak beams," and had a flat roof upon which cannon were mounted. These commanded the country round about, and protected the street of houses. These houses were further protected by a stockade of stout planks built around the gardens, forming a complete defence, and the streets were closed every night by stout gates, to keep out wild beasts and marauding Indians. On this fort a constant watch was kept.

There were not many Indians just here when the Pilgrims came, for they had died off by pestilence only a few years before. But the Wampanoags and Nausets and Namaskets were not far off. And some of them were disposed to carry off what they might find of the possessions of the Pilgrims, and had stolen the tools of Myles Standish and Francis Cooke one day when the latter were at work in the woods.

As to wild beasts, two men who were lost and stayed out all night in the woods said they heard lions roaring; which was a mistake, of course. They placed themselves at the foot of two very large trees so that if the lions appeared they could run up quickly and be out of their reach. But

wolves were plenty. John Goodman, having gone out one day to exercise his lame feet, — lamed by the extreme cold, — was so unlucky as to meet two large ones. They chased his little dog, a “spannell,” who took refuge with his master. And the latter, having in his hand a bit of paling only for defense, faced them. But they did not offer to touch him. They sat down on “their tayles and grinned at him” as long as it pleased them, and then went their ways.

A low stone post at each corner now marks the site of the fort.

“O Dick!” called Suzette, “come and see where the fort was. And you come too, Teddy.”

“Yes, come on, Teddy,” said Dick.

Teddy followed gladly, yet reluctantly: gladly because he felt they really wanted him; reluctantly because he knew his hands were dirty and he was afraid his face was. He felt he was out of place beside these two, fresh as the morning and with such well-kept hands. And he resolved that never again should Mrs. White, whose chore-boy he was, be compelled to tell him to wash his hands.

The site of the fort is thickly covered with green grass, but Suzette sat down upon a seat

hard by and tried to "imagine" it as it stood there in all its roughness and squareness, with the six cannon upon its roof that shot five-pound iron balls. This fort meeting-house, or meeting-house fort, was built in the summer of 1622. Before that the Pilgrims had worshiped in the Common House and the cannon had been mounted on a platform.

No concreted way led up the hill then. (But there was a slope of green turf bespangled with violets and dandelions in early spring and with buttercups in the later summer.

Up this steep slope the Pilgrims marched in procession every Sunday. They formed before the door of Governor Bradford's house, having been called together by beat of drum, and marched three abreast, carrying their muskets. Captain Myles Standish walked upon one side of the governor, and the preacher on the other, with the women and children somewhere in the midst, I suppose. The governor wore a long robe, and the preacher had his cloak on, as did Myles Standish. The latter wore his side arms and carried a small cane in his hand. So they worshiped God in this rude temple, with their firearms close at hand.

This is the way they did in early New England, for nobody ever knew when the foe, that is, the

Indian, might be upon them. Often they had to break away from prayer and praise to fight for their own lives and those of their wives and children.

“I can imagine I see them,” said Suzette, in her favorite phrase. “The men with their pretty clothes, ever so much prettier then than now, with long stockings and silver buckles in their shoes, and broad collars and ruffles, and their muskets shining. And the children, with little kerchiefs over their shoulders, skipping along.” (I fear Suzette was at fault there, for I hardly think the children were allowed to skip much on their way to meeting). “And the mothers, looking so sweet and anxious, and pretty Priscilla Mullins — *should n't* you like to have seen her, Dick? — and little Humilitie Cooper; I wonder if she picked any buttercups on the way;” and Suzette looked fondly down upon the golden bouquet tucked into her white frock. “And over there maybe, the Indians were peeping and wondering what was going on. And there was no lighthouse on the Gurnet for company, and no houses on the Duxbury shore — only the sea and woods and sky.”

The little Humilitie Cooper, of whom Suzette was so fond, in 1623 had a whole “aker” — for so

it is spelled in the Old Colony Records — given to her when the land was assigned. And in 1627, when the cattle were divided, she came in for a share of one tenth of “the blind heifer and two she-goats.”

Cattle were precious in the old Pilgrim town then. The first were brought over by Edward Winslow in 1624, and we read in the records, under date of January 20, 1627, that “Edward Winslow had sold unto Myles Standish his six shares in the Red Cow.” They apparently owned shares in cows as we do in banks and railroads, and took their dividends in milk and calves.

“Dick,” Suzette went on after a pause and in a confidential tone, “they say, you know, that not a Pilgrim wanted to go back in the *Mayflower*. But I’m afraid I should have wanted to go.”

“I should n’t,” replied Dick, with a backward toss of his head.

“Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.”

Dick struck an attitude and declaimed this so loudly and vehemently that the tourists stopped munching peanuts for a perceptible instant, and wondered if "that boy" were going mad, or what ailed him.

"When a fellow has once started on a thing like that, Sue, he does n't back out. He's true blue."

"That's so," replied Suzette, converted from her momentary heresy. "And, Dick, if you had wanted to stay, I should, of course."

It was always very much "of course" with Suzette. What Dick did she always wanted to do, and it was a great comfort to her to know that when Dick went to college she would go too. And what he was going to be she would be—doctor, ranchman, artist, engineer; no matter what. But the company would be "Waterman & Waterman"; of that she was surè.

"And that," continued Suzette, looking over to what is now Watson's Hill, "must be Strawberry Hill over there, where Massasoit came. It was opposite Burial Hill, you know, with the 'sweete brooke' between. But it's all houses now. I wish I knew *exactly* where Massasoit and Myles Standish met;" and she peered down

among the roofs and chimneys which lie under the hill to the south.

All this talk was Greek to Teddy, who listened, however, with both ears. He knew something of the geography of Africa, and had acquired, through a reluctant study of United States history, — the dirty and dog's-eared condition of his own particular volume showing how reluctant, — a vague idea of certain events and persons such as the Revolutionary War and George Washington. But of the early history and topography of the old Pilgrim town in which he lived, and in whose historic streets he walked and played daily, he knew nothing.

History, from its very remoteness, was uninteresting, and had he known that he was to listen to a long passage from that hated study when he asked, turning his eyes upon Suzette, "Who were them fellers, any way?" I fear he would never have asked the question.

"Why, don't you know, Teddy? Don't you really know about the Pilgrims?" asked Suzette, who, with Dick, had come to the conclusion that Teddy's assertion that Columbus had landed on Plymouth Rock was only "bluff."

"No, I don't," replied Teddy promptly, having

the courage of his ignorance, and taking the first step in the path of knowledge by confessing that ignorance.

And so Suzette began at the beginning and told him the whole beautiful story in her own way, weaving in much poetry, it is true, but then there is a good deal of poetry in history, though many historians have not yet found that out, especially those who write the school histories.

It was the most fitting place in the old Pilgrim town in which to listen to that story for the first time, for there lay the scene of it spread out all around them. In the distance, dimly seen above the blue sea, was a portion of the sandy shores of Cape Cod. Around Beach Point a small vessel was trimming her sails, and one could easily imagine her to be the *Mayflower* herself. The rock was hidden from their view, it is true, and Cole's Hill was only a confusion of housetops. But Teddy, listening eagerly, caught something of Suzette's enthusiasm, and the wintry weather, the icy shores, and the snow-covered hill became very clear to him.

Just below them sloped the street of the seven houses, and all around were the old graves set with thick slate stones brought from England.

And there on the topmost height of the hill stood the small white shaft which marks the grave of William Bradford, that brave man and true, who was governor of Plymouth Plantation from 1621 to 1657, with the exception of five years during which he begged off.

Just think of what stuff a man must have been made who did not care for the office of governor, but who wished to spend and be spent for the good of the colony! That's the man for a boy to pattern after!

"And the day they landed was the twenty-first of December," said Suzette, after getting her Pilgrims comfortably on shore.

"The twenty-first! Why, that's th' day we alwa's have sukitchash! Miss Pen alwa's sends some to little Bess an' me."

Here was something at last that Teddy knew about. He had eaten of that palatable dish which is made on Forefathers' Day in almost every household in Plymouth that is able to get together the many ingredients, — the hulled corn, beans, corned beef, chickens, and what not, — for the writer confesses her ignorance of the essential parts of succotash, though she has often partaken of the savory mess with the completest satisfaction.

“Sukitash! what’s sukitash?” asked Suzette, adopting Teddy’s pronunciation.

“It’s succotash, Sue. Don’t you remember when mamma made some once for papa? Papa said he wished he could have some Plymouth succotash once more. And so mamma and Félice made some after he had told them as near as he could. And papa said he didn’t wish to hurt their feelings, but they’d better give it to the pigs.”

“But Teddy says they always have it every twenty-first, the day the Pilgrims landed. I wonder why that is?”

“I don’t know, I’m sure,” said Dick. “Do you, Teddy?”

But of course Teddy did not know, and I am not sure anybody does. Certainly the Pilgrims did not have anything so good for many a day after they landed. They had corn after a while, and beans, and we read about lobsters and fish, and a bit of venison now and then. But they were often reduced to great straits and had to practice a rigid frugality in the matter of food.

Succotash, too, was really an Indian dish, and a fine mess it was as they made it, putting in all sorts of unspeakable things!

But whether the custom of providing succotash for Forefathers' Day has or has not an historical foundation, no eater thereof will seriously object to its observance.

"And that about the Injuns," said Teddy. "Was there Injuns here once?"

"Why, of course, Teddy; there were Indians *everywhere* in America once."

Then Suzette told him about the coming of Samoset and of Massasoit. How Massasoit came one day in April, 1621, with sixty of his Indians, and took his stand on Strawberry Hill; and how the Pilgrims sent over Edward Winslow to see him, carrying a pair of knives and a copper chain with a jewel in it as a gift for Massasoit; and for his brother Quadequina, a knife and a jewel to hang in his ear, together with "strong water and bisket." And how by-and-by Massasoit himself crossed the brook — Edward Winslow staying behind as hostage — and Myles Standish and Master Williamson¹ met him with an escort and took him down the street of the seven houses to the Common House, where he was given a "greene rugge" and cushions to sit on, which was

¹Master Williamson has lately been discovered to have been the supercargo of the *Mayflower*.

as near a throne as they could come in their poverty; for Massasoit was king of the Wampanoags, and they wished to do him honor.

He had a grave countenance and he did not talk much, and although he was "a lustie man," it was noticed that, as he sat upon his improvised throne by the side of Governor Carver, he trembled.

They made a treaty with him, and then he went back to his village of Sowams, now Warren, in Rhode Island.

Massasoit was a fast friend of the Pilgrims from that day to the end of his life.

At one time, when he was sick in his own house at Sowams, Edward Winslow, hearing of his illness, went to him, taking another Indian, named Hobomock, as a guide. On the way some Indians told them Massasoit was already dead, and Hobomock, who greatly loved him, broke out into lamentations:—

"My loving Sachem! my loving Sachem! many have I known, but never any like thee." And then he went on to say that Massasoit was no liar; he was not bloody and cruel like the other Indians; he soon got over his anger and was forgiving.

On arriving at Massasoit's wigwam, however,

they found that the Indians had lied to them, and that the chief, although very ill, was still alive. He was quite blind from the disease, and when he was told that Winslow had come, he put out his hand and groped for his, and took it and said faintly:—

“Art thou Winsnow?” and when he was told that it was indeed he, he exclaimed, “O Winsnow, I shall never see thee again!”

But Winslow turned out the medicine-men, who were making a great pow-wow in order to drive off the evil spirit which they thought was making Massasoit ill, and nursed him himself, and in a short time he was so much better that he sat up.

“Now I see,” he said, “that the English are my friends and love me, and while I live I shall never forget this kindness they have shown.”

Before they went away he called Hobomock to him, and told him of a great conspiracy that the Massachusetts and other Indians had entered into to kill all the whites, and which they had tried to persuade him to join. He advised the Pilgrims to strike the first blow, and spoil the plot by killing the ringleaders.

Hobomock also continued a good friend to the Pilgrims, and in the allotment of land in 1624 a

parcel was given to him. He became a member of Myles Standish's family, and his guide and interpreter on his expeditions.

Samoset brought still another Indian to the Pilgrims at Plymouth. He was named Squanto and was the only one left of the Patuxet tribe, which had been killed off by pestilence three years before the coming of the Pilgrims, and whose lands they occupied. He had been seized and carried off by a man named Hunt, who meant to sell him for a slave into Spain. But Squanto got away to England and so back to his old home.

He could talk English, and became very useful to the Pilgrims. He showed them how to enrich their ground with fish, putting a herring into each hill of corn. These herring came up the "brooke of sweet waters" in the early spring, and were caught by thousands. He told them, too, the right time in which to plant their corn—when the leaves of the white oak are as big as the ears of a mouse. And after they had planted their corn they set a watch over it every night for fourteen nights, lest the wolves, digging for the buried fish, should dig up the corn also. In fourteen days the fish decayed so that the wolves did not care for them.

It must be confessed that Squanto was not strictly honest in all his dealings, but then, what could be expected of an untaught Indian who himself had been treacherously dealt with? But he loved the English, and when he was dying he asked Governor Bradford to pray that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven.

The Pilgrim fort stood upon the south-easterly spur of the hill, but when they built their watch-house in 1643, they put that upon the summit. Stone posts now mark its site. Another was built later on the same spot. From this site bits of window glass have been taken, although the early houses had no window glass.

Window glass was then but little used even in England, and the Pilgrims used oiled paper as a substitute. This let in plenty of light, ordinarily, but of course no one could see through it, and the interior effect on a rainy day in summer or in winter, when the outer door had to be shut, must have been dismal enough. But then there was always the great cheery fire in the great fire-place. When the time came that they did have glass, the panes were small, diamond-shaped, and set in lead, such as you see in English cottages to-day. We must remember that many things which we

consider essential to comfortable, even to decent, living were unknown to the Pilgrims.

How, think you, could you get on without forks? And yet Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare and Walter Raleigh, all, doubtless ate without forks. Occasionally we hear of a silver fork with which to eat fruit. But the Englishman of that day commonly ate with his knife. With a napkin in his left hand he held his food and cut it with the right hand. Old table knives are still in existence which are rounded out on the back, near the end, this little shelf being doubtless provided to convey the food safely to the mouth.

The floors of the palaces of England were then strewn with rushes, so a visitor would not have expected to find carpets in the small log-houses at Plymouth.



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

And as regards chairs, the Pilgrims had a few, we know, for we see to-day in Pilgrim Hall the stout arm-chairs of Governors Carver and Winslow and of Elder Brewster. But chairs were few, and

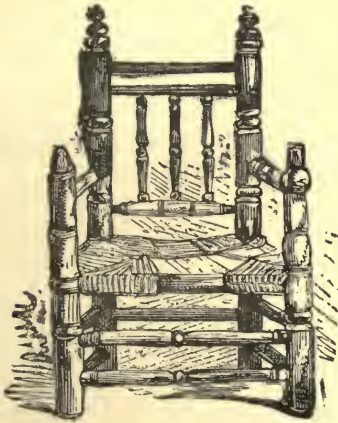
most of the Pilgrims, the children most certainly, sat on nothing more luxurious than a three-legged wooden stool. Their plates were of pewter or of wood. So were their platters and bowls.

Suzette's story was brought to an abrupt close by the simultaneous peal of the bell in the church-

tower below them and the striking of the town-clock, both of which announced the dinner hour.

"Good-by, Teddy," said Dick. "Come and tell me how you come out, to-morrow."

"All right," said Teddy.



GOVERNOR CARVER'S CHAIR.

He watched their rapid plunge down the hill, and then himself walked slowly down the stone steps leading into Spring Street.

What a handsome, jolly, kindly pair they were! he reflected, though not using these words perhaps. Nothing so beautiful and beneficent had ever come into his life before. How did it happen

they were so good to him? They did n't seem to mind one bit his ragged clothes or rough speech. For Teddy had begun to be dimly conscious, since he had known these two, that his speech was rough. He wondered if he could grow like Dick if he tried. 'T was worth trying for, any way. And he'd just go and own up to Miss Moore the first thing. That's what Dick said *he'd* do. How awful nice it must be to have a mother that could make a boy like that! And he thrust his hands into his pockets and walked on whistling "Sweet Violets."

CHAPTER VIII.

TO AND FRO IN PILGRIM LAND.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good
uncouth;
We must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of
truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims
be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

THEY were at the east window of uncle Tom's own room. They had been talking about the twin lights over on the Gurnet, which, like those of all lighthouses, are kindled at sunset; talking, too, of other things.

Uncle Tom was in his great easy-chair, resting after a hard day's work, and Suzette was standing beside him, with his arm around her. It was after this fashion that she talked over things with her father when at home.

"And can't you cure her, uncle Tom?" she asked.

"I'm doing my best, pussy," was the reply.

"I'm glad you've seen her. 'T was like her to speak to you. She's a jolly little thing."

"Oh, uncle Tom!"

"Well?"

"I don't see how she can be."

"No, I dare say not. It is n't easy for any of us to understand how a person can be happy without the very things we think essential to our own happiness."

"That's just it, uncle Tom. I don't see how a girl can be happy who can't run and ride and row and dance — only just lie still and bear the pain." Then after a moment, softly, "Poor little Bess!"

"Don't pity her, puss."

"Why not?"

"She does n't need it." Then, as Suzette looked at him inquiringly, "Do you think she does? I don't believe there's a happier girl in Plymouth than little Bess. Then why should you pity her?"

"Oh, I don't understand!" said Suzette again.

"And I'm glad you don't," was uncle Tom's reply. "Nobody can exactly understand another's experience. And I'm sure I'm glad you have n't had little Bess's." Then, after a pause: "You remember who it was that said, 'I am the good Shepherd'? and, pussy, what do your shepherds

on the ranch do when there's a weak little lamb who can't walk?"

"They take it up and carry it, uncle Tom."

"And just so it is that He gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom — the weak ones, who, like little Bess, can't run and skip with the rest. And I think he must have a special tenderness for them and must whisper many loving things to them by the way that fill them with happiness, though they can not run and skip. No, pussy, I don't think that any one who knows little Bess ever thinks of pitying her. She is such a little sunbeam that people are much more likely to come away from her pitying themselves because they are not so happy as she."

"Hasn't she ever walked one bit in her whole life?"

"Not a step," said uncle Tom.

There was a long silence, and then uncle Tom, jumping up briskly, said, "Come, let's go out under the lindens. I hear aunt Pen and Dick out there, and the band is playing in the square."

This large old house of uncle Tom's, with its wide-spreading lindens, was a never-failing delight to Suzette that summer. It was built by a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow, who was

himself named Edward, and who had had the frame and carvings brought from England. And Suzette had a great many fancies about those old timbers that showed themselves here and there in the corners and as cornices; timbers of stout English oak that had been growing nobody knows how many years—a thousand perhaps—before they were cut. Very likely, as she told aunt Pen, they might have sheltered King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table—a pretty wild flight of the imagination, but one which aunt Pen did not discourage. Aunt Pen was a model aunt, who believed in allowing young folks large liberties in this direction. She was n't above such things herself. She read the Arabian Nights through once every three years, and declared she found it just as interesting as it was when she was a girl in pantalettes. And she acknowledged that she still often liked to plan what she would wish for if she had Aladdin's lamp.

Well, the horses came, a pretty pair of black animals, named, as so many pairs are, for the famous Castor and Pollux, and upon them Dick and Suzette scoured the Pilgrim country far and near.

Down the long, sandy beach to the point, Castor, who never could get used to the dash and sound of the waves, capering and dancing all the way, while Pollux sniffed the sea-air as though he loved it. Every day at first it was a new way, leading through thick bowery woods, perhaps, to South Pond, the road an old Indian path running along the ridges of the hills, and now and then through an opening in the trees giving a glimpse of the sea, "the real, real sea," as Suzette was fond of saying.

Or, further still, to Long Pond, eight miles away, one of the twenty or more ponds and pondlets to be found in Plymouth township. Long Pond is a lovely sheet of water set amid sloping green hills, with miniature pebbly beaches, and when the wind is high, showing miniature white caps and a miniature surf.

A few picturesque summer cottages are scattered about its shores, and the old Pierce house remains, at which Daniel Webster used to put up, when he came deer-hunting with Branch Pierce for his guide. The shores have lost the solitary sylvan aspect they had in Pilgrim days, when none but the Indian, the deer, and the wolf roamed here. But they are none the less beautiful.

Another day they rode as far as Cedarville, a quaint fishing-village nine miles below Plymouth, where, when it was learned that they were the nephew and niece of Doctor Tom, they were most hospitably welcomed, and shown the lobster pots and boats and fishing-tackle.

Sometimes they lost their way, but that only added to the fun. They always came out right at last. Uncle Tom, returning from a drive far beyond Manomet, or in the remotest precinct of Carver, would see ahead a gallant pair coming on at a rapid canter, who as they drew near he would recognize as those "harum-scarum twins." Ranging one on each side of his chaise, they would escort him home.

Once, in a lonely spot on Manomet Hill, two eagles swept down upon them as though they intended to carry them off, circling round and round above their heads, and causing Castor and Pollux to shy, being much more afraid than were their riders, to whom eagles were a familiar sight.

On another never-to-be-forgotten day (in fact, most of the days of that summer could have been entered in this catalogue, being red-letter days all of them, and constituting a red-letter summer) — on that day they took the high, breezy road leading

over to Kingston town. It was to be an all-day ride, they told Mehitable, and would she put them up a cozy lunch?

“You do get up such capital lunches, Mehitable,” said Dick. “Félice can’t hold a candle to you.” And Mehitable smiled grimly upon the young flatterer.

Félice was the French cook at the Waterman ranch, brought by Mrs. Richard Waterman, who was a Frenchwoman, from her own province.

“You’re jest like your father for coaxin’. He could get anything out o’ me the old doctor used t’ say. Well, well, he was the baby, and he did about’s he was a mind to with everybody. But how he can let you two child’en ride on them two dancin’ creaturs is unaccountable;” the last being a favorite word with Mehitable.

So she put them up a dainty lunch of chicken sandwiches, and biscuits, and pound cake made from the famous Waterman receipt, and watched them as they trotted slowly up North Street, saying to aunt Penelope, who was similarly occupied, “They can’t be beat in this part of th’ country, whatever they’ve got out west.” And then, as Castor made his usual shy at the water-cart, “Dear! dear! he’ll be fetched home half-killed

some day. How can ye let 'em do it, Miss Penelope?"

"Oh," said aunt Penelope cheerfully, hiding her own quake, "they're used to riding, Mehitable. They've ridden ever since they were big enough to sit on a horse. You could n't tumble them off any more than you could drown a duck."

"Get safe horses and don't worry about them," their father had written to Doctor Tom. "When out-of-doors, they have almost lived on the backs of their Indian ponies."

But Mehitable went back to the kitchen shaking her head doubtfully. How anybody could mount a horse or get into a boat of their own free will was certainly to her "unaccountable."

The road from Plymouth to Kingston lies nearly the whole way within view of the sea. That morning there was a partial mirage, and the whole length of the cape was visible, with Cape Cod Bay lying between, smooth and placid as a lake. A flock of sails, looking like great birds of passage, whitened the horizon, and a steamer was seen afar off, moving rapidly and trailing behind it its plume of smoke.

They watered their horses at Cold Spring, and then, getting clear of the town, they struck into

a swift gallop, which brought them just in time to see a small vessel launched from her ways at the Landing in Kingston. This Landing, so called, is on Jones River, named from the master of the *Mayflower*, and up which the exploring party went in their shallop "three English miles," and which they found a "very pleasant river at full sea." It is a lovely stream, winding and bending upon itself through its green meadows, and so narrow that it hardly seemed equal to taking into its waters the gallant little bark that plunged so proudly and swiftly down that day. But it was, and with many a curve and ripple sent its waves over the meadows on either side as it opened its arms and took her in. That was just what Suzette said it seemed to do—to open its arms; and she was so enthusiastic over it, and waved her handkerchief so wildly, that a gentleman who stood by her asked her if she had never seen a vessel launched before, and when she said no, he explained many things to her concerning it.

Here too she found traces of the Pilgrims. Near the ship-yard stands an old house two stories in front and sloping to one in the rear, which, the same gentleman told her, was the home of Major John Bradford, grandson of Governor Bradford.

Suzette looked at it thoughtfully.

"You've nothing quite so old as that in Colorado," he said.

"Nothing but the Rocky Mountains," replied Suzette, smiling. "And a Massachusetts man said such a droll thing once about the Rocky Mountains. They were only great heaps of rocks and dirt, he told mamma. For his part he liked a round, grassy hill, like the Berkshire Hills."

From the Landing they rode on through Stony Brook, where, it is said, Governor Bradford lived for a short time. His son, Major William Bradford, also lived there, and owned the most of the land now occupied by that pretty village. The site of the old Bradford house is still pointed out.

Leaving Stony Brook behind, they proceeded on to Captain's Hill on the estate of Myles Standish, to which he removed from Plymouth in 1631. The hill is not high, and they rode easily up to the monument that stands upon its summit. This monument is surmounted by a statue of the doughty little captain; for Myles Standish, though a brave man, was small. But a man's bravery is not to be measured by his size, as we all know. Nelson, one of the bravest of men, was exceedingly small. So was Livingstone, one of the heroes of our nineteenth century.

The site of Myles Standish's house is some distance from the hilltop, and beyond the long and gradual slope of that side. The stones which formed the foundations of the house are tumbled about, the place having been dug over and over for relics. Wild shrubs and willows grow among them. It is close to the seashore and opposite the head of Plymouth Beach, certainly as pleasant and commodious a spot as he could have found upon his estate, which comprised the whole of this peninsula. He gave to it the name of Dux-borrow, from his old home in Lancashire, England. Standish's house was burned after his death.

Dick and Suzette left their horses to be fed at a house near the foot of the hill, and walked up the narrow lane and through the gate and field that leads to this ancient site. Not far away is the spring from which the family must have had their water-supply. It is not a limpid, sparkling spring, but is a small, dark pool. There is a tangle of sedge and rose-bushes and other wild growths on one side, and on the other a path where the cattle come to drink. A weather-beaten trellis with a dwarfed rose-bush clinging to it marks the spot.

Dick and Suzette were quite sure no more

charming place could be found in which to eat Mehitable's lunch. And spreading their water-proofs on the grass, they sat down by the spring and dipped in their drinking-cups.

"I suppose little Lorea Standish has dipped her tin dipper in here many and many a time," said Suzette. "Or was it of wood? I think it must have been a wooden dipper. I'll ask uncle Tom. And I do wish we knew where John Alden lived. He lived somewhere in Duxbury, where he brought Priscilla to. What a pity she did not really ride on the beautiful white bull, as Mr. Longfellow says! It would be so much nicer if it were really true."

"You can imagine it, Suzette," said Dick, with a slight twinkle in his eye.

"So I can," replied Suzette, unmindful of the twinkle. "How pretty she must have looked riding along through the woods under the green trees! And then they had to cross the river where the vessel was launched. But she would n't be afraid—a Pilgrim girl would n't be afraid. There was n't any road, only paths, and John Alden walked beside her. I wonder if he wore his armor. He had his musket, of course, for they might meet an Indian or a pair of wolves. And he would pick

flowers by the way for her. What a lovely wedding trip it was! And then they came to his little log-house with paper windows and a thatched roof, and he helped her off, and they went in, and she sat down by the spinning-wheel just as she does in the pictures. And the pewter platters shone on the dresser, and there were little wooden plates and a settle. The log-house was ever and ever so small, but of course they did n't care for that, any more than papa and mamma did when they went to housekeeping in the little sod-house. Mamma said she was as happy as the day was long. What a pity it is n't true! But, Dick, there's one thing that is true. She really did say, 'Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?' when he asked her to marry Myles Standish."

It is a pity that Suzette's pretty idyl is not true. It seems to have been put together upon the plan of the pictures of the famous Turner, who, Mr. Ruskin says, was not particular to copy exactly from nature, but took a bit here and a bit there, and so made up his picture, giving a true impression of the scene presented, although the details were inaccurate.

At any rate, Suzette's idyl is quite as true in detail as Mr. Longfellow's.

“Take a sandwich,” said Dick, who had been diligently eating while Suzette talked. “They’re tip-top. I say, I don’t wonder papa says he should like to taste some of Mehitable’s cooking once more.”

“Thanks. But don’t you think the door of Myles Standish’s house was towards Plymouth, so little Lorea could see him when he was coming? She must have been dreadfully anxious when he was off fighting the Indians.”

Myles Standish was a great fighter, that is true. It had been his business from boyhood. He had fought in a good many battles before he joined the Pilgrims at Leyden. For he was not a true Pilgrim, but he liked these brave and true men, and resolved to throw in his lot with theirs. He knew they would have perilous times in the new country to which they were going, and he could help them. And I really do not see how they could have got on without him. We have seen how he was the first to fire at “The First Encounter.”

They chose him for their captain in the February after their arrival, and in all their negotiations with the Indians Captain Standish was with them. He went among the Indians to buy corn

for food and to get skins and furs to send to England.

In June, 1622, two vessels, the *Charity* and the *Swan*, arrived at Plymouth, bringing sixty men who settled at Wessagussett, now Weymouth. They stayed awhile at Plymouth, but they proved to be disorderly men. The Pilgrims gave them from their scanty stores all the meal they could spare. But these men were not satisfied, and meanly stole the tender young corn from the fields of their entertainers. So the latter were heartily glad when they removed to Wessagussett.

But they dealt no more honorably with the Indians than they had with the Pilgrims. They stole their corn and conducted so badly that the Indians formed a conspiracy to kill not only them, but the whites at Plymouth. Myles Standish narrowly escaped being assassinated. He was on an expedition for the buying of corn from the Indians, and while he was in the wigwam of one of the sachems, Wituwamat, a chief of the Massachusetts, begged the sachem that he would kill him, together with all his men.

“For,” said the wily Wituwamat, “if we should kill the white men of Wessagusset only, those at

Plymouth will be revenged upon us. Now we have the brave little captain and his men in our power. Persuade him to send to his boat for the rest of his men, and we will kill them all at once."

But the brave captain was as wily as the Indians, and could not be persuaded to send for his men. Then a treacherous Indian from Cape Cod, named Paomet, made Standish a present of some corn, and offered to take it himself to the boat, having promised the other Indians to kill him while he slept. But Standish could not sleep that night, and did not even lie down, but paced to and fro during the long hours.

"Why do you not lie down and sleep?" asked the wily Indian, who was on the watch.

"I do not know why it is," replied Standish, "but I do not feel like sleeping."

All this took place during the time of Winslow's visit to Massasoit mentioned in the seventh chapter. It was also told in that chapter how Massasoit had informed Hobomock of this same conspiracy. On the return of Winslow to Plymouth he found Standish already returned. The treacherous Paomet had come with him, but Governor Bradford soon sent him about his business, and then took counsel together with Winslow

and Standish as to what it was best to do. Captain Standish was despatched with a company of armed men to bring back the head of the bloodthirsty Wituwamat, to be set up on a pole on top of the fort, as a terror to the other Indians.

For that was the custom in England at that time. The heads of so-called enemies of the State who were executed were set up on Temple Bar, London, and so the Pilgrims followed the custom of their native land—and a truly barbarous custom it was.

Wituwamat received Captain Standish in a very insolent manner. The Indians sharpened their dreadful knives in the very faces of the English, and Wituwamat especially bragged of the sharpness of his knife. It had a woman's face painted on the handle, and "by-and-by," said Wituwamat, "it should see, and by-and-by it should eat, but not speak." And Pecksuot, who was of great stature and strength, spoke contemptuously to Standish.

"Though you be a great captain, you are but a little man; and though I be no sachem, I am a man of great strength and courage," said he.

But the next day there was a terrible fight, and not only Wituwamat, but Pecksuot, was killed.

“Ah!” said Hobomock to Myles Standish, smiling, “yesterday Pecksuot bragged of his great size and strength and said though you were a great captain you were but a little man. But to-day I see you big enough to lay him on the ground.”

They brought Wituwamat’s head to Plymouth, and it was set up on the fort on Burial Hill.

Standish helped the men at Wessagusset to embark in a small vessel, and off they went, having made a miserable failure of their settlement, though they had bragged to the Pilgrims that they were so much better off than they, because they — the Pilgrims — had “many women and children and weak ones among them.” But women and children are the “hostages of fortune,” and are an element of strength in the settling of a new country, as the pages of history show.

Sometimes it has been said that the Pilgrims of Plymouth dealt unfairly and hardly with the Indians. But even Massasoit, as we have seen, counseled them to kill the ringleaders. And, by doing so, much less blood was shed than if they had suffered the conspiracy to go on. The Pilgrims were always gentle and kind to the Indians when they could be. In September, 1621, a company, with

Squanto for a guide, went in their shallop to Massachusetts Bay. They arrived at what is now the port of Boston, and cooked and ate lobsters under a cliff, supposed to be Copp's Hill. At one village they came to all the Indian men had fled, and only the women were left, who trembled at the sight of the white strangers. "But," says Winslow, "seeing our gentle carriage towards them, they took heart and entertained us in the best manner they could, boiling cod and such other things as they had for us."

Poor creatures! They had reason to fear the white men after their experience with such as Hunt, the slave-stealer.

"That's the last sandwich," said Dick, shaking out the pink-and-white Japanese napkin in which they were wrapped. "Sue, why is the desert of Sahara a good place to picnic in?"

Suzette, who was thoughtfully dipping her hand into the spring and watching the drops as they ran off the ends of her fingers, looked up.

"The desert of Sahara, Dick? I'm sure I don't know. I should think it would be the worst place in the world to picnic in. Is it a conundrum?"

"It is. Give it up?"

"Yes."

"Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. It is n't original, Sue. But I say, do you suppose Myles Standish ever made a conundrum?"

"I don't see why not," replied Suzette stoutly; "that is, if he liked conundrums. Some people don't like them: Uncle Tom says they are beastly. But I think he liked fun. Sybil Smythe says the Pilgrims were sour and grim, and wore funny, peaked hats, and talked through their noses, and never kissed the babies or let them play on Sundays. And I asked her, did she ever read the lovely bits in Governor Bradford's book about how Elder Brewster and Myles Standish took care of the sick, and how they went after John Billington when he was lost, and if you'll believe it, Dick, she had never even heard of Governor Bradford's book. It was worse than Teddy. And then she said she descended from Governor Carver, and uncle Tom said Governor Carver did n't have any descendants. He heard us talking, and Sybil colored up. And I said if the Pilgrims did n't laugh much it was because they had such hard times. And I don't believe they did n't kiss the babies, for

'The bravest are the tenderest,'
you know, Dick, and they were brave."

“And as to talking through their noses, it’s their descendants that talk through their noses. They were English, and the English don’t talk through their noses, I heard papa say once,” replied Dick.

Suzette picked a bit of grass, a bunch of wild-rose hips, and a blossom of yellow cinquefoil which grew by the spring, and put them carefully into the luncheon case, which always served a double purpose on their excursions. The grass and cinquefoil would be pressed between the leaves of her diary, with similar flowers, to remind her, as nothing else could, of the many pleasant Pilgrim places she visited. Then they walked along the shore and up again to the hilltop, looking off over the bay, which had freshened under a west wind and was dimpling and sparkling in the sunlight.

“I wish, Dick,” said Suzette, “we could ride over to the burial-ground in Marshfield where Peregrine White is buried. Do you think we’ve time enough? Uncle Tom said we should be on the way.”

“We can try it,” replied Dick.

And in a few moments they had mounted and were off at a spanking rate, the man who had fed their horses looking after them with wide-open eyes

and mouth. To let off a portion of Castor's superfluous spirits, as well as his own, Dick leaped the fence by the roadside once, twice, thrice.

"Jemima!" ejaculated the looker-on. "Must be them two grandchild'en of the old doctor over t' Plymouth. They said they beat everything for ridin', an' that 's a fact. How they do go it! Like a streak o' lightnin'! There!" as they passed out of sight, "I would n't give much for their necks."

But with the freedom and ease of long-practiced riders, the two galloped steadily on over the sandy roads, passing now and then through piny woods where brown needles strewed the wayside, and the resinous odor of which is so much finer than any distilled perfumes. They at last came out—following directions given them by wayfarers like themselves—by the small enclosure where Peregrine White, the baby born while the *Mayflower* lay off Cape Cod, was laid to rest after a long life of eighty years. It is a secluded spot, from whence you look off over the flat marshes, a wide expanse, silent save for the occasional call of a passing seagull or other aquatic fowl. Governor Josias Winslow is buried here, the first native governor of Plymouth. It is not far from the old home of Daniel Webster, who himself lies here. It was a

spot he loved well, and he caused the trees on his plantations to be so cut that, through a long vista, he could look from a window in his library — the window above the fire-place — out upon this quaint old country “burying-ground.”

Dick and Suzette dismounted and walked about for a brief time, and then back through Kingston again, where the recently launched *Stafford* floated, apparently as much at home on the little stream as though she had spent her six years there instead of as many hours; and then on through Rocky Nook, where many of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims came to live in the later days of the colony, and so into Plymouth town just as the sun was sending level beams of golden light through the shallows of the bay.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVENTURE OF JOHN BILLINGTON.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!

— *Shakespeare.*

EACH day when they returned from their ride they did two things. The first thing was to water Castor and Pollux at the drinking-font on Spring Hill. On the font is this inscription:—

And there is a very sweete brooke
Runnes under the Hill Side and many
Delicate springes of as good water
As can be drunke.

Wm Bradford 1620.

A neighboring marketman kindly lent them a pail for their horses, while they themselves took a draught of the "sweete" water from the tin dipper chained to the font. Though there are many delicate springs along the brookside, as in Pilgrim days, this is preëminently the "Pilgrim Spring."



OUTLET, BILLINGTON SEA.

From these delicate springs the old Pilgrim town was supplied with water for many generations. Uncle Tom could remember when a certain old sexton, a true Old Mortality, carried it about in buckets hung from his shoulders by a kind of yoke.

The other thing was to ride down by the small gray house with its honeysuckle-shaded window, and tell little Bess all about where they had been. She very quickly learned to recognize the tread of Castor and Pollux; for a horse has as individual a step as has a man, and you know how quickly we learn to recognize the step of one we love. And her eyes would be all alight and eager as they drew rein by her window and the horses thrust in their heads. When there was a long story to tell, Suzette would say, "We'll just ride up and leave the horses, and then I'll come back and tell you all about it." Dick often came back too, though sometimes taken possession of by other boys for a game of ball or lawn tennis. Suzette played lawn tennis also; but so deep was her interest in little Bess, and so much had she come to love her, that no pleasure was strong enough to draw her away from her daily visit to her.

And Teddy? Ah, Teddy was never far away in those days, and almost always they saw him either going out or returning, and he touched his bristling straw hat with an awkward courtesy, it is true, but it was a real courtesy. He had apologized for his fault to Miss Moore, as he said he would, and was trying to grow like the boy he admired so much.

He brought the buttercups to Suzette till there were no more, and then searched the woods and fields for fresh flowers. He found the lovely arethusa, and in late August the sabbatia. This is one of the loveliest flowers to be found in the old Pilgrim town, only rivaled, in fact, by the exquisite mayflower. The sabbatia grows in wet places by the side of ponds, sometimes encircling a small pond with a fairy ring of pink.

Suzette gave a little shriek of delight when she saw it. It lives a long time in water after being cut, and a bouquet of it stood in little Bess's window for many days, the small green buds coming to their maturity of pink splendor in the shade of the honeysuckle.

One day they followed the town brook up to its source in Billington Sea, not, however, by riding across lots and jumping fences, as Dick had proposed, but by the established road.

This "sea" was named for the Francis Billington who came so near blowing up the *Mayflower*, and is a small lake. One day, in the January of 1621, Francis climbed a tall tree, doubtless after a bird's nest of some sort, a crow's or a hawk's, and, putting his head out at the top, he saw afar off a sheet of gleaming blue water. Telling what he had seen, he was sent with one of the men to explore. Armed with muskets, and making their way cautiously through the wood for fear of Indians, they came by-and-by to this lake, set in thick woods alternating with open grassy glades, like a park.

In the center of the lake was a lovely island. They might have seen a deer come down to drink, or heard the cry of a startled loon, or seen gently rising above the trees the curling smoke from a wigwam. But that would be all of visible life. To-day it is the haunt of picnickers, and the sweet solitude has fled.

Because the boy Francis was really the discoverer, the lake was named for him.

It was in telling little Bess about this lake that Suzette told her the story of how John Billington was lost and found. These two boys, John and Francis, seem to have been a stirring pair of lads, with a genius for getting into scrapes.

Perhaps they inherited this genius for mischief from their father, who was not a good man. He was not a Pilgrim, but had smuggled himself and two boys in among them. The very first year, for some offence, he was sentenced to have his neck and heels tied together, a severe punishment which soon brought a culprit to terms.

John wandered off one day in June into the woods. What he was after history does not tell us, but my boy reader can easily imagine. What does take a boy into the woods on a June day?

It would not be a difficult matter now to get lost in Plymouth woods, and when John Billington was lost in them they must have been even more extensive and much nearer the town. He wandered in these woods for five days, living on berries and what else he could find; strawberries, doubtless, and the tender leaves of the "box-berry" and its spicy red fruit, and sassafras, browsing about as the deer did. But at the best his fare must have been unsatisfactory to a boy with a boy's appetite, and it must have been with joy that he finally lighted upon an Indian plantation called Manomet, about twenty miles south of Plymouth. These Indians did not keep him, however, but passed him on to Nauset, further down

on the Cape—the Indian name for what is now Eastham.

There was great anxiety at Plymouth, of course, over his disappearance, and many speculations as to what had become of him—whether the Indians had got him, or the wolves had eaten him, or whether he had tumbled into one of the many ponds and been drowned. But one day word came that he was alive and among the Indians, and a party of men was at once dispatched in the shallop to bring him home. And, as usual, they wrote down an account of it, beginning in this wise:—

A
VOYAGE MADE BY TEN
of our men to the Kingdom of
Nauset to seeke a boy that had
lost himself in the woods
with such incidents as
befell us in that
VOYAGE.

The weather was fair when they started, but a storm of rain came on, with lightning and great claps of thunder, and a waterspout formed near them. But they weathered these perils, and that night put into the harbor of Cummaquid (Barnstable). They had taken with them Squanto and

another Indian named Tokamahamon, and so, the next morning, espying some Indians catching lobsters, they sent these two interpreters to tell them who they were and to ask about John.

The Indians said John was well and was at Nauset, and politely invited the Pilgrims to breakfast, which invitation they accepted, and made the acquaintance of the sachem Iyanough, a young man of twenty-five, gentle, courteous, and "fayre-conditioned," and not a bit like a savage, they said, only in his "attyre."

The breakfast was plentiful, but one thing distressed them, or, as they said, "was grievous unto them." While they were eating, an old woman a hundred years old came to see them because "she had never seen any English before. But the moment her eyes fell upon them she burst into a great passion of tears and cried out for her three sons, whom Hunt, the Englishman who stole Squanto, had carried off in his ship and sold as slaves in Spain, "thus depriving her of the comfort of her children in her old age."

"Poor, poor old Indian woman!" said little Bess softly, at this stage in the story.

Nauset was the place of "The First Encounter," so when the ten men arrived there they did

not venture on shore. At low tide the Indians came down to their boat in great numbers, and among them was Maramoick, whose pretty corn they took. And they told him if he would come to Plymouth they would pay him for it, or they would bring the pay to him; and he said he would come to Plymouth.

It is an interesting fact to know, and here as well as anywhere, that Plymouth was not so called first by the Pilgrims, but had received its name years before from Charles I of England. The Pilgrims did not see fit to change it, but retained the name partly in memory of Plymouth, England, whence the *Mayflower* had sailed.

But of all these Indians they permitted only two to come into the boat, of whom they again made inquiries concerning John. And that night, after sunset, their sachem, Aspinet, came with a company of a hundred Indians, one of them carrying John on his shoulder, and while fifty waited on shore, with their bows and arrows in readiness, the other fifty waded to the shallop and delivered him up. He was covered with beads, and was in good condition. And after giving Aspinet a knife, and another to the Indian who had first entertained John, they returned to Plymouth.

And it can be easily imagined how, when the shallop sailed up the brook of sweet waters to her anchorage — “Only just a little way from here, little Bess ; just think of it !” said Suzette — the children flocked down its banks to welcome him, and what a hero he was among them as he told his adventures and plumed himself upon them !

“And oh, I should like to have been there !” said Suzette, as usual ; and Dick laughed.

“Sue,” he said, “if you’d have been everywhere you wish to be, you’d be a thousand years old.”

But little Bess did not “wish.” She could hear about the loveliest things and times without wishing to possess the one or to be present at the other. She seemed to have the happy gift of content.

CHAPTER X.

A WET EVENING.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn
I merrily sang the livelong day.

— *Cumnor Hall Ballad.*

I DO trust, brother, that nobody will come for you to-night." Thus spake aunt Penelope as she sat in the chimney-corner with her crocheting, a soft, white, fleecy heap, that quite filled her lap and foamed over down the side of her gown.

A wood-fire was burning cheerfully in the big, old-fashioned fire-place, and the gas not yet having been lighted, the shadows cast therefrom danced gayly upon the parlor walls.

In the opposite corner sat uncle Tom, leaning back in an ample easy-chair of sufficient height in the back for his head to rest comfortably. His legs were stretched out upon the broad hearth and rested on the fender. At his feet lay a large white cat, Pickwick by name, his own particular pet, who, having rubbed up and down the afore-

said pair of legs and purred his content, had now curled himself up for a lengthy, luxurious nap.

Dick was leaning upon the back of aunt Penelope's chair, while Suzette lay upon the rug by the side of Pickwick.

"It is such a rough night," aunt Pen went on, "that no one is likely to venture in, and I have told Mehitable we would take our tea here. It will be so cozy."

"And I will fetch the tables, auntie," said Suzette, springing up. And she forthwith proceeded to remove the bric-à-brac and books from two small tables, one of which she placed at uncle Tom's elbow and the other beside aunt Penelope.

"And I will make the tea, may I not?" she asked eagerly. "I know how. Mamma has taught me."

"Yes," replied aunt Pen. "Mehitable shall bring in the little copper tea-kettle, and you shall make tea and serve uncle Tom."

"And I do hope 'old Mis' Keziah Holmes up to Manimet' won't be taken sick to-night," said Dick.

"I trust not," responded uncle Tom, "nor anybody else. For I am tired."

Aunt Pen looked up anxiously. "Oh, you need

n't be alarmed, Pen," said uncle Tom, smiling affectionately at her. "A man and a doctor may be permitted to say that he is tired once or twice a year without being looked at as though he showed signs of typhoid fever."

"But it is so unusual, Tom, for you to confess to being tired," was aunt Pen's reply.

It was a pretty sight to look at — Suzette making tea. So thought uncle Tom as he lay back lazily in his chair, watching her deft fingers as they measured out the tea, poured on the boiling water, and covered up tea and tea-pot with the cozy.

A storm was raging without from the east, and the rain, driven by the gale, beat fitfully against the window-panes, while the great lindens moaned and groaned in harmony with the surf, which could be heard booming on the beach.

"It's a wild night," said uncle Tom, "and I hope no unfortunate vessel is upon our shores."

"It tastes like our grandmother's tea," he said as he drained his cup. "Another cup, if you please, pussy. Your great-grandmother had a knack at cooking, or else it was my boy's appetite, I don't know which. But I've never eaten any shortcakes like hers. And her pearlash cakes

— do you remember them, Pen? Dear old grandmother! We were sometimes a sad trial to her;” and putting down his third empty cup uncle Tom sank into a reverie.

“Tell me about my great-grandmother, please, uncle Tom,” said Suzette, after Mehitable had taken out the tea-things. She had pulled up a hassock beside him and, seating herself upon it, leaned against his knee. “And why were you a trial, you and aunt Pen? and papa — was papa a trial too?”

“He was younger than Pen and I, you know, but he was generally with us. Do you remember that time we camped out, Pen?”

Aunt Pen looked up from her crochet, and smiled. “Don’t I!” she said.

“Oh, tell us about it!” entreated Suzette. “It’s just the night for a story. When we have a great snow-storm in Colorado, papa always talks about Massachusetts and when he was a boy. Oh, I *do* love to hear about when papa was a boy. It seems so droll that he should ever have been a little boy.”

“You know, pussy, that our grandmother and your great-grandmother lived in Halifax. It’s only twelve miles from here, and I mean you shall go up there and see the old place some day before

you go back. It's changed a good deal, but still there's a good deal left as it was when I was a boy. It is a great two-storied farm-house which has been added to from time to time in the past, and in my grandfather's day there were no end of farm-buildings: lower barns, as they were called, and tool-house and carriage-houses and sheds, granaries, a great piggery, and sheep barns with low racks and mows; and then the upper barns and stable and a cider-mill.

"To us children, living down here in Plymouth, it was a paradise. We used to go there often, and one summer, when the scarlet fever broke out here in Plymouth, we were sent up for the summer, and that was the time we proved such a trial.

"There was a deal of farm-work always going on, and we had no end of fun helping plant corn. Have you forgotten the rhyme, Pen?

One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
Two for the cut-worm,
And three to let grow.

And in every fourth hill in every third row we dropped a fat pumpkin seed.

"We rode horse to plow, and sat on the har-

row — a dangerous piece of business that! And then when haying came, we helped rake up and stowed on the cart. I remember one day the cart tipped and the hay slipped and we rolled out. Pen and I were eleven then.” (Uncle Tom and aunt Pen were twins, like Dick and Suzette.) “Richard was only seven. But he generally managed to keep up with us. When he could n’t, we picked him up and carried him. He was a fat little fellow and a tolerable lift.

“We stayed on into the autumn, and used to hang around the saw-mill a good deal. It was a fascinating place, with the dam and great water-wheel and all, and we used to ride on the log. We grew careless at last, and it’s a wonder we were not sawed in two. We came extraordinarily near it once or twice. Our grandmother never knew we did that. We kept it strictly private, as we did some other things. Not that we stood so much in fear of her; only we knew she would disapprove and would forbid our doing it. And, naughty as we were, we were not quite equal to disobeying outright. So as we wanted to do it, we thought it safer not to tell her.

“The cider-making came on in September. Our grandfather had a number of great apple orchards,

and single apple-trees were scattered about his farm of a thousand acres, so he made a great quantity of cider. The apples were put into a hopper and ground by two horses, merry-go-round fashion, and were then squeezed in a great press. This mass of apples in press was called 'the cheese.' Fresh cider was made daily, so that barrels of it were standing about in every stage of fermentation, and we sucked the cider from these with a straw.

"Our grandmother made real cheeses, too, and we always came in for the 'rim' when they were turned in the press. So you see there was no end of pleasures, to say nothing of the cattle and horses, the sheep and chickens and ducks.

"At milking-time we used to hang round with our mugs and the men would fill them right from the cows. And very delicious that milk was, eh, Pen? The nectar of the gods, and no mistake! I remember that Pen, who always wanted to know how to do everything, learned to milk, and so she possesses an accomplishment to-day of which few of her countrywomen can boast.

"There were fields of blackberries and huckleberries, and it was during an expedition for picking berries that we conceived the idea of camping out.

“They used to make charcoal in Halifax, and they still may do so, for aught I know, and our grandfather had his pits at what was called ‘The Island,’ though it was not an island. It was a great tract of wood and pasture lands lying on Monponsett pond. These pits were made of wood, piled up in cone shape and covered in with turf. They were set on fire, and, if properly tended, the wood burned slowly and became completely charred.

“The men who tended these pits day and night built for themselves small ‘cabins,’ so called, as a shelter from storms and a place to sleep in. They were made of boards and looked like small, sharp roofs set on the ground. There was a rude fireplace of stones at one end, and the smoke of their fire found its way out as it could, there being no chimney. The pits were fired in a new place every year.

“On that day I spoke of, when we went berrying, we came out into an open, pretty place just by the pond where the pits had been the year before. Over the black circles they had left the grass was growing green and thick. The cabin was still in good order, for we went in and built a fire and toasted the cheese we had brought for

lunch. Grandmother was with us and one of the farm-boys, for it was a regular berrying party. There was a narrow beach just by the opening, and the water was shallow.

“And it was after we got back that night that Pen and I said how much we would like to go down there and camp out and catch fish to eat and pick berries. We should n’t want much else, we thought. We talked it all over in one of those cozy cubby-holes, the small, irregular openings between the piles of freshly sawn boards and planks that lined the lane leading to our grandfather’s house. These were favorite resorts where we talked over things.

“I am afraid we were uncommonly thoughtless, for, in all our plans, it never seemed to occur to us that we might cause a great deal of anxiety by our unexplained disappearance. And yet we must have been conscious we were not doing right, by our keeping the matter so close. We were careful not to speak of it except in low tones and in secret places. We had always been exceedingly fond of Robinson Crusoe, as most children are, and completely fascinated with the details of his life on the island, and longed to go and do something like it.”

Here Suzette looked up and smiled with a sympathetic comprehension of the feelings of the boy Tom and the girl Penelope.

“Oh, I understand that, uncle Tom,” she said. “Dick and I have planned many, many times what we would do if we were cast on an uninhabited island, and had to take care of ourselves.”

“So we planned that we’d go to the cabin and camp out, and little Dick was to go too, of course. He knew all about it, for he had heard us talk, but he kept the secret, for he was a loyal little fellow, and would never have thought of telling anything we told him not to, and he considered everything we did was always just right.

“We planned to go on a particular day just at night, and we saved up our lunch to take with us till we could catch some fish. We could have helped ourselves to anything we liked, for both pantries were always open to us. But we had some queer ideas about what it was right to do, not reflecting that the whole thing was wrong.

“We did take a tin pail, however, to put our lunches in, which we secreted in one of the cubby-holes in the boards till such time as we should start. Pen, with housewifely instinct, bethought herself that we should want something to put over

us at night, and we secretly appropriated a couple of striped red-and-blue blankets that lay upon a shelf in the closet of Pen's room, thinking them more homely and not so valuable as the white blankets. They proved, however, to be an heirloom, having been spun and woven by our great-great-grandmother, and consequently greatly cherished by our grandmother.

“ These we rolled up into as small a bundle as possible, and also deposited in the cubby-hole. And then we were ready, fully provisioned and equipped, for I was to take my fishing-line in order to supply our family larder, and we considered our pocket-knives as sufficient cutlery. Spoons, plates, forks, etc., we spurned as altogether superfluous in camp life. Little Dick, however, persisted in taking his silver drinking-cup, from which he had never been separated since his christening day. And never did explorers set out for a new country equipped with a finer store of good spirits and a smaller kit than did we that summer's night as we slipped furtively from out the remotest of the six outside doors of the farm-house, and through the orchard behind the shelter of the piles of boards, to the wooded lane leading on to the island.

“We had chosen the milking-time, when everybody on the place was busy, the men at the milking, our grandfather at his desk, our grandmother turning the cheeses, and Chatty and the little housemaid at the supper which they were preparing for us all.

“We hurried along the first mile, not speaking much, Pen carrying the tin pail, and I the bundle of blankets. We reached the end of the lane and started across lots, taking a cattle-path. The island was used for pasturing large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep in the summer, and in moving from place to place and going to the pond to drink, they had made well-trodden paths.

“We were well on our way, and were crossing the great Ridge Pasture, which was nearly a quarter of a mile in length, though much less in width, when we were startled by a roaring sound, and, turning, we saw at the upper end of the pasture a herd of cattle, from which one had detached itself, and was coming toward us at a fast trot, with head down, and sending along the ground before it low bellowings, like the rumbling of nine-pin balls.

“We recognized the creature at once. It was our grandfather’s great Scotch bull, Wallace, a

formidable beast, black, huge, and of enormous strength. Only a few weeks before he had tossed into the air one of the men in the milking-yard, who had only been saved from being killed by the others, who beat the brute off with their milking-stools. Since that time he had been put to pasture.

“Well, we were three rather helpless creatures at just that moment, and had it not been that near at hand grew a broad and low-branching oak-tree, it had been all over with us. This tree had been suffered to grow in the center of the field as a shade for the cattle, and, seizing little Dick’s hand, I cried to Pen, ‘Run, run for the tree!’ At the same time I dropped the bundle and Pen the pail, and she took Dick’s other hand and we ran. How we did run! Luckily it was n’t far, and as soon as we reached it, Pen scrambled up, and then I lifted Dick and she pulled him up, and then up I went myself, and double-quick, too, for Black Wallace was close upon us, and I was barely out of his reach when he ran his big head right against the tree-trunk with such force the whole tree quivered from top to bottom. But we held to the branches and were safe.

“Of course he was in a towering rage at his

failure to get at us, and tore up the turf with his feet, filling the air all about him with gravel and dirt, and walking round and round the tree bellowing fearfully. He kept this up for some time and then betook himself to where our tin pail and bundle of blankets lay, and vented his rage on them. He trampled the tin pail flat and tossed up the bundle with his horns. As it came down, the pins with which we had fastened it gave way and the blankets fell open. The red in them enraged him still more, I suppose, for he tossed and tore them with his horns and trampled upon them till they were literally nothing but rags and shreds. And that was the end of grandmother's cherished heirlooms.

“By this time the sun had gone down and dusk was coming on, and he slowly and reluctantly withdrew, returning to his herd, and pretty soon they all moved off to their quarters for the night.

“We did not venture down, however, until they had disappeared, and when we did, we found that we were quite stiff from being in such cramped positions for so long. Each of us, as we learned afterwards by mutual confession, was secretly wishing to go home, but neither liked to own to the feeling. So we walked on slowly the remainder of

the way and came through a bit of woods to the open space where the cabin stood. By the time we reached it, it was quite dark.

“Dick was tired out and began to cry for his milk. He had stuck to his little silver cup all through, but there was nothing to put in it. Black Wallace had spoiled our provisions. It was too dark to fish or pick berries. I would have kindled a fire, but when Pen mentioned it, we found that we had entirely forgotten to bring any matches! Wretched little babes in the woods that we were! There was nothing for it but to make the best of it till morning came, and then with the very first gleam of daylight we would go home. It grew chilly, and Pen took Dick into her lap and wrapped about him her scanty little dress-skirt, and he soon cried himself to sleep.”

“Poor little papa!” interjected Suzette softly.

“After he had fallen asleep and we were sitting, feeling about as forlorn as we could, all at once there came a flash of lightning. Now aunt Pen, when she was a girl, was rather nervous about thunder, and though I always pooh-pooed at her fear in manly fashion, I must confess that, big boy as I thought myself, the prospect of a thunder-storm under the circumstances — we three

alone in that open cabin, for a search had failed to find any cover for the space that served as a door — was not, to say the least, agreeable.

“But there we were, and there was no help for it. The lightning grew more and more vivid, and the thunder pealed. It grew intensely dark and we crept into the further end of the cabin from the door and crouched down close together. ‘O Tom,’ said Pen, ‘I wish we never, never had thought of coming! What will grandma think has become of us?’ And then for the first time I had a perception of the distress our action might cause at home.

“However, as I said, it was too late. Not too late to repent, which I did most bitterly, but too late to prevent the result of our wrong-doing. At last the rain broke and came down in torrents, and trickled through the openings between the boards upon us, adding to our discomfort. We did not speak again, but sat close together, Pen clasping Dick in her arms and I with my arms about Pen.

“By-and-by the storm passed, and when I went and looked out I saw stars. At that moment, too, I heard a cracking of twigs and rustling of branches in the edge of the wood, as though some-

thing or somebody were moving there. Was it Black Wallace? Perhaps he knew of this cabin and was coming here for shelter. Or it might be a troop of other cattle, or a tramp. I stood breathless with my eyes fixed in that direction, not daring to speak, and not wanting to tell Pen, who still sat on the ground with Dick in her arms.

“I heard the sound again nearer and more continuous, and I knew it was n't the tread of cattle. Presently a man stepped out from the shade of the wood and advanced towards the cabin. I drew back and he looked in.

“‘Child'en,' he said, ‘be you here?’ and I recognized the voice of Ephraim, our grandfather's head man.

“Pen and I both answered, ‘Oh, yes, we're here, Ephraim, and do take us home.’

“‘And little Dick?’ he asked in anxious tones.

“‘He's here all right,' answered Pen. ‘He's fast asleep, but I'm afraid he's cold.’

“Ephraim took him from Pen's arms inside his great-coat, and wrapped it round him. ‘Come, child'en,' he said, ‘the wagon's jest out here.’ And we made our way through the wet underbrush, and tumbled in as best we could in our chilled condition. Ephraim drove with Dick still

in his arms, and a little further on we picked up Ben Smith, another of the farm men, and still further on, Sam, and then Lew Willis, all of whom had been in search of us.

“I only spoke once on the way back, and that was to ask Ephraim how he happened to look for us at the cabin.

“‘Sam said he heard you one day talkin’ in the boards about campin’ out in the cabin, but he did n’t think you’d be such fools as to try it, an’ so he never thought about it ag’in till you war n’t to be found to-day,’ said Ephraim succinctly.

“Fools! yes, that was exactly what we were.

“Grandmother was at the end door when we drove into the yard. She took little Dick from Ephraim, and looked at Pen and me. She did n’t say a word, but her look was dreadfully cutting. She carried Dick into her own room, and Chatty took Pen and me into the sitting-room, and put us down before the great wood-fire, and pulled off our wet shoes and stockings, and rubbed our feet, and administered hot ginger-tea, and then gave us a nice hot supper, we feeling very unworthy all the time.

“Then after Dick was snugly in bed, grandmother came for us and saw us into bed, making

us comfortable but not speaking, only, when all was done, saying 'Good-night' gravely.

"But next morning we went to her and confessed our naughtiness, and had a good long talk with her. She was a good grandmother, Pen;" and uncle Tom looked over to aunt Penelope, who looked up from her crocheting, and there were tears in her eyes.

"A good grandmother," repeated uncle Tom meditatively.

They sat in silence for a few moments, and then uncle Tom spoke again.

"I have n't quite finished, pussy," he said. "There's one more thing you'll like to hear. After we had had our talk with grandmother, she said she would like us to think it all over a while; and she sent me to one unoccupied room, and Pen to another, till she should call us, and locked the doors of both rooms.

"Poor little Dick, who was feeling that something was wrong, he did not know what, always, as I said, placing implicit faith in Pen and myself — poor little Dick felt quite forlorn at being cut off from us in this unaccustomed manner, and —

"But I must tell you of a peculiar arrangement for the accommodation of cats in grandfather's

house, before I can go on satisfactorily. At the foot of one of the back stairs, in the outer wall, was a round, smooth cat-hole. A cat, entering through this, could proceed on up the stairs and through an unfinished apartment over an extension, and through a second cat-hole into a bedroom, and through a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and so on, until her journey ended in the attic, which, it was said, was once used as a granary in my great-grandfather's day. It was considered essential, in order to take care of the rats and mice that foraged on this corn day and night, that the family cats should have access to it at all hours. Hence these cat-holes.

“Well, while Pen was sitting in the room to which our grandmother had consigned her, and feeling not in the cheerfulest mood, who or what should enter through the cat-hole of the door but old Lady Beautiful, the big tortoise-shell cat. Two small packages were tied about her neck. Pen knew in a moment what they meant: that little Dick, grieving his heart out over our fancied disgrace in being locked up, had sent these by Lady Beautiful to comfort us. She took off and opened one package. It contained a small seed-cake of a kind of which little Dick was very fond,

and which Chatty always kept on hand for him. So she sent on old Lady Beautiful to me with the remaining package, which reached me promptly and in the same fashion.

“It was the last straw, pussy, and it broke the camel’s back. When I saw that little seed-cake of Dick’s, and thought into what peril I had brought him by my foolishness and wrong-doing, I gave in and cried like a big baby. And in this condition grandma found me, and comforted me with telling me that she was sure that all this experience, wrong and bitter as it was, would help make a man of me. And again I say, dear Pen, she was a good grandmother.”

Here uncle Tom’s story ended, and for a few moments no one spoke. Aunt Pen had dropped her crochet and was looking over at him with eyes full of affection.

The great logs with which Jason had replenished the fire after tea had burned down into a glowing bed of coals, and Suzette was gazing thoughtfully into their depths of fiery rose.

The rain had ceased to beat against the window-panes and the moaning of the lindens had stilled. Dick, who had risen and was leaning again on aunt Penelope’s chair, softly patted her brown hair.

The door opened and Jason put in his head.

“Somebody’s come down from Manimet,” he said. “Old Mis’ Keziah Holmes is took bad ag’in; awful bad this time, they say.”

“All right,” said uncle Tom, arousing himself. “Harness up Queen Bess.”

And the symposium was ended.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAWN-TENNIS PARTY.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

AS I have before intimated, Suzette had made other acquaintances in Plymouth than little Bess. The town was full of summer visitors from all sections of the country, and there had been a good many parties, chiefly of the lawn-tennis kind. Just before the fall exodus aunt Penelope said a return or acknowledgment of those courtesies must be made, which should also take the form of a lawn-tennis party.

Uncle Tom had a fine tennis court, smoothly turfed, for lawn tennis was a game he particularly approved, because it brought out the girls, who in the past, he said, had had so little out-of-door life permitted them.

“When I was a boy, a girl who liked ball and boating, and birds'-nesting, and climbing trees

and running, was called a 'romp' or a 'tom-boy.' And many a sensitive girl was kept back from the exercise she should have taken in order to keep her in proper health, from dread of those names being applied to her. Boarding-school misses were taken out to walk in procession in pairs, with a teacher put in at intervals, and none of them ever dreamed of breaking ranks to climb a fence for a flower, or to take a good healthy run. The poor ladies who had them in charge would have been aghast at such indiscretions. But, luckily, my mother repudiated all such notions for Pen, who did about what I did, and consequently she can yet do her ten miles walk with any English-woman of them all."

"They thought a good deal of their complexions in those days," added aunt Pen, "and that the only way to have a fine complexion was to keep in the house and avoid the sun. They considered the greatest enemy to a fine skin to be the sun.. The Mason girls used to come to school wearing deep sun-bonnets and thick green veils and gloves, besides carrying large parasols. They had pallid, pasty skins which they thought fine."

"There is nothing that will give one a clear, healthy skin like plenty of out-of-door exercise —

that and good food," declared uncle Tom. "Pallid complexions and small waists ought to be under an eternal ban. When croquet first came in, I was thankful that at last American girls were going to have a little of the right kind of liberty; liberty to exercise and grow strong and healthy. And girls can't play lawn tennis with any success unless they wear loose, light clothing."

This was uncle Tom's little lecture delivered at the breakfast table to an audience of three, and was drawn out by the proposition, made by aunt Pen, that on the following Thursday Dick and Suzette should give their lawn-tennis party. Then he finished his coffee, said "Good-morning," and went off on his rounds.

Upon aunt Pen and Suzette devolved the task, nay, the pleasure, of making out the invitation list. It is a charming thing to do, especially for a girl who, like Suzette, is fond of making others happy. To have it in one's power to confer happiness — what is there in life better than that? They talked over each name and aunt Pen wrote them down. They had already a goodly number when Suzette suddenly stopped.

"Aun Pen," she said, "I wish — I wish" — and then paused abruptly.

“Well, pussy,” laughed aunt Pen, adopting uncle Tom’s pet name, “what formidable wish is it which you hesitate to speak?”

“O aunt Pen, I wish, I *do* wish little Bess might come.” Aunt Pen was surprised, and she confessed it. “Why, pussy, she has never been out of the little gray house in all her life!”

“I know it, auntie, and that’s the very reason I wish she could come. Think how pleased she would be!”

“Too much so, I fear,” replied aunt Pen gently. “Think of the excitement to her weak nerves. Tom has always counseled quiet for her. And this would be such an overturning. No, I don’t believe it would be possible.”

“But can’t we ask uncle Tom?” persisted Suzette. “Perhaps he would think it would do her good. At any rate, if he said No that would settle it, and I should not feel so badly not to have her.”

Aunt Pen acquiesced in this suggestion, and said she would ask uncle Tom herself, after dinner.

His answer surprised her. After a moment’s thought he said, “Yes, I think it might be done. We could send the carriage, and, if driven slowly,

it would not distress her. Of course she must come in her frame."

"Oh, yes, the bringing her could be managed, Tom. What I was doubtful about was the effect upon her of so much excitement. You know you have always said that excitement was bad for her."

"That is true, Pen," replied uncle Tom, with an added gravity of tone and manner. "But I think now it makes but little difference."

"Is she worse, Tom?"

"She is no better. I asked Payne to look in upon her when he was down last week. He agrees with me that her case is hopeless. And the disease, if disease it may be called, that has crippled her short life, is making rapid progress. Let us give her what pleasure we can while we have her."

Suzette herself took the invitation to little Bess, and you would have thought, to have heard her plans about how she should come and what she should wear, and whereabouts in the lawn-tennis court she should be placed so she could see everything from the best point possible, and her speculations as to what she would think, and, still better, as to what she would say, and how she

would have to tell it all over to her doll-family the next day, — to have heard all this, you would have thought that little Bess was a small queen for whose sole pleasure this show called a lawn-tennis party had been gotten up, and that the other expected guests were of no consequence whatever. But knowing Suzette, you would be sure that she would not fail in courtesy to them when the time came, though apparently so absorbed in little Bess.

She was brought up on the morning of the day. Uncle Tom went himself for her, lifted her in, held her all the way in his arms, and carried her up to his own room, where he said she was to stay in perfect quiet until the time came to take her out to the lawn-tennis court. Suzette could stay in the room, oh, yes! for little Bess must not be left alone. But she must not talk.

“Are you equal, pussy, to sitting still a couple of hours and not speaking?”

“Indeed I am, uncle Tom. I would n’t tire her for the world. But is n’t she lovely?” This was said in a low tone, as uncle Tom went to a table and took up a bottle from which he proceeded to pour something into a wine-glass.

He had laid her down upon a lounge, from

whence she had a full view of the bay and the distant horizon line. Well as he knew her and all about her life, it had not occurred to him that she had never seen the sea.

Aunt Pen had sent down a loose white frock of fine wool for her to wear. It was brightened about the throat with loops of pale-pink ribbon, and ribbon of a similar color was run into the lace that encircled her small wrists. The unusual excitement had brought a soft pink flush into her cheeks and an added brilliancy into her eyes. Her face habitually wore that expression of sweetness—a little unearthly in its beauty—that we so often see on the faces of those who have borne the burden of a crippled life, and as she lay there gazing intently out upon the sea, and entirely lost to all other sights, she was indeed lovely in the inmost sense of that word.

Presently she looked up. “Is that the sea, Doctor Tom?” Teddy said ’t was blue, but I did n’t ever think ’t was like that.”

It was a summer sea of that bright blue which always seems more of heaven than of earth, as it really is, for it owes its color to the azure depths above it.

“Yes, that is the real sea, little Bess. And

you shall lie there and look at it as long as you like, only just drink this now. You'll see a ship coming presently. Ah! there's one now. Watch it as it sails along." And watching it drift by afar off, she soon drifted into a gentle and refreshing slumber, as uncle Tom meant she should.

Suzette sat quietly by the window. Dick looked in at the door, but was warned off by an impressive shake of her finger. Mehitable came up, teetered in on tiptoe and looked at little Bess sweetly sleeping. "Dear little creatur'!" she said in a hoarse whisper, and teetered out again.

When she awoke, dinner was brought to her, and uncle Tom fed her himself, administering the cooling ice-cream as he would to a canary-bird.

"Open your beak, little bird," he said. "I'm the mother-bird, a great big bearded penguin. Did you ever hear about penguins, little Bess? They wear black coats and caps and white waist-coats. And when they stand up they sit down, like the Irishman's toad, you know. When he stood up he sat down, and when he walked he galloped. There, take a little more. It's nice and cold. That's the reason the Irishman did n't like ice-cream. He took a mouthful and roared out loud, it was so 'hot' he said. It must have

been the same Irishman who thought a turtle was a snuff-box on legs. They don't have them in Ireland, it seems. But I don't believe you know what a snuff-box is, my little one. I shall have to show you my grandfather's. It is a pretty silver box and will do for stamps. Perhaps I shall give it to Suzette for a keepsake, if she only keeps on being good. But I expect every day she'll do something 'awfully' naughty, as Teddy says."

Little Bess, who had been sipping ice-cream and smiling while Doctor Tom talked, laughed out gleefully at this. As if Suzette, who was a sun-beam in her life, warming and cheering her, could ever be otherwise than good! Though the fact is, everybody was good in little Bess's estimation. She knew only degrees of goodness, nothing of degrees of badness. That is one of the blessings attending the state of invalidism — such helpless creatures bring out the good in those about them.

But the beautiful declaration of the apostle that "one star differeth from another star in glory," was true of little Bess's firmament. While all were good, the goodness of some penetrated more deeply into her heart, and Suzette was one of these. Little Bess agreed with Teddy that nowhere in the wide world could there be another

like her. She was unique in their world, of that they were sure.

"I like strawberry ice-cream ; it tastes nice, an' it 's so pretty. It 's like the ribbons Miss Pen sent me. An' ain't this a pretty gown? My mother said I looked like one of Mis' Brewer's lilies."

"There, here 's the last, my little bird ;" and he put down the ice-cream saucer. "But I entirely forgot to ask after Squawleena, which is quite shameful in a doctor. How is she and her poor mother?"

"Poorly, very poorly," answered little Bess gravely. "Squawleena is a dre'tful trial to her."

"Well, well, we must get Queen Victory to do something. Queens can shut up naughty folks, you know."

"Then I 'll tell Squawleena, an' p'r'aps it will do her good."

Just before the hour set for the arrival of the guests little Bess was carried out to the lawn-tennis court and laid in a hammock carefully hung by Doctor Tom himself under the shade of an awning.

He had been called away, and had instructed Jason how to carry her out and lay her therein with the least discomfort to her.

Little Bess knew and loved Jason. He often looked in at the small gray house and brought her tid-bits sent by Mehitable. For Doctor Tom had more than one pensioner to whom Mehitable was not only at liberty to send any delicacy she thought best, but had been desired by him to do so.

Mehitable was never "ordered" to do things. Both uncle Tom and aunt Pen would have as soon thought of cutting off their right hands as ordering either Jason or Mehitable, those faithful friends as well as servitors. The learned and scholarly Neander used to say to his serving-man, "If you please, dear Carl;" and I always think of him whenever I hear uncle Tom address Mehitable or Jason — for I am acquainted with Doctor Tom.

The hammock was half-filled with gay-colored rugs and afghans, and upon these little Bess was laid. The afghans were folded about her so as to conceal the wooden frame, and as she lay there in her white gown she did indeed look, as her poor mother had said, like a fair and sweet lily reposing upon a bed of more brilliant but less lovely flowers.

The guests were received by aunt Pen and Suzzette in the lawn-tennis court, and of course none of them failed to perceive at once the unusual ad-

dition. Little Bess lay at the upper end of the court near a small linden, under which stood a table with ice-water and lemonade for the refreshment of the players.

“What a lovely creature! Who is she? Your sister?” eagerly asked Esther Morton, a Philadelphia girl whom Suzette particularly liked.

A word sufficed to tell her of little Bess’s helpless condition, and that she was not Suzette’s sister.

“Oh, can’t she walk? Poor, poor child!” exclaimed Esther. “Do introduce me to her. I should so like to speak to her.” And the two walked off together, while Sybil Smythe, turning to her neighbor for the moment, who was also her particular crony, said in a tone of deep disgust:—

“Did you ever see anything like that? Introducing Esther Morton to that child! Why, her mother is a washerwoman and scrubs our floors!”

Her tone was low, however, for Miss Penelope was not far away, and it would never do—in Sybil’s estimation as well as in that of her mother—to offend the Watermans, who were not only of a good old family, but were also rich. Richard Waterman was reported to be enormously wealthy, a large fortune having come to his wife from France.

As for Esther Morton's father, he was a money prince. No, clearly it would never do to offend either Suzette or Esther. The right thing, therefore, was to follow Esther's example and be introduced.

"Little Bess," said Suzette, as she and Esther came up to the hammock, "my friend, Esther Morton, wishes to know you."

Esther had a particularly winsome smile, and as she held out her hand and said in caressing tones, "Is n't it beautiful out here? I am so glad you could come," little Bess responded with her sunniest smile.

"Yes, it's lovely," she said, "an' 't was so good of Doctor Tom an' Miss Pen to let me come. I never see the sea before, an' I never see the lawn tennis. Teddy's told me about it. About the nets an' chasin' the balls, an' the pretty dresses. But they're prettier than I thought," she said, looking at Esther's blue-and-white tennis suit.

Esther patted the little hand which she continued to hold.

"And who is Teddy?" she asked.

"Oh, he's Mis' White's boy," responded little Bess. "He lives with her an' does chores for folks. But she ain't good to him, my mother says.

My mother an' Mis' White go out to work together an' she's cross, my mother says. But Teddy's good. He's real good to me. He's a nice boy."

Here was a revelation to be made to the daughter of a money prince, thought Sybil Smythe, who came up at that moment. And she looked to see how Esther would take it. But Esther was evidently not disturbed by the knowledge that little Bess's mother went out to work. She still continued to pat the little hand she held, softly, and smiled into the uplifted face.

"I should like to see Teddy," she said. "Is he here this afternoon?"

"No," replied little Bess, and a slightly troubled look came into her eyes. "He said he wa' n't fit to come, an' his clo'es wa' n't fit. But he's nice, Teddy is ever so nice. He's good to me, an' Archibald Yell, an' ev'rybody."

"Yes," said Suzette, "Teddy is a nice boy. He's the nicest boy I know."

And little Bess smiled gratefully and held out her other hand to her.

Then Sybil, concealing her disgust as well as she could at being obliged to submit to the humiliation of being introduced on equal terms to the child of her mother's washerwoman, said:—

"Please introduce me, Suzette."

Now Suzette was a perfectly well-bred girl, as I need not remind the reader of this book. She did, however, long to say—having learned to know Sybil and her little airs of superior social position—that she should have supposed that having lived all their lives in the same town they would have been acquainted; that having known, as she must, of the existence of this helpless little creature, she would have tried to lighten her burden. But she did not say it. She only said courteously:—

“This is Miss Smythe, little Bess.”

“Oh, yes,” replied little Bess, smiling at Sybil, though not exactly with the same beaming cordiality as at Esther and Suzette. “Oh, yes, I’ve heard of you. My mother washes up at your house. An’ she says you have such beautiful things! An’ you play on the piano so nice! She says it’s like the birds singin’. It must be beautiful to make music like the birds do. Teddy can whistle ‘Sweet Violets’ an’ ‘John Brown’s Body,’ but my mother says it ain’t so nice as your music.” And Sybil for the moment was ashamed of herself and her snobbery.

Meanwhile the guests continued to arrive, and, after greeting aunt Pen, they made their way to where Suzette was standing beside little Bess’s

hammock, and one after the other was introduced to her, the boys courteously bending over her little hand, and the girls smiling cordially upon her. A large proportion of them were strangers, and many asked the same question Esther had done: "Is she your sister?"

"Oh, no! she ain't my sister," said little Bess, catching the question. "But she's good to me an' I love her dearly. She comes to see me ev'ry day. She invited me to come. She said I'd like it; an' it's beautiful."

They grouped themselves about her. She did not talk much, but lay and looked smilingly from one to another, listening to their bright talk; and it was like a little court, herself the center and queen. For, as they talked, they would turn to her with a word or a smile, the boys with their frank faces full of sympathy for her helplessness, and eager to do or say something to give her pleasure; the girls smiling and patting her now and then, and speaking cordially with a touch of tender sympathy in their tones.

It was good for them as it was for her. Many a young heart learned a right noble lesson that summer's afternoon.

"She is such a loyal little soul!" said Esther to

Suzette, as they moved away. "And so perfectly well-bred!"

Sybil heard the remark and wondered. How was it possible for the child of a washerwoman to be well-bred? She had been taught that money and birth of a certain kind alone constituted a claim to good breeding. She could understand that a descendant of Governor Carver (!) might lay claim to that distinction. But the daughter of a washerwoman! Such an idea was contrary to all her teachings, and, on the whole, the afternoon to her was not an agreeable one.

The game began, and little Bess's interest deepened. The rapid movement, the flight of the balls, the pretty lawn-tennis suits, the picturesque groupings, all against the background of green lawn and blue sea, made up a most animated scene, which she fully appreciated.

They understood her ignorance of the game, and were continually coming up as they had a chance, both boys and girls, to explain it to her. Soon she had a fair knowledge of it and could laugh and applaud with her small hands when a good stroke was made.

And there, over the sea, six miles away, were the two white lighthouses, and, nearer at hand, the

white line of the beach, with its red pavilion, and Clark's Island, and, across the bay, Captain's Hill, with its monument, all which Dick and Suzette pointed out to her.

She was eager to know where it was the *Mayflower* came in, for she had learned much concerning it and its passengers since the coming of these two, and had quite an intelligent notion of the Pil-



grims — more, I am sorry to say, than many of the players on the lawn-tennis ground.

“That’s where they stayed the first Sunday,” she explained to a sturdy young fellow from Detroit, pointing with her small hand to Clark’s Island. “It was cold an’ snowy an’ they had n’t any house to stay in, only a little boat, though I ’spect they made a fire out-o’-doors. An’ they wanted to find a place to settle quick. But they would n’t sail ’cause ’t was Sunday. An’ they preached an’ sung. They always kep’ Sunday very, very strict, you know.” Which the sturdy young fellow did not know at all, but inwardly

vowed he would, and a good deal more, as soon as he could get hold of a book about the Pilgrims.

“She made me feel quite ashamed of myself not to know, and she such a helpless little thing,” he said to Suzette, as they stood side by side in the game. “I’ve been here a month, but I’ve been fishing and playing ball and lawn tennis and have n’t learned a thing about the Pilgrims. I thought the rock and Pilgrim Hall and all that an awful bore. But I wish now I knew something about them.”

“It makes Plymouth so much more interesting,” said Suzette eagerly, “so different from other towns. But my father has told us so much, and we’ve read so much about it, that when we were coming it was like coming to King Arthur’s land or the home of the Greek heroes. And Dick and I have been everywhere and seen everything about the Pilgrims.”

“I shall be here about ten days longer, and if you would be so good as to tell me something and—say, can’t you and Dick take me round? I’ve got a horse, you know. And it would be awfully good of you.”

At five came the tea. Mehitable and Jason brought out the tables and tea and cups, and aunt

Pen and Suzette poured it, and there was thin bread and butter and the Waterman pound cakes. Then followed more talk, during which the sturdy young lad from Detroit, Russell Maybie, by name, made an arrangement, subject to aunt Pen's approval, for extensive researches into Pilgrim land.

Presently they all said their good-bys.

"May I come and see you, little Bess?" asked Esther, as she took her hand at parting.

"It will be so nice of you," was the reply. "An' oh, how lovely it has all been!" she said to Suzette. "I shall have sights an' sights to tell my fam'ly."

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE BESS TELLS THE STORY.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

LITTLE BESS was up betimes the next morning, and before her mother went out to her day's work, she placed the dolls in a row on the table before her, arranging them according to their size, beginning with the emaciated Arabella, and ending with the huge bulk of Marietta Tintoretta.

Little Bess looked at them, her eyes bright with anticipation of the pleasure she was about to confer in telling them all about the lawn-tennis party.

She then raised an admonitory finger and began: "Now, look straight at me, like good childrens, an' don't 'terrupt. 'T is very rude to 'terrupt. If you want to speak, you must raise your hands. That 's what Teddy says the childrens do t' school. An' Squawleena, Doctor Tom says if you are naughty Queen Victory can put you into p'ison.

Queens can put folks into p'ison, he says, the great big p'ison Teddy has told me about. It has bars all over the windows 'stead of honey-suckles, and they shut bad folks up in it. An' so you must be good, for I should hate to have one of my fam'ly be took to p'ison."

Here a saucy gust of wind, entering through the honeysuckle-shaded window, struck Squawleena, who, being hollow and rather weak as to base, toppled over and fell flat on her face. Little Bess took this prostration as a voluntary act of humiliation on Squawleena's part and as involving a promise to do better.

"Yes, I know you 'll try, Squawleena. An' I wish I could pick you up, but I can't, you know. But we 'll play you 're up.

"Oh, it was beautiful ridin' in the carriage, childrens. Doctor Tom carried me just as nice, an' he lifted me up and said, 'Look out of the window, little Bess, an' see Plymouth Rock where the Pilgrims landed.' An' I looked out of the window, and Doctor Tom said, 'Stop the carriage.' An' I looked an' see a little stone house all open, an' it had n't any windows, only gates all open-work like Mis' Brewer's lace. An' in it was a big gray stone, an' Doctor Tom said that was the rock, an'

he said the little stone house was a mon-u-ment. It is a hard word, but Doctor Tom said it over till I learned it. An' you must say it over too."

Little Bess paused until each doll in her turn was supposed to have said mon-u-ment.

"Oh, I'm glad I've seen it!" she went on. "Teddy will be so pleased. He's told me lots about the mon-u-ment, and how folks come to see it. An' Doctor Tom said all the little childrens that come in the *Mayflower* stepped on the rock first 'cause it was in the water close to the land. An' so the boat come right up to it, an' they stepped out on the rock, an' then on the sand. An' I asked if he see 'em, an' he said they



come a great many years ago, before you and me was born. An' now I s'pose they're all gone to heaven. An' he said one of the little childrens was his great, great — oh, ever so big grandfather!

"An' then we come to Doctor Tom's own, own house, an' I looked up an' there were great green trees, tall as Jack's bean-stalk, only just as thick, an' not stringy like bean-stalks that run over the windows."

(Her mother had planted scarlet beans over one window, and these were what little Bess referred to.)

“An’ the door was open, an’ Miss Pen stood there smilin’, just like Discretion did at the door of the House Beautiful Mis’ Brewer read about to me in the book. An’ Suzette was there, too, an’ Mehitable; an’ Mehitable says, ‘Let me take her, Doctor Tom;’ but Doctor Tom says, ‘No, she’s my own little girl, and nobody sha’n’t carry her but me.’ An’ he carried me up a stairs, such a high stairs, an’ put me on a lounge in his own room, an’ then I see the sea.

“You never did see the sea, not one of you, ’cept Theodora Stamford, an’ she see it when Teddy brought her in the big steamer from Boston. An’, oh, my dear childrens, I wish you could all see the sea! It is blue like the sky is now, an’ the ships sail on it, an’ sail on it, an’ sail on it, away an’ away, right into the sky. An’ I was goin’ to ask Doctor Tom if that was the way folks went to heaven, but I just fell asleep a-watchin’ ’em sail away and away, an’ when I woked up I forgot it. But I’ll ask him some time an’ tell you.

“An’ when I woked up Doctor Tom fed me himself with a cunning, teenty-taunty spoon, all

bright silver, an' the ice-cream was sweet an' pink. 'T was strawberry, you know, just like the ribbons in the gown Miss Pen give me. You all see that gown when I was ready to go to the lawn-tennis party. An' you 've all seen strawberry ice-cream, 'cause Mehitable sends it to us sometimes.

“An' Doctor Tom talked just as funny! An' he made me laugh an' laugh. Oh, I do love Doctor Tom, childrens! I think Christ was like Doctor Tom. He's so good to me! An' he's good to ev'rybody, Teddy says, an' makes folks well, an' stops the aches, an' speaks so soft an' pleasant. Oh, I do love to have Doctor Tom talk to me! His voice is so good an' sweet; it's like the stars shining.”

(It is difficult to tell just what little Bess meant by Doctor Tom's voice being like the stars shining. Perhaps she had a dim sense of the truth that all harmony, the harmony of movement, of expression, of sound, is related. Such things are kept from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes.)

“An' then Doctor Tom had to go away. Somebody was took sick, an' so he had to go an' make 'em well, an' speak kind to 'em. An' by-m-by Jason carried me down. An' the rooms were so

big an' high, an' ev'rything was so sweet an' pretty, the curtains a-wavin' in the wind, an' such pretty chairs, an' lots an' lots of books, an' beautiful pictures on the walls an' on the tables an' ev'rywhere.

"An' Miss Pen said: 'P'r'aps you 'd like to look at the pictures, little Bess;' an' I said, 'Yes, if you please.' An' there was one I wish you could see, childrens. 'T was a woman an' her little baby boy. Such a fat little baby, with big, big eyes an' round arms, an' dimples in his elbows, an' hair that the wind blowed an' little fat toes you could say little pigs went to market on. An' she held him, an' she was lovely, an' she did n't look at him. She looked up as if she saw somethin' sad a-comin', a pain mebbe, that was goin' to hurt her little boy, such as the sick folks have. An' all round her head the angels were a-flyin' with little wings, a-tryin' to keep the pain off, I s'pose. An' I looked at it a long, long time, an' I 'most cried, an' I 'spect I could n't never looked at it enough.

"But then Miss Pen said, Would I like to see Doctor Tom when *he* was a little boy? An' I said, 'Oh, yes!' An' she showed me a picture painted bright, an' it was Doctor Tom when he was a little mite of a boy. His hair curled all over his head

in little crinkles an' his eyes laughed. He was a sweet little boy.

"An' then she showed me another picture, an' she said 't was the 'Home of the Bees.' An' 't was all pink an' blue an' gold an' white flowers an' little beehives in among 'em, an' bees a-buzzin'. An' I said, 'Is it a real place or a make-b'lieve place?' An' Miss Pen said 't was a real place an' she 'd seen it, an' there was lots an' lots of places just as beautiful in the world.

"'T is a very, *very* beautiful world you an' me live in, childrens, an' we ought to be ever an' ever so good 'cause we are let to live in this beautiful world."

Little Bess paused here, for a neighbor stopped at the window to ask how she was this fine morning, and did she have a good time up to Doctor Tom's grand house yesterday. For all her friends of Clam-shell Alley and that vicinity knew of her invitation and had expressed the greatest interest in her going. Not one of them had had the least feeling of envy, which was rather extraordinary, for people often do have such a feeling when they see one of their number invited to partake of a pleasure from which they are excluded. But, as I have before said, envy, like all other evil spirits, seemed to flee from little Bess's presence.

This man was with a coal-cart, and he left it to come and look in at the window. His face was black with coal-dust and so were his hands and clothes. In fact, the only white about him was his teeth when he smiled, and the whites of his eyes. He handed Bess something done up in a soft tissue paper. The paper had black finger-marks upon it, of course, but when Bess opened it there was a big, pink-cheeked, luscious peach.

"I guess that'll taste good t' ye," he said, showing a good deal of white both about the eyes and mouth.

Little Bess was just thanking him when a voice, a boyish voice, shouted:—

"Start your old apple-cart and don't take up the whole of the street."

And then Suzette's low, clear voice was heard remonstrating:—

"Don't, please; he's speaking to little Bess."

The man, smiling good-naturedly, moved his cart one side, and three riders came up and drew rein by the window. They were Dick, Suzette, and Russell Maybie. Suzette bowed to the coal-man, who touched his hat. Russell Maybie opened his eyes at this, and they grew still wider as he caught sight of little Bess.

“Is this where she lives?” he asked, surveying the small gray house with an air of surprise. But his real good breeding came to his rescue. He doffed his cap and looked in. “Oh, what a jolly place! And is this your family?” he asked, looking at the dolls. “I beg pardon for shouting out to your caller.”

Then, with a smile and a word each from Dick and Suzette, they passed on, and little Bess resumed her story. Suzette had given her an exquisite Jacqueminot rose, which lay by the peach.

“An’ when it was time to go out, Jason carried me an’ put me in the hammock, and folded the pretty shawls about me. But he did n’t cover up my white gown. An’ there was the sea again an’ the ships a-sailin’; an’ oh, I see the steamer — the real steamer you come in, Theodora Stamford. Oh, how it did sail! Puff! puff! An’ the smoke a-streamin’ out behind, an’ it sailed right along an’ never hit the land. I said ’t was funny it did n’t hit the land, an’ Miss Pen said there was a man that knew just how to sail it so it should n’t hit. An’ I said, ‘Was the *Mayflower* like that?’ An’ she said, ‘No, the *Mayflower* had white sails an’ did n’t go puff! puff!’ An’ there was two little white houses, away off, where the lights shine all

night to tell the poor sailors which way to sail ; an' the pretty island with trees ; an' Miss Pen said that island was where the Pilgrim folks stayed the first Sunday. Suzette telled me about that Sunday. An' away over the other side of the sea was a high hill, an' Captain Myles Standish lived there. He used to take care of the Pilgrim folks and childrens, so nothin' should n't hurt 'em—the Indians nor nothin'. An' he had a little girl an' she lived there with him. It was a many, many years ago, before you an' me was born, childrens.

“An, then, by-m-by, the comp'ny come. Such a lot o' nice boys an' girls ! An' they come up an' talked to me an' said, 'We 's glad to see you here, little Bess.' An' they were just as nice, an' had such nice hands an' pretty clo'es. An' one of 'em is comin' to see me, she said. An' you will all see her, childrens, an' you must behave nice an' speak soft an' low an' be a credit to me.

“An' then they played the lawn tennis. 'T is such a lovely play ! 'T is a runnin' play. An' they hit the balls an' then skip an' run. 'T is so nice to skip an' run ! An' then some one hits a ball beautiful an' ev'rybody shouts an' claps their hands, an' I clapped my hands too.

“I was n't tired one mite. Miss Pen come an'

asked me was n't I tired? An' I said, 'No, not a mite.' 'T was like watchin' the fairies, an' nobody could n't never get tired a-watchin' the fairies. An' ev'rybody was just as good to me!

"An', by-m-by, they stopped an' eat, an' Suzette poured tea. An' there was nobody *quite* so sweet an' good as she, childrens. An' then Dick brought me some tea an' some bread an' butter. An' he stood an' talked an' fixed my shawls an' said, 'How pretty you looks, little Bess! How bright your eyes are!' An' I said, 'I should think a little girl's eyes that had such good times ought to be bright.'

"An' Doctor Tom come home an' they all went away. An' they come an' said, 'Good-by, an' I hope you'll come to lawn tennis again, little Bess.' An' then Doctor Tom carried me in, an' Miss Pen played on the piano just as my mother says they do where she works. An' oh, 't was beautiful!

"An' that was one of the boys that you see just now. An' he's nice, an' he did n't mean to speak loud to Jerry. For Jerry is such a nice man.

"An' then Doctor Tom bringed me home himself."

So ended little Bess's account of the lawn-tennis party. She will doubtless tell it many

times more, however. Squawleena will ask for it, and little Violet, and poor dear Betsy Prig. Each in their turn will say, "Do tell us again, little mother, about Doctor Tom's lawn-tennis party." And little Bess will be only too happy to comply. She will never be tired of telling over this delightful experience.

In fact, she had hardly finished before Teddy arrived for a short stay, come "to hear all about it," as he said. She gave him the peach, which he refused, though she insisted upon his taking it, she having had such "lots and lots" of good things the day before. They finally compromised by splitting it in two and each taking half.

With lawn tennis Teddy was tolerably familiar, as familiar as an outsider can be. He had never played it, but he had watched the game by the hour over tennis-court fences or peeping furtively through hedges.

He would like to have learned, but he fully realized that this courtly game was not for "the likes of him," as he sometimes said to himself. To play lawn tennis one must have good clothes, neither ragged nor patched nor dirty.

To be sure the boys of Clam-shell Alley and vicinity sometimes got up a game with old fish-

nets and broken oars and abandoned croquet balls picked from dust heaps, which they called lawn tennis. But such Teddy laughed to scorn. Lawn tennis, indeed!

He knew all about baseball, however. Anybody, however ragged or patched, was welcome on most of the many baseball grounds about the town, if he only played well. And Teddy was a capital ball-player. Mis' White did not approve of his playing, of course.

It wore out his clothes, she said, his shoes especially. He had two pairs a year, and if he were careful as he ought to be, he need have but one. But he was a "dre'tful expensive and ungrateful boy, that 's what he was." So said Mis' White.

Poor Teddy! it was hard upon him. For he was trying, really trying, that summer to be careful of his clothes. It quite humiliated him at times, when he saw Dick and Suzette, that he was so shabby. Only they did not seem to notice it.

He entered with even more than his usual zest into little Bess's story of her happy day. It pleased him to see her so animated, for sometimes, of late, he had fancied she did not seem so bright as usual, and he had anxiously asked of her mother if she were as well.

He picked up Squawleena, and restored her to her place in the line, and then hurried off to dig some clams, for it was low tide.

Her mother came in at noon to give little Bess her dinner, and towards night, when she had begun to look for the return of the three riders, who, they had told her, were to join a picnic party at South Pond, and to listen for the familiar step of Castor and Pollux, Esther Morton came in.

Little Bess was feeling lonely in spite of all her brave cheerfulness, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure at the sight of Esther.

"I found," said Esther, "that we are to go away to-morrow. Mamma has had a telegram from papa to meet him in New York. But I could not go without seeing you once more and bringing you a little keepsake to remember me by. For I don't want you to forget me, my dear little Bess."

As she spoke, Esther put down upon the table what, at first sight, looked to little Bess like a pretty box. It was of rosewood, inlaid with silver, and was indeed a box, but such a box as she not only had never seen, but had never even heard of.

And presently she thought a dozen birds were

singing in it, like the four and twenty blackbirds in the king's pie; for it was a music-box. Esther had touched the spring, and now stood looking at little Bess with pleased eyes.

As to dear little Bess herself, her delight was literally unspeakable. For some moments she said nothing, but lay in a kind of surprised ecstasy.

"Well," spoke Esther at last, "do you like it, little Bess?"

Like it! Little Bess turned her sparkling eyes upon Esther.

"O Miss Morton! what is it? Is it birds shut up in it?"

"It's a music-box, little Bess. It plays twelve tunes, and it has to be wound up like a clock. I shall show you how to do it," replied Esther, charmed with the success of her attempt to give the little creature pleasure.

She had at first been at a loss what keepsake to give her. She had thought of an illustrated book, of pictures, of something to wear; but all these seemed commonplace. She wanted to give her something fresh, something unique like the little thing herself, she had told her mother. And her mother had suggested the music-box which had

been bought for Esther when they were last in Switzerland.

Esther, remembering what little Bess had said about Sybil Smythe's piano-playing, had at once exclaimed, "O mamma dearest, that's just the thing! You always do think of exactly the right thing. That is just — *splendid!* There, you must let me say that just this once, for it *is* splendid. It's a *shining* thought of yours." For Mrs. Morton was, in general, merciless towards the prevalent girlish extravagance of speech.

"But, little Bess," Esther went on, "don't call me Miss Morton. Call me Esther. I want you always to think of me as Esther, as a girl like yourself, only bigger, you know. And these are your dolls! Do tell me about them, after we have had a little more music."

The music-box played on, until it had gone through its twelve tunes, and then Esther stopped it. "There," she said, "it will keep on playing like that for more than an hour, and will sing you to sleep every night, if you like."

While little Bess talked on about her dolls, Esther looked around the little room. It had many comforts and many pretty ornaments in it, given to little Bess by her friends, Mis' Brewer,

Doctor Tom, and Miss Penelope. In one corner stood an old-fashioned, turned-up bedstead, hidden behind curtains. But how narrow, how small it seemed to the young girl who had lived all her life in an American "palace," such as one of our money princes can build or buy! Here, it was evident, in these narrow limits, the life of this little one had been spent.

"That was a lovely lawn-tennis party yesterday, little Bess," she said.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" replied the child. "It was *all* beautiful," she repeated, with an emphasis on the "all." "I never see the sea before, nor the lawn tennis. An' the boys an' girls were so nice, an' spoke so good an' sweet. An' I never see Doctor Tom's house before. Such a pretty house! I'm glad Doctor Tom lives in such a pretty house. I do love Doctor Tom. Oh, I do love ev'rybody; ev'rybody is so good to me."

"I suppose you go out often?" asked Esther.

"Oh, no!" was little Bess's surprised reply. "I *never* went before. I can't, you know. I stay at home all the time, me an' my dolls. We have *such* good times!" and she smiled upon the row. She evidently felt that their conduct during this visit of Esther's was unexceptionable. They were indeed "a credit to her."

They had much talk of a similar nature, and little Bess's evident content with the narrow conditions of her life, nay, more, her innocently joyous acquiescence in them, struck very deeply into Esther's girlish soul.

That night her mother was greatly surprised and stirred when Esther came up to her, and, putting her arms around her, laid her head on her shoulder and burst into tears.

"My daughter, what is it?" she asked anxiously.

"O mamma," was Esther's reply, "why has God given me everything, and dear little Bess nothing?"

"Perhaps, dearest," said her mother after a moment's hesitation, "perhaps so that you may know the blessedness of that saying of our Lord, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'

"But," she added, "are you sure he has given dear little Bess nothing?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

“They little thought how pure a light
With years should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.”

RUSSELL MAYBIE stuck to his resolution made at the lawn-tennis party to learn something concerning Pilgrim Plymouth. He was a very active boy and he had learned the modern side of it pretty thoroughly. He had been bass-fishing at Long Pond, boating at Billington Sea, and codfishing in the bay. He knew all the intricate ways that cross and recross each other in the great tract of woods lying between Plymouth and Sandwich. He had formed the acquaintance of its wood-choppers and its deer.

He had explored the section of country lying back of the town which, seen from Burial Hill, is so picturesque with its rounded hills, suggestive of hidden streamlets and woody dells. Oh, no! he had not wasted his time by any means. But he

had seen it all without a thought of those associations which hallow it, and clothe all this Pilgrim country with a light "that never was on sea or land." But now he would redeem the time, and Dick and Suzette were only too glad to help him.

Suzette was a capital guide. She possessed the one requisite generally lacking in the official guide, a thorough sympathy with her subject. To compare small things with great, seeing Pilgrim Plymouth under her guidance was like visiting Westminster Abbey with Dean Stanley or going over Winchester Cathedral with a certain white-haired old verger who dearly loves its every stone.

She went from place to place with enthusiasm. She again looked over the familiar Mourt's Relation and was authority on everything relating to the daily life and doings of the Pilgrims. I can not say that she felt or expressed an equal interest in their business relations with Mr. Thomas Weston, or in the complications arising from the behavior of Mr. Lyford. That was hardly to be expected. She liked best to dwell upon the details of those first years, and many a talk concerning them did the three have seated upon the zinc-covered seats on Burial Hill.

Many misrepresentations had been made in

England as early as 1623 concerning the condition of things at Plymouth. And in 1624 Governor Bradford notes these misrepresentations, or "objections," as he calls them in his History, and replies to them. They are all of value, but two of them especially interested and amused Suzette. One of these was the fourth in order: that "children were not catechised nor taught to read." To which Governor Bradford replies: "Neither is true; for many take pains with their own [children] as they can; indeed, we have no common school for want of a fit person or, hitherto, means to maintain one, though we desire now to begin." This they did. The children of the Pilgrims and their descendants have always been taught; and no matter to what section of our country they have emigrated, they have always taken with them the little wooden school-house of New England.

The other objection was that "The people are much annoyed with muskeetoes." To which the answer was made: "They are too delicate and unfit to begin new plantations and colonies that can not endure the biting of a muskeeto. We would wish such to keepe at home till, at least, they be muskeeto proof. Yet this place is as

free as any, and experience teacheth that the more the land is tilled and the woods cut down, the fewer there will be, and in the end scarce any at all;" which, truly, has come to pass, for Plymouth town is free from the mosquito pest.

Others besides Sybil Smythe have brought the accusation of grimness and a general sourness of disposition against our Pilgrim Fathers, and if we were to believe what they tell us concerning them we should not look for any mention of natural beauties in their journals and letters. It would have mattered little to them, we should say, whether the sky were blue or green, or whether flowers bloomed or did not bloom in their New England.

But in the very first pages of their journals, as spring comes on, we read of the birds singing in the woods "most pleasantly." In a letter written by Edward Winslow, in the autumn of 1621, he makes mention not only of the deer and codfish, the lobsters and "good sallets," of grapes and strawberries, of wild plums and cherries, but also of roses, "white, red, and damask," single, "but very sweet indeed." Doubtless the children, little Humilitie Cooper being among them, together with the naughty little runaway, John

Billington, gathered these roses, "white, red, and damask," and our Pilgrim mothers distilled rose-water from them as they had been wont to do in their beloved mother-land, old England.

In this same letter Edward Winslow gives a brief — too brief — account of the first New England Thanksgiving day, in the autumn of 1621.

We should like to know every detail of this day, the beginning of a long line of Thanksgiving days, — just what they had for dinner and how it was cooked. Each family had the same thing, doubtless, for though they were made up into seven families, they as yet held all provisions in common.

We should like to know whether Francis Billington and Wrasling Brewster and the rest of the boys overate, and who among the girls got the wish-bones — whether Humilitie Cooper or Remember Allerton or Damaris Hopkins; whether they had any plums in their pudding or whether they had any pudding at all. We are sure of one thing, however, that they marched in procession to the Common House and there gave thanks and listened to a long discourse from Elder Brewster, during which the children had immense difficulty in keeping still, as their thoughts strayed off to the good things in store.

In the spring, says Winslow, they had planted twenty acres of corn and six acres of barley and pease. The corn had yielded abundantly, the yield of barley had been fair, while the pease had turned out altogether bad, having been dried and parched by the sun.

The harvest was, in the main, good, however, and with codfish, lobsters, and clams in the sea, and deer, ducks, partridges, and turkeys in the wood and ponds, there was abundance of food. So Governor Bradford, after the harvest had been gotten in, sent four men out "fowling," in order that they all might, "after a special manner," rejoice together over the fruits of their labors; that is, by feasting in the good old English fashion. And ever since has New England rejoiced "after a special manner," as the yearly harvest has come round; and not New England only, for the Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims has now become our great national Thanksgiving, which is grounded, like many other of our good things, on Plymouth Rock.

Those four fowlers sent out by Governor Bradford killed fowls enough to last the whole company a week, and that turkeys were roasted for the tables of the first New England Thanksgiving goes without saying.

How they were roasted was a matter of speculation with Suzette.

“Tied to a string hanging from a hook in the ceiling and roasted before the great wood-fire, as my great-grandmother roasted her meat, and as the gypsies do to-day,” stoutly declared uncle Tom.

“Or roasted on a jack and tended and basted by the children,” said aunt Pen, to which opinion Suzette was most inclined. She could readily fancy her pet Pilgrim, little Humilitie, a tire enveloping her small figure from her quaint cap to the very tips of her quainter shoes, gravely turning the turkey and basting it.

“I’ve seen a jack,” said uncle Tom, “that winds up like a clock and goes itself, but I doubt if the Pilgrims had anything so elaborate.”

But what did they have besides the turkeys and ducks and fish? We do not hear of any vegetables. Later on they had plenty, for there is an old ballad that says :—

If fresh meat be wanted to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and turnips whenever we wish;
And if we’ve a mind for a delicate dish,
We go to the clam-bank and there we catch fish.

For pottage and pudding and custard and pies
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies.
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon;
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

At that time, however, carrots and turnips were unattainable luxuries, and no child ate pumpkin-pie on that first Thanksgiving day.

Each person had a peck of corn weekly for his supply; and from this, together with the barley, their bread was made. But as to plum-pudding, that was hopeless.

“Perhaps they had a kind of substitute in an ancient dish called ‘apple-slump,’” suggested uncle Tom, for this conversation concerning the Thanksgiving day took place, not on Burial Hill, but one evening at twilight under the lindens at uncle Tom’s door. “As they had no apples, they could have used plums, or even grapes after stoning them. You see I am a very fair cook, pussy. Apple-slump is made by filling a deep stone or earthen pot nearly full of fruit and covering it with a crust. They could make the crust out of Indian meal and water. Then, when the crust is brown and crisp, it is crushed down into the boiling fruit. Mehitable knows how to make it. It should be eaten with cream.”

“*Cream!!*” cried out Suzette, with double exclamation points. “Why, uncle Tom, they had n’t any cows!”

“True, true; poor things!” rejoined uncle Tom. “I retire from the discussion. The Pilgrim dinner is beyond me.”

“It’s awfully interesting,” remarked Russell Maybie, who discreetly said nothing upon the subject, but listened with all his might, thinking how he would astonish his sister Molly with the extent of his information concerning the Pilgrims.

“‘Our Indian corn,’ says Winslow, ‘maketh as pleasant meal as rice.’ And that remark of his suggests grounds for a new speculation,” said aunt Pen.

“Perhaps they had ‘furmenty.’”

“And what’s ‘furmenty’?” asked Dick.

“It’s an old English dish fully as old, if not older, than the Pilgrims,” replied aunt Pen. “It is mentioned in the account of the great doings at Kenilworth Castle, when Queen Elizabeth visited my Lord Leicester — mentioned by some one who was on the spot, too.

“It is generally made with wheat, but why not with barley or hominy? for Edward Winslow’s meal was simply hominy. Our Pilgrim mothers,

taught by 'Mistris Experience,' must have been fruitful in expedients. They must have been obliged to make many things 'do.' And furmenty being such a familiar dish, they must have made it with hominy.

"You soak the wheat or hominy a long time, and then you put it in a 'pippin,' cover it with water and 'creen' it in the oven — so said the Yorkshire woman who told me once how it was done. And then after the 'creening,' which must last several hours, you cook it in a big brass pan with milk and eggs and currants, and eat it with horn spoons stuck in a bunch in the middle of the brass pan, the Kenilworth man says, that being the only implement fit to eat it with. It's a Mothering-Day dish, and Mothering Day is a kind of Thanksgiving Day. And I think that's what the Pilgrim mothers had for Thanksgiving pudding."

"But, aunt Pen," remonstrated Suzette, "they did n't have milk."

"Nor currants," added Doctor Tom, "nor eggs."

"Well, then, they made water do, and used dried huckleberries," rejoined aunt Pen. "And ducks' eggs — wild ducks' eggs."

"Pen," said uncle Tom solemnly, "you would

have made an excellent Pilgrim mother yourself. But these are vain speculations."

And so they are, but "awfully interesting," as Russell Maybie said.

But, whatever they had, they ate it with thanksgiving, in their thatched log-houses, with the "mighty ocean which they had passed" behind them and an unknown sea before them. They did also what should always be done by the more favored on Thanksgiving day—they entertained the stranger at their gates.

Massasoit came with ninety-one of his braves, and the Pilgrims feasted them for three days. They had an abundance, as we have seen, and after the feast the Indians returned their hospitality with a gift of five deer which they had shot.

They entertained their Indian guests with a military drill, firing off their matchlocks and doubtless their cannon upon the platform on Burial Hill. The thunder and flash of these cannon would duly impress these children of the wild wood, who as yet possessed only the simplest weapons.

They had a wholesome dread of powder and shot, and when, in the autumn of 1621, Canonicus, a Narragansett chief, sent a bundle of arrows

bound with a rattlesnake skin as a defiance to Governor Bradford, and he returned the skin stuffed with powder and shot, Canonicus was so afraid of it he would not have it in his wigwam, and it was handed about from place to place, until it finally found its way back to Plymouth.

In November, shortly after the first Thanksgiving day, the *Fortune* arrived from England, bringing thirty-five additional colonists. They were most welcome, though somewhat illy supplied with food and household utensils. In fact, they had not so much as "bisket-cakes," or "a pot or pan to dress meat in."

"The plantation was glad of this addition of strength, but could have wished that many of them had been of better condition, and all of them better furnished with provisions," writes Governor Bradford, adding philosophically, "but it could not be helped."

When the *Fortune* sailed for England, which it did in fourteen days after its arrival, it was laden with "good clapboard," and two hogsheads of beaver and otter skins, secured by barter from the Indians. None of the colonists, it seems, had ever seen a beaver-skin until they came to New England, and it was Squanto who told them their

value. The whole cargo returned to England was estimated to be worth five hundred pounds, and five hundred pounds at that time was worth treble what it is now. In this same vessel went Edward Winslow's letter of "Good Tidings," from which I have quoted.

Shortly after the sailing of the *Fortune*, the Pilgrims took account of their provisions, and found that each would have to be put on half-allowance, until fish came again in the spring. This was "hard, but they bore it patiently under hope of supply" arriving from England.

So the year 1621, which began so sadly for them, ended as does often a dark and stormy day, if not with a clear, calm sky, yet with cheerful gleams of light.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SAD GLAD YEAR OF 1623.

Oh, strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to the ploughing.
— *Longfellow.*

God sifted a whole Nation that he might send choice Grain out
into this Wilderness. — *Stoughton, 1668.*

“WHAT plucky fellows they were!” remarked
Russell.

“Yes, they had lots of grit, and it is n’t played
out yet, uncle Tom says. It’s Pilgrim grit that
is carrying on our nation to-day, he says.” It
was Dick who said this.

The friends were on Burial Hill, seated under
the tree hard by Governor Bradford’s -monument,
near which is the tombstone of his son Major
William Bradford.

At least Suzette was sitting upon the zinc-
covered seat, while Dick and Russell lay stretched
upon the turf.

The sky was free from clouds though slightly
obscured by a silvery haze. Not a breeze stirred,

and the harbor, which was now at full tide, and the bay beyond were like a sea of glass.

The atmospheric conditions were such as produce those ghostly effects known as mirages. Partial or limited mirages are not uncommon on this coast. It is not unusual at times to see portions of Cape Cod; sometimes its whole length is visible. But on this morning even the roofs and spires of Provincetown were lifted above the horizon.

"See! see!" said Suzette. "There is where they had the first New England washing-day, Russell."

"And where they signed the Compact," added Dick. "We've never seen it like that before, Suzette."

"Halloo! Teddy," he called out as he caught sight of the well-known bristling straw hat, half-way down the declivity of the hill. "Come up here and look at this."

Teddy had seen them, but the presence of a third person had made him hesitate to join them. But now he advanced, holding in his hand a small bouquet of the late sabbatia, which he gave to Suzette, lifting that same bristling hat as he did so.

"Did you ever see anything like that before, Teddy?" asked Dick.

Three ships were seen sailing apparently in mid-air, and the whole Duxbury coast, which is low and sandy, seemed lined with high white cliffs. The illusion was perfect. The shores drew near and the bay contracted. On the low flat line of beach between the Gurnet and Saquish, a stretch of bare sand, a town with spires and tall trees was plainly visible.

'T was like a city of enchantment, an Arabian Nights city, Suzette declared; like the famous palace of Aladdin that sprang into being in a night, and it seemed to vanish almost as quickly, for, while they were looking and exclaiming, it dissolved and was gone.

"I never see that before," said Teddy. "I've seen ships sail in the air, but I never see buildings an' trees over there. There ain't none — only sand."

Nearly all the forenoon the mirage returned at intervals, and to watch it was like watching the changing scenes of a pantomime. And, as they talked and looked, Suzette went on with her history lesson. She was telling about certain things that happened in 1623.

This year had opened disastrously for the Pilgrims. Their good Squanto had died late in

the previous year, while on an expedition with Governor Bradford for the buying of corn from the Indians. For corn was again scarce, and of bread they had little or none. With all Squanto's instructions, they had not as yet become sufficiently well acquainted with the management of Indian corn to raise it with any great success.

This expedition had sailed up and down the shores of Cape Cod, and had been greatly bothered in the management of their boat by the shallows and breakers. And what was still worse they had succeeded in buying but little corn. The Indians themselves did not have large supplies of it. They were never what we in New England call "fore-handed" folk. They did not trouble themselves much about a supply for the future. They were accustomed to scant rations, and trusted a good deal to chance in securing what they needed.

Their implements of agriculture, if they can be said to have had any, were of the rudest kind. Their hoes were of stone, fastened to a wooden handle. With such a primitive affair, the Indian squaw slightly scratched the earth, dropped in her corn and herring, covered them up, and her planting was done. They raised more corn, we are told, after they had the English "hows" (hoes).

A second equally unsuccessful expedition was sent into the interior, in search of corn, in March, 1623.

It was also in the latter part of 1622 and beginning of 1623 that the great conspiracy was formed among the Indians, of which Massasoit told Hobomock, as related in a previous chapter. They crushed the conspiracy, and, as we read in that same chapter, finally got rid of the settlers at Wessagussett, who were the main cause of it.

These colonists were Thomas Weston's men, and shortly after Myles Standish had seen them off, Weston himself arrived at Plymouth in a wretched plight. He had left his vessel and gone out exploring in a small boat, and was cast ashore in a heavy storm, somewhere between the Merrimack and Piscataqua rivers. The Indians had robbed him of everything, but he had borrowed a suit of clothes from some settlers in that neighborhood, and then made his way to Plymouth to ask aid from the Pilgrims.

His feelings towards them were not of the friendliest, but he dissembled, and begged them to help him. Would they lend him a certain number of beaver-skins? He was expecting a ship soon with supplies, and he could then repay them.

There were many and good reasons why they should not make him the loan, and they trusted little in his promise to supply their needs when his ship arrived.

“We gave little credit to his supply,” writes Bradford, but “we helped him when all the world failed him.”

They loaned him the skins from their scanty store, and he repaid them as the viper repaid the man in the fable, who had warmed him in his bosom.

The scarcity of corn in the spring of 1623 led the leaders to consult how they best might secure a greater crop. It was plain that, in order to have a great crop, a great deal of ground must be planted. Up to that time they had planted their fields in common, sharing alike in the harvest. This had been in accordance with the agreement made with the company of Adventurers to Plymouth, who had helped them to come over.

But they felt that if each family could have a parcel of ground of its own to plant, of which they only should have the produce, they would go to work with greater zest than when their labor went into the common fund. The result proved the wisdom of the leaders. A parcel of ground was

allotted to each family, and they went to work with a will. Not only the men of the families worked, but the women, for the first time, went into the fields to assist. The children too helped, even the smallest, who at least could drop the corn.

“And I wonder if they said :—

One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
Two for the cut-worm
And three to let grow,”

said Suzette.

“Seven kernels in a hill was a tremendous waste, if they did,” remarked Russell. “For if the cut-worm and crow and blackbird did n’t take ’em, they would have to be pulled up. That would be bad political economy.”

The result of this added industry was that a much larger quantity of corn was planted than in either of the two previous years.

By the time their planting was done, however, their supply of corn for bread was entirely gone, and they could only rest, as they said, on God’s providence, not knowing at night what they would have to eat on the morrow, or whether they would have anything to eat at all. And so

“above all people in the world they had need to pray ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’”

But they did not sit down and wait for food to come to them. They were men of the same stamp as Oliver Cromwell, whose famous order to his soldiers is so familiar: “Trust in God and keep your powder dry.” They trusted in God to supply them, but at the same time they used every method to procure food.

They had but one boat, and that not a good one, but they fitted her up as well as they could, and then divided their men into companies of six or seven, each of whom were to go out in their turn to fish. No sooner did the boat with one company come in and discharge her supply of fish, than another took her and went directly out again. They stayed till they had a full supply, if it was for several days. Those left behind went out on the flats at low tide and dug clams for food.

Occasionally a deer was brought in, but autumn and winter were the seasons for deer and wild fowl.

All this story sounds like that of the manna in the wilderness and seems almost if not quite as wonderful. Certainly their daily food came as directly from the hand of that God in whom they

trusted as did the manna which the Israelites gathered each morning, or the quails that came up and covered their camp.

In the latter part of June a vessel stopped in their harbor, the master of which had two hogs-heads of pease for sale. The Pilgrims desired to buy them; but seeing their necessities, he put up the price to £9 (\$45) for the two. After considerable bartering he consented to take £8, but not one penny less, and the beaver-skins he was to have in return he insisted upon having under price. They refused to be cheated after this audacious fashion, however, and told him they "had lived so long without his pease and could do so still," whereat he betook himself and his pease to Virginia.

"Where," remarked Suzette, "I always hoped he had to sell them at a loss."

"I should hope so, the mean fellow!" said Russell; "trying to make a corner on pease when they were almost starving."

"Then," Suzette went on, "something nice happened. The ship *Anne* came in, and a few days after a little vessel which they called a 'pinass.' Its name was *The Little James*, and it was sent for them to keep to go a-coasting in. It was new

and fitted out with flags and streamers and pennants, and must have looked very pretty coming round Beach Point and up the channel. I should n't wonder one bit if some of the Pilgrim boys and girls came up and watched her coming in from this very spot."

It was such remarks as these from Suzette that made the story so "real," said Russell. "It's such a capital way to study history. They do contrive to make it so awfully dry in school."

"That's so!" said Teddy, with such hearty good-will, that Russell, who was lying on the turf near him, gave him a rousing slap on the back.

"I see you know all about it," said he. "But say, would n't it be a capital way to study history to go round and learn it on the spot? Whenever I hear about the Pilgrims after this, I shall just *see* it all, you know."

"Oh, yes," replied Suzette. "And papa says, in a year or two perhaps, he will take us to the old Pilgrim homes in England and Holland. Mamma wants to go to her old home in France, and we can go that way."

"Oh! that would be no end jolly," was Russell's comment.

Well, in the *Anne* came sixty additional colo-

nists, and among them were the wives and children of some of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims. The meeting between these who had been so long separated must have been a happy one, though they arrived at a time when there was great destitution. The best we could give them, writes Bradford, was a lobster or a piece of fish, for there was no bread nor anything else, but a cup of "fair spring water."

These colonists were not all true Pilgrims. Many of them had come to settle in the neighborhood of Plymouth, on "their own particulers," as they quaintly phrase it: that is, they were to be in some ways independent of the Pilgrims. And I think it must have been some of these who, we are told, wished themselves back in England when they saw the poverty of the people. It could not have been the wives and children of those *Mayflower* Pilgrims, though they may have wept, as the chronicle says some did, when they saw the destitution of their dear friends, their toil-worn, weather-beaten faces, and their shabby clothes.

There was one however, who, we may be sure, did not wish to go back, and that was Mistress Alice Southworth, the second wife of Governor

Bradford, concerning whom and himself there is a bit of romance. They loved each other when they were young in England, but were not permitted to marry. Now she had come to him at his desire, and they were married two weeks after the arrival of the *Anne*.

On this same vessel came also a boy named Nathaniel Morton. He was twelve years old, and we can easily imagine with what eager eyes he must have scanned the group of houses nestling upon the hillside under shelter of the fort, as the *Anne* sailed into the harbor and dropped anchor. The sight of the shabby clothes, the fish proffered without bread, would not discourage him. He would be thinking of the partridges to be trapped in the woods, of the strange Indians of whom he had read, of the delight of living in a country full of fresh, new things. This boy grew up to be Secretary of the colony and the compiler of the Memorials of New England.

“It seems good to hear about a boy once in a while,” said Russell at this point in the narrative. “You’d think to read history that there didn’t use to be any boys, except boy-kings. Now, for my part, I should like to know what the boys and girls have been doing all these years since the

world began. We never hear anything about them till they're grown up."

"There's George Washington, he" — began Dick, but Russell interrupted him with, "Oh, that old axe story! Don't, for pity's sake, mention that. But, I say, it always seemed to me that Washington was a hundred years old when he was born."

"That's just what uncle Tom says," replied Suzette. "He says he used to think the Pilgrims were all old men just like Elder Brewster in the picture at Pilgrim Hall, and he was surprised when he found out Edward Winslow was only twenty-six and Governor Bradford somewhere about thirty when they came over. He says he is glad Dick and I were taught differently. Why, they always seem to me just like papa, straight, you know, and with bright, pleasant eyes, and plenty of brown hair, and laughing just as he laughs, as though they were so happy they could n't help it, and all the children running to them and taking their hands, and always so kind and loving and true. That's what *I* think the Pilgrims were like. Like Sir Galahad and Hector and Ivanhoe, you know."

About the time of the arrival of the *Anne*, great fears had begun to be entertained lest their crop

of Indian corn should be a failure. After the corn was well up and growing, in the third week in May a drought set in, which, up to the middle of July, had not been broken by so much as one shower.

Day after day the sun rose and set in a cloudless sky, and under its intense heat the corn drooped, wilted, and in many fields died. In this extremity they resolved to set apart a day of prayer and fasting in which they would especially entreat the good God to send them rain for their crops, lest they should altogether faint and die.

Their Indian friend, Hobomock, was greatly distressed concerning them. "I am much troubled for the English," he said, "for I am afraid they will lose all their corn by the drought, and so they will all be starved; as for the Indians they can shift better than the English, for they can get fish for themselves."

So the day of prayer was appointed, and they all came up, men, women, and little children, to their meeting-house on the hill, with its cannon on top, and which they had built the year previous, and there they held their long service of eight hours.

The sun had arisen that morning in a clear sky,

as usual, and through the early part of the day not a cloud was to be seen, and it was intensely hot.

The Indians who were in the town wondered at the holding of this week-day service. "For it is only three days since Sunday," they said. It was explained to them that the people were praying to their God that he would send them rain for their thirsty and dying corn, and they waited with curiosity to see whether the Englishman's God would hear and answer.

"And He was pleased to give them a gracious and speedy answer," says Bradford. Towards evening the sky began to be overcast, and, shortly after, the rain came in "sweet and gentle" showers. It came without wind or thunder or any other violence, and by degrees in greater abundance so the earth was thoroughly wet, and it was hard to say, writes Edward Winslow, "whether our withered corn or our drooping affections were more quickened and revived."

The Indians marveled when they saw this rain, and Hobomock said: "Now I see English man's God is a good God, for he hath heard you and sent you rain, and that without storms and tempests and thunders, which usually we have with our rain,

which breaks down our corn; but yours stands whole and good still. Surely your God is a good God."

The drooping corn revived, there was an abundant harvest, and in due time they set apart their Thanksgiving day.

The four were silent for a short space after Suzette had finished her story of the drought and the day of fasting. They were doubtless thinking of the little band here in the wilderness with dying crops and scant resources of food; though nothing could be farther from one's idea of a wilderness to-day than these lovely shores with their graceful outlines, and the houses gathered together in town and hamlet, or standing singly amid smiling fields.

It was then that Russell broke the silence with the words with which this chapter begins. And the very expression, "plucky fellows," shows how realistic Suzette's narrative had been, and how thoroughly he felt that he had been listening to the story of the lives of real men.

"I must tell you the fate of the gay little 'pinass,' *The Little James*," said Suzette, re-taking the thread of her story. "She was sent first around the Cape to trade with the Narragansetts, but as

those who went in her had only a few beads and knives to trade with, they did not get many skins. And, as they were coming back, just out there by Brown's Island, — you can see the breakers when it is a little rough, — just there they were overtaken by a storm and had to cut away the mast to keep from being driven right onto the shoals.

“Then of course they had to mend her, which cost a good deal. (Is n't it droll that her name should be James and we should say 'she'?) And then they sent her down to the coast of Maine fishing. But there she did n't fare any better. She was in a safe harbor with other vessels when a great storm arose and the waves came in where they never came in before, and drove her on the rocks and beat a big hole in her, big enough for a horse and cart to drive through, Governor Bradford said. And then she sunk and they let her be for a while.

“But they thought it a pity such a fine vessel should be left to come to pieces in the water, so they got her out and refitted her again, and sent her back to England, for she was altogether too expensive an affair for such poor folks to keep.”

By the end of 1624 the seven houses of Plymouth had increased to about thirty, and the

colonists had not only cattle and goats, but swine and poultry. So they could have apple-slump with cream, as well as furmenty and plum pudding, at their Thanksgiving dinner of that year.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER'S RIDE.

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins are building Towns in the populous trees with hanging gardens of verdure — Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

— *Longfellow.*

SOMETHING more about my good grandmother, pussy? She was your great-grandmother as well, and you sometimes remind me of her in the straight look of your eyes and in other little ways, although you do not really resemble her in feature.

“She had keen black eyes that found out all your secrets, no matter if Chatty had dried all your clothes when you tumbled into the ditch going where you had no business to go. And if you had a bad pain from eating green apples, which were forbidden, no matter how hard you might try to conceal it, she knew all about it.

“Perhaps it was because she loved mischief herself when she was a girl and so knew all the outs and ins of mischievous boys and girls. I am

inclined to think from what I have heard her say that her mother held the reins pretty tightly, too tightly perhaps, so that her young colts could n't help kicking out their heels and running away occasionally. My grandfather's principle of government was to keep the reins in his hands but give young things their heads, and only rein them in when they were running headlong into mischief, which is better I think.

“I remember hearing her tell a story, indeed, I heard her tell it a good many times, for it was a favorite with Pen — a story about a silk gown her father bought for her when she was quite a girl, sixteen perhaps. It was her first one, and a silk gown was a rare treasure in those days, something to be carefully put by and worn only on the most extraordinary occasions.

“This one was folded in linen and laid away in a deep drawer with lavender from the garden. Soon after its purchase her particular crony was to give a party on her birthday, to which all the young people were to be invited; and among the rest, our little grandmother of course. Her name was Molly, and we will call her Molly, our little, young grandmother.

“Well, Molly ventured to hint to her somewhat

stern mother that she would like to wear the new silk ; it was brocade, I think, of a delicate lavender and pink. But she was promptly bidden to put away all such extravagant and improper ideas from her mind. Her white lawn was the only thing proper for the occasion, her mother said, and an obedient and good child would never give a second thought to a thing her mother had forbidden her.

“ But Molly, I ’m afraid, pussy, did what we are all so inclined to do. Instead of saying to the tempter, ‘ Get thee behind me,’ and giving him a good cuff, as it were, she invited him to come a little nearer, by many a little sneaking thought of how pretty she would look in the new silk, how she would outshine all the other girls, how unreasonable her mother was, and so on and so on. And she even had the temerity to further invite him by unlocking the drawer, — the key being one of those attached to her mother’s chatelaine, but which she had left by accident hanging from another drawer in the great carved chest, — by unlocking the drawer in which the much-desired gown was kept, turning back the linen cover, touching the soft, shining silk, and lifting the lovely blonde lace encircling the low neck and short puffed sleeves.

How irresistible it was! and how Molly did wish she could wear it to that party! Naughty little grandmother! And she then and there resolved she would wear it, for she had a daring soul, our little grandmother.

“Then she went over and confided her determination to 'Tenty Richmond—'Tenty being short for Content—and 'Tenty encouraged her in her wilfulness, and suggested a plan for circumventing Molly's mother on the instant, a plan that did much credit to 'Tenty's strategical abilities. But you may be sure, pussy, they kept this plan carefully from 'Tenty's mother.

“The plan was that Molly should smuggle the gown over into 'Tenty's bedroom the afternoon before the party; that Molly should dress in the white lawn, come over and change it for the silk; then when the party was over, she could resume the white lawn, go home, and show herself to her mother, and smuggle back the pink and lavender silk the next day.

“An admirable plan, as you see, without a weak spot in it! But alas! pussy, you know what Robbie Burns says about the 'best-laid plans of mice and men,' and how they come out. And it's equally true of the schemes of young lasses when

they try to outwit their mothers. 'Tenty's plan worked very well up to a certain point. The gown was safely smuggled over into 'Tenty's bedroom. Molly was dressed by her mother in the pretty white lawn. She looked very pretty, I suspect, though her good mother would not be likely to tell her so. She would be much more likely to repeat that time-honored aphorism, 'Handsome is that handsome does.'

"Then she went over to 'Tenty's bedroom, where the pretty pink and lavender brocade lay upon the little white bed, shining wonderfully in the dim light of the one candle. She quickly exchanged the lawn for it, 'Tenty assisting at the toilet and declaring that she looked beautifully in it. Everybody admired it and her when she went down into the parlor; and for an hour or so things went on swimmingly until they betook themselves to a large, unfurnished room where they were to dance.

"Molly was standing at the head of her set, the 'cynosure of neighboring eyes,' as Mr. Milton says, when some one espied a small liquid stream dribbling down from a crack in the wooden ceiling directly upon the skirt of her beautiful gown. It was 'Tenty who sprang forward with a cry of an-

guish, 'O Molly!' and drew her away. But it was too late. The stream was of oil, and the beautiful gown was, to all appearance, ruined.

"Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro, and towels were brought, and the oil was sopped, and the gown was rubbed, while Molly stood silent and pale with dismay, the one thought in her mind being what her mother would say and do; and 'Tenty's brother went up into the chamber to stop the stream of oil before it spoiled any more toiles, and to ascertain its source.

"He found there an imbecile boy of the neighborhood who, poor creature, spent his time in doing mischief, and was deliberately pouring the oil down.

"Well, Molly's pleasure for that evening was at an end, and she withdrew to 'Tenty's bedroom, and nothing would induce her to come out again, though the girls came and said, 'I would n't let it spoil the evening, Molly. It is n't like you to feel so badly over a spoiled gown.' But they did n't know about the spoiled plan, of course. And when the time came to go, she put on the white lawn, and went home and showed herself to her mother in it, and then went sorrowfully to bed.

"She did n't sleep much that night, and the

next day, after her spinning stent was done, she went over, ostensibly to talk the party over with 'Tenty, but really to consult with her as to what could be done with the gown. The oil had badly streaked two whole breadths. They could think of nothing to do, and at last, in sheer despair, they took 'Tenty's mother into their confidence. She thought magnesia might take out the oil, but it would be a matter of weeks, and she advised that Molly's mother should be told.

"This advice coincided with the suggestions of Molly's conscience, and, taking the gown in her hand, she went home and, standing humbly before her mother, confessed her naughtiness, making a clean breast of it and not sparing herself, and was condemned to one day's solitary imprisonment in the spare bed-chamber with bread and water only to eat.

"She always told us she should n't have minded the solitary imprisonment so much, if she could only have stayed in her own cheerful bedroom instead of in the great dismal spare bed-chamber, with its huge and ghostly tent bedstead. It was never opened more than two or three times a year for some guest of extraordinary importance. There were other bedrooms for lesser guests. She was

permitted to have one of the thick green shades at the windows drawn up to the height of the first row of small window panes. That was all. The corners were in shadow, and a nervous person would have found it all unbearable. But our little grandmother, luckily for her, was not a nervous person.

“She was permitted to have no book and no work, not even her knitting. She might have smuggled some in, I suppose, but she had got enough of smuggling. And she said she sat and watched a spider spinning a net over one of the window-panes for the greater part of the day. By-and-by the only fly in the room got entangled in it. She said that experience ever after made her interested in the ways of spiders and all other insects. She was n't the kind of girl to shriek and run away at sight of a spider, any way. She became in time quite a naturalist and could have written as delightful a book about the dwellers in her garden as the most learned of them all.”

“But was the gown spoiled?” asked Suzette, who had been listening with delight to this story about her little great-grandmother and thinking what a delightful story-teller was uncle Tom; quite equal to Scheherezade.

“It was laid away in magnesia, and that and time together finally did the business and took out the oil. Molly could never endure the sight of it afterwards, and always wore it under protest, as it were. Years after, it was converted into a coverlet which I believe aunt Pen has, at this very time, packed away in some secret lavender-scented old cabinet.”

“Poor little grandmother! it was hard to be shut up on bread and water,” said Suzette.

“But salutary,” rejoined uncle Tom. “She herself always said she deserved it.”

“But this was not what I began to tell you, pussy,” uncle Tom went on. “I want to tell you another story I often heard from my grandmother and which is connected with Plymouth itself. She was a little older when that took place; in fact, I think it was the very year after the gown affair. And we will still call her Molly, and think of her with sunny eyes and a face free from care, instead of the white-haired though beautiful old gentlewoman she was when I saw her last.

“I remember how, that last time, she went over the incidents of this story, for, like all very old people, — she was in her ninety-fourth year, — she was fond of recalling her far-away youth, as you

and I shall be when our hair is white, pussy. I had gone up to see her, for she had written to me that she was not well and thought her time was drawing near. There was nothing I could do for her, however, for she was simply about to fall as the ripened grain does, under the sickle of the reaper.

“I spent a long summer’s afternoon with her, and she told over many of the stories she had told Pen and me so many, many times, when we were girl and boy and had come up to spend our vacation at the dear old farm.

“Molly had a good education for her day, though it would seem very narrow to the college-bred girl of the present. But girls, eighty and even forty years ago, had no such advantages of schools as the girls of to-day have. It is n’t but about a hundred years, or a little less, since the question came up in the Plymouth town-meeting whether girls should be schooled at the expense of the state as boys were. It was finally voted, after a good deal of discussion, that they should have one hour’s instruction after the boys had got through. One objection brought by an opponent was that he, for one, did not want a woman looking over his shoulder when he was writing and telling him

how to spell. From which I infer that there were women in his day who did n't know how to spell.

“But Molly not only learned to spell, but to read, and let me tell you, pussy, when a boy or girl has learned to read, he or she is far on the road to a liberal education. Molly was also taught arithmetic as far as the rule of three, together with a little geography, and, crowning achievement! she even received instruction in English grammar, upon which acquisition both she and her mother greatly prided themselves. For English grammar was considered as far beyond the scope of the average female mind, and Molly was the only girl of her generation in Halifax who had studied it. She was able to name the moods and tenses, the nouns and pronouns, to know a conjunction when she saw it; in short, she could parse fluently. Do you know how to parse, pussy?”

Suzette looked slightly bewildered. “No, I don't believe I do, uncle Tom,” she said.

“Lucky girl!” replied uncle Tom. “Our grandmother was always very fond of compliments on her pure English—it was her one and only weak point so far as I know. But I am inclined to think that its purity was as much owing to a

diligent reading of the Bible and such books as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War* as to the instruction she had in English grammar. For I have often observed, pussy, that what we should call illiterate old men and women often have a remarkable facility of expression, — Bible-reading old men and women, I mean, — which they could have acquired from no other source.

“Well, the fame of Molly's achievements, it seems, spread far and wide, and the year after the gown affair Captain Israel Holmes came up from Manomet to ask her to go down and teach their district school. He offered her the large sum, for those days, of one dollar per week and board. She was to board round. It was a great honor to be asked, of course ; her mother and all the family felt that. But then there were adverse considerations. Manomet was a great way off. ‘Only twenty miles,’ we should say to-day — a mere bagatelle. But then — why, then it was almost as far between the two as from Plymouth to Colorado to-day. Not that it took so long a time to make the journey as it does the latter. But it had to be made on horseback, and there was no direct communication by mail, and the whole summer might pass without news from the wanderer.

“And then Molly was so volatile! her mother said. There was the gown affair! Could she be trusted to conduct herself with propriety so far from home?”

“But Molly was eager and her father approved, and so on a Saturday morning, Captain Israel and his wife having arrived the night before, they started for Manomet, Captain Israel’s wife on a pillion behind him on one horse, and Molly with her luggage behind *her* on the second horse.

“You may be sure her luggage was n’t a Saratoga trunk, or even one of hair studded with brass nails, such as may be found in Halifax attics to-day, ancient specimens in which the sons of the family took their small kit up to Harvard. Molly’s gowns were few, and she did n’t take her pink and lavender brocade. She had a petticoat and short-gown, two in fact, for daily wear, and a white dimity for Sundays.”

All this was vastly interesting to Suzette. She thought it quite in the line of Pilgrim history, and she said so to uncle Tom.

“So it is,” he replied. “It took place almost a hundred years nearer 1620 than we are, and Molly, as you know, was a direct descendant of the Pilgrims, and inherited much of their spirit. She had the fearlessness of a frontier woman.

“ She always told us her summer’s teaching was a marked success —our little grandmother, only three years’ older than you are, pussy. I can fancy her, can’t you? presiding demurely over the big girls of her own age, and teaching the youngsters their A B C and their catechism on Saturdays. That was always the Saturday’s business, and very familiar teacher and pupils became with the New England Primer, with its ‘In Adam’s Fall, we sinned all,’ and so on. I have the very copy, much worn, out of which Molly learned *her* catechism, and you must see it, pussy, some day.

“ She boarded round, as I have said, a few days here and a week there, according to the number of children sent from the family. It was like a continuous feast, for everybody did their very best cooking for the little school-ma’am, and got out their best china, and some of it astonishingly pretty too, I assure you, for I have seen remnants of it at Manomet on what-nots and mantelpieces. And they opened their spare bedrooms with beds of live geese feathers into which Molly sank those warm summer nights to the tips of her blessed little ears.

“ And so the summer passed happily, and she taught sixteen weeks, for which term, if my arith-

metic is correct, pussy, — and I never was celebrated for my arithmetical powers, — she received the munificent sum of sixteen silver dollars.

“Sixteen dollars! pshaw! Sixteen dollars would n’t find a girl of to-day in pocket handkerchiefs for one season! but to Molly infinite possibilities of expenditure lay within that vast sum.

“The school closed the very last day of September, and it had been arranged with Molly’s father that Captain Israel, who had conveyed her safely thither, should also take her back, but, at the time set, Mrs. Israel had one of a certain kind of ‘spells’ to which she was liable, and the captain could not be spared.

“In vain they entreated Molly to wait until such time as he could go. It would not be more than a week at the longest. But Molly could not wait. She had finished her work and was eager to see home and father and mother after her long absence. And she declared that she was n’t afraid even to ride alone through Manomet woods, and that was the longest stretch of woods in the whole distance.

“Afraid! what was there to be afraid of? woodchucks or squirrels? The few Indians left had become thoroughly tamed during the long interval

since the Pilgrim days, and they lived in houses and worked like other folks, and sent their children to school. Molly had had three all summer.

“And was n't she going on Baal — Baal who was so swift he could take her away from anything but a whirlwind? And so the brave-hearted, impatient little grandmother had her way, and started one bright October morning on Baal for her twenty miles' ride.

“Baal was a young horse, black as jet, that had been reared by Captain Israel and bought by Molly's father, and when she came home it had been arranged that she should ride him. He had been broken for her and she had ridden him, more or less, all summer, and they were well acquainted, as, nobody knows better than you, pussy, a horse and his rider should be. He would come to her call from the farthest bounds of his pasture, and nobody could control the fiery yet gentle creature quite as well as Molly.

“It was a bright autumn day, as I said. I remember how she dwelt on the beauty of the day that last time I saw her. It seemed to be as clear in her memory as though it had been of yesterday. The sky was blue, she said, and over the blue drifted great islands of white clouds, the kind of

sky which you and I, pussy, think the most beautiful sky in the world.

“The harvest was only partially gathered in, and great heaps of golden pumpkins lay in the fields and corners of the dooryards, and piles of red and yellow apples under the trees in the orchards. The corn-husking was going on, and, as she passed the barns with their great doors flung wide open, she could see the huskers at work. The very next day there was to be a mammoth husking with a harvest supper, for which Molly had been vainly entreated to stay.

“The golden-rod and the purple asters blossomed all along the wayside amid tangles of crimsoning blackberry vines and huckleberry bushes, brown burdocks and wild-rose hips, and soft, fluffy seeds ready to take wing. The whole air was full of fruity smells, iced, as it were, with the fresh, cool sea-breeze which came in in a long sweep across the Cape from the Atlantic. All along to the right lay the blue sea, a distant fishing fleet flecking the horizon with white sails. Over the hills scampered the shadows dropped by the drifting clouds.”

“O uncle Tom, I don't wonder she thought it beautiful!” exclaimed Suzette. “And you — you look just as though you saw it.”

Uncle Tom laughed.

“Well, she rode slowly along, not hastening, for she had the day before her, but taking in all the beauty, and nodding to the huskers in the barns, the women at their kitchen doors, and the children who, with baskets and tin pails, were bound for beechnuts and plums.

“By-and-by she came to the woods, a stretch of eight miles. She remembered the autumnal beauty of the woods that day as she rode into them. The trees were in their glory, and the hickorys, in places where they stood on either side of the road, seemed to flood it with a golden radiance. The oaks were just beginning to turn, though some were already of a deep carmine, and the sumachs blazed as only sumachs can, while here and there, by way of contrast, was seen a purple ash. The birches were partially shorn of their splendor, but single leaves dropped like solitary flakes of fire to join the harlequin drifts which lay by the roadside. In one open glade the fringed gentian lifted its heavenly blue.

“Then would come a bit of pine woods, the trees meeting overhead and interlacing in such a way as to shut out all but stray gleams of sunlight; and here Baal's footfalls fell silently upon the thick mats of brown needles.

“As she rode along she suffered the reins to hang somewhat loosely on Baal’s neck, though she was too good a horsewoman not to be sufficiently on her guard to gather them up on the instant, if necessary.

“As she was passing through one of the denser portions of the wood, having already gone three miles out of the eight, suddenly, from a thicket at the left, a man sprang out and caught at Baal’s bridle. The horse shied, gave one great bound, and was off, Molly holding firmly the reins, her Pilgrim blood up and her faculties all alert.

“As Baal sprang she had caught sight of a horse in the thicket, and knew in a moment that the man, whoever he might be, would follow — and five miles between her and safety. It was the sixteen silver dollars in her saddlebags that he wanted, she had not a doubt. For an instant she thought of taking them out and throwing them to him, as people throw meat to pursuing wolves, you know, to keep the brutes busy while they make off. But no! no! it would be shameful to lose the results of her whole summer’s work after such cowardly fashion.

“So on! on, Baal! and we’ll see who will win! She had no time to speculate as to who the high-

wayman might be and how he came to know of her solitary ride. For in a moment she heard the quick coming footsteps of his horse behind, and all her thought was concentrated on escape.

“She had never put Baal down to his utmost speed, but she knew he was fast and her hopes were high. She encouraged him from moment to moment with caressing words which he well understood, she knew, by the prick of his ears; but there was no time for him to acknowledge her caresses, even by a neigh or a turn of his head.

“The gallant beast evidently took in the situation, — at any rate, so his mistress always affirmed whenever she told the story, — and actually seemed to fly; while the footsteps behind, if they did not lessen in the distance, at least came no nearer.

“There was one very critical moment, that wherein Molly felt the saddle slipping under her, and knew there was nothing else to do but to jump off and tighten the girth. She did so, drawing the buckles tightly with firm hands that did not tremble or shake one bit, she always declared, though she heard each moment the steps drawing nearer. But, somehow, she said, instead of fear she had a kind of exhilaration, such as a man has, I suppose, when he's fairly in the battle and

knows he's in for it. Danger acts upon gallant natures like a stimulant, and our little grandmother had a gallant nature, pussy.

“Having tightened the straps, she touched the saddlebow with one hand and sprang lightly to her seat, for such was her horsemanship she needed not the outstretched hand or helping arm to assist her to mount. New England country girls then were trained and active riders; it is a pity the fashion has so died out.

“The footsteps had drawn dangerously near during this pause, but Baal had also had time to take breath and he was off again like the wind.

“The woods had begun to thin on either hand, and glimpses of open country to be seen far ahead, when a horseman suddenly came into view, who, as he drew near, Molly recognized as the son of a townsman, Jack by name, although she could hardly credit her eyes at first.

“He, on his part, was somewhat taken aback at seeing Molly coming on at such a breakneck pace, having expected to meet her ambling gently along by the side of Captain Israel, and he drew up at one side so as not to be incontinently run over.

“Molly drew rein beside him and in a few words explained the situation. The highwayman came

into view, but, seeing the new-comer, turned tail and rode off, Jack sending a pistol shot after him, or rather into the air above him, from the pistol at his saddle, to let him know what he might expect should he change his mind and renew the chase.

“Then Jack explained his presence. He had come to Plymouth town on business and, learning from her mother that this was the day of Molly’s return, after completing that business had ridden on to meet them. And very fortunate it was doubtless, though Molly always insisted that Baal would have brought her safely through.

“So together they rode through the old Pilgrim land, Jack and our little grandmother: by the hamlet of Eel River, now Chiltonville, where Squanto trampled out the eels for the Pilgrims, which primitive way of catching them has given place to eel-pots; through Holmes Hole, now modernized into Wellingsly; through Plymouth town, a hamlet when compared with the Plymouth of to-day; and then by way of Rocky Nook and Kingston town, Triphammer, Wapping, and Plympton, over many a winding stream and through many a solitary woods, and the sun was down and a new moon in the west as they drew rein at the dear old farm-house, with its avenue of stately

poplars leading to the front porch, long since felled by the woodman's axe.

“Baal lived to an extraordinary age, my grandmother said, and in his later years was suffered to do no work, but had the choicest of pastures allotted to him in summer and the warmest of stalls in winter.

“She showed me once where they buried him on the evening of the day on which he died, and told me how she and Jack wept over him, grown man and woman though they were, for Jack was our grandfather, pussy, my grandfather and your great-grandfather.”

“Oh, how beautiful!” cried Suzette, with a great light in her eyes, for, as we have seen, she dearly loved a bit of romance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHILDREN'S EXCURSION.

“Full humble were their meals,
Their dainties very few;
'T was only ground-nuts, clams, and eels,
When this old chair was new.”

—a Bible.

Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland.

— *Longfellow.*

THEY were coming—five hundred children, so it was said, from Boston, that warm, bright morning in early September; coming in the *Stamford*, to spend a few hours in Old Pilgrim Town.

Five hundred children! Suzette's breath was almost taken away at the very thought of it! And as the steamer anchored at Long Wharf, and after some delay the crowd of children began to move up North Street in a dense but orderly mass, she leaned over the railing and scanned them eagerly.

Presently, out from the mass, a pair of blue

and a pair of black eyes looked up to her with a glance of recognition, and two small mouths smiled, displaying the dimpliest of cheeks. Then it was that aunt Pen, who was standing in the front door, saw Suzette rush along the street and, turning at the corner, plunge down hill. She, too, then hurried to the railing, and, leaning over, saw her seize by the hand two little girls who laughed and struggled out of the mass.

“Are they friends of yours?” asked aunt Pen’s pleasant voice.

And Suzette, looking up, replied: “Yes; and may n’t I ask them up? I should *so* like to take them round. May I, aunt Pen?”

“But you must ask that of some of the friends who are with them,” was aunt Pen’s reply.

This was quickly done of a sweet-faced woman who had this particular section in charge, and consent was given.

“Who are your little friends?” asked aunt Pen, as she came forward to greet them. And Suzette had to reply: “O aunt Pen, I don’t know their names! but we picked dandelions together on Boston Common.”

“My name is Maggie Mather,” said Blue-eyes.

“And mine is Nora O’Reilly,” said Black-eyes.

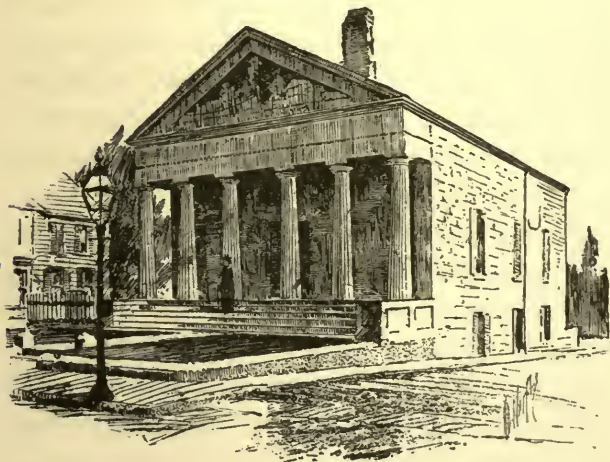
Having thus been introduced, aunt Pen took them into the cool parlor.

It was extremely warm—a little too warm, aunt Pen felt, on reflection, for Suzette to be walking several hours in the heat of the day; and so she made a proposition which Suzette pronounced “perfectly charming,” and which Maggie and Nora felt in their inmost souls was “splendid!” though in their shyness they did not venture to say so. It was that Jason should put Queen Bess and Queen Ann to the carriage, and take them a little drive around Pilgrim Town, up to Billington Sea and out to the Pilgrim Monument, and, returning, leave them at Pilgrim Hall for a short hour perhaps, and then bring them back, after which they could visit Burial Hill and the rock.

We have been to almost all these places with Suzette in previous chapters, so in this we will only accompany her to Pilgrim Hall. Not that this was her first visit there. She and Dick had been there many times during the weeks they had spent in Pilgrim Town. But we shall not feel that we know this old town well unless we, too, have seen its famous hall.

This hall is built of granite, and has a portico across its front which, if you should ask me its

style, I should tell you was Doric. In its pediment is a carving in wood of the Landing. It is highly imaginative, of course, for an Indian is represented as kneeling before the Pilgrim who is



stepping out of the boat ; and we know no Indian was there. The Pilgrim's right hand is outstretched, and in that hand a saucy English sparrow had built its nest that spring, and consequently the Pilgrim looked very much as though he had been birds'-nesting, like a naughty boy. That was what Suzette heard a gentleman remark as she was going up the steps, and as she

looked up the sparrow flew down, almost brushing her cheek in passing.

In all her visits to the hall Suzette could never quite decide which thing it was that pleased and interested her most: whether it was the bit of quilt that once belonged to the lovely Rose Standish, or John Alden's Bible, or the shoes that Penelope Winslow, wife of Governor Josiah Winslow, wore when a baby, or Edward Winslow's gold ring, or the redoubtable sword of the redoubtable Myles Standish.

This "trusty sword," as Longfellow calls it,

"Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentences,"

has also upon its blade the sun and moon with lions' faces engraved inside of them. This is said to be a Persian blade, and made of meteoric iron, which drops down to us from somewhere in the great blue space around us. Orientals believe that swords made of this iron are specially lucky, and that the bearer has a charmed life.

In that hall, too, are the huge iron pot and pewter platter of Myles Standish, and if we gauge his appetite by the size of them it must have been

excellent. In that pot was cooked, perhaps, a portion of the eagle the Pilgrims killed and which they thought tasted so much like mutton!

And there is the dressing-case of Penelope Winslow, which shows that, if our Pilgrim mothers did eat without forks, they were not quite destitute of the elegancies of life; and also a bead purse which she made.

There, too, is a pewter platter once belonging to Governor Edward Winslow, upon which is engraved his coat-of-arms, and the chair and table which stood in his council chamber.

But I think that, after all, the one thing of deepest interest to Suzette was the sampler of Lorea Standish, the little daughter of Myles Standish. All our great-great-grandmothers had to work their samplers, as they were called, when they were little girls, working the letters upon the canvas in the pretty cross-stitch which is still the prettiest of all for simple marking of clothes. And here is the inscription on that sampler just as it is embroidered:—

Lorea Standish is my name

Lord guide my heart that
I may doe thy will. Also fill
my hands with such c
onvenient skill as may
conduce to vertue void of
shame and I will give
the glory to thy name

Suzette never tired of looking at this faded bit of work. She liked to think of the little Lorea sitting in the kitchen of that solitary house over there in Duxbury, working away at it while the dinner boiled in the big pot and the brightly scoured pewter dishes shone upon the dresser. Her father would come in from his work or his trip to Plymouth, perhaps, and look at it and praise his little daughter's work. For he was a tender-hearted man, as we know from what Governor William Bradford has told us—how he watched over and tended and bathed and fed the

sick that sad first winter. And we know from that that he must have been a loving father.

There, too, is the Dutch cradle in which Peregrine White was rocked, and the inlaid cabinet which he owned and used when a man, and a brass candlestick and cane that belonged to his father, and a cape and slipper which his mother wore. I wonder what became of the other slipper!

For the Indian relics Suzette did not care. Indians were an every-day thing to her. Though an exception should be made of the gun with which King Philip was killed—the brave King Philip who died fighting gallantly for his race and country, and whose wife and son were afterward sold as slaves in the West Indies.

There was a case of bones also, which may be said to have interested her in a way, though it was a rather grewsome kind of interest. These bones comprised the skeleton of the sachem Iyanough, that “fayre-conditioned” young man who breakfasted the Pilgrim party when they were in search of John Billington. These bones were dug up at Barnstable, and the big kettle in the case had covered the head.

But as to the sofa and clock of John Hancock, and the hay-fork which was used in making the

breastworks of hay at the battle of Bunker Hill, they were all too modern to interest this antiquity-loving Westerner.

There were spinning-wheels and spectacles that came over in the *Mayflower*, and a candle two



hundred years old, and a big Dutch Bible, and an ancient teapot, and — But it is no use just to give the names of the things those three saw ; it would simply be a catalogue, that is all. And a catalogue gives no better idea of things than a bill-of-fare does of a dinner. You must see the things and eat the dinner if you would know what they are like.

Maggie and Nora, having small knowledge of the Pilgrim Fathers and their wives and children, liked best the gay paintings upon the wall—the big one where Samoset is seen, and in which is Baby Peregrine looking very blue and cold, and the one of equal size of the Embarkation, in which is painted the beautiful wife of Edward Winslow.

There is one portrait in the Hall of great interest—that of Governor Edward Winslow, the only known original portrait of a *Mayflower* Pilgrim. He was born in Droitwich, England, and lived in Marshfield, where he had an estate named Careswell. It was so called for his English home. Such things as this show how these brave men loved the land from which they felt constrained to flee.

As they were driving home from Pilgrim Hall they came upon a group of boys on the sidewalk, the center of which was a plump little fellow of eight or thereabouts, down whose cheeks the tears were streaming, while around him the other boys were scrambling for apples which were rolling hither and thither.

“Oh, stop, Jason, please!” said Suzette.
“What is the matter, little boy?”

"It's Micky Mahon," said Maggie. "He lives in the house with us."

"Micky, what's the matter?" And with one voice the boys began to tell. Somebody had given them all the apples they could carry away, — early apples, very golden, very round and smooth, — and Micky had tied strings around the bottom of his trowser's legs, and filled them with the apples. But, alas! the strings, not being strong, had broken, and *voilà!* as the French say, all the apples had rolled away, the boys were eating them, and Micky was heartbroken.

"Served him right, the greedy feller!" said some of the boys. But Suzette did not think so. "Come into the carriage, Micky," she said. "There's plenty of room, and you shall go home with us, and aunt Pen will give you all the apples you want. Won't she, Jason?"

"I reckon," said Jason.

And as they rode along Suzette wiped the tears from his hot cheeks with her soft, cool handkerchief, and comforted him. He wanted to carry the apples home to mother and little Pat, he said. Little Pat had hardly ever had an apple, and never such round, yellow, fair ones as these, and he wanted to tell him how he had picked them up

himself, and how they grew on a tree! Micky himself, never knew before that apples grew on trees! He thought somebody made 'em, like as they did candy and—*peanuts!* Poor little Micky!

Mehitable, who had never been outside of Plymouth more than twice in her life, and to whom Boston was a far-away Babylon, whose inhabitants had a mixture of chalk and water called milk, and a compound of villainous fats dubbed butter, and fermented fruits, and cottony bakers' loaves served up to them for daily bread, had prepared for Maggie and Nora a delicious lunch, to which Micky was cordially welcomed, after she had taken him out to the kitchen sink and with motherly hands bathed his face and removed every trace of tears.

So far as these three were concerned, Mehitable was right concerning the daily bread of Boston. For never had they dreamed, much more tasted, of such luscious blackberries, such sweet cream, such glasses of fragrant milk, and such delicate pound-cakes. They ate their fill, and when they went down to the *Stamford* each had a package of dainties to take home, and Micky, in addition, a basket of the loveliest pink and yellow apples. And Maggie, as she waved her hat to

Suzette, who was standing under the lindens as the *Stamford* moved off, was surer than before that here was one of the saints in the flesh.

Teddy, too, had his adventure that day. As he was standing at the head of North Street looking at the procession of children, he caught sight of a familiar face — that of the newspaper boy of whom he had declared that if ever he caught him in Plymouth he'd "smash his nose and give him gowdy." And that was his first impulse. But it quickly passed. For since that time, as we know, he had been in a different school, and was trying not only to be outwardly courteous like Dick, but inwardly good as he thought he was.

So, bravely throttling the old familiar spirit of retaliation, he crossed the street and hailed him with a hospitable "Hallo, old chap! Glad t' see ye!"

They fraternized at once, and Teddy took him all about and showed him everything.

Much to Teddy's delight, Phil — for that was his name, so he informed him, Phil Wildsmith — Phil not only knew little about our Pilgrim Fathers, but had not even so much as heard of them. It is not necessary to apologize for Teddy's delight; most of us can understand what a satis-

faction it was to him to find another boy in even a darker condition in regard to Pilgrim history than was he when Suzette took him in hand. And then there was the pleasure of telling him the story!

But Phil did not take to Pilgrim Hall. From his point of view all the historical treasures gathered there were mere rubbish. He was not interested in them. Neither was he greatly interested in the rock at first. Even the canopy, with its carved scallop shells, the Pilgrim's sign and token, struck him as far less worthy of notice than Bunker Hill Monument under the shadow of which he had grown up. That was tall, but this! what a little thing it was!

Phil's father and mother were English, and his mother, the only one of the two he remembered, had told him a good many things about her native land which had fixed themselves in his memory; and so, when Teddy told him the Pilgrims came from England, his attention was at last caught. Upon this peg Teddy proceeded to hang his information.

From Pilgrim Hall they had walked up to the high hill upon which stands the National Monument to the Pilgrims. Phil had seen this from the

harbor as they sailed in ; had noticed the figure of Faith on its summit, which, seen from that distance, seems to stand poised for flight. Much, if not all of this lightness, vanishes, however, as one draws near.

And what was this book she held, he asked, and why was she pointing upward? Teddy tried to explain as well as he could, but the allegory proved too much for him, and he soon abandoned the attempt, not only to explain the figure of Faith, but the other great allegorical figures which are seated upon the four arms of the cross, some with wide-open and others with blind eyes.

These figures are Law, Morality, Education, and Liberty. Morality holds in her hands the Law given on the Mount and the scroll of St. John's Revelation. On either side of her stand the small figures of a prophet and an evangelist. Law is accompanied with similar small figures of Justice and Mercy ; and Education has beside her a little figure of Wisdom, and that of a fair boy led by Experience. On Liberty's pedestal we see gentle Peace, and Tyranny overthrown.

But when they came to the panels inserted under these figures Teddy was more at home, and he explained enthusiastically how this one,

the first in order, was the Embarkation, the setting sail of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven. The man with the long cloak on, who was helping the woman on board, was John Robinson, Teddy said. It was just like him to help the woman. He was a good man; a man that liked to help folks, Suzette had told him. He was the Pilgrims' minister, and he had come to comfort them and to say good-by to them.

He could n't go with them. He had got to stay behind and take care of those that were left. For they could n't all come at once, and some had to leave their wives and children, and some had to leave their fathers and mothers behind.

Phil understood this, because he remembered his mother used to tell him how she felt when she had to come away from the old country and leave all her kin behind.

At this point in the story he had to take out a cigarette and light it. For though Phil was a newsboy, and could call a boy when he was lost and had politely asked him the way a "green-horn" and "cucumbers," he was n't so bad a fellow after all. And whenever he thought about his mother, and how she had died in great want, and he could n't earn money enough to get the oranges

and wine the doctor talked about, it always made his eyes misty. Being a manly boy, he did n't like to have folks see his misty eyes, and the smoke of a cigarette would hide their mistiness, or, if not, would offer an excuse for it.

Though that was by no means Phil's only reason for smoking cigarettes. The truth is he had formed a habit of liking them.

"Take one?" he asked of Teddy.

"No, thanks," replied Teddy, who had never formed that habit.

"And do you see that man with a gun in his hand, and the little fellow holding on to him? He is waving good-by to somebody ashore. And there is a woman kneeling and saying a prayer. Oh, they are sorry to come away!

"And here in this panel is a man sitting at a table writing. This is The Signing of the Compact," Suzette had told him. When they signed the Compact the *Mayflower* lay off Provincetown. They had n't been on shore. "You can see Provincetown from here, sometimes, Phil."

"Oh, I've be'n to Provincetown," said Phil. "I went on an excursion with a lot of other newspaper boys, an' we give the Provincetown folks fits, you bet! It's an awful sandy place."

Of course Provincetown was n't there then, Teddy went on to say; it had n't been settled. "There wa' n't nobody but Injuns there then."

"Injuns!" exclaimed Phil just as Teddy had done when Suzette had told him about them. "Did Injuns ever live here?" And Teddy had to explain a little about the Indians, though sticking mostly to the story of the panels.

Before they went ashore at Provincetown they wrote a paper promising to stick together, and to make laws to govern themselves by, and to keep those laws, and then they signed it. Then they chose Mr. Carver to be their Governor, and that was he, Teddy thought, who was standing by the table with his hand on an open book, the Bible most likely. And that was the Compact, the paper they signed, lying on the table. It was a very wonderful paper, Suzette had said. It was the first time men had made a government without a king. "And you know, Phil, we ain't got a king; we've got a President." And the man standing there was Myles Standish. "You can tell him because he's such a little feller—little but smart."

"He was an awful feller for Injuns," said Teddy. "Made 'em stand round. He was a real soldier. The rest wa' n't real soldiers. They

wore armor though, and carried guns, because they had to, or the Injuns would have killed them all.

"And this picture," said Teddy, indicating the third panel, "is where they landed on the rock. It's the Landing. It was winter, and that's why there are big blocks of ice in the panel. It was awfully cold, and plenty of snow and ice.

"And see 'em looking all round, curious, you know, to see if there was any Injuns or wolves about, or anything. But there was n't an Injun close by. They'd all died. But they left their cornfields, an' that's why the Pilgrims come to land here instead of somewhere else: because there was cleared lands an' springs of good water. They did n't want to dig wells, an' the water was n't brought in from South Pond then. The Injuns that come afterwards to see 'em lived somewhere else.

"An' d' y' see that Pilgrim with his hat in his hand, lookin' so young an' handsome? That's John Alden. He was twenty-one years old when he come. Suzette thinks lots of John Alden.

"Here's some Injuns in this panel," indicating the fourth and last. "This is the First Treaty, an' Massasoit is there among 'em, I expect, be-

cause he was the Injun they made the treaty with. An' 't was made over on Watson's Hill. I'll show you the place by-m-by. An' there 's Myles Standish again. He's in the Landing too. He's everywhere."

Then they walked over to Burial Hill and sat down upon a seat. And Phil asked who were this Suzette and Dick to whom Teddy had referred so often. And Teddy tried to tell that they were just the nicest and best boy and girl he ever saw. But he found it difficult to give adequate expression to his feeling about them.

"Swell?" suggested Phil.

"No," replied Teddy promptly; "not a bit. Dick is just such a boy as you and I'd like to be, Phil."

Phil did n't resent the implication that he was n't up to Teddy's standard. But he shook his head doubtfully.

Luckily, at that instant, Dick was seen coming down the path leading beside the seat where they sat. He was alone, for Suzette, as we know, was entertaining Maggie Mather and Nora O'Reilly.

"Halloo, Teddy!" he said, and stopped, looking inquiringly at Phil.

Teddy introduced the latter.



BURIAL HILL.

"This is the newsboy I saw in Boston, you know. His name is Phil — Phil Wildsmith."

"So you are the fellow that called Teddy 'cucumbers,' are you, and would n't show him the way?" asked Dick; and Phil actually blushed.

"Well, I could n't help it," he replied apologetically, "he did look so awful green." And then all three boys laughed, and Dick sat down on the seat. "He's a first-rate chap though," added Phil, regarding Teddy in friendly fashion.

Then the two questioned Phil about his life, where he stayed nights, how much money he earned, and so on. It was a deeply interesting story but has no place here. After Dick had left, Phil said, "He's a good feller. But what's the use of a boy like me tryin' to be like the likes o' him?"

After which Teddy took him down to the little gray house and introduced him to little Bess, and he could not have done more than that to show his good-will to the President of the land.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EQUINOCTIAL.

—the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks. — *Scott.*

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me. — *Longfellow.*

DICK had not been present to hear the story of the little grandmother's ride, but Suzette had told it to him at the earliest opportunity, and they cherished the hope of going over the road with uncle Tom some day. They had been over it many times, of course, but that was before they had heard this interesting story.

The day came and the morning. It was in late September. It was a fair morning with a hint of foulness in the fairness. So said an old farmer

with whom uncle Tom stopped to talk over the fence concerning the crops and certain fat poultry that he was holding in reserve for the doctor. The equinoctial, which was due about the twentieth, he said, had n't got along yet, and when it did come — well, well! he'd seen some pretty severe equinoctials in his day, and when they came late you'd got to look out.

As well as they could, with uncle Tom's assistance, the two measured distances and located the incidents of the famous ride which, to them, for the time being at least, was of greater importance than that famous one from Ghent to Aix, or even Sheridan's wild gallop down the Shenandoah Valley.

This was where Jack came up; here was where Molly jumped off to tighten the straps; there was the thicket, the very thicket from out which the highwayman leaped.

"It looks as though there might be one in there now," said Suzette, riding up to it and peering in, almost hoping that she might meet the gaze of a pair of daring eyes; it would be so interesting, especially with uncle Tom and Dick comfortably in the background.

Uncle Tom would not spoil her fancies by

the suggestion that eighty years, more or less, having elapsed since that memorable epoch, the forest must have changed. Every tree of it had been cut, doubtless, after our prodigal American fashion, and all this was a fresh growth. But did n't everything change in eighty years? Do not we ourselves go through an entire change of tissues every seven years, and are we not the same? Some people are so anxious for the exact *facts* they let the *truth* slip. Don't spoil the child's pleasure with your so-called science. Changed though it be, this is the forest of little Molly's day through which she rode so gallantly on a fine October morning nearly a hundred years ago. Thus spake uncle Tom to himself, and he gave heed to his own words and kept silent.

It was a charming morning and a charming ride, and would have been prolonged indefinitely had not uncle Tom come for the purpose of visiting patients who could not be put off.

But they — Dick and Suzette — would go on still further into the forest beyond. And if they did not get back by the time uncle Tom was ready to return, he must not wait nor be disturbed by their non-appearance. They had a lunch in their luncheon-case; it was a fine day, and if the equi-

noctial was indeed brewing, as the old farmer had said, it might last a week and shut them in, and they would make the most of this fine day; and uncle Tom assented. So good-by, good-by! they said. And as he saw them disappear into the wood he thought, as he had fifty times before, that there never was a finer pair, or, in the words of Jason, "They could n't be beat."

The pleasures of a ride through a forest are not to be adequately drawn with pen and ink. You who have been there know all about it. You who have not can get but a faint idea, from anything I may write, of the beauty and freshness, the tender gloom, the glancing light, the gentle rustlings; of its airy palaces, its birds, its chattering chipmunks, its shy squirrels looking down upon you at one moment, the next off through their aerial highways; its rabbits, that sit up beside the path with alert ears, and look at you; and, as in this case, its deer, beautiful with a wild grace, lifting their heads high above the underbrush at the sound of your horse's step.

The two made excursions from the highway into the narrow, winding pathways that thread this forest like network. There seemed but little, if any, danger of getting lost, for they were accus-

tomed to judge of directions by the sun and other signs. But when the sun became suddenly obscured, as it did towards the middle of the afternoon, by the coming on of what is locally known as a "sea-turn," and the fog settled down and took possession of the land, so that even six feet away the trees were but ghostly shadows of themselves, then, for the first time, the possibility of going astray dawned upon them.

The fog came down upon them, unfortunately, while they were exploring one of the sylvan byways, and they were utterly at a loss what course to take to find the highway. The fog soon turned into a dense drizzle. Night seemed to come on prematurely and, after riding hither and thither, seeking vainly the way of escape, and at last concluding, by unmistakable signs, that they had only made a circuit and had come back to a point they had started from a half-hour before, they came to a standstill, looked at each other, and said:—

"What shall we do?"

"And what will *Mehitable* say? She always said we should get lost sometime."

And then they laughed.

"We might as well give *Castor* and *Pollux* their heads and let them go as they like," said *Dick*.

“Perhaps they ’ll know the way. It ’s as bad as a blizzard — almost.”

“It ’s like a maze,” replied Suzette. “You go round and round and can’t get out. I don’t mind it much. Only when we do get out it will be so late, and uncle Tom and aunt Pen will be troubled about us, I ’m afraid. What time is it, Dick?”

Dick looked at his watch.

“It ’s five o’clock. We could n’t get back any way till after sunset, and it ’ll be dark early to-night. Yes, Sue, we ’ll let Castor and Pollux go where they like and trust them to get us out of this.”

They let the reins lie loosely upon the horses’ necks, said “Go on!” and Castor and Pollux deliberately turned round and started back the way they had just come. By what sign they knew that in fifteen minutes they would come to a curious little hut in the wood, half woodman’s cabin, half Indian wigwam, it is impossible to say. Was it instinct or was it knowledge derived from experience? Certainly not the latter, for they had no more acquaintance with Plymouth woods than had their riders.

But whatever it was it proved to be a sure guide, and after a slow trot of just about fifteen

minutes they came out into an open glade shut in by tall trees, but out of which the underbrush had been carefully cleared. On the edge of this opening nestled, like a huge sparrow's nest, this nondescript hut.

They rode up to the door, which was open.

"Is it the bears' house?" asked Suzette gleefully. "Shall we go in?"

Dick leaped from his horse and looked in.

"There's a chair," he said. "I suppose it's a chair — and a table and a bed and a kettle. The fire's burning and the kettle is boiling. Whoever lives here is n't a great way off. Something in the kettle smells good. I guess it's chowder."

"Oh, oh! And are there chairs for the little bears?" asked Suzette.

"No, only one chair! There's only one bear."

"And there he comes!" said Suzette, dropping her voice. "Oh, will he growl?"

As she spoke, out from the wood came a man trampling down the underbrush as he walked. He had an armful of wood and stopped abruptly as he caught sight of the two. Dick lifted his cap and spoke.

"We've lost our way in the fog," he said. "Can you tell us the way to Plymouth?"

“Plymouth! You’re a long way from Plymouth,” replied the man. His voice was pleasing and his accent refined. As he spoke they saw that he was a young man. He said no more, but went in, put down the wood, fed the fire, lifted the pot-cover and looked in. Then he came out.

“I can show you the way,” he said, “but you’d better come in and get dry first.”

“Oh, no, thanks!” Suzette hastened to say, although secretly very desirous of looking into the bear’s house. “They’ll be anxious about us at home. We’ve been riding ever so long trying to find the way. We ought to go as soon as possible.”

“But it’s a long way; still if you’ll come in a few moments, till my dinner is done, I’ll show you.”

Suzette took this remark as an intimation that the dinner might spoil if left, and hesitated no longer.

She sprang from her horse and entered the little hut — the sparrow’s nest — the bear’s house. The interior was somewhat dim, as there was but one small window, or opening, and that was partially obscured by a scrambling woodbine. The damp wood had dulled the fire, which soon blazed

up, however, lighting up the cozy nest till it glowed like the heart of a pink rose.

The hut was of rough logs with the bark on. The furniture was as primitive as the hut and bore marks of the axe. The scrambling woodbine had found its way in and had caught on the rough bark here and there, and hung in festoons, which moved in the draughts quite like the arras in ancient novels. A bed like a steamer berth was in one corner. Near by where Suzette sat upon a rough three-legged stool hung a book-shelf with books; and she observed, with a great access of curiosity, that the larger part of them were Greek and Latin. On a small table—something like an overgrown stool—lay a well-worn copy of *Walden*. All these details were made distinctly visible by the ruddy glow of the fire.

While Suzette made these observations, Dick, who had seated himself on a block of wood, was looking at their host. He had taken off the kettle cover and was extracting from it, with the help of a wooden spoon and sharpened stick, a bit of meat, some vegetables and broth, which he presently offered to Suzette on a wooden plate, placing it upon the little table at her side.

“Oh, how delightful!” she exclaimed. “It’s

like the Pilgrim trenchers little Humilitie Cooper ate from!" and then stopped abruptly, fearing lest she had not been exactly courteous in her outburst.

But her entertainer smiled as he laid the wooden spoon on her plate. "Yes, it is a little like it," he said.

Moved to still further confidence by his kindness she ventured to say: "And your house, too, is like a Pilgrim house, I should think, only — perhaps not so large." She tasted of the chowder, which proved to be a ragout of rabbit creditable to the culinary skill of their entertainer.

"Does n't it ever rain in?" asked Dick, looking up at the roof.

"No; it's well thatched," was the reply. Then he went out and gave a handful of grass to Castor and Pollux, and patted their noses as though he loved horses.

Meanwhile Suzette, eating the ragout of rabbit and nodding now and then to Dick, was dying with curiosity. This was quite like visiting John Alden before Priscilla came to live with him. Who could this young man be? He was n't one of the wood-choppers, — the only people who live in Plymouth woods in this primitive fashion. — his

hands, brown but well-shaped, showed that. And then wood-choppers do not commonly read Greek, neither do they camp in such lovely forest glades. They prefer to live on the edge of their particular wood lot, where they can contemplate at their leisure the ghastly stumps and general ruin they have wrought.

Right in the centre of the open glade where the sun must fall warmest during the day was a small garden patch well cultivated. The beans in the ragout doubtless were grown there.

Never was Suzette so tempted to break over all laws of etiquette and ask their host who he was, and how he happened to be living just here and after this fashion. Lucky for them, however, that he was, or they might have wandered all night in the forest maze.

She finished the ragout, and after he had washed the trencher and spoon he offered some to Dick. It was evident from the limited supply of trenchers that guests came seldom, if ever, to this hermitage in the wilderness.

“How far is it to Plymouth village?” asked Dick, after he had eaten.

“About six miles,” was the reply. “If I had a horse I would go with you to the end of the woods,

but as it is I can walk. There's no doubt you'll come out all right when you once get into the road. And then you'll get on faster without me."

It was a long tramp to the road, however, and when they reached it their host turned the horses' heads in the right direction. "There, you've nothing to do now but go straight ahead;" and he lifted his hat of shabby felt and disappeared before they had a chance to thank him.

"Did you see the goat, Dick, tied close by the path?" asked Suzette.

"Yes; what jolly fun it must be!" responded Dick.

"Yes; I made believe all the time that he was John Alden before Priscilla came. If it were only a little bigger 't would be just like a Pilgrim house. I'm glad we got lost, Dick," said Suzette, whose ugly ducks always turned out swans. "Oh, what a thing it will be to tell little Bess!"

They spoke but little after that, but rode on at a rapid gallop. The fog was still dense, and they could see but a few feet in advance. There was no mistaking the wide, well-trodden road, however. To ride rapidly in a dense fog is a very curious sensation. Every step of solid ground is a continual surprise. Everything has so much the

appearance of being about to dissolve that you expect every moment to make a final plunge into a bottomless abyss.

At times where the woods were thick the darkness was intense. Then all of a sudden the fog would grow thin and luminous. Just before reaching the end of the woods they heard a faint "Hallo!" They reined in their horses and listened. Again it came, and this time in uncle Tom's voice. Dick responded "Hallo!" And directly out from the fog in front of them came Queen Ann bringing uncle Tom with Jason beside him.

"Well, well!" said uncle Tom joyfully. "Here you are at last. We've shouted ourselves hoarse, Jason and I. Come, get in here, pussy, out of the rain and let Jason ride Pollux. No? Well, come on then. We mustn't lose any time, for you must be wet to the skin."

Before they reached home the rising storm of wind was fast dispersing the mist, and that night they did not stop to water Castor and Pollux at the Pilgrim spring.

A great wood-fire was blazing in the parlor, and in the kitchen Mehitable had ready a tea-kettle of boiling water to pour over a mixture of ginger,

molasses, and cream the moment she should hear the tramp of the horses, and two bowls of scalding-hot but delicious ginger tea were at once presented to the two wanderers, with the injunction to swallow it instantly without stopping to take breath. Mehitable, in her joy at their safe return, so long anxiously awaited, forgot to say to Jason, "I told you so."

After their damp clothing had been changed for dry, and they were all comfortably seated around the fire, Suzette on a hassock at uncle Tom's knee, they told about the Robinson Crusoe hut they had found.

"It must be young Ingersol," said uncle Tom. "He's gone into Plymouth woods somewhere to spend his vacation. Came down from Cambridge and gave out that he did n't want to see anybody. He's got a Thoreau bee in his bonnet. Is going to see how little he can get on with. High time, too, if all I hear is true. He's been in Harvard two years and has managed to use up twenty thousand. He was born with a gold spoon in his mouth and set with diamonds at that. It's a pity he could n't have a little genuine roughing-it instead of make-believe," said uncle Tom, who has the English idea that it is good for boys and young

men to go through a little tough and rough fighting.

“He makes capital rabbit ragout,” said Dick.

“Does he, now! well, that’s something worth hearing. I hope he burns his fingers now and then cooking. It’ll do him good,” said uncle Tom, failing in sympathy with this modern hermit.

“Oh, but, uncle Tom, it was like a Pilgrim house, with the dearest little wooden trencher to eat off!” Uncle Tom affectionately patted the head at his knee.

But the equinoctial was destined to bring other interests to uncle Tom’s door.

At dawn the next morning the door-bell rang. Uncle Tom, who had passed a somewhat restless night and was up, answered it, and aunt Pen, who had also not slept well, heard an exclamation, a laugh, a hearty “How are you?” and hastened down to find two dear old friends whom they had not seen for twenty—for thirty—for a hundred years! How long was it?

“For just twenty,” was the reply.

And how had they chanced to arrive at this most unseasonable hour—and by what conveyance had they come?

“By a Cunarder. This is the back door to

Boston, it seems. We awoke this morning off Manomet; drifted down in the fog, the captain mistaking the lights," replied he whom uncle Tom addressed as Ned. "Some good fellows came off to offer help, and we availed ourselves of the chance to be taken off."

Uncle Tom seemed like a happy boy that day, Suzette thought, he was so overjoyed with this unexpected arrival of an old and dear friend.

"Your last letter said nothing about your coming so soon, Ned," he said.

"No, we had n't thought of it. But we are going to take the lease of an old country estate in England in November, and Kate here wanted to have a sight of the dear old places once more before settling down for a term of years; and so, behold us!"

In the days that followed there were long talks, especially in the evenings, when Suzette from her station by uncle Tom's side listened to the adventures of these two in foreign and distant lands. It seemed to her they had been almost everywhere.

On one delightful evening the proposition was made to uncle Tom of coming over with aunt Pen when they — Ned and Kate — were fairly established in their English home and making a long visit.

“How long is it since you were abroad, Tom?” asked Ned.

“Not since my college days,” was the reply.

“It’s high time then, my dear fellow, you took a vacation off. Nothing would please Kate and me more than having you with us a year, eh, Kate?” and Kate smiled affectionately at aunt Pen.

“I’ve been thinking a little about it,” was uncle Tom’s reply. “Richard is talking of going over another year. His wife is French, you know. And he has been urging Pen and me to go.”

This was the first intimation Suzette and Dick had had of any such plan, and Suzette turned a face of delighted inquiry on uncle Tom.

“Yes, and you, too, pussy, and Dick. Bless me! do you think you two could be left behind? We’ll follow the *Mayflower* back to its old home. This is a little Pilgrim enthusiast,” he said, turning back to Ned, who had successfully prosecuted an acquaintance with Suzette in the intervals when Doctor Tom’s absence had left him to the feminine portion of the family, and who replied with a smile:—

“Yes, I have learned that. And I promise to show you the Pilgrim homes of England. You shall see them to your heart’s content, my little Suzette.”

“And I, pussy, will go with you to Leyden and their Holland homes,” promised uncle Tom. After that Suzette could only keep silent, feeling that her cup of bliss, present and to come, was just running over.

One day they went on the promised ride to the old farm at Halifax, the life-long home of the little grandmother, which had been almost as dear to the boy Ned as to the boy Tom. The trip was entirely satisfactory, with one rather important exception. The old house was but little changed, and there was still a crowd of outlying buildings, though the cider-mill and the sheep-cotes had vanished. But the disappearance of these, Suzette would not have minded, if only the cat holes had been left. But, alas! the present owner had closed them. To be sure the traces of them were there. You could see there had been cat holes; but the holes themselves had vanished — not into thin air but into solid painted pine. Why had he closed them? was asked.

“Because he was afraid other animals might enter besides the cats.”

“What animals?” But he did not know; he had not got so far as to give definite shapes to his fears.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LARK WITH UNCLE TOM.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers trod the desert land.

— *Bryant.*

NOTHING could have been further from “wintry,” or more unlike a “desert,” than was the aspect of sea and land upon that morning in early October when uncle Tom at last got off for the long-promised lark—an all day's sail around the bay in the track of the *Mayflower*, and in his own small yacht, the *Seagull*.

He had tried for this many times during the summer, but always somebody had been taken ill at the last moment, “jest out o' spite,” said Mehitable. Once, even, they had pushed off, and in five minutes would have been too far away for a recall, when a man was seen running down the wharf, waving his hat and shouting. It was the grandson of “old Mis' Keziah Holmes up to

Manimet." It was on this occasion, that Suzette remarked to Dick, as they walked disconsolately back to the house, "Whatever else we may be, Dick, don't let 's be doctors."

Dick and Suzette had been out in a boat many times during the summer and had found it as exhilarating as riding — something like it, in fact, but with this difference, that, in the former case, they rode upon the back of the waves. Their sails, however, had been brief and limited to the harbor.

But to-day a large hamper of provisions was in the cabin, and both Jason and Teddy were with them. They had asked that Teddy might go, and uncle Tom had engaged him to help with the yacht, for he was a capital boatman.

The breeze was steady and off-shore, and the *Seagull*, spreading her white wings, skimmed over the water as gracefully, if not quite as swiftly, as did her namesake through the blue air above.

They sailed out to the fishing-grounds and anchored. When Bartholomew Gosnold, who gave to the promontory and bay the name of Cape Cod, was here, in 1602, the codfish were so plenty that he "pestered" his vessel with them. But that was not the case upon this day of which I

write, though they rose obedient enough to the hook, and a sufficient number were soon caught for the chowder which Jason — who was as good a hand at the making as Mehitable — was to cook for their dinner over the little sea-stove in the cabin.

Then up sail and away again! — down near the Pilgrims' Cummaquid (Barnstable) and within sight of Nauset, the place of "The First Encounter" and the sojourn of John Billington, hovering for a little time off Provincetown, and full of speculations as to what little Humilitie Cooper and John Billington and Mary Allerton had thought about it all, and trying to picture how it must have looked in that wintry weather of 1620, with tall trees where the sand is now, and the hostile Indians peeping from behind them. Uncle Tom, as he endeavored to answer all the questions propounded by the two, and to sympathize with all their suppositions, declared he felt as a "Notes and Queries column" might. Teddy had a new and interesting lesson in history, though he did not know it under that name.

From the spires of Provincetown they sailed straight back across the bay, dining by the way with great appetites, and made their first landing

at the Gurnet to look at the lights and walk about.

This name, Gurnet, came originally from the gurnet fish, which abound off the coast of Devonshire, England, where are many headlands so called. And it was from one of these, probably, that the Pilgrims named this headland of New England.

But there is a much earlier historical interest attaching to this spot. Thorwald, the brother of Leif, and son of Eric the Red, those bold and hardy Northmen who explored the coast of New England about the year 1000, and the story of whose exploits is preserved in the Icelandic Sagas — Thorwald, in the spring of 1004, proceeding northward after spending the winter at Vinland, near Mount Hope Bay, was driven by a gale on the shore of Cape Cod. After repairing his disabled vessel he sailed directly west and came to a promontory the loveliness of which so charmed him, says the Saga, that he said to his companions: "This is a beautiful spot, and here I should like to fix my dwelling." This spot was the Gurnet.

The admiration of Thorwald may seem exaggerated to us, as it did to Suzette, when we see

the Gurnet of to-day, for in itself it is a somewhat barren spot, being destitute of trees, though the soil is deep and rich. But it has the never-failing charm of the neighborhood of the sea, and at the time that Thorwald visited it, as uncle Tom reminded Suzette, it was probably covered with trees and shrubs — the oak and walnut and sweet-smelling juniper — as were the beach and Clark's Island. Then, too, we must remember that Thorwald came from Greenland. And though the climate of Greenland was many degrees milder then than now, yet so was that of New England, and, lying so much farther south, it must have had an almost tropical beauty in Thorwald's eyes and seemed a very paradise to him.

At any rate, as the Saga says, he found this headland a most entrancing spot, and when, shortly after, he was mortally wounded by a poisoned arrow shot by an Indian, he asked to be carried back there and buried "where I thought it good to dwell. It may be it was a prophetic word which fell from my mouth about abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me, and place a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call that place forevermore Krossaness" (Cross Cape).

And so, after he died, it was done as he had said. There is a headland in the neighborhood of Boston that claims to be Krossa-ness, but no descendant of the Pilgrims ever admits that claim for an instant, aunt Pen told Suzette when relating to her this beautiful legend. The true Krossa-ness is the Gurnet. And, perched upon the highest part of the bluff, Suzette and Dick had a vision that day of a vessel, strange in shape, and manned by blue-eyed, fair-haired sea kings, who "never sought shelter under a roof, or drained their drinking horn by a cottage fire," but who without fear sailed their ships, destitute of chart or compass, steering by the sun by day and the stars by night, and when, by reason of cloud or fog, these failed them, trusting only to chance.

By six hundred years the arrival of that strange bark had preceded that of the *Mayflower*. And at this thought Suzette began to regard the coming of the Pilgrims as a very recent event indeed.

But it soon retook its former place in her mind, as they again embarked and sailed slowly along by the cove which lies between the Gurnet and Saquish, wherein the exploring shallop came so near being wrecked in the night and storm of

1620. Her mast was broken in three pieces, and it was with great difficulty that she escaped and came to anchor close under the shelter of what is now Clark's Island. The Pilgrims did not know it was an island, however, until the coming of dawn revealed it to them, and all night were in great dread of Indians, for their firearms were so drenched with water as to be useless. But when morning came, they found no



Landing from the shallop.

Indians, and nothing more inhospitable than snow and ice. It was Saturday, and they passed the day in mending their shallop and cleaning their firearms. The next day being the Sabbath, they "rested."

The story of this perilous night is told so charmingly by Governor Bradford in his History, in such pure and simple English, that it can not be repeated too often.

After "The First Encounter," they took boat and coasted along the shores of Cape Cod, but without finding any suitable harbor wherein to cast anchor and go on shore. At last the pilot, who had been in the country before, told them of a

place not far away where there was an excellent harbor, and he accordingly turned the boat in that direction.

“After some hours’ sailing, it began to snow and rain, and about the middle of the afternoon the wind increased and the sea became very rough and they broke their rudder and it was as much as two men could do to steer her with a couple of oars.

“But their pilot bade them be of good cheer, for he saw the harbor ; but the storm increasing and night drawing on, they bore what sail they could to get in while they could see. But here-with they broke their mast in three pieces and their sails fell overboard in a very grown sea, so as they had like to have been cast away ; yet by God’s mercy they recovered themselves and having the flood with them struck into the harbor.

“But when it came to, the pilot was deceived in the place, and said, the Lord be merciful unto them, for his eyes never saw the place before, and he and the master mate would have run her ashore in a cove full of breakers before the wind. But a lusty seaman who steered, bade those who rowed if they were men, about with her, or else they were all cast away ; the which they did with speed.

“So he bade them be of good cheer and row lustily, for there was a fair sound before them and he doubted not but they should find one place or other where they might ride in safety. And though it was *very dark* and rained sore, yet in the end they got under the lee of a small island and remained there all the night in safety.

“But they knew not this to be an island till morning, but were divided in their minds; some would keep the boat for fear they might be among Indians; others were so weak and cold they could not endure, but got ashore, and with much ado got fire (all things being so wet) and the rest were glad to come to them; for after midnight the wind shifted to the north-west and it froze hard.

“But though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them, yet God gave them a *morning* of comfort and refreshing (as usually he doth to his children), for the next day was a fair sunshiny day, and they found themselves to be on an island secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces and rest themselves, and gave God thanks for his mercies in their manifold deliverances; and this being the last day of the week they prepared there to keep the Sabbath.”

At first they thought of settling there, and looking no further. The security of the place pleased them. It was far away from Indians. But, on the other hand, there were no springs or running streams such as they afterward found in Plymouth, and they feared a scarcity of water in



time of drought. Then, too, there were no cleared spaces in which to plant corn. The island was covered with a forest of red cedars and it would take a long time to render even a small part of it fit for planting. So, on the whole, they thought it best to look further. The island was afterwards named for the mate of the *Mayflower*, who was with them, which name it retains to this day.

As the *Seagull* rounded Saquish Point, the small island lay just before them, no longer woody, but smooth and round and full-fleeced as the sheep that were feeding upon its fat pastures. It is a gem of an island, green in summer as an emerald.

The *Seagull* dropped her sails beside a small pier, and they landed and went further into the island to see a great rock upon which is cut this legend: *Here wee rested*. This is called Pulpit Rock.

“And did the Pilgrims hold their services that Sunday here by this rock?” asked Suzette.

“It is not probable,” replied uncle Tom. “The probability is they held them on the shore in the neighborhood of their boat, perhaps in the boat.”

“And they sang?”

“Oh, yes, they sang,” said uncle Tom. “The One Hundredth Psalm, doubtless, Luther’s psalm. It was quaintly paraphrased, of course, after the fashion of the time, and they sang the air which we know as Old Hundred.”

Amidst the storm they sang:

And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

That poem of Mrs. Hemans, the most perfect poem that has yet been penned upon our Pilgrim Fathers, had always been a great favorite with Dick and Suzette, and she repeated the four lines with animation while uncle Tom nodded approval.

They strolled through the paths of the leafy grove, sole representative of the lost forest of cedars with its "sounding aisles," and sat for a short time under its shade.

"I hate to go away, it is such a lovely place," said Suzette.

"Life is punctuated with pleasant stops like this," replied uncle Tom; "but we always have to move on."

Then they took boat again, and spreading her white wings to the utmost, the *Seagull* flew over the bay to Captain's Hill.

They did not land at the pier at Captain's Hill, but skirted along the shore. Here innumerable seals were playing, bobbing their round, black heads out of the water like so many boys. It was high tide, and they sailed a little way up Jones River. It was just after sailing out from the mouth of that river that they discovered that a baby seal was following them, barking at intervals like a little dog. It reached the yacht and tried

to clamber in in awkward fashion. It had a most beseeching, winning look in its brown eyes, and Suzette begged, "Do take it in, uncle Tom."

And uncle Tom lending a hand, the small creature tumbled in and waddled along to Suzette's feet, and seemed greatly pleased when she patted its damp head.

"I wonder where the mother can be," said uncle Tom. "I hope she has n't deserted it."

"Oh, if she has, uncle Tom, we can take it for a pet! It's too big for the aquarium, but it's a dear little thing;" and Suzette patted its head again, and thereupon it tried to scramble up into her lap. It was not large for a seal—perhaps two feet long—but it was a huge lapful.

"You'd find it a difficult pet to care for," replied uncle Tom. "One of the boys brought one in one day. It followed his boat just as this one has done, and he took it in and brought it home, and tried to feed it with milk from a bottle. But it ate but little. It used to follow him about the shore, and cried like a baby. He kept it in a boat house, and used to put it in the water and try to make it swim off in search of its mother. But it would n't. It liked to be held in arms like a baby, too. But after a little it died."

“I do hope the mother will come for this one, then,” said Suzette.

And presently they saw her swimming rapidly behind them, and when she came alongside the *Seagull* uncle Tom lifted up the baby and dropped it beside her. She clasped it tightly with her flippers, though the little creature struggled to get away, and cried out after the yacht.

It was sunset when at last the *Seagull* drew near Long Wharf and dropped her sails. The sky was flushed with the rosy pink of the after-glow, in which innumerable little clouds were floating like a fleet of golden argosies. This beautiful tint was reflected in the water, so that the yacht seemed to float between two seas of color, the one transparent and fixed, the other flowing and opaque.

Over the last Suzette was leaning, wondering at the depth of color, and if it were rosy pink clear through and through to the muddy bottom—when somehow, nobody knew just how, she lost her balance and plunged headlong, and the tranquil water broke into numberless ripples like scattered rose petals as it closed over her.

Teddy was after her in an instant, and Dick

would have followed had not uncle Tom seized him and held him fast while both he and Jason stood with their eyes fixed upon the spot where the two had gone down, ready to help them when they should come up. In a brief instant, although it seemed like an age to the three watchers, Suzette's head appeared above the water. With a motion like that of a spaniel, she shook the salt sea-drops from her eyes, and, catching sight of the eager, anxious faces in the yacht, called cheerfully as she struck boldly out, "Just see me swim, uncle Tom! It's splendid!" And, as she seized the outstretched hands and half-climbed and was half-lifted on board, she added, "There are barnacles on the bottom of the *Seagull*, uncle Tom. I saw them as I went down."

"Oh, you careless, cool, good-for-naught girlie!" said uncle Tom. "Don't dare to tell me you did it on purpose, or I shall shake you." And he reached out a helping hand to Teddy, who had followed directly in Suzette's wake, but who, disdainful of the proffered help, climbed lightly on board, and likewise shook himself like a spaniel.

"That's just what I need," replied Suzette, looking down at the little streams of water which were running off her at every point upon the deck.

"I ought to be shaken or wrung out;" and she gave a twist here and a squeeze there.

"Well, we must get you to the house as quickly as possible," said uncle Tom, "or you'll have a chill, you and Teddy. Here, Jake, lend a hand!" he called out to a man on the wharf, and the *Seagull* was quickly pulled alongside.

But Teddy declined to go up to the house with the others, though Dick said, "You can have a suit of my clothes to put on, Teddy." He would go directly home, he said. He knew, and he reflected ruefully on the fact, as he walked dripping away, that he would have to go to bed at once, for he had no other clothes than those he wore. He knew, too, that Mrs. White would scold him roundly. She always scolded him, whatever happened. He was the scapegoat who bore the sins of the whole family. If it rained, if Sally let the fire go out, or Mary broke a dish, or Mrs. White had a quarrel with a neighbor, somehow she always contrived to make Teddy responsible for it all, and scolded him. Sometimes he felt badly, but generally he did not care. Much scolding had hardened him.

But the thing he did regret was that he could not go and tell little Bess that night all about the

day's pleasure, as he had intended to do. He wanted to tell her how he had seen the place where John Billington stayed with the Indians, and the spot where the Pilgrim women had their first New England washing-day. He wanted to tell her, too, about Clark's Island, where he had been many times before, but never until that day had known its story. And about the baby seal. But most of all did he desire to tell her about the blue-eyed, fair-haired sea kings. They lived in Norway, it seems, and Teddy knew where Norway was on the map. They were called Vikings, so Doctor Tom said. A few years before, a great ship had been found in Norway—buried in a mound where it had been hidden for one thousand years. This was the ship of one of these Vikings; and when he died he was laid in the ship, and the two had been buried together.

What capital stories Doctor Tom could tell! There was the one about the Chinese ducks: how they lived with their owners in the same boat, and how they foraged all day along the river banks, and, when they were called at night, each came hurrying and scurrying, trying not to be the last one, because the last one was always whipped. And that story about the little German hen! that would just suit little Bess!

Well, he was glad he hopped overboard, any way. He would do it every time for Suzette, or Dick either. So he only just looked in at the honeysuckle-shaded window to say he couldn't come that night, but would be there bright and early the next morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEPARTURE OF A LITTLE PILGRIM.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and pain may not enter there.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air.

—*Longfellow.*

THE aquarium, allusion to which has been made in a previous chapter in connection with the baby seal, was no new thing. It had been started shortly after the arrival of the two in Old Pilgrim Town.

It was a big glass dish, kept full of sea-water, which stood upon a round table in the hall. The water had to be changed daily, and was brought by Dick early each morning from the dock. There was a good deal of slopping about; and if aunt Pen had not been, as I have before intimated, a model aunt, there would have been no end of fussing. Though, after all, the true head and autocrat of the house was not aunt Penelope, but

Mehitable, who ruled over and coddled them all in the most delightful and peremptory manner.

But, though Mehitable could not understand what pleasure there could be in keeping "them nasty snails round," which were "alwa's a-droppin' on t' th' floor and a-gettin' under foot," she made no serious objection to them, and wiped up the slops with the utmost amiability.

The inhabitants of the aquarium, however, were not limited to snails, though these far outnumbered the others, and were, on the whole, the most interesting. They were extraordinarily lively for snails; that is, lively when compared with the popular notion concerning them. They liked to crawl up to the edge of the dish and drop upon the table, and thence to the floor, falling with a dull thud. Around a bit of board, laid upon the table for that purpose, they promenaded by the hour.

But they were liveliest at night, when the gas jet was lighted just above them. It was then that they sang, softly and musically, like crickets. They were of all sizes, and Suzette, after a while, learned to distinguish one from another—for even a snail has individuality. The little ones grew and thrived upon the green seaweed which was

gathered freshly for them each day. But one huge patriarch, the object of Mehitable's special disgust, whose ambition seemed to be to tumble on the floor as many times as possible during the twenty-four hours, and who was found one day half-way up the fine old carved staircase, was discovered one morning lying dead by the side of the table. His loss was greatly lamented, and his body was scooped out, and his shell laid by to be taken to the Waterman ranch with other souvenirs of the summer.

The star-fish, too, died. But the barnacles lived on, nestled among the smooth, round pebbles at the bottom of the dish, and giving no other sign of life than the gentle, continuous opening of their mouths (?).

A tumbler of snails had also been taken to little Bess, the watching of which gave her an infinite deal of pleasure.

Little Bess's acquaintance with birds, beasts, fish, and such-like inhabitants of our world was limited, but those she did know she knew well. The English sparrows that lived in the honey-suckle all winter; the crimson-throated humming-bird that came every summer to feed on its blossoms; the occasional butterflies that fluttered in

and out her window ; the caterpillars that crawled in ; the spider in the corner of the ceiling, which her mother had spared at her earnest desire ; a toad which had its habitat under the threshold, and sometimes hopped in in search of flies ; the booming bumble-bee ; the mud-wasps that built under the eaves of the small gray house, and the ants that ran to and fro over the window-seat, — of all these she knew much concerning their ways.

On the afternoon of the day following the lark, when Suzette went in to tell her all about it, she found her excited and eager over a fresh exploit of the ants. Somehow, by the closing of the window, one of their number had been killed and pressed into a minute crevice, and all day long a relay of ants had been at work trying to get it out. They had finally succeeded, and carried it off triumphantly.

“And, oh ! I *did* want to know what they would do with it, an’ so I asked Mr. Lincoln — he was goin’ by, an’ he’s our minister, you know, an’ just as good t’ me ! — an’ so he stopped an’ watched, an’ he said they buried it. *Was n’t* it funny ?”

Suzette had told her before about the ants’ cows, and shown her the little green things on the rose-

leaves, and also about the ants of Colorado which make honey and store it, not in honeycomb as the bees do, but in the bodies of some of their number. Also about the mound-building ants of the Western plains, which roof their mounds with bits of coal or white pebbles, with gold-dust even, and lovely gems — just what the soil about them happens to contain; and to these stories little Bess never wearied of listening. They were real fairy stories of the real fairyland of science.

“Oh, is n't this a nice world!” she would say after one of these talks about the birds and insects of Colorado and its flowers. “An' the big mountains way up to the sky, and all white with snow at the top! An' that one with the white cross on it! Oh! *do* you think there *can* be any world nicer than this one? There 's lots of 'em. I see a big one every night. It shines right into my window, an' twinkles an' twinkles.”

But on this day she talked in a way Suzette had never heard her do before.

“Oh, it 's all *so* nice!” she said in her favorite phrase, when Suzette had told her about the Krossa-ness. “But Doctor Tom says it 'll be ever so much nicer there, an' happier. I don't see how it *can* be happier, though of course Doctor Tom

knows. But it'll be nicer b'cause all the folks can run around there, an' nobody 'll be sick any more, an' *p'r'aps* they 'll fly. I asked Doctor Tom once if they 'd fly, because that 's what the caterpillars do after they've be'n to sleep an' woke up, an' he said he thought they would. Oh, I should like to fly just like a bird does!"

She looked so bright and bird-like when she said this, and gave such a wing-like lift with her small hands, that, "I declare, Dick," said Suzette, when she told him about it afterwards, — for, as we have seen, Suzette always told Dick everything, — "I thought she was going to fly right straight out of the window."

Suzette did not need to ask what place little Bess meant by the "there." As she looked at her she saw what she had never noticed before: that her face had grown thinner and her eyes larger. She was not any paler, perhaps not so pale, for there was a pink spot like a wild-rose petal in either wan cheek.

She looked very sweet and lovely; so lovely and sweet that somehow it made Suzette's heart ache to look at her, and, to get rid of the unaccustomed pain, she turned the conversation by asking, "How is Squawleena?"

Squawleena — so little Bess had told Suzette upon her last visit — was going through an attack of scarlet fever, having only just recovered from the measles, and the result of this untoward sequence was being anxiously awaited both by her distracted parent and little Bess.

“We came very near losing Squawleena,” she said; and as she turned from the contemplation of the “there” to the distresses of her doll family, her sunny smile gave place to the lugubrious look befitting the subject. “Her mother *would* have old Doctor Peters, an’ he dosed an’ dosed her with quarts an’ quarts, an’ give her pills as big as tea-cups, an’ she was ’most dead. An’ then I *insisted* t’ have Doctor Tom. An’ he chirked her up right off. She was quite purple b’fore he came, an’ was broke out in th’ most awful manner. She ’ll lose her hair, Doctor Tom says” (it was made of stocking ravelings), “an’ p’r’aps be deaf. But he says he hopes it ’ll be a warnin’ to her mother never t’ have old Doctor Peters again.”

Old Doctor Peters, it may be needless to explain, was only a myth — one of the many who inhabited little Bess’s make-believe world.

Dick and Teddy came in.

Teddy had already been in once that day. He

came early in the morning and told her, among other things, the story of the little German hen. The little hen lived as much as a hundred years ago, Teddy thought, though he was not quite sure, being rather lame on dates. And there was a good man, a *very* good man, and some wicked folks wanted to put him in prison. Why, Teddy did not know. So the good man hid in a big garret, a very big garret it must have been, because there were lots of other things besides a great big pile of lumber in it. He hid, this good man, under this pile of lumber, and when the wicked men came to look for him, they could n't find him. They never thought to look under the lumber.

When they went away he was awful hungry, and dry, too, Teddy said, and he had n't any water, or a single thing to eat. But in the night it snowed, and he got up, and put his hand out of the window on the roof and got a handful of snow for water. But he had n't a thing to eat.

The next morning early, a little hen came into the garret. *How* she got there, Teddy did n't know; through a window left open, p'r'aps, — little Bess suggested, — but at any rate, up she came to lay, and a funny place for a hen to lay it was, Teddy thought, but the story was all true.

Well, she laid an egg, — she was a little white hen and very pretty. — and then she cackled, rather soft, “cut-cut-cut-dah-cut! cut-cut-cut-dah-cut! here-here-here-it is! cut-cut-cut-dah-cut.” And when she had gone off, out of the window or somewhere, the good man came out from under the lumber, and took her little egg, and cracked it, and ate it.

Every day she came and laid her egg; and every day the good man cracked the egg, and ate it. And that was every single thing he had to eat for a week — that and the snow on the roof.

The folks who lived in the house were friends of this good man, but they did n't know he was there. And one day the man and his wife came up into this garret and sat down and talked. And they talked about this good man, — how good he was, and how the wicked men wanted to get him, and they had looked everywhere for him, and could n't find him, and so they had gone away out of the town. And they wondered where this good man could be hid so secret.

And then when he heard that, he just came right out from the lumber, and scared the man and his wife 'most to death, at first, Teddy said, till they see who it was. And he told them all about the

little white hen, and how she had laid an egg for him every day. And the woman said she had hunted and hunted for that little white hen's nest, because she 'd heard her cackling every day somewhere. But she could n't ever find it, of course, Teddy said, because there was n't any nest.

But, of course, the egg had n't been enough for the good man, as much as he ought to have to eat, and he was awful hungry and pale and thin, and so they took him down and give him a good square meal.

That was the story of the little German hen as Teddy told it to little Bess. She thought it was about the nicest and sweetest story she ever heard. 'T was like the story of Elijah and the ravens feeding him. And she hoped they were always good to that little hen.

After Teddy came in the second time with Dick they sat around her couch and told her about the accident of the day before ; how Suzette had tumbled into the pink sea, and how Teddy had jumped in after her. And when a startled look came into little Bess's eyes at this, Suzette and Teddy had to do it all over again in pantomime, plunging off the chairs on to the floor, till she laughed long and heartily.

“There was no danger,” said Suzette. “When I was going down I knew I should come up again just as I do when I dive really. It’s great fun to swim, little Bess. It’s almost as good as flying.”

“And Teddy jumped in to help you! That was nice of Teddy,” said little Bess.

“And what did Mehitable say?” she asked. For little Bess knew just what a tyrant Mehitable was. For sometimes, when she begged Doctor Tom to stay a little longer and tell another story, he would say, “I can’t. If I don’t get home to supper, Mehitable will give it to the cat, and send me to bed without any.”

To make believe that he was a naughty boy and Mehitable was going to punish him was the very funniest of his make-believes, little Bess thought, except pretending that he was cross. Doctor Tom really and truly cross! And her delight was exquisite when, right in the midst of a merry laugh all round, he suddenly thrust his head into the window and, scowling fiercely, growled out:—

“Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of a ranch-wom-*um*.
Be she alive or be she dead,
I’ll take her home and send her to bed.”

Suzette replied to her question that Mehitable, who was afraid of the water, and had never been persuaded in all her life to get into a boat, had declared it was just what she had expected all summer, that "some of 'em would come home drowned, an' she had told Jason so. An' Jason only laughed at her an' said he guessed they knew enough to keep out o' water. Jason alwa's knew such a dre'tful sight himself, there was no tellin' him nothin'. If he 'd 'a' lived in Old Testament times, Solomon never 'd 'a' be'n heard of. The wisest man would 'a' be'n Jason Wimpenny."

Then they all laughed again, and Doctor Tom with the rest. But pretty soon he asked how long they had been there, and said it was sunset, and supper would soon be ready. Mehitable had a delicious peach shortcake about ready to go into the oven when he came away, and on no account must it be suffered to get cold. And if they would come directly, Dick should bring a generous section down to little Bess, carefully put between two of the old pink plates that belonged to his grandmother, and which she (little Bess) thought so pretty.

But instead of going directly, it seemed as though they would never get off. Dick and Su-

zette kept running back to the window to say things. Never had it been so difficult to get away from the little creature, who greeted each return with a fresh smile. Uncle Tom pretended to scold, and then came back himself to ask how Squawleena's appetite was, and if the breaking-out had disappeared. But at last they did go away, and found Mehitable pouring the cream, not over one, but two shortcakes; one as big almost as the shield of Achilles, the other small, round, and comely, having been baked in a saucer especially for little Bess. And, a small island in a sea of cream, it was taken down to her between the pink plates of old china. Would that all tyrants had so kindly hearts as was that of Mehitable!

That evening they were at the east window in uncle Tom's own room. They were in darkness illuminated only by the gleam of the electric light on Cole's Hill. Uncle Tom was resting from his day's work in his easy-chair, and Suzette was standing beside him with his arm around her in the dear, familiar fashion. Across the bay the Gurnet lights burned brightly and stedfastly, as though they knew their mission was to save life.

Clouds were gathering in the north-west. The air was sultry, and at intervals was heard the low rumbling of thunder. A vessel was coming in, and the water in her wake looked like liquid fire. It was a phosphorescent sea, the first Suzette and Dick had ever seen. They had been talking about it, and then came a long silence.

"Uncle Tom!" said Suzette, breaking the silence at last.

"Well, pussy?"

"What do you think about little Bess?" The question had been upon her lips ever since they came home. But not until now had she found courage to ask it.

"I think," replied uncle Tom, hesitating, too, a little, "I think her life of pain is near its end."

The next morning, early, came a messenger in haste from the small gray house. It was Teddy, who, in broken words, said that little Bess had fallen asleep and they could not wake her. Would Doctor Tom come at once? He went with Teddy, and close upon them followed Dick and Suzette.

The room was very silent as the two entered. It was still so early no one was astir in the neighborhood. Little Bess's mother was sitting beside

the bed whereon she lay sleeping softly, and Doctor Tom stood beside it holding her hand. The sweet air of the morning came in at the open window, lightly stirring the leaves of the honeysuckle as it passed. There on the couch was the little empty wooden frame, and the dolls stood or lay upon the table in their usual order.

Colonel Archibald Yell jumped in at the window, shaking his tinkling bell, but, not finding his little friend in her accustomed place — for she had always been an early riser, and often left her bed for her couch at dawn — made search for her, and, finding her, lay down beside her, purring contentedly.

As she slept on, smiles came and went upon her face. Her dreams were evidently happy ones.

Suddenly she opened her eyes. They were always exceedingly beautiful eyes, for they were of that luminous gray that radiates light as the stars do. But never before had they seemed to Suzette and Dick so beautiful. The light seemed to stream from them as from some hidden and inexhaustible source. And they were intently fixed as upon some one whom she recognized, and were full of unspeakable love.

“Is He there, little Bess?” asked Doctor Tom, in a clear, distinct voice. “Do you see Him?”

There was no answer, though the lips moved. But the hand which Doctor Tom held clasped his eagerly.

“‘Suffer the little children to come unto me,’” he added, and her eyelids gently fell.

They would have thought that she had again fallen asleep if, after a moment, Doctor Tom had not stooped and kissed her, saying softly, “Good-by, little Bess !”

CHAPTER XX.

WESTWARD HO !

I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy cape of Labrador,
The Spaniard's "land of flowers."
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern shores;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The continent is ours!

— *Holmes.*

TEN days passed, and on the evening of the eleventh, Dick had a letter from his mother. As I have said, he had a letter every day, he and Suzette. A little personal letter always, and every fourth or fifth day, a joint letter, a kind of journal of what took place daily at the ranch, with messages from Chiquita and Pepito and the dogs. As soon as the mother had sent off one journal letter she began another, just as Thackeray says Dean Swift did, who wrote so many letters to Stella they quite fill a big book.

"He can not bear to let go her little kind hand, as it were," says Thackeray.

And so it was with this mother far away in Colorado. She could not bear to let go the hands of these two.

But this letter was a special letter to Dick, written after she had heard about little Bess. For Suzette, with many tears dropping upon the paper, had written her mother all about her falling asleep.

It was not the first time, as you may suppose, that she had heard of her or of Teddy. For Dick and Suzette had kept a kind of journal too, telling what they did and where they went, what they said and heard said of the many interesting places and things about them. And Dick, who had a capital knack at drawing, illustrated this journal as they went along, with pen-and-ink sketches, and so Mrs. Richard knew exactly how the small gray house looked, and the dolls, and Colonel Yell, as well as the site of the old fort and Pilgrim Spring, and other weightier matters.

She had thought and planned many things concerning Teddy. For she had written to Doctor Tom and aunt Penelope, after she had heard of his motherless condition, to ask about him, and uncle Tom had replied in a long letter, in which he had told her that although a rough he was by no means a bad boy, and had "the making of a man in him."

He had told her, too, as he did Suzette, that little Bess's life of pain was nearing its end, and he almost dreaded the effect of her death upon Teddy. "For she seems to be the only creature the poor little fellow has to love, and I often wonder what will become of him when she is gone."

So, after the arrival of Suzette's tear-stained letter, Mrs. Richard sat down and wrote to Dick; and here is the letter, which is a model mother-letter, for the true mother never forgets that there are other children in the world besides her own: —

My dear Dick,—I have heard with sorrow of the death of your little Bess, and with joy too. You are old enough, I think, to understand what that means—how we may have sorrow and joy at the same time and about the same thing.

There is joy for little Bess because her pain is over, and in the new life which has now begun with her there is to be no such loss as she suffered in this. We do not know just what that life is. But we do know that this beautiful world is only a faint type of that into which she has gone, and that there God wipes away all tears from all eyes.

But my heart aches for Teddy. Poor little fellow! I wish I had him here this moment, that I might try, at least, to comfort him. And you must be very gentle and tender with him, my son. Remember that he has never had a mother to love him and bear with him.

“Just as if I could ever forget that!” said Dick to himself, when he got to this point in the letter. And he had to take out his handkerchief and wipe his eyes. Then he braced himself firmly and went on:—

No matter how he may act, do not think him strange. A wounded animal, you know, for you have seen that, creeps away by itself and wants to be alone with its pain. And that is the way sorrow affects many people, and especially does it affect children so—children who have no mothers to go to. So do not think it strange if Teddy should seem to avoid you.

“Queer she should know that!” thought Dick. “Mamma knows about everything.”

His heart is very sore, and even the kindest touch hurts. He can not bear it. But you must not let him go away by himself. You must seek him out and let him know you love him. Cheer him with kind words, so that he shall not feel that he is all alone in this great world now his little friend is gone. And choose your words well, my child. Do not talk about little Bess to him. If he wishes to talk of her he will do so.

And now I have something to tell you which I think will help you to comfort him. Papa and I have been thinking long about the plan of having Teddy come home with you. Uncle Tom writes well of him, and if he comes it will be as one of our family—your brother, who will share everything with you.

“Hurrah!” shouted Dick just here, and so loud that Suzette, who was sitting upon the landing of the staircase by the tall old clock and weaving all sorts of fancies concerning the English carvings, ran in to see what he was about. “Mamma’s a brick! a jolly brick!” he said, and then he read the last sentence over again to Suzette, and they finished the letter together.

It is not without a good deal of thought that we have come to this decision, and it will bring a good deal of responsibility upon you as well as upon us. But I trust my boy is ready to take upon himself responsibilities and do his part in saving for a good and noble manhood this little waif. You have already come to love him, and to love everything is possible. You will have to practice self-denial and forbearance, to bring into daily practice the Golden Rule; and if you think you are not equal to this we shall have to abandon the scheme. But if you are, go to Teddy when you get this and tell him. And God bless you, my dear boy Dick!

“Oh, is n’t that good of papa and mamma!” exclaimed Suzette, as Dick both relieved and expressed his feelings by tossing the letter to the ceiling, only to catch it and toss it again. “I think we have the best father and mother in the world. Teddy going to Colorado! Oh, won’t he

like it! And he shall have Chiquita; he won't be afraid to ride Chiquita. And I can ride Sancho; I can manage Sancho."

"Oh, pooh! just as if Teddy can't ride Sancho! He'll make a splendid rider, he's so fearless. Oh, won't it be fun to teach him!"

"And I shall have two brothers," said Suzette, exultingly. "Only you'll always be the twin-brother, 'heart of my heart,' as papa says. But *do* go and find him and tell him right off."

But this was easier said than done, for Dick had only caught two glimpses of him since the day little Bess died, and when he questioned Mrs. White concerning him she replied that she "did n't know nothin' about where he was, and, what's more, she did n't care; he was gettin' jes' good f'r nothin', and did n't earn his salt."

Dick looked all around his usual haunts, the wharves. He explored every part of Burial Hill. He walked along the shore road to the railway station. But he found no Teddy. Then he thought of the little grave in the cemetery, and he went there, and Teddy was sitting beside it. His head was upon his knees, and he did not hear Dick's step upon the turf. Dick sat down beside him, and put his arm around his neck. Teddy

seemed to know, without looking, who it was, and so they sat for some minutes.

At last Dick said cheerfully, "I've got a letter from my mother about you, Teddy, that I guess you'll like to hear. May n't I read it?" and then Teddy lifted his head, and Dick saw that his face was very dirty, and there were tear-streaks in the dirt. His hair was rough, too, and he seemed to have gone back to the old disorderly ways before he knew Dick.

So Dick read the letter slowly and in a cheerful voice, and as he read a brighter look came into Teddy's hopeless little face—a look of bright astonishment.

"Wants me t' come home with you!" he exclaimed incredulously, as Dick finished. "I go to Colorado! Y' don't mean it!"

"That's about it," replied Dick. "And you'll have grand times, I tell you! There's Sancho to ride. He's a jolly pony! Jo trained him, and he can leap a ditch, and walk on his hind legs, and play 'whoop-and-hide.' And there's the sheep and the collies. I tell you, Teddy, it'll take you six years to learn all about the sheep! And there's mamma. 'Tisn't every boy can have such a mother as mamma for the taking."

“She must be awful good t’ want me,” said Teddy solemnly. “I ain’t good, I know I ain’t; but I mean to be. I’ll try, yes, I’ll try awful hard. Mrs. White has be’n jest as hateful! A-diggin’ at me ever—ever—sence little Bess died. An’ I know I’d ought n’t t’ be’n sarcy, but she said little Bess was nothin’ but a trouble an’ a plague, an’ ’t was jest as well that—that—oh, little Bess!” and, with a passionate cry and a flood of tears, he threw himself upon the mound, where the grass was already beginning to spring afresh above his little friend.

I do not think Dick would like to have me tell exactly what he did the next few minutes. Only I will say that he comforted Teddy in the spirit of our divine Lord, who you remember went near to those in affliction and laid his hands upon them.

With that burst of tears the bitterness seemed to be washed out of Teddy’s grief, and he wiped his eyes at last with a more cheerful heart, and arm in arm the two boys walked away, the one tall, manly, well-dressed, the child of good fortune, who had never know in his own person sorrow or want; the other not quite as tall, but equally as manly, shabby in dress, and whose short life had been one struggle with the ills and pains of

poverty. It would have been difficult to tell which was the happier, the boy who was to share his good fortune or the one who was to accept that share.

So it was that when, on a day in late September, Dick and Suzette sailed away from Old Pilgrim Town, Teddy was with them, no longer ragged and unkempt, but neatly clad in a suit that Doctor Tom had given him — for he had insisted upon fitting out Teddy himself — and with his black, curling hair carefully brushed, and his hands carefully cared for with the toilet set Miss Penelope had bestowed upon him.

I can not say that he was altogether cheerful as he watched the spires and towering trees of the town gradually fade in the distance, but he was profoundly happy, and the look he turned upon Doctor Tom, as the last faint outline disappeared, was full of gratitude. For Doctor Tom — now uncle Tom to Teddy, as well as to the other two, a fact the recognition of which filled him with the utmost humility — was going up to Boston with them to place the three in charge of the friends with whom Dick and Suzette had made their eastward journey, and with whom they were to return Westward ho!

There is one Pilgrim story which has been awaiting its proper time and place, which seems to be just here, and that is the romantic story of the Bradford History — for so it is called, though it is really a journal of the Plymouth plantation, covering the years from 1622 to 1646. Although for a long series of years this manuscript was lost, yet it was known there was such a one, because certain historians of that period, Morton, Prince, and Hutchinson, had made use of it.

It was last known to have been in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston, carefully kept there with other important papers till the time, in 1775-76, when the British soldiery were in that city and made use of the Old South Church for a riding-school. It then disappeared, together with Governor Bradford's Letter-Book, and it was thought they had both been destroyed. But a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society came across the Letter-Book by chance in a grocer's shop in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and sent it to the rooms of that society in Boston, where it is now carefully kept.

But no trace of the history was found till 1855, when the discovery was made that it was in the library of the Bishop of London, England, at his palace at Fulham.

There it still remains, though we must all agree with Suzette, who said, as she looked at the torn and defaced Letter-Book, that it was "a shame that the History was not there too." It has, however, been carefully copied and printed, and so we have the history of those heroic times — heroic as the Trojan days of Homer, or as those of Roman story — from one who, like Æneas, not only saw them, but was a part of them.

How the History made its journey from the tower of the Old South Church in Boston to the shelves of the Fulham Library we shall probably never know. But we all have the liberty of speculating about it as we please, which Suzette did to her heart's content, at last suggesting, in sheer despair of any rational certainty, that it had been spirited through the air like the magic carpet in the Arabian Nights.

This story has been kept to the last, as the Letter-Book of Governor Bradford was the last glimpse Dick and Suzette had of Old Pilgrim Town, and they lingered long over its time-stained pages.

They had left the rooms, and were going slowly up Tremont Street, when a policeman, standing at the Parker House corner, fixed his eyes upon

them. A broad smile illuminated his round and rosy face.

"Hillo!" he remarked, as he espied Teddy, who touched his hat with what might have been taken for a long-established grace. "Ye did n't come up as a stowaway this time, I'll bet!"

"No," replied Teddy, as Dick and Suzette moved slowly on, and speaking with great exactness. "I came up with them. I'm going home with them. I'm going to Colorado to live."

The policeman whistled.

"Ye don't say so! Goin' t' live t' Colorado! Well, well, I'm glad for ye. But how's little Bess?"

Teddy hesitated a moment. A soft mist came over his eyes.

"Little Bess?" he said, looking wistfully at the policeman. "Little Bess? God's took her."

Such is the force of habit and association! And I think if Teddy should live till the three-score years and ten, and should acquire the most cultured speech, he would still, in thinking or speaking of little Bess, go back to the language of those ungrammatical days.





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