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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
JACK  
&  
JILL

BARBARA  
YECHTON



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SOME ADVENTURES  
OF  
JACK AND JILL



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“And presently we were all marching in,  
two and two”



SOME ADVENTURES  
*of*  
JACK & JILL

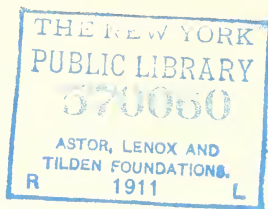
*By*  
BARBARA YECHTON  
AUTHOR OF "WE TEN; OR, THE STORY  
OF THE ROSES," "DERICK," ETC.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
ANNA M. UPJOHN

NEW YORK  
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1905



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TO  
**Alice Scabrook**  
FROM  
HER FRIEND  
BARBARA YECHTON



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SOME ADVENTURES  
OF  
JACK AND JILL



## CHAPTER I

### JACK AND I AND THE CLUB

MAMMA says it isn't polite to put myself before the Club, and, of course, I know that. But, you see, Jack and I live together, and the Club are scattered all over the town, and some in the country, so I feel I ought to explain to you about ourselves first so that you won't get us two mixed up with any of the other boys and girls I am to tell you about. I hope you will understand this, and not think me impolite.

Well, to begin with, there are six of us Carstairs — John (that's Jack), Winifred (that's me), Paul, who would be in every single thing that Jack and I do, if we'd let him, Margaret (papa calls her Peggie), and Reginald and Angus. But this story is mostly about Jack and me, and, sometimes Paul, for the others are only little children, and have to have Nana Joan to take care of them.

We don't live in a great big city, in a great big country like lots of other boys and girls

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do, but on a lovely coral island with the sea washing up all round it. It seems big to us, but papa says it is a very little island, and once, when he took Jack and me to the tippy-top of Blue Mountain, we are pretty sure we saw, through the spyglass, the ocean all the way round the island. It's such beautiful water, too—bluer than anything you ever saw before, and sparkling and dancing up and down, with lots of pretty white tips and foam that Jack says are "whitecaps."

I have just thought of something that I'd better tell you right away. The coral our island is made of isn't pink, like my string of beads that I wear round my neck when I go to parties, or red, like the coral bands that loop up Peggie's sleeves, or like the pure white, shiney, crusty sticks that one picks up on the beach. It looks just like any other earth you might see, only it is a little whitish—trees and sugar canes, and all sorts of delicious fruit grow in it. And it is made by a teeny-weeny little animal that lives in the sea. Papa says that a great lot of these little animals get together and make a kind of stone, in the oddest shapes—star-shaped and octagon, and like branches of tiny trees. Jack

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and I have seen some of them. Then these keep breaking up, one on top of the other, until, at last, there is an island sticking up out of the water. And people come and live on it. Papa told us more, but I can't remember it.

When I first heard about the coral I was afraid to jump about hard, as I like to do, or to have the huge bull-carts go lumbering through our streets with those enormous puncheons of rum and sugar. I was so afraid the island might break in pieces and let us fall right down into the bottom of the sea. But papa says there is no danger *at all* of that ever happening, so I got over the feeling, and now I never think of it.

We live in town, in the very first house off the Bay street. That's the street that runs alongside the sea. At one end of it are the wharf, the Custom House, and the Fort. We go to the Fort sometimes to see some children that live there, and it is a place that is truly fascinating.

At the other end of Bay street are fine big houses, where the Swifts, the Lorentzes, and some other friends of ours live. There are a great many trees on the side of the street that

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

is nearest the water—otaheite, and thibet, and wild tamarinds. And on the beach, just behind them, we children find the prettiest pale pink, and blue, and lavender coloured shells, and funny yellow, hairy-legged soldier crabs, little sea roaches, wilkes, tiny empty crab shells, with every leg and claw perfect, and the dearest little baby turtles. We love to go there!

In certain parts, along this same street, the coopers work all day long, under the trees, making barrels and puncheons to put the sugar and rum in that the planters send away from here to other countries. As they work the coopers often sing, and one of their songs is the funniest. This is it:

*“Ten pound ten!  
Dominica hen!  
Rum and sugar  
Killed the cooper,  
Ten pound ten!”*

And while they are singing this they make their hammers keep time, beating on the staves and hoops. And it sounds so pretty!

Our house is in a street that begins at the Bay street, and it is very large. Underneath it has high stone arches which you can walk

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

under, 'way down to the corner of Baystreet,—papa calls it an “arcade.” Nobody lives in the ground-floor rooms of their houses—ours have things stored in them—and there is a great high arched passageway that carriages drive under to go in or out of our yard. There are gates to it that are shut up at night, and when they're not being used our carriages stand here, all covered up with hoods. When Tony (he's our coachman) is in a good humor he lets us children play in the carriages, and, I can tell you, we do have jolly fun!

There are two stories to our house, above the arcade, and the rooms are very large. There's a drawing-room, where we sit in the evenings when we're at home. Next, with an arch between, is an enormous big room that we call the “hall,” though it isn't at all where the steps come up. There are five tall windows in this room, with jalousie shutters. Mamma's piano is here, where she plays and sings, and where I have to practise every morning except Sunday, and a long mirror, and lots of pretty things. The sofas and chairs are all red damask, that most times are covered up, but when the covers are off they are truly splendid to look at.

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

Alongside of this, through another big arch, is our dining-room, with five more long windows that look into the yard. Our "stranger's room" is on this floor, too, with a passageway on each side. They are quite wide, and in one of them Jack and Paul and Peggie and I say our lessons every day to Mr. Heyle and Miss Grove.

These passageways lead out on to our platform—it hasn't any roof, and there's a stone floor, and a broad wall all around. Here Jack's pigeons walk and bow, and coo all sorts of things to one another, and here papa has his plants—oleanders and mignonette in tubs on the floor, and jessamine and heliotrope and lots of other flowers in boxes on the wall. Sometimes I bury my naughty dollies in one of these boxes, for punishment, you know, though I always dig them up again after awhile.

Papa loves flowers, and one of these days we're all going to live in the country, like our cousins, the Ferriers. That would be splendid! You do have so much more sport in the country. I hope it will happen before Jack and I are sent away to school in England.



## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

Upstairs in our house we have more rooms—mamma's and papa's bedroom, our night and day nursery, and some others. Two of the windows in mamma's room face west, and often I go up there, and sit in the window-seat, all by myself, to watch the sea. In the afternoons it gets the most beautiful gold colour, mixed in with green and blue, and the way it sparkles fairly dazzles your eyes. The clouds in the sky turn all sorts of colours—red and purple, and pink and blue and lavender and green, like the shells we find on the beach, only prettier, and they take the most curious queer shapes! When I see all this, and the ships and boats lying in the harbor, and hear the coopers chanting and beating time, or the stevedores singing on the lighters, or the fishermen while they pull in their seine 'way off toward the Point, I just seem to float off in a sort of dream that is beautiful as it could be, only you could never describe it.

Even days when the sun doesn't shine, when the wind howls and blows so that most of the hurricane shutters have to be closed and barred, when the sky turns black, and the sea comes tumbling in in fierce roaring waves that break away the wharf, and run the little

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

ships on shore, even then I love to sit in the window, if it is open, and watch the water. Somehow then it makes my heart thump—though I'm not one atom afraid—and gives me the queerest feeling—tingly all over, and sometimes as though you wanted to go right off somewhere and do something grand and wonderful!

But I would *never* tell Jack all this, for he would only laugh and make fun of me. He doesn't care at all for books, or fairy tales, or make-believe things—except in a *very* few games—and he gets so provoked, sometimes, because I do.

Our day nursery is at the other end of the passageway from mamma's room, and here we can do pretty much as we like, when Nana Joan lets us. It is a good big room, and we do have fine sport there, but the two dormer windows are up so high that a person couldn't look out of them without climbing away up, and even then all you could see—for we've tried—except the sky, are the shingles of the sloping roof and the leaders that carry the rain water to the cistern. Under each dormer window are two closets—one on each side of the window, and

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

here all sorts of old things and rubbish are kept, like empty biscuit boxes and Albert tins, and old bottles.

We don't any of us like these closets, though I have been in one of them. Once was when Jack hurt my feelings awfully, and I didn't want him to see me cry—that is so babyish, you know.

The reason we don't like the dormer closets is because they are pretty dark, and as the roof slopes very slanting on one side, you can't stand upright in them, but have to go along stooping. And, besides, you never know when some of those big black cockroaches (the kind with hard backs, that we call "drummers," and that get behind your bed nights and play tattoos) are going to drop on you from the rafters, or spiders, or a scorpion, or a blue-backed hateful centipede—*they* bite like everything! Would you care very much for such a place?

Now I'll tell you about Jack.

His name is John Gordon Carstairs. Gordon is after papa's brother, Uncle Gordon, who is an officer in England, and has fought in real battles, and Jack is awfully proud of that part of his name. He would like to be called by

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

it, and often signs his exercises J. Gordon Carstairs. But, somehow, people will call him Jack—same as they call me Jill, when my name is really Winifred, which I think sounds *so* nice—sort of like a girl in a story book, doesn't it? Jack thinks Jill is a "silly-billy" name, but my dear papa says he likes it, so I don't mind one bit.

Jack is eleven, but almost everybody thinks he is twelve or thirteen—he is such a tall, big boy—and he likes *that!* He is fair and has blue eyes and brown hair, like mamma. One day, when we were all dressed up to go to a party, I heard Nana Joan tell Tinka (she's the servant that helps Nana with us) that Jack was "well han'some." And though she always gets vexed when anybody says he is her favorite, we children all *know* he is, for when she goes to Bassin to see her sister, she always gives Jack the biggest, crispest jack-spaniard of all the cakes she brings back, and lets him take his choice of the others besides. And she often lets him do things that she would never let any of the rest of us do.

Everybody likes Jack, and *three* times he has been elected president of the club. Sometimes they elect a president every two weeks, just

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for the fun of voting, you know. I should simply *love* to belong to that club, and Feddy Hjensen and Rupert Ferrier (Rupert's our cousin) and Ludwig Lorentz were all willing I should. But the other boys weren't—and three of them said, "Girls are only a nuisance!"

One of the three that said that was my own brother Jack. Now wasn't that sad?

He said it right out, too, before all those boys, which made me feel so badly I ran upstairs—and that's the time I told you of when I cried in the dormer closet. 'Twas the only place I could think of to go, where he would never think of coming to look for me.

Now you may think from this that Jack is a cross boy, or acts mean to me, but, really, that is not so. When we're alone, he and I play together, and have jolly sport, too. It is only when the boys come round that he puts on that grand, lordly manner to me—like a Lord Mogul, or the Grand Bashaw of Ten Tails, or some other of those funny Turkish people that papa tells us about sometimes. Of course, I don't let him see I care—I mostly laugh those times—but it makes me feel lonely and being treated unkindly, and

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just like telling mamma. But, of course, I *never* do, for that would be a tattletale, as Jack says girls are, which isn't at all true. And, really, it isn't fair not to let me be in the club, for I can play all the games they play just as well as any boy, and I trained Djali just as much as ever Jack did.

Djali is Jack's goat. Mamma named it after a famous goat in a story that belonged to a *beautiful* girl named Esmeralda, and it used to spell out words with little alphabet blocks, just moving them around with its little gilded hoofs. Wasn't that clever? Mamma told me some of the story, and when I get bigger—grown up, you know—I'm going to read it all myself. The story is about Esmeralda and her darling goat, and a queer, *horribly* ugly creature called Quasimodo. I *think* he was a man, anyway he was a dwarf, and a hunchback, and he had only one eye. And he was deaf, and rung the bells in a grand church in Paris. Mamma has been in that church, and she says it is enormously big, and has the queerest, ugliest heads in stone sticking out all over its outside walls. Sometimes, when I'm sitting in the window in mamma's room I see shapes in the clouds that make

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me think of Esmeralda and her goat and that horrid Quasimodo, and I make up stories in my mind about them.

Though Jack's Djali doesn't spell out words with his hoofs, still he's a pretty clever fellow, and he *is* a beauty! His coat is light mouse gray. It is just as glossy as satin, and he has the dearest little black hoofs, and his horns are as even *as* even could be, and such bright eyes—and the very most innocent-looking mouth you ever saw, with his stiff prim little beard under it.

When we first got Djali he used to walk loose 'round the yard, and come in the house—that was the greatest fun! But he would butt our dog Bijou—until the poor doggie was 'most dead, and he chased the pigeons. And in one week he ate up the greatest lot of things—a pair of Reggie's new socks, and part of an Indian table-cover in the drawing-room, and my little brother Angus's toy woolly sheep, and all the painted wooden trees in our English farmyard that Uncle Gordon sent us, and one of Nana Joan's Madras turbans, and Jack's best straw hat, and nearly all the sawdust out of Peggy's doll, and a big piece out of my pink muslin frock, and a lovely pink bow

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

off my new hat—he would have gobbled the whole hat, too, if he hadn't been caught in time. Now wouldn't you suppose all that stuff would have killed that goat? Well, it didn't at all. You wouldn't have known he had eaten a thing but just his regular grass.

But after that papa made us keep Djali tied up by one of the tall, high arches that are under our house. They are not the ones that make the arcade, but some others—under that part of the house that goes back from the street like an L, alongside of our yard. They are queer, those arches, and make a person feel—well, not quite frightened, you know, but still, as if you'd rather be out in the open, where the sun shines real bright. Tony keeps the tops and grass and other things that the horses eat under there, and you'll hear some more about those arches in another part of this story. You see, I can't tell you everything all at once.

Jack and I have taught Djali lots of tricks, and when he chooses to he can do them quite nicely. He can sit up and take a piece of bread between his little front feet, and eat it just as prettily as you please. He can waltz, too, on his hind legs, with Jack holding



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his front feet—because he is Jack's goat, though I'd like to do it, too, sometimes—while I play a tune on a comb with a piece



of tissue paper over it, or on a jew's-harp, but Djali likes the comb better. And when he feels like it—my! can't he run.

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But he is what Jack calls “freaky”—and you needn’t think you’re going to make him do anything he doesn’t want to. You might scold, or coax, or even whip him—no use, he won’t budge! That was the only thing we were afraid of—that Djali might take an obstinate fit on him on the eventful day—and just stand stock still in the middle of the race. Oh, I’m just dying to tell you—but that is to come in the next chapter.

Well, there are seven boys in the Club—Feddy and Jacob (his father and mother ask everybody to call him Yacob, as they do), and Emerick Hjersens, Ludwig Lorentz, Rupert and Gilbert Ferrier, and Jack. Of course, as Jack is president and Rupert is vice-president, I might have mentioned them first, but I put them last on account of being relations, you know, and to make up in politeness to the other boys for putting ourselves first at the beginning of this story—see?

Ludwig lives in a big house on the Bay street. He’s got a sister named Garda. And the Hjersens (mamma thinks I’d better tell you that’s called “Yernsen”) live in another house that is close by the market. From

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their end windows you can look right down and see everything that's going on in the market on Saturdays. Oh, it's fine sport! They have the very largest yard in town, and an enormously big cistern in it—and a great lot of flowers growing. And they do have the most different things to eat from ours, because they are Danes—like soup, all sweet, and big fat raisins floating 'round in it, and sago soup with little sugary pieces of toast, and other things just as nice. Jack and I like to go there to take dinner, and we wish our cook Nessa would make those nice things. But mamma says No! and Nessa sticks up her nose or sucks her teeth and says “Nonner dat *muss f' dis fawm'bly!*”

Well, to go back—Rupert and Gilbert Ferrier are the other two boys in the Club, and they live in the country at Hutton's Rest. That's the name of their estate, and it is just the most splendid place to have sport—there are such quantities of trees there with fruit on them, and some with flowers, and a rabbit warren, and the queerest old sheepfold, and a cistern that makes you feel creepy down your back, and two old horses that you aren't allowed to play tricks on, and a white

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mule named Don Cæsar that is just as knowing! and, oh! the greatest lot of other things! We *love* to spend the day at Hutton's Rest!

But the Club mostly meet at the houses in town—at least they do since the goats are in it—and the racecourse is in the Bay street, from Ludwig's upper corner down to the corner of our street. But every boy hasn't a goat; only four of them—Jack—no, that's not polite—only Feddy, Yacob, Ludwig and Jack. The other boys are the Committee—you know, to walk about with little Danish flags in their buttonholes, and look big, and—well—look after things. Jamie Swift was umpire—papa says he is the very justest boy you ever knew. Umpire means seeing who wins and saying so right out, whether you think the other boys are going to like it or not. That's the reason they chose Jamie.

The prizes are tiptop, A1—oh, bother! I mustn't say that, because I am a girl. Though I truly think that's a silly-billy reason. I can't see why girls and boys can't say the same words, 'specially when some of the boys' words are just exactly what you mean. Well,

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anyway, there are three races, and three prizes—a leather riding whip with the most splendid handle, a saddle cloth, for whichever goat won, of real cloth and leather tips on the corners, and S. C. C. (for Santa Cruz Club, you know) embroidered on the band that goes round the front, and a book called *Treasure Island*. Rupert says that's a "rattling good story," and I was hoping Jack might win it, because then it would be almost mine—he would never read a book through—but instead of that he won—*there!* I almost told it! Well, you'll soon hear what he won.

The four boys that were to run the goats called themselves the jockeys. Of course, they didn't ride the goats, but just ran behind and drove them with long reins. They wore jockey suits—skin-tight nickers and short tight jackets, and little caps—all made out of glazed calico.

Jack's colours were blue and white (mamma made all his things, and the reins, too, and the rosettes for Djali's bridle), Ludwig's were red and white (Danish colours), Yacob's yellow and black, and Feddy's pink. And the goats' reins, and the rosettes on their bridles, were all the same colours as their masters wore.

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

The boys had been training the goats for the longest time, and running themselves, too, but they did it all in the sneakiest way they could—evenings, and odd times when nobody was in the street, for they didn't want people to see anything 'till the regular day came, and for that they sent out invitations. They wrote them themselves, and I did quite a lot, too, because I can write faster than Jack. Jack says that is because I'm a girl—that boys have so many other manly things to do they can't be bothered with writing; though, truly, I can do all the games, too, as well as any boy. But I didn't tell Jack that, for he knows it already, and besides, brothers don't like their sisters to tell them those things. They get huffy, and call names.

I hope you won't think this chapter is too long. I like stories better without much describing, and where things happen right away. But, you know, I *had* to explain about who we all are, and all that. Now I'm glad it's finished!

Well, "to resume," as Mr. Heyle always says when he goes on talking, at last the goats knew the "course"—that's what the



Jack and Jill writing invitations for the race





## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

boys call it—and the next chapter will tell you how the race went off.



“ I SIT IN THE WINDOW SEAT, ALL BY MYSELF, TO WATCH THE SEA.”

## CHAPTER II

### THE RACE

SATURDAY was the day for the race, at four o'clock in the afternoon. And before half-past three there was such a crowd in the Bay street that we could scarcely get through to our places on the "grand stand."

Of course, this wasn't a great big built-up stand like at the regular races, but just the windows of the houses that are on Bay street, from Ludwig's corner to our corner. All these houses have long covered galleries, with ever so many large windows, and from there, by craning your neck through, you could get a splendid view of the whole race course.

We went to the Swifts' house, and, I can tell you, it was as much as we could do to get there for the swarm of people in the street. And there were a good number of us, too— aunt Letty and uncle Ferrier, and Amy and Elsie and Jean, who are their children, and

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mamma, Paul, Peggie and Angus—and Nana Joan, to take care of Angus, for he is a mischievous little fellow, though the very dearest! Oh, and myself. Rupert and Bertie and Jack and the rest of the Club were up at Ludwig's house, where the race was to start from.

Papa and Dr. Swift (most times we call him uncle Dick, though he isn't really our relation) and the Committee were in the street, and two sitarahs were also there ("sitarah" means the same as your "policeman") making the crowd stand back. You see, the Hjernsens' father has something to do with the judge and the court, so, of course, he can have sitarahs whenever he wants. They are coloured, and they don't look at all like your policemen that I've seen in pictures, for they wear just their own clothes and carry rattans. And the way they can make those rattans switch about is a caution! I know that's a boy's word, but, truly, there isn't one girl's word that tells so well just how they do it. You would have laughed to see how very quickly they made the crowd go back under the arcades of the houses, and on to the beach-side of the street—for on Saturdays the coopers don't work. The little black boys fairly

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

skipped up into the trees, hanging on to the limbs like so many big queer birds—Nana Joan called them “black-witches,” which is a bird we have here. I think the girls would have climbed up, too, and hung on, but they were afraid of those rattans. In a few minutes the street was so clear that the pigeons flew down and walked about, cooing just as friendly as could be. And between the big trees there was the sea all sparkling in the sun, and rolling up on the beach in waves that made the very pleasantest sound.

The Swifts' house is about half way of the course, and right opposite, on the seaside, was the umpire's stand—just a puncheon turned up on end and draped with red and white calico. And pretty soon Jamie went and stood up on it. From there he could see plainly up and down the whole race course. Hector D'Everel stood up there, too. And Bobus D'Everel, his twin brother and a very careful boy, gave the signal for getting ready.

Presently out came the goats from the Lorentzes' yard, with some black boys leading them (one was our Tinka's brother)—Djali walking along as meek-looking as you could want, all dressed up in his rosettes.



“Each boy took his reins, and got into place behind his goat”



## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

Then the boys appeared, and didn't they look fine, though, in their jockey suits! And whether it's polite or not, I just must tell you that my brother Jack looked the very best of them all. I know some other people thought so, too, for mamma and aunt Letty looked at each other, and smiled and nodded in a very proud, knowing way, and Nana Joan, in her corner of the little window at the end with Angus in her arms and all the little children, said out loud, though I think she didn't know it—"Ah goin' mek dat chile some aripa well soon!" She does make the most delicious aripas—you know, pancakes, only soft, and with bananas in them, and she knows how fond Jack is of them—we all are, only she'd never make aripas for any one of the rest of us alone.

And then the race began. Each boy took his reins and got into place behind his goat. Bobus gave the signal, at the same minute a bell rang, and off went the four boys, just as fast as they could go down the wide street.

Then came a most exciting time!

Everybody squeezed tight upon everybody else to see out of the windows, and people,

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and the crowd below, all began saying things, and calling out, and hardly anybody knew what anybody else was saying, because they were all talking together.

Just at first the four goats kept even, then one shot ahead, then another, and another. The crowd yelled—

“Blue and White ahead!” “Red! Red!”  
“No, Yellow!” “Red!—Red!” “Red’s  
got it! Hurrah!” “No, Pink!—Pink!”  
“It’s between Yellow and Pink!”

Then I heard Nana Joan suck her teeth hard. Mamma said, “Oh! what a pity!” very quickly under her breath, and my heart gave a horrid jump, for there were Yellow and Pink tearing ahead, almost neck and neck, Red, a close next, and away behind, that wicked Djali—standing on his hind legs, pawing the air, and capering from one side of Bay street to the other!

All the boys carried switches, what they call “cowhides,” and, I tell you, Jack was laying his on to Djali. But don’t you fancy that made Mr. Djali go any better, for it didn’t. His little face looked as obstinate as a mule’s, and he did just exactly his own way.

“Jack might as well step out of the race!



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I wish I had sold that fool of a goat, and got him a better one in its place," papa said. He was leaning out, right over my head. And some of the black boys in the trees began jeering at Jack. Oh, wasn't Jack angry! His face was as red as anything.

Just then Red caught up, he and Yellow shot ahead, and Pink seemed to be falling behind. Next minute on he came again, and who should come tearing after him but Djali! My gentleman had changed his mind, and now he was going, as the boys say, at 2.40, full tilt. It seemed as if Jack's feet hardly had time to even touch the ground. How everybody did shout!

"Red! Red!"—"Yellow!"—"No, Blue!"  
"No, Pink!" "Blue! *Blue!*"

Amy, Elsie and I got so excited we fairly screamed.

Yellow and Red were behind now—Pink and Blue almost abreast. Long ago they had all turned at the foot of the street, by our corner, and now the four boys and the four goats were nearing the winning post.

It was plain that Yellow and Red were out of the race—they were so far behind. It lay now between Pink and Blue. And Pink kept

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a wee bit ahead, until they were *almost* up to the winning post—oh, would Jack lose after all, we wondered.

Then, suddenly, Blue shot forward—ahead of Feddy's goat—two lengths past the post. Then whirling round short, nearly upsetting Jack, who didn't expect that, and rearing up on his hind legs, Djali made a vicious snap at the pink rosette on the other goat's horn.

“Well done! The boy has won after all!” shouted papa. While mamma and aunt Letty, and we children, and all the Swifts, and Nana Joan shouted, and hurrahed, and jumped up and down as if we were crazy. And the crowd fairly yelled!

Oh, it was the jolliest fun! I'd like to have another race every week.

Well, then the umpire, and the starter, and the Committee, and the Club all got together, and Jamie announced from his stand, very loud, that Djali had won the first race—which, of course, we all knew already. And uncle Dick called Jack up before everybody, and handed him the first prize—that lovely whip I told you about.

My, didn't we Carstairs feel proud!

After that there was an intermission. Tinka's

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brother and the other black boys came and carried off the goats to give them a rest before the next race. And the boys walked about, in the street for a little while—to cool off, and to let everybody see them. Then Jack and Rupert, and Bertie, and Feddy Hjerssen came up in the Swifts' house, and Hector and Bobus D'Everel. Their sister Honor was there, and Patty, and their governess, Miss Hope. And lemonade and cakes were passed round, and everybody wanted to see the whip, and they congratulated Jack till he got awfully red in the face. But pretty soon the boys cleared out, and the next thing we knew 'twas time for the other race.

This was to be a different kind of race. Hurdles, made of a board, edge up, and resting on feet at each end, were placed across the whole width of the street. There were three of them—the first and last pretty low, the middle one higher. And this was a harder race for the boys than the first one, because, on account of the long reins, *they* had to jump each hurdle a good while after the goats had gone over it.

It was the jolliest sport watching that race!

The hurdles were very narrow, and some of

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the goats went over in fine style. Red, that's Ludwig's goat, was best of all at the first hurdle, and Pink came next. But Yellow and Blue cut up the greatest tricks. They bolted at the hurdles; and when, at last, Jack got Djali over, the little rascal turned and butted the hurdle, and danced and capered to it, wasting time. We felt so sorry for Jack. But, really, you *couldn't* help laughing at Djali—the comical tricks he played upon Jack, and the cunning way he outwitted him, and all the time, as uncle Dick said, looking as solemn and innocent as if he were going to church.

Of course, all this made Jack awfully behind the others. By the time he and Djali reached the foot of the course, and had turned to come back, Red and Yellow were past the third hurdle and rushing back to the middle one again, which is the highest, and Pink was going over number three.

Then Mr. Djali changed his naughty mind, and dashed after Pink with all speed—the way Jack and Feddy flew over those hurdles was *too* funny! Amy and Elsie and I laughed until our faces fairly ached! And Paul squealed with laughter, though Nana Joan was very

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glum and tried to make him and Peggie be quiet.

At the middle hurdle Red balked, and while Ludwig was struggling with him, over went Yellow, and close after him Pink and Blue, with Pink, as before, a tiny bit ahead. Then they made a rally, and all four goats went over the last hurdle together. But on the other side Yellow (that's Yacob's goat) slid and fell flat on the ground, and Ludwig, that's Red, you know, caught his own foot on the edge of the hurdle, and down *he* went. So again Pink and Blue came to the winning post together, but with Djali the least little bit ahead!

The crowd hurrahed, and shouted "*Blue!*" "*Blue!*" and we girls clapped our hands, and were delighted. And papa said, in his funny way:

"We might send Djali on to England, and enter him for the Derby!"

But some of the jockeys looked a trifle glum. I suppose they were disappointed, and Jack, even, didn't beam when he received his saddle-cloth, as he had over his first prize.

Well, there was another intermission, when people talked, and walked about. Then

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came the last race, which was a plain one, like the first.

And now I'm going to tell you something that will truly astonish you. What do you suppose?—If Djali didn't cut up tricks, and balk and just *torment* Jack all the first part of that race, until the other goats were away ahead of him, and then didn't he start in after Pink, just exactly as he had before, and tear alongside of him to the very winning post! There were three of them this time—Blue, Pink and Red—Djali and Pink went past the goal, and Red just to it. But *Djali was ahead of Pink!*

And what did the little rascal do, when Jack, all perspiring and red as a turkeycock, jerked him back, but stand right up on his hind legs, and, before anybody could stop him, give poor Pink a fearful butt, and snatching the rosette from one of his horns begin to eat it, even with his bridle on.

Well, then there was a sort of little commotion and fuss among the boys. But Rupert and Bertie and Feddy stuck right by Jack. Feddy is such a nice boy!

One of the Committee—I'm not going to mention any names because it is all over now,

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and besides, as Nana Joan says, "No name, no blame"—but one of the Committee said out loud, very disagreeably :

"What's the use of our having a race when one fellow wins all the prizes!" And one or two others said: "That's *true*," in a tone of voice that sounded angry.

Then Jack straightened up and his face got even redder than before.

"I'm sure *I* don't want to be winning all the prizes," he spoke up spunkily. "I was satisfied with the first prize. But I can't help it if my goat runs faster than any of the others. Everybody could see Djali was 'way ahead."

"You won it fair as could be!" says the umpire, that's Jamie, you know.

"Of course you won it square," spoke up Hector D'Everel.

Then Bobus, who was starter, put in, "Any-b-body with h-half an eye could see *that!*"

And then, after a few minutes, the other boys and the Committee, and everybody began calling out, "Fair! 'Twas won fairly!" And uncle Dick handed the third prize to Jack.

It was *Treasure Island*, you know, and I was delighted Jack had won it, for it is so

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pleasant to have a splendid exciting story book belonging to your own family, where you can read it over and over and over again as many times as you please.

Well, it was just then that Djali came dashing out from the Lorentzes' yard. He had got away from Tinka's brother, and he came careering down to where Feddy stood, and rearing up on his hind legs very quickly,—in *such* a comical way!—he snatched at Feddy's pink cap. And he would have got it, too, if uncle Dick hadn't grabbed him by the horns and pushed him off.

"No, no, Mr. Djali!" said uncle Dick, laughing. "You are too fond of pink, sir. You ate up poor Pinkie's rosette, and now you'd like to have his master's cap. No, no!"

"Yes, and 'twas very funny to see how close he stuck by Pink all through every race," put in Hector. "I do believe if Pink had lagged behind, he would have, too."

"Did he?" cried Jack, quite startled like. "Did he stick by Pink *every* race? I was so excited, and had such a time with Djali, I never noticed that—except when we got to the winning post. Did he?"

"He did!" "Close as beeswax!" "Neck



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and neck!" answered uncle Dick and all the boys. You see they were all under the very window where Elsie, Amy, Patty and I were looking out, so we could hear every word.

"Wait a minute," says Jack, and marched straight into the Swifts' house, right up to me. Jack is the quickest boy to guess things—papa calls it "quick-witted."

He wiggled his finger at me to come, and when I had slipped out from among the others, and gone in a corner with him, he says :

"Jill, do you remember all the things that Djali ate up—were most of them pink?"

I tried to remember very quickly. "There was Nana Joan's pink Madras handkerchief," I said; "and the pink dress on Peggie's doll—and my pink muslin frock—and the pink bow off my hat—"

But Jack was off before I could say any more, and by the time I got back to the window, there he was in the street again, with papa, Mr. Lorentz, uncle Dick, the Committee, the umpire, starter, and all the boys.

They talked quite excitedly, then, presently, out came Djali, with Tinka's brother holding

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the rope. Somebody had put up four big rosettes—of yellow, red, pink and blue—and they were right in full view, and low down. Well, if you had seen that goat! It didn't take him two minutes to get to that pink rosette! First he reared up on his hind legs, and butted it, then bit into it.

Before you could believe it Djali had been hauled away, and papa, and Jack, and Mr. Lorentz were talking earnestly together, with some of the others calling out, "No!" "No!" "No!" while others again were saying "Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!" And the sitarahs had to rush up and down, switching those rattans to keep the crowd back, out of the street.

Next thing we knew, there was Jack up on the umpire's stand, with Jamie beside him, and on the ground, crowding round, were papa, uncle Dick, Mr. Lorentz, Mr. Hjensen, the two D'Everels and all the other boys.

Somehow mamma must have understood what was going to happen, for she said, in such a proud voice:

"My honorable little son!" I'd *love* to have her say something about me in that kind of a voice!

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Well, it seems Jack got up on that stand to make a speech, and this is what he said :

“I’ve just found out that my goat is very fond of pink. We think ’twas the pink rosettes on Billy’s horns, and the pink jockey suit of Feddy that started Djali to running. Maybe he would never have won any of the races, but just have balked, or stood stock still, if Pink hadn’t started in ahead of him. And I don’t want any prize except what’s mine by right, so I tell everybody now straight out, that I’m only going to keep the first prize that Djali won. And I want the other two prizes given to the—”

“No!” “No!” “Keep them!” “Keep them!” “No!” “No!” roared the boys, and even the big gentlemen, the papas of the boys. And, of course, all the little black boys up in the trees took up the cry, and the crowd, too. Such a commotion! We girls were *so* excited! And as for Jack—he got very red, then white, then redder than ever, as he stood there on that puncheon. And he did look such a big, brave handsome boy!

Then Jamie came forward and stood by Jack. He held up his hands, while uncle Dick called, “Silence! Order!” Then

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when everybody had quieted down, Jamie spoke out loud as he could, and determined:

“I am umpire of these races, and I want everybody to understand that Jack Carstairs’s goat, Djali, has won *every* race—fair and square. We’ve found out that the goat is fond of pink, but nobody knew that until just now. And, anyway, no matter how rabid Djali might be after pink, he could never have won *three* races, one after the other, if he weren’t the strongest, fastest-running goat in this town. Blue-and-white has won the three races fairly and squarely. And it is only to please his master, at the urgent request of Jack Carstairs himself, that I now hand the last prize over to Feddy Hjerssen, who is the owner of the pink goat. And Feddy only takes it to please Jack.”

And then he handed *Treasure Island* to Feddy Hjerssen.

Feddy is a very, *very* fair boy, in fact, his hair is so light it is almost white, but I tell you, his face was just as red *as* red, when he went forward and took that book.

Then someone said something that I didn’t hear, and I just wish you could have heard the way all those boys and men, and the

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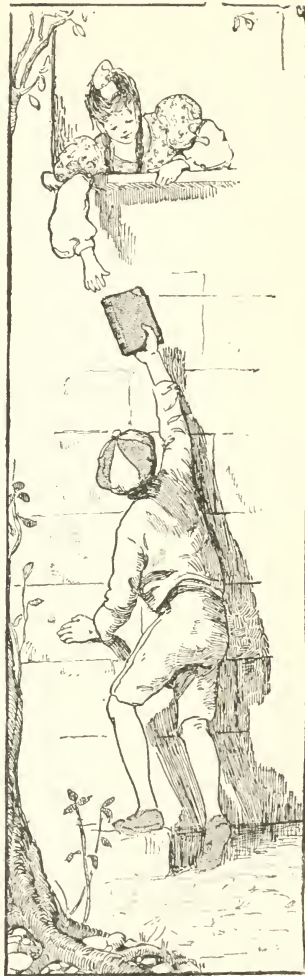
crowd hurrahed! Why, even more than they did when Djali won the races. And I'm pretty sure they were all cheering my brother Jack.

Right in the middle of all the excitement there came Feddy up to me in the Swifts' window, and he was holding out *Treasure Island*.

"Here, you take it, Jill, and read it first," he whispered. "I shan't want it until next Saturday, or longer. You read it first."

Now wasn't that kind? For, you know, an exciting story like that most anybody would want to read right away himself. Feddy is the nicest boy I know.

Then after that we all went home.



"HERE, YOU TAKE IT, JILL"

## CHAPTER III

### HUTTON'S REST

IT was Saturday morning, and Jack and Paul and I were in our yard, playing in boat *Winifred* (you'll hear about boat *Winifred* later on), when old Bella came walking from under the archway of our house, and went up the long stone steps that lead to our back door. Next thing there was mamma leaning through one of the dining-room windows, calling out to us:

"Jack and Jill, aunt Letty has written to invite us to spend to-day with her at Hutton's Rest. Don't you want to go?"

"Hurrah for aunt Let!" "Of course, we do!" "Oh, yes! yes!" all three of us shouted back, all together, tumbling out of boat *Winifred* in a hurry. Then we raced upstairs to get ready, for mamma was telling Tony to put Kelpie and Kit to the big carriage right away.

When we were all in that carriage it was pretty full. Mamma, Peggie and I sat back, and Jack and Paul with Tony on the front

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seat. I love to sit front and watch the horses go, but, you see, both Jack and I are big children, and the two of us with Tony, who is also big, would have taken up more room than Jack and Paul did, for Paul is small, and a very thin boy.

At first I was disappointed, because you can't see near so much sitting back, but I soon forgot, for the horses went so swiftly, and the sky was just as blue *as* blue, without one cloud, and the sunshine was bright, like gold, and made you feel happy. I was sorry for the children we met on the street, because they weren't going to spend the day in the country. And when we got out on the Centre Line there was the most delicious smell of sugar boiling, for all the estates around there are "working." How we did sniff our noses, and wish we had some sling! And when we turned into the avenue of Hutton's Rest there was another delicious smell—this time of the jessamine that climbs so thick all over the big trees. And there were dear aunt Letty, and Elsie and Amy, and cousin Juliet and little Jean, and Rupert and Bertie and all the others out on the gallery to receive us.

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We always love to go to Hutton's Rest—and we did have the most jolliest day you ever heard of, even if—well, you'll hear of it.

I must tell you, though, that Jack and Rupert and Bertie immediately went off by themselves, and wouldn't let us girls know where they were, though we called and called. And they wouldn't have Paul go along either. We had to keep him with us, and Peggie, too. And they stuck to us like everything all the morning, but we didn't mind so *very* much, for they were good, and did as they were told. But, as Elsie says, it was mean of the boys to rush off in that secret way. Still we enjoyed ourselves without them.

First, we went over to the myrtle lime shrubs, and ate a lot of the berries—until the gum got on the corners of Paul's mouth and burnt him. Then, to keep him from thinking of it, we all went down in the cellar with Maria, the old cook, who is black as ink, and watched her drawing water out of the great big cistern that is down there. It's mostly open on top, and high up, so that you go up to it by steps. Of course Paul must needs go up and peep over, and on account of his burnt mouth we let him. Amy and Jean



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went, too, to keep hold of him, while I stayed down on the ground with Peggie.

Now, I'm not one scrap afraid of the sea, or of the Pond, near the Fort, where we live in town, but I *don't* like that cistern. Somehow, it always gives me queer thoughts like of people falling in, and being nearly drowned, and horrid things like that. And you go creepy down your back, though, of course, you *know* it isn't true at all, but just the things you make up about it. Anyway I was glad when we went up into the garden again,



IN THE GARDEN

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where the sun was shining so beautiful, and the pigeons walking and cooing.

After that we picked up the greatest quantity of blossoms that had fallen from the tall frangipani tree that grows under aunt Letty's bedroom windows. We like the blossoms because they're such a pretty colour, pink and white, and they do smell the sweetest, and they have hollow stems. So we went and sat on the roof of the rabbit warren (we had to haul and boost the little ones up) and strung wreaths and yards upon yards of frangipani, and decorated everybody until we were tired.

Then we walked about again, and ate fustic berries, which *are* prime! I know that last one is a boy's word, but, truly, there isn't another word I can think of that tells you so well about the niceness of fustic berries. We tried some tamarinds, too, but they were green and sour, then some licorice, but not much, because the tree was so high our stick could only reach the lower branches, where not much fruit was.

Next Elsie went in the house, and asked aunt Letty something, and what was it but that we could each have a sapidilla—just one, because there aren't many trees of them,

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and they're pretty big and—well, a dozen times better than prime!

Well, *I* climbed the tree to get the sapa-dillas, after I had pinned the skirt of my frock away up round my waist—I do think it a *very* unkind shame that girls can't wear the same kind of clothes as their brothers. I wouldn't ever want to be a boy, though I like them, but I do wish I could dress as they do. You could do such a *lot* more, you know, and so *much* easier! For what did I do, spite of being so careful about my frock, but tear it across the very front breadth. After we had eaten our sapa-dillas Nana Black (she is the Ferriers' nurse) mended it for me, and grumbled at us the whole time she was sewing. She said:

“Yo' chil'ren been stuffin' a' yo' stummicks wid all dat rubbish! Yo' ain' goin' hab no appatites fer lunch.”

And then she turned right round and gave us each a piece of cocquinia, out of a tin box, that just melted in your mouth. But she needn't have been afraid about our appetites, for when lunch time came we were all just as hungry as if we hadn't eaten one thing.

The boys were sitting on the stone front

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steps when we went back to the gallery, and though they wouldn't tell us where they had been, they pretended they'd had a perfectly splendid time. We girls are pretty sure 'twas "pretended," because when we told all the nice things we had had to eat, both Amy and I caught them making sly signs to one another, out of the tails of their eyes, as much as to say—"Well, *we* didn't have that!" Though, of course, being boys, they would never admit it to us.

Then we all went in the dining-room and had lunch off aunt Letty's blue plates—that have boats and bridges, and trees and people all over them, that tell you a regular story. The dining-room is very large, with great tall windows, and the drawing-room is very enormous, too, and has more big windows that all look out on the trees. There are pictures on the walls of people in different kinds of clothes from what we wear, and with their hairs in queer fashions, with turbans, and tied in a queue, and all powdered. These are our ancestors, aunt Letty says—you know, she means great-grandfathers and mothers and relations like that. One of them is one of our grandmothers, and I like her best of all.

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She has on a little bit of a short-waisted yellow silk frock, with her hair in funny little curls at the side, and she has brown eyes, like mine, only *she* is pretty. And she was married when she was fifteen—that's five years older than I am. I've made up my mind I'll get married, too, when I am fifteen, and I will marry papa. Jack used to say he would marry mamma, in fact, we had a quarrel, one day, about it, for *I* wanted to marry her. But he insisted *he* would—yet only the other day I heard him tell Feddy that he intends to marry Garda Lorentz when he grows up. Now I call that very mean of Jack, and I think I'll speak to him about it, for I don't believe one person, like me, you know—could marry both papa and mamma.

Well, to go back—besides those old pictures, the drawing-room at Hutton's Rest has the nicest window seats in every single window, and in one corner a great cupboard, running up to the very ceiling, where books are kept. The most interesting, fascinating, splendidest stories, like *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth*, and *Woodstock*, and *The Talisman*, and *Old Curiosity Shop*, and *David Copperfield* and *Dombey and Son*, and lots of others. Aunt Letty lends them to me,

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and now I have my own *Ivanhoe*, and my own *David Copperfield*. I have read those books over and over and over again. They are just like live people to us, and I *love* them—don't you?

All this was before lunch, and after it we all—the boys, too—went out again to play. We went to the old sheepfold, that's on the top of a little hill, and played it was a grand arena, and we ran races in it, for there aren't any sheep kept there now. And some of us were gladiators, and Christian martyrs, fighting with wild beasts—Jack is always the wild beast—and how he can roar! The trouble was to get anybody to keep quiet and be audience. I like this play—so easily you can forget it is pretending, and you get tingly all over, and feel as if you could do anything brave and grand, in real earnest.

But pretty soon the boys got tired of it, and what did they do, but get over the sheep wall, and climb down the side to the ground below. I could have done it, too, and I would, because there are rough pieces of stone sticking out of the sheep wall that I could easily have put my feet on, and held on by, same as the boys did. But, no! the other girls cried out

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not to—and there was Paul along—just ready! If I had climbed down that wall nobody could have kept him from following, and then suppose he had fallen! That's the worst of having the little ones traipsing after you everywhere. There are times when you do mind it very much. So I walked down that hill with the rest of them, just as stupid and pokily as could be!

But there was fun after that, for when we had been to see old Saladin (doesn't that name make you think right away of the *Talisman* and King Richard Lionheart and that Saracen?) and the other old horse that doesn't do any work now, but just walks about the pasture and eats grass, and had stopped to look at Don Cæsar, who was drawing lime from the kiln, Rupert says:

“Let's go down on the beach.” And we did.

Then the fun commenced.

The beach is a good long way from the house, and the sun was hot, but we didn't any of us mind, for when we got there, there was the sand, just as smooth and hard, and creamy white, and the sea was most truly beautiful—blue *as* blue! and sparkling all

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over, dancing as if it were glad, and running up on the beach in the friskiest little waves, as if it were enjoying itself.

For a while we just walked about and ate the things we found—cocoa-plums and sea-side grapes. The cocoa-plums did look so pretty—all pink and lavender, and shining like satin against their little dark green leaves. You have to take the skin all off before you bite into a cocoa-plum, and even then sometimes it will give you what Nana Joan calls a “tie-mouth.” She means pucker your mouth, because it is astringent. (I looked that last word up in the dictionary, so I know it’s spelled right.) Nice plump bunches of purple grapes were hid away under the thick leaves of the other tree. But we soon had them out, and, I can tell you, they were just as sweet as sugar!

We ate as much as ever we wanted, and picked up shells, and hunted up sand-boxes (that are pretty but sometimes burst all to pieces, with a grand report at nights, when you are asleep in your beds), chased soldier-crabs, and dug holes in the sand, and took off our shoes and stockings and waded in the water. We played we were cast away on a desert island, and when Bertie found two



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cocoa-nuts hidden away under some bushes we bored holes in them and drank the milk. Then the boys cracked the shells, and as they were young cocoa-nuts, there inside was delicious jelly, which we ate.

Then Elsie showed us the spring, right on the beach, in the sand, where the water was bubbling up clear and cool, and just as fresh and sweet as it could be, though 'twas only a very little way from the salt Caribbean sea. We made cups of broad grape leaves pinned together with prickly-pear thorns, and drank all the water we wanted.

Everybody was enjoying themselves jolly well, when Jack comes running up.

“Look here,” he cries, “I’ve found an old boat behind that big rock. Let’s go out in her and have some fun!”

“Oh, yes! oh, yes!” shouted every one, except Elsie.

“Oh,” she says, “do be careful, boys. The boat may go down, and we all be drowned!” Elsie is a careful girl, because she is older than the rest of us.

But the boys, and all of us, laughed at her, and Bertie told her not to be a “fraid-cat.” But Elsie refused to get in the boat, because

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it was a rough, old, sunburnt-looking thing, and she coaxed Jean to stay out, too.

But all the rest of us wanted to go, so in they got. And Jack and Ru pushed the boat off, then jumped in quickly themselves, and we were off.

We hadn't any oars, so sometimes we pushed our boat along with long poles, sticks that we'd hunted up on the beach, and some other times we paddled with pieces of board we had found in the same way—going round one little point after another, and in and out of the dearest little coves you can imagine. I thought 'twas great fun, and would like to have had it keep on, and so would Amy. But, you know, boys *must* be all the time changing things, so presently Jack says,

“We've had about enough of this. Can't somebody think of something else?” And,

“Oh, let us play *Treasure Island*,” I called out, before I could think I was going to say it.

“What's *Treasure Island*?” And, “What's *Treasure Island*?” called out everybody.

So then I told them.

Well, I just wish the whole Club had been there to see the way those other boys treated me!

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You see, I was the only one that had read the story, and they listened to every word as if I had been the greatest grown-up person you ever knew. The only trouble was that, at first, they all wanted to be either captain or Jim Hawkins. But at last we got it all settled—Bertie was Captain Smollett, Jack



“SOMETIMES WE PUSHED OUR BOAT ALONG WITH LONG POLES.”

was Jim Hawkins, and Rupert, Long John Silver, Amy was Ben Gunn, and I was Dr. Livesey. Nobody would be Squire Trelawney, so we let that go, and we made Paul go on shore and be a pirate with Elsie and Jean, who, on the sand, had been following our boat from cove to cove.

Well, the *splendid* fun we had!

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When we were pretty near in, we all jumped out and waded to shore, which we could do jolly well, as we'd left all our shoes and stockings in a heap by the big rock in our first cove. We beached our boat, and then dragged all the driftwood and dry branches we could find, and piled it up for a blockhouse and stockade, like in *Treasure Island*.

We dug a deep trench in the sand, and took sticks for guns. We all said, "Shiver my timbers!" and "Avast there, messmate!" and "You lubber!" and sea-words like that, that I remembered and told them. And though, as I've told you, I wasn't the captain, they all had to let me give a lot of orders, because I was the only one who knew all the story, see?

Elsie and Jean and Paul also had guns, and we had some fine fights, which, of course, *we* always won, just as it is in the book. When we pointed our guns and shouted very loud—"Bang!—Bang!" one of the pirates always fell down, and rolled off to one side, then got up quickly, on the sly, and came at us again, for there being only three, when in reality there should have been fourteen, or at the least eight, we couldn't let one stay wounded

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or dead on the ground, or take him prisoner. Rupert, being Long John Silver, made his one leg stiff, and the funny way he got about on the soft sand, and hopping on one foot, would have made you roar with laughter. Sometimes though he would forget until somebody'd sing out, "Avast there, shipmate, how's your game leg?" Then he would begin again.

At first we didn't know what to do for the treasure. Then we quickly made up our minds, and rushing at it, collected the greatest lot of cocoa-plums, and sea-side grapes—great bunches with all the leaves on—and stiff spikey pieces of the cotton tree, with rough open pods, and tattered fringes of dirty white cotton hanging. This made quite a heap, then all hands, pirates and all, turned to and dug another trench—not so very deep, you know—and in it we laid all these things.

Now, all this was the treasure of gold that Captain Flint had robbed, and buried on Spy-glass mountain, and we were to find it, dig it up, and get it all off to the *Hispaniola* (our boat) before the pirates could catch us. That isn't quite the way it is in the story, you know, but the boys *would* change it.

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We would swarm right up to the trench, and begin to dig—out would rush the pirates, and *bang! bang! bang! bang!* would go on both sides. Sometimes we would drive them back and carry off a lot of the treasure, then, other times, we would make believe we had to retreat. But, at last, we killed off all three pirates, and while they were lying dead on the ground (we had told them what to do), our party carried the last of the treasure on board—'twas fine sport dashing through the water in your bare feet and legs!

When all the gold was well on board, the pirates came to life again, and got up, and said they had changed their minds and wanted to go in the boat with us. And without waiting for Captain Smollett to say "yes," as they should have, up speak Jim Hawkins, and Long John Silver, and Ben Gunn, and tell them they can come.

But being mutineers and bucki—well, I *can't* find that last word I want to say in the dictionary, so I will have to let it go, and just put pirates, which means the same thing. Well, being mutineers and pirates we couldn't let them come on board free—that would be too dangerous, you know. So we

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took the strongest withes we could find in the bushes, and tied the pirates' hands together. Then we all got in the boat—there were eight of us, and the treasure—then the *Hispaniola* set sail.

Being heavier, she didn't go as quickly as on the first voyage. And instead of two, four of us had to stand up on the seats with poles, and help push her along. I was one—the only one of the girls—and it was fine sport, though not so easy to do as it looks.

Well, we had only gone past two out of the five coves to where we had left our shoes and stockings when suddenly Elsie jumped up with such a scream that nearly made me drop my pole into the sea.

“The water is coming in over the edge! The boat's sinking! Oh, take these withes off of us! Oh, take them off—or we'll be drowned!” she yelled.

And sure enough, already, there was part of the stern under water, and we could actually *feel* the rest of the boat going!

Well, the minute Elsie screeched, Jean did, too, and Paul, and some others as well, though the big boys didn't, nor I. I was too busy, for there were those withes to get off so the girls

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and little Paul could use their hands to escape.

Would you believe it? Those beastly withes wouldn't budge to break (I know "beastly" isn't a nice word, but, truly, it deserves to be said about those withes), and not one of us had a knife!

By this time we all were almost up to our knees in water; it was coming in so fast there was no use in bailing. The poor old *Hispaniola* was sinking, and the moving and commotion were making her go faster.

Such a screaming! until Rupert calls out in the loudest voice he had:

"Now, stop your crying, every one of you—and don't act like babies! The water isn't deep here—we tallest ones can pretty soon get a footing, especially with our poles. And we boys'll see that you *all* get safe to land. Now stop your howling, and follow orders! There's not a minute to be lost!"

Right away it came to me what he meant to do, and oh! how glad I was my pole hadn't fallen into the water and been lost.

Quickly I caught up Paul with my left arm—and how he did grip on to me, with his poor little tied hands!—and digging my pole hard



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down in the sand at the bottom of the sea, I made as tremendous a long flying jump as I could toward the land.

Down we went, souse! under the water. But we were up again in a minute, all choking and sputtering, and from there, though the water was over my shoulder—I had to hold Paul high—somehow we managed to get up on to the beach.

Then I put Paul down, and by throwing out my pole on the sea, but still holding one end of it myself, some of those who had jumped or fallen caught hold, and it helped them a little. The three big boys did this too.

Though all this takes a good while to tell, it was a *very* little while in happening, but even before we were all safe on the beach, the *Hispaniola* had disappeared, and gone to the bottom.

First thing we did was to hunt up a sharp stone, and cut those withes. Then we took up a march for the house. And such a looking set as we were!—wet through and through every stitch, with our clothes just sticking to us—only we girls were the worst off, on account of frocks and skirts—and every one of us barefoot!

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What would mamma and aunt Letty say to us, I wondered, and I think the others were wondering, too, from the way they looked. Though it was all so dreadful, I 'most laughed—everybody was marching along so queer and funny looking, and with such solemn faces—myself, too. But what with the boat at the bottom of the sea—that might be some poor fisherman's, as Bertie said—and with mothers and fathers at Hutton's Rest waiting for us, one couldn't even let a smile come into one's mind.

But the very worst was when we reached the rock where we had piled up our shoes and stockings—for *there wasn't one of them to be seen!*

Not *one*—only the stone almost covered to the very top with water!

“Well, every *confounded* thing is against us!” cries out Jack, in despair, as they say in a book. And though, of course, he oughtn't to have said “*confounded*,” not even Elsie said a word to him about it. For we all understood just exactly how he felt. You know *eight* pairs of shoes and stockings are a great lot for your fathers and mothers to have to buy you all at one time—for, as Nana

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Joan says, when accidents happen to our clothes, as they are sure to, "T'ings cos' money to buy!"

Well, if that road had seemed long going to the beach, it seemed miles and *miles* on the way back, though nobody wanted to get there quickly.

And, oh, my! the excitement there was when we did reach the house—what Jack calls a "circus," and we were all in it!

You know there are some things that happen that there is *no* use in talking about. So I'll only tell you that Jack and I went home in borrowed clothes, that didn't fit us at all, and I had to wear a pair of Aunt Letty's shoes, because, being a big girl, my feet are quite too large to get into Elsie's best slippers, which were the only spare ones left. There was a big bundle of wet clothes under the carriage seat, and mamma said very little to us on the way to town. Indeed Paul was the only one that spoke, for he *would* keep whimpering and fretting because, as the Ferriers have no little boy of his size, they had put one of Jean's frocks on him. His feet and legs were done up in a large old bath towel, that aunt Letty had lent mamma. And when we reached

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home Tony had to lift Paul out and carry him upstairs in his arms, which was, of course, mortifying to a boy, even though he is a little boy.

I was glad Peggie had not gone to the beach with us, but had stayed at Hutton's Rest with mamma. Nana Joan told Peggie she was a "little lady," and spoke of granadillas for dessert, but the way she hustled the other three of us, even Jack, into bed, was truly unkind. And I believe she was really glad, inside, that we only had bread and water for our dinner.

When I grow up and have my children, I will never, *never* send them to bed in broad daylight for a punishment, with slices of bread and a glass of water for their only dinner. You do feel *so* wide awake and sad, and keep thinking of all the nicest things downstairs, and hungry enough to eat the most delicious dinner that was ever cooked.

But, except for the sinking of that crazy old boat, which papa and uncle Ferrier had to pay for, and the buying of more shoes and stockings for us, we certainly did have the very most *jolliest* day at Hutton's Rest.

## CHAPTER IV

### BOAT WINIFRED

**N**OW the next thing you will hear about was mostly a very sad and horrid adventure.

Of course, other things have happened in between since that day at Hutton's Rest, but they weren't exciting or interesting, so I'll just skip them.

Well, this began in boat *Winifred*, which is a quite real boat that we have in our yard. Ever so long ago—when Jack and I were little, for we don't remember it—our father owned a splendid large ship that used to sail away to America, and it was named the *Winifred*, after me. And one morning, when the ship came sailing back to our island, with her Danish flag flying, and a great lot of nice things on board, what should be going on but a fearful hurricane, so that you couldn't look out of your windows because they were all barred up. And the way it ended was that that hurricane broke our ship all to pieces. And all we have left of her now are the big flag,

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which we hoist on our flag staff on King's birthday, and her jolly old long boat.

It stands in our yard, leaning against the shingles, right between Tony's house where he sleeps, and the harness room, and it has *Winifred* painted on it in quite big letters. Four people that are small can sit on the two board seats for the rowers, and one flat upon the floor in the bow, and, by squeezing, three in the stern, where there is a locker. We do have the very jolliest sport in our boat!

Of course, it is nailed fast to the shingled side of Tony's room, to keep it from falling over on one side, on account of there being no water. But we don't mind that one bit, for we just pretend the sea is all round us, and it is just as good. This is one of the very few pretend games that Jack will play in. There is a kind of rudder that Jack has made, and sometimes we put in a tall pole for a mast, and rig up a sail. This is for long voyages, and then we take water in a stone jug that Tony uses, at other times, for the horses' molasses, and in the locker all the things to eat that we can beg from mamma and Nessa. We've been to England and America, and St. Thomas, and Denmark and Spain,

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and lots of other countries in boat *Winifred*. We've fought with pirates—they are some of the other boys—and been in dreadful storms, and been wrecked on desert islands and—oh, we've had the most exciting fun you ever could imagine.

When we are alone Jack is always captain—though I should like to be, too—I am mate, and Paul and Peggie sailors. But when the Club come, or the Hjernsens, or the Ferrier boys, then 'most times, I'm just a sailor, or a captive pirate that is tied and has to sit on the floor in the bow. And Paul and Peggie are either pirates on the top of our cistern, which is all walled over, or else savages on the desert island where we are going to be wrecked. This desert island is the part of our yard between the foot of the stone steps and the high wall that goes all round our house, with those arches where we tie Djali right to one side. We make believe the arches are a huge forest on the desert island, which is sometimes Treasure Island, or Juan Fernandez island, or some other pirate name like that.

Well, this day that I am telling you of none of the other boys had come round, so Paul

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and Peggie were in the play, of course I was, too, and with Jack just as nice and pleasant as could be. And we were truly enjoying ourselves.

First, because Tony was in a very kind humor and let us do it, we got into our big carriage which is under the archway from the street, and played that we were travelling down from Bassin to catch a steamer that would only stay in our harbor a couple of hours. So we had to drive, as Jack says, like the wind. Of course there were not any horses, for we would never be allowed that, only the great long pole lying with one end on the ground. But we pretended we had Kit and Kelpie in, making that click-clack noise with our tongues that sounds exactly like horses' feet going. And as it was dark, on account of Tony not being willing to take the cover all off the carriage, we made believe there was a storm going on, and rain.

Then presently we met robbers who, one of them, was myself that had jumped very quickly out of the surrey to be that, and the other was Tinka, who, just that minute, came walking in from an errand for mamma. She was delighted to be a robber.



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I rushed up to the carriage crying out very loud,

“Stop! Stop! We are highwaymen! Your money or your life!” And Tinka said the same. And with that we pointed our doubled-up fists at those travellers and said, “Your money at once—or we’ll shoot!”

And of course Paul and Peggie screamed, for that is the play. But Jack just leaned far out, for he was driving, and poked at us that old pistol of papa’s that we’re allowed to play with, because it is no longer a pistol on account of the trigger being broken off. And he sings out very fierce,

“Take *that*, you rascals! *Bang! bang!*”

And that was the end of those robbers, for besides being killed dead, Nana Joan called Tinka, so that she had to go right upstairs in the house. Then I ran and got into the carriage, and was again one of those travellers hurrying for the steamer, which we *just* caught in time.

But after we got on board, then the steamer turned into a sailing vessel, the *Winifred*. And because Paul and Peggie refused flatly to be pirates, being tired of that part always, we had to pretend a tremendous storm came up,

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with huge waves, like in our ground seas, coming washing over us, and knocking down our mast, with all our sails. Then Jack, who, with his hands for a trumpet, was roaring out, "Pull down the mizzen top sail! Starboard your helm! Put her to leeward!" and every other old sea-word he could think of, now shouts out,

"She's going to pieces fast—beating on the rocks! Overboard with you, my men, and we'll swim through the raging waves to the shore!" For now had come the desert island part.

Quickly we snatched up our jug of water and the provisions out of our locker, and held them high up in our arms, for we did not want the makebelieve waves to wet them. You know in stories of shipwreck the people always have to keep their "hard tack" and other things dry until they know what kind of a desert place they have got on.

This time it was Skagarack island, which is a queer name Jack says is in his geography, and he likes it. When we got on that island, after going through the makebelieve waves, and being, of course, half drowned, which is the play, we began to look for whatever



“She helped us make a fire on the desert island  
and cook our dinner ”

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

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we could find. And lo! and behold! there were four bananas and a cocoa-nut, with the head cut off and full of milk, and some nice juicy pieces of sugar cane, just lying there waiting to be picked up and eaten. We had put them there ourselves, but to make it more as it is with shipwrecked people in a book, we pretended they were all growing on trees. Besides this in a kotakoo, which is a sort of basket we have, what should we find but some jolly thick slices of hot bread which Nessa had just baked—because it was Saturday—and buttered for us, and a big sugar cake, with lots of pindars (mamma says you call those peanuts) in it. And that was also for us, for Nessa, who is our cook and, sometimes, a kind person, told us so through her kitchen window. Well, we were in luck!

By this time Tinka had again got away from Nana Joan, and she came down and helped us make a fire on the desert island and cook our dinner, which is always a most pleasant time.

On account of papa being very particular about it, this is the way we build our fire: With two wide bricks standing one on top of the other for a back, and on each side another brick, and in this hollow place we

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light the fire, putting on very short sticks of wood, and being very careful. Then there is a tin pan that is not very large but still large enough to have its two ends rest on the side bricks, with the fire under it, and with a regular cover to it. It had something or other in it that came from America, but now is empty. And in this we boiled sweet potatoes, and bread-nuts, and pieces of yam, and made soup of pigeon peas, which, of course, is not like what Nessa makes, but still very nice. I can tell you that when we sat down on the makebelieve sand of that desert island, and ate the things that we had cooked they did taste so truly delicious that you kept wishing you had just twice as much to eat.

Besides this day we had a fine treat, for what did Nessa do, but give us some of the stewed guavas that she was making for mamma. And she let it down to us on that Skagarack island in a bowl in a little basket, by a string, through one of the kitchen windows, which, of course, was twice as jolly as just taking it the regular way.

We were delighted to get those guavas, and they were prime, as Jack says. But it was

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through that very bowl and basket that the sad adventure came, and, as mamma says, with my heedlessness, too. If a person could only look ahead and know what was going to happen how *very, very* differently they would 'most always act! Then I would never have done that dreadful deed, as they say in a story.

Well, by the time we had eaten up everything, Nana Joan found out that Tinka had run off, and she called her so crossly that Tinka had to rush right upstairs. And because Peggie was also called very crossly *she* had to go as well, though crying and not wanting to go. Then Nessa said quite loud through the window,

“Ah t'ink de leas' all you chil'ren c'n do is to bring back mah bowl an' mah basket, now you eat up w'a' Ah sen' you!”

And because Jack had started to build a sort of tent out of the long stalky tops of the cane, that we feed to the horses, and Paul was helping him, neither of them would take those things back. So then, as Nessa is a person that gets angry very quickly, I took that bowl and basket up to her in the kitchen.

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At first I was glad I had done it, for we were to have company that afternoon, and Nessa was making lots of good things for dinner, like *redgrout*, which is a dessert that has a sweet cream over it, and crab pudding, which we children are never allowed to eat because it is rich, and the most delicious tarts that just melted in your mouth.

On account of my taking back that basket and bowl Nessa gave me a piece of a tart she had made for herself. But she would not let me take it down in the yard to eat, for she said she had not enough for Jack and Paul, too, and she would not like the boys to know she had made fish of one and fowl of the other. She meant she did not want them to know she had given me the tart, for fear they should feel badly about it. And they would. So I stayed in that kitchen and ate my piece of tart—it was guavaberry, with lots of syrup running out. And as I stood by the window eating, I saw on the sill a quite large, smooth round stone—it is a kind that is used for a cobblestone, and blue and very heavy.

“Why—whoever put this here?” I said to Nessa. And she said,



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“Ah done wid it. Go put it in de yard fer me, mah heart.”

And because I had not yet taken the last mouthful of that tart, instead of waiting until I had finished and then going down with the stone, I just rolled that heavy thing along the window, and pushed it over the sill without looking—right down into the yard.

Well, the next minute there was a scream that would have truly made your blood run cold. And I forgot all about the rest of that tart, but feeling as if my heart had turned into lead or some other heavy weight, for there was a great fuss going on in the yard, with Nessa calling out, “Oh, mah faders, chile! You gone kill Buddy Tony!” And running quick down into the yard, and mamma there, and Nana Joan and everybody. And Tony sitting down, with his hat off and holding a handkerchief to the top of his head.

I was so awfully frightened that at first I could not even move, until Jack raced up the steps, pale *as* pale, and caught hold of my arm and says, sort of cross,

“What *ever* made you throw that stone without looking? Tony was right under the

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window, coming out from the arches—and now you've broken his head!"

"Will he die? Will the sitarahs come and take me away—and put me in the Wheelbarrow Gang?" I asked. And I was so truly frightened and unhappy that I could not speak out loud, only whisper.

"I don't know—but Tinka's gone for Dr. Swift," answers Jack.

"Jack!" called mamma, and away he went.

I felt I ought to go down in that yard with the others, and help poor Tony, and tell him, before he died, how awfully sorry I was to have thrown that stone. But somehow *I could not* do it. And the first thing I knew I had run off into the big hall, and was on our old big sofa that is in an out-of-the-way corner, and hiding my face in the cushions because I was crying so hard. Oh, how dreadfully sorry I was for poor Tony—and so frightened and confused! I could only cry and *cry!*

Then who should walk in but Jack, still pale. And when I tried to stop those tears—because I do hate to have him call me a "cry baby"—he put his arm right round me and gave me a tight squeeze.

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“Don’t cry, Jillie,” he says in such a *dear* voice that I hugged him back—for Jack is not a boy that likes much to pet people. “I’ll never let them take you to put you in the Wheelbarrow Gang—*never!*” he says. And the way he said it was truly grand. “I don’t know if they could put a white person in the gang. Anyway, if the sitarahs don’t find you, they can’t take you away—see? And I’ve thought of a splendid place where you could hide. Nobody would *ever* think of it—in one of the dormer closets—eh?”

He looked so pleased. But I cried out quickly,

“Oh, Jack—those dormer closets are *so* dark! And there are horrid old centipedes and—and scorpions in them!” And then those tears began again pouring down my cheeks.

“Which is worse—dormer closets, or sitarahs and the Wheelbarrow Gang?” asks Jack, provoked. “You *are* a silly-billy! Come on!”

And next thing there we had run upstairs to the nursery, that was empty—for everybody was down in the yard with poor Tony

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—and Jack was holding open one of those dormer closet doors for me to go in.

It was the one that the sun shines into a tinywhile daytimes, but now it was afternoon, and that place looked so very dark, with its roof slanting down on one side, that, remembering those crawling things, I fairly hated to go in. Jack does not care for these dormers any more than I do—he will never go into them if he can help—but now he made believe they weren't bad at all. Just to get me in quickly, you know, for fear of those sitarahs coming for me.

Well, in I had to go, and I did. Then Jack shut the door tight, because, he said through the keyhole, if it was even a little open those sitarahs might suspect I was in there and find me. But when I heard him begin to walk off I just had to jerk open that door and call out,

“Oh, wait a minute! And—and—tell me, how is Tony now?”

“I didn't wait to hear what uncle Dick said—I just raced up here to hide you first. But I know Tony's head is broken. He said so, and the blood was all running down,” says Jack. I knew he was truly sorry for

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me to be in such trouble, and having to hide in that place, for he came back and patted my shoulder.

“I will never let anybody take you away, Jill—I will go first myself instead,” he said. And then quickly went away, leaving me in that horrid dormer closet.

Knowing of those drummer cockroaches, that beat tattoos and are disgusting, and those other horrid things that bite, I turned the skirt of my frock up round my shoulders and over my head, and pulling my petticoats tight so as to cover up most nearly all of my legs, I sat down just as close *as* close against that dormer door that was shut.

But though it was horrible to be in there, just at first I was thinking so hard about what Jack had said of Tony, that in a sort of way I forgot the cockroaches and centipedes. Oh, I thought, if I could *only* have gone back to that time when I stood by the kitchen window eating that tart, and not have pushed that stone over! But I had done it, and, as Nana Joan says, it is sometimes so that “what’s done can’t be undone,” though you might wish that from your very heart. Though I hadn’t done it on purpose, all the

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same I had thrown that stone and broken poor Tony's head. He might be dead by this time! How awful! Then I certainly would be punished! The sitarahs would come and hunt *and* hunt until they found me, then they would carry me off to the Court House and lock me up.

Papa and mamma could never prevent them, even though Judge Schlegel was our friend, because once when a Danish gentleman who was a friend of his did something wrong, Judge Schlegel had had to punish him just the same as if he were a regular stranger. And another, a very bad black man, he had put in irons and sent on to Copenhagen to be in prison there. Would he do that to me, I wondered, or put me in the Wheelbarrow Gang here in our West End town?

People that do wrong things, like stealing, or fighting, or—or injuring other people—are locked up nights in the Court House, with not nice food to eat. And days they are made to go out and sweep the streets, with sitarahs keeping guard over them, and wheelbarrows along to hold the dust, which is the reason they are called the Wheelbarrow Gang—see? Some of them have a chain fastened

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round one of their ankles, and a great heavy iron ball hanging to it, so that they cannot run far without being caught. Once in a while, though, one does get away. Would they put a chain and ball on me I wondered. I had seen only negroes and colored persons in the Wheelbarrow Gang, no white ones. But when a little white girl goes and hurts her father's coachman so that he dies, they might put her there, too. It was such a dreadful thing as had never, *never* happened before.

It would be most truly sad and horrible to be sent away to Copenhagen in irons—and yet how most dreadfully cruel and mortifying to be in that gang—with all those dirty, wicked colored people! And having to sweep up the streets! How perfectly *dreadful* your family would feel to have you there—and with your relations going past—and the Club—and all the boys and girls you know!

I gave a little scream, and jumped up quickly, and shook my skirts hard, for something had dropped down on me with quite a thump. All this while I had had my eyes shut tight—mostly I do that in the dark—but now, I opened them in a hurry—and if

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that dormer closet wasn't lighter than I had ever supposed it could be!

Daylight was shining in through some tiny chinks and cracks, and, I can tell you, I took as good a look around for drummers and centipedes and scorpions as I could, though of course very carefully. Not one of those disgusting things could I see, and I was thankful for that.

Then down again by that closed door I sat, with my frock still over my head. And it did seem such a dreadfully long time to be shut up there—like in one of those cells where the Prisoner of Chillon was that mamma reads to us about, and those Christian Martyrs waiting to be eaten up by wild beasts, and King Richard Lionheart in that German castle, with Blondel singing that sweet song to him under the prison window. How brave they all were! And at that very same moment it came into my mind how kind Tony had almost nearly always been to me! Now his head was broken—and the person who had done it was hiding in that dormer closet without even knowing whether he was living or dead, which was certainly not kind in return. And if the sitarahs



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never found me—for I was sure Jack would never tell—would they take some one else and punish him in my place—as in that story in my book of *Golden Deeds* where the little boy was killed because he would never tell where his father was hiding? Oh, perhaps it would be Jack that the sitarahs would take—for me.

Well, then a queer feeling came in my throat. And presently, just as though somebody was forcing me, what did I do but open that dormer closet door and walk right out into the nursery.

Oh, how beautifully bright it was in that room, with the sunshine, and, high up, through the dormer window, the sky blue *as* blue. I felt better right away, so that I ran down stairs quickly, though my heart was beating 2:40 as Jack says.

And there in our entrance hall who should I meet but mamma, and Nana Joan, with the children, all just coming up in a bunch from our yard. Jack was there, too, which was a relief—and the way he flew up the steps to where I stood!

“Oh—is poor Tony dead? Oh, mamma,—have the sitarahs come to take me away?”

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I cried out quickly, trying to be brave, like those Christian Martyrs and the others, but just trembling and wanting dreadfully to burst out crying.

“My poor unhappy little daughter—” began mamma—

“Jill, you’re *all safe!*” shouts Jack in a most desperate hurry. “Tony isn’t dead—He’ll be all right again in a few days—uncle Dick says so—and—”

Down those steps I went in just two leaps—into my dear mother’s arms that she held open. And she hugged me, and I hugged her—so tight that she said I nearly throttled her. And everybody began talking and laughing all at the same time. And I did so too, because I was so glad and happy that I had not killed Tony that I could have shouted and danced for joy.

“Dr. Swift says that had that stone fallen upon a white man’s head it must have killed him instantly. But as Tony’s skull is very thick it only cut his scalp, and he will soon be well,” said mamma, when I had loosed my arms a little round her throat. “Uncle Dick has sewed up the wound and dressed it; and now Tony is feeling much bet— Oh—!”

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She screamed, and as she pushed me away she knocked something off my shoulder. And what should fall on the floor but a great long blue-backed centipede—that began immediately to race away as fast as its hundred legs could go.

But nobody would let him escape. And very soon there was an end of that centipede, which must have been what I felt fall upon me in the dormer closet. It had been on me all that time—crawling over my frock and I never knew it. Ugh! Papa says you never have centipedes in your country, or some others of our disagreeable creatures. But then you have snakes—I should not like them.

Well, after that mamma and all the others went up stairs again, and Jack disappeared, to go and see some of the Club. Then I hunted in my box where I keep what papa calls my “treasures,” though they are not gold or silver, only playthings. But there was nothing good enough—until I came across that bird picture.

It is the half of a real bird, dead, you know, but with all the lovely colors still in its feathers and round its eyes, and it is mounted on a stiff glazed white cardboard, so that it

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makes the prettiest picture. It was first in a book, that went all to pieces on account of the woodworms eating the leather back, and papa gave each of us one of the birds, but mine is the very prettiest of all, even Jack says that. It was the best of my treasures, and it was entirely my very own, to do what I liked with. So I went softly down into the yard, to where Tony was sitting on the doorstep of his room, smoking his pipe.

His face looked just exactly the same as ever, for as he is black, being pale does not show, but his head was all tied up with bandages. And, I can tell you, I felt so dreadfully ashamed and sorry that I could hardly speak.

“Oh, Tony,” I said, “I am *awfully* sorry I broke your head with that stone. I didn’t mean—” I could not say one other word, for it seemed as if my throat shut right up, and those tears rushed to my eyes.

Tony was just as kind *as* kind!

“Ah knoah you well sorry, li’l’ missie,” he says. “Ah knoah you wouldn’ hu’t oal Tony a puppus. Marse Doctor Swif’ seh Ah goin’ get well in two, t’ree days.”

Then I gave him the bird—it did look so pretty, right in the sunlight—and showed him

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“I WENT SOFTLY DOWN INTO THE YARD TO WHERE TONY WAS SITTING, SMOKING HIS PIPE,”

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how to smooth its feathers with his fingers. And wasn't he pleased though! That made me feel a little better.

When I was all undressed that night to go to bed, mamma came in the room. Only Tinka was there, for Nana Joan was hushing Angus to sleep in the nursery, because of cutting his teeth. And dear mamma sent Tinka away, and then she said to me, in such a dear sweet voice,

“Little daughter Jill, God has been very merciful to you to-day. Don't forget to thank Him for saving Tony's life. And ask Him, dear, to help you to be less heedless.”

Then she put her arm round me, and together we knelt down right there and said that prayer.

## CHAPTER V

### FEDDY'S PARTY

**D**O you remember I said that Feddy Hjerssen was a nice boy? Well, he is, and since his party I think him nicer than ever.

The first we knew about the party was one afternoon when we met Feddy and his two brothers, Yacob and Emerick, on the Danish Church Hill.

'Twas a Sunday afternoon and papa had taken Jack and Paul and me for a walk. We started out by the Pond, across the bridge and a little way on the road to the Northside—with the sea washing in right behind the cashaw bushes with those little yellow button blossoms that smell so sweet, and the great big manchioneal trees, that nobody ever sleeps or even stands under, because, for all they are so pretty, and have all those nice-looking little apples hanging on their boughs, they are just as poisonous as can be. Nana Joan says even the rain water that drips off the manchioneal is poisonous.

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We like this road, and on Sunday mornings it is full of people, the white people riding and driving into town, and the colored ones in their funny little two-wheeled carts, jogging along, or walking on the road. The ones that walk are always barefoot, to save their shoes, which they put on just as they get to town, and ever so many of them carry narrow wooden chairs, with tall straight backs. Sometimes they walk ever so many miles, carrying those chairs, and all these people, white and colored, are going to church—the ones with chairs to the Roman Catholic church, where there aren't any pews like in our church.

On week days these negro men and women work in the fields planting and cutting and loading canes, with only a handkerchief or an old torn hat on their heads, and, sometimes, plain bareheaded in the broiling sun. Seems as if they don't feel it at all. But on Sundays they must every one wear hats, and besides, hold up umbrellas and parasols over them—blue and pink ones, and red. Papa laughs when he sees them, and says,

“Sunday's sun burns hotter than week-a-day sun.”



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We saw a lot of them going home this afternoon I am telling you about, and some did look so funny, we could scarcely keep from laughing.

When we had gone a little way along this road, we branched off round by Lagrue estate, then through the pastures with the old broken water-mill, and the puncheons cut in half and sunk in the ground filled with spring water, where the fattest, chokiest frogs live, and with little streams running off in every direction. From here we climbed up the steep hill, to a ledge back of the Danish church, where you do get such a pretty view.

It is not of the sea, you know, like from mamma's window, but quite different, and out in the other direction—over the country part and guinea-grass fields, just as green as you could imagine, and cane-pieces with lovely feathery arrows poking up all through them, and the old mill, with its big arms sticking out, and the streams of water, all criss-cross through the pastures like little narrow, shining ribbons. I like that view. Papa always stops on that ledge and shows us how pretty everything looks.

It was while we were standing there, just we four on the hill, that we heard voices, and

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next minute there came Mr. Hjensen and Feddy, Yacob and Emerick along one of the paths that lead between the rocks, down from the top of the hill. And it was while papa and Mr. Hjensen—no, Mr. Hjensen and papa, and all the others were talking together, that Feddy told me he was going to have a birthday party.

“Don’t tell anybody about it till the invitations come. But I wanted you to know first,” he said.

Now wasn’t that nice of him? And I didn’t tell a creature, except mamma, because, of course, I always tell her *everything*.

Then he said, “Come over here by this rock, Jill, and we’ll throw love-weed.” So we did.

Now love-weed is a dear little vine, all covered with tiny yellow flowers, and it grows tight to the rocks, and the bare side of the hill. If you break off a piece of love-weed, and then turn your back, and shut your eyes, and just as you say a particular name of anybody that you like you throw that vine over your left shoulder, and it grows, then it means *surely* that particular person likes you just as much as you like them. See?

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Well, we each did it—Feddy and I—right there, but, of course, we said the names to ourselves. And then he said, out loud,

“*I* know the girl’s name *I* said, and when I grow up to be a man I’m going to marry her!”

And then he smiled so at me that I got just as bashful—for don’t you think it did seem as if he meant me? I just ran off and took papa’s hand, and left Feddy.

The very next day the invitations to Feddy’s party came, for Jack, Paul and me. The Hjersens’s housegirl, Gussie, brought them to our house. The birthday was on the second of December, that was next Friday—and the party was to last from four o’clock in the afternoon until half past eight.

All the week we were thinking of it, and at last Friday came.

Papa had given an order at the Fort for the gardener there to send a splendid bouquet of flowers to Feddy—that was our birthday present to him. And a good while before four o’clock, Jack, Paul and I were all dressed, ready to start.

Jack wore his new clothes that papa bought for him from America, and Paul one of his

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best white nicker suits. I had on a new thin white frock that mamma and Nana made for me, with pretty tucks and embroidery, and my pink sash and sleeve ribbons, and a pink bow on top of my hair, and my pink coral beads round my neck, and my new bronze slippers with the ribbons that cross on the insteps and tie round my ankles. *They* came from America, too, and they are truly the prettiest slippers you ever saw. I should love to put them on every day, but, of course, I don't, for mamma says that would wear them out very quickly. And, besides, Nana Joan always puts them on a high shelf where nobody that isn't *very* tall could ever reach them and they are all done up in a white cloth, so the cockroaches and other things that will get into the house mayn't nibble them.

The boys wore their hats, and I only mamma's large, thin white silk scarf that smells so nice and perfumey round me. This was because my hair was curled, instead of braids like always, and I wasn't to mess it, for, on account of my hair being dreadfully straight curls will never stay in it long, particularly if a person forgets, and races about and gets warm. And though I think curls are the

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very nicest hair in the world, I do quite often forget when I have them, so that they all come out, and hang limp.

This makes me look very untidy, and, besides, Nana Joan says I am a child that gets messed up very quickly—she means my clothes. So when she whispered, very serious, at the Hjernsens', when she had taken off mamma's scarf, and pulled out my sash and sleeve-bows, and twisted a lot of ends of my curls round her fingers,

“Now min' yo' bes' manners, me doudoux, an' doan' go prancin' roun' like a young coalt,” I knew just what she meant, and I made up my mind that I would remember.

The Hjernsens' house is the one I told you about where from some of the end windows you can see the market-place. But there would never be market late as four o'clock, so we didn't see any that day, in fact, we never thought of it, there were so many other nice things going on. For Mrs. Hjensen took us right down into their yard, where were the greatest lot of children already—the Ferriers, and Jamie Swift, Hector and Bobus D'Everel, and their sister, Patty, Ludwig and Garda Lorentz, the Schlegels and Rothés,

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and, oh! a great lot of others, from out of town.

It was a big party and everybody was kissing Feddy on both his cheeks—the way Danes do—and wishing him “many happy returns” of his birthday.

And just as Feddy saw me, he said,

“Oh, Jill, you have your hair curled!” so that I knew he liked it, which made me remember again that I must be very careful, as Nana said. Then presently we began to play games.

I think I will tell you first a little about the Hjernsens' yard. It is the largest yard in the whole town, with otaheite and wild tamarind trees growing in it, and high wooden gates like ours, that are locked at night, and by these gates were standing Nana Joan, and the other nanas that had brought the children, and some of the other servants, to see us play.

Besides the trees, there is in that yard a great high brick cistern, built away above the ground, so that you go up a little flight of wooden steps to get to the top. This is all bricked over, with only a small door to draw up the water through, and sometimes, evenings when it is warm, Feddy and Yacob and

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Emerick take chairs and sit up there. Jack and I've been there with them, and it is great fun.

At the back and on one side of this cistern is the Hjernsens' garden, full of the prettiest flowers. Arabian and double and single jessamine, that smells the sweetest! tube roses, verbenas, red and white oleanders, a great bush of mignonette that is almost a tree, those pretty red blossoms that you pop on your forehead, and all kinds of roses—light and deep pink ones, yellow ones, red roses, some so dark they are almost black, and white and greenish tinted ones. This garden is another reason besides the sweet soups, why we like to go to see the Hjernsens.

Well, then we played games—*Hide and Seek*, and *London Bridge*, and *Shoobury Cock*. This last one is such a very amusing game that mamma thinks I had better tell you of it, so in case you don't know it, and you would like to, you might play it. It's this way:

You divide the boys and girls into two sets, and each set chooses a leader, that may be a boy or girl—I was leader of one set at the party. Then the leaders and all their followers stoop so low as to be almost sitting

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down (if you are a girl you fold your skirts in between your knees, to keep them out of the dust), and hop forward until they are pretty near one another. Then the leaders make a low bow to each other (that's hard to do and not lose your balance), and one of them asks—they call each other "Neighbor"—how the Shoobury Cock is to-day, and what he would like to eat and drink. The other leader says the Cock is quite well, and that he would like some "cake and wine."

Then, suddenly, each leader wheels 'round, of course, the followers do, too—keeping behind their leaders, and the whole lot of them hop just as quickly as can be toward the goal, as they go saying very loud, "Shoo! Shoo! Shoobury Cock!" "Shoo! Shoo! Shoobury Cock!" And the first one, leader or follower, that reaches the goal has won the game.

Now, you may think this an easy game, but it isn't, for everybody must stoop very low down, and hopping that way, if you should laugh, as you're almost bound to, or get the tiniest jostle against some one, away goes your balance, and over you fall, flat upon the ground. Out of twenty-two of us only about five got to the goal at the party, the others



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were strewn all over the ground, and everybody laughing with all their might, because it *is* such a funny game. This time Hector D'Everel and Jack got to the goal at the very same time, so it was a tie—you know, both won.

Next after that lemonade was passed round, and while I was drinking mine, there was Nana Joan making signs to me from the gate, I guessed right away, 'twas about my curls, for then I saw that the front ones weren't as short and round looking as they had been when the party began, but longish and droopy. Still they weren't at all out, and when I asked Jamie Swift, who stood right by me, how the back looked, he said, "First rate!" He is a very truthful boy, and would never say things just for politeness, so I knew those curls were all right, and I made signs to tell Nana Joan that.

We walked about the yard, and sat up on the cistern to cool off, until Mrs. Hjerssen called us all into the garden. Then all at once we heard some one shouting very loud, "Come this way! This way—one and all!" And out into that yard everybody ran.

There were Mr. Hjerssen and Feddy holding a lot of long sticks, and pretty high up in

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the air, fastened to a rope tied from a tall pole to one of the gallery posts, hung the queerest-looking thing! It was an enormous big figure, all stuffed out round, and dressed up like a man, with a hat on, pulled over his eyes.

Mr. Hjerssen gave each one of us a stick, then he told us in that funny way he has—because he's Danish, you know, and speaks broken English.

“Now,” he says, “run rount de cistern unt t'rough de gyarden, unt as you come py dis olt fellah, who is a relation of Fader Christmas, you each gif him a goot hard w'ack! Unt de von dat w'acks de hardest may see somet'ing funny happen! Now, *von*—unt *two*—unt *t'ree*—unt away!”

And away we we did go, Feddy leading off.

Round the cistern and through the garden we went, just as hard as we could tear, shouting and laughing, and every time we passed Father Christmas' relation, everybody gave him a whack. 'Twas about the third or fourth time, and just as we had almost reached him, when Feddy sung out to me—he and I were nearly in the front,

“Now, hit hard, Jill! Hit *hard!*”

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Well, I *did*, and what do you suppose happened?

Why the old man went all to pieces, and down came a shower of pink and blue and green and red, and every other colored parcels right among us. You may be sure everybody caught them up. And in each parcel were sugar plums, in a dear little paper bon-bon box, and the prettiest paper favor—hats and caps and bonnets, and little capes and aprons. Feddy got a sailor blouse and cap, in red and white, which are Danish colors.

Of course, everybody dressed up in these favors, and it was then I found out that my curls were hanging down straight *as* straight, from the running and the heat, with just a little turn up at the tip ends like those very bad pot hooks that Peggie makes on her slate. And Nana Joan had seen them too, for there she was making such cross signs to me to come to her.

I knew that meant the longest, stupidest time shut up with her in the dressing-room, while she fussed with my hair. So I just wouldn't look at her, for I didn't want to go.

But I had to do *something* with those horrid curls that weren't any longer curls, for I saw

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some of the other girls looking at me. It is a great pity that I am a child that gets messed up quickly, as Nana says, for there's no fun at all if you can't run and jump about when you are playing. And there were all the other girls who had played, too (though I had been nearly always first), and all their hairs were just as curly and neat and everything else as when we began. While there was I looking a regular fright. But I was bound I wouldn't go and be shut up in that dressing-room, so I just took those front curls and turned them right to the back, and then tied all my hair together with the pink ribbon that had been such a pretty bow on top of my head at first.

I did this in a little corner alongside of the back steps, and all by myself, for Jack would have scolded me, and Paul wouldn't have been any use, and I didn't want to call any of the other girls away from playing.

Well, I had just finished tying my hair ribbon tight (for ribbons do slip off and get lost so easily!) when Feddy found me.

“What 're you doing here all alone by yourself? Why aren't you playing?” he asked. Then when I told him about the curls he

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says—"Oh, never mind, you look almost just as nice. Put on that floppy paper thing, and nobody will notice."

He meant my paper favor-hat, for it has a large in-and-out pink ruffle. Well, I did; and then the band struck up *Køng Christian*, which is the Danish March. Mr. Hjersens called out "Grand promenade!" and presently we were all marching in, two and two, up the steps and into the dining-room. And—you remember all I've told you about Feddy?—well, out of all the girls at his birthday party, not one bit messed up, and with their hairs just as neat *as* neat, if he didn't choose *me* to walk in with him, and sit on his right-hand side at the table!

Now wouldn't you call that being a *very* nice boy?

The Hjersens have a small stone front gallery to their house. It has a roof to it, and rustic benches and chairs, and lots and lots of plants and flowers growing in boxes and tubs, and here the band from the Fort was. They played all the time we were at the table, and we did have the very most delicious things to eat.

First, there were two tall cakes, shaped like

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a pyramid, one made of cake and the most delicious sweetmeats, iced all over, and with *dragée* and other little red and white and blue sugar plums sticking to it, and pieces of shining gold leaf. That was a *vienna kage*, and the other, made of row after row of open rings of almonds, the prettiest delicate brown color, one above the other, with more sugar plums and gold leaf, was a *kranze kage*, and each had two little Danish flags stuck on the top. Besides this there was another big cake right before Feddy, and that had eleven candles set round it. That was his special birthday cake, and he cut it himself.

Then there were some things that looked like big, red peppers, and weren't peppers at all, but sweet, and stuffed with sweetmeats; and ever so many kinds of sandwiches, and *redgrout*, and guava-jelly floating-island, and lemonade, and chocolate that you drank out of the queerest little cups from Copenhagen, that were almost as flat as their saucers. And then Mr. Hjernsen made such a funny speech that we all had to laugh, while we drank Feddy's health in cherry cordial out of tiny glasses—big as thimbles.

And when Feddy stood up and made his

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speech back, we laughed until we 'most cried. And everybody said "*Skaal!*" and "*Tak!*" to everybody else, which means "Your good health!" and "Thank you!" And when we got up from the table we all shook hands, and said "*Velbecomme!*" which is the same as "Good be to you!"

We did all this because it is Danish fashion—and Jack and I like it.

That supper was the jolliest sport!

After supper the band played more, and we all danced, and the next thing there was Nana Joan wiggling her finger at us, as much as to say it was time to go home, for she says it is always politer to go away early from a party.

"But we're just *not* going!" declared Jack. And I said so, too, for the dancing was such fun, only Paul was sitting in a little rocking-chair in a corner blinking his eyes, for, of course, being a little fellow, he generally goes to bed early.

But he very quickly woke up, for presently the band stopped playing, and when Mr. Hjerssen pulled aside a curtain that had been hanging all evening across one corner of the drawing-room, there was something there to

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make you open your eyes. What was it but a birthday tree, looped all over its branches with the loveliest glittering stuff, like what the fairies would make!—and a great quantity of wax candles, all lighted up.

Well, there was a present on that tree for every single boy and girl. Jack's was a box of tools, because he loves to hammer things, and Paul's was a toy fiddle, on which you could play tunes. Then there were books and drums, soldier caps, guns, paint boxes, little and big doll babies in all kinds of frocks, dolls' dishes, and dolls' houses and furniture made of paper (all the way from Copenhagen) for the other boys and girls. And what do you suppose my present was?

Well, you never, never could guess, so I'll tell you.

It was the very sweetest little locket— all gold at the back, and with a crystal front, and inside there was the tiniest curl of Feddy's hair—just as white as a bit of silk cotton.

When I read on the piece of paper in the box—"Jill, with Feddy's love," and knew that that dear little locket was for me—well, I was so entirely astonished, all I could say was,





“ I must have fallen fast asleep ”



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“Oh, Feddy!—Oh, *Feddy!*” Until Mrs. Hjensen pushed me up to him, and said,  
“Kees Feddy, Shjill!”

So I did. And then Feddy got bashful, and ran away out of the room. But he came back pretty soon, and told me he had asked his mamma to get that locket particularly for me, and that I must keep it *always*, to remember him by. And I said I would.

Then everybody began to say good-night, for it was nine o'clock. And we went home, and Nana Joan scolded about my hair, and Paul was so sleepy he could hardly walk, but just bumped up against us all the time. And as it was long past our bedtime, we could only tell a little about the party, then go up stairs, for even Jack was tired.

Nana Joan was putting Paul to bed, so Tinka helped me to undress, and almost before she could get my bronze slippers off I think I must have fallen fast asleep, for I don't remember a single thing more until I woke up next morning. And, first thing I saw, there was Feddy's locket tight shut in my hand, for mamma had said I might put it under my pillow.

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I've looked at it lots of times since, and I'm going to keep that locket just as long as I live, because Feddy is such a *very* kind boy. Jack has always thought so, too, but now, since the party, sometimes, he calls Feddy "the white cockroach," and other mean names like that, though, it is only to me he says them. Sometimes I think it is to tease me, and, of course, it would be better if Feddy's hair was darker. But I don't much mind, for, you know, *he* can't help it, because, as Nana Joan always tells me when I say I'd like to be pretty—"People don't make themselves. The God that makes them knows best." So Feddy can't help his looks.

But now, tell me truly, honest—did you ever go to a jollier, more splendid party than Feddy's?

## CHAPTER VI

### A RUNAWAY

WHAT I am going to tell you about now is the most truly exciting adventure that has ever happened to us, as you'll say when you read about it. And the first part of that day had been so very dull and pokey that you would never imagine a real adventure could ever be in it.

To commence at the very beginning. Just because Jack and I squabbled one afternoon while we were playing (you know, times do come when you don't want always to do everything that somebody else tells you to), what does Nana Joan do but go and tell mamma she knew something was wrong with our stomachs, because we were so cross. And the very next morning there was a great big dose of senna tea for each of us to swallow.

Have you ever taken senna tea?

Well, if you haven't, and you can help it, don't you *ever* let any one make you take it. For it is the most truly horrid, nasty and disgusting medicine to swallow. They put

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milk in it, and sugar, then they take a sip, and pretend it is just as nice! But, deep down, they *know* it isn't, and the piece of sugar candy they poke into your mouth afterwards doesn't make up in the least for that sickening taste.

Jack has a way that he just walks up, and down goes his dose as if he didn't care. But oh! I *hate* it!

You don't have any breakfast first, and afterwards you don't want any, for with the very first mouthful your stomach turns over—as if it would come straight up into your throat—and you'd like to upset that senna tea on the floor, or out of window. But you don't do anything of the kind. With Nana Joan's hand tight on the back of your neck, and her other hand holding that bowl right jam up against your mouth, your stomach might turn *and* turn, but, all the same, every drop of that disgusting medicine goes down your throat. And mamma lets her! I don't see why mothers will do such unkind things to their children.

When I grow up my children shan't *ever* have to take senna tea!

Besides that horrid dose, it was a rainy day.

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And Mr. Heyle was just as strict as strict could be, because he had got his feet wet through, coming to our house to teach us our lessons, though mamma asked him to stay to lunch, which isn't very pleasant for us, on account of the way he eats and the very uncomfortable looks that he gives any of us who might not be on their very best behaviour at the table. And right after lunch there was Miss Grove to give me my music lessons, and she was cross, too.

But Jack didn't have her, for being a boy, he doesn't take music lessons. That and their clothes are two things about boys that I should like to have, for I will play my pieces by ear, though I don't mean to—like getting messed up so quickly, you know—and that does provoke Miss Grove, and then she scolds, which makes me very sad.

I think Jack felt sorry, for when she was scarcely out of the room he called out,

“Don't you mind that old cat, Jill. Come over here and watch the rain.”

Which I did. And I wish you could have seen how that rain was coming down—in *sheets*, that fairly danced on the ground. The gutters were broad *as* broad, so that the biggest

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person couldn't have stepped across them, and rushing and tearing along like everything, all muddy. Not a creature was on the streets, except a couple of fowls that skulked along.



But the ducks that were swimming in the gutters were having jolly sport—sticking their bills deep down in the mud, preening their wet feathers, and standing on their heads in



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the water, with their funny web-toes straight up in the air all shaking, because they were enjoying themselves.

They looked so comical that Jack and I had to laugh out loud, when up comes Nana Joan and hauled us quickly away from the window, because of that senna tea and the rain that had wet our hairs. Which was very silly and tiresome of her, for a person could never take cold so easily.

Then we went in the kitchen, which isn't in the yard, but at the very end of the L of our house that runs back from the street. And here our cook, Nessa, gave us some dough, because she was making a meat pie for dinner, and she let us knead our pieces ourselves, when Paul came rushing along the gallery into the kitchen because he had got away from Nana Joan. But she was right behind him. Then Jack said, very gloomily,

“That spoils all the sport!” And quickly ate up his dough.

I should like to have done that, too, but my piece was so black looking, because I had kneaded it too long, I suppose, that Nessa said No! and threw it away.

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Then Nana Joan took us all off to dress for dinner, and as we got up to the nursery, there was papa's voice talking to mamma in their room, and lo, and behold! the rain had stopped, and there was the sky all blue, and the sun shining beautifully. Why, in about one minute you felt as happy as if you were another person.

Jack and I always dine with papa and mamma, and lately Paul, because now he is eight. And presently papa says, with a sly look at mamma, but I saw it,

“Now that we've had dinner so early this afternoon, Helen, how would it do to take a nice long drive in the country? Perhaps it would do our invalids good—eh?”

Jack and I knew at once that he meant us—on account of the senna tea—and mamma twinkled her eyes at us as she answered,

“Why, yes, I think that a capital idea! And we will call for Laura and take her along, too.”

Well, you may be sure Jack and I were delighted, for we do love to go driving in the evening with papa and mamma.

Tony put Kelpie and Kit to the big carriage, and away we started. But Paul didn't go, for

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being a little fellow you know, he would be sure to fall asleep, and, anyway, papa does not like to have too many persons along when he drives, though mamma never minds how crowded the carriage may be. So mamma gave Paul a piece of sugar candy to make him feel better about staying at home, then off we went.

Miss Laura and mamma sat on the back seat, and Jack and I in front with papa, which didn't matter this time, because papa is a thin man, though he is tall.

Well, that was a most beautiful drive!

We went along the Northside first, and those beautiful colors in the sky, with the clouds fleecy white and light shining behind them, and all in queer shapes, and the sea flashing like gold, and dancing, just sent me off in a dream. You could hear the waves washing up on the beach. And there were the pelicans and galdines standing on the great high rocks, with their one legs tucked up under them, and some others skimming over the waves and darting down after fish.

Then, by and by, we turned off and drove up among the hills. By this time the sun had gone down, and it was all soft dark, with

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a dove cooing now and then, or a guinea-bird calling, and the cashaw and the wild jessamine smelling just as sweet!

But pretty soon the moon came sailing up, so bright you could have read a story-book by it, and then everything got very pretty again, with the cocoanut palms and the other trees throwing great shadows and beautiful patterns on the ground. Mamma and Miss Laura began singing, because ours was the only carriage on the road, and papa joined in, and it did sound so sweet that I slipped my hand into papa's arm to tell him how I was enjoying myself. And he squeezed my hand tight to his side, for he understood.

And it was while everything was so perfectly pleasant and lovely, and the horses were going spanking fast down the hill, that the exciting adventure began.

For suddenly papa stopped singing, and with a quick exclamation sprang up, and leaning far over the dashboard, made a snatch at something that had flown up in the air and then fallen on the ground. At the same minute Kelpie stood right up on his hind legs—than he and Kit started off on a tearing gallop.

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“What is the matter?” cried out mamma and Miss Laura.

Papa was on his knees, leaning over the dashboard, talking to the horses—Jack and I could see his face was white as a sheet. Without turning his head, he called back, very sternly,

“Keep in your seats—every one of you. No matter what happens, *don't* jump!” Then he went on saying, “Whoa, Kelpie! Whoa! *whoa*, boy!” in a most coaxing and yet determined voice, and, once, leaning far over, he patted Kelpie's back.

But not one minute did those horses stop—they were racing down that hill just like mad.

Jack had his arm round the carriage bar beside him, and I clung on to the back of the seat, and, I can tell you, we were most awfully frightened, for we knew what had happened. The reins, on Kelpie's side, had snapped in two, about half way up, so papa had no control at all over him. And the broken piece of leather that was still attached to the bridle was dangling, flapping wildly, round Kelpie's feet and legs, and frightening him dreadfully.

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Kelpie is a dear, splendid horse, but everybody knows that he is nervous, and gets easily frightened, and now we could see he was awfully excited—you might have thought he was out and out crazy by the terrible pace he was going at. I've never seen horses run so fast before.

Papa had the other part of the reins wrapped round and round his arm—tugging at it, and sometimes it did seem as if Kit were slowing up. Then Kelpie would rear almost upright, and plunge ahead again, and off would go Kit, too, the carriage tossing and thumping from one side of that road to the other.

To add to the trouble, what does Miss Laura do but begin to scream at the top of her voice, which, of course, only frightened the horses all the worse.

“I *must* get out! Let me go, Helen! I *will* jump!” she screamed.

“Not yet, Laura! Not yet, dear—the horses will stop presently!” pleaded mamma, holding on to her. Our mother is brave!

“*Sit down*, Laura, and keep still!” roared papa.

Next minute the carriage gave such a lurch that two of the wheels spun round in the air

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—and with a scream a great big something white shot out of the surrey on to the road.

'Twas Miss Laura, with my dear mamma holding on to her!

Papa gave a deep deep groan, and Jack and I cried out, but on went the horses like the wind—jerking and pitching us about.

The road we were on is one hill after the other, long and very steep to go down, and we were going down!

“If I can only head him off the *ravine!*” I heard papa say to himself.

Next thing the horses swerved sharply to one side—the carriage seemed to toss up into the air—and without at all expecting it, Jack and I flew over a stone wall and landed, *crash!* in a cane-piece.

Well, for a while things were dreadfully confused. Then, when I could sit up and see—there was the carriage, all upset, and Kit lying on her side on the ground, and papa was hanging on to Kelpie's head, who was kicking and plunging for all he was worth. Sometimes he lifted papa clear up off the ground, but my dear father held on, and presently Kelpie began to quiet down. When he was all quiet, papa unhitched the traces,

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and I had to hold Kelpie, by his bridle—quite a little distance away, and smoothing his nose, and patting him, for he was trembling all over—while Jack helped papa get Kit upon her feet again and right the carriage.

Not a creature came along the road that we could ask to help us—only the wind going softly through the trees, and the splendid moonlight pouring down on everything.

Jack and I weren't hurt at all, wasn't that fortunate? But papa had fallen upon his knee, and cut it deep, so that his trouser-leg was all full of blood, and his shoe, though we didn't know that until afterwards. For he never said a word about it, but just hurried with all his might, and got the horses to the carriage.

You should have seen that surrey! A lot of the spokes were knocked out of one wheel, and the wheel itself went wobbling on the axle, and the dashboard was all bent, the leather curtain at the back torn, and the pole snapped right in two, one of the collars was broken, and Kit had a big bruise on her shoulder.

But papa always has a big coil of rope in the carriage, and, now, somehow, he managed to rig up a harness that held the horses to the



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surrey. Jack and I hunted about and found our hats in the cane-piece, and the cushions of the carriage that had tumbled out, but we couldn't find papa's hat anywhere. So he had to tie a handkerchief over his head, for the dew was very heavy. My muslin frock was all wet with it.

Then came a part that was another dreadful surprise to Jack and me, for papa says,

“Now I am going back, up the hill—to find your mother and Laura—the silly girl! The carriage is broken, as you know, the harness almost useless, but,” here papa's voice got queer, “your mother may—be hurt—and I must have something to put her into. I cannot take you with me. Jack, you take your sister's hand, and the two of you walk down the next hill, then turn to your left, and go straight along the road, until you get to the nearest estate, which is Annally. Ask someone to show you to the ‘great house’—tell the people there of the accident, and remain there until I come for you. I will have to take your mother and Laura there, and hire or borrow a conveyance for us all to get to town. Now, be good, brave children, and do just as I have told you. There is nothing on the road to hurt

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you, remember that. And I will come for you just as soon as I can. Now, be off!"

Papa kissed Jack and me, and motioned with his hand, and, just like a dream, off we started, holding hands. When we got a little way I looked back, and there was papa, going slowly up that steep hill, leading the horses—and the carriage swinging queerly from side to side, as if the springs were broken.

Well, at first we didn't say a word, because, you know, it was all so unexpected, and confusing. Then Jack dropped my hand and stood stockstill.

"Well," he says, "this *is* a go!"

"Yes, isn't it? A regular adventure," I said back. And then we told each other about the accident—how hard it had been to hold on, and how glad we were that we hadn't screamed out. At least *I* was glad, for Jack said he never even thought of doing such a thing, and that for "two cents" he'd have jumped on Kelpie's back, and crawled along and grabbed that broken rein, and stopped him. Well, I truly wish he had, for that would have saved all the trouble. Then we agreed that Miss Laura had jumped, and, perhaps, mamma had fallen out trying to save



“I can tell you it was lonely on that road!”



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her from doing it, which we found, the next day, was exactly the very way it happened, for our dear mother is so brave she never would have jumped out of her own accord. Then we wondered if she were hurt, because, you know, sometimes, dreadful things happen in a runaway, and we got *very* sad. And all to myself, in my heart, I asked God to make it be so that our dear mamma wasn't hurt.

After that we didn't talk much, just held hands and went along at a swinging rate, for, I can tell you, it was lonely on that road! Not a creature there but ourselves. The cocoa-nut palms looking so long and spindly, and the moon throwing the queerest, darkest shadows all across the narrow road, and along the sides, under the thibet and mango trees—like people lying down there, waiting to jump out on you—and animals with queer shapes.

Now, of course, Jack and I aren't cowards, and afraid of such made-up things as "journies" and "wher-wolves," that the servants talk about, because we know they are all foolishness. So we just marched along, brave as we could, but you *cannot* always help starting when you hear a crackling and a jumping and a puffing noise in the cane-piece right close to

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you—and I did scream and run when something leaped out on us. Jack did, too, though when we found out it was only one of those yellow dogs like our Bijou, he scolded, and said I had pulled him along. Maybe I did, for we were holding hands—and I wouldn't have wanted him to get hurt.

We called to the doggie, and tried to get him to stay with us, but he wouldn't, and ran off and disappeared.

Then suddenly Jack said quickly, "What's that?" and pointed to something ahead.

Well, it looked just like two figures, standing close together, with a huge cocoa-nut bough over their heads, and made me think of a picture in my room at home, so that I didn't mind at all, and called right out loud—"Paul and Virginia!"

But it was only some bushes, with a young banana tree growing up behind them. So I told Jack the story about Paul and Virginia, though he didn't care much for it. Then, as we had gone down the hill and turned to our left, as papa said, there came a little path before us. And when we went round the enormous mango tree at the end of it, if we didn't both of us give a great jump, for right before us—

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there was a "negro-house," with a magoss roof, and on the low door-sill was a negro-woman. She was as black as ink, and sitting all hunched up, like the D'Everel's monkey sits, and smoking a short clay pipe.

Well, I shouldn't wonder if she was as much astonished as we were, but she got up, and says,

"Eh, eh! goo' night, li'l' massa 'n' missie! W'e' a' yo' come f'om?"

So then we told her about the accident, and she was quite kind. She brought out two little wooden benches from her house, and asked us to sit down and rest, and before we knew what she was doing she had cut the tops off two cocoa-nuts, and was pouring the milk into glasses for us. It tasted good, too, for we were warm from walking so fast.

Then she told us that the white people who owned Annally and lived at the "great house"—that's the biggest best house on the estate, you know—had gone over to St. Thomas for a visit. But there was somebody in the house taking care of it.

"Ah'll go tell Buddie Simon 'bout yo', so w'en yo' poupa come f' yo' he kin come le' yo' know," she said. "Yo' stay yah, me li'l'

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massa 'n' missie, 'n' ole Bet goin' kerry de message."

Well, we didn't want to stay one bit, but she was off like a shot, so we just had to sit there till she came back.

There were other negro houses not very far off—somebody was playing on a "corndoodle" flute, and it did sound so wild and sweet in the distance. Besides the big mango tree old Bet had a genipe, a bread fruit, an "alligator" pear, and an orange tree on her ground, and, on one side, right opposite where I sat, a whole little row of banana trees.

When I look at anything for a long while it seems to just make itself into a picture right in my mind. I can shut my eyes any time now and see those banana trees, their big, broad leaves shining like satin in the moonlight, and their long bunches of unripe fruit hanging.

Well, old Bet was gone the *longest* time! Jack and I were almost asleep—"jungering" as Nana Joan calls nodding—and bumping our shoulders as we sat near together, when back she came. And who should be with her but the Schlegels' coachman, Big Adam. And why, do you suppose? Because papa



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had sent him for Jack and me—he brought us a little note from papa.

Then Adam told us that while he was driving Judge and Mrs. Schlegel down one of the hills we had passed, there they came to our carriage, with mamma in it, and Miss Laura. God had heard my prayer, for dear mamma wasn't hurt, only shaken up by her fall, but Miss Laura had sprained her ankle and was almost nearly having hysterics, and papa was still walking at the horses' heads, leading them. Judge Schlegel had taken mamma and Miss Laura and papa into their great big coach, and had driven them right to town, while Big Adam had walked with our horses and the broken surrey to Annally, where they were to stay until next day. And papa had said he was to hire a pony and phaeton to take us children home. But the only two phaetons on the estate were away, and all Adam could get was a cart, like those I've told you about, and a mule to drive in it. And would we go in that? he asked.

Well, Jack and I said "Yes!" quick as a wink, because we were so anxious to get home, and because, too, we had always wanted to

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drive in one of those funny little jogging two-wheeled carts. We had never been allowed to, but, of course, now it was different, and we could do it all right.

So Big Adam went and brought the cart up by the road back of the mango tree, and we got in. Jack sat in front with Adam on the flat board seat that goes across, and I was right behind Jack, sitting on the floor of the cart, on a little bench that old Bet put in. And she gave us each some ripe almonds to eat on the way. But I don't remember if I ate all mine up or not, for mamma had sent her shawl to put round me, because my muslin frock was so thin, and it was so soft and comf' table as I leaned up against Jack's back, that I forgot all about the almonds, and just watched the trees as we went along.

For now the moonlight gave them quite a different look—no dark shadows, but just sweet and silvery. And the dearest little creatures, no bigger than papa's hand, all shining and with gauzy wings came and stood on every branch and bowed to me, and kissed their tiny hands. And two of them were *so* like my picture of Paul and Virginia that used to belong to aunt Letty when she

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was a little girl. And they sang the very sweetest song—that was like one mamma sings, but yet with thrills\* in it like a canary.

I shouldn't have minded driving miles upon miles with those fairies to listen to, but, all at once—and quite soon—with a bump, there we were at our front steps at home, and Tony and Tinka were taking us out of the cart—because they had thought we were lost, or something like that. And mamma and Nana Joan were up stairs with uncle Dick, attending to poor papa's leg.

Oh, how glad Jack and I were that mamma wasn't hurt too! For Miss Laura had to stay in her house for a good long while, to get well. And so did papa with his leg, though he is almost well now.

And wouldn't you say that was a regular, most exciting adventure?

But when I told Jack of those dear little fairies that I saw with my own, *own* eyes, and heard sing so beautifully, he turned down the corners of his mouth in a most provoking way, and says,

“Fairies? Rubbish! You slept all the way

\* As canaries do not “thrill,” I think Winifred intended to say “trills.” B. Y.

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into town, and dreamed every bit of that nonsense!"

Now *I* know the difference between sleeping and wide-awake dreams. I am *sure* I saw those fairies—and since I told Feddy about them, he believes I did, too.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CLUB PERFORMANCE

**B**ECAUSE Nana Joan had gone to Bassin to see her sister, Tinka was hushing Angus to sleep. She had him turned over, across her lap—his little round head bobbing about just like a turtle's—and she was singing her favorite song to him. It is just as queer as that one I told you of that the coopers sing. The words are like this—

“Forty li'l' jombies went to Harden Gut,  
Musquita baiby han' de waitah roun',  
Maria Dinkie steal 'e' marma duck !”

That's all there is to it. Just the same thing over and over again, to a sort of chanting tune, and with no more sense to it than nothing.

But Angus likes it, so that sometimes, on account of cutting those teeth and being a little cross, even Nana Joan has to sing it to get him to sleep, though she always says beforehand that it is a “well fulish song!”

Well, Tinka was singing, and I was reading

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that exciting part in *Ivanhoe* where the tournament is going on, and you are hoping the Disinherited Knight and the Black Knight would win—though you *know* they will having read it scores of times before—then it was that I looked up and saw Jack at the nursery door.

He wiggled his finger at me, and quickly I laid down that book and went to him, for I saw something had happened. And so it had.

“The Club’s going to have a performance,” he says, quite excited. “Right up by the market just now who should I meet but Dr. Gerry. And he says, ‘You’re the *very* boy I want to see. I want you and the rest of the Club to get up a concert or something of that sort—in aid of our library. We need funds for new books. Now do your best for us.’ Of course, I couldn’t refuse,” goes on Jack—mind you, he was proud as Punch at being asked, though being a boy, he would never say so. “So I went straight off and saw some of the Club. And they’re all willing. We’ve settled that we’ll have a regular performance—singing, acting, sleight-of-hand tricks, and any other old thing we can think of. We have called a meeting for to-morrow

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afternoon, and we'll have others—so as to get a first-rate programme. We want the performance to be A 1, bang up—because it will be the very first we've ever had. Got any good ideas? If you can scare up any come on down in the yard, and tell us about them."

Well, I was astonished when he said that, for, as I've told you, Jack is not a boy that likes much to have girls play in his games, especially when the other boys are around.

"I know a few things—like making up tableaux—and—and songs," I said.

So down we went to the yard, where Feddy and Emerick and Yacob were, and the two Ferrier boys, who had just come to town to spend the day with us—"Just in time," as everybody said.

They were all sitting on our back steps, and Feddy says, in such a low, kind voice,

"I'm so glad you're going to help us, Jill, for you know such lots of things out of books. And this has got to be a *splendid* performance."

But, do you know, though I was so truly pleased and delighted to have them ask me, just at first if every single thought didn't go straight out of my head! And with all those

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boys sitting there, looking at me, waiting for me to begin!

“Why don’t you say something?” sings out Jack, getting very quickly red in his face, so that I knew he was angry. And,

“Let’s tell her, first, what we have already on the programme,” says Rupert, who is a sort of patient boy.

So then they did. And right away I thought of ever so many other things that might be in the performance. And some of the boys liked what I proposed, especially for tableaux, and some others did not, and we did have the most exciting time, talking it all over.

Being, as Jack said, “a public occasion,” and money to be spent for it by the people who bought tickets—at twenty-five cents for grown-ups, and fifteen cents for children—everything had to be done in the *very* best manner. So after talking a great while over the programme, and nobody being satisfied, and some getting quite cross, though not I, for I kept quiet, the boys went and asked our mother if she would help them with the performance, but no one else, so as to keep it a sort of secret.



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And she did, and right away things got smooth.

First she said they had better cut the programme, for to play all they had down would take a whole day instead of two hours, which was the time she thought it should really take.

Well, at last all that was settled—with songs, and one of those tableaux that I had thought of, and some magician's tricks that Jack was to do, with Ludwig to help him and a little black boy that is a dwarf, though he isn't at all like Quasimodo, but has such an expression on his face that you might think he was going to cry, though he is a most mischievous boy. And his name is Cornie Dix.

Then suddenly mamma says,

“Where is the performance to take place?”

And do you know, not one had thought of that.

Our great big hall would have been just the place. But on account of papa being not yet well of his knee that was hurt in the runaway, and of a quite delicate lady with a little baby that was visiting us in our “strangers' room,” right off the hall, mamma could not have the performance at our house. So, after

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the Club had done some talking about where they should find a place, all at once Bertie calls out,

“Why not let’s go and ask Miss Bell and Miss Nancy? They’ve got a great big drawing-room, too.”

Everybody says,

“That’s a fine idea!”

And off they went. And Jack said,

“You come along, Jill.”

So then I went, too. For Miss Bell and Miss Nancy Wade (that is their name) are always truly nice to me when I go to see them with mamma. They do have the very most delicious little cakes you ever ate when we go there to take tea on a Sunday afternoon.

They live in a great big old house on the corner of a street near us. Miss Nancy is the tall one and she is very stout (Nana Joan says it is not polite to call any one that is a lady fat) with curls at the sides of her head that she loops up with combs. She makes fun and laughs quite often, so that her shoulders shake in a way that makes you think of jelly that is not yet stiff. And she says she likes to go to parties, though she is truly quite old.

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Miss Bell, who is the other sister, is just as different—for she is short, and thin *as* thin, with a hooked nose, and a voice that is so deep and gruff that you feel astonished and can hardly believe it belongs to that gentle looking little old lady—and she speaks sort of cross sometimes. She is not really cross though, but kind, mamma says, and she is most truly fond of cats.

She has the greatest lot of them you *ever* saw, and on account of that we are never allowed to take our dog Bijou to see Miss Wade. She feeds them in her yard, which has a high wall all round it, with a queer narrow door, and the ground paved, where she puts the food for her cats.

While she is doing this, Miss Nancy is always feeding her pigeons on the back gallery, which is open and looks right down into the yard. For she is just as fond of pigeons as Miss Bell is of cats. And so cats and pigeons are fed at the same time, for then, so Miss Bell says, the cats will never get a chance to kill those birds, being too busy eating their own food. It is great fun to see them all eat, though you hardly know which to look at. And you have to keep just *as* quiet!

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Well, when we all walked into that house and told the two old ladies what we had come to ask, Miss Nancy tossed her head until out flew her curls from those combs, which made her laugh until she shook as I have told you. And Miss Bell, for she is always the one that settles things, says in that voice that is a surprise,

“Hoity-toity, you young Goths and Vandals! So that is what you want, eh?” Frowning, too, and shaking her finger at us all the time we were explaining about the performance, and wanting to have it in her house. You would have supposed she was surely going to say No! right out.

But instead, though still pretending to be cross—only we saw the sly look she gave Miss Nancy out of the very tails of her eyes—she says—

“Oh, I suppose, Nan, we’ll have to clear out all our furniture, and let them have their performance here. Eh?”

And Miss Nancy says back quickly, still laughing,

“Oh, yes, Bell, I suppose we had better. It is for the benefit of the Church Library, you know, and it will be a little amusement, too.” For she always agrees with what Miss Bell says.

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So that was all settled.

Well, that was the *busiest* time until the performance! Songs to be learned, and dances, and pieces for the piano. Tableaux to make dresses for, and be rehearsed, with some persons getting mad because they did not like their parts. And papa and uncle Dick Swift showing the boys tricks of sleight of hand, and Jack and Ludwig shut up in a room practising, for they were to do those tricks, with that little black boy Cornie Dix to help them. And with school besides. As Jack says, we all worked like dogs to get ready for that performance. Though I wonder why people say that, for our dog Bijou doesn't work at all, just plays all the time, and so do all the other dogs we know.

Well, to resume, as Mr. Heyle always says. There were tickets to write, and I did quite a good many, Garda, too, and some of the boys and even mamma, because so many people wanted to come to the performance, and bought tickets for themselves and all their families. Which, of course, was just what we wanted for that Library Fund. So we had to work hard, but it was great fun, too. When, at last, the 23d came, which was the

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day of the performance, and Garda Lorentz and Patty D'Everel and I went over to Miss Bell's house and peeped in, that great long room did look so strange and interesting that you would never have known it was the same place where you had been so often with your fathers and mothers.

At one end was the stage, with curtains drawn tight across that would only be opened in the evening. And you never saw so *many* chairs and long benches and camp stools as were in that drawing-room! We were so delighted we three girls were to be in the performance that we just hugged one another, and jumped up and down with joy.

On account of so many people going to be in the audience, we could not write a programme for each one. So we made four large programmes, and hung them up on doors and such places, where everybody could see what was coming next. The printing on them was quite large and in red and black (papa did that) with

**Santa Cruz Club Performance**

**In Aid Of**

**St. Paul's Church Library Fund**

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in huge letters at the top. And I can tell you the Club were proud over that!

The performance began at half past seven. And even before that, what with the crowds of ladies and gentlemen and their children coming in, from the town and the country, and taking seats, and people bowing and saying, "How do you do?" to their friends, and laughing and talking in a low tone, and everybody so gay and happy, it was all most truly exciting and delightful.

Mamma and uncle Dick were behind the curtains helping, and papa, whose knee is not yet quite well, stayed by the drawing-room door, so he could go home quickly if he wanted to. But we girls sat in the audience until our turn came in the programme. And as Bobus D'Everel says, for he sat next to me, that was so much nicer than being shut in behind the curtains all the time, waiting, and not seeing one thing of the performance. I felt sorry for the other boys, for, of course, they could not see themselves in their own pieces.

The very first was a grand march played by Ludwig (because his mother makes him take music lessons from Miss Grove, though he

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says he hates it) and his sister Garda, in a duet. They did not break down once, and it did sound fine, though Garda said afterward she was so frightened that she hardly knew what she was playing. And everybody applauded.

Then came a play, in two short acts, that Mr. D'Everel and mamma had written from an old German story. It was a little boy and girl (that were Feddy and me in our very oldest clothes, that were made to look still older and torn) going along a road, and feeling very tired and hungry, with only one piece of dry bread in a little bundle for our supper. And we were telling each other how truly glad we would be to sit down and eat that bread, when there, in our road, comes walking along a little old woman in an old torn black cloak with a hood that covered up every bit of her head and face.

She was carrying a great big bundle, which she dropped right down on the ground by us.

"Oh," she says quite sorrowful, from behind that hood, "little boy and girl, won't you give me some food to eat, and carry my bundle for me? For I am so hungry I am almost fainting, and so weary and footsore that I cannot drag that bundle another step!"



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Then Feddy and I talked to ourselves, for we did hate (that is the play, you know) to give up our supper, and besides have to carry that heavy bundle. But at last we said we would. And we gave her our bread, then took up that bundle, between Feddy and me, and we all went off the stage together, that old woman hobbling along with her staff, in such a funny way that everybody laughed, even ourselves that were acting.

In the next act only Feddy and I were on when the curtain went up, because we had taken the old woman home. And on account of being so very tired and hungry, we were lying down on the floor and sleeping under a large oleander that belongs to Miss Nancy—we made believe it was a tree. And while we were sleeping (pretending, you know) up comes the old woman again, softly, and puts things to eat down by us, and make-believe money.

And as we opened our eyes and sat up, off she threw her long torn cloak and hood, and lo! and behold! there she was a fairy! In a splendid, shining gown and gold crown and with yellow curls hanging all over her shoulders—for it was Patty D'Everel.

Then she made a speech to us about our

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having been kind to her, so now she would be our fairy godmother—only Patty forgot nearly half of the words. But that did not matter, for everybody was applauding so loud that they never noticed. And immediately mamma struck up an accompaniment on the piano that is behind the scenes, and Feddy, Patty and I sung a song together that is very pretty—and that ended our play.

Well, I just wish you could have heard that audience! We had to go out three times on the stage, holding hands and bowing and bowing. It was most truly pleasant.

After that came funny songs by Rupert and Yacob and Emerick. And a jolly jig and a hornpipe by Bertie that was simply *fine!* Then came the tableau that I had thought of.

When that curtain parted there were Paul and Peggie, dressed like two dear little boys, in those belted-in long velvet jackets and tight knickers that you see in a picture, and pretending to be asleep in a made-up sort of bed. And just bending over them, Jack, dressed like a villain, and with a big pillow in his hands, held right over those two little children.

Right away that audience guessed—the *Little*

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*Princes in the Tower.* And when I saw how sweet our Paulie looked, for he is a delicate little boy, and dear little Peggie, with their pretty light hair, I was thankful *as* thankful that they were not real princes to be killed, but just our own dear little brother and sister safe in that island with papa and mamma.

That was a regular tableau, but the next one was a charade that mamma says she got out of a book. It was in three parts. First was a bride and bridegroom standing up together, that were Garda and Bertie—didn't Garda look fine though!—and with Jack for a parson. Next part was a sort of well, made of our tall square clothes-basket, with large stones put round the base, and all covered over thick with love-weed vines. Garda stood there by it, dressed like a peasant girl, holding a pitcher on the edge of our clothes basket. And the last part was a make-believe prison cell, with a boy, that was Emerick, sitting in it on the floor, and his wrists and ankles tied with rope.

Well, we waited *and* waited, but not a creature could guess right. So that uncle Dick had to come out on the stage and tell them—Bride-well Prison. Bride—well—Prison. See?

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Wasn't that a good one? I think it is a prison in England or Denmark—somewhere, anyhow.

Up to this time everything had gone along pretty fine. Patty had forgotten part of her lines, and the bed the little princes lay in did fall to pieces, so that the curtain had to go down quickly. And in walking off with her pitcher, what should Garda's frock do but catch on a split piece of that basket—and there she went—dragging the well, mind you, half across the stage before she knew it! Of course, everybody laughed, but nobody felt real badly over it. But what the boys call a "regular break" did come. And at the very last, too, when Jack and Ludwig were doing their very best tricks, so as to end up well.

This is the way it happened.

Jack had done some most truly wonderful tricks that papa had showed him, like making pieces of silver money come right on the end of his wand, and pulling great heaps of feathers out of Judge Schlegel's high silk hat, and a lot of others. And then he started in to do his best trick, which was to be the end of the performance, for now it was quite late,

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later than Feddy's party kept in. And the mothers and fathers wanted their children to go home. So Jack hurried up.

The trick is one that papa learned when he went once to America, from a real magician, and he paid to learn it, for he does love to do tricks like that. And now he had showed Jack how to do it, but it was a *great* secret.

There was a big wooden box on the stage, which Jack turned up on end, so the audience could see no one was in it. Then in comes that sad-looking little black boy, Cornie Dix, who is so small and thin that he might be eight years old instead of sixteen, as he is. Well, into that box he was put, after Jack had tied him fast all over his body with a rope and very strong tight knots, so that he could not move. Then Jack says,

“Will some of the audience please come and see that he is truly tied.”

And some of them did—a gentleman and two boys—and they said, “He is well tied, and no mistake.”

Then the box cover was shut down tight.

After that Jack made a speech (Ludwig did not help in this trick—he just looked on). It was a quite long speech, but so very amusing

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that everybody laughed and clapped hands. Right after that he made some magic passes with his wand over that box, then lifted the cover, saying, "Now you can come out, Cornie Dix."

And lo! and behold! there was no Cornie Dix there—for that box was perfectly empty, excepting a piece of rope lying in it, that looked just like the one he had been tied with.

Now wasn't that a wonderful trick? Wouldn't you have been proud of your brother if he had done that? And the way those people applauded my brother Jack made me get a queer feeling inside, and tears in my eyes. Though, of course, I did not let any one see those tears—they might have thought I was crying, and I was not at all.

Well, because it was such a wonderful trick that no one else knew, the audience called out,

"Give it to us again! Again! Again! Encore! Encore!"

And Jack began that trick once more, with Cornie Dix, walking in on the stage again, just as cool *as* cool.

Papa says that trick should never be done



“There, in that box, still all tied, was that  
Cornie Dix!”





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twice in one evening, and he went as quickly from the door as he could to stop Jack. But on account of being lame, and so many chairs and people in the way, Jack had already gone quite far in the trick. So it was no use, and papa sat down in the audience, right by mamma and me.

Again Jack showed that box, and he tied up Cornie, and put him in, and shut down that cover, and made another speech. But the speech was not as long as the first one, though still funny. Then back he walked, and after waving his wand, he opened that box cover, with a grand flourish—

And what do you suppose?—

There—in that box, still all tied—was that Cornie Dix! Looking just as mournful and ready to burst out crying!

Up he sits. And when he sees Jack's face, and all those other white people waiting, he calls out in a sort of whine, for he was afraid,

“'Tain' my fault, Marse Jack. Ah tell you de trute—de trap doah won' budge!”

With that out of that box he bounced somehow or other, tumbling down on the floor, and rolling along until he got off the stage, and hid behind the curtain at the back.

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And as he got out of that box, down upon the floor fell a piece of rope. And Jack could not say one word, but stood there getting redder and redder all over his face, until he was the very color of a beet.

For a minute those people just looked and said nothing. Then some one shouts out,

“I see through the trick. There’s a trap door in the bottom of the box and in the stage floor right under it. Both worked together and the boy rolled himself through both, tied as he was—leaving that fresh piece of rope behind to hoodwink us. Pretty good trick though! Ha! Ha!”

“Good trick! Fine trick! Splendid trick! Don’t be discouraged! Accidents will happen! You did *fine!*” shouted that audience, calling and laughing and applauding like everything—though we Carstairs didn’t.

And then down went the curtain, for that was the end of the performance.

Wasn’t it a pity that Cornie Dix had to be so stupid? For Jack says the whole trouble was that black boy got “rattled.” But papa would not let Jack scold Cornie, for *he* says he knows that boy was not allowed enough

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time, because Jack's second speech was much shorter than the first.

Well, Dr. Gerry was perfectly astonished when the Club went to see him with the money that performance had brought in—because it was so much. How he did thank the boys! And he has sent on to America to buy a great lot of splendid new books for the library, and I am to read as many of the stories as I like, when they come.

There was a truly grand account of the Club performance printed in the *Avice*, which is the newspaper here. It mentioned the last trick especially, and said the *nicest* things of it, and of Jack, with never one word about that failure, which papa calls a fiasco.

But all the same Jack cannot forget the mortification. He will not speak of that evening, which I think is silly. And he gets cross *as* cross if anybody even says "performance," though mamma says she is sure he will feel better bye and bye.

## CHAPTER VIII

### EXPLORING THE CAVE

WHEN Ludwig came in our yard that Friday afternoon, Jack and I were picking up the great big bunches of genipes that Tony's boy, Manny, was throwing down, because he was away up in the tree.

Mamma says genipes don't grow in your country, and that you have lots of other delicious fruit, like strawberries and such things, that never grow here, but, I say, genipes are jolly good. They have a thin green skin, and a big seed, and the meat on that seed simply melts in your mouth the minute you put it in. Jack and I could climb our tree just as quick as a wink (even with my horrid girl's clothes on) if only we should be allowed to, for there's the roof of the harness room and Tony's room to get up on to climb into the branches. Genipe trees always have their branches grow very high up. But sometimes your fathers and mothers think you can't do things that you know very well you truly can.

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And when you're not grown up you just have to do as you are told.

So that was the reason why Jack and I stood there in the yard and tamely picked up those genipes and threw them into boat *Winifred*, instead of being up in the tree after them, which is, of course, ten times the fun.

Well, the minute we saw Ludwig we knew something was up, as Jack says, because he didn't come in under the arch from the street, but down our back steps, showing he had been in the house—see?

“Have-some-genipes-they're-prime-what's-happened?” says Jack, so fast all the words went together.

And just as quickly as Ludwig could manage the genipe he had in his mouth he told us.

“My cousin, Carl Emil Vosberg, wants us all to come spend the day with him tomorrow—at Meathfield,” he said. “He's got a lot of new guinea-pigs, and his father lets him ride one of the horses, and their big mango tree is just packed full of mangoes. And there's that cave on their place, perhaps we'll explore it, and he wants the whole Club to come out, and none of the grown-up people. And my father's up

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stairs asking your father and mother to let you go!"

Ludwig had to stop here, because when you are telling about something that is very nice and particular that you want a person to know right away, sometimes your breath does get so short. Haven't you noticed it?

That gave me a chance to say, "And did he mean me, too?" For, you know, he had said "the Club," and I'm not in the Club, for the reason I've told you before—though I'd like to be.

"Why, yes, *of course*, you're invited," answers Ludwig, in a way that I knew he meant it. "Garda's going, and some other girls. I do hope your father and mother will let you go."

We hoped so, too, for we had never been to see the Vosbergs before, and we didn't know what papa would say to it.

"Come on up stairs, and we'll soon find out," says Jack.

So, when we had filled our arms so full of great branches of genipes that we looked like little trees walking along, we took the fruit to Nana Joan, then we went in the drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lorentz were talking to papa and mamma. And, lo and

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behold? papa said Yes! because Mrs. Lorentz was going to Meathfield and would look after us.

Jack took it just as quietly, though I know he wanted to go, but I jumped up and down and clapped my hands, for I do love a day in the country. And, besides, there was the cave that we had always heard so much about.

Now Meathfield isn't *very* far from town, we could have walked out, or had Tony drive us. But right after breakfast up drove Mr. Vosberg's "ringding" for us—it was going round collecting the children. It's a carriage that opens at the back, and you sit on the side instead of across, and it rattles a good deal as it goes, and I don't know why they call it a ringding, but they do.

By the time Ludwig and Garda and the three Hjernsens and Julie and Ernst from the Fort and Mrs. Lorentz and Jack and I were in and the driver, the ringding was pretty crowded. But that only made more fun. And almost before you knew it, we were driving up Meathfield avenue, and stopping before the door.

Carl Emil and his sister Dagmar are *very*

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fair children, with the very whitest hair—like Feddy's. But, of course, they can't help that. And they were so friendly that very soon you forgot this was the first time you'd ever seen them. Besides, the Ferrier boys were there, and Elsie and Amy. And we did have a truly exciting day! You'll think so when you hear about it.

There's a garden at the back of the house, not very large and only with myrtle limes and grape vines and lots of roses, and a wall all round it except right in the middle, where there is a brick walk, with grapevines overhead, and at the end an arbor. It's a sort of broken-down arbor, with jessamine growing wild all over it, but it made a fine place to hide in playing Hide and Seek, until Garda stepped into an ant-hill, and the ants all raced out and stung her legs, because though she is large as I am, she still wears socks like our Paul.

Mrs. Vosberg felt sorry, and she wanted to put arnica on the stings and have Garda lie on the sofa. But Garda said, right off, that her legs didn't hurt nearly so much, for, of course, nobody wants to lie on a sofa in the house, even with stings, when there is a lot of



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fun going on outside. *I* know, for when we were tearing round "hunting bears," I dashed straight into a bed of nettles. And, I can tell you, they're equal to any stinging ants *you* ever came across.

We swung in Carl Emil's new American swing, and picked any quantity of mangoes, and ate them, and drank cocoanut water, and had lunch on a long table put under the big tamarind trees in front of the house with all sorts of things to eat. And it was after lunch, when we were wondering what next we should do, that Mr. Lorentz came up and said:

"I wonder how many of you boys and girls would like to go and explore the cave with Mr. Vosberg and me?"

Well, so many cried out, "I!" "I!" "I!" that you would have supposed all wanted to go. But when 'twas all settled Elsie and Garda backed out, and a lot more of the others, boys as well as girls. So when we set off, there were, all told, as they say in *Treasure Island*, the Club, Ernst and Julie, Carl Emil, Amy and Jill, which, of course, is myself. And Mr. Lorentz and Mr. Vosberg went along to look after us, they said, and because Mr. Vosberg is a person that likes to know

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all about rocks and stones and strange things like that—I have forgotten what they call it.

Getting started was quite exciting, for everybody had a candle stuck in a bottle, and some matches in their pocket. And each one of us was tied round the waist to a great long coil of rope—you and another one with some rope between, then a longer space and two or three more children on that rope. This was so that everybody would feel sort of free, you know, in walking about, and yet if you should fall, or anything like that, there were the others on the rope to feel the jerk and come to help you. But they didn't—*you'll* hear. Mr. Lorentz and Mr. Vosberg were tied to a rope, too, but they had lanterns.

The whole company came down to see us creep into the cave. For it's quite a narrow place to go in, and very low. You had to go down on all fours, and crawl along for quite a way, and the gravel and sharp tiny stones on the ground hurt your hands and knees like everything, though, of course, nobody minded—and that was nothing to what came afterward! Nana Joan said something, I can tell you, when she saw my frock and Jack's trousers! Then came a little bit

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where you had to scrunch yourself all together to get through. Mr. Lorentz got in because he is a little narrow man, but Jack and Rupert are big, they had hard work, and Mr. Vosberg had to chip off ever so many pieces of the rock to make the hole large enough for him to get through. But at last we were all inside the wonderful cave that we've been hearing of for ages. And just at first it was such pitch dark you couldn't see one thing—until we lighted our candles.

In story books you read of shining pillars being in caves, with long pieces hanging down from the roof in the pictures, and there were some pillars and long pieces here, but they didn't shine at all. Instead they were grayish, like the large pointed rocks on the Bay Street beach, behind where the coopers work. And on the ground were seaside pebbles, and some of those brown boat-shaped shells that we find on the beach. But this cave is ever and ever so far away from the sea, and high up, so we wondered *how* could those shells have got there.

Mr. Vosberg thought it was queer, too, for he put all the shells and stones we picked up for him carefully into a leather bag with a

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snap clasp that was fastened to his belt. He is quite a tall man with thin legs that somehow make you think of pictures of fire tongs like you have, but we don't, and a face that goes back at his forehead and chin, though his nose sticks out a good deal. And if you had seen how excited he got! He hung his lantern round his neck by a string, so he could have both his hands free to chip off the cave pillars. And all the time chattering away in Danish in the most excited manner to Mr. Lorentz, who kept laughing.

First we stayed all together, pretty near where the two fathers were, but presently, when we got more accustomed to the place, some of us began moving away, and looked at things ourselves.

Right where we had come in was a large open space with a high arched roof, then came some tall pillars with more arches, and between all these went off ways like narrow sorts of streets. They were quite dark—we could only see as far down them as our candle lights reached—and we were poking about, first here, then there, carefully, when, all of a sudden, Jack, who was on the tip end of our rope, sung out,

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“Oh, hullo! Here’s a find! Come on!”  
And Rupert, Carl Emil, Julie and I, who were all on that rope, too, rushed after him—anyway, we had to, for he pulled us.

There was Jack leaning forward, holding his candle over the edge of what looked like a deep black hole.

“There’s something down there that is shining,” he says, quite excited.



“ ‘THERE’S SOMETHING DOWN THERE THAT IS SHINING,’ HE SAYS,  
QUITE EXCITED ”

“Oh, *pirates*—gold!” I cried out, almost before I knew I was saying it.

“That’s it!” says Jack eagerly. “Perhaps pirates ‘ve used this cave in old times—and

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buried all their treasure here. And now we're going to find it. See—'tisn't deep." He held his candle further out over the hole for us to see.

It looked pretty deep to me, and the ground we were standing on went straight down to it like a wall—and there, at the bottom, *was* something shining—just a tiny bit, but we could see it.

"Here's an adventure! I'm going down. Who's coming?" says Jack.

"I!" and "I!" answered Ru and I at once.

"I'm afraid. Let's call some of the big people," whimpered Julie. And Carl Emil says quickly,

"I'll stay and take care of Julie. Papa wouldn't want me to leave a girl alone." But Jack and Rupert think he was afraid.

"Now we must have more rope," the two boys said. And we managed to slip Mr. Vosberg's knots along so that Julie and Carl Emil went farther up the rope, and we three nearer together, which gave us extra line.

"You two must stay here, near the edge, and haul us up when we tell you," says Jack. "Now, one, to make ready—two, to compare—and three—to *go!*"

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And over the three of us went with one leap.

The ground was soft under our feet, and sloped down and wet, as we soon found out—right through our shoes—and when Jack and I lighted our candles again, for jumping had put them out, and Rupert's was lost, there we saw that three sides of the hole which were rock, were all wet, too. We couldn't see the fourth side of the wall because of the darkness.

“Wonder if the sea comes up here?” says Rupert, sort of anxious.

“Why, the sea is miles *and* miles away,” I said.

Jack wasn't saying anything. He just pulled us over to the shining spot we had seen from above, and going down on his knees began digging like everything with his two hands in the damp earth, or sand, or whatever it was, while we held up the two candles for him to see by.

He dug and dug, then gave a shout and up he jumped.

“Look at *this!*” he says.

And what do you think it was?

A *silver spoon!* Truly it was—heavy, and with a long handle!

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“Treasure! treasure! Didn’t I tell you so?” Jack cries, all excited.

Rupert and I got excited, too, and putting our bottles to lean up against the wall, we began digging fast as we could. And we each found something. But we scarcely knew what they were, for Jack’s bottle got knocked over, and out went the candle—and with all our matches lost or wet, mind you! Mine was the only light left, and I set it on the ground carefully as could be, so we could all have the benefit, and we kept on digging.

“Aren’t you coming up? Papa is calling us!” shouted Carl Emil.

“Yes, in a minute,” calls back Rupert.

Next minute, somehow—no one ever could tell how—the rope that held us jerked from above, we three jumped up all together, and over went my bottle. It rolled over and over on the sloping floor, grating against all the little stones, going faster and faster—then the grating noise stopped—then we heard a loud splash that just echoed. At the very same minute a queer loud roaring noise began from the same direction—away off.

“There’s a precipice at the end of this floor



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—and water below—” began Rupert, grabbing hold of my arm—

“And the *sea* is coming in!” finished Jack in a queer sort of voice.

I couldn't say a word—I just stooped down, and, though really I hardly knew I was doing it, began shoving as many of the things we had found as I could get hold of into my blouse waist, while the boys shouted,

“Haul us up! Haul us up!” just as loud as ever they could.

Not one word did we hear from above. But the rope was still tight—and there was that horrid roaring coming louder and louder.

Jack snatched at the rope—it came a loose loop in his hand. He snatched again, and again a big loop fell on us. Though it was so dark we could scarcely see a thing we just *felt* we were all frightened.

“No use in *that* rope!” says Ru, and “*Gym!*” he and Jack called out together, quickly untying the rope from round our waists.

“Up with you, Jill!” cries Jack.

I knew what he meant, for he and Paul and I have often played it. And just as soon as Rupert was up, standing on Jack's back—like

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in leap frog—up I started, catching on to their clothes to help me, for I was pretty heavy with those things in my blouse, until I got on Rupert's shoulders and balanced myself there, holding on to the wall.

But still I was too far below the edge to crawl over and be able to pull the boys up. But I could yell—and I tell you, I did.

“Help! *Help! Help!*”

“Yes!” — All right!” — “Right away!”  
“Here we are! Here we are!” shouted voices.

Lights came flashing along—and in a few minutes the whole three of us were up out of that hole, and with Mr. Vosberg and Mr. Lorentz, and all the other children.

And weren't those two fathers and everybody frightened, though, when they heard where we had been, and the roaring that was coming nearer and nearer!

“It's the sea! We'll all be drowned—caught like rats in a trap! Let's get out of here quick!” cries Mr. Lorentz, fairly pushing the boys and girls before him to the entrance. And they flew.

“Ah, dat's v'y de shellse is here,” Mr. Vosberg kept on saying, calmly going about with

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his lantern, peering and poking at the rocks. And began to talk to himself in Danish. Presently he turned round and says out loud—as well as we could make out, for he speaks queerer English even than Mr. Hjernsen,

“Mine frent, be not so friken—de vater rice not high—so,” he measured a hand from the ground. “I know dis py de rocks.”

But as he was speaking we heard like the breaking of a wave, and water came running over the floor of the cave, wetting our feet. And away went everybody to the entrance in a grand scramble.

“Pe not fricken—de vater rice not high,” repeated Mr. Vosberg.

But not a creature was willing to wait to see. We got through that cave entrance double as quick as ever we went in—Mr. Vosberg coming last. You should have seen all our clothes, and particularly Jack’s, Rupert’s and mine! But mamma didn’t mind the clothes one bit when we told her of our being left in that hole—even Nana Joan didn’t scold after she heard the whole story.

It seems that Carl Emil and Julie had got tired of waiting, and untied themselves and gone to their father to tell him about us,

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which was what made the rope so slack when Jack tried it. Perhaps it would have come tight if he had kept on pulling, for everybody was tied on to the two fathers, we to Mr. Vosberg. But he is all the time thinking of so many other things that he mightn't have understood we wanted help, and there was that roaring water coming tumbling in close behind us.

Well, if you had heard all the commotion there was when we got to Meathfield house again, and told them what had happened! Every single person began talking all at the same time, and Rupert, Jack and I were quite wonderful creatures because we'd had that fine adventure.

The boys crowded round Jack and Rupert—the girls round me, and my tongue was flying, as Nana Joan says, when I saw Mr. Vosberg begin walking up and down the path all excited, and clutching on to his hair with his two hands—it is long down in his neck, and just as light as his children's.

“What is the matter with him?” I asked Elsie.

“Oh,” she says, with her arm round me, she was so glad I was safe, “he feels *dreadfully* to

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think those things Jack and Ru dug up are all lost. He says they would have been most valuable—”

“Oh!” I cried out quickly—for I had just remembered those things in my blouse. How I ever forgot them I don’t know, for they were quite heavy. I suppose ’twas all the excitement put them out of my head.

“Jack! Rupert! here are the things we found,” I called out, running over to the boys, and beginning to pull at my blouse.

Well, if you had seen their two faces!

“The things!” they cried out together, looking astonished, for they thought what we dug up had been forgotten in the hole. And when I hauled out that spoon Jack called out loud, right before everybody,

“Jill, you *are* a dandy brick!” and rushing up gave me such a splendid thump on my shoulder that I nearly upset.

Wasn’t I proud, though! For Jack is not a boy that praises girls much.

When I had spread out all the things—and they were wet and dirty—there was the spoon, which every one thinks is most truly wonderful to find in a cave like that. Then a whole lot of little thin black pieces of money

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about as large as a cent, a broken piece of an old bow—like you shoot arrows from—and a piece of hard gray stone, flat and yet a little round, and pointed at both ends.

Well, though his face does somehow look like a goose's, that Mr. Vosberg must be a *very* wise man, for he told us, as soon as he examined the things, that the spoon was made by a famous silversmith that lived two or three hundred years ago, I can't remember the name, and that the little thin black pieces were stivers—Dutch money—and lots over a hundred years old. But the broken bow and that pointed stone, which he calls a hatchet, just delighted him. He says they are the oldest of all the things, and belonged to the Caribs, the people that lived on our island when Columbus came sailing along and found it—see?

It seems that is one of the very things Mr. Vosberg came out here for from Denmark—to find out all he can about those old Caribs. And he was so happy to get the broken bow and that hatchet that he actually hugged Rupert and Jack, who had dug them up—which made the boys get awfully embarrassed. He is going to write about these things, and

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send them all on to Copenhagen to show the people there.

He says the Caribs lived in that cave, in spite of the water coming in, and he is going in there again to see if he can dig up other things.

But he doesn't know how that spoon ever got there, and he doesn't want it for Copenhagen, and everybody says Jack must keep it, because he found it, and papa and mamma have let him. It is a quite heavy spoon, with a queer deep bowl, and a long twisted handle that mamma says is truly beautiful, and Jack is so proud of it he shows it to every one that comes to our house.

I made up a story about the spoon—that a pirate, like that wicked Captain Flint in *Treasure Island*, landed here one day without the Caribs seeing him, and went in that cave to bury his "ill gotten gains," as it is called in books. And perhaps while he was on that ledge just going to begin digging, up came that roaring water, and in climbing up to get away in a hurry, he dropped that spoon and those stivers—see?

And Rupert and Jack think my story may be a true one, for though Mr. Vosberg has

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hunted and hunted and dug in the cave and found more Carib things, he hasn't any more spoons or stivers.

What do you think he says?

Why, that that cave goes under the ground all the way down to the beach where the coopers work, and that the pretty blue sea I love to watch rushes all the way up to Meathfield, in the cave, you know, when the tide is high.

And all that came to be found out because we three went exploring the cave that day, and Jack saw the shine of that silver spoon sticking up in the ground! Now isn't it wonderful?

Mamma was frightened when she heard of that sea coming roaring in on us, but Jack and Rupert and I are just as glad *as* glad that we were there, for it was such an exciting adventure, you know. And there's that queer old spoon to look at, or you might think we had dreamed the whole thing.

I'm sure you would all like to have been with us in the cave.



## CHAPTER IX

### QUEER PEOPLE AND AN OSTRICH EGG

IT was one morning, and I was fast asleep in bed, when far off, like in a dream, I heard somebody say,

“She’s just pounding on the rocks—” And when I opened my eyes there was Jack, standing there looking at me, all dressed.

“My! can’t you sleep!” he said, sort of crossly. “And with such a groundsea on—and the barometer going down, and the boats running on shore—”

“I’ll be ready in just two minutes,” I told him, bouncing up.

Well, of course, it did take a little more than two minutes, but I was dressed and down stairs before anybody thought I’d be, and I can tell you that breakfast didn’t take long to eat—though we had benyahs, which I do like. But with all the shutters of the west windows barred up, and the darkness, and the wind coming in big sudden gusts that sounded like guns and shook the whole house, you wouldn’t care

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for the very nicest things to eat that ever were.

Right after breakfast papa says,

“Put on your hats, Jack and Jill, and we’ll go see what the groundsea is doing.”

And Paul and Peggie would have liked to go, too, but Nana Joan had dosed them with senna tea, and in that house they had to stay. So off we three went, Jack on one side of papa and I on the other, holding his hand. And mamma, who doesn’t like groundseas, and the two children looked out of the window, and we waved to them until we turned the corner.

Instead of going right on to the Bay street at our corner, we went the other way, and walked straight down the street that leads to the wharf, so as to get a good look at the sea.

Well, you wouldn’t have known it was the same sea. Not one bit of blue, or dance or sparkle to it now, but lead color, like the skies, with white foam on top, and coming tumbling in in great waves that stood up twice as tall as papa, it seemed, all full of dirty sand and green seaweed and large pieces of wood and wreck, and they beat on the

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wharf and the shore, making a big booming noise. The waves came away up on the land further and further—across the Bay street—so that people had to run back quickly, and stand almost by the Custom House, not to get wet. Those waves had broken the floor of the wharf, and were dashing themselves about and throwing spray up in the air and all over the bare beams and posts, just as if they were enjoying it. And they and the wind together had driven a big American schooner right up on the beach.

She did look so queer, with her bow all broken, and the water and the wind fairly pounding her against the rocks. For, I can tell you, that wind was just going it! Why, even with strong elastic on your hat you had to hold fast to it, and when those gusts tore at you, you simply felt as if you would be taken right up and carried off. I held tight to papa's hand, and his fingers squeezed mine all the time.

Lots of people were down there looking on. And the captain on board the schooner was roaring out orders through a long trumpet to the black stevedores and other men on shore, who were throwing ropes to the vessel, and

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pushing great posts against her, and rushing about to try to get her off the rocks, so she could go out to sea like the rest of the ships.

It was a commotion! And it all gave you the queerest feeling—not afraid, you know, though I did hold so tight to papa’s hand, but excited like, and tingly all over, with your heart beating fast. And when you looked at that angry enormous sea going up—up—up—and then down—down—*down* into the very hollows, you couldn’t help getting pictures in your mind of poor sailors and little wee children and other people on terrible wrecks and rafts and open boats, and perhaps being upset, and just beaten about by those terrible waves. And then going down to the bottom to be crawled over by the horrid things that live down there. Like that story papa reads to mamma where it tells about the unkind man that killed the albatross (though he was truly sorry afterwards), and says that “slimy things do crawl with legs upon a slimy sea”—or something like that. Ugh!—

Suddenly Jack gave me a nudge. “Look here!” he says, “your eyes are getting so big they’ll tumble out, if you don’t take care.”

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And just then came a tremendous wave that broke so near we all had to scamper off. And after the water had gone back there was a littleish wooden box left right there in the street, and a black bottle that was all sealed up.

Well, quick as a flash somebody had hold of the box, and when 'twas broken open, what was on the inside cover, printed, but *Barque Gipsy, New York*. And it was full of little bottles of powders and pills, doctors' medicines, all spoiled by the water, from some poor wrecked vessel or other.

But the bottle came right to my feet, so that I picked it up, and when papa knocked the sealed-up head off there was a written paper in it that we all read. It said,

*Steamer Queechy, Gulf Stream, and then the latitude and that other thing that goes with it—longitude—that I haven't learned yet how to put down. Then it went on, We have had a splendid run from New York, and expect to sight our port in a couple of days. We are supremely happy in the present, and perfectly content to leave the future, whatever it may hold, in God's hands. This is a message of good cheer to whomsoever it may reach.*

*A. E. and G. E.*

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And by the date it had been over a whole year in the sea coming to us.



“THE BOTTLE CAME RIGHT TO MY FEET,  
SO THAT I PICKED IT UP.”

Of course, every single body that we know came up to read the message, and there was quite a lot of talking and guessing about who might have written it, and I felt better about the poor creatures in the storm. And then Jack came up to me—he hadn't been holding on to papa's hand, but walking all about, because he wears a cap pulled tight down on his head, and hasn't petticoats and a frock to catch the wind

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like a sail and blow you all round—and he says very low,

“D’ you see a whole lot of the Queeries are down here?”

That made me laugh and think right away of some other thing than those angry pounding waves.

Did I ever tell you what a lot of out and out queer people we have in our town?

Well, we have, and Jack has nicknamed them the Queeries. So when he says things about any of them to me, nobody else understands, for they don’t know—like the gibberish he and I made up that makes Nana Joan so vexed, for she can’t tell one word we are saying!

One of the Queeries is old Quochose. He is a black man—black as ink—tall and broad round his shoulders, but thin, for his coat hangs in and out on him. And when he takes off his hat you see his negro hair has lots of gray patches. It is a cocked hat, awfully old, with a most ragged looking cockade, and the uniform he wears is just as old as can be, the gold lace and buttons are all dreadfully torn and tarnished. And he has little pieces of ribbons pinned on the

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front of his coat, and something like a medal, only he made it himself out of gold paper, for poor old Quochoe is just as crazy as he can be.

He thinks he is white, and a Danish officer, and declares he has been on to Copenhagen and talked with King Christian, and that the king made him a Knight of Dannebrog, and gave him that medal. And he truly believes all that, though, of course, it's all made up in his mind.

He lives in a kind of house that is only one room, away up on the hill, almost out of town, and he never troubles any one or says a word unless those bad little black boys begin to tease him. Then he throws stones at them, and whatever he can get hold of, and swears. But most times he is just as quiet *as* quiet, and walks along looking on the ground, and he is so poor that sometimes he would starve if people didn't give him things to eat, for he would never beg.

One day Quochoe came in our yard, and mamma let Jack and me take him down some things to eat. He was glad to get them—his old black hands were just trembling because he was so hungry. And what did he



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do but go off away under the arches where the horses' tops are kept, and eat there—because he thinks he is too grand a person to eat where people can see him. And if you had seen the grand bow he made when he brought back the dishes!

Papa says, "Where did he ever learn to bow like that?" and mamma always says, "He never learned."

This day I'm telling you about of the groundsea, while papa and the captain of the Fort were talking together, up came Quochoe, and lifted his old cocked hat, and said something in the funniest language that has no sense, that he has made up, and he thinks it is Danish. Some of the people round laughed, but papa and the captain were just as polite—and papa gave him a cigar, and that make him happy, for he loves to smoke.

That's one.

Another Queerie is Mr. Heyle, the Danish man that teaches us. You might think that being not grown up I ought to say gentleman, but when a person does lots of things that you and your brothers would never, *never* be allowed to do, because it isn't being like a lady and gentleman, why, somehow you don't

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feel as if you could say that to that person—see? Everybody says Mr. Heyle is the *very* most cleverest teacher, because he knows Latin and Greek and Danish and French and oh, almost every single language in all the world, even English as good as papa or any of of us. And maybe that's the reason he teaches so much more crossly than Miss Selma, the lady that keeps a school in our street and only knows English and French. But if you should see him eat!

Because he is not at all well off, and wears cuffs and collars that have fringes and lives in a tiny room somewhere or other, and cooks his own things, mamma asks him sometimes to stay to lunch, though most often she has our housegirl Helena put it on a waiter and take it into the schoolroom to him. For though we know it isn't polite Jack and I simply *cannot* keep from looking *and* looking at Mr. Heyle when he is at the table. And as for Paul—he acts as if he were perfectly fascinated, the way you read that snakes make you. Mr. Heyle eats always as if he were half starved—like a \* “raven wolf,” as Dr. Gerry said in church the other day, and so

\* A very free rendering of “ravening wolves.”—B. Y.

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very fast that he has finished almost before you know it. He hangs his knife and fork on the edges of his plate, and sticks his knife right into his mouth, and gets his glass of water all greasy. And he takes all the baked potato skins and crusts of bread round his plate or even a small bone, and when he thinks you're not looking slips them into an empty tin seidlitz-powder box that he takes out of his pocket, and puts it back in his pocket again. All these are the reasons mamma doesn't ask him to the table any more, but sends the lunch in to him. And all the time he would keep talking, talking, oh, about the most cleverest things that mamma and papa understand, but we children don't. So this is why Jack and I call him a Queerie—and he *is* one, don't you think so? for all that he is so clever.

He was down on the street looking at the groundsea, and going along, with his head poked forward, for he wears glasses like Mr. Vosberg, with all the rest of the people. And, also, Miss Grove was there for a little while, and she is another of the Queeries, though she is very different from Mr. Heyle.

She teaches me music, and she is polite,

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though she does scold when I forget and play by ear, and she puts her knife in her mouth, too, when she eats, when mamma asks her to lunch sometimes. She wears always the very same dress, which is a large green and black plaid very low in the throat which is thin, and short curls on the sides of her hair, and black velvet bracelets fastened with two brooches with curls of hair in them, and such a funny looking hat which she never takes off. She loves coffee so much that dear mamma will often have Nessa make a cup and send it to her when she comes too late for our lunch, with a rusk. And mamma had Nana Joan take a bundle of things to the room where Miss Grove lives, though they don't know I know it. Because Miss Grove has a poor old mother in Denmark and a very lame sister, that she sends all her money to that she makes teaching children here to play their pianos.

When I gave her a handkerchief at Christmas that I had thought of and bought with my own money, her eyes got quite full up with tears, and she kissed me on two sides of my face and said something in Danish which means, "dear child!" Jack says he does not

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care one way or the other for her, but I like her. And when she came near us that morning I smiled at her, and when papa read her what was on the paper out of the bottle, she said, "Ah, ja! dat iss a gute message," and then went off up the street to give her music lessons, but being Saturday Mr. Heyle had no school.

She makes No. 3 of the Queeries. And when we had stayed longer watching the groundsea, and the waves dashing about and washing up, and the trees bending 'way over from the wind that still whistled and tugged and howled but was going down, and flocks of pelicans flying along fast as possible to the Bluff where they live, and with that schooner not pounding so hard on the rocks for the sailors and stevedores had pushed her off a little with the posts and ropes, then papa sent Jack and me home. And there on the steps going up to our house who should we meet but the other Queerie, which is the last and No. 4. And she is the *dearest!* Jack likes her, too, though she is *dreadfully* old as you can plainly see.

But one day when she caught us looking at her, which I didn't mean to, for it is not

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polite, she twinkled her eyes at us just as bright—and she says sort, of smiling,

“I suppose you two think I am old enough to have been Adam’s wife—eh? But I am not *quite* an Auntie Diluvan—I assure you I did not come out of the Ark.” Though Jack and I don’t know what she meant.

Her name is Miss Loftus, and though her face is all sallow, and her forehead and her cheeks have queer little crisscross lines all over like a quailed up belle-apple, and her teeth are very big and yellow like in pictures of Little Red Riding Hood’s wolf-grandmother, her hair is *jet* black, and her eyes do shine like everything, and Christmas night if she didn’t dance in Sir Roger with all the rest.

Well, when we met her she had a box in one hand and a paper parcel in the other, and though we offered, she wouldn’t let Jack or me carry one of them.

“No, no, my dears,” she says, tripping up the steps just as quick *as* quick—Nana Joan says this is because she is so very thin and little that she is light, “I have something in this box which, if broken, could *never* be replaced!”

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She didn't say what was in the other parcel, but I knew, because of something that had happened once when she didn't know it.

So up stairs we went, and there was mamma in the drawing-room with Miss Minji Compton, come to see her in spite of the groundsea, and who is a very stern person that we children do not care to meet with. Jack at once slid away. And after mamma had shaken hands she said,

“Won't you go up in my room, Miss Loftus, and take off your things? Jill, take Miss Loftus up stairs and help her.”

This was because everybody knows when Miss Loftus pays a visit it is for all day. And mamma likes to have her come for she is quite poor, and not very happy where she lives.

So I took her up to mamma's room, where the west windows were all barred on account of the storm, though the others were open. And there was a big, empty wooden box at one side the room, with a great heap of that stuff that's called eccelsors or something like that, (I can't find it in the dictionary, it is so stupid to make dictionaries and not put half the words in them) in a sheet spread out on the floor.

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“Oh,” I said, “mamma’s been unpacking that box that came from America.”

And then Miss Loftus put *her* box and her parcel carefully upon the bed. And then I helped her as mamma had said, for she took off her shoes which are prunella, and put on slippers that were black satin, all darned along the sides in the very most finest way (Miss Loftus says she has had those slippers for years and *years*) and the soles thin as paper, with no heels, and her stockings white open-worked ones. This is the way Miss Loftus used to dress when she was a girl and well off, so she told mamma, and she isn’t happy to go visiting without doing it now, but she never wears her best things at home, so as to save them.

Well, after that, and I had brushed her black dress off, not with a whisk broom, for that would have worn it out too quickly, she said, but with an old silk handkerchief, and poured out water for her to wash her hands, and put fresh towels, I went out and shut the door and sat on the landing to wait for her.

I did this because of that something I told you that had happened. Going up to mamma’s room one day from the yard to sit in the west window a while, as I opened the door very



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quietly, for I didn't want Nana Joan or the children to know I was there, what should I see but Miss Loftus, who had come to make a visit. She had mamma's bureau glass pushed 'way back, because she is so little, you know, and her bonnet was off and her cap. She was holding something up before her that she had just that minute taken out of her white tissue paper parcel, which has always brown paper inside to save the white from wearing out. The something was black *as* black—and there was Miss Loftus with her hair all the sweetest, prettiest color you ever saw—almost like silver. Then quickly on her head she put that jet black thing, and it was curls. Then, of course, I knew.

It all happened in about one second—just as I opened the door—and I was so sorry, because somehow I felt she wouldn't have wanted me to see her. And just as quickly, quiet as a mouse, I shut the door again, and stole off downstairs. This is the reason I went out of the room without being told, before Miss Loftus took her bonnet off—see?

When she came along the landing, taking tiny steps in the black satin slippers, which you see plainly because her dress is a little

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short and with her hair in those little black curls by her forehead, and lace mitts on her hands, without fingers, which she wears all the time, even to the table, and her large cap on with the yellow ribbons, she twinkled her eyes at me, just as bright, and says,

“Jill, you are a very well-bred little girl!” Then she patted my shoulder.

Well, Miss Loftus stayed the rest of that day with us, though Jack and I were out in the yard in boat *Winifred*, playing that we were in the groundsea. So we didn't see her again until nearly dinner time. Then, when Jack and I went in the drawing-room all dressed for dinner, there was Miss Loftus sitting talking with papa and mamma. And just after we came in she says, in that way she has, like in a story book—though Jack doesn't like it, and you do have to look up so *many* words in putting it down here—she says,

“My dear and most valued of friends, who have never failed me in my days of stern necessity, it has long been my earnest desire to present to you some token of my esteem and heartfelt appreciation. And I have at last, I think, decided upon something that is

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unique and will please you. With your permission I will ascend to the upper floor and fetch the box I placed in your bedchamber."

With that she got up, and with those spry, teeny feet of hers was at the door before anybody could say anything.

Then mamma says quickly, "Oh, Miss Loftus, this is *very* kind of you. But you should not have done it—your friendship is enough—" and, "Don't you give yourself that trouble, Miss Loftus, let one of the children run up stairs for you," sings out papa.

Miss Loftus stopped, and twinkled those bright little eyes of hers.

"Dear friends," she says, with a wave of one of her mitt-hands at us, like a sort of queen, "add, I implore you, still further to your many kindnesses to me by allowing me to do this in my own way."

Next minute there she was, going along the steps that lead to our up stairs—not like walking, you know, but like gliding, with just a tiny pinch of her black frock between her fingers to hold it up, with her other fingers curved up, and her little fingers sticking straight out.

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It did look funny, and Jack giggled, and I might have, too, but papa says quite stern,

“Leave the room, sir, if you can’t behave like a gentleman.”

Next thing we heard *such* a screech—then another screech—and another! And quick as we could get in the entry there was Miss Loftus coming running down the steps, with her face all pale as a sheet, and her arms waving up and down, and calling out,

“Oh—oh—it is *gone*—box and all! Not a *sign* of it! It has been stolen—my beloved and revered grandfather’s ostrich egg!”

Then there was a grand commotion!—Miss Loftus crying and saying things all wild, and gasping and going to have hysterics and faint away, so she had to be put to lie down on one of our red sofas and given a glass of wine, and mamma’s vinaigrette to smell, and Helena, our housegirl, rubbing her hands, and Nessa wanting to take feathers out of our pillows to burn under Miss Loftus’s nose because she said that would make her feel better, and with papa, Jack, me and Tinka up stairs in mamma’s room hunting for that box that had disappeared. Only Nana Joan didn’t come, because she had heard what it was, and didn’t

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want to open the nursery door and let the noise wake up Paul and Peggie, who were just going to sleep on account of not being well, and taking senna tea that day. And Tony didn't come either, for he was in the stable making the horses' beds, and didn't know one thing about it. And, mind you, they were the *very* ones—well, you'll soon hear all about it.

Sure enough, the box Miss Loftus had brought was gone—and though we searched and hunted in every direction, not one sign of it could we find. Then papa questioned the servants, and even Nana Joan, who had come down now, but not Tony, for he was outside, and poor Miss Loftus was still crying, and mamma so worried, and not a thought of dinner, though some people were hungry.

Well, it was then that I remembered something and a thought came into my head, just like a flash, and I ran down in the yard where Jack was sitting on the wall of our steps, and talking to Tinka's brother who had just walked in to see her from the country. Tinka's brother is named William Augustus Constantine Joseph, but everybody calls him Gustus for short, and he had brought Jack

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some sugarcanes, which Jack was eating, tearing off the green outer stalk with his teeth, and crunching it in a way that made your blood run cold. That is the reason I don't like cane to eat.

When I first told Jack of my thought he said,

“What a silly-billy idea!” But afterward he said, Yes, it was all right. And Gustus said couldn't he come, too, and he did, and off we started.

Now where do you suppose we went?

Why, right under those arches, under the L of our house that I've told you about, where you don't really like to be even in the middle of the day. And now the sun had gone down behind the high wall of our yard, and after you got past the place where the horses' grass and tops are kept and the barrel of molasses they eat with it, the shadows were so black you could hardly see a thing. And papa doesn't let anybody go with a light under there on account of empty wooden boxes that are piled up there and other rubbish that could take fire. But, I tell you, we would like to have had a candle, for there are a lot of arches down there, making like passageways that

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confuse you in the dark, and with iron rings in some of their walls, and one piece of a broken chain that Bella and some of the other servants say are where black people used to be chained up ages ago, when there were slaves, and beaten and starved to death by the wicked woman who owned this house then—see? Though we have heard, too, that those rings and staples and chains were put there to tie a lot of horses to that she used to own. Papa bought our house from one of her relations when she had been a long time dead, and he said that. And papa wants us to believe that, and, of course, we really do. But when Nessa tells you she's heard poor slaves moaning and clanking chains down there nights, and you see she won't go under there unless it is bright daylight, and even Tony taking the rubbish 'way back among the arches very early in the afternoons, and the men carting it away the same time, why, though you're not truly frightened, somehow you don't feel as if you *want* to go there when the sun is down and the place all dull.

But we felt as if we had to this time, so we went, the three of us. When suddenly—there *was* a loud noise—and it *was* a chain clanking!

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Well, right away Gustus calls out a Name that it tells us in the Commandments "Thou shalt not take in vain," and off he split, as Jack says, out into the yard, like a shot out of a gun, while Jack and I stood stock still and just gripped hold of each other. I don't believe we could 've run if we had tried—at least I couldn't.

Then we heard a queer pattering sound—and next minute there was our goat Djali rubbing up against us, and lipping our hands. We had forgotten all about his being tied up down there, and 'twas his rope had clanked the iron chain, for he did it again. And Jack says,

"What a coward that Gustus is!"

And on we went till we came to the place where the loose rubbish is thrown, and there, by the little light that was coming in we saw the great heap of eccelsors that had been in mamma's room that morning. And when we stooped down and poked our hands into it what should come right against my fingers but Miss Loftus's box, tied up, just as it was when she put it on the bed. And when I shook it something rattled inside.

Well, in about two minutes Jack and I were



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out from under those arches, and up in the drawing-room telling them everything. And Miss Loftus up off that lounge and opening that box, and taking out her beloved grandfather's ostrich egg, which was 'most as big as Jack's head. It was a beautiful delicate cream color, and empty, and with a hole at the top all bound round with silver, and a little silver stand that one end of the egg fitted right into just like a cup. It was the most truly queer and pretty thing you ever saw.

And Miss Loftus, who was quite well now and twinkling her eyes at all of us and smiling with her Red Riding Hood's grandmother's big teeth, presented the ostrich egg to papa and mamma in the story-book language that I do like to hear, and begging them not to refuse it, for that would break her heart, she said.

So then they took it.

And then all at once Miss Loftus came over and put one of her thin mitt-hands on my shoulder, and she says,

“I should like, my dear, kind and estimable friends, to ask one favor of you in regard to this small token of my sincere friendship and appreciation which you have allowed me to

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present to you. When your allotted span of life has drawn to a close, and you two true Christians are receiving your deserved reward in heaven, let it be, I ask, that Jill—your daughter, Winifred—shall inherit the ostrich egg.”

And with tears in their eyes papa and mamma said, *Yes!* And I kissed Miss Loftus, which is for the first time.

And Jack said afterward that he didn't mind one bit about Miss Loftus not mentioning him, too, for he had his spoon that he dug up in the cave. And it was found out the next day that it was Paul and Peggie who had hid that box in the eccelsors. They put it there for fun, to play a joke they said, and then forgot all about it. And Tony just gathered up the four corners of that sheet where it was, and threw the bundle on his back and emptied the eccelsors on the rubbish heap away back under the arches, never dreaming that Miss Loftus's beloved and revered grandfather's ostrich egg was in it. But I happened to remember seeing all that stuff there on the floor out of the box from America, so Jack and I went to look, though I truly never expected to find that other box there.



“Let it be, I ask, that Jill—your daughter,  
Winifred—shall inherit the  
ostrich egg’”



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And then after a little while, when things  
had sort of quieted down, papa says,  
“Suppose we have some dinner.”  
And we all did.

## CHAPTER X

### A JOLLY JOKE ON A QUEERIE

**I**T was a jolly joke—and then again it wasn't—but how were we to know? Well, you'll hear about it.

On account of Dr. Swift saying mamma was all tired out, papa took her and went and paid a visit for two weeks to a lady and gentleman in St. Thomas that we know. Nana Joan was left in charge of us children and the house, with aunt Letty and uncle Ferrier to come in whenever they could to see how everything was going. And uncle Dick to see we didn't any of us get ill.

Mamma did not want to go away, on account of leaving us, but papa said Yes! So she went, after telling us all to be very good children. And she left some sugar candy that we were to have a piece of every day when we behaved. And papa told Jack and me that as we were the eldest we must remember and set a good example to the younger ones. Then they said good-bye, and went on board of the *Vigilant*, with us

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all on the wharf to see them off, and sailed away.



“ WITH US ALL ON THE WHARF TO SEE THEM OFF ”

Well, at first it was so lonely and strange at home that Jack and I didn't know what to do

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for missing our dear father and mother. But we sat head and foot of the table at meals like papa and mamma, and had extra helps of dessert, because mamma had said we might, which was quite pleasant. And besides we knew that our father and mother would bring us all some presents from St. Thomas, for they always do when they have been away.

So after a couple of days we began to feel better, though evenings were the worst times when we missed them, even Jack said that. For Nana Joan is not a kind person about letting children sit up, but, no matter how old they are, marches them off to bed entirely too early. When I grow up and have my children I shall let them sit up evenings quite late if they want to.

And while papa and mamma were gone, two adventures happened to us. This chapter is about the first one.

Of course, there was school just as usual, until one morning, when round comes a message from Mr. Heyle, that he was very sorry but he could not come to teach us our lessons that day. If he was sorry, I can tell you, we weren't, for very often, he does teach so crossly!



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And almost before that messenger had gone, there was another, and this time it was from Mrs. Rothe, who lives in the Fort, asking Jack and me to go and spend the day with her two children. They are Julie and Ernst. And in her note Mrs. Rothe said she had asked mamma, long ago, if we might spend a day with her children, and she had said, Yes. So Nana Joan could not prevent us from going.

And Jack and I were truly delighted, for we do love to go to the Fort. And besides it was April Fool's Day, so we knew we would be sure to have jolly sport.

I could hardly wait for Tinka to fasten my frock, though it was my pink muslin that I like, because Jack and I were so anxious to start. And at last, after Nana Joan had told us tiresome things about behaving ourselves and all that, then we got away.

Well, that Fort is such a most interesting and fascinating place that I just wish we might go and live there always. It has high broad walls all round it, and big shining black cannon mounted on the walls. You go in through tall iron gates, where a sentry always walks up and down, with a gun on

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his shoulder. And right close by is his tiny house, only big enough to hold him in it, and it is called a sentry box. Down below the walls, inside the Fort, are more of those cannon on wheels, and great pointed heaps of cannon balls arranged just *as* neat, and the most splendid flower garden that you could imagine, where people, that the Rothes know, can buy flowers for parties and birthdays and such times, if they like. Besides all this, every night a bugle plays at eight o'clock, to call the soldiers in, and a gun fires then, too.

So that, what with all these things, and the house built in a strange, very strong way, with queer flights of steps and rooms all about, and narrow passage-ways to them, and small, very deep windows, somehow you think of castles, and what are called "strongholds" in books. Like that tower window in *Ivanhoe*, where Rebecca looked out to see that fierce battle going on, and Robin Hood and his merry men in it. And that high rugged castle where Sintram lived and his cross father, Bjorn of the Fiery Eye. Do you remember?

Most always I think of those stories when we go to the Fort, but I did not this time at all. For when we passed that sentry, who

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knows us and saluted just as if we were the captain himself, and had gone through the gates, there were Julie and Ernst, waiting for us. And the very first thing they said after, "How do you do?" was,

"An orderly came for papa this morning, so that he had to go to King's Hill right away. And mamma and Aggie and tanta went with him. That's the reason we are not having school to-day, but a holiday, for mamma said we might."

King's Hill is the military station that is in the middle of this island, on a high hill.

"And," goes on Ernst, "mamma said that when you came we could do *anything* we pleased—long as we didn't break anything or hurt one another. Because, you know, this is All Fools' Day. Now what shall we do first?"

Well, then we began to think of jokes. And we played a lot of them—like sending Ulrich, the head gardener, who is also a soldier, on a made-up message to the lieutenant of the Fort, and jumping out upon those other soldiers and giving them whacks with bags filled with white flour. And putting salt in the big sugar bowl so that ever so

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many put that in their coffee. Oh, what faces they did make! And how we did laugh and shout out, "April Fool!" It was the greatest fun, because nobody got angry, but just enjoyed it.

And they fooled us, too. For when we went in to lunch from that splendid garden, where Ulrich let us play as much as we pleased as long as we didn't pick or spoil his plants, what should be on the table for us but a large dishful of the most truly delicious looking puffs you can imagine. Puffs are soft and just *as* light, and inside all sorts of jelly and sweetmeats. I can tell you they are good. So that Julie and Ernst said to their cook,

"Maria, you are the very kindest person ever was!"

And we said so, too, and thanked her. And she says, nice *as* nice,

"Help yo'se'f, chil'ren. Tek all yo' wan'. Ah know a' yo' well like dem puffs—so Ah mek dem fer lunch."

But when we bit into those puffs—if they weren't *filled* with cotton, and sewed up with thread in *every* direction anybody could ever think of!

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Then, of course, we were sold. And that cook and the housegirl, and some of those soldiers that we had fooled, were delighted and laughed, and called out,

“April Fool! Oh, April Fool!”

So we had to watch out carefully that they did not play more tricks upon us. For, as Jack says, it is much more fun to play tricks on people than to have people play them on you. And really we played so many funny jokes this day that we laughed until we could scarcely laugh any more.

But they were not really unkind tricks—except one. Though we did not mean that one to be unkind, and it did not seem at all so to us until afterward. As I told you once before—how much better it would be if only a person could know beforehand what was going to happen. Though mamma says that, No, we would not be half as happy as we are now.

Well, to resume. We were sitting up on that broad wall of the Fort, on that part of it where children are allowed to go. And Oscar, one of the new soldiers that has just come out from Denmark was there, too, cleaning a big cannon. He does not speak

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much English, and he is a person that is so good natured that he is very easily fooled. And as we sat there eating cocoanut sugar-cakes which that cook had given us to make up for those cotton puffs, Julie says suddenly, "Oh, there's old Heyle going along that street! I thought he was so sick."

For we had told them of our having no school that day so that we could go to the Fort. And then,

"Oh, I say—let's make him an April Fool!" cries out Jack quickly.

"Oh, yes! yes! Let us do it!" we all said right away. And we were all quite delighted, for our old Queerie No. 2, teaches Julie and Ernst Danish three times a week. And they think he is very cross, just as much as we do.

So when we watched him going along that street, poking his head forward just the way a turtle does, and with those queer old glasses on, we began to laugh. For he did look the funniest!

Then Hans, who is a colored servant boy that is allowed to play with the Rothe children, and was sitting there with us on that wall, he says,

"Ah jus' t'ink of a well fine April Fool joke to play 'pon dat Mr. Heyle."

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And when he told us, it was such a jolly good joke that we all laughed, and agreed right away that we would do it. Julie, though, who is a child that most nearly always gets frightened about nothing, she said,

“Oh, perhaps we had better not play that joke. Suppose he should get dreadfully angry, and complain to our fathers and mothers when he comes to-morrow to teach us!”

But nobody would listen to her. For we were busy making up that April Fool note to send to Mr. Heyle.

And if you think it was easy to do you are very much mistaken. Because—for two things—you had to call him something at the beginning of that note, and sign yourself something at the ending. And that, as Jack says, was a sticker, because of not wishing to call him *Dear friend*, or end off with *Yours affectionately*, as when a person would write to their fathers or mothers or other people that they like very much.

Then Jack said he knew that sometimes papa had begun a letter with *Gentlemen*. But Mr. Heyle wasn't a gentleman, so we couldn't put that. But at last we made it up. And,

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on account of Jack saying it should be *Esquire* and Ernst saying it should be *Mister*, why I just put both for peace.

After all that bother, when the note was finished it was quite short, and it was like this—

*Julius Heyle Esquire*  
*Mister Man*

*Please come to the Fort right away, as soon as you get this. Because there are some people there that are very ankshuss to see you before they go away. I have no more to say. Goodbye.*

*Yours to command*  
*A. F. D.*

I know just *as well* how to spell anxious, but when we were fussing over that note it seemed as if I couldn't remember. And I don't think the boys did either, for they didn't say one word about it, nor since. And I'm sure they would have had they known it was wrong. I would like to have changed it, but, you see I had to put it in here just as I really wrote it.

*Yours to command* came from Ernst, because as he says, Mr. Heyle most nearly always



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commands us in school time. And A. F. D. stands for April Fools' Day—see? *I* thought of that.

When it was all made up, on account of Mr. Heyle knowing our writing, we made that colored boy Hans copy off the note—and we sent him with it to Mr. Heyle's room where he lives all alone by himself. Then Ernst and Jack and I, but not Julie, went and talked to that good-natured soldier, Oscar. And Ernst told him in Danish what we wanted him to do when Mr. Heyle came. But we didn't tell him it was a joke we were going to play, for fear he might not be willing to help.

Well, we waited *and* waited, until we began to wonder whether Mr. Heyle was ever coming, or Hans back again. Or whether our old Queerie had suspected the joke and called in one of those sitaraks for Hans. When, suddenly, there the two of them came walking into that Fort. Hans pretending to look just as innocent, and Mr. Heyle marching along, with his glasses on, and his head poked forward, same as he does always, only that his face was just *as* red.

Of course, we children kept out of the way

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for fear he should guess the joke, until Oscar goes forward to him, for that was in our joke, and says,

“I takes you zis vay, sair.”

Then Hans slipped back, and we four children and he followed behind on tippy-toes, just *as* softly, so that old fellow should not see us.

And what does Oscar do but lead Mr. Heyle down some steps, then along a passage-way, and right into a stone room at the end, where there are only a table and a few chairs. Because it is there the disobedient soldiers are brought before Captain Rothe, to be scolded, or get their punishment. Still it is not at all a bad room, and quite cool and pleasant.

Then out goes Oscar, and shuts the door, which has a spring lock from the outside, and walks away, leaving Mr. Heyle shut up there. For that was the April Fool joke. See? And we laughed *and* laughed to think how he would be sold when presently we all walked into the room and shouted out,

“April Fool! You are well caught, Mr. Heyle! You are April Fool!”



“Then we sat again upon the Fort wall”

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“We will let him stay there a little while, before we go in. So he’ll just *know* it. Eh?” says Ernst.

And “Yes! Yes! That’s a good idea!” agrees everybody. For Mr. Heyle is a person that never likes to be caught in a joke or mistake, or anything like that, and will not acknowledge it.

So after we had listened a little while in great glee under the window and heard that old prisoner talking to himself in a low tone, so that we had to laugh very softly, off we all went, and picked some myrtle limes that grow in the Fort garden, that Ulrich let us take, and are nice, then sat again upon the wall and ate them. And while we were doing that and looking at that sentry walking up and down by the gate, and all the people in the street, and those lovely flowers blooming in that Fort garden, and the ships on the dancing blue sea, which is beautiful, with boats and lighters and bumboats taking things off to them, and the stevedores singing as they hauled those boats and unloaded them—while all this was going on it was so truly interesting and pleasant that we forgot all about poor Mr. Heyle locked up in that

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down-stairs room, until presently there came a gentleman driving up in a phaeton to the Fort and walking in. And who should it be but Mr. Macintyre.

He is a Scotch gentleman that is a friend of papa, and always just *as* nice to us. And with no left hand at all. Papa told us that it was shot off once when Mr. Macintyre was out hunting. And when he is riding about or driving or visiting he wears a thick strong silver hook that screws right into what used to be his wrist, but now is hard leather, for he has let Jack and me screw it on for him. And when he comes, quite often, to dine with us, he takes out that hook quickly in his lap so no one sees—but we do—and screws in a regular fork, so that he can cut up his own meat and eat it just like everybody else. And papa calls him Don Kihotie, though I don't know why. And I don't know whether I have spelled that queer name right either. But it must mean something nice, for papa and mamma like him very much, and so do we children.

Well, when that gentleman, who is Mr. Macintyre and Don Kihotie together, got out of his phaeton and came walking in, we all hid

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behind those cannon, and shouted out in funny deep made-up voices,

“*Ho there! Stop there!*”

And he acted as though he were scared as anything—jumping and hunting round and peeping behind those pointed heaps of cannon balls where not even a kitten could have been hidden. Then we all shouted,

“April Fool! Oh, you are an April Fool!”

Then we rushed down upon him, and everybody laughed *and* laughed. And we were all so truly merry and full of fun that we began to count up our April Fool jokes, which, all at once, made us remember Mr. Heyle, and we told our Don Kihotie about him.

“Now we’ll all go together and tell him how jolly well we have fooled him,” says Jack, and all of us.

But that gentleman didn’t smile at all, as we had expected. Instead he looked very serious.

“I’m afraid you have played a sorry joke, children,” he says, in such a stern voice that we were most truly astonished. “I have just come from Mr. Heyle’s room—I went to see him on business—and I heard there that the doctor had made him go to bed, because he

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was too ill to be up. He has a wretched cold. And got up out of a sick bed to come here—supposing the summons to be from friends—”

“But he was on the street to-day. We saw him. That’s what put the April Fool idea into our heads,” speaks up Jack, who is always the first one of us to remember what to say.

“He was obliged to go out. And while out he met Dr. Swift, who took Heyle home himself, and helped him get to bed,” Mr. Macintyre told us, still serious. “The poor fellow had a hot fever when your uncle Dick left him. Dr. Swift met me just now and mentioned that, and I went to see if I could do anything for the sick man. But he was gone. To be shut up in that damp underground room in his present condition may be the death of Mr. Heyle.”

Then, I can tell you, we felt badly! For though Mr. Heyle is so truly queer and cross, and not a gentleman, still it was dreadful to think we had done anything that would hurt him or make him die, when it was really only meant for a joke.

So when Don Kihotie says,



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“Take me to where he is,” we did so double quick, and feeling very sad, not knowing what might have happened to that Queerie.

When that door was quickly opened there was Mr. Heyle still alive. And what do you suppose? Because there were only those few chairs in the room and no bed or sofa, he had crawled on top of that big table and was lying there, muttering to himself all the time in a low voice. Just as we had heard him doing after we had locked that door, only then we did not know he was ill. And his eyes looked at us queerly, with his face red as fire—as our Paulie’s little thin face gets when he has fever. And it seemed as if Mr. Heyle did not know any of us at all.

Oh, we felt almost nearly frightened to death!

Then Mr. Macintyre sends Jack and Ernst off to get some shawls and blankets, which with his one good hand and that hook he put right round that poor Queerie No 2, who was shivering and cold, though he had such fever. And with everybody helping—for by this time, the cook and Sukie, the housegirl, and Ulrich and some others had heard about it—they got Mr. Heyle into that phaeton.

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And Don Kihotie drove him away to his one room where he lives.

Well, I can tell you, there was no more fun for any of us *that* afternoon. With Julie and Ernst waiting for their father and mother to come home and hear everything, and Jack and me going to see uncle Dick, and telling him what we had done, and how very sorry we were for having played that joke (but of course we did not tell on Hans or that soldier Oscar, nor did Julie and Ernst).

Then when we had finished, uncle Dick says, just as serious,

“This is a warning. *Never* play practical jokes, children, for they are always risky.” And when Jamie, who was in the room, began laughing, uncle Dick pretending to be cross, but with his eyes just twinkling like everything, says, “Do always as I say, young people—not as I do. What are you grinning at, you young rascal Jamie?” For everybody knows uncle Dick just *loves* to play jokes.

But how Nana Joan did scold? Though we felt worse when aunt Letty spoke to us about that joke, for she is a person we like to have think that we are nice children, for we love her.

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Well, Mr. Heyle was ill in his bed for nearly a week, then he got better. And when he began again to teach us, at first we were more truly glad to have him than we had ever dreamed we could be.

And he never scolded a single word about that April fool joke, but thanked us for being kind to him, which made us feel dreadfully ashamed.

The reason Mr. Heyle thanked us was because while he was ill Jack and I took him some most truly delicious things to eat. Like those little Mount Washington oranges that are sweet *as* sugar, and young cocoanuts for him to drink the milk in them when he was thirsty. And custards that Nessa made, and something else that is still more delicious, that she calls caudle.

And these things were not given to us out of our father's and mother's money, for aunt Letty said that would not be fair. She said she thought we ought to spend our own money—on account of that joke, you know. So we had to use our pocket money that papa and mamma had left for us to spend as we liked and have a jolly time. We just hated to do it—but we did.

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And almost nearly every day Jack and Ernst, or Julie and I would go to see Mr. Heyle, and take him those nice things. And how he did eat them up! Lying on that sofa, looking pale, now that the fever was gone, and with that very high shining forehead, which is partly bald, and that queer mouth which is ugly and, as Jack says, so very large when he smiles that you might almost nearly fall into it. But, of course, that is only fun.

There at Mr. Heyle's room was a most friendly thin yellow dog, that was nice right away to our dog Bijou. And we found out that he eats up all those potato peelings and scraps of bread and bones that our old Queerie No. 2 takes away from dinners in that seid-litz-powder pan. And there were doves, too, that came and sat on his window sill, waiting to be fed. And they all are fond of Mr. Heyle, so we think perhaps he is a kinder man than most times he seems to be.

And on the last day we went to see him, Mr. Heyle thanked *and* thanked us for all the good things we children had taken him. And when we told him how very sorry we felt about that joke, he said,

“We will forget all that, and say nothing

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about it to the father and mother." Which was kind.

But, of course, we shall tell our father and mother ourselves—when they come home, for aunt Letty says that will be better than writing now, for fear they should be worried about us. And that would spoil their visit.

So now we feel kinder toward our old Queerie No. 2. Still Jack and I were truly glad when uncle Dick told us Mr. Heyle was most nearly well. For then, you know, we had not to go any more to see him. And besides this, something else had happened in the meanwhile that took up lots of our time, and was the very most exciting thing you ever could imagine.

You will hear all about it in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XI

### UNDER THE ARCHES

IT was one of those days when Jack and I had just come back from seeing Mr. Heyle, and taking him some of those nice things. And we were playing in our yard, just we two, for Paul and Peggie were up stairs not yet dressed for the afternoon. And none of the boys had come round.

Tony was sitting down on his doorstep chopping tops for the horses' dinner. And on account of having a lame foot, and his boy Manny not there, he says, most polite,

"Marse Jack, yo' do some'n' fer oal Tony? Go, like a good chile, an' bring me some ob dem tops f'om under de house. Den Ah bring you a splendid present ob fruit nex' time Ah go in de country. Ah well knoah yo' ain' goin' refuse me, on account ob de lame toe."

So Jack went, though he did not want to at all. Not to be disagreeable, you know, but because of the tops being kept under those high dark arches that I have told you about

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before. Where Miss Loftus' grandfather's box was found. So when Jack walked off—very slowly—toward them, I felt like getting up and going, too. And I did—never dreaming of—well, you'll hear.

For a wonder that place under there was not nearly as dark as usual that day. For it was quite early, so that the sun was still shining above the wall of our yard. And somehow I did not feel afraid, but just began poking around a very little.

So, while Jack was gathering up the first armful of tops, careful *as* careful, on account of the tiny prickles on them, you know, I walked along one of those passage-ways between the arches, not saying a word, or even singing or whistling, which sometimes you do feel like doing when you are in a lonesome place. And then suddenly, what should I see but something dark in a heap on the ground against the wall!

“Oh, it *is* Djali,” I said to myself. Because my heart was jumping like everything, though still I was not terribly frightened, for I thought it was surely our goat.

“Djali! Here, Djali! Come here, sir!” I said, snapping my fingers at the black heap.

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With that it sort of raised up. Then a chain clanked!—And next minute that something that I had thought was Djali came walking on its knees to me. Holding up its hands, and begging, in a very most sad and mournful voice,

“Oah, me li'l' missis—hab mussy 'pon a poah miser'ble nagur! Oah, me missis—f' Gawd sake, gi' me food f' eat! Kill me—'relse gi' me some'n' f' eat! Ah starve till me stummich t'ink me t'roat cut. Oah, missis—doan' gi' me up to de judge! Ah mos' dead—Ah—”

And then he began crying—in a way that made you feel dreadful—and fell down on his face on the ground.

For what was it—now that he was near—but a tall negro boy. An old boy, for he told us afterward that he was seventeen. And he had on no shirt or any clothes but short ragged trousers. And when he fell down that chain clanked again.

And there it was fastened round his ankle—and a big iron ball at the other end!

Then I knew at once that he had done something wicked—and had run away from that Wheelbarrow Gang!

And I said quickly,





““ Oah, missis—doan’ gi’ me up to de judge! ””



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“Oh, you are one of those prisoners!”

And then he begged so pitiful,

“Oah yah! Oah yah! Ah mos’ dead! Ah mos’ dead! Kill me—but *doan’* gi’ me up to de judge! Oah, me missis—Ah been t’ree—foah—days widout one bite—Ah so hungry Ah mos’ dead! Gi’ me some’n’ f’ eat! Gi’ me some’n’!”

Moaning and crying, and begging, he sort of grabbed at my frock—And like a flash, there was my brother Jack standing right between us, and knocking off those black hands. For it seems he had come back for the other lot of tops, and heard that negro boy talking.

“Don’t you *dare* to touch that little girl!” he cries out in a fierce brave way that was most truly grand. I do think Jack is such a splendid boy!

Then immediately that poor negro began crying again, most pitiful. And I said quickly,

“He was not going to hurt me, Jack. He is a prisoner of the Wheelbarrow Gang—but he is most truly starved. And almost dead!”

And that poor creature said so, too, and begged and *implored* so hard for food that

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tears came right into my eyes, and I felt dreadfully sad. And Jack did, too. For when I said, in a very determined way,

“I don’t care if he *is* a prisoner and wicked—I am going to get him something to eat,”—for, you see, I remembered that time when I thought I had killed Tony and would be also a prisoner—what did Jack say, but,

“I’ll hunt up something for him, too. But,” he says, “we must be *very* careful, or somebody will suspect. Then the sitarahs ’ll come and carry him—”

Right away when that poor prisoner heard that word, he began again begging that we would not give him up.

“Kill me fust, me massa, but, oah, doan’ gi’ me up to de judge! Massa, Ah swear Ah nebber done dat t’ing w’a’ dey put me in de gang fer. Ah swear Ah nebber done it!”

And he said this in such a way that we believed him. And Jack says to me,

“That makes it all very different, don’t you see? Now we can help him—being innocent, you know.”

Then—for, as I’ve told you before, Jack is a boy that thinks of everything—he made that negro boy go farther back under those

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arches, so he would not be found by any one. And Jack showed him how to hold up the iron ball, so it would not clank. And together we took a lot of that eccelsors that was in the rubbish corner, and made a sort of bed for him to lie down on. Then we went away. Though he did not want to be left there so far under the arches alone. For he was afraid.

“Well,” says Jack, very sternly, “you either stay here and do as you are told, or out you go—into the Wheelbarrow Gang again. And with that beating which they will jolly well give you, for running away. Now take your choice. Quick!”

Of course, then he stayed. And we went off, leaving him lying on that straw stuff, and whimpering like everything, even though we had warned him that some one might hear.

“Now we’ve got to find him something to eat,” I said, while we were walking away.

“Yes,” says Jack, “and that’s the rub.”

For you see we had just had lunch, and it was too early for dinner. And mamma was not at home to give us anything, as we knew she would have. And, on account of buying things to take to our old Queerie No. 2, all

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our pocket money was gone except just three cents which we had. We couldn't ask Nana Joan for money, for we knew she would never rest until she found out everything. And then goodbye to that poor starved Wheelbarrow Gang boy. For Nana Joan is such a most respectable person, as she always says, that she would *never* help a prisoner.

Well, at last we hit upon a plan.

"You go in the kitchen and brace Nessa for some bread and butter—much as you can get," says Jack. "And anything else she will give you. I'll carry a small armful of tops to Tony now, then slide out and buy all I can for our three cents. Then slide in again under here—for the rest of the tops, you know. And you come, too, with whatever you've found. We'll be a foraging party. But don't you go back there to that fellow with the food until I come. Now I'm off. Be careful—or we'll get caught."

Nessa is a person that is not always kind. And this day when I asked her for something to take down stairs to eat, she got quite provoked, because she was sitting down smoking her pipe and resting, before she began again cooking our dinner.

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“W’at! Yo’ wan’ more fer eat, w’en yo’ jus’ done yo’ lunch?” she says, cross *as* cross. “Yo’ is a well greedy li’l’ gell!”



“‘YES,’ SAYS JACK, ‘AND THAT’S THE RUB.’”

Now it isn’t very pleasant to be called greedy. But I pretended I did not hear her—for there was that starved negro boy down stairs wait-

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ing for that food. Though, on account of being vexed, Nessa gave me only one slice, and so thin that I knew it would not be enough. So I wondered what I should do, and went all over the house looking for things that I knew I might take.

Well, just as I got under those arches, in came Jack to our yard from the street. And,

“Now I’ll bring you the rest of those tops, Tony,” he calls out, cool *as* cool.

So then we took that food to Buddo, for he had told us that was his name. We had two enormous large biscuits that Jack had bought, and a piece of cheese that was also large, but not very good, being smelly, and with weevils or some other little crawling things in it, which was the reason he got it so cheap.

I said, “He will never eat that!” And, “Just you try him!” answered Jack.

Besides these things of Jack’s were my slice of bread and butter, two rusks and some cassava that our housegirl Helena had given me, and a truly delicious piece of chocolate that was my own. It was a *bonbon*—a chocolate man—all done up in silver paper. Feddy Hjersens’s aunt in Paris had sent some of



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those *bonbons* and Feddy had given me that one. I did not want at all to give that delicious *bonbon* to that negro boy under the arches, until I remembered how *dreadfully* hungry he was, and how very little food we had for him, and how he had told us he was weak. Everybody knows chocolate is strengthening, for uncle Dick says so.

So at last I gave the bonbon, though I felt almost sorry I had when I saw all that Jack had brought.

That was before I knew of those things in the cheese.

But I was quite willing again, when I saw the way that boy Buddo ate. In gulps, like our dog Bijou. And so truly ravenous that every single thing was gone in just the fewest minutes. Even the cheese with those crawling worms, and my nice chocolate. And he was still most dreadfully hungry!

“My! But you can eat!” says Jack.

“Oah, massa, dat ain’ nuttin’ but a flea bite,” answers Buddo. And he actually licked up the crumbs on the ground, which made us feel very badly. “Ah starve till Ah get holler f’om me t’roat down to me foot. Ah could eat an’ eat f’ a mont’.”

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Then he told us that it was now nearly a week since he had broken out of the Wheelbarrow Gang. And in all that time he had scarcely had anything to eat. He would *never* tell us how he got under our house. Jack thinks Tinka had a hand in it. But we could not ask her, for fear she had not done it—and then she might talk. And, as I said, if she had known he was there she surely would not have let him starve. See? So we gave up that idea.

And if you had seen those eyes of Buddo's you would have felt as truly sorry for him as we did. They were just like what you read in books of a wolf's eyes—so big and hollow, and glittering in a most horrid way when he saw the food. He would snatch what we brought him and gulp it right down. Then be sorry and beg pardon, quite polite. And do it all over again the very next time.

I can tell you he was the very hungriest person you *ever* could imagine. And Jack and I did have the hardest time getting enough food and water to give him.

We could never have done it at all except for two things. One was Tony's having that lame toe, so that he could only just hobble to

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the stables, and not at all under those arches, which are much farther away. And the other reason was our having no school, so that we could hunt up and collect things to eat. But it kept us busy, which was why we were glad when our old Queerie No. 2 got so well that we had not to go any more to see him.

Well, the time we had getting food to take to Buddo! For our best chance was when we were having our own meals. Because then there was always plenty of bread, and other things, like baked sweet potatoes or yams, or biscuits or cake, for those we could put in our pockets, and my blouse, when no one was looking. Though they are truly uncomfortable and burn sometimes when they are hot. And to get enough for that person that was hollow from his throat down to his heels, we had often to take quite nice food from our own selves.

Remembering how Jackandthebeanstalk fooled that giant, I made a bag and hung it round my neck under my blouse. And I would have made one for Jack, but he said he would not wear it. And the first time, because it was open down the middle, when

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Nana Joan was not looking, into that bag I popped a splendid crisp brown drumstick of a fowl that she had just helped me to. And after that a piece of guavaberry tart that I had taken only one bite of. It was so truly delicious that I almost *could not* give it up. And Jack says,

“Not *this* time if I know it, Miss Jill Carstairs!” And ate up every smitch of his piece. Though he had given his dessert another time, when it was fruit, and soursop, which he does not care *very* much for.

Though they were a little mixed up together, you should have seen Buddo smack his lips over that crisp leg and that tart! But I could never do it again, for what did that fowl and that guavaberry syrup do but soak through the bag and stain my clothes bad *as* bad. So that Nana Joan scolded, *and* scolded, and wondered like everything how that could have happened, for, of course, she never saw the bag, and I never told.

Well, that went on for about *four* days, and Jack and I were at our wits' ends getting food for that Buddo, who ate everything up as if it were most truly nothing. Besides this

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we were awfully afraid that some one would go under those arches and find our prisoner. For, on account of being such a coward, he would *not* stay very far back where it was really dark, but just came out to where I had seen him that day—and there were always that ball and chain which would clank.

Though Jack thinks that was not so bad, because if Nessa and Helena or Tinka heard that sound, they would be so frightened they'd *never, never* put even their noses under those arches. And on account of Tony being lame he could not go there either.

So, with Jack going to the Club's houses instead of their coming to play in our yard, somehow we got along—until one day.

Then it was that Jack came walking into our yard where I was playing horse with Paul and Peggie. He wiggled his finger at me, and when I went quickly to where he was sitting on the wall of our stone back steps, he says, gloomy *as* gloomy.

“I've just met that old Queerie No. 2—he's well enough now to go out walking. And to-morrow he is coming down here to begin that beastly school with us again. He told

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me so. *Then* what is to become of that fellow under there?" He nodded toward those arches. "We'll be in the schoolroom from nine until half past two—with no chance at all to hide away any grub for Buddo. And with anyone that chooses coming into this yard and walking right under those arches—"

"And papa and mamma not coming home for three days more," I said, also quite gloomy. For I did feel sorry for that run-away Wheelbarrow boy.

"I feel sorry for the poor wretch if those sitarahs catch him!" says Jack. "And, I say," he goes on, in a startled way, "perhaps they will take us up, too—for hiding Buddo, concealing him, you know. *Then* there'll be a grand rumpus! What will papa say! Crickie!"

Because, you see, our father is strict sometimes, though he is the very best father that ever was.

"I wish they would come home," I said. "For then we could tell mamma, anyhow. For you know, Jack, we could never go on forever keeping that Buddo there—and feeding him—and everything."

"No, we could not," agreed Jack. "But I wish we could think of some way for him to

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escape—get away entirely from under the arches—far from here. Where nobody would know he had ever been in the Wheelbarrow Gang. He says he did not do what he is being punished for. And I believe him. If there was only some one who would be willing to help him. Some one that we could tell about his being here—”

“Oh, Jack!—that Don Kihotie gentleman—he would help us,” I cried out quickly, almost before I knew I was saying it. For the thought had *just* flown into my head.

“You’ve struck it this time sure! That’s a jolly good idea!” cries out Jack, quite delighted, which of course, was very pleasant. “And whatever we do must be done to-day,” he goes on—“for I’m just sick and tired of giving half my meals to that fellow. And Manny ’ll be back here to-morrow. He is a regular snooper. Look here! I’ve just thought of a plan—a first rate one! If only we can carry it through. Listen!”

And then right away, for he is the quickest boy to think of things, Jack told me the plan he had just made up, so that Buddo could escape. And I said, of course I would help.

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The next thing there were Jack and I slipping quickly under those arches, when no one was looking. And with a file out of that box of tools that Jack got at Feddy's party. And it is a strong file that papa has borrowed sometimes.

Do you know what that was for? You will hear.

"Now," says Jack to that poor Buddo, "take this and file off that chain and ball from your ankle. For we are going to help you to escape."

But at first, instead of being glad, that negro boy just cried, and went on his knees and begged and implored us to let him stay right there under those arches, even though he was chained. Because he was so afraid of being caught, or else of being starved to death if he went and hid in some cane piece.

But Jack was determined, on account of that good plan we had. So he made Buddo go away back, where it is so very dark that people would never think of going there to find him. And then he began that filing.

Though the ball and chain were quite heavy, the band that went around Buddo's ankle was not very thick. So after he had begun that filing, Jack says to him :



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“Now, you stay right here in this dark part, Buddo, until you get that iron filed in two, so you can slip it off your foot. Don’t you go hanging around the front arches—or you’ll be caught, sure as day! And just as soon as the sun goes down, and everything’s quiet in the yard, we’ll come back here, and help you to get away. Somewhere out in the country—where nobody’d know you have ever been in the Wheelbarrow Gang—eh?”

“Oah, massa, dat am too good f’ come to dis poah mis’able nagur,” says Buddo, and begins to cry, because he was so glad. But right away Jack made him stop, for fear some one should hear.

Well, I can tell you, we worked hard that afternoon, as they say beavers do. What with hunting round the house for clothes for that Buddo, and a cap, and with Nana Joan following a person about everywhere, just like a hawk, to see what we were doing. Though we would not let her see, which made her so mad she could have eaten us. Then playing with those boys that came in our yard, like Feddy and Yacob and Ludwig, and also Garda—who could *never* be told. And then getting so quickly through your dinner—

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which was because you had hid all you could of it in a paper in your lap under your napkin for that hungry prisoner. And Paul saw, only I frowned at him not to tell. But Nana Joan did not see. And she scolded for fear we should get sick from eating too fast.

When everything was ready, we had to wait for that yard to get dark. Then down we went, Jack and I, to those arches. We are getting so now that we aren't at all afraid under there.

But weren't they dark this afternoon though! And with queer noises now and then that, sometimes, made you jump. It did seem a good while when Jack left me in one of those passageways, and went to give that dinner and those clothes to Buddo. Still Djali was pretty near, and came and lipped my hands, which was a sort of company.

Then, by and by, along come Jack and that negro boy, who had not any longer that ball and chain on his one leg. For they had been filed off, and buried under those arches, where they would never be found.

And Buddo had on a pair of old trousers of papa's, which we had taken because he never wears them on account of mothholes in them,

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and a shirt of papa's, that is rather old, though quite clean. Also a cap of Jack's. And he looked so very different from that starved ragged prisoner that you would never have known him. And he was delighted with being dressed up.

But he was the very most nervous person! Just starting and jumping for almost nothing at all.

When we got by the high gate of our yard, which now was half closed, who should be sitting there in the dark smoking his pipe, and his lame toe up, but Tony.

"Who yo' be? W'a' yo' wan' yah?" he calls out quite cross.

Right away Buddo muttered quickly that Name we never say except in our prayers. And off he would have run but for Jack catching hold of him, and just keeping him back.

"That's all right, Tony," says Jack, cool *as* cool. "We'll soon be back." And on we went. I never saying a word.

Next minute we were in our street, and walking just as quiet and fast along that street to the Pond bridge, and over it into the regular country. For the estate of that

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gentleman, Mr. Macintyre, where we were taking Buddo, was out that way.

I must tell you—now I know about that other name that papa and mamma call that gentleman with the silver hook for a left hand. It is spelled Quixote, though it is pronounced like Kihotie. And aunt Letty, who told me, says it is the name of a Spanish gentleman in a story, a grandee, named Don Quixote, who lived long ago. He was a knight, and very thin, and wore armour, and rode on a very thin horse called Rosinante, and he had a fat squire, who loved to eat, and was very funny. His name was Sancho Panza. And the knight was always trying to do kind things for people. Which, I think, is the reason papa calls Mr. Macintyre Don Quixote, for he is a *very* kind man. And I am to read the story when I am a little older—pretty soon.

Well, to resume. You can't think how strange and most truly exciting it was, just like in a story, to be walking along that dark road, and helping that prisoner-boy to escape.

First was I, then Jack, then Buddo, all walking side by side, with the dew falling so fast and damp, and those cashaw flowers,

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like yellow powdery buttons, smelling sweet *as* sweet, and the waves dashing softly on the shore right behind them, and the wind whispering in those big poisonous manchioneal trees. And with carriages passing, taking people to drive or visiting. And other people on horseback, and some walking and smoking their cigars. And what do you suppose? If one of them wasn't Judge Schlegel himself! Mind you! he is the judge who had put Buddo in the Wheel-barrow Gang!

That fellow would like again to have "bolted," as Jack says, and hid *anywhere* he could, for the judge walked past right close to us. That poor Buddo was so dreadfully frightened you could not help being sorry for him. And I was truly glad when we turned in at the avenue of Golden Hope, which is Don Quixote's estate.

"Now, if he is only alone, and not with visitors, or a pile of servants hanging around to listen," says Jack to me, as we got near the house. "For some of them might just know Buddo—and then good-bye to him! Jack he would go to prison."

But instead of having company, when we went up those front steps, there was Don

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Kihote sitting on his gallery all alone smoking.

“Well! well! this *is* an unexpected pleasure!” he says, getting right up when he saw us, in just as nice a way as if we were grown-up persons.

“We want to tell you something,” I said, and, “Mayn’t this boy sit in a dark corner while we’re talking to you?” asks Jack.

And Mr. Macintyre said,

“Why, certainly!”

So we hid Buddo away in the very darkest corner of that gallery, where the quisqualis and jesamine vines make it almost black. Then into the house we went with that gentleman, and told him the whole story of the escaped negro boy.

Not one word did he say while we were talking, but just sat there twisting that left hand silver hook, and listened. So that I said to myself, “Perhaps he will never help Buddo!” And Jack said, afterward, that he thought so too.

When we had finished telling him everything, Don Quixote says, just as quiet,

“You two stay here, and I’ll go and talk to Buddo.”

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So we did.

And he was gone a long time, so that Jack yawned quite often. And I did, too, because it is catching, you know. And I wondered *and* wondered what Nana Joan was doing. For by this time she had surely missed us, on account of making us go very early to bed. How she would scold and go on!

Well, by and by, in comes that gentleman again.

“I’ve been talking to Buddo, and I think, as you both do, that perhaps he is not quite so black as he is painted, though he might not be able to prove that in a court of law,” says Don Quixote. “I believe he is worth another chance, and I am going to give it to him. I couldn’t take him on here, for he is too well known in these parts, and too near town. But I will send him to a friend of mine up at the Mills, on the extreme North side, where he can work in the fields, or be a house boy. I will take him there myself this very evening. And if Buddo turns out as well as he promises, then in good time I will lay his case before Judge Schlegel. And, perhaps, the judge will give him a pardon. Anyway, Jack and Jill, Buddo is now off your

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shoulders. You have done your share in helping the unfortunate fellow. Now I will take my turn. Suppose we have some tamarind syrup and water, and some Albert biscuits—eh?”

Then, of course, we did. That gentleman bringing in the glasses himself, with his one hand and that big hook, and a gurglet of water that was just *as* cool, because of being afraid any of his servants should see Buddo, or suspect he was on that gallery.

Next thing, up to those steps comes Mr. Macintyre's phaeton, with his horse Scotia. And he says, quite loud, so that his hostler, Ben, heard,

“Now I am going to drive you two young people home.”

Well, if you had seen Jack and me look at each other—for there was that negro boy prisoner hiding there, on the gallery, you know. So I went to that gentleman, and in the very tiniest whisper, I said,

“But what about that Buddo?”

Then close as close to my ear, he whispers back,

“We'll pick him up on the road.”

So off we started.



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And just in a most dark part of the road, where were only a very few stars up in heaven, and those waves sounding lonely *as* lonely on that shore, Don Quixote stops the phaeton, and gives a whistle, just like a quail. And who should come from behind those high thick bushes by the road-side but Buddo!

“Say good-bye to the little missie and master who have been so kind to you. And wait in those bushes again until I come back from town. Then I will take you in the phaeton with me, and drive you to the Mills,” says Mr. Macintyre.

Then we shook hands with Buddo. And Jack says,

“Now remember, Buddo!” And I said,  
“Oh, Buddo, *do* be a very good boy!”

And what did he do but begin to kiss our hands, and cry—only not loud, you know, for fear of any one hearing—and thank us for being kind. And he says just as solemn,

“Ah goin’ be a good bawy. Ah swear to goodness Ah is—s’help me Gawd!”

“All right, Buddo! Now go back and hide until I come for you,” says that gentleman.

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So then he did. And off we drove to town. Well, when we reached home there was Nana Joan in a terrible stew, as Jack says, about our being lost. And with Tinka and Helena out hunting for us, but not Tony, on account of that lame toe. And you could never imagine how very nice that Don Quixote spoke to Nana Joan—polite *as* polite. And saying such compliments that she was in a most kind temper before he went away. So that after he was gone and we were expecting to be scolded like everything, it still lasted. And only a very few cross words did she say to us.

Of course we knew she would tell papa and mamma, but that we did not mind one bit, for we would surely tell them ourselves as soon as they came home.

Well, what next do you suppose happened?

If our dear father and mother didn't arrive from St. Thomas the very next day, instead of three days later. And walked right in and surprised us. And there, Don Quixote had met them at the wharf. So he must have known they were coming, though we didn't.

It was the most jolly and pleasant and happy surprise you could imagine. For they kissed

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their children over and over, and hugged them, and brought sugar plums, and toys and all sorts of presents for them. And I can tell you, that house where we live was just like a truly different place. With sport, and everybody happy, and no school, that day, though our old Queerie No. 2 would like to have had it.

On account of so many nice things happening, and visitors coming to see our father and mother, and Mr. Macintyre being there, it was evening before we could get a chance to tell papa and mamma what we had been doing while they were gone.

And when there had been most serious speaking of that joke on Mr. Heyle, and we had finished about Buddo, papa says,

“It’s a risky business interfering with the law, children. I hope no more Buddos will take up an abode under our arches, and be smuggled out in my old clothes.” But he squeezed me to him, for I was sitting on his knee, and he patted Jack’s shoulder. So we knew he was not angry about what we had done.

And mamma says quickly, in a most *dearest* way that she has,

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“ ‘I was a hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink—I was bound and ye came unto me—’ You are my darling children! I *love* you!”

There were tears in her eyes, though Jack and I don't know why. And she hugged us tight and kissed us right there, and gave us some more of those delicious sugar plums from St. Thomas.

And I was so truly happy that night that I could hardly go to sleep.

One day, a good while after that, what should happen but a man walked into our yard from the country, and left a quite large tray full of the most beautiful mangoes and guavas and plums that you ever saw. He just said that it was for Jack and me, but not from whom, and then went quickly away without another word. And Jack and I are sure that fruit was from Buddo, to show he had not forgotten us. See? For Don Quixote says he is behaving most truly well, and is now a houseboy in the “great” house at the Mills.

And sometimes that gentleman and Jack and I talk about that night when we took Buddo out to Golden Hope, and so got him away from those sitarahs.

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But, of course, they and the other people in this island do not dream that we ever helped that Wheelbarrow Gang boy to escape. And we should never want them to know.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE FANCY DRESS BALL

**Y**OU remember I told you there was a lady named Miss Selma in our street, that keeps a school and doesn't teach crossly like Mr. Heyle?

Well, though Jack and I have him for a teacher most of the time, we've also been to Miss Selma's school—times like when Peggy and Angus came to mamma and papa and the house had to be quiet on account of their being little babies. And we like going there.

Ludwig and Garda Lorentz, and the Hjensen boys, and the Vosbergs, and lots of other children that we know—though not the Ferris, for they have a governess—go to Miss Selma's school.

She has a room in her house that has eight sides, and a huge rattlesnake skin that must have been truly dreadful when it was alive, and an old mother that has white hair and a white cap, and sits in a chair most always, because she is lame. And after school is over we girls go into Miss Selma's mother's room,

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and she teaches us to sew, which I don't like very much. But she tells us sometimes fine stories of when she was a little girl and lived in Seville, in Spain, where mamma says is a beautiful grand church, like the one in Paris where Quasimodo rang the bells. And some days she gives us guava marmalade out of the press in her room, and conservo, and we like that.

Jack and I have often wished that our old Queerie No. 2 would go off to Copenhagen and live there, so we might go always to Miss Selma's school. She isn't Miss Selma any more, because she got married over a year ago, on my very birthday, too. But everybody has got used to calling her that, so they keep on, and she told mamma that she didn't mind in the very least. And since then we would like more than ever to go to her school. For now she has a carriage and two ponies in a stable in her yard, and her coachman is a truly most *wonderful* person.

He isn't black, but a very light yellow short man, and his name is Bartley. And the way he can stand on his head and wriggle along on it on the ground, and walk on his two hands with his legs straight up in the air, as Jack

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says, is a caution and a gym. all in one. The Club have tried it and not one of them can do it.

At recess, when we are all out in the yard to play, there is always Bartley standing by the gate with his two hands in his pockets, whistling, or sitting on the low wall that goes round the down-stairs rooms, looking as if he were almost nearly going to sleep. Then it is that we get him to do those wonderful performances, which papa says are “feets,” though he does use his hands too. But he will not move unless we have very nice things to eat to offer him—he would never do it for an orange alone, or one piece of cake—not he. He just looks at it sort of sorrowful, as if we should be ashamed to offer it, and shakes his head and says,

“Ef ma head ain’ wort’ more ’n dat, ’e goin’ stay right yah. T’nk Ah kin mek maself a pistarcle fer *dat*?” By “pistarcle” papa says he means a “show.” Nana Joan says that word, too.

So then we children have to save more things from our lunch, for if we offer him an orange, and a belle-apple, and a piece of cake and a cup custard that has been sent over



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in your lunch, and so on, he will get right up and begin. Though we do not give him all at the same time—for the boys found out that then he only performed a little and went off to eat his things—but half to begin with, and then when he has finished, the rest.

First, when Bartley gets up he puts his arms tight by his sides and makes himself spring up and down in the air just like a rubber ball. Then over he goes, and does pigeon-wings and cart-wheels, and back and forward somersaults which he calls “coffoons,” all over that yard, so fast you could hardly believe it.

After that we give him some of the lunch, which he always takes right into the room near the stable where he lives. Then out he comes again and does the big things—like walking on his hands with his feet straight up, and wriggling on his head without holding on to a single thing from Miss Selma’s gate to across the yard. And, sometimes, when he is in a very good humor, all the way back again. Then we give him the rest of the things to eat.

Now, with all those cobblestones and sharp gravel to go over, wouldn’t you think it would hurt, and all the woolly hairs be

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rubbed off his skull? Well, it isn't, not one bit, but just looks as it always does. Besides this Bartley does sing such funny songs—one about "Villikins an' Dinah were laid in one grabe," where he pretends to bawl, and others that make you laugh until you simply ache inside.

But when he is all dressed up, driving Miss Selma and her husband to the English church Sundays, for she sings in the choir, you wouldn't think he was a person that could ever do such tricks, on account of the strict way he sits up. Though once in a while he *does* wink at Jack and the other boys out of the very tails of his eyes, and so quickly you might almost think you were mistaken.

Well, besides having Bartley—though she does not know about his performances—Miss Selma is always doing the nicest things, that make you glad you are going to her school. And what did she do this time but give a fancy-dress ball for all the children that are her scholars and their friends. And though Jack and I are not now in her school still she invited us, and besides wrote a particular note to mamma asking her to let us come. And papa and mamma said we could, so Jack and

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I wrote notes to say so, and they went over to Miss Selma by our housegirl, Helena.

On account of some American children that were invited, this was to be quite a grand party, and Miss Selma asked everybody and their families not to tell anybody else what they would wear. So, of course, we all kept very mum, though it was truly the *very hardest* thing to when you were 'most crazy to tell what you knew you were to be, and wanting to hear about others. And some things did leak out, what with the house servants bringing the pattern books for the ladies to choose ribbons for their children, and the ladies going to the shops to buy other things for the fancy dresses—like Garda going to be a shepherdess, and Julie a folly. Then, of course, they had to change and be something else.

But Jack and I never let out one word that he was to be Robin Hood, with long stockings 'way up to his waist, and queer pointed shoes, and a green tunic with white and a white belt, and a green cap with a long feather made out of an old green dress of mamma's, and a splendid big bow that papa bought him, with a great lot of real arrows

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sticking up at his back. Wasn't Jack proud to get that bow though! And he thinks Robin Hood was a fine fellow.

As mamma says, it is such a pity that I am not a fair child like Jack, for then I could have been Morning. But no one with brown eyes and hair so very brown that it is almost nearly black could be Morning she said. So I had to be Night in a thin black frock of tarlatan all covered over with silver stars that papa made for it out of silver paper, and on the veil that floated in the back. And a crown of silver paper on my head with a large crescent on it in the front, and all my hair hanging down, but not curled, only just loose, which papa likes better. I didn't wear my lovely bronze slippers for fear somebody might know them, but black ones with little silver stars on their bows.

Well, we got dressed early because papa and mamma were going out to a dinner party which they had promised to go to before the other party was made up, and they wanted to see how we looked. So then they went off to their dinner.

Then when it was time, because Miss Selma lives almost just across from us, Nana Joan

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took us over to her house, and, oh, my! what *lots* of jolly things were going on!

There is a covered front gallery with the middle part open, and here were little cups hung up, all red, and blue, and green, and lighted up so that they looked beautiful. And a band at the end of the gallery that was playing such pretty gay pieces you felt quite happy right away. And when Nana Joan had taken off our long cloaks which were to keep people outside from seeing our fancy dresses, and had gone away quickly because she didn't want any one to see her and guess who we were, and because on account of papa and mamma being away she could not leave the children and our house alone. Then Jack and I went in the ballroom.

Well, you never saw such a lot of queer and pretty and funny boys and girls as were walking about that room! There were kings and queens, and peasant girls, and follies, and harlequins, shepherds and shepherdesses, and flower girls and sailor boys, and ever and ever so many more, and all with masks on. Jack and I had masks, too—his green, and mine black—just for your nose and eyes and with a silk curtain and an elastic to keep it on.

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They did all look so funny! And with that merry music going, and all the lamps lighted, and flowers all about and everything, I felt so delighted I gave a tiny skip, and I laughed and said,

“Oh, isn't this the very most jolliest party!”

But Jack said quickly in the littlest whisper,

“You mustn't talk—they'll all know you.”

So then I kept quiet.

But you did have such an odd feeling—as if you were in a regular strange place—because you couldn't talk for fear somebody or other would guess right away who you were, and every one else feeling the same way. And after we had gone up and shaken hands with Miss Selma who hadn't any mask on, though we did not speak—just bowing and looking through your mask—off walked Jack. And next thing if he wasn't offering his arm to a flower-girl with a basket full of roses and mignonette, and away they went together.

Nobody came up to me, and I didn't know what to do, so I began watching the company, and they were *so* interesting that I forgot all about being alone. When somebody caught hold of my hand, and said right in my ear,



“Miss Jill Carstairs Night, will you promenade with me?”





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“Jill Carstairs—I know you!”

And there it was Garda. And wasn't it queer? she was all dressed up as Morning, because she is very fair with pretty yellow hair. And I said,

“How did you *ever* know me? For I have never told a creature.”

And she says,

“By the way you shake back your hair. But I will never tell. And Night and Morning should always go together. Don't you think so?”

And while we were talking and laughing, but in a very, *very* low voice, you know, up came two boys. One was Robin Hood, which is my brother Jack, though, of course, Garda didn't know that, and the other was in a Spanish fancy dress, with a short cloak hanging on his one shoulder, and ruffles and a sash, and a real guitar slung round his neck. And he bowed and said in a made-up voice, as Jack was doing to Garda,

“Miss Jill Carstairs Night, will you promenade with me?”

When I pretended not to be Jill but some other girl, and shook my head and made signs as if I were deaf and dumb, he only laughed and said in that same made-up voice,

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“You can’t fool *me*. *I’d* know you anywhere.”

Then somehow I guessed maybe ’twas Feddy.

“Now, perhaps you are making a great *big* mistake, Mr. Feddy Hjensen,” I said, in such a deep voice you might have thought it was a giantess.

But when he gave a little laugh sort of to himself and began playing a tune on that guitar, I thought surely *I* had made the mistake and ’twas one of the American children, because none of the boys I knew played on the guitar. Only if it was an American boy how did he know my name—see?

I just wondered. And when the Spanish boy asked me again to promenade, I did, for Robin Hood and Morning had gone off together, and everybody was in a grand promenade. And, as Miss Selma said, with such funny couples together—like Mr. Punch and Queen Marie Stuart, and harlequin and a nun, and so many others that you had to laugh all the time.

Well, after you got over the strange feeling and began talking—of course, always in that made-up voice—to everybody, and making

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them wonder and wonder, you did have the best sport.

Some people you knew right away, no matter how they tried to disguise themselves, and others you could never guess. The American children we knew at once, because they dance differently from us. And it was when I was dancing a galop with him that I just felt *sure* that Spanish boy was Feddy, for he always will simply *race* in it. And Garda guessed that Robin Hood was Jack, though I never told her a word. But we girls wouldn't admit that we were Garda and Jill. And, oh, what jolly fun it was pretending!

First I told Feddy—in that queer, deep voice, you know—that I had come from Seville, and I put on the greatest lot of airs, and I said two or three little sentences in Spanish that I have caught from papa, who speaks Spanish. And I talked about things in Seville that I've heard from Miss Selma's mother—like a story, and making up the funniest broken English that you ever heard. I could see he didn't know what to make of *that*. Then quickly I said some French from my exercises that was all wrong, though Feddy didn't know it, because he and Yacob and Emerick only speak

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English and Danish. And, my! didn't he look at me then! I suppose he thought I'd been in Paris, too.

How Garda and I did giggle!

We danced every dance, and so did everybody else, for Miss Selma went round and saw that every single person had partners. And the one that helped her was that young lady who is grown-up sister to the American children and just as pretty *as* pretty—because she and Miss Selma didn't wear masks and you could see it. And lemonade and chocolate were passed round, and cakes, and everybody was enjoying themselves splendidly, and every place we went there were Spanish Boy and Robin Hood close following us all the time. And at last Garda says,

“Oh, Jill, I've just thought of something *fine*—if only we can do it—to fool those boys.”

And I said quickly,

“Oh, *have* you? What?”

Then she says fast as she could,

“Wouldn't it be the greatest fun if you and I could run home and put on something else—that wouldn't be Night and Morning, you know—and then run back and see those two boys hunting and *hunting* for us, and just

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have good sport watching them? Then run off and put on our fancy dress again to finish up with—eh? I've got my brother Ludwig's new sailor suit I could wear. What could you wear?"

Well, I was so truly astonished I couldn't say one word at first—for Garda is a kind of girl that hardly ever wants to do anything like that that I propose when we are playing together. But I did think it was a *fine* plan that would surely fool the boys. So when she said again, "That would be better than anything else, because they would never, *never* guess us in those other clothes. Can't you get something of Jack's?"

I said "Yes!" right away.

And then, watching our first chance, we stole off to the dressing-room, and quickly put on our cloaks and ran out of Miss Selma's house by the back way and through the yard, where some of the carriages were that had brought the fancy-dress children. But not a creature saw us.

When we got out in the street Garda says, "Oh, how dark! I am afraid to go to our house alone."

So I said,

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“I will go with you part way.” For it *was* a dark night, with only the greatest lot of big stars shining up in heaven, and with the wind saying things softly through the trees, which Garda does not like, but I do. And on account of that and being littler than I, though she is just as old, I went with her most nearly to her house on the Bay street. Then I said,

“You aren’t afraid to go the rest of the way, are you, Garda?”

And she said “*No*,” which I thought was all right then, but afterwards I remembered that she had said it sort of hesitating. But I didn’t notice it at all then, or I never would have—well, you’ll soon hear.

Back I ran to our house fast as I could go. And who should be down by our front steps but Tinka, and when she heard she helped me all she could.

Because Nana Joan was sitting right where she could see whoever came up the steps, on account of her taking care of our house while papa and mamma were at the dinner-party, Tinka smuggled me under the big arch into our yard. Then, while I waited in the harness room all in the dark, she sneaked up

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into the house, and without Nana Joan ever catching her, if she didn't sneak out again and with Jack's sailor suit hid under her apron.

She helped me change from Night into a sailor boy, and with Jack's flat blue cap on my head with *Bellorophon* on the sailor band. And my hair all put tight up under it, so you would never think it was a girl. I can tell you it did feel *fine* to have on those boys' clothes and just be able to kick out your feet and throw your heels way up in the back as boys do when they run, and all that. I *do* wish girls hadn't to wear petticoats and frocks.

I had promised to meet Garda at Miss Selma's yard gate, and I waited there a good while with the long cloak over me that I had worn with Night. But not one sign of Garda—and there was the music going on and the dancing and laughing up in the house. At last, when I had been standing there ever so long it seemed and still no Garda, I made up my mind there must be some mistake, and going very softly up to the dressing-room I took off that cloak, and slipped into the ball-room again.

Well, though I had my mask on and not a creature knew, you can't think how foolish I

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did feel at first with those boys' clothes on, and so many people all round. I never dreamed I should feel so. But pretty soon I got over that, and then I looked for Garda as the other sailor. Not one sign of her could I see. Only the two little American sailor boys that had been at the ball all the evening in white suits and blue collars and caps.

Then along came Miss Selma, and she says in that quick way she has,

“Come with me, blue sailor laddie, and I will find you a partner for this dance.”

And almost before you knew it there she led me up to Dagmer Vosberg (for I knew her by her very light hair), and next thing I had her out dancing.

'Twas just as I finished dancing with her—and I was laughing like everything to myself to think what Dagmer would have said if she'd known who her partner was—when, all at once, what should I see go dancing past with Robin Hood but *Morning*, which was Garda Lorentz!

Well, I was so *perfectly* astonished I didn't know what to do, and such a feeling came in my heart that I could have truly cried.



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Though still it seemed as if I couldn't believe that Garda would play me such a mean trick.

Quickly I made up my mind that I would go right up and speak to her about it at once. But when a room is very large and very crowded so that people keep getting in the way, it is not so easy as you might think to catch up to a person that seems to be just all the time trying to get away from you. For that was exactly what Morning was doing. The way she did slip away off whenever I was almost up to her! So then I made up my mind again, and it was to go straight home and put on my fancy dress.

Then, suddenly, Miss Selma clapped her hands loud and calls out,

“Take partners. Form one large ring. Now, all hands around!”

Somebody caught hold of my hand, and away rushed everybody to follow orders in a jiffy.

Round and round, almost prancing, in and out we went in a most jolly way to a splendid tune from the band. And I was coming right up to Morning, almost nearly reaching out to her, when Miss Selma claps her hands again and calls,

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“Each boy take the girl on his left for his partner. Now remove masks. Then fall into procession and march out to supper!”

The band quickly changed the tune and struck up *Köng Christian*, and there was such a laughing and talking as you never heard while those masks were being taken off. But I can tell you I was so dreadfully unhappy and ashamed I should like to have run away the *very* fastest—as Gustus did that other time—or got underneath something, or even crawled into that horrid dead rattlesnake skin to hide myself.

For when at last I took off that mask there were my papa and mamma right there by Miss Selma’s gallery door looking at me—so truly astonished that you wouldn’t have known *what ever* to do with yourself! And beside them that pretty American young lady with her face all smiling, and Jack fairly glaring at me, and next to him Garda, pale, now that her mask was off, and with the very most imploring look in her eyes that you could imagine. And dressed just as much as Morning as she had been all the evening.

And when she went very quickly past me

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with Robin Hood, my own brother Jack who wouldn't look at me, Garda whispered very quick, and low and frightened,

“Oh, Jill, *don't* tell on me!”

Then mamma came and drew me to where she was, and says,

“Oh, Jill, how could you play this naughty prank now that you are such a big girl?”

And papa was frowning. And that lovely young lady from America came suddenly up from somewhere where she had gone and threw a pink sort of loose dress all round me.

“There!” she says, with the kindest, sweetest little laugh you ever heard. “That covers you up nicely. It has all happened in this little corner of the room, and so quickly that with the noise and fun going on very few will ever know you have a sailor suit under your pink domino. It isn't so *very* long ago since *I* used to gallivant 'round in my big brother's clothes—whenever I got a chance.” Then she laughed again, and patted my shoulder, where all my hair had tumbled down, for the sailor cap was off.

And up comes Feddy in his Spanish fancy dress, and that guitar that his mamma had taught him to play one tune on, he told me,

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and his mask off, and his hair sticking down on his forehead because it was so warm. And he says to mamma in such a coaxing way,

“Can’t Jill go in to supper, Mrs. Carstairs? I want her for my partner.” And then he got red *as* red, on account of being very fair and blushing so easy.

And mamma looked at papa, and she says very low, though we couldn’t help hearing, “Shall I let her go?”

And that young lady from America says quickly,

“Ah, *do!*”

And papa says,

“Oh, let her!”

And off I went with Feddy to the supper room in that pink thing the young lady calls a domino, though it isn’t at all like that game that we play.

Well, when Nana Joan put me to bed that night after the party, what with the pink domino and the sailor suit underneath and that fancy dress of Night brought up from the harness room, where I had told mamma it was, though, of course, I did not say anything about Tinka—well, with all this Nana Joan suspected a lot. And she said

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things that made me very angry, and I said things back before I could go to sleep.

But the next morning, when mamma talked to me about being so rude, and not being a little lady to go to Miss Selma's grand party in Jack's clothes, was the worst time. I felt so unhappy I just had to cry. And the very worst of it was, on account of Garda looking so frightened at the party and asking me not to, why, I didn't want to tell on her. So I could not explain to mamma how I came to get such an idea in my head, which made me feel truly dreadful, for she looked so sorrowful.

And I had to sit by myself on the big sofa in the corner of our hall, and learn a hymn by heart. It was a sad hymn, where one part of it says,



“The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie.”

And more like that. It is a hymn that papa had to say when he was naughty and a little boy growing up in Scotland. So he gives it to us,

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And then while I was saying it over and over to myself in a low voice to learn it, and hearing Jack and some of the other boys shouting with fun down in our yard in boat *Winifred*, who should come up our front steps but—Mrs. Lorentz and Garda! To see mamma.

This was because Garda felt so badly about treating me in that mean way that she had told her mother! And her mother had brought her right round to tell my mamma how it was about the sailor suit. For Garda says she began to feel frightened about changing her fancy dress for that other suit even before I left her in the Bay street, though she never told me a word. And she hadn't gone home at all but just started and run right back to Miss Selma's house. And she tried to get away from me in the ball room because she was so frightened she didn't know what to do.

So then mamma understood.

And that very afternoon after he had heard about it what did Jack do but walk up to me on the sofa, for I was still learning that hymn, though I was not so unhappy. He put his arm round my shoulder and says,

“I'll hear you say it.”

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And he did, and I most nearly knew it but not quite, for there are eight verses. Then he says sort of offhand,

“You said you wanted a knife. Here’s one to keep.”

And with that he threw his own splendid penknife that he thinks so much of right into my lap, and then went quickly away. And he has never taken it back either. Now isn’t he a kind boy?

But mamma did not let me go to the little afternoon party that young lady from America and her brothers and sisters gave before they went away from our island. Because she says I am getting too big to be a tomboy any more, and play such silly tricks. And Garda’s mother didn’t let her go either.

I felt very sad about it, for I like that young lady from America. And those other children that went had most jolly sport.

She came to see us the day she sailed away in the steamer. And what do you think? She gave me two lovely story-books—to remember her by, she said, which indeed I shall always.

So this is the end of Miss Selma’s fancy-dress ball.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A FLYING EXCURSION

**D**ID you ever hear of a lady and a boy and a little girl flying along in the air, and without wings?

Well, I have. For the boy was my brother Jack, and the girl was my own self, Jill Carstairs. And the lady was that little, thin Miss Bell Wade, who loves cats, and lent us her house for the Club performance, and has such a deep voice as astonishes you, and is sister to Miss Nancy that shakes like jelly when she laughs.

Now, to go back to the very beginning. That old gentleman, Sir Hugh Lang, who lives on a very high hill in our island, and has a telescope to look at the stars through, and knows all about storms—he sent messages all over the country to tell people there was going to be bad weather.

“Get your bars and ropes and staples all in order,” he told them, “for I think there is a hurricane coming. When you see your barometers begin to fall, bar up your houses



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at once, and look out for a big blow. I can't say just when it will come, but it's not very far off."

Of course everybody got ready as he said. For he is an old gentleman that almost nearly always what he says about the weather comes true. But once in a great while it does not, you see. And when three or four days went by, and there was no sign of a storm or hurricane, but just the sky a little overcast, and with the same bright sun coming out afterwards, and the wind quite quiet, then most people thought Sir Hugh had made a mistake. So those bars and ropes were put away again, and nobody thought any more about it—until that Saturday I'm going to tell you about.

Being no longer afraid of that "big blow," papa and uncle Ferrier had gone away off in the country to shoot wild ducks. And, because of starting at four o'clock in the morning, Jack was not allowed to go. So that he was quite provoked and cross, and not willing to play or do anything pleasant.

Then round comes Albertina, who is the housegirl of that stern Miss Minji Compton I have told you of, that is a friend of mamma, but we children are not fond of her. And Albertina says,

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"Miss Compton sen' her love to you, mawm, and seh ef yo' ain' too busy, please to come aroun' an' pay 'er a li'l' visit. For dough she cyan't go out, de Maijor am better. An' w'ile he sleepin' she cyan chat wid you, mawm, an' mebbe yo' cyan chare her up."

And because Miss Minji was all tired out taking care of her father, who was ill, and who is the very most *oldest* person you ever could imagine, so mamma says,

"Give my love to Miss Compton, and tell her that I will come round in a little while." Then she goes on, to me, "And you can go with me, Jill. For Jack is in such a bad humor this morning that he is better left to his own company."

"Oh, I can go play with the Club," says Jack, sort of huffy.

And then he made a face at me behind mamma's back, laughing *and* laughing to himself until he doubled most in two, because he knew very well I did not at all want to go to that cross Miss Compton's house.

But I just would *not* look at him.

And presently away mamma and I went, round to that house. And I wore my white muslin, for it was such a hot day. And when

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we got out in the street, there was the sky all overcast and lead color, and no sea breeze at all, so that perspiration came right out on your forehead. Mamma looked quite anxious (you see, I do know how to spell that word) up at that ugly sky.

“Too bad! Rain will spoil your father’s shooting expedition,” she says. “But I am thankful there is no sign of the hurricane. There is no wind at all.”

So then we went on, for there were other people in the street. No one seemed to mind those overcast skies, because there was no wind blowing.

When we got to the house, which is large, with a long covered gallery in the front that is always shut up and dark, there came Miss Compton to meet us.

“Very glad to see you, Helen Carstairs,” she says, and kissed mamma, but in a quick way which is more like the way a bird pecks. She did not do that to me, only gave me one quite hard pat on my shoulder, which I truly prefer. “Come in the drawing-room,” she goes on to mamma. “Bell Wade is here. And I’m just reading to her my last letter from Throckmorton, in which he tells me

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all about his and Dusat's summer trip to Norway. Come right in, and I will reread what I have gone over. Throckmorton writes such an entertaining letter! Jill, you can remain out here in the hall for a while."

And almost before we knew it, there was mamma in the drawing-room, with that little, thin Miss Wade, and with Miss Minji reading that letter aloud from the gentleman who married her sister and lives in England. She thinks he is a most wonderful person. And there was I, seated up on a black sofa that is in that hall and quite slippery on account of being haircloth, and looking at some *Illustrated London News* that were on the table close by.

Most times I like pictures, but this day it did seem as if they were not a bit interesting. And sitting there all alone, where it was quiet *as* quiet, so that you could hear the voice of that father of Miss Minji, upstairs, talking things to himself which are foolish, because he is so very old that he can no longer remember. And the sound of the stevedores singing that came in through those closed gallery windows, and the pigeons cooing on the little open platform at the side, and the weather so very warm—with all this and those

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murmuring voices in the drawing-room, what did I do but go straight off fast asleep!

Next thing I knew there came a very loud noise—like *B-a-n-g!*—against the house, and then quickly another, so that the jalousie windows in that gallery all shivered and shook and rattled. At the very same minute the heavy back door of that hall which is east, went shut with a terrible report. And there was the queerest sound—like a most high and dreadful wind coming howling and tearing along. And as for those window shutters that are on the southeast side of the house—you never heard anything like the racket they made banging about.

As I sat up on the sofa, rubbing my eyes and not knowing whether I was dreaming a nightmare, out from that drawing-room rushed Miss Compton, and that little Miss Wade, calling out, most frightened,

“It is the hurricane! The hurricane is come!”

And dear mamma, pale *as* pale, came and put her arm round me, though I was not yet really afraid.

Just then who should come walking in from the gallery but Jack.

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He looked just *as* excited! With his hair tumbled every which way, and blown about, and no cap.

“The hurricane’s come!” he says at once, and breathless, just as if he had been racing. “And I *tell* you! the wind is blowing tremendous guns!”

“The *hurricane!* Jackson!—Anthony!—come and bar up the house! Quick! Anzaletta—help me bring father downstairs—the roof may be blown off!” screamed Miss Minji, running off to the upstairs steps.

“*Hurricane!* And with me away from home!” roars out Miss Bell, in that deep voice of hers, and waving her hands about. “Poor Nancy is alone! No one to bar up the house for her! She will be frightened to death. Good-bye, Cordelia. I must go right home to Nancy.”

“And I to my poor little ones—for their father is away. Come, Jill, get on your hat,” says dear mamma quickly, and quite anxious.

“Fiddle-faddle! Just stay where you are, Bell Wade,” orders Miss Compton. She always calls people by their full names. “You would be a fool to go out in a hurricane like this. You’d be blown to the

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other side of the world! Nancy is old enough to take care of herself. And you be a sensible woman, Helen Carstairs!”

“I *am* going, so say no more against it,” answers back Miss Bell. And,

“All our east and south windows are barred up,” says Jack—for papa has told us that hurricanes begin always from the southeast. “And Tony had started on the others before I left. And Nana Joan has all the children together in the big hall. And she said for you *please not* to come home while the wind is so high. For she is taking good care of everybody, and you might get hurt by things blown down by the wind. You had jolly better stay here, mamma, until the wind drops a little. Then I’ll take you and Jill home.”

So then mamma said she would do so, though she did not wish to at all, but because she is sensible, as Miss Compton says.

But you could never make Miss Bell stay. No, sir! as Jack says. She was just *bound* to go, because of Miss Nancy, who was alone. And besides, as she said,

“There are my poor, *poor* cats! They should be under shelter. And Nancy will be so

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frightened that she will never think of them.”

So what does she do but take off her hat, and tie a big handkerchief, that was Miss Compton's father's, tight over her head and under her chin. Then,

“Well, good-bye, good people!” says she, and walks out of that hall. And mamma, who was going to help Miss Compton with her father, says quickly,

“As long as she *will* be so imprudent, you go with her, Jack, and see her home.” For Miss Bell lives only a short distance from Miss Compton's house.

So off goes Jack. And with Miss Minji shouting from upstairs,

“Keep that gallery door *shut*—or we'll be blown to pieces!”

Now, since I was born I had never seen a hurricane, being always in that barred-up house at such times, you know. And when I asked Jack, “Is it very terrible in the streets?” he had answered, “No, it is the most jolly sport!” And from the way, not at all frightened, that he had come in, I knew he had just enjoyed being out in that hurricane. So what did I do, but go softly to that



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gallery door to take a peep out before Jackson, who was doing the windows, came along to bar the door.

As Miss Bell stepped out on to the small stone porch of Miss Compton's house and began to go down those steps, and Jack with her, out I stepped, too. For the wind seemed to have gone down a little, though the otaheites and tamarind trees were still tossing their boughs about at a great rate, and creaking and cracking and bowing themselves almost to the ground. Clouds were scudding fast *as* fast across the sky, which was even darker now than lead color, and wild, and with a different look all over outdoors that made you feel queer. Not sad, like the ground sea did, but sort of excited and tingly, though not one atom afraid. And lo, and behold! down came the heavy rain, and up Miss Bell puts her umbrella.

"Oh, don't do that, Miss Bell! It will be broken—and torn to pieces in no time!" cries out Jack. "Please let Jill take it back to the house."

For he had seen me come out.

So I ran quickly down two or three steps, for they had not gone far. And I had my

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hand on that umbrella to take it, which is of cloth and what Miss Nancy calls a "family" umbrella, and very large, and it used to belong to Miss Wade's father. And there was Miss Bell also holding it—only half shut up because she was in such a hurry, and the rain pouring down, when—in one jiffy——

*W-h-u-ff!*—*B-a-n-g!*—back comes that wind in a great *tremendous* gust.

Next thing—what do you suppose? Off sail Miss Bell, and Jack and I, and that family umbrella!—straight along in the air! Fast *as* fast, too, and not touching even the very *tips* of our toes on the rest of those front steps of Miss Minji, which Jack says are seventeen, for since then he has counted them.

Well, we went so fast that there was no time to think of anything. And when presently down we came on the ground with a hard thump, there were Jack and I holding tight on to Miss Bell's skirts, and she to that open umbrella of her father's.

"We must shut that up quickly," says Jack. And he did it. For Miss Bell was all out of breath, and so was I, though still not very frightened.

And hardly had Jack done that, with the

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rain pouring down on us so that our hair and clothes were just soaked—none of us had any hats on—and Miss Bell, not thinking of herself, but saying, “Oh, poor Nancy! Oh, my poor Nancy!” when up comes another tremendous gust of wind, bellowing and roaring like a great bad giant.

And though Jack and I are such stout, large children, it just raced us along as if we were light as nothing, and Miss Bell, too. Not carrying us very high in the air this time, but still up from the ground, so that our feet were not resting on anything at all. Then down we would flop again, hard upon the earth, then whirled round and round like in a waltz, and blown up against a wall, or tumbled down flat. But sometimes in such a very comical way that, though you knew it was a hurricane and truly serious, and were now frightened, and Miss Bell shrieking out, still you simply *could not* always help laughing. But Miss Bell did not laugh, I can tell you.

On account of that wind playing those tricks, and beating us back, and our clothes wet so that we could scarcely walk, it was a long while before we got to Miss Bell's house. For the few people we met in the

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street could not help us, being busy taking care of themselves and their own children. So that we were glad when at last we managed to get to the steps of Miss Wade's house.

It is on a corner across from the Hjensen's house, and not far from the market place, with the front steps outside, like at Miss Compton's. And being stone, there is no banister to take hold of.

"Oh, I am exhausted! I have no strength to go up them!" says Miss Bell, in a very deep, sad voice, when she came to those steps.

And there was Miss Nancy at one of the windows that was not yet barred, crying and wringing her hands, with her combs fallen out, and those curls of hers hanging down by the sides of her face.

"Oh, my dear sister! My dear sister! I cannot come to you! I am *too* exhausted!" roars out poor Miss Bell, in all the pouring rain. "I cannot get up the steps."

But I can tell you, the very next minute up those front steps she flew, and all of us—light *as* feathers. For along came that wind with a whistle and growl, and a blow and *bang* that sent one of the thibet trees in the market—a great big "shaggie-shaggie"—just crash-



“They ran and hugged each other, and cried like anything”

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ing to the ground. And what with being dreadfully startled and frightened, and that wind right in our backs—straight up those steps we went—flying! And before you knew it we were at the top, with Miss Nancy rushing out to the gallery door and clutching on to Miss Bell, and pulling us all inside that house.

And if Miss Nancy hadn't, all by her own self, barred up the back door and the windows, which are east! And she had not forgotten those cats, either.

For when we walked into the drawing-room, though Miss Nancy does not like cats, there they were—the greatest lot of them—on the best chairs and sofas, and on the floor, walking about, miaouwing and waving their tails.

Then Miss Bell called out in her very deepest voice,

“Nancy, my dear, *dear* sister—you *are* kind! Thank God that we are spared to one another!”

And they ran and hugged each other, and cried like everything. And those cats miaouwed the louder, and rubbed themselves against their mistresses.

After that Jack and I helped Miss Bell and

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Miss Nancy to finish barring up their windows, for they were already nearly all done. And then what did they do but make us each take a piece of that cake they have which is so truly delicious. And it was the largest slice we have ever had. To "revive" us, Miss Bell said. And it did.

Then, though they wanted us to stay and dry our clothes, for fear of taking cold, we did not, but said good-bye, and went out in that hurricane again. For, as Jack said, there was mamma still at Miss Compton's, waiting for him to go back and take her home.

So when we were again in the street, I said, "Now, you go back to mamma, and I will get home by myself." For our house is in the same street with Miss Bell, only on another square that is nearer the sea.

"Think *I'd* let you go that way alone in this storm?" cried Jack, sort of crossly, but I liked it. "You might get blown down or hurt—then what? Come on! Then afterward I'll go for mamma."

So off we started. And because that wind was still right in our backs, we scudded along the very fastest I *ever* knew. With more waltzing round and flopping and banging.



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And what should come falling over and over through the air but some bricks, and a heavy wooden shutter, blown off from somewhere. But we dodged, and fortunately they did not touch us. And by and by we reached our own arcade, and began pounding on our locked front door to be let in.

In two minutes it was opened, and we were upstairs in our house, which was barred up all round. And lamps lighted, because of the dark. And there were Nana Joan and the children all collected together in the drawing-room, for safety. And Nessa, too, and Helena and Tinka, because they were so frightened, though Nana Joan was not, for, as she says, she is not that kind of person. Tony was there, also, on account of his barring up the house. And off he went right away with Jack to bring mamma home, and tell her where I was. Though it seems that she had turned back from Miss Compton to see Miss Bell go. And she had seen us all fly down those steps. A flying excursion, papa calls it.

Well, what with mamma coming in all dripping wet from that hurricane, and just *as* rosy in her cheeks, and the three of us having to put on dry clothes, and with lunch by lamp-

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light, and all sorts of nice things to eat on account of having come safe through that storm, and everything *so* different, somehow Jack and I think that hurricane day was jolly sport.

It grew worse in the afternoon though, with just torrents of rain pouring down, and tremendous gusts of wind that sounded like cannon going off, and bellowed and roared and howled till our big house actually rocked. Thunder, too, and lightning that you saw right through the barred up wooden shutters. And with chimneys and ever so many trees blown down, and window shutters, and the roof off of two houses, where Quochore and some other black people live, because they were not well built. And with mamma very sad on account of our dear father being away. And Jack and I sat up quite late.

About eight o'clock that wind began to go down, and the lightning and rain stopped. And who should come driving up but papa—safe *as* safe, though he had felt dreadfully worried, too, about us. He had come home just as soon as he could. And uncle Ferrier, also, to his family, that were quite safe. For papa had driven in to Hutton's Rest to leave him.

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And after all they had not killed a single duck, but had to stay in the house because of that hurricane. So then Jack did not mind at all not having gone, for you see it was much more exciting being here.

And as papa says,

“After this, when Sir Hugh predicts a hurricane, *I*, for one, will believe him.”

Most people are afraid of a hurricane, and Miss Bell says “It is an awful calamity!” and she had to stay in her bed for a week from this one, because, she said, she felt “battered.” But Jack and I are *very* glad we were in it.

You should have seen Feddy’s face the next day when I told him about our being out in that hurricane! He had been shut in with his father and mother and his brothers in their barred up house. And he was most truly astonished, and said he would *much* rather have been out in that storm with Jack and me.

And we know he would.

## CHAPTER XIV

### EAST END

NOW mamma thinks perhaps you have heard enough of our adventures, and that I had better stop right here. So this is to be the last chapter. It is about an adventure that you could never, *never* forget. And afterward a most truly pleasant part. You'll hear.

It was a Monday morning, right after breakfast, and no school, because Mr. Heyle had gone off to St. Thomas about something or other, and wouldn't be back until Tuesday. So Jack and I were in mamma's room playing with Paul, who had taken cold and had fever, but was almost nearly better now, and mamma was sewing, when up walks papa.

"Helen," he says, "I find I have to go to Bassin, to the bank. Get your things on and come along. I'll leave you at East End to spend the day—and call for you on my way back—eh?"

Well, if you had seen how Jack and I looked, for we did so want to go—and with

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no school, too! And mamma must have said something to papa with her eyes, for he laughed and says,

“Jack and Jill can go, too.”

Which was so jolly that I clapped my hands. And Jack raced off to tell Tony to get the big carriage ready instead of the phaeton.

Then mamma says,

“I think we should take Paul, too. The drive and little change would do him good.”

“Oh,” says papa, sort of cross though his mouth was smiling at the corners, “take them all along—all the family, and Nana Joan, Nessa, Tony,—the whole caboodle, then you’ll be happy.”

But mamma only laughed. And Paul, who had just made up his mouth to begin to cry, now changed, because he was going, and laughed too.

Well, pretty soon there we all were in the carriage—mamma, Jack and I on the back seat—a tight squeeze—and in front, papa, Paul, and Tony, on account of Paul being not yet quite well, and thin, and wanting to be there, and of Tony minding the horses in Bassin.

It takes *hours* to get to East End, which is not far from Bassin—the town where the

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bank is, and where the governor lives in his Government House. And the drive was perfectly fine, with Kelpie and Kit going spanking fast, and the sky so deep blue, and the sunshine, like gold, making long shadows on the road on account of those splendid mountain palms on both sides of the Centre Line, which are straight as a flag-staff, and gray up to that lovely dark green at the top, where are big, waving branches. And the banks on the roadside were just as green *as* green with grass and little bushes and blossoms that smelt perfumey, and the canes on both sides, with their yellowish stalks falling over so thick and pretty, and their arrows sticking up all feathery and tossing about in the breeze.

It was just like a picture, papa said. And with carriages going along, and those little carts jogging, and men on horseback, and Tony driving through little streams of water on the road, and seeing those black people in the cane-pieces cutting canes and putting them on carts, and papa making jokes, and Jack just as nice, and mamma giving us all sugar candy and Albert biscuits—that she had brought for Paul—and all of us laughing. Oh, it was so most truly jolly and pleasant that we

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were nearly sorry when at last we came to East End, where the Newcomes live that we were going to visit.

But we weren't sorry very long, I can tell you. For, when papa had said good-bye to the Newcomes and gone off to Bassin, their three children, Frank, and Ross, and Jessie, and we Carstairs, and three other boys, did have *such* sport! For who had come driving up from West End but Mr. Hjensen, for he also knows the Newcomes, and he left Feddy, and Yacob, and Emerick to spend the day, because Mrs. Newcome asked them.

Well, we went to the "works" where the sugar was boiling, and drank cold cane-juice, which Jack and the others like, but not Paul and I, because it is so sweet. Then a black man that is called Long Peter, on account of being so tall and very thin, that was dressed in no shirt and very short trousers, gave us pan-sugar and some sling, which you would like. And he let us go all over the boiling-house with him. Afterwards we sat up on top the canes in the bullcarts, and picked fruit, like soursops and sugar-apples and oranges and guavas, and ate until we couldn't eat any more.

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Then, after that, as we were walking along, we came up to a little, very old black man, very ragged, and carrying a big basket, named Daddy Jo. And he said he was going to the pond to get oysters for the "great house." So we all went with him, even Paul, for the distance is not very long from the works, but down a hill all the way, and part of it through the very prettiest bit of a narrow road. It has those feathery canes on both sides, and young cocoanut trees that are not yet tall, but have large, pretty green branches that keep the sun off you. I showed Feddy how the shadows criss-crossed on the road, and he thought it was pretty, too.

From this place you went on to a hot road, full of sand, and no trees, that led down to the pond. And here were big mangrove trees on the very edge, with their long branches drooping right in the water, and the greatest lot of delicious oysters growing tight on to them. Daddy Jo had to break off whole branches of the trees, because the oysters will never come away from them, until his big basket was just *packed*. And while we children were helping him—for it was fun even though Jessie and I did get our



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frocks wet and quite dirty—Daddy Jo told us about another pond that wasn't far away from this one, but lower down, in a kind of hollow.

He took us to the top of the hill that leads down to it and showed it to us. And then he said, in that queer negro talk that you couldn't understand but only we children that are born in this island, that that was a terrible place that nobody ever went near if they could help it. For that pretty cream-colored stuff was shifting sand—all round that pond—and whoever put their foot on it would be sucked right down and never be seen any more. Two little black children had been lost there. And not a deer or any of the animals ever went there to drink, only the birds would go and nest in the two trees there because *they* were high up and safe.

Daddy Jo said a man and a horse had got on there once, not knowing about the place, and down they had gone, too, right underneath, and no one could help them to get out, for those sands would *never* let go. Daddy Jo says,

“Dem san' well crewl. It am a debbil.”

And I held tight on to Paul until we were

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going up the hill, nearly to the top, then I had to let him take hold of my frock, for he does not like to be treated like a baby, as he says, that you have always by the hand. And we all raced up the rest of that hill, and were just over the top when I looked round—and I said quickly,

“Oh, where is Paul?” for he was gone.

My heart gave a great jump, and I raced back hard as I could tear, and Feddy went with me. And as I got to the other hill where we had just gone up from, I could see that pond—and there was something white on one of the high branches of a tree that Daddy Jo had told us began to grow its roots in the safe ground, then bent crooked and hung its branches over those dreadful sands.

Just as I looked that Something white moved—next minute—it went tumbling through the air with a most awful screech—right on to that sand.

*And it was my little brother Paul!*

I screamed—and I don't know what next I did. But when I came to myself to remember, I was up in that tree by that sand. Lying down on the only branch that hung low enough, and leaning over holding on to

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Paul's two hands, for he was in only up to his ankles.

Oh, how he did grip on to me! And his poor little thin face white as a sheet, and frightened!

"Oh, Jeil!—oh, Jeil," for that is always the way he says my name, "take me out!—Take me out!" He just *begged*. "I'll never be so naughty again!"

And I said,

"Paulie, take your one foot out, and as I pull you, take the other out, and I will drag you up here. This is a thick branch enough for two of us." For only his feet were really in the sand, you know.

And then I pulled with all my might, and he held on *tight* and tried to get his foot up, and I am a very strong girl—But not one bit could he move.

"There's iron holding on to my feet—pulling me down. Oh, Jeil—oh, Jeil—help me! Oh, I want mamma! I want my mother!" he says. And oh, then how he did cry!

And, I tell you, I pulled—until, all at once I nearly fell off that branch, for 'twas only my legs twisted round that kept me straight on it.

And as I sort of lurched over on the branch,

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though I hadn't at all let go of him, one of my arms got looser, and Paul gave such a screech.

“Oh, I'm going down!—I'm going down! Jeil!—Jeil! I'm most up to my knee!”

Oh, how he screeched and screamed! And his poor little hands held tighter and tighter to me.

And when I could look, sure enough that sand was up over the tops of his socks. And when I could notice again, I saw there was that pretty yellow sand that was a devil, moving, not quick, but like in slow little waves—and they were truly coming higher and higher, right up on Paul's legs.

When I remembered that horse and man that had been lost there, and those two little black children, and thought of my dear little brother Paul being sucked down *and* down until he was covered up and choked by that awful sand—so we should never see him again—away off from poor mamma, who was up in that house talking with Mrs. Newcome, and never dreaming of this terrible thing—when I thought of this, all the frighten-ness went suddenly quite away from me.

I got the queerest feeling inside—like all

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tingly, and with your heart swelling up so that you just got *determined* you were going to save Paul from that wicked sand.

It was just like a fight between us.

And it was so truly awful that it seemed as if it *must* be a bad dream, from eating something, you know, that you would wake up from it and find yourself in your own bed at home. With those yellow sands creeping in those horrible waves higher and higher on Paul, and his poor little white face staring up at me with those big eyes that are like papa, and so frightened and imploring. And those thin hands holding on to you so tight that they hurt—just *hanging* on to you with all his might.

But Paulie isn't strong. As mamma says, he is the only thin child she has—you should see his little bones of wrists—and he has always been delicate. And presently those poor, tight little fingers didn't grip so hard—then they began to get loose, and I said quickly,

“Oh, Paulie, *don't* you let go, dear. Hold on!”

If you had seen his face then!

“Oh, Jeil,” he says, “Paulie's *so* tired!”

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I can't hold my hands up any longer." And down they fell off my wrists, though I was holding him by the upper parts of his arms. "But don't you let go of me! Oh, don't! Oh, *don't*, Jeil!" he begged. So pitiful, that when I think of it now I just have to cry.

I didn't cry then though, for now I had all Paul's weight. And with that wicked sand pulling him down hard *as* hard, and my fingers clenched on him so that they were stiff, and my arms feeling they might break off of my shoulders.

But when I saw his dear little face so white and frightened—begging me—I remembered how at home he would always come and sit by me on the sofa, or on our upstairs steps, and lean his head against my shoulder and listen while I told him a story. For Paul likes stories and pretend games better than Jack does. And just a few days ago, when he had that fever and had to stay in his crib all day, he had cried so for me that mamma had let me leave school for that afternoon and play with him.

Think I would let him go down into that sand? No, *sir!* as Jack says. That deter-

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mined feeling came on again, and I began saying things to Paul to cheer him up.

He was not screaming now, but crying softly. It was too pitiful to hear him! And because those waving, creeping sands were almost nearly up to his waist and I was telling him to hold on again, he began making a sort of jerks—as if he were trying to leap up.

But he could not budge. They held him down. And he only pulled me so that I almost fell to one side or the other. If I once lost my balance there was an end of everything—Paul and I would go right down in that sand and be dead together. I could hardly wriggle straight on the tree branch again, and my arms ached so that the ache went all over me. It seemed as if something said right in my ear,

“Hold him with one hand while you rest the other—for just one minute.”

It must surely have been that wicked spirit from out of the sand that said that, for I *knew*, well *as* well, that if I took one of my hands away, down would go Paul ever so far—where I could never get hold of him again, with those waves tugging at him. And then, just as distinct, I heard as if mamma said,

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“Jill—where is Paul?”

And with that, that *determined* feeling came to me again, and I gripped fast to Paul all the tighter. And I tried to ask God to help us, but I could only say, “Our Father which art in heaven”—“Our Father which art in heaven”—just that over and over, for all the rest went straight out of my head. But He heard that prayer.

For, all at once, I heard a real voice, and it was Feddy’s, and he said,

“Don’t be frightened, Jill—I’m on this thick branch right here. And I’m holding on tight to your feet, so you can’t fall off. Hang on to Paul. Jack is coming quick with help.”

Well, until that minute I had never once thought of Jack, or Feddy, or any of the others, but only of Paul and me.

Everybody says ’twas only a quite short while altogether that Paul was in that sand and I holding on to him, and, of course, they know; but it did seem a most truly terribly *long* time. *Much* longer than from one Christmas time to the other.

Well, after Feddy came and kept me from falling over, I didn’t have one thought in my



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head but just to hold fast to Paul. And by that time I had no feeling in my hands or arms, for they were just like asleep—numb.

Then I heard Jack.

“Hold on, Jillie!” he sang out very loud. Which sort of brought my thoughts back, for when Jack says “Jillie” in that way, it means he loves me dearly. “We’re all here now—to help!” he says.

Then I heard other voices. And then there came old Daddy Jo, crawling along a branch, and holding on to me on the other side from Feddy. And Long Peter, on an upper branch, because he is very light on account of being so thin, though he is very strong, too. And there was a strong rope in a loop which Long Peter dropped over Paul’s head and shoulders, and under his arms up to his armpits, taking my hands in, too, very tight. And that rope went round the tree and was pulled by all those others on the good-ground side of that pond. And besides, Long Peter pulled and I jerked, with all our might. And after several very hard pulls, not stopping one minute, you know, when Paul came slowly—up he got above that sand, and to where I was.

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And then they had to unloose my fingers, for they were so stiff I could not. And Long Peter took our Paulie in his arms and got down out of the tree with him. And he came back for me, for all at once I had got so afraid that I could not move. But just clung on there to the branch, with Feddy and old Daddy Jo holding me.

And the queerest thing! When I was put down on the ground which was safe, I could not stand up, but sat suddenly right down. Then Feddy called out,

“Something’s the matter with Jill! Oh, come here!”

But it was only from being tired, for I got up quickly when I saw Paul had fainted. For at first we thought he was dead, until, what with rubbing and water thrown over him that Ross brought from the other pond, he came to.

Then Long Peter took Paulie up in his arms again, and we all went to the Newcomes’ house, where mamma was. It took us quite a while, too, for the way was long and the sun *so* hot, and my feet very tired, so I could only walk slowly, though Jack and Feddy both helped me along.

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If you had seen mamma's face when she heard of that awful shifting sand, and her poor little thin child Paul being in it!

She hugged and hugged him, and kissed him, and said,

“Oh, thank God! Thank God!” over and over as I never heard her say before.

And she put her arms round me, too, and kissed me a great many times. And when she said, in her very most *dearest* way,

“Jill, darling, mamma thanks God, too, with all her heart, for her brave, strong little daughter, who has saved Paulie's life,” I just thought of those voices at the devil-sands. And I got all choked up in my throat, and I cried and *cried*, so that I could not stop, though I tried. I was truly glad none of the boys were there to see me, for it was in one of the Newcomes' upstairs rooms, all by mamma and myself.

After that mamma said for Paul and me to undress and lie down in one of the Newcomes' cribs, which we did, with things on which they lent us. And though I always hate to go to bed in the day time, somehow I did not mind it this time, on account of aching all over my shoulders, but just put my arms round Paul,

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and he snuggled close up to me, and, first thing, off we were—fast asleep.

And do you know, we slept so long that when we woke up there was papa back from Bassin! And just time for us to take some dinner, and start to drive home.

But we did not go home all together as we had come. Mamma sat on the back seat of our carriage, with Paul lying down, so he could put his head in her lap, and Jack in front with Tony. And papa and I in a phaeton which he drove, so I could sit by him. And he said,

“Rest your head against my shoulder, Jill.”  
Which I did.

And it was so nice and soft and comfort'ble, and I was so tired, that what did I do, in spite of all that afternoon in the Newcomes' crib, but go fast asleep again. So that when we reached home papa took me right up in his arms, though I am such a big girl, and carried me upstairs. And because mamma and Nana Joan were busy with Paul, who had got fever again, my dear papa put me to bed himself. Though I was so asleep I did not know about it until Jack told me next day.

Paul was quite ill for over a week, with

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uncle Dick to see him every day, and in bed, because he is such a delicate little boy. And mamma let me not have school at all that week, but just stay with Paul, and play with him. And quite often she made me lie down by him in his crib, which is large, and take naps. And she and papa would not let Paulie or me talk about that dreadful time. Uncle Dick would always say,

“There—there! Tell us the rest another time, Jill—a year from now. The best of it all is that Paul is here.” Then he would laugh and pretend to pinch Paulie’s ear.

After that, mamma invited Elsie and Amy in to spend from Friday afternoon over Sunday, and we had jolly fun together. And one day the housegirl from the Fort brought a truly lovely bouquet of flowers. And it was for me, from Ernst and Julie—and not my birthday, either! Then another day some of that delicious sweet Danish soup with fat raisins floating in it, from Mrs. Hjerssen, in the prettiest bowl, and, lo and behold! that was for me, too. I thought they had made a mistake, for *I* wasn’t ill. But mamma said No, they hadn’t. And, of course, I gave Paul some.

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And as for Jack! He was the very dearest and kind and pleasant brother that you could ever imagine. He never said one single word of crossness about my not being in school as he was, though other times he has not liked my having a holiday without him. He would come every afternoon, of his own accord, and get into the crib, where Paul and I were, and sit there scrunching up his legs, and tell us the most funny, jolliest things—to make us laugh.

Jack says that when he saw me tear down that hill to those shifting sands and get into that tree and catch hold of Paul, he knew there was no use in *two* trying to do that same thing. So he just “split” after Long Peter fast *as* lightning, because he knew Daddy Jo was too old to be able to help much. Jack is *such* a quick boy to think of things! And he says that Long Peter and he and all the others fairly *flew* back to those sands with the rope to save Paul. So, you see, it wasn't nearly so long a time that I held Paul as I thought it was. Though it was almost too long—for I could only have held on a very few minutes more. So Jack really saved Paul as much as I did, and Long



“ I was turning round for mamma to see that frock ”





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Peter, too. Papa gave *him* a nice present. And now Mr. Newcome has put a high fence all round that shifting sand, so that nobody can go near there.

Now comes another part—the pleasant part—that I know will most truly astonish you, for it did me.

One afternoon—it was the first day I had gone back to lessons on account of Paul being much better, and up and dressed—and mamma was sitting in our big hall and Paulie lying on one of our red sofas that are covered up, and I was with them. Nana Joan had just finished making me a new muslin frock—pink and with narrow pieces of black velvet run through the embroidery. And she had dressed me up in it to come down and show mamma. It is a most *pretty* frock, and I am glad I had it on that very afternoon—on account of what happened.

For presently, while I was still turning round and round for mamma to see that frock, we heard people running up our front steps. And who should come walking in but Jack, and all the Club, and Jamie Swift.

Well, I was surprised, for the Ferrier boys are not in town often in the afternoons. And

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they did not sit down when they had all said, "How do you do?" though mamma asked them to, but just stood there, holding their caps, even Jack, and whispering to one another, and looking as if they did not know what to do. And I wondered, for Feddy was smiling like everything, and looking at me.

Then, after they had whispered again, Jamie stepped up, and he says, in that nice way he has,

"Mrs. Carstairs, the Club has asked me to tell you that they would like to have Jill be a member of the Santa Cruz Club——"

Well, I was so *perfectly* ASTONISHED that I cried out all at once, "*Me!*" in a kind of gasp. And then just stood stock still.

"Yes, *you!*" says the boys all in one voice, and my brother Jack, too.

"We don't believe in girls being in boys' clubs—but we are willing to let *you* come in," speaks up Yacob.

"No! But we'll let *you*," says Ludwig and Emerick and Bertie.

"Because you are brave as any boy, as the Club has seen, and not a regular fusser like some girls," says Rupert.

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“Being president, *I* should have told you about our being willing to have you in the Club,” says Jack. “But because you are my own sister I thought I’d let Jamie do it. But I want you in, too.” And by the time he finished saying this Jack was red *as* anything. But wasn’t it just perfectly *dear* and *splendid* of him to say that? For Jack is a boy that does not like *at all* to have girls play in the same games with him.

“Yes,” says Feddy, last and very quickly, “and we called a meeting this afternoon and voted for you, and every one of us elected you. And you’re a regular member of the Club—and now you can join in all our fun. And when we have another race you can have my goat to run. And any of my other things you’d like to have, too.”

Then dear mamma stood up, and put her hand on my shoulder, and says, all smiling,

“I appreciate the honor the Club has done Jill. And I am perfectly willing that she should be a member of your excellent organisation.”

Well, you should have seen those boys grin when they heard that big word!

I was so most truly astonished that the boys

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had done this, and also, so most truly *delighted* to be a member of that splendid Club that the queerest, chokiest feeling you can imagine came in my throat, and a lump. And I know tears would just like to have rushed to my eyes. But I would not let them. Because, you know, you would never, never want to cry before boys. And especially on a day like that. So I swallowed two or three times, then I said,

“I am *very* proud to be in your Club. And I will try to be a good member. Thank you all.”

Since then I have made up ever so many nicer speeches that I could have said to them, which I never thought of at that time. But that choky feeling might not have let me say them—see? So perhaps it is just as well I said short things.

And who next should walk in but my dear papa, though it was so early. And he was just *as* jolly. And he said he congratulated me on being a member of the Club, and the Club on having me for a member, which made everybody laugh.

Next thing—what do you think?—in came Helena, our housegirl, with glasses on a tray,

## Some Adventures of Jack and Jill

and pound cake. And it was raspberry syrup and water in the glasses—the most truly



delicious! Which papa said was to drink the health of the Club in and the new member. And we did, and had the greatest fun!

And then, suddenly, up jumps Feddy, all

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excited like, with his face getting red *as* red, because he is so very fair, and he says loud, waving his hand up in the air,

“I propose three cheers for the new member. Hip-hip-hip hurrah for Jill!”

And the way they all did cheer—even papa and mamma and Paul!

And there at the drawing-room door were Nana Joan and Peggie and Angus—and everybody—wondering what had happened.

So now I am a member of the Club. And, I can tell you, we do have the most truly jolly sport you could ever imagine.

Good-bye!













